

Larry Laffer Shows
You a Good Time!

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LEISURE SUIT LARRY

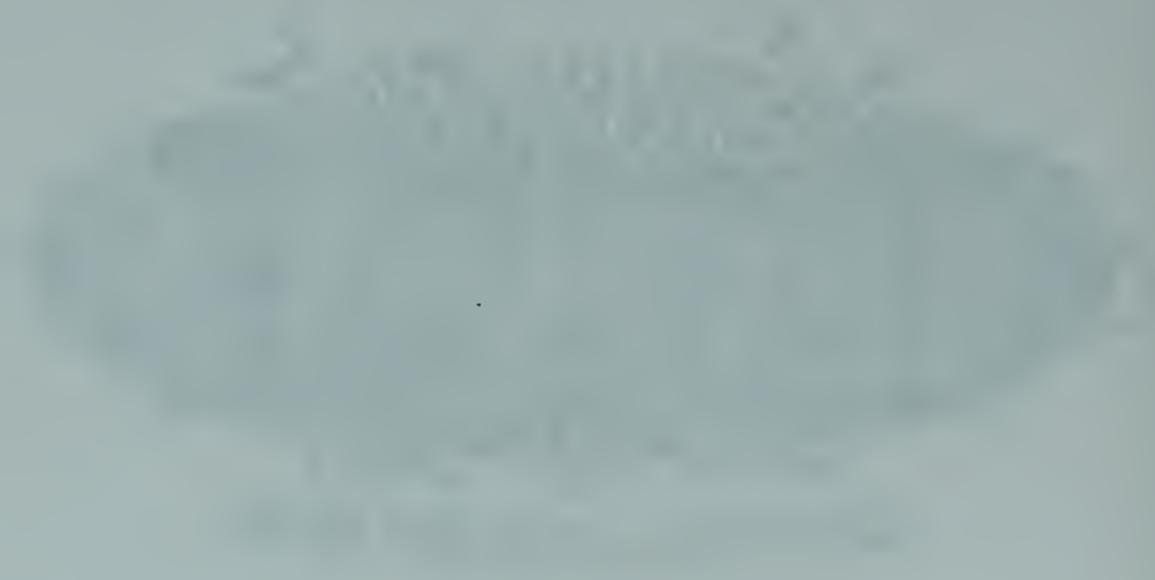
LOVE FOR SAIL!
THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

SIERRA

Mel Odom



LEISURE SUIT™
LARRY
LOVE FOR SALE!
THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE



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THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

By
Mel Odom

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Dedication

This one is for Sherry.

In this hurry-up, frantic world we live in with our four children,
know that I have chosen this moment to think only of you
and what you mean to me. There are several moments
like that, but I wanted this one marked.

You're sleeping now and I'm alone in this office,
but since you've entered my life I've never felt alone.

Thank you for your love and your belief in me.

And thanks for taking all those pictures.

Love me tender, love me sweet,

Never let me go.

Elvis Presley

I love you, babe.



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Foreword



As you flip through this book, you'll note it's broken up basically into two parts. The first part is a narrative of the game, set up to read as a novel. You may simply read through this section at your leisure and get the story sense of how the game is played and what choices to make and where.

Also included are some clues about the hidden goodies Sierra tucked away for your own private amusement. I won't go into them here, but you really won't want to miss them. Of course, if you work away for days or weeks, and try every perverted and off-the-wall thing you can imagine, you may get most of them. I'm still finding things myself.

The other reward for reading the text is that I've tried to make the narrative as funny as I could. I've been told there are moments where I shine with Larry-isms. I'm of mixed emotions about compliments/condolences of that nature. Judge for yourself. Mark Seibert told me that Sierra knew from the prologue that the right guy had been chosen to do the strategy guide.

For those of you who enjoy bad puns and inane humor of the vilest sort, I offer this effort. For those among you who have wandered around the ship for days wondering what you must do, check out the appendix for a helpful tip or the quickest way to beat the game. You'll miss out on the hidden stuff, though, as well as Sierra's warped imaginative efforts—aided and abetted by that twisted, insensitive, and boisterous part of me who wished being a juvenile wasn't such a passing phase.

Have fun.

Acknowledgments

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A very special thanks to Michael Brown of Moore, OK, who got the software up and running and helped me get back on track. You saved my butt, guy!



Introduction

He lives in all of us. The practical joker who remains the born loser. The guy who was daring enough in 7th grade to pop the bra strap of the prettiest girl in school when no one else had the guts to do it.

You remember those days, guys. We thought bra popping was foreplay, right up there with showing off as daredevils. (Remember how a black eye would get you the attention of damn near every girl in school and you wished it would last forever?) Get that bra popping done and you'd remind yourself and that lucky girl that you were of opposite sexes—and that you were willing to explore those differences.

Guys like Larry, they were the ones who went from hero to zero as soon as the girl turned around and slapped him. For that split second of forbidden success, however, we all wished we could have been the ones to have done the dirty deed, even if it meant getting expelled. Then, after the mortified girl doled out the embarrassment, we could feel smug about guys like Larry. Propelled by hormonal urges beyond his control, he might have done what we all wished we could have or thought we should have. (I guess that was a prelude to the war between the sexes, as well—the opening volley, you might say). But at that age we couldn't have handled the weight of the instant retribution.

Guys like Larry were masters of the one-liner, no matter how dumb those remarks might have seemed later. The school administration, the girls—hell, society itself leaned in and issued "Terminate On Sight" orders for any would-be class clowns exhibiting Larry-like tendencies (or anything else, for that matter).

So, we all learned to hide our inner Larry.

Yep. Chained and gagged him. Only brought him out later at social festivities where there were ready-made excuses. You know the ones: (1) You can't hold me accountable for saying that. Damn, I was drinking, I don't remember saying that. (2) You can't hold me accountable for saying that. Damn, I was with Fred, you know how he gets when he's drinking. (3) You can't hold me accountable for saying that. I never meant it that way. And so on.

But we have to face it. In crowds, our inner Larry gets us in a lot of trouble. In business settings, our inner Larry gets us in a lot of trouble (unless you work at Sierra, then you have to have a really sharp inner Larry). In family get-togethers, our inner Larry gets us in a lot of trouble (you become the black sheep of the family that everyone talks about).



Even now, my inner Larry is hard at work in the back of my mind, screaming to get out.

Inner Larry. He grabs the bars and shakes them, laughing the whole way. Inner Larry, he chortles at me. Inner Larry? Is that a question? Inner, Larry? I'll give you a couple of initials with that—R. U.—and a disco answer—Uh huh!

Sierra Games has designed a platform for reacquainting yourself with your inner Larry. And yes, you can always wash your hands later. And you might want to watch what you say over the next few days while you're playing the game. Once a mind goes in the gutter, it tends to evade every attempt at rescue. Case in point is the "type" interface that allows you to enter verbs and nouns as conversation topics or things to do. Be really gross—imaginative and you'll be rewarded.

What you have in your hands—uh, put that away, OK? I know you're just getting primed, but—like we haven't started yet. Yeah, that's fine. Just leave it alone for a while or you're going to get a rash. The Juggs will be along in a little while and—(William Shatner overtones here) (can't resist . . . trying . . . impulse . . . is too . . . strong to . . . fight . . . the urge)—the Juggs will be along in a little while and duet to you!

Sorry.

See? Inner Larry's all gone now. Inner Larry would never have apologized. Unless he was getting ready to set you up for something else. Hmm . . .

Getting back to the book. You've got a walkthrough here that will get you to the end of the game. You'll solve all the puzzles, ogle all the girls, and have a great time. In addition to the Al Lowe wit (embellished by the star players at Sierra), there's a great soundtrack that goes with the game, courtesy of Mark Seibert. Mark should have some points deducted for the bean dip joke, though. It was good inner Larry, but inner Larry points are deductible.

Now for the bonus.

Inner Larry. Bonus? (He says in two long syllables.) Is that an offer?

Offer? I say back, stretching the word out just as long as he did his. Offer? No, that's an animal rights activist.

Inner Larry goes back and sulks.

See what I mean, folks? This game is addictive, dangerous, and irreverent. And bereft of so many social graces.

It's also fun.



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Besides helping Larry find—uh, his way, that’s right, his way—around the ship and into the loving embrace of Captain Thygh, you’re also going to find a number of other shocking, risqué, and groovy things to do. Chief among them is “Where’s Dildo.” It operates independently of the main gameplay, but it’s a blast finding out all the places your little buddy could be hiding in.

Look, listen, poke, smell, taste, poke, feel, belch and—did I mention poke?—your way through this game. Sierra has gone out of its way to make the first Larry talkie a zinger. If you’re not offended (or know your Mom would be) by something on damn near every screen, buddy, have your vision checked.

And enjoy a brief return to those hallowed halls of 7th grade, dude. Rock on.
Larry lives!

Mel Odom

PROLOGUE



Flaming Star

Miss Bliss

Sex. The final frontier. (At least for me, Larry Laffer, and it didn't exactly have to be where no man had gone before.) (But I do believe in hygiene!) So there I was, right? With Shamara, who had the face of an angel, curves that should have had a Surgeon General's warning stamped on them in Day-Glo ink, and more staying power than a champion triple-crown thoroughbred.

Me? Man, I was in that thoroughbred's saddle and we were going for gold. You know what I'm talking about, right? Sure you do. Suresuresuresure. Well, buddy, double whatever you're thinking of and warp it out at Mach 10 and maybe you'd catch up with our vapor trail.



Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

I'm talking *smokin'* here, pal, and I thought she was going to trigger a meltdown in me before dawn. I had no idea how close that was to the truth.

But let me bring you along into it, kind of get you in the mood. It starts something like this:

"Ohhhhh! Oh, baby! Oh, yes! There! *There!*" That's me, and I'm telling you now, pal, ain't any better anywhere than it was that night. I'm grabbing everything I can get hold of, trying to find more traction, and she's moving against me. "Ohhh, no—*There!* Oh, baby! You are the greatest!"

She's moaning against my throat, driving me outta my skull.

"This has gotta be the best night of my life!" I groan.

"I need more, Larry! *More!*" she growls. Without warning, she pulls away from me. "And something new. Here, slip into these."

Cold steel closes around my wrists before I even know what she's doing. Man, I was coasting along on a precoital high that would've dropped King Kong. I mean, I don't think there was a drop of blood left over to support any brain activity on my behalf at all. I'm talking wood here, pal. Capital W. Capital O. Capital O. Capital D. WOOD. It was ready to be polished. Maybe even bronzed afterward. At least a blue ribbon for major showing.

"God, Shamara, is there anything we haven't done?" If I break down and beg for mercy, I wonder if she'd fall for it and make me suffer some more.

Her voice gets huskier, and harsher. I follow along because she's good at playing these little fantasy games. "There's lots I haven't done, Laffer."

Ohboyohboyohboy! I can't wait to see what she comes up with next. I know what I'm coming up with; it's already there. Hoo-rah for Larry's Wood!

"That's why I'm leaving you."

I know she means it. Even in the dark where I can't see her face, I know she means it. My wood goes from a telephone pole to a splinter in an ice-cold sphincter spasm.

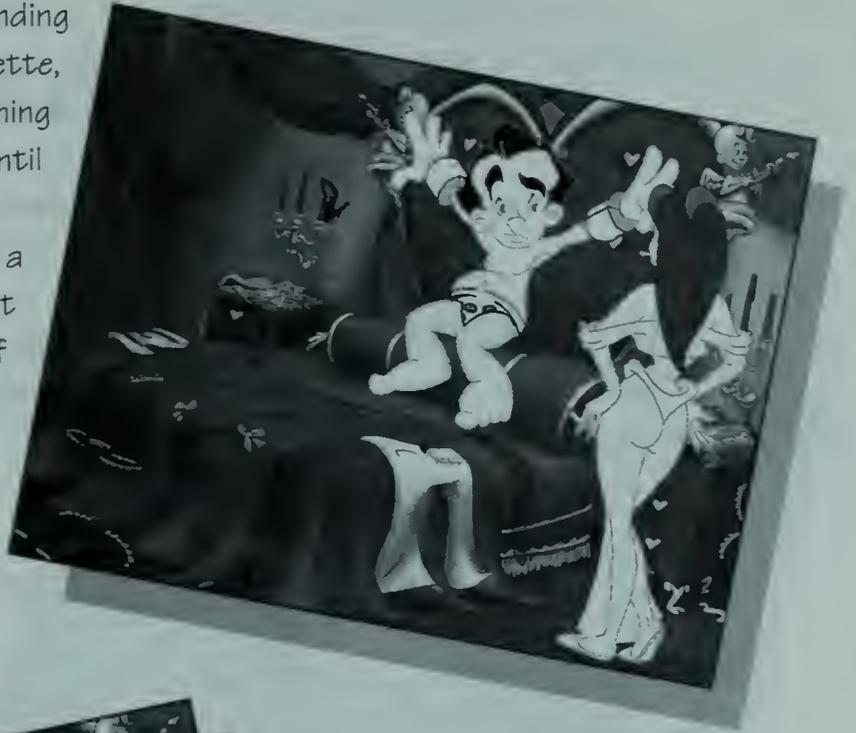
"Leaving? Now?" Another five minutes, maybe even only one, it would have been okay. I try to pull my hands away and to reach for her in the dark, but I discover my wrists locked to the headboard by what feels like short chains against my forearms.



The Bucks Stop Here, Larry, and I'm Taking Them with Me

The light snaps on and I see her standing there beside the motel bed. Brunette, brazen, and bold, she's been everything I've wanted in a one-night stand until two minutes ago.

She lights a cigarette and blows a cloud of smoke into my face. "A night with you gives a woman plenty of time to think. All that New Age philosophy crap just isn't me. What I really love . . ." her eyes drift to our clothes thrown across the bed, then she reaches for my pants, ". . . is money!"

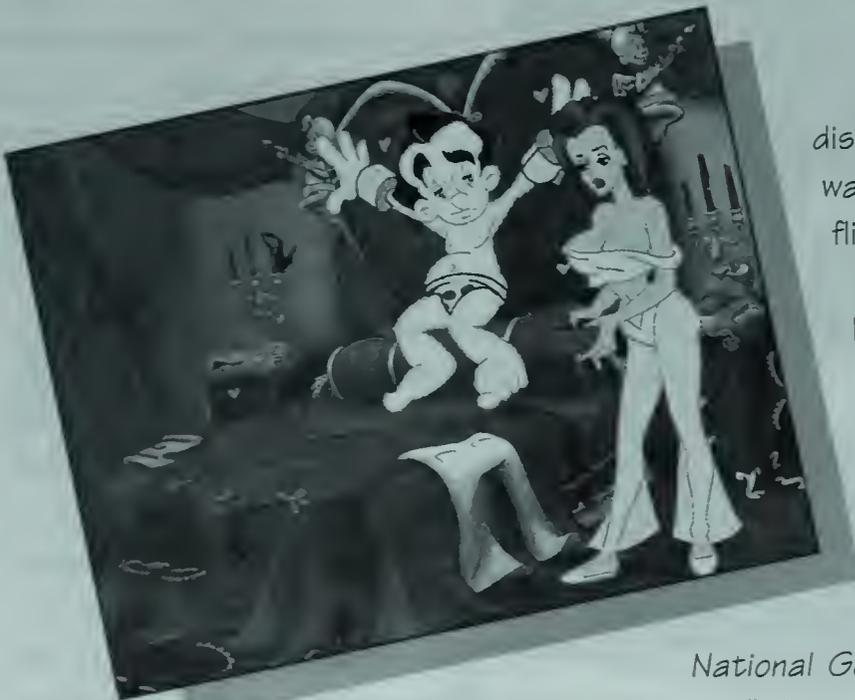


I watch in stunned disbelief as she takes my wallet from my pants and flips it open.

"You can't leave me here like this."

She smiles coldly as she folds my wallet in her hand. I know that smile! I've seen that smile! Just a couple weeks ago on that

National Geographic special about sharks. "You're right," she says.





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And for a second, I think maybe, just maybe, ol' Larry's guardian angel is finally trying to earn his wings. But then, I know better than to trust that thought for long. My guardian angel, if I've got one, is female and hates all men, and me in particular.

"You're right," Shamara repeats coyly. She shoves the cigarette between my lips as I start to thank her. She laughs at me. "So long, sucker!"

I'm sitting there, handcuffed to the bed, stripped down to my getting-lucky-just-out-of-the-bag underwear, puffing on a cigarette that's burning my lungs up, peering through smoke and teary eyes as she turns and walks out of the room.



AHOY MATEYS! At this point, you've been unable to interact with the game, but things are starting to cook now. And you're one of those things!

"Hey!" I yell. Then I start coughing my head off because of the cigarette. "I don't smoke!"

Shamara doesn't even turn around.

"Oh baby," I shout after her, venting my rage, "you are the lowest! This has gotta be the worst night of my life!"

I hang there looking at the handcuffs and feeling totally bummed. The kind of bummed you'd get if you were still a virgin and you found out your girl was sleeping with your best friend. Don't ask me how I know that. I've, uh, heard. Yeah, that's right. I've heard about things like that, and I saw it on Oprah.

"Well," I tell myself, "at least things can't get any worse."

I'm mumbling around the cigarette, and before I know it, I take





an especially deep breath. Smoke claws around inside my lungs and then I'm coughing the cigarette out onto the bed. Sparks scatter across the tangled, sweaty sheets. I watch as the bed bursts into flames.

All Fired Up, and Chained Up Too!

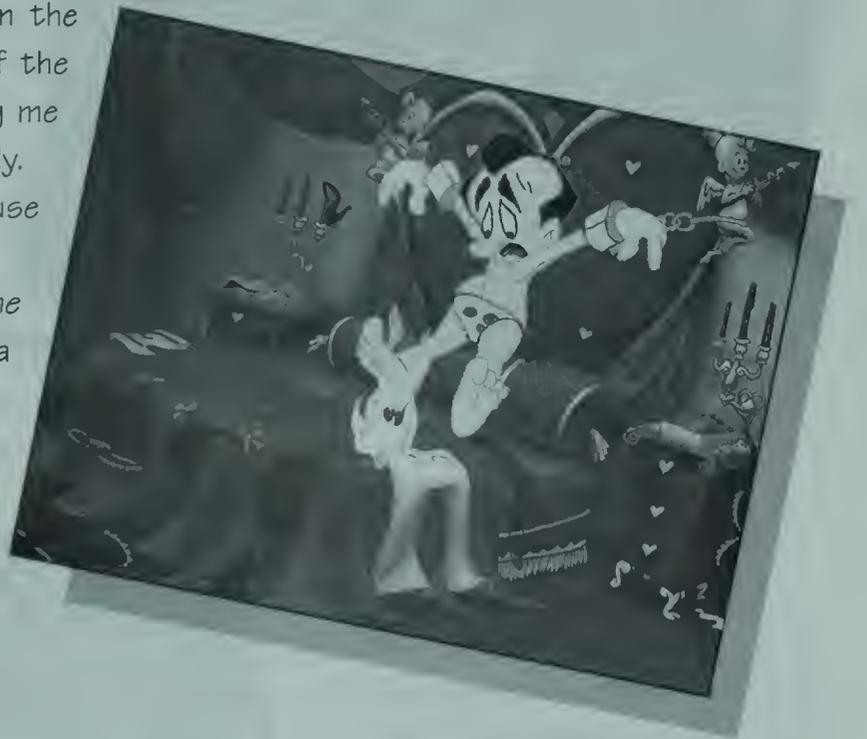
"I should never say that." I jerk on the chains, trying to pull them free of the headboard. The fire's already giving me a burn. We're talking hot here, buddy.

Sirens blare and fill the penthouse with noise.

"Attention! Attention! You in the penthouse!" a voice blares over a bullhorn in a thick Swedish accent.

I stop struggling for a moment. "Me?"

"Yes, you. The person who spent the night vith Shamara. Leave now. Ve think there may be a fire somevere."



**Welcome to Larry's life. Yes, everybody knows what he's up to.
Or wishes he was up to.**

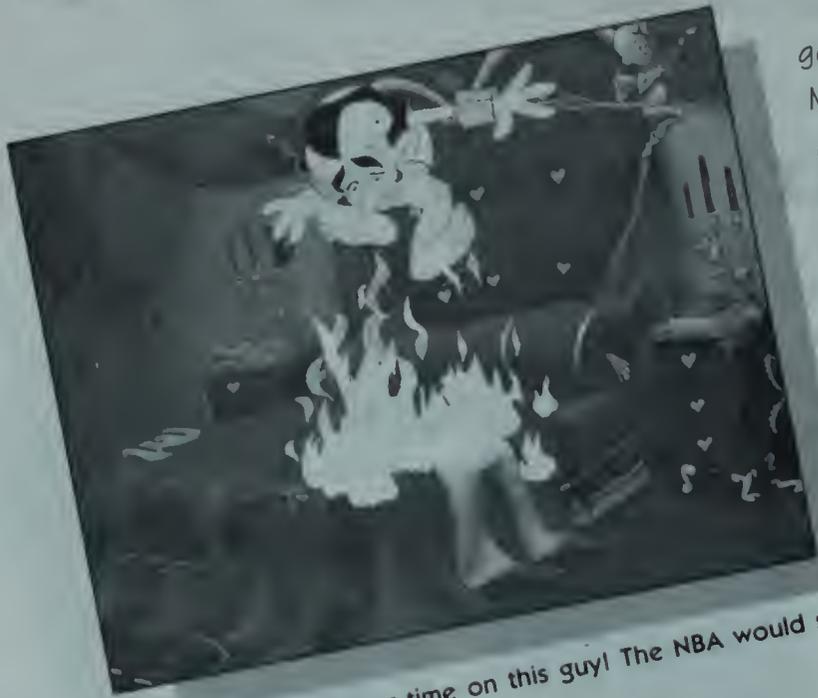
I can't answer because the flames have reached my feet. Before I know it, I'm dancing in the air, acting out "Disco Inferno" in a way the BeeGees never imagined.

Oh man, I'm desperate. My brain's getting fried even before my body gets cooked. I try to get my thoughts straight. I look into the bright yellow flames.

In the back of my head, that little voice that's always with me (especially after Mom checked herself into the seniors' home) cuts in. It's so sarcastic—as if we're



not in this thing together. "That's called fire. It's spreading. And it's going to kill you if you don't get the hell out of here!"



Look at the hang time on this guy! The NBA would sign him up in a heartbeat.

I look to my left. There's a box on the table under the fake candelabra and I remember what's in it.

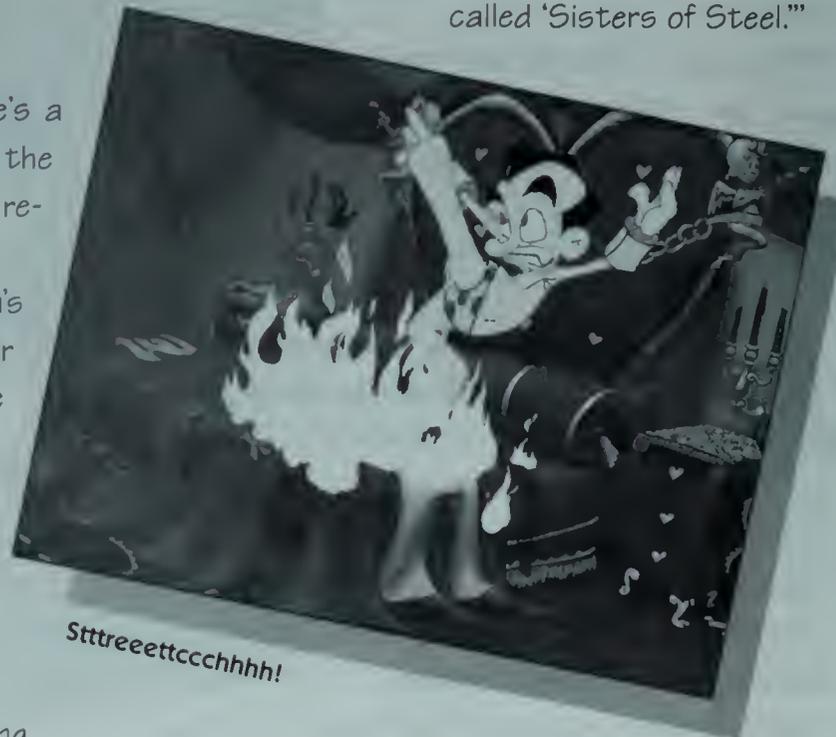
"One of La Costa Lotta's complimentary 'Li'l Hair Weave' Kits. You were planning to take it home."

The little voice always thinks it knows so much more than me, even though I do all the *original* thinking around here.

Muscling up every ounce of control I've got, I take a whiz. All right, all right! Maybe it's not exactly how Mel Gibson or Tom Hanks would handle a situation, but things are getting pretty hairy in here. Hopefully there'll be enough to make a wet spot on the bed. All I manage to do is soak my shorts. Now I smell bad and I'm going to burn up.

I study the handcuffs.

"In handcuffs, as in life," that little voice says, "Shamara spared no expense. There's no way you'll ever break a pair of cuffs manufactured by a company called 'Sisters of Steel.'"



Sttreeettccchhhh!



Still, I remember the needle in the kit. Maybe I could pick the handcuff lock. I manage to reach the box with my foot. Opening it is harder, but I do that, too. Holding the needle between my toes, I try it on the handcuffs, but it doesn't work.

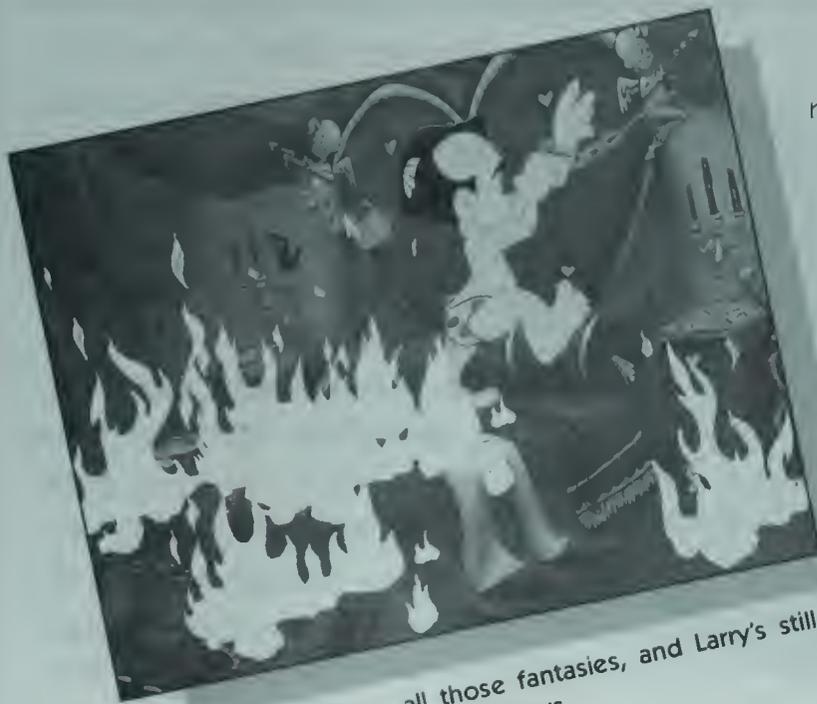
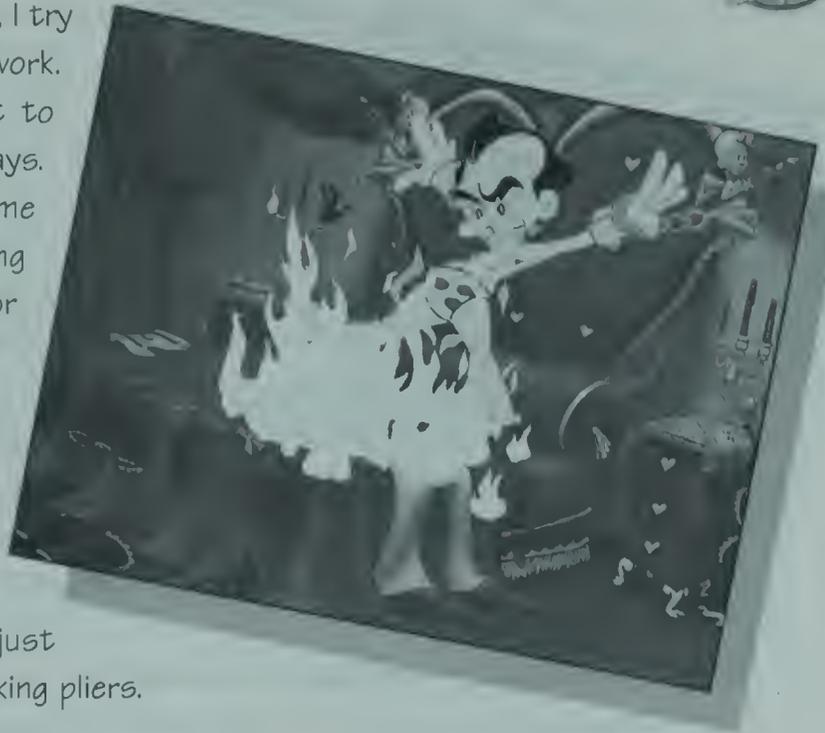
"The needle is just too straight to use as a lockpick," the little voice says.

Okay. I knew that. Now tell me something useful. The fire's getting closer. I look at the other table for something. Anything.

"That table would be empty," that little voice says smugly, "if Shamara hadn't left her Vise Grips there."

Vise Grips? Vice Grips! Oh yeah!

It's a stretch, but I make it, just barely able to get a foot on the locking pliers.



All those dates, all those fantasies, and Larry's still the most flexible person he knows.

It's hard work, but I manage to manipulate the tool with my toes and bend the needle. As dexterous as I had to be earlier to keep up with Shamara, it ain't nothing compared to what I have to do now. After tonight, I could hire myself out as an organ grinder's monkey. I don't know if that job's still open, though. And the only organ grinders I've



heard about lately are the female lawyers who represent wives in divorce cases. We're talking *hamburger*, pal.

I pick the handcuffs with the bent needle, then vault from the bed and race to the outer room.

Swan Dive

I'm coughing and sneezing and trying to hack up a lung while I look around the room. The fire's spreading fast. Smoke's so thick in the air you could butter it. At least then maybe it would go down easier.

More sirens scream out in the streets beyond the glass patio doors. I can see the flashing lights outside below the lip of the balcony.

"Jump!" the Swede's voice orders over the bullhorn.

I press my face against the glass; it's heating up rapidly. "Are you crazy? This is the 40th floor!"

"Don't you worry! Ve got the net here!"

Yeah, right. I really get excited when I think about that little maneuver. That's a last resort, pal. Like going to the senior prom with your sister. Or your Mom. (Don't even ask!)

I examine the glass, which isn't easy because of the smoke.

"This glass door leads to the balcony," the little voice in the back of my head says. Then it gets louder. "And safety!"

That's all I needed to hear. I reach for the latch. As soon as my fingers close on it, I feel like I've grabbed hold of a curling iron. I scream. I swear it feels like steam's coming out of my ears.





I let go of the handle and blow on my fingers. That obnoxious little voice chuckles in the back of my mind. "Our night of passionate lovemaking must have overheated the frame," I say to shut him up.

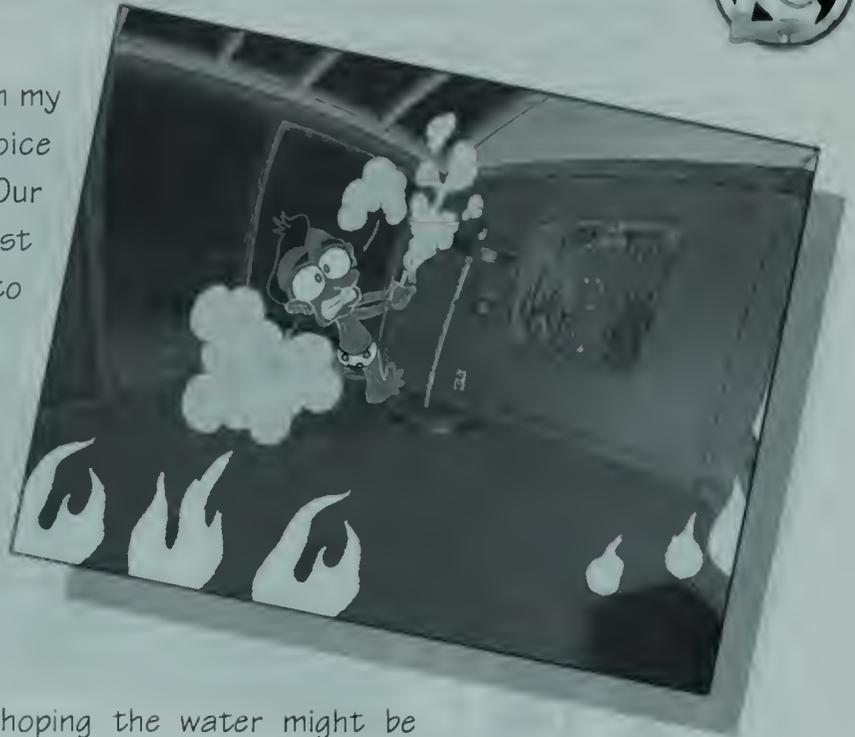
"Yeah. Right."

I check out the aquarium. Two parboiled fish float in it upside down.

"Those poor little guys have seen better days," the obnoxious voice says.

I consider breaking the glass, hoping the water might be enough to save me.

The voice shoots that down at once. "There's not enough water in the aquarium to put out that raging inferno."



At this point, Larry has to try everything, just to enjoy the full sarcasm of the game.



Instead of shooting down all my ideas, I wish the little voice would come up with something really smart. There are three roses in a vase across the room. No help there.

However, there is this chair by the sliding-glass patio door. I look at it; maybe it's just what I need.

"This chair is a solid, heavyweight example of the fine furniture craftsmanship of the design Gild d'Motel seeks," the little voice says.



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I don't care. I have to struggle to get it clear of the ground. Once I have it over my head, I throw it against the glass patio door.

The chair smashes into kindling.



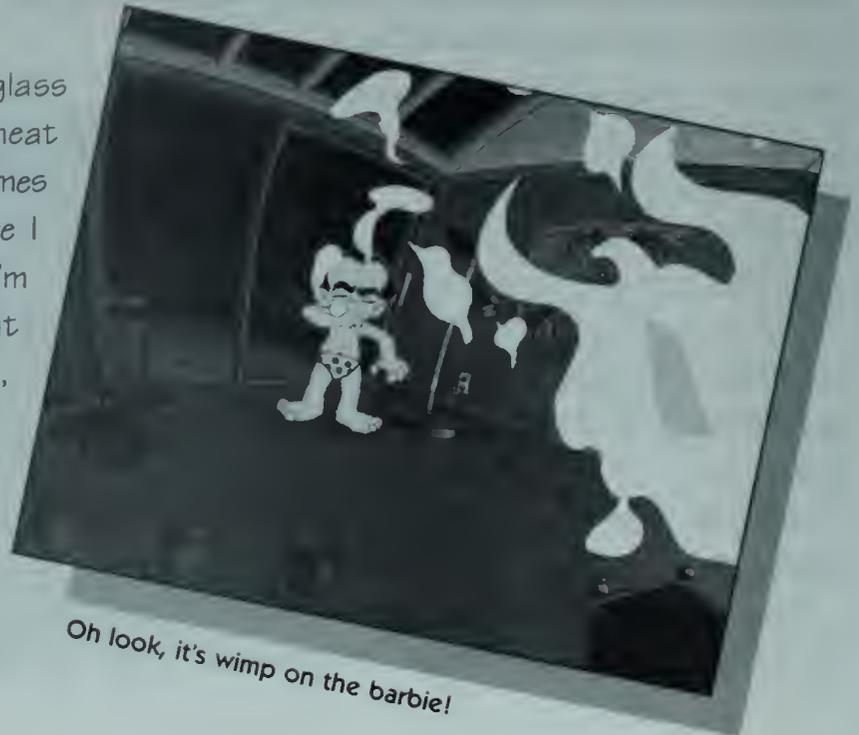
I stare down at it. "Hotel furniture just ain't what it used to be."

My only other option is the barbell floor lamp in the corner. I try to pick it up. I think I've given myself a hernia.

"You can't lift that, Larry," the voice says. "It must weigh all of 20 pounds."

I run back toward the bedroom. Maybe I can use something in there. But the doorway spews a massive fireball. I go back to the patio door. Man, there's just no way out.

I peer through the glass one more time. The heat from the approaching flames washes over me. Before I can think about what I'm doing, I hurl myself at the glass door. I scream, expecting to get slashed to shreds.



Oh look, it's wimp on the barbie!



The next thing I know, the glass is breaking all around me, crashing against the tiled floor of the balcony. I roll over it, through it, and finally come up hard against the balcony railing.

Cool air washes over me. I get into a kneeling position and take my first clean breath of air in what seems like forever. A rectangle of paper fluttering in front of me attracts my attention.

"Hey, what's this?"

I reach down to pick it up. "Owww!" I yell. "I hate paper cuts."



Yes, dear friends, this is indeed Larry's plumber's look, quite possibly his best side—although most people feel he's always been more like a plumber's helper.



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I glance at the wound, but my eyes are so smoke-bleared I can't see much. Not having any pockets, I shove the paper into the front of my underwear. "Owww! I hate paper cuts!"

"Yump! Yump!" the Swedish voice yells over the bullhorn.



**From here on, there's no interaction in this sequence.
Hang on and have fun.**

I glance over the balcony at the heart-shaped pool 40 stories below. The poolside umbrellas resemble tiny, striped mushrooms from where I stand. A hook-and-ladder fire truck occupies a spot below. A man sprays water from a hose into one of the lower windows. Two other yellow-slickered firemen hold a safety net that looks like a dime from where I stand. Still, I don't see many other options. "Okay, I'm coming!" I scream to get my nerve up.



"I wish I had fer myself a dollar for every time I heard dat!" the fireman says over the bullhorn.

He and that little voice in the back of my head, they should get together. Plenty of yucks for everybody.

I take a good running start and hurl myself over the balcony railing. As I clear the area, the penthouse goes totally ker-bloolie behind me.



"Oh shiiiiiiittt!" I yell. I can't tell if I'm going to hit the safety net or not. The next few frames of my life go by in a blur.



I hit the safety net, but it tosses me back up. I wrap around a flagpole, spin free, then shoot off into the Viking-clad fat lady singing at the top of her enormous lungs on the third floor. I bounce off a couple of casabas the size of watermelons onto the diving board over the heart-shaped pool, then ricochet to the fire-fighting platform on the back of the fire truck.

I remember car horns blaring, a woman's angry and surprised scream, my face getting slapped (I'd know that feeling anywhere), brakes screeching, glass breaking, metal ringing, and me hitting the pavement like a honeymoon-suite headboard against a wall—hard, fast, and often.





Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

When I come to, I feel like I've been whipped by Amazon feminists for putting Spanish Fly in the guacamole at a membership drive. My mouth is wrapped around a cactus. And my crotch is in its crotch. Definitely not a good thing.



Gee, Larry, that looks like one painful prick!

I pull my mouth off the cactus arm and try to spit out the needles stuck in my tongue. I feel the pain in my crotch again. When I reach down to adjust things, I find the piece of paper I picked up on the balcony.



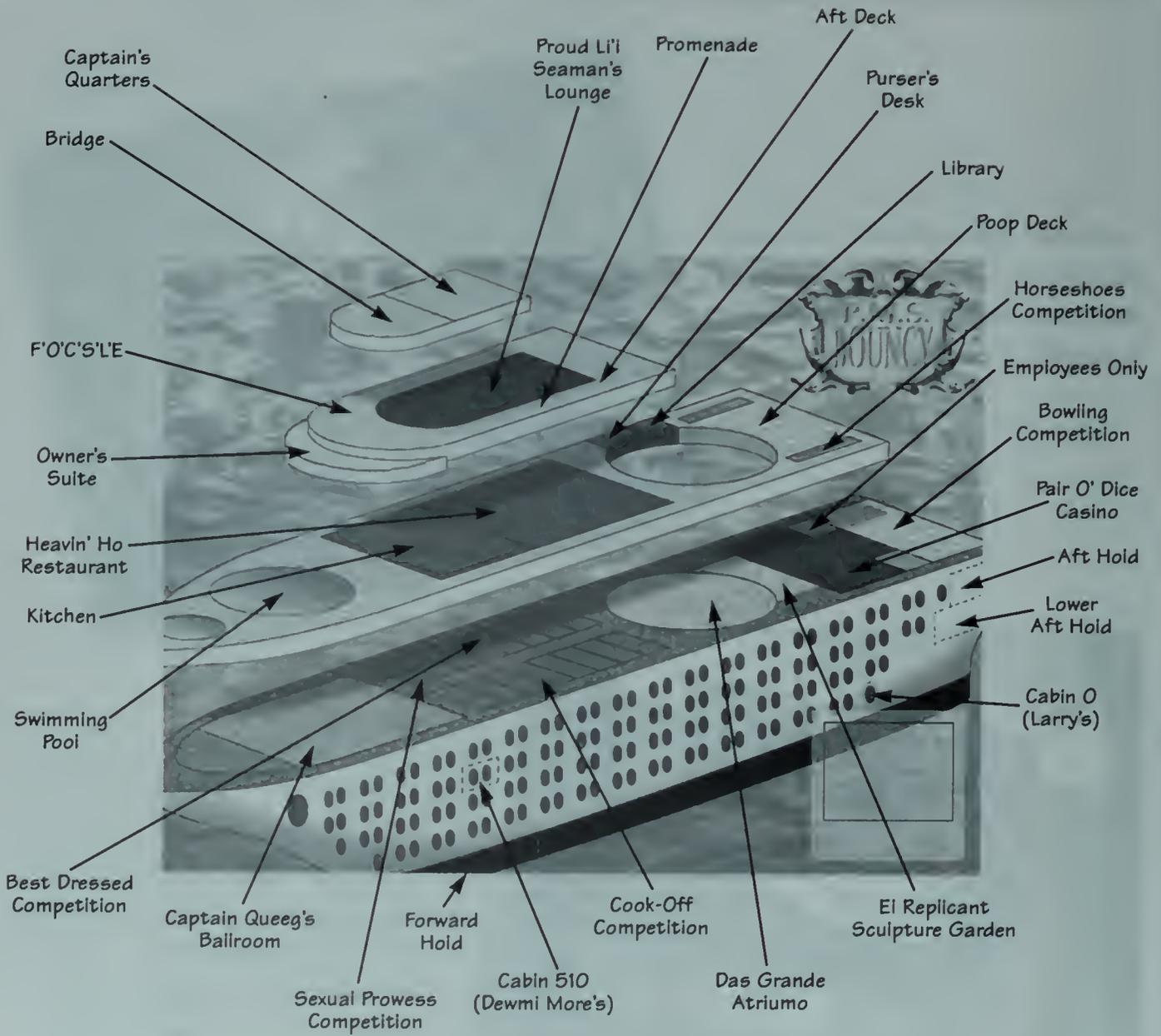
From out of nowhere a reporter shoves a microphone in my face. "Leisure Suit Larry, you just leaped from the 40th floor of a burning building. What are you going to do next?"



Curious, and better able to see now, I pull it out and look at it. I can't believe it! The reporter's standing there, waiting for me to say something that's going to make me out an even bigger fool than I've been already.

Instead, I show him the ticket with the picture of the ocean liner on it. I can't help smiling. "I'm going to take a cruise!"







CHAPTER ONE

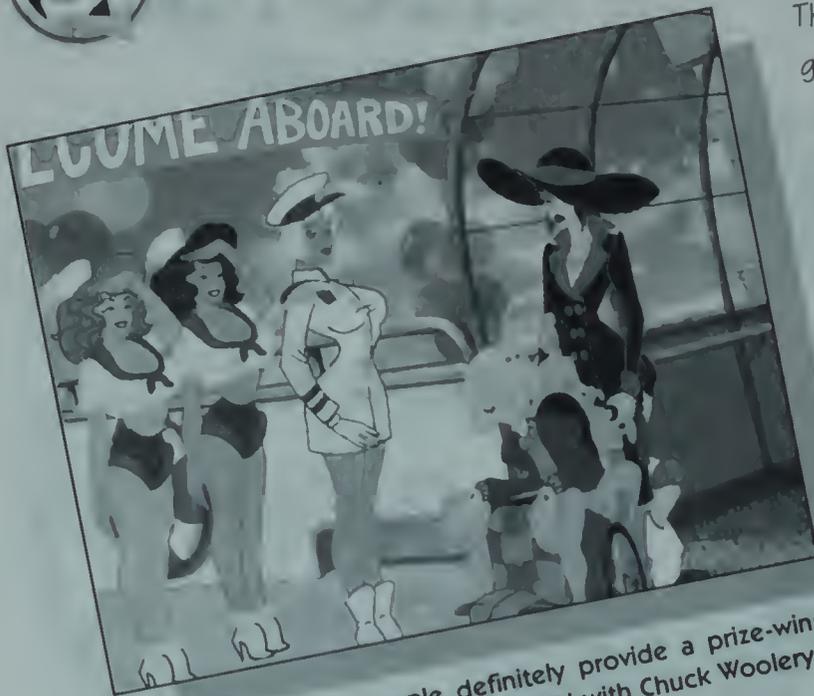
**Girls!
Girls!
Girls!**

Captain Thygh

I follow the line of passengers down the boarding deck, the balmy air breezing down over me. I'm humming one of Rod Stewart's best pick-up songs. The ticket's good, pal, and I'm sitting in the catbird seat. In front of me a good-looking lady dressed in widow's black pushes an old, wart-faced guy in a wheelchair.

Judging by the amount of drool leaking down his chin and the Marty Feldman glance he's giving the world, this guy's not safe with Legos anymore unless they're made out of animal crackers. I figure the lady's black clothes must be wishful thinking on her part, but, buddy, the way she fills out those widow's weeds has me thinking about *all* her parts. Finished with the captain, they trundle off.

The captain stands there in gleaming white and enough gold braid to make Mr. T blush. And, hubba-hubba, there's barely anything else.



Wouldn't this couple definitely provide a prize-winning interview on LOVE CONNECTION with Chuck Woolery?

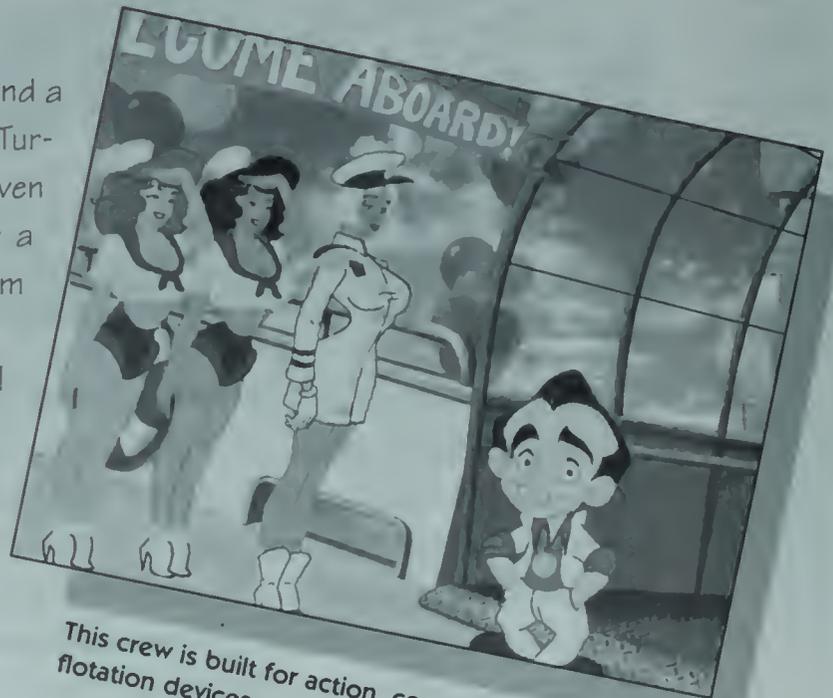
The two female sailors greeting passengers are just as beautiful.

I determine to make my best and most dashing impression on them. "Oh, hello there, boat-babes. My name is Larry, Larry Laffer."

"Welcome aboard the PMS Bouncy, Laffer." The captain shakes my hand. Her grip is strong, tight, and I'm immediately infatuated. Her husky voice makes me think of the Kathleen Turner videotape I put together a few years back, the one that helped me make it through the night again and

again. You ever try to find a movie where Kathleen Turner says your name? Even once? In anything near a breathless way? "I'm Captain Thygh."

Oh man, is she ever! Wearing crisp dress whites and showing lots of cleavage and tanned leg, that blonde, blue-eyed, Nordic look makes me hot. Pal, I love a gal in uniform.



This crew is built for action, complete with their own self-flotation devices.



I lean back, covering my mouth with my hand, and whisper to the guy standing behind me. "Before this cruise is over, she'll be all over me."

The words are hardly out of my mouth before Captain Thygh gives me a real brain-bender of a slap. I'm seeing triple now,

and the captain's even more

captivating. Twins, I've fantasized about twins, but

oh man, triplets.

The captain and sailors together point the way to the purser's desk.

Feeling a little wobbly, I go the way they point and arrive at the big desk just as my vision clears. The purser's tall, built like a soda straw with a Q-tip hairdo. He peers at me from behind his glasses when I give him my boarding pass, then adjusts his vest.

"Here's your keycard, Mr. Laffer," the purser says. His badge identifies him as Peter. "There's been a slight problem with your room."

"I kind of expected that." Really, I had. Nothing ever comes for free. Especially not to me. Finding the ticket had been a fluke, actually getting anything out of it was waaayyy too much to expect. You've got to figure on the Laffer luck popping in somewhere.





Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

"Oh, not to worry," the purser says. "I took the liberty of substituting our largest cabin. You'll have plenty of room."

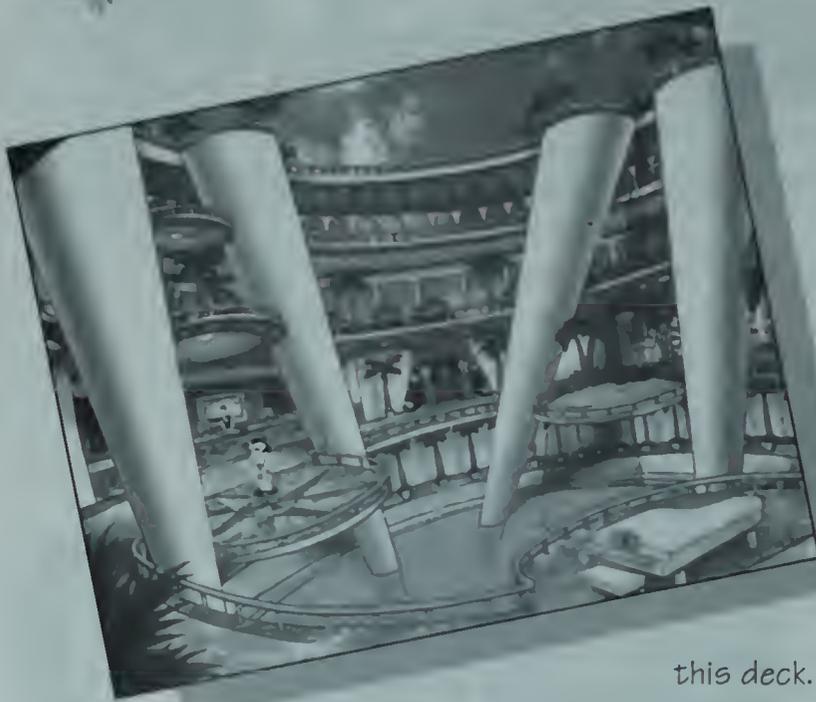
Boy, you could have knocked me over with wet fettuccini. "Wow! That's super! Now where would my room be?" Plenty of room. Now there's a thought.

"Just check the map. You're in Room Zero."

I wave to the purser and walk out onto the promenade. I stand in the middle of the starburst pattern on the floor and look out over the ship.



Ahoy Mateys! When you're away from the purser's desk, turn back and look at the aquarium. Divers do it deeper.



The four columns tapering from the open area above me to the pool below remind me of Captain Thygh's thighs. These are some real stems, buddy. A waterfall cascades down five decks before splashing into the pool.

A piano on another promenade catches my eye, but I'm excited about exploring the ship. Gotta find my room first and make sure my things made it aboard.

I can see three corridors on this deck. One of them looks like a library. Man, I can't believe it! That's really what I want to do on my cruise—read.

With all these females, I expect to be practicing my Braille across a feminine topography by sundown, buddy. Know what I mean?



Ahoy Mateys! Aggravated by the purser's attitude already? Pick up the white courtesy phone on the wall and call him up. A few times, in fact.

I follow the map to my room.



Suite's Nothing

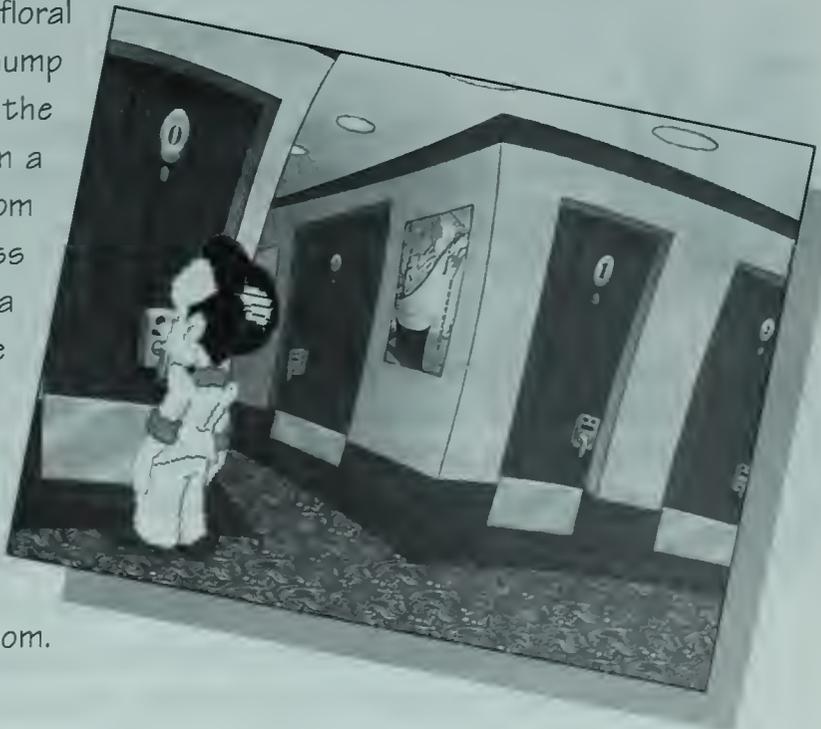
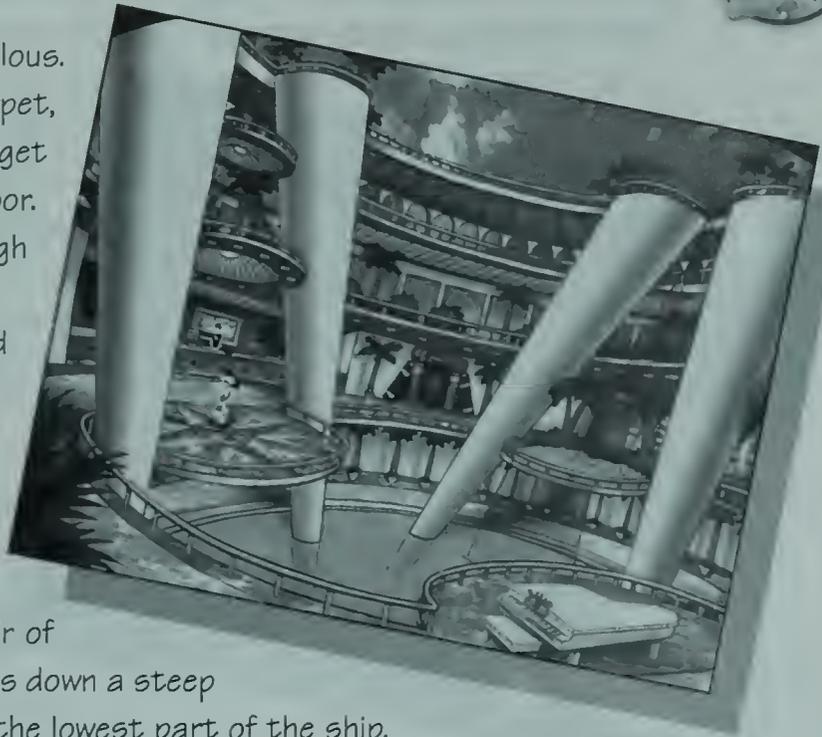
The decor outside my suite is fabulous. Man, I can feel the give in the carpet, and it looks new too. I decide to forget about the big 'O' hanging on the door. After all, zero was a big breakthrough to the whole mathematics thing.

Feeling hopeful, I slot the keycard and open the door.

That's when I get the first inkling that things are going to be rough, pal. I mean, the door swings open on darkness as dreadful as your granny's varicose veins behind a pair of fishnet stockings. My shadow drapes down a steep flight of stairs that must fall into the lowest part of the ship.

And the odor! Pal, compared to this, an abused pile of kitty litter is a floral centerpiece. On top of that, the thump and grind of the big oars in the oarlocks rattle through the room in a series of detonations. At the bottom of the stairs, as lost in the darkness as a German aunt's armpit in a gathering of wild wolves, is a bubble of light where I think I can make out a bed.

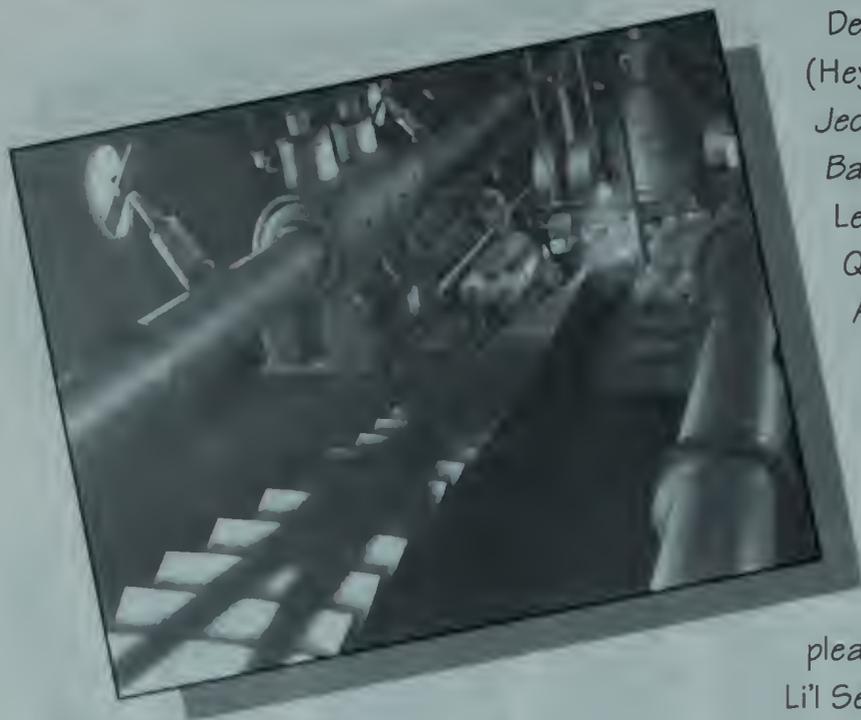
There's no handrail, so I go down the steps slowly. A mechanic's drop light hanging over one of the overhead pipes lights the room. Without warning, the PA system blares on.





Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

"Your attention, please!" a happy voice announces. "There is a meeting starting immediately in the ship's lounge for any male passengers wishing to spend next week working under the captain!"



Despite the squalidness of the room (Hey! I know big words. I watch *Jeopardy!* I specialize in TV trivia. Like *Baywatch*: Answer: Pamela Anderson Lee's favorite swimming technique. Question: What is the breast stroke, Alex?) I perk up immediately. I'm willing to work under Captain Thygh. If it involves woodwork, you know what I mean?

The PA blares on again. "Anyone wanting to spend next week inspecting the captain's ceiling, please report immediately to the Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge!"



If you can be patient here, let Larry stand around for awhile. When he gets bored, he comes up with the damnedest things!

I notice the two buckets on either side of the Army surplus cot in the middle of the room. Stepping closer, I peer into them. Drops fall from the ceiling and splash into one, then the other. Considering the way the ship's rolling from side to side, I figure it's got to be a miracle.

Then that little voice pipes up in the back of my head. "While it may look like there are two pipes leaking near your bed, there's really just one. The rolling of the ship makes the water land on either side of your pillow."

I shrug it off, trying to show the voice I can handle myself just fine. Of course, I immediately recognize that thinking like that will just provide the voice with ammunition, so I hurry on. "Oh, well. That's good, I guess."



“Not that good. Guess where it’s going to land when the sea is calm?”

I groan. That observation I could have done without. I glance around at the big pipes threading their way through the bowels (no, don’t go there; don’t even think that simile’s perfect for a little tur-guy-like me) of the ship. What they’re for, I can’t figure out. I glance at the big tanks they’re attached to.

“These tanks are filled with deadly poisonous gas,” the little voice points out. “But don’t worry, they were recently inspected.”

“Oh, that’s good,” I say. “How can you tell?”

“The inspector dated the safety violation sticker.”

I check out the safety shower behind me. The yellow tanks on the side are easy to spot through the glass walls of the shower. Some privacy. Then again, who in their right mind is going to come down here?

I walk back to the barrels littering the back of the room and look at them.

“These barrels were once used to store toxic sludge, but apparently no longer,” the little voice says.

I choose to look on the bright side. “Well, that’s good.”

“Not that good. It’s all leaked out onto your floor.”

Oh man! I try not to think about what’s sticking to the bottom of my shoes as I walk. The whole thing makes me sick. Or maybe it’s the motion of the ocean, though I never thought *that* would make my stomach knot up. It’s supposedly always been a positive thing.

I approach the last piece of furniture—the john sitting on one-by-sixes slatted across concrete blocks. The bowl’s cracked, and the whole thing is dingy and dusty. I try to flush it (if I blow chunks I want to make sure I can get rid of the mess). The toilet flushes slowly, blocked by something in the line, but it doesn’t refill. After a brief check, I find there’s no water hook-up. Terrific.

Ahoy Mateys! For those of you who’ve spotted the spray can in the toilet’s drain, you can pick it up or leave it there. You’ll use it later. If you take it now, it’ll just be saved in your inventory.



I manage to hold my stomach together, but reach down for the loose roll of toilet paper to blot my lips. As soon as I touch it, I feel how rough it is.

“It feels just like sandpaper,” the little voice says. “Maybe 40-grit.”



I leave it there and decide to go back upstairs. With all the PA announcements about the action at the lounge, I figure anything's gotta be better than this, you know?

I Find Ways to Score, and Keep on Scoring

I use the map to find my way to the Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge. The meeting's in progress when I arrive. The geeky purser's onstage making an announcement. I glance around the room, but I can't find any chairs. Guys obviously planning to reap the captain's rewards for the next week take up every available space.



Little do they know that I, Larry Laffer, am determined to make Captain Thygh my very own little sex object. I can hardly wait to hear her yell, "Thar she blows!"

"There are a few seats in the back," the purser says, waving me back.

I wander around like I'm trying to find them, but I don't want to leave my place at the front. I don't want to miss anything he has to say.

After a while, he gives up. "Oh, never mind," he gripes. "If you're not seated by now, just stand." He

reads the presentation from a stack of index cards he's holding. "I'm sure Captain Thygh will be pleased as punch to see such a good turnout this week. And as you all know, each week she runs a little competition for her male, or male-like, passengers that she calls the 'Thygh's Man Trophy Contest.'" He grins at us. "Isn't that cute?"



No one answers.

"Of course," he goes on, "there's no trophy involved. No. What you win is better than hardware. One of you will spend next week cruising on the captain."

Buddy, he's got my full attention.

"She'll treat you to a one-week cruise in her cabin where your—every—need will be met. By now, each of you has a personal scorecard listing a random set of computer-assigned events. Now guys, don't you worry, okay? No one has to enter every event. There are just too many. Just find the ones listed on your scorecard, enter and win. Now, are there any questions?"

The whole audience choruses. "Are there any answers?"

"No," he replies. "You may begin."

But I have a question. I pipe up. "Hey, um, I've got a question."

Peter the purser looks at me disdainfully. "Yes, you there in the interesting clothes?"

"What's this item listed here on my scorecard: 'Chastity?'" I ask.

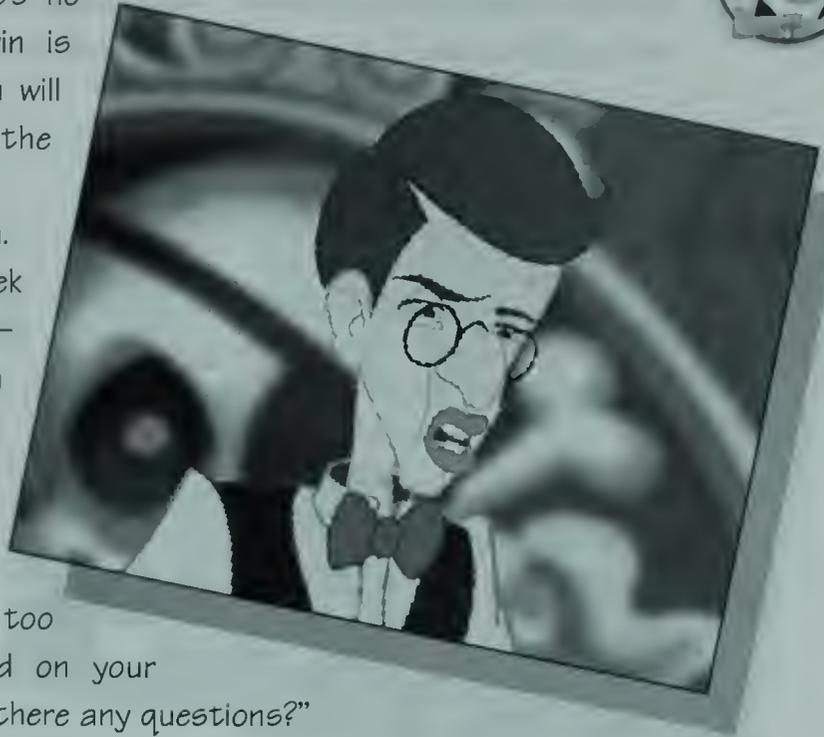
He rolls his eyes. "It's a joke, sweetheart. Hey, what's wrong with you anyway? You're not some sort of government infiltrator, are you?"

I glance around hurriedly. I've tried that line before, but only with women. In the bars I've been in, you ask a guy that, you may be asking the wrong guy. "That's ridiculous."

Peter the purser doesn't like this at all. "Oh yeah? I am going to keep my eye on you, sweetheart!"

I don't like the way he says that. And I don't like the way he sounds. I've already got it figured that he's a little light in the loafers, if you know what I mean. "It's not my fault you can't make a joke."

"Yeah? You'll find out when we're finally in charge. Then you'll be the one singing a chaste titty tune."





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That was bad, buddy. That was ssssoooooo bad. "That's it," I say, "I'm leaving now. Everyone else is already gone." I look around at all the empty seats. They're out making points and I've got Peter getting down on me.



"So they have," he says. "Very well, dismissed."

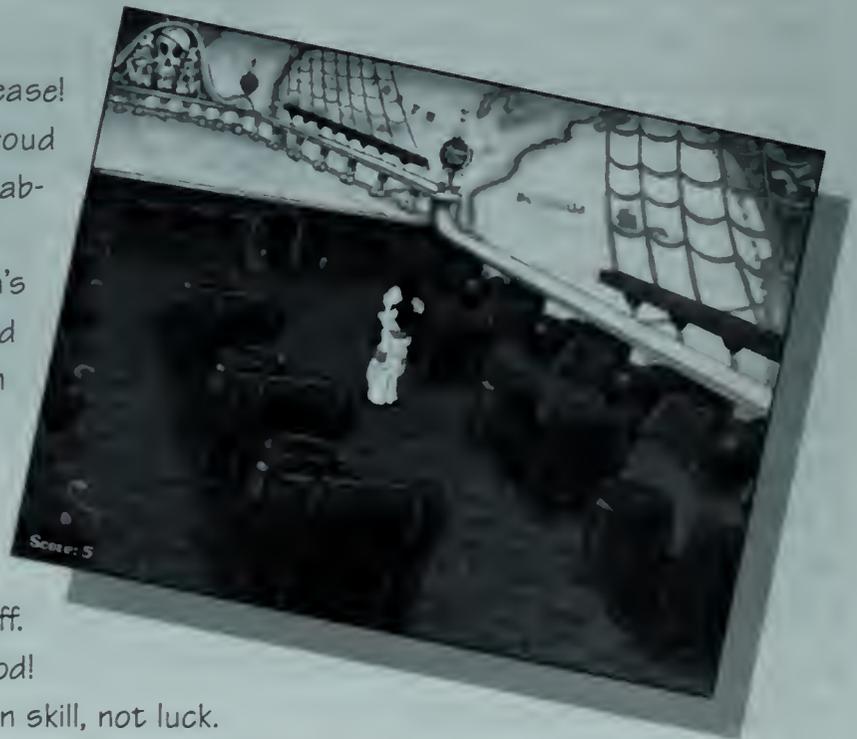
I look around again, wondering who he's dismissing. When I look back at the stage, the purser's gone. Before I can move, the PA blares on.

"Your attention, please! Steve is now the proud winner of the Nude Scrabble competition!"

I check out the Thygh's Man Trophy scorecard to see which events I'm entered in. Hmm. Poop Deck Horseshoes. Craps Tournament. Tail Deck Bowling. LoveMaster 2000™. Captain's Cookoff. Best Dressed Man. Good!

Most of them depend on skill, not luck.

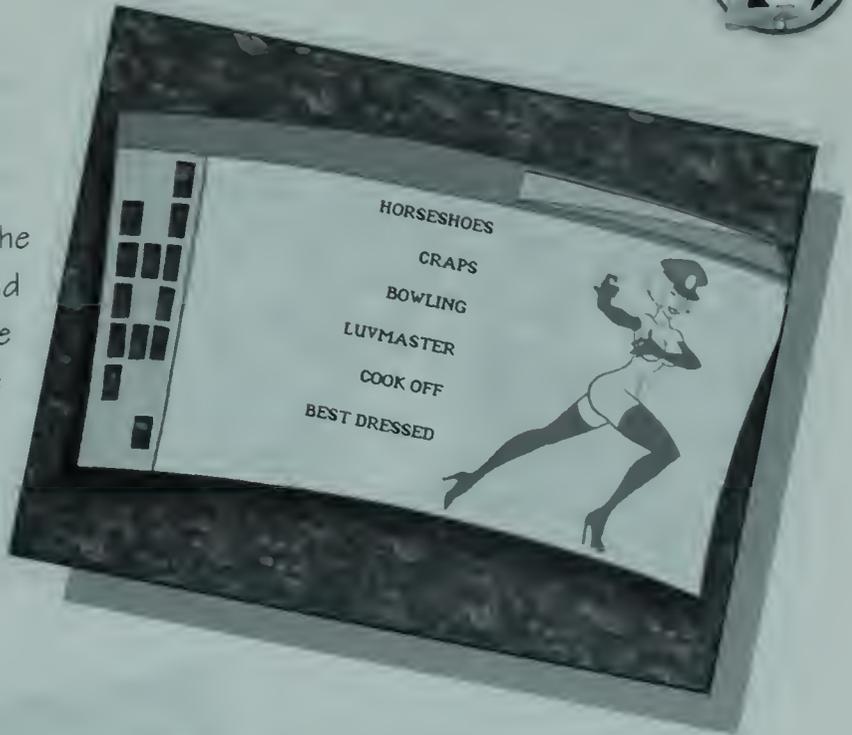
This competition's in the bag, and at the end, I'll be in the sack with Captain Thygh.





One Hard Johnson

I spot a window at the back of the lounge and see a guy walking around on the other side. I figure maybe he can give me some tips about the competition, if he works here. So I drift back for a chat.



He's tall and good-looking. Kind of reminds me of me. Behind him, I can see the booze bottles and glasses. Beer taps stick up in front of him. I order a drink, just to break the ice. Of course, if he's using crushed ice in the drinks, it's probably already broken.

"Give me a . . .," but I can't see what he makes.
"Just point to the menu," he says in a surly voice.



Sheesh! He's got a lousy bedside manner. I mean, a lousy attitude. "One of those," I say.

"No problem," he responds. "Coming right up." Then he's gone, and back again sooner than I believed possible. "Here you go. I'll just charge it to your room. Got your keycard?"

I pass it over and he finishes with it quickly. I drink my cocktail. "Boy, are these drinks watered down," I mutter. Then I hope I haven't said it loud enough for him to hear.

Luckily, I haven't.

Wanting to try something maybe a little stronger, I consider the menu again. "How about a bourbon and soda? On the rocks? With a twist? And an umbrella? And some fruit? And maybe a bendie straw."



They offer a lot of drinks on the PMS Bouncy. Try them all.



He gives me a hard glare.
 “You know, one of those little . . . ,”
 I mutter.

“You about done?” he asks.

“Yeah.”

“Here,” he says when he gets back.
 “We ain’t got no bendie straws. I gave
 you a ‘Captain Happy’s Barrel of Fun’
 straw.”

“Well, I guess it’ll have to do.
 What do I owe you?”

“Nuthin’. I put it on your room.
 Got a keycard?”

“Right here.” I hand it over.

“Okay,” he says, handing it back. “Now drink it!”

Despite the bartender’s lousy attitude, I try to relate to him. He’s
 been around the competition. Buddy, I’m looking for an edge wherever I can get it.
 “You must get a lot of guys in here telling you their troubles, don’t you? Is it hard,
 Johnson?”

“Yeah. Makes me sick. I usually punch their lights out.” He looks at me
 suspiciously. “Why?”

“Oh.” I shrug. “No reason.” I try a different tack, one that any guy can relate to.
 “I . . . eh . . . bet you see a lot of beautiful women working here, Johnson?”

“Yeah, so what?”

“I’m just making conversation.”

“And I’m just making drinks,” he growls. “Why don’t you stop yapping and order
 one?”

I tell him no thanks and check out my map, looking for the way to the Sexual
 Prowess competition. I might as well rack up the points really quick and knock the
 other guys off their stride when they hear about it.





Oh Man, That's No Lady!

"Your attention please," the PA announces, "Mark has just finished with a high score in the Nude Curling competition!"



I check out the four stalls in the LoveMaster 2000. All of them seem to be occupied. Then I notice that over the second stall a green heart, instead of a red heart, is glowing. Seeing that everyone's paired off, I figure I'm going to score early and often here. It's a single guy's dream come true. No cover charge, no two-drink minimum, and no pick-up lines. Just unlimited scoring.

As I approach the CyberCard 2000 machine, I notice the lava lamp on top of it. I stare, fascinated. Pal, I'm telling you, I can't believe what I'm seeing. Sometimes I think I see something in that Lava Lamp's random patterns.



**Keep your eye on the Lava Lamp, because it'll change.
And what, exactly, is it that you think you see?**

"Wrong, Larry," that little voice says. "That's just your dirty mind."
Yeah. Sure. And the Pope's not Catholic.

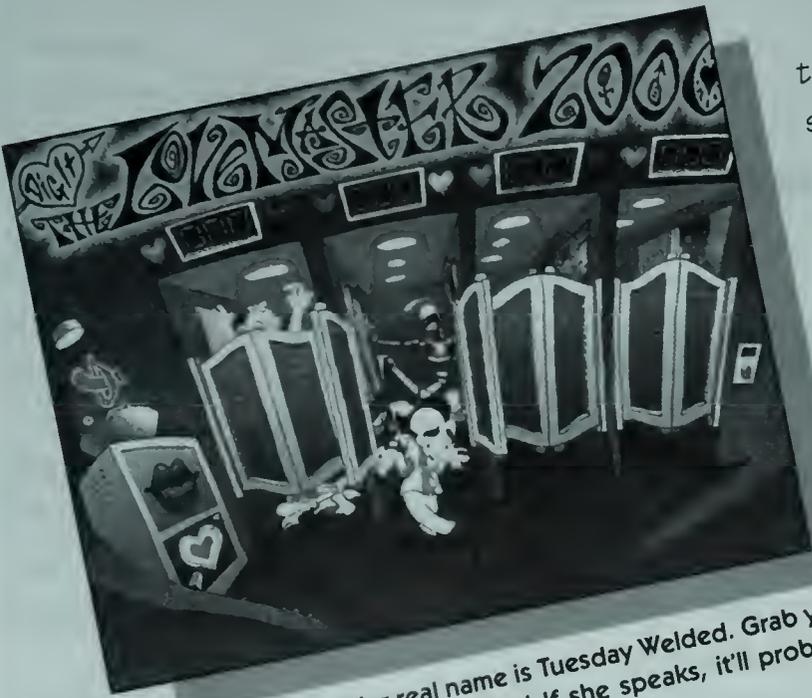
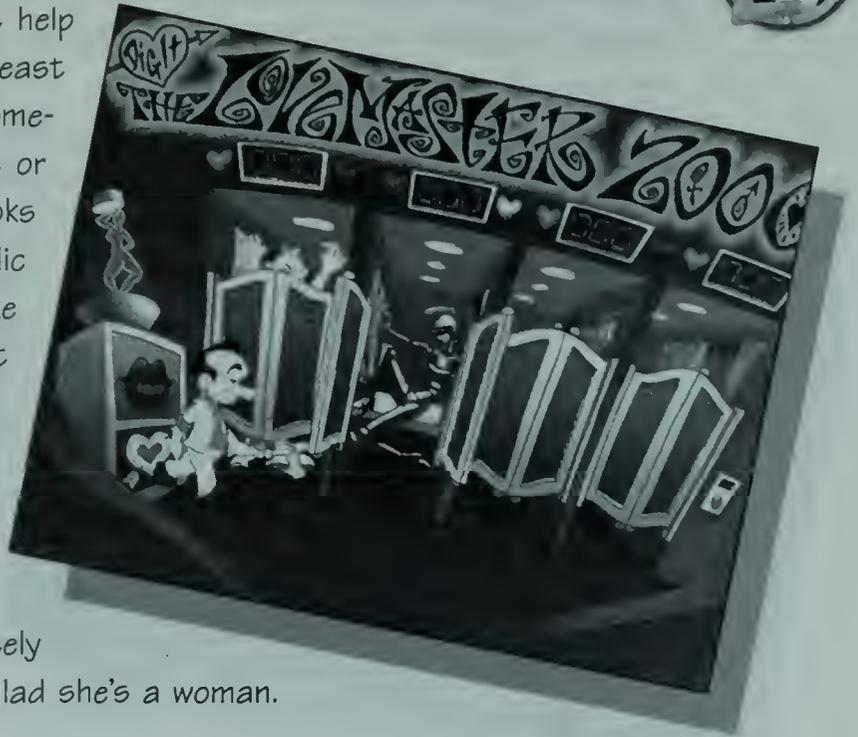
"Your attention, please," the PA system calls out, "Jim has just won the Nude Twister competition!"

Wow! Now there's a sport I'd have loved a shot at. But I'm ready for this one, too. As I slot the scorecard in the CyberCard 2000, I can't help wondering what's waiting on me behind the door. A blonde? A brunette? A redhead? Buddy, I don't even care!



The door pops open and I can't help but stare. Pal, I'm telling you, the least they coulda done was give me something with a heartbeat. The robot or android or whatever the hell it is looks cold and evil, sporting a metallic brush mohawk. The thing looks like the punk product of a one-night stand between the Terminator and Olive Oyl.

But as I stare at her, I start to see curves beneath that armor plating. I loosen my clothing as I approach it. Her. Man, this is definitely a she, and I'm going to make her glad she's a woman. Whatever kind of woman she is.



Don't tell me. Her real name is Tuesday Welded. Grab your wrench and "socket" to her! If she speaks, it'll probably be, "You, Tarzan. Me-chanical."

Overhead, the scores on the other booths are starting to heat up. I'm going to shame them all.

I walk in and the door closes behind me. In a flash, we're hard at it. Both of us. We've got more nuts and bolts than a normal couple, but there's a definite interface.

When she finishes with me, I stumble out of the stall, trying to pull my clothes up around me. I've got



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a smile on my face that won't go away, and bruises that'll make everyone ask questions. I heave a sigh of contentment.



When I check the score, though, I see I only got a 2. Man, what a drag. Maybe if she'd shown a little more life we could've racked up a few more points. Maybe her batteries need recharging or something.

On my way out, I notice the green button on the wall. It's labeled "Do Not Touch," but I give it a push anyway.



TIP

Ahoy Mateys! Go to the Das Grande Atriumo and see what it does.

Stacked in the Stacks

Bushed, I use the map to lead me to the Das Grande Atriumo just in time to hear the next PA announcement. "Your attention, please. Bryan has just won the Nude Solitaire competition."

Buddy, some of these contests must not take very long. I'm going to have to start playing smarter, not harder.

But right now I need a breather. I look around the atrium. Peter the purser isn't going to be much help, and the receptionist working with him isn't social at all. I need more information.



When my eyes travel to the stacked books framing the library door, I figure I know just the place to get more information. I walk toward it, feeling that I'm doing the right thing. Maybe the powdery-haired little old lady (probably) running it will tell me some little tidbit that'll help.

Inside the library, I look around, spotting the few books scattered along the shelves. Buddy, somebody has already raided the stacks. I read the spines I can see, wondering if there's anything in there I might enjoy. *Blow the Man Down. Mutant He on the Bounty. Yo, Ho, Blow the Man Down. Fokker, More than Just an Airplane. Thar She Blows. Ship Happens. Fun with Electromagnetism.*

"Your attention, please," the PA calls. "Don and Mark have just won the competition in Synchronized Nude Swimming!"

I look at the objects lined up on top of the shelves, wondering how they ever got into a library. The diving helmet draws my attention first.

"We all know how much you love to go down, Larry," that little voice says, "but you won't be doing any diving on this journey."

I move on to the ship in the bottle.

"Someone must have pushed hard to get his big submarine in that tiny hole," the voice says.

Me, I figure it's a tribute to the Beatles song, "Yellow Submarine." I can almost see John and Paul peering through one of the tiny portholes.

The clock is more in keeping with the decor, as well as the globe and lamp. And last, but not least, the stuffed beaver attracts my attention. But there's nothing special about that.

I walk around the corner, trying to see what else is in the room. Suddenly I'm face-to-face with the librarian. *Va-va-va-voom, pal!* The woman on the other side of that desk can rack up wood like a lumberjack knocking down the winter season.





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My mouth goes dry as I stare at her. She's reading a book, looking so prim and proper. Flowered wallpaper covers the walls around her, matching the bouquet—a red rose surrounded by five yellow ones—in the display to her right. A computer sits on the desk behind her, and a stack of books rests on the table to her right. Noticing me, she closes her book and puts it down.



Her name tag reads, "Victorian Principles." I look at her.

"Victorian Principles looks like she's spent her whole life reading," that little voice in the back of my head says, "but all librarians are closet nymphomaniacs. It's a well-known fact."

"It is?" I say. Buddy, we're suddenly talking possibilities here. "They are?"

"It is in your dreams," that little voice says.

Won't cost me anything to check it out. So to speak. "Are you the ship's librarian?" I ask. Now there's a concept! Oh man, that was really lame!

But she cuts me some slack and answers honestly, without sarcasm. "Why, yes I am. Did you see something you'd like to check out?"

I swallow hard. "I'm sure you have something I could explore." I paused, wondering if she'd catch the hint. "In depth."

"All righty," she says. "What's your cabin number?"

Pal, she doesn't even bat an eye when she goes in for the kill. Suddenly I feel like I'm the one getting hit on. "Whoa, babe, slow down. Geez, and women say I'm fast."

"Fast?" Her voice rises. "Well, sir, we check out books by cabin number here."

I try to cover, acting like I knew that all along. "Ohh." I give the cabin number to her. "Zero."

"Zero?" She laughs. "Tight budget?"

There you go. That's what I hate about the demure ones. Expose a vulnerability and they hammer away. "Well, see . . ." I consider all the answers I could give her. All of them start with Shamara. Not a good plan. "You don't want to know," I answer.



“Correct,” she says, slipping me another zinger.

I make a show of looking around the nearly empty shelves. “So, uh, you got any good books?”

“Oh many kinds. Unfortunately, you’re a little late. All the really good ones are already gone.”

“I wish I had a dollar for every time I heard that,” I mutter. I look at her book. *Prudish and Proud*. “How’s your book?”

“Oh, quite uplifting,” she replies. “I so enjoy books concerning sound moral principles. Don’t you?”

“Oh, yes, yes, I do,” I tell her. “But don’t you ever read anything—spicier?”

“Oh no. Those books don’t appeal to me. All that panting and groping. That raw male passion. That—” She has to stop and take a deep breath. “Well!” She takes another breath, regaining control. “It just encourages the wrong sort of thoughts. Oh no, I only expose myself to great literature.”

“I wish I was some great literature,” I mutter. Then, to her, “Yeah, great literature.” I look at the books on her desk. “What about these?”

“Oh, those? Those are already checked out. To me.”

“That’s a lot of reading for one cruise,” I tell her.

“Not for me. I’ll finish those tonight—in bed.”

I look over the rest of the books in the stack beside her, thinking maybe I can find some common ground. *Intensity through Dullness. Prosaic and Uninspired, My Way of Life Can Now Be Yours, Too. Stodgy Is as Stodgy Does. Monotonous and Tedious: How to Meet Boring People*. Pal, talk about pumping your proverbial dry hole.

Since I can’t come across really educated, I decide on the witty approach. “9-4-5-point-3,” I say. “4-7-1-point-2-4. 1-9-8-point-3-3.”

She stares at me. “What are you doing?”

I glance at her in surprise. “What do you think? Whispering Dewey Decimal numbers in your ear. Turn you on, eh?”

“Hardly. I filed them all.”

Well, there’s always the more or less direct approach in these situations. “Would you like to know what I plan to do—tonight—in bed?”

“I’ll vote—sleep?”

I look over the computer, the lamp, the calendar (hoping there might be an important date marked on it), the lamp, and the family photographs in little cameo stands. Zero. Zilch. Nada. I’m talking the big zip here, bucky. Her desk contains



rubber stamps, a bottle of mucilage, a pen and a tea service. No help there, either.

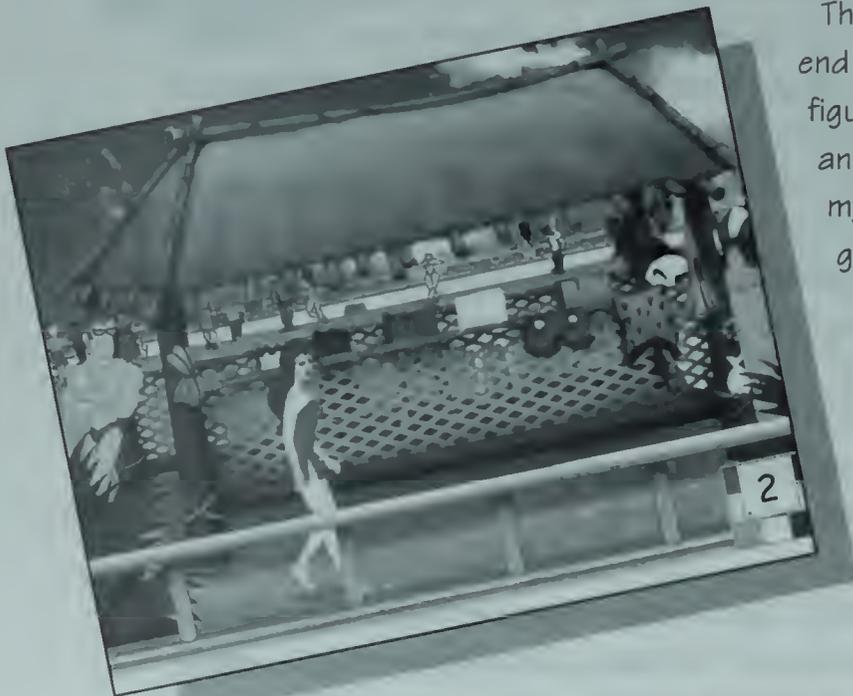
"Your attention, please," the PA shouts. "Ben has just beaten off all comers in the Self-Stimulation simulation!"

That reminds me. I have a Thygh's Man Trophy Competition to win. I tell Victorian good-bye, hoping I can figure out some way to take advantage—ah, *explore*—a future relationship.

I look at the map and figure I'll head up to the swimming pool area next. I want to take a look at some nearly nude babes. Ones you don't have to tip a dollar to every time they strut by, you know?

I Pack a Trunk, Or, A Snootful of Real Love

Manohmanohmanohman! I've died and gone to heaven, buddy! I'm talking acres of naked flesh here. I didn't know anything about the nude swimming pools. I ogle the girls walking around the cabana as I walk through it. I should have packed a bathing suit, I should have packed a bathing suit, I should have—



Then I notice the guy standing at the end of the cabana in swim trunks. I figure maybe I'll just mosey on through and nobody'll notice I'm still wearing my leisure suit. After all, everybody's going to be watching the girls.

But as soon as I reach the end of the cabana, this guy wheels around on me like a Doberman. He's tan and built, with curly hair and a pair of the coolest shades I've ever seen.



"Whoa, dude," he says.

I stop. "What's wrong?"

"You," he says. "You can't enter the pool like that."

"Like what?"

"Like *that*," he repeats. "You know—*dressed*."

I try to Valley up to him, sounding hip. "Why not, *dude*?"

"Safety reasons, *dude*."

"For sure," I tell him, like I understand completely. Then, "Safety reasons?"

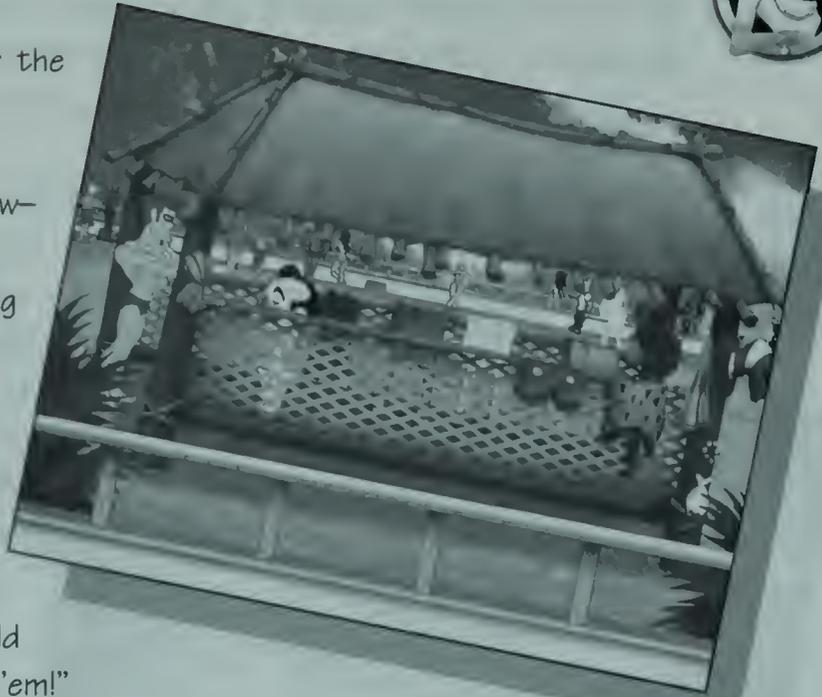
"Way," he tells me. "Purser's orders. That polyester fabric could ignite in this tropical sun. So, drop 'em!"

I fidget. There's no way the babes'll be prepared for this. "Well, I don't think I should enter naked. I mean, everyone would . . . um . . . stare, you know, at my . . . uh . . ." I clear my throat. "My *physical attributes*."

"Yeah, for sure." But he says it like he doesn't think so.

I look at him closer and spot the name tag on his chest. "Well, look, Dick, one time I went into a restaurant that required a tie and . . . well . . . because of my personal aversion to owning anything other than leisure wear, I never had a tie. So . . ." I let it hang.

Thankfully, I saw a tiny spark ignite on the other side of that broad expanse of skull. "Sure," he said, "I've got courtesy loaners." He reaches for one that's all balled up and passes it over. "This little dude right here is exactly what you need."





Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

I look at it while he goes back to leaning. I can't believe what I see. "Oh great," I mutter. "Of course I couldn't get a normal swimsuit." I undress and slip into the swimwear. I turn back to Dick. "Could I at least have a towel to cover it up?"

"For sure. No problem, dude." He laughs. "Now don't get it wet. It might—*shrink!*" He busts out even louder.

What a guy! Sheesh. I walk out onto the swimming area with the towel wrapped around my waist.



Buddy, let me tell you, this has to be the greatest thing. I go up onto the deck area overlooking the two swimming pools, watching the water volleyball game below and checking out the melon action. The chaise lounges are filled with people without a stitch on. I think I'll sit right here and take in the sights, and maybe set my sights on some friendly little thing.

Then I notice the blonde in the blue chaise lounge to my left. My mouth goes dry instantly as I watch her pick up a bottle of something and start smearing fluid over exquisite tanned flesh the color and texture of warm butter.

As she puts lotion on her face, she gets some of it in her eyes and cries out in pain. "Oh, I got sunscreen in my eyes! Boy! Oh, towel boy! I need a towel here, please! Quick!"

I back into the area, hoping to spot a towel boy to help her out. Maybe I can even intercept him and boost the towel, be her hero in 10 seconds or less. But I don't see one. I turn around to tell her, but when I get a look at the set she's got my eyes almost bulge from my head. My tongue rolls out and every synapse in my brain short-circuits.



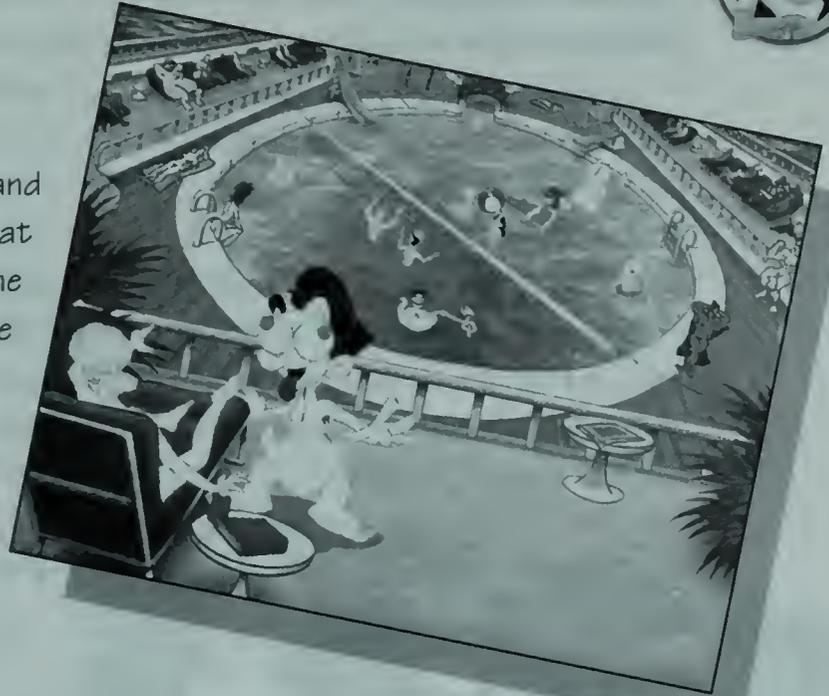
Before I know it, her flailing hand reaches out and grabs the towel at my waist. One swift jerk reveals the bathing suit I'm wearing for all the world to see.

"Oh, boy," I mutter weakly.

The blonde wipes the sunscreen out of her eyes. "Oh, thank you," she says, throwing the towel on the other side of the chaise.

All I can do is stand and stare.

"Well, well," she says, looking at me with the bluest eyes I've ever seen, "what have we here?" She giggles. "Is that your trunk or are you just glad to see me?"



Gee, Larry, you really packed a trunk for this trip.

I just moan.

"And what's your name, little Babar?" she asks.

"Larry," I answer. That came out okay. "Larry Laffer. And you?"

"Drew Baringmore." She laughs again. "You know, I haven't seen a cod-piece since I took Professor Lipkin's 'Minor Playwrights of the Later Elizabethan Period' my

sophomore year at Barnard.

And I've never seen one with such a cute



Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

African influence. You know, I'm quite interested in history, but I'm essentially ignorant of anything past the tertiary African tribes. Could you share a little of its immediate history with me? Perhaps its regional influences or its acquisition?"

"Oh," I say, bowled over by the barrage of words. "Well, that cabana boy gave it to me because I forgot my swimsuit."

"Oh," she replies.

Duh, that was pretty lame.

She goes back to hitting keys on her laptop computer.

Buddy, I'm telling you, I don't want to lose this one. Victorian Principles may have sparked my immediate interest, but this babe is one in a million. I try to find something we can talk about. "You don't have any clothing at all, do you, Drew?"



"Of course not. I love nudism so much that just as soon as I board ship I get rid of every single piece of pesky clothing."

"Good idea."

"And," she goes on, "I force my cabin boy to lock up my suitcase someplace where I can't possibly find it so I can spend the entire week here by the pool naked. I eat, sleep, sun and swim, never leaving the comfort of the shade. It may not be an ideal

vacation for everyone, but for me . . . well . . . it's

what I love most."

As I look at the potted palm trees on either side of her, I'm feeling pretty partial to her way of life, myself.

"This tropical sun is brutal! I hope you don't mind, Larry, but I need to spend a few minutes rubbing this sunscreen all over my naked body."

I swallow hard. "Need help?" I offer.

"No," she tells me. "But nice try. I really like the way it makes my skin glisten, you know? And the way it brings out the soft little hairs on the back of my neck, my arms, my—"



Her words have my adrenaline pumping straight to my sex drive. It's primal, like the need to protect the survival of the species. I'm talking tall timber here, pal, California redwood and rising. And the elephant gets a nose job like you wouldn't believe. "Stop!" I tell her. "I can't take it!"

"Ahhh," Drew says. "I didn't realize I was being so hard on you." Her attention wanders from me to someone standing over my shoulder. "Excuse me, Larry. Here comes the waiter. This'll just take a second." She raises her voice. "Waiter! Oh waiter!"

"Hey dere, beautiful," a low, rumbling voice says. "What can I do for youse?"

The way he talks makes me wonder if the Witness Protection Program sponsors the crew.

"I want," Drew says, "a Gigantic Erection."

In an amused tone, the waiter says, "Looks like your little buddy there's got you covered, eh?"

"What?" There's a sharp tone in her voice now. "I said bring me a Gigantic Erection."

"Well, okay, baby, I'm your man."

I decide I don't like the way he says that.

"Well," Drew says, "where is it?"

"I'm working on it," the waiter says. "Mind moving that computer?"

Drew gets hot. I mean, angry. Man, she's been hot since I first laid eyes on her. "I want a mixed drink," she instructs. "A cocktail. You know, lime juice, hundred and fifty-one proof rum, vodka, triple-thick mayonnaise, with a hollowed-out frozen banana to suck through. You know, a Gigantic Erection."

"Okay," the waiter replies, "but it'll take awhile."

I figure I can use a drink too. So I call after the departing waiter. "I think I'll have a drink myself. Oh waiter, I'll have the same thing the lady ordered."

"Nice suit," the waiter tells me.

"No . . . uh . . . please bring me a Gigantic Erection." I don't want him to notice the elephant trunk is looking like a Christmas stocking filled by an overgenerous Santa.

"That'll take awhile for the bartender to fix," he says. "Wait right here."

He walks off and I'm alone with Drew again. I look around for something else to talk to her about and get her mind off that computer. Unfortunately, the only thing that comes to my mind is this swimsuit I'm wearing. "So you recognize this as a codpiece?"



Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

"Of course. It's been a few years but I believe my college text defined it as a pouch at the crotch of tight-fitting breeches worn by men in the 15th and 16th centuries. It's from a Middle English word *codd*, a bag, a scrotum, which came from the Old English *cod*, meaning bag, plus *pese*, meaning piece. Is that your understanding, Larry?"

"Uh, yeah. Thanks." Well, pal, it's pretty hard to add anything to that. So I try a more personal note. "Aren't you worried about over-exposure?"

"Oh, no, not anymore. Sure, once upon a time I had to limit my exposure—especially on a tropical cruise like this—but ever since I discovered this SPF 300 I have no problems at all. Every few minutes I carefully, slowly, thoroughly rub it over every single inch of my naked body."

I maintain my footing with difficulty as my knees get weak. Only the thought of how embarrassing it would be to be propped up by the elephant trunk keeps me standing.

"And my laptop computer here does offer some protection, although I do get a peculiar tanline."

I moan out loud before I can stop myself.

She glances at me with concern. "Larry, is my nudity making your uncomfortable? Is this hard for you?"

"No," I try to say as casually as I can. "It's been like this ever since I got here."



Ahoy Mateys! Be sure and try to move the computer and the pesky branches, and look at Drew carefully. And offer to rub the sunscreen on her.

I have to glance around and try to get my mind on something else. Feels like the old redwood is ready to fork, if you know what I mean. I spot the book on the table beside her and scan the cover.

"Looks like Drew is reading *The Erotic Adventures of Hercules*," the little voice in the back of my head observes. "That guy on the cover makes Fabio look like a 98-pound weakling."

The title gives me an idea for improving Victorian Principles' reading matter. And if she doesn't like it, maybe I can use the book down in my cabin to get a



better . . . uh . . . *grasp* on my love life. I point to the book and ask, “Drew, would you mind if I borrow your book?”

“Not at all,” she tells me. “I finished it.”

I pick it up and take it with me. Before I can talk to Drew any further, I can see I’ve got to find something to talk to her *about*. Man, that chick runs around with an encyclopedia in her head and all I can think about is reducing her to monosyllables, or better, shrieked vowels.

I head back to the library, determined to increase my conversational abilities. At least, until we get into a more horizontal frame of mind. That’s my turf, and I’ve always been good in the bush.



LEISURE SUIT™
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THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

CHAPTER TWO



**Easy
Come,
Easy Go**

Between the Covers

When I get back to the library, everything's pretty much the same. Nobody's interested in books on this cruise, pal. That much I know. I shove the copy of *The Erotic Adventures of Hercules* under my jacket so it won't be noticed. Buddy, this has got to be a first—sneaking a book with dirty passages into a library.

But I'm also looking for material I can use on Drew. I remember seeing the books on Anton Fokker and electromagnetism. Like I really care about either of those things. Fokker has an interesting family name, but that's it. And as far as electromagnetism goes, I'm only there to see if I can bait Drew into checking out my pole-Larry-T. T is for tender, right? Tender but turgid, you know what I'm talking about?

I find the book on Fokker first. I pick it up and read it.



I look at the book, and whattaya know, it's written by Drewl Geez, it's long. I don't want to read all this. I've learned when he lived, when he died, and what he did. I can fake it from there, right? I mean, how long does foreplay really have to last?

I put the book back on the shelf and pick up the one on electromagnetism. I just read the dust jacket on this one. There's only so much I can remember. And I don't want to get the two things confused.

Anton Gerard Herman Fokker. Born in 1890 in Java. At an early age, he began an airplane manufacturing business in Germany. During World War I, his factories produced triplanes and biplanes. He revolutionized aerial warfare in 1915 by mounting a machine gun on the front of an airplane, then synchronized the gun so it would fire between the blades of the plane's propellers instead of shooting them off. After the war he turned to developing commercial aircraft. In 1922 he moved to the United States where he died in 1939.



In 1823, English physicist William Sturgeon, at age 40, devised the first electromagnet. He insulated an iron bar by painting it with thick varnish, wrapped copper wire around the bar, then connected the wire to a Voltaic pile

“Hmm,” I mutter, “I think I once had Voltaic piles.”

Good enough. I can remember this. It should be enough for me to get my second wind with Drew. I run my hands along my leisure suit and make sure I look okay after having dumped my clothes at the cabana.

As I round the corner to Victorian Principles' desk, I whistle Donna Summers' "She Works Hard for the Money," so she'll know I recognize the fact that women have to try harder in this world and that I sympathize with her for that. Chicks really dig that soft, sensitive side—even though they all know it's just an act for their benefit and they don't really want a soft guy at all.

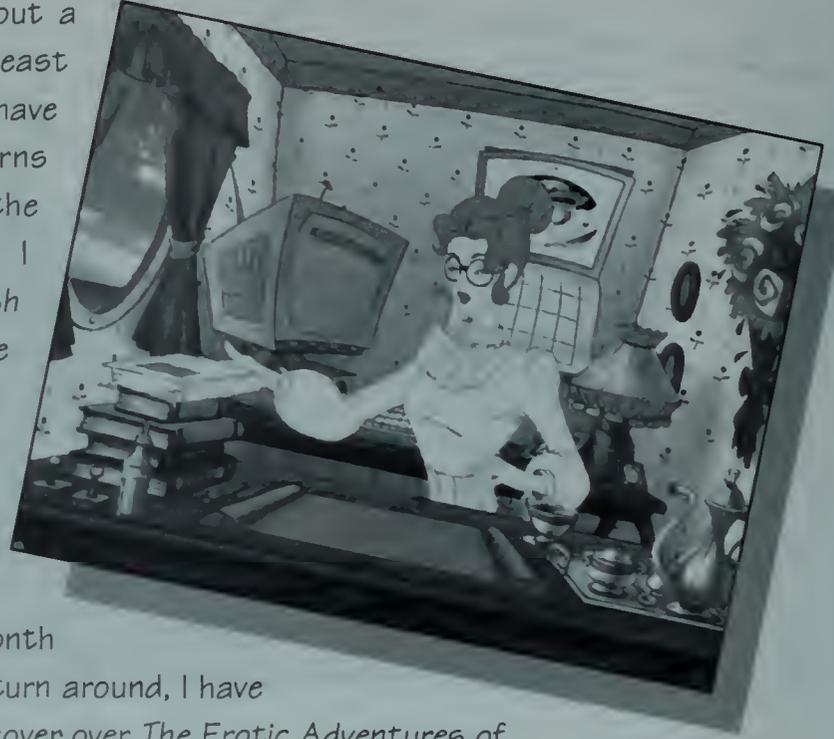
She looks over at me as I approach, and puts her book down on top of the pile on her desk.

I look at the book and start screwing my courage up. Just the sight of that prim form under that dress has me ready to go. I slip my hand under my jacket, making sure Drew's book is still there.

. . . . connected it to a Voltaic pile and created a crude electromagnet that could lift pounds of iron. You, too, can have fun with electromagnets. Wrap any iron bar with wire, apply electricity and—wheee!—you're having fun with electromagnetism.



Finally, I ask her about a book on codpieces. At least Drew and I will always have that. When she turns around to type on the computer keyboard, I move fast. I grab *Prudish and Proud* from the stack and whip the cover off that puppy. Man, I'm moving like a soda jerk putting a banana split together on a first-of-the-month Friday. Before she can turn around, I have the *Prudish and Proud* cover over *The Erotic Adventures of Hercules*. I'm holding it in front of me when she turns back around.



To do this, you must manipulate the items in your inventory. Click on *Prudish And Proud*, then remove the jacket. Once you have the jacket off, click on it, then click Use and *The Erotic Adventures of Hercules*. The book will be neatly covered. To give the book to Victorian, merely attempt to leave the library. She'll automatically take the book from you. Or, if you like being sneaky, you can ask her to look something else up, wait till she turns around, and drop it onto the stack of books then.

I ask her to check on a book of poetry. Chicks really get into a guy who reads poems. She thinks of rhyming couplets and he thinks of raw coupling—though a couplet of blondes wouldn't be a bad idea.

While she's busy, I slip the book on top of the stack.

"We have one book on that," she says when she turns back around, "but the captain is reading it."

The captain? Manohman, she's just waiting for a guy like me. Of course, I'll have to brush up on my poetry. But I remember the really good ones OK. *There once was a hermit named Dave* . . . Great stuff for mood setting.



I thank Victorian for her time, and then leave the library. I hear her pick up the book behind me. Hopefully reading red-hot fiction will leave her wanting deep-down friction.

To Fokker Or Not To Fokker

I go back to the swimming pool. Pal, I'm telling you, I could live with permanent scenery like this. A nice comfortable Barcalounger and a bottle of lubricant—uh, suntan lotion—and I'd be a happy man.

Dick stops me at the end of the cabana. I know the look he's giving me, so I ask, "Hiya, Dick, what have you got in the way of trunks?"

"Yeah, like I haven't heard that one before."

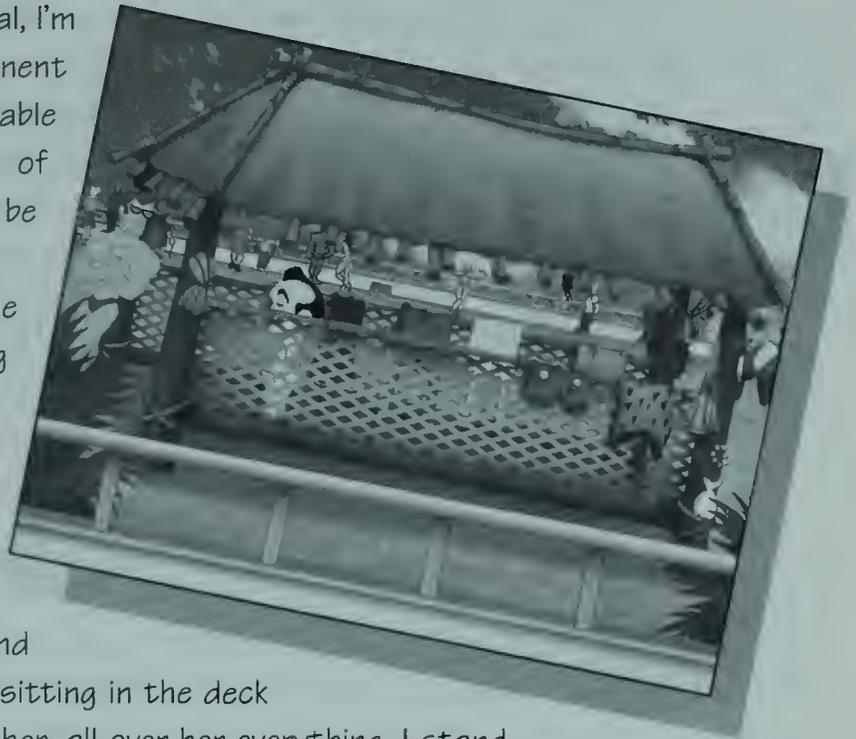
In a couple minutes, I'm back in my favorite pair of swim trunks and making my way to Drew. She's still sitting in the deck chair, slathering sunscreen all over her—all over her everything. I stand there a minute and try to loosen my tongue.

I'm telling you, man, I get like a brain fog or something that comes over me. I know the name Fokker, but I don't remember anything about the guy. As for electro-magnetism, I can think about only one pole-r pull at the time.

Spotting a magazine on a nearby table, I pick it up and glance through it. As soon as the brain fog lifts, I'll be ready for Drew. As if I could be any more ready, you know what I mean?

The magazine turns out to be a copy of *Persons Magazine*. The cover story is about a hot mother/daughter country-western singing duo called the Juggs. Mother/daughter? I always thought country-western was incestuous. Kind of chills me, you know.

I flip open to the story about the Juggs and start reading. The little voice in the back of my head sums it up for me:





"It seems there was a little incident at a recent benefit concert where they were arrested and charged with public lewdness and solicitation. Their publicist blamed it all on a rare chemical sensitivity problem. The article concludes by saying the girls are going to take a little time off, staying out of the limelight till the scandal dies down."

I put the magazine back on the table and turn to Drew. I think I've got a handle on things now. "Hi, Drew. It's me. Larry."



She glances up at me with those blue, I-do eyes. "Oh, hi Larry. So what's up?" She glances lower. "Other than the obvious?"

Damn elephant's trunk. Even when you've got control, it tries to make you out a liar. "I've always been very fond of that wonderful German inventor, Anton Fokker. Have you ever heard of him?" Mentally, I'm scrambling quick, like a fast-order chef working eggs on an all-you-can-eat buffet.

"Anton Fokker?" she says, excited. "But of course. I wrote the book on him."

"So you have heard of him?" Oh terrific, Larry. Then my attention shifts from her moving diaphragm long enough to register what she said.

"No, I mean I literally wrote the book on him. I'm the author of the best-selling biography. It's recognized everywhere as the classic treatise on the subject. I called it *Fokker, More than Just an Airplane*."

Ever feel like you've stepped into an abyss and don't remember seeing the cliff, pal? That's me, and there's no parachute on this ride. "Uh, I just love discussing historical aircraft designers."

She buys it. "Me too! You know it's funny, Larry, it seems like these cruise ships are filled with phonies who just want to bore me."

"I could see that." And, baby, I've got Big Daddy Drill right here, you know what I mean?

"But it's wonderful to find a kindred spirit like you. Someone interested in aviation history, particularly the airplanes and my dear sweet Anton." She pauses and looks sharply at me. "Excuse me. Could you look me in the eyes?"



I lift my gaze at once. I can't help myself. I know what I want to see. "Oh, umm, sorry." I move back onto safe territory again. "So you really know about this guy, huh?"

"Oh yes. Fokker, Anton Herman Gerard, 1890 to 1939. Dutch-born German-American aircraft designer and aircraft manufacturer. Born Java. His factories in Germany produced triplanes and biplanes used in World War I. He revolutionized aerial warfare by synchronizing a front-mounted machine gun to fire through the propellers of a plane without intercepting the blades. 1915. He later turned to developing commercial aircraft and came to the US in 1922."

"Wow," I say, "you really know a lot about those Fokkers."

She turns her attention back to her computer.

I don't want to lose her, so I pursue the conversation. All I have to do is feed her questions and she'll talk forever. Usually I don't find that behavior all that attractive in a woman, but then, most of them don't look like Drew Baringmore. "I've always felt Anton never received the recognition he so sorely deserved." If you didn't know it, girls always dig the underdog too. Of course, the underdogs they're usually talking about have other things than fame—you know, good looks, money, their daddy's multinational corporation.

Drew takes the bait, though.

"Oh, you are knowledgeable, aren't you, Larry? Yes, Anton was a wonderful inventor. A genius, really. But he wasn't a brilliant businessman. It was his mother who really ran the company, you know. Yes, she was a tyrant who ruled with an iron fist."

I can see it coming, as plain as the trunk on my elephant bathing suit. "You mean—"

"Yes." She just won't let it pass. "She was one mean Mother Fokker."

"Uuuggghhhh," the little voice in the back of my head says. "I think we could all see that one coming."

Getting my nerve up, I pitch the big question. Things have seemed to go well so far. "I would really enjoy having a more in-depth discussion with you, Drew."

"Really? Me too. In fact, I could Fokker all night long."

"Oh really. That was pretty much what I was thinking." My gaze starts traveling down again. "So, want to go back to my room to see my aircraft etchings?" I can always claim I left them home by mistake.

"I'd love to. . . ."



My heart starts giving me an arterial milkshake because I know there's a *but* coming. ". . . but I can't," she says. Then, noticing where my gaze is lingering, she hardens her voice. "Excuse me, but could you look me in the eyes?"

I do, and then I remember what she just said. "What do you mean, you can't?"

"I can't," she says, "because, remember? I ordered the cabin boy to lock up my clothing for the duration of the cruise. And you know I just can't violate the ship's rules and walk brazenly and boldly naked through the clothing-required parts of the ship like some sort of exhibitionist. That would never do. No, I'll just have to stay here, lying here naked all night with the cool, tropical breezes gently wafting over my bare skin." She yawns.

I shake my head. I can't believe I've got to get a totally naked woman into her clothing. A cabin boy. Buddy, I've got to find a cabin boy *sssoooo* bad. I tell Drew good-bye and make my way out of there. There's a lot of the ship I haven't seen yet, but I figure on stopping back by the library. Victorian will probably know something about the ship's crew.

And it'll give me a chance to see if she's been reading the book I left her.

Fiction or Friction?



When I enter the library, I notice there've been some changes. At the end of the rows of books where Victorian's desk is, I see the rosy glow of a red light burning against the bulkhead.

I make my way around the end and look at Victorian. Oh man, whatta dish!!!—from her new and improved 'do to the scooped-up cleavage, to the way her dress fits her like a second skin. Her desk is littered with an assortment of things that sends my confidence scream-

ing for the hills. Or at least for the twin peaks she's sporting so proudly.



She throws the book I left her over her shoulder and leans forward in her chair, dropping her fishnet-stockinged legs out of sight. She gives me the kind of smoldering stare that would leave Clint Eastwood pop-eyed.

I push some words out of my dry mouth with a thickened tongue. "Didn't you used to wear glasses, Victorian?"

"Yeah," she says in a husky voice that sends a Richter-10 shiver up my backbone, "but now they keep fogging up on me. But you know, Larry, without my glasses you look pretty good."

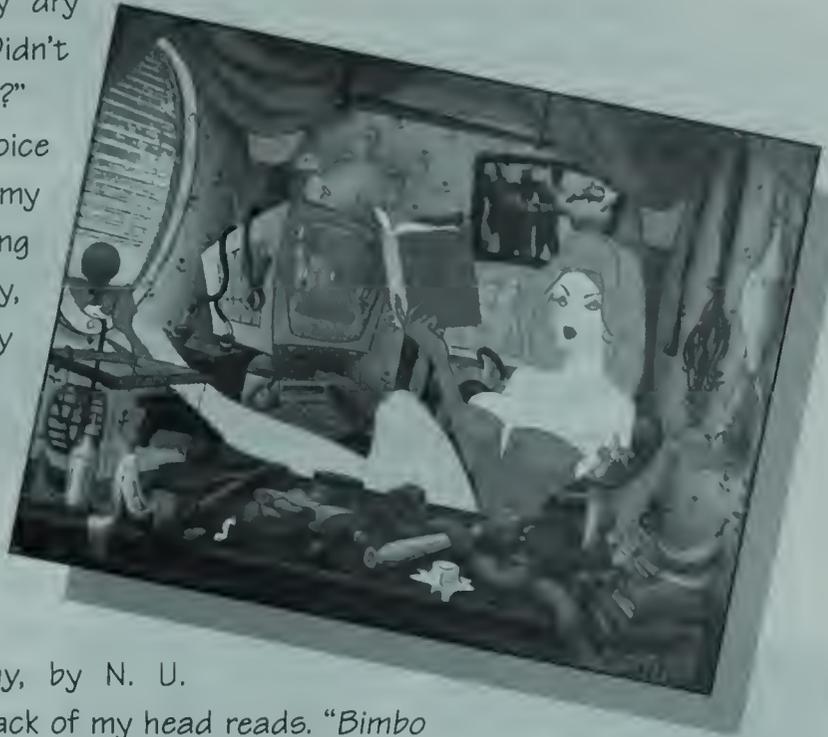
I look even better in the dark, I think. I look at the books, thinking I'm not going to have a hard time coming up with something we can discuss.

"A Field Guide to Pornography, by N. U. Schwantz," the little voice in the back of my head reads. "Bimbo Cheerleaders In Outer Space. Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex, But Didn't Have the Balls to Find Out Yourself through Experience. This is that sailing masterpiece, A Sail of Two Titties, by Charles Dickens."

Buddy, I've read most of those a couple dozen times. At least, I've read my favorite parts over and over. I spot the can of whipped cream at her elbow.

"Little Larry loves whipped cream," that voice says.

The other things I see—the inflated rubber glove on the computer, the rubber chicken hanging on the wall, the battery with clips attached, the cat-o'-nine-tails, the banana peels, and all the other stuff looks daunting—but oh-so-intriguing at the same time. The only thing that looks out of place is the bottle of mucilage.



Ahoy Mateys! Be sure to look at everything in this scene, as well as feel anything that piques your interest.





Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

I make another try at conversation. "Particularly nasty weather," I say. And just maybe, with all the problems I have speaking, it comes out sounding more like "May I tickle your ass with a feather?"

"Of course you may," Vicki says. I just can't think of her as Victorian any more. "And what's more, I'll help you. Larry, it's time to turn my literary research into action."

Ohmanohmanohman!

"I—um—well, I could see that." Buddy, the playing field is wide open and I don't know which way to jump first. "I'd certainly like to help out. I mean, I could offer my services, but that wouldn't . . ."

I'm worried about offending her, about scaring her off.

Before I know what's going on, she leans across the desk and grabs my jacket by both lapels. Her strength is incredible. I didn't know getting yanked off your feet by a woman could be such a turn-on!



She yanks me down behind the desk and covers my body with hers. She's moving so fast I can't do anything except lie there. Then she starts ripping my clothes off, stringing it through the air like confetti. And, well—Pal, you're gonna have to live through somebody else's fantasy for the next couple of minutes. I got mine.

Let's just say there was a lot of screaming and hollering and moving and shoving and—I'm talking smoking, buddy, and Vicki's

dealing with the towering inferno.

When it's over, I'm standing there naked while she's tucking her—herself back into her clothing.



“Oh, now what am I gonna do, Vicki?” I’m talking about my lack of clothing. There’s nothing lying around on the floor that’s going to come anywhere close to covering me.

“What more is left to do, Lar-Lar?”

Ever noticed how when women turn their minds to sex, that’s all they seem capable of thinking about?

“I need my clothes,” I say. “How can I get back to my room naked?”

“Don’t worry, Lar, I can loan you a jacket.”

I feel some relief. But only until she reaches over to the nearest stack of books and takes a dust jacket from a book.

Oh brother!



Big-Time Scoring

I creep back to my room as quickly and quietly as I can with the dust jacket covering my crotch. Buddy, I’m telling you, I’m lucky here. Most of the passengers are out on the deck. I figure it would be about right that I’d get escorted to the brig.



But in the hallway, my luck runs flat out. In front of my cabin, I run into a little old lady leaning on her cane. Before I can offer an apology, she raises her cane and starts in on me.

"You damn hippies should be ashamed," she says.

I slink off to my cabin.

Inside my room, I rummage through my suitcases and find another leisure suit. I don't like losing the image, pal, not when the chicks go for it so much. My whole body aches. Man, who'd have thought Vicki could turn out to be so wild?

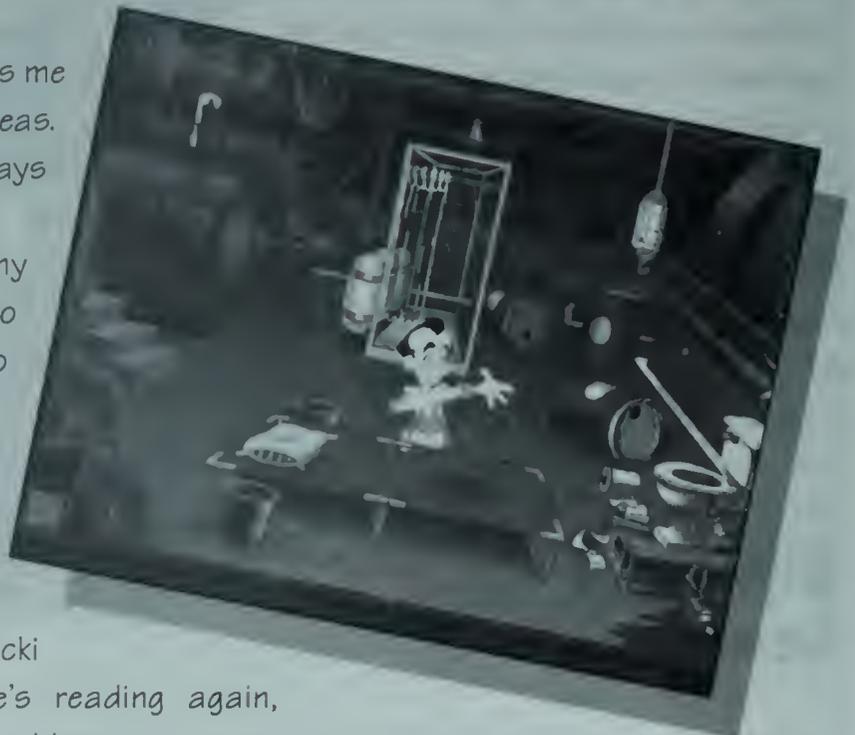
But her attitude gives me an idea. A couple of ideas. I'm a smart guy, always thinking.

After I catch my breath, I head back up to the library. Round Two sounds good, and then maybe I can put the next stage of Larry's Trip to the Captain's Quarters into play.

In the library, I find Vicki behind the desk. She's reading again, boning up, I guess you could say.

"You know," I tell her, "you are the greatest, baby. Ka-chunk, ka-chunk."

"Yeah right," she says.





Immediately, I notice the only thing that still maintains a rosy glow around here is the red light in the port window. Buddy, the breeze has shifted, and it's not exactly spring fresh anymore.

"You're just lying," she says. "You know, since you left, I've done nothing but read about sex. And now I'm the most sexually knowledgeable person on this ship."

"Oh, really?" I say, rising to the occasion in more ways than one. Women who think they're in control always get me stirred up. "I'd like to see you prove that."

"Yeah, I bet you would."

No, chickie, I'll bet you wood. My wood, and it plays like an iron.

"No. I don't think I'll prove it with you," she goes on. "I know now—you just weren't that good."

Pal, I'm telling you, that hurt ol' Larry. And if I didn't have Drew waiting in the wings, I might have even let it get to me. But seeing as how I can't get, shall we say, another free ride, I'm going to work on the other idea I had while I was in my cabin.

I put a sneer in my voice. It isn't hard, and I'm telling you, it was the only thing that wasn't. "So, what do you say we see how you do on the old LoveMaster 2000?"

"Ah," she says, "good idea. But it won't work. I'm an employee and employees aren't allowed Thygh's Man Trophy scorecards."

"But, I have a card. You can use mine."

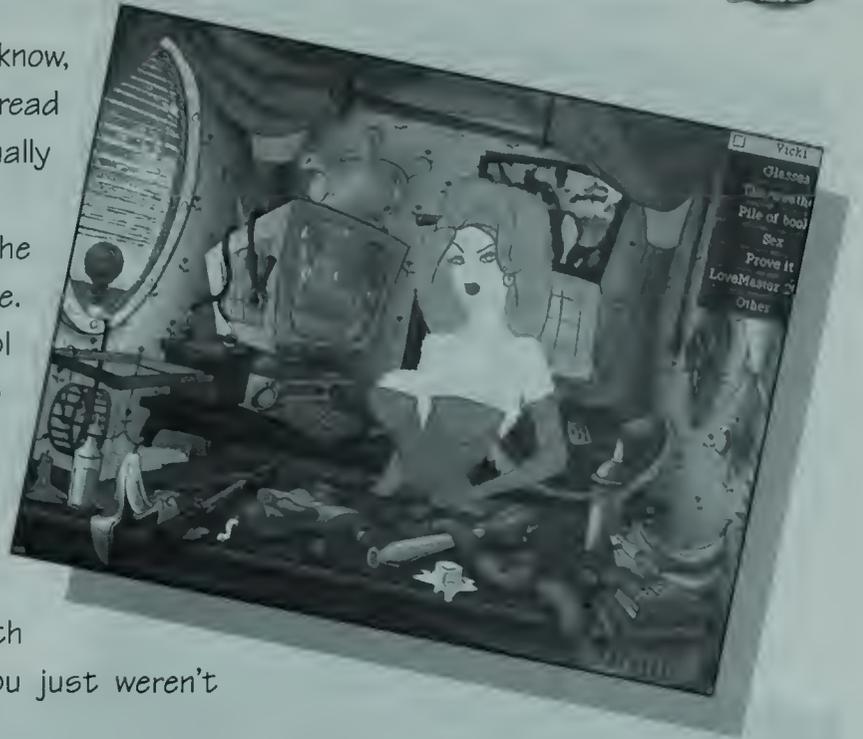
"Well, I don't know." She sure seems tempted, though. I can tell she's heard about it.

I go in for the kill, pal. Women's egos are every bit as big as a guy's. "No self-confidence, eh?"

Her voice gets as hard and rough as two bricks rubbing together.

"You're on!"

I walk her down to the LoveMaster 2000 and put my ticket in the slot. "Okay, Vicki, there you go." As I turn around, the stall opens to reveal the robot in her sexy pose against the back wall.





Vicki glances haughtily around the stalls, wrapped in a knee-length jacket that she was evidently holding back on me when she sent me packing to my room. I can hardly wait to see her come back out of that stall looking all worn out. She doesn't stand a chance against that hard-rocking bucket of bolts that's waiting on her.

"This will prove who's the real sexpert," she sneers. She walks into the stall and drops her clothing to the floor without hesitation. Then she climbs aboard the robot.

With the stall doors closed, I can't see much at first. But I can hear Vicki's moans. I smile to myself, knowing she's about to be taught what's what.

Then I hear new moans that turn into shrieks of unbelieving rapture. They have to be coming from the robot! I look at the stall, and sure enough, Vicki's bobbing up over the top of it like a bronc-rider with a mount on steroids. Pal, I'm telling you, this is amazing stuff. Real-life *That's Incredible!* Vicki could hold down a job on *The Price Is Right* and keep the boss happy.



The score starts whirling, the digital numbers going up-scale rapidly. Even the hundred-position accelerates beyond anything I can believe. Without warning, smoke suddenly belches out around the score read-out. Then there's an explosion and the whole unit comes popping out of its frame.

A few seconds later, Vicki emerges from the stall, already dressed and looking like she's been out for a Sunday drive. "Well," she says to me, "let's see you top that."

It takes a second for my brain to get my mouth going. "I couldn't," I tell her. "You win. I guess. Now, how about some private lessons?" A guy can always hope.

She laughs at me. "Dream on. I'm going to spend my night with a nice, stimulating book."



"Wait," I call after her, "I didn't even lose all my clothes yet."

She ignores me and walks away. Talk about ingratitude. I teach her everything she knows, then she drops me like yesterday's underwear.

I'm sitting there (feeling blue all over, buddy, you know what I'm talking about?) when the intercom from the LoveMaster 2000 comes on. "Your score, Larry Laffer, one thousand. Wow! A perfect score! Laffer, come by the office, okay? I get off at midnight. Please?"



I can't believe what I'm hearing. I hadn't even thought about that. I check out my TMT score-card when the LoveMaster gives it back to me.

The announcer's offer sounds promising. If I have time, maybe I'll check it out.

"Well," that little voice in the back of my head says, "you didn't beat Vicki. But who cares? You got a record high score on the LoveMaster 2000."



And that's the truth, buddy. I've got a few other things to win, then it's me and the captain. And until then, if I can find a cabin boy, it'll be me and Drew. If I can find a cabin boy.



CHAPTER THREE



Spinout

Guttering, It's Not Just Around The House Anymore

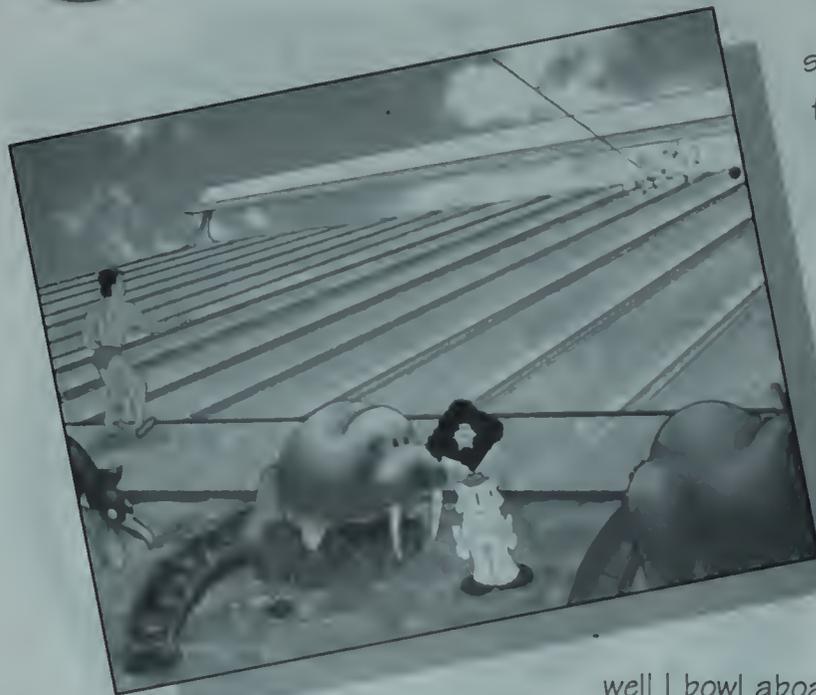
With my success in the LoveMaster 2000 clearly stamped on my TMT scorecard, I continue my search for a cabin boy who might know where Drew Baringmore's suitcase is. After being turned down by Vicki, I'm ready for success of a more carnal nature.

I look at the map and make my way to the bowling competition area. I can tell I'm getting close when I hear a ball rolling down the lane followed by the crash of pins. What's confusing is the long splash afterward.

It all becomes clear when I get up to the bowling competition.



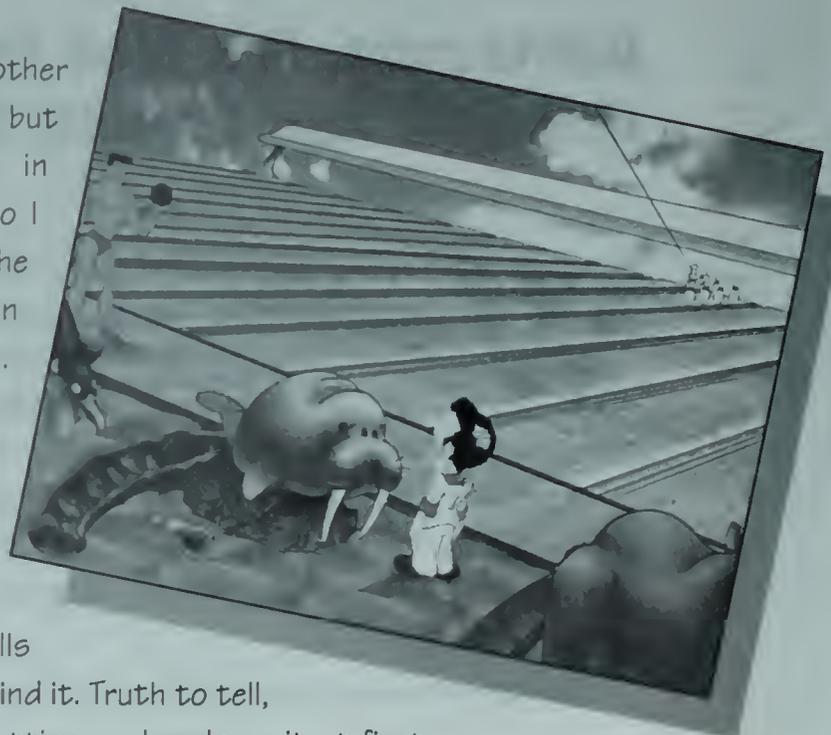
"How bizarre," that little voice in the back of my head speaks up, "the ship's bowling lanes go right off the stern. You can bet they probably go through a lot of balls."



And that's the truth, pal. Behind the ship, there's nothing but blue water and foam left by the PMS Bouncy's passage. I watch the guy over to my left as he bowls. He throws strike after strike, primping for the crowd. He wipes off a new bowling ball each time with a towel he pulls from the crotch of his neon red Speedos. You gotta ask yourself, though, what that towel probably smells like after a few frames.

I don't see a cabin boy around anywhere. But I'm curious about how well I bowl aboard ship. When I was younger, I used to hang out at bowling alleys looking for hookers. You know, the ones with a real bowling jones. I never found any, but I did learn how to bowl.

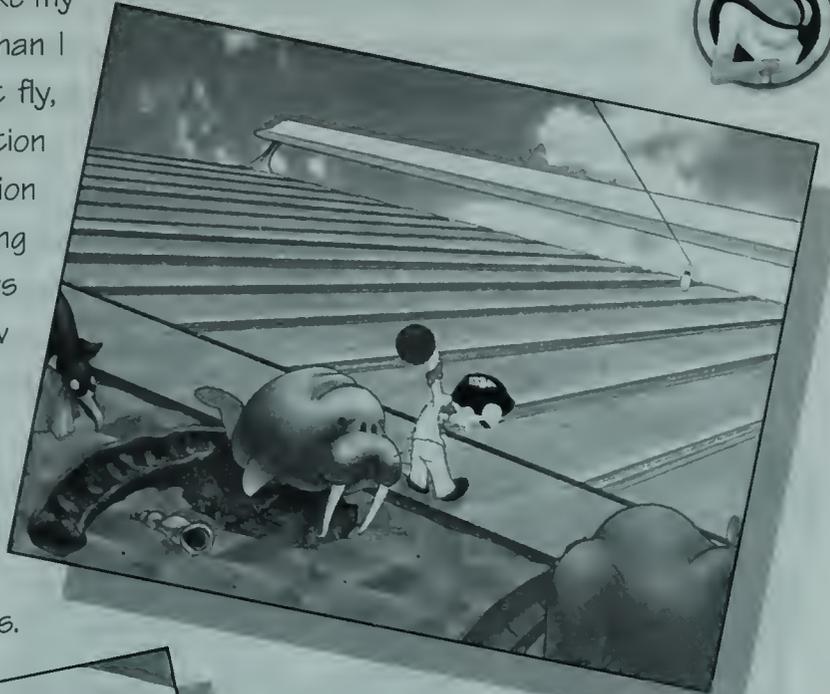
I try to talk to the other bowler between frames, but he's not interested in sharing the limelight. So I turn my attention to the purple fibreglass walrus in the sand beside me. After a quick examination, I find the slot for the TMT scorecard just under its nose. Immediately, it passes a bowling ball that rolls around in the trough behind it. Truth to tell, I'm kind of leery about putting my hands on it at first.





After a bit, I pick up the ball and take my place on the lane. The ball's heavier than I remember, but I swing it back and let fly, knowing I'm going to attract the attention of every babe watching the competition with my style and form. They're all going to be interested in seeing which guys can handle the biggest balls—and how well they place them.

Man, the way the ship rolls in the water, it throws my ball off. It nearly dies, slowing to a crawl by the time it reaches the pins, and it plows through so feebly it leaves double splits.



After trying a few more times, I get frustrated. Everything I'm throwing is terrible. I give it up for the time being. I must be jetlagged from all the time I put in on Vicki. My game will come back to me.

The People that Bob Built

After a brief trip, I end up in an area called El Replicant Sculpture Garden on the map. I walk into it, totally amazed. On the left is a replica of Michelangelo's *David*.



I recognize it from all the art classes I took trying to get close to babes. The only thing worse than art classes was the succession of cooking classes that followed. When it comes to culinary pleasures, I still need a blueprint before I reach for the first mixing bowl.

I get closer to the statue and check out his—maleness. It's always puzzled me how whoever modeled for this particular piece was chosen supposedly for his physical perfection. I mean, if a guy is gonna show himself in public like that,

wouldn't he want to be seen offering a buffet instead of the diet menu?

But not only did I not get any art-class chicks, I also didn't get a passing grade. The one outstanding feature about this statue, though, is that it's made completely of used playing cards.



Right. Talk about boring jobs. The guy who did this must be a real loser. And the lines he's got to hear about his job: Hey, pal, you're really a card, aren't you?

New house? Which suite are you sleeping in—spades, hearts, diamonds, or clubs?

On the other side of the entrance is a statue made of souvenir dice. This one's the *Venus de Milo*. I can't understand why the guy didn't go ahead and fix her a pair of arms while he had the chance. I mean, these are souvenir dice. How much would the cost overrun have been?

Then I spot the artist at the top of the scaffold. He's moving around up there, apparently oblivious to the way the scaffold's shifting around under him. I'm telling you, pal, if it was me up there having to do that on a wobbly scaffold, it wouldn't be the gulls that management would have to worry about.

I yell up to the guy, maybe to offer some encouragement, and maybe to see if he can keep his balance when he turns around to look down. (All right, I have a mean streak at times.) He ignores me after a brief glance, but it gives me enough time to recognize him as Bob Bitt, an artist I've seen on learning channels and public broadcasting. Yeah, right. Get a real job, Bob.



Stairs are ahead of me, leading up to double red doors with windows in the shape of tilted martini glasses. Over the doors a huge statue of a blindfolded woman holds a pair of dice in front of her breasts. On either side of the doors are two huge tiki statues with fires burning on top of their heads. They're also wearing sunglasses.

I take a closer look at the tiki statue on the left.

"This is Han Ja Ahb, the tiki god of war," that little voice in the back of my head says. "Look at the rage and bloodlust in his eyes."

I don't think so, pal. Not with those frosty Foster Grants in place. The tiki statue on the right looks like a carbon copy.

"This is Blo Ja Ahb, the tiki god of love," the voice says. "Look at his warm, smiling expression."

I don't know about you, buddy, but I'm thinking twins here. The way they so closely resemble each other, I'm thinking maybe they were stock from a rural Arkansas gene pool. With nothing else going on out here and not a cabin boy in sight, I make my way up the steps and walk toward the double doors.

I can't resist taking a peek up Lady Luck's skirts as I pass through the doors.

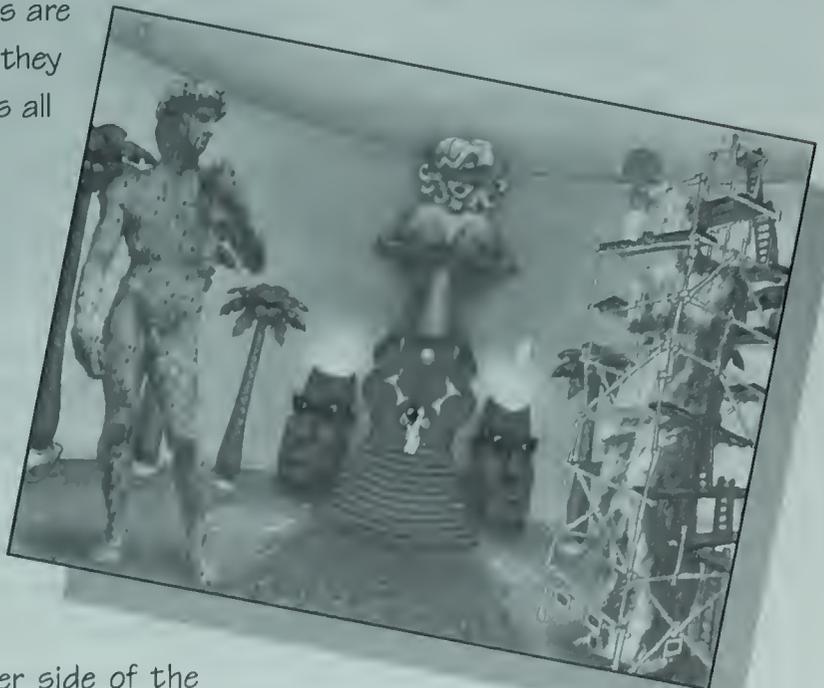
"Clasping quite a pair of dice her ownself," that little voice in the back of my head says, "Lady Luck stands ready to shower riches on all those who pass beneath her."

I wonder if the winners' bearer bonds are based on a gold standard. Because if they are, I guess that means ol' Lady Luck's all set to deliver some golden showers.

Snob Casino

I stop on the other side of the doors. The Pair O'Dice Casino is huge, filled with people playing the one-armed bandits, blackjack tables, and, on the other side of the room, craps tables.

The two tiki statues are on either side of the entrance match like a pair of bookends. "It's Sno Ja Ahb and Reem





Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

Ja Ahb, those lovable, crazy, happy-go-lucky, alcoholic brothers," that little voice tells me. "They had their own series on Fox. For a week."

Posting losers inside the door like that doesn't seem like a smart idea. Unless, of course, their bad luck sticks to the casino guests and not to management or staff.

I look down to my left, following the line of the escalator to the pit floor where the blackjack tables are. Man, I hear the cards calling me. I know numbers, buddy, despite all the bad luck I had in Lost Wages. I specialize in 28-day cycles so I'll know when things are accessible again, and in doing involved mathematical computations to keep up with the rhythm method. I've even developed ways of memorizing different rhythm methods all at one time with different starting points. If it becomes necessary.

Which it never has. But I keep hoping.

On the other side of the elevated path leading to the craps table is a bar area. Several grass-umbrella equipped tables form a rectangle around a miniature volcano constantly spewing a fountain of water strong enough to toss a sports car around at the top. Reminds me of a fly fisherman's lure pulling in dumb fish.

"The Pair O'Dice Casino has chosen a unique way to display the grand prize in the progressive slot machine challenge," that little voice informs me. "Carcano."

Squaring my shoulders and feeling lucky, I head over to the craps table.

The action seems to be hot and heavy. Chips are hitting the felt on a regular basis, and the tuxedo'd shooter's pulling the brave bettors through the game. They applaud every time he rolls.

I look around at the other guys in tuxedos. They all look familiar. Maybe I bumped into them somewhere else. If they remember me, maybe they'll let me up to the table. I've got a hot hand; I just need the chance to use it.





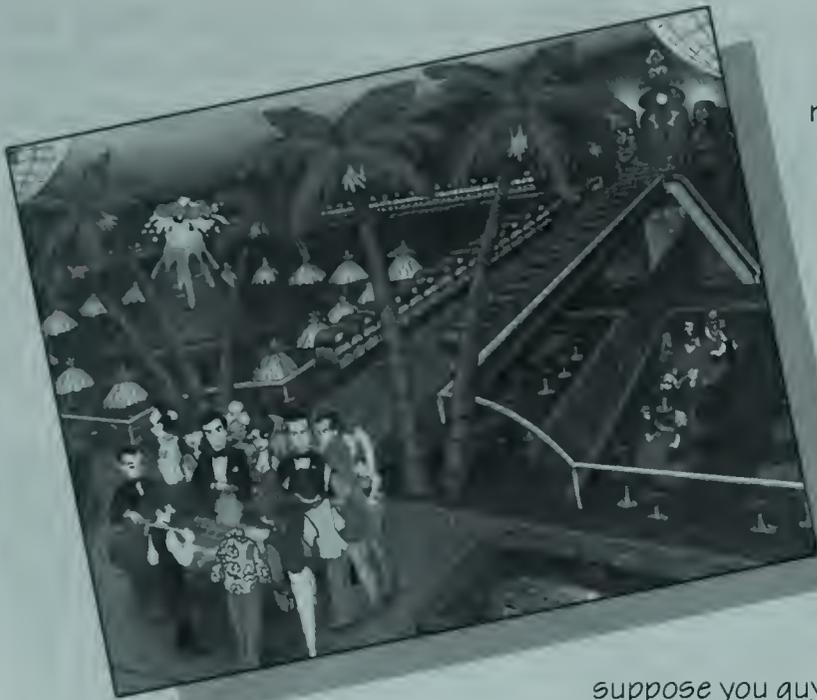
But the crowd won't let me in. I'm getting frustrated. Luck is like sex: you have to seize the moment when you're hot, otherwise you lose it.

A cocktail waitress walks by and asks if anyone wants something to drink. The dapper shooter tells her, "Martini. Shaken, not stirred."

Notice the theme music? Take a closer look at the faces.



I get the attention of the guy in the tuxedo. "Hey, I hear there's free drinks at the blackjack table." I hope everyone else at the table can hear me and that one of them will move off. No one does. "Of course, there's free drinks here too."



The guy just keeps on rolling the bones. And I'm telling you, pal, no one should have that kind of luck.

I look at the next guy. "Hey, didn't your mother teach you to share?"

He doesn't say anything to me either.

"I guess not," I mutter, turning to the third man. "Uh, do you

suppose you guys could make room for me?

Please? Pretty please?"

Nothing doing. He stays focused on the craps table.

The fourth guy looks a little friendlier, but I'm tired of this treatment. See? This is what I'm constantly trying to get through the babes' heads. A guy in a suit, you know he's gonna be a stiff shirt. But a guy in leisure wear? Chickie, you put yourself in that guy's hands, you're gonna have the night of your life. In two minutes or less. Because he's a relaxed, fun-loving kind of guy.

"Hey, don't you guys have a home?" I ask.



I still don't get an answer. I finally give up. It's just not worth the effort. But when I get my shot at the table, I'm going to show those guys who's hot and who's not.

Captain Thygh, Master

Aggravated by my inability to locate a cabin boy, and irritated at the purser's uncaring attitude toward my dilemma, I take a look at the map, then go up to the captain's quarters. Captain Thygh strikes me as an officer who wouldn't put up with slacking off on her ship. She'll know where the cabin boys are.

When I get to her quarters, I stare at the steel door and look for a bell or a knocker. I don't see either. I knuckle up my fist and pound it against the door. The ocean breeze and the sun feel good against my skin, but I know something else that'll feel better. "Is this a good idea?" that little voice in the back of my head asks.

But it's too late. The knocks echo inside the room on the other side of the door.

A shadow drifts across the porthole; then a man's voice says weakly, out of breath, "What do you want? I'm busy." He starts moaning, and, brother, I recognize those kinds of moans.

Gotta win, gotta win, gotta win. That's going to be my mantra from now on. "Nothing," I say.

Then a woman's strident voice blasts out. "You get your ass back in here right now, you've got work to do!"

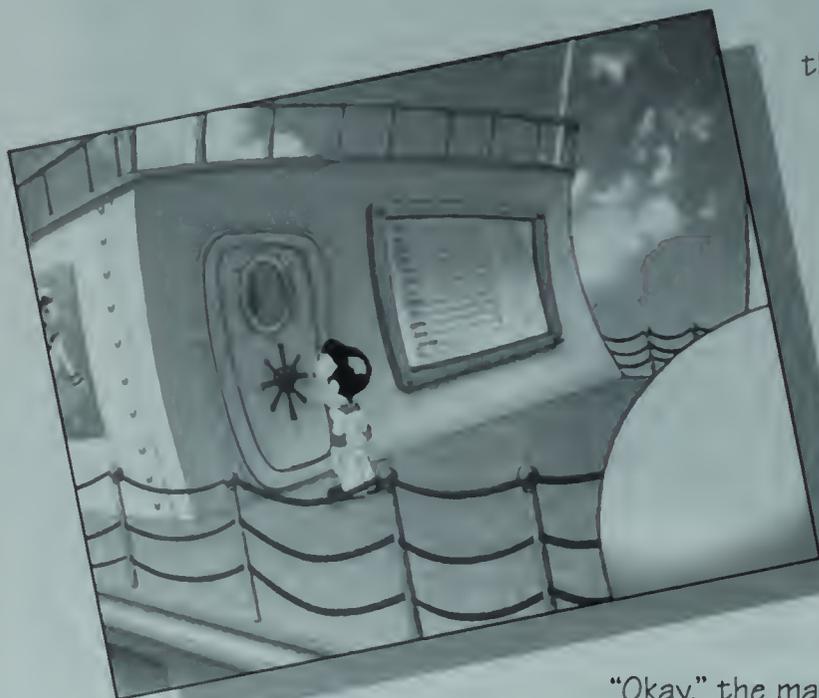
"Okay," the man replies in his weak voice. "I gotta go."

He moans some more.

"And get the Mazola oil," the woman orders harshly.

The shadow disappears from the porthole.

Feeling kind of embarrassed and more than a little excited and anticipatory, I back away from the door, going over my options. Finally, I settle on going forward. Maybe I'll find another officer's quarters in that direction.



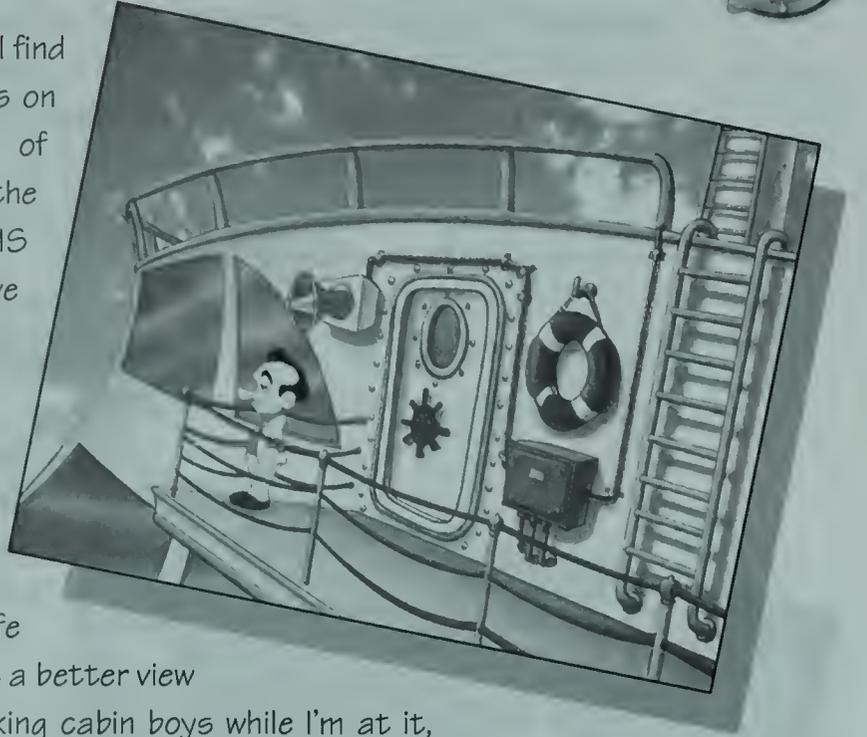


Killer on the Bridge

When I reach the end of the walkway, I find another door. There are no markings on it, but it only takes me a couple of minutes to figure out this must be the bridge. A life preserver with PMS BOUNCY on it hangs on the wall above a green electrical box of some sort.

I take a closer look at the electrical box—just curious, you know, wondering if it might have something on it that'll let me call for a cabin boy.

There's also a ladder beside the life preserver. Thinking maybe I could get a better view of the ship, and spot any gold-bricking cabin boys while I'm at it, I start climbing up.



I guess I kind of get carried away with the climbing, because before I know it I'm high up in the mast. The people, those I can see, look like ants. Man, I tell you, I'm hanging onto that mast like it's the world's last virgin. You know, the kind of girl who'll never look at you with big eyes and say, Gee, it's never happened that fast before. Talking about your performance, of course. Not that I've ever heard that. . .



Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

I look out over the ocean and spot the islands we're passing. They've probably got cabin boys.

Out at the end of the yardarm, I spot a wad of white polyester that looks just like my suit. Sails. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure that out.

I spend some time looking around, but there's no way I can spot a cabin boy from up here. I climb back down.

In front of the door to the bridge again, I put a hand out and push it. The door opens easily. I step inside.

The sound of a dog barking immediately raises the fear hackles along the back of my neck. A Peeping Tom hates small dogs; you don't see them until it's too late. I—uh—I heard that on *Sally Jessy Raphael*.



But the barking is coming from a small pup that looks like some kind of English sheepdog. He seems happy to see me, lunging against the leash that holds him.

"I don't like dogs," I tell him.

But evidently he doesn't believe me because he keeps yapping and trying to get to me. Doggie drool flies everywhere. A tag at his collar identifies him as Killer. Yeah, right.

I look around the rest of the bridge, expecting to see someone here. But the place is empty.

Except for the six-pack of empty beer cans rolling around the floor. Oh, man, if I didn't know how much technology has progressed, I'd be ready to turn green right now. But Captain Thygh wouldn't just go off and leave the bridge untended if the ship's computers weren't able to handle things. Would she?

The ship's wheel is tied in place by a bungee cord, but that's gotta be somebody's idea of a joke. And there's a pair of fuzzy dice hanging in the window. I get a closer look at the instrument panel, but I recognize nothing—except the compass, which is swinging wildly.



I look back at Killer, feeling kind of guilty about leaving him here, but there's not much else I can do. Then I notice the green box on the wall beside him. It has two switches. One says "PA System" and the other says "Sail." Both are locked down so no one can flip them without the key.

I leave the bridge and check the map again. If I were a cabin boy, where would I hide out? Then I spot the little square labeled "Employees' Break Room." Buddy, it's just off the Pair O'Dice Casino. I don't know how I missed it earlier.

Blow The Man-Apart?

Everything's quiet enough to be really creepy when I reach the hallway to the employees' break room. A huge steel door blocks the way at the other end. Captain Thygh's picture is on the wall, surrounded by a bunch of other pictures of men.

Curious, I step closer. Man, this is one hot-looking babe.

"Captain Thygh has thoughtfully provided photographs of herself throughout the ship as motivation to Thygh's Man Trophy contestants," the little voice in the back of my head says.

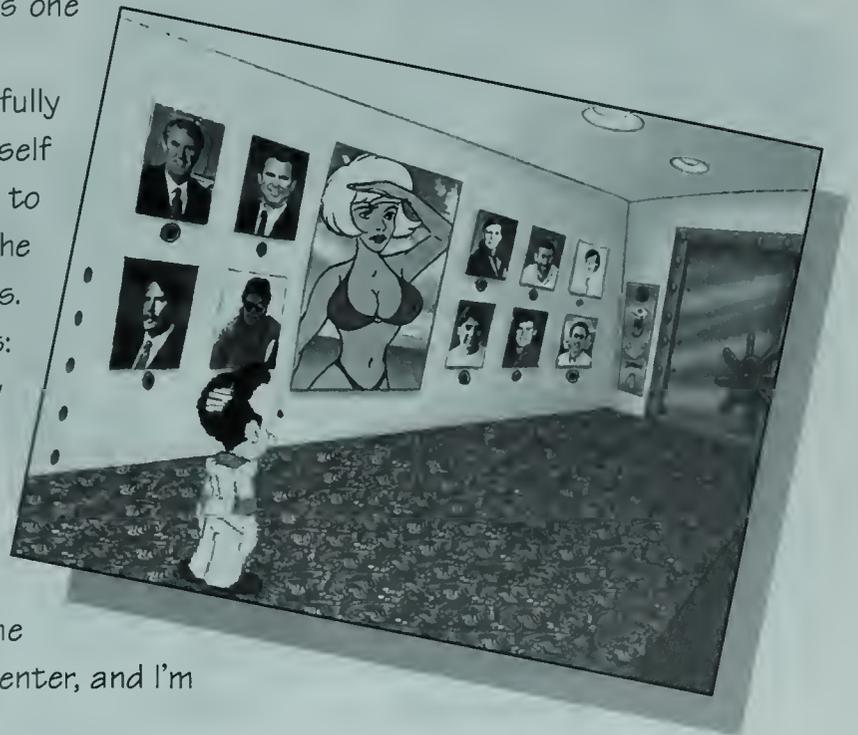
Then I look at the other pictures: They're former Thygh's Man Trophy winners. "Geez, if guys like that can win this contest, how hard can it be?"

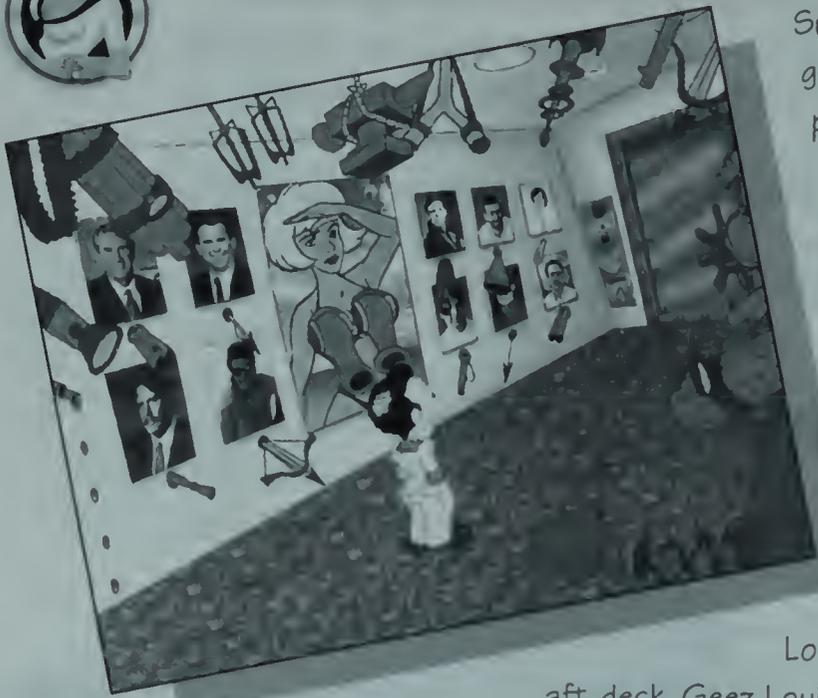
"In your case," the little voice says, "not that hard."

I ignore it, then walk toward the door. I want a cabin boy, front and center, and I'm not gonna take no for an ans—

Whirring and clicking fills the narrow hallway. Before I know it, dozens of death-dealing weapons are pointed my way. Ohmanohmanohman, I wish I hadn't had that creamed corn for lunch!

I barely manage to control myself. I breathe shallowly. It helps. I start moving forward again, but the weapons follow me.





Suddenly, this doesn't sound like such a good idea. I get out my map to find a safer place to look. The Promenade! I mean, how dangerous can a Promenade be?

In two seconds, I'm outta there.

Peg-Leg Peg's Potty Mouth

I go up to the Promenade deck by way of the Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge and make my first stop on the aft deck. Geez Louise, would you look at all those topiary creatures? Pal, I'm talking a lot of work here, you know?



You can simply use your map to get to the Promenade deck, but following game logic, Larry would have to walk up through the lounge and out onto the aft deck. As if logic is all that great a thing when you're enjoying yourself. But for those of you who're wondering, "How the hell did Larry get there?" give it one of those "Beam me up, Scotty" yells.





I walk around to my left, toward the banana-shaped topiary.



Nope, it's not a banana. Also, you'll discover as you play the game that the person around the corner will alternately be Peg or Rod.

A guy in a yellow shirt and Hawaiian shorts stands looking out to sea. His face looks weathered and beaten, like a true old salt. But I don't like the way he's looking at the south end of the north-bound topiary sheep. He looks too dang familiar with the geography, if you ask me.

Still, if I'm going to find a cabin boy, I've got to ask someone. I walk up to him. His name tag reads "Rod."

"What are you doing?" I ask. I start a lot of my conversations this way.

"Oh," he says in a happy voice that definitely doesn't sound natural, "I'm the handsome sailor who entertains the many children on this cruise."

That concerns me. A lot. And I tell him why. "But I haven't seen a single child anywhere."

"That's because this game is too dirty for kids."

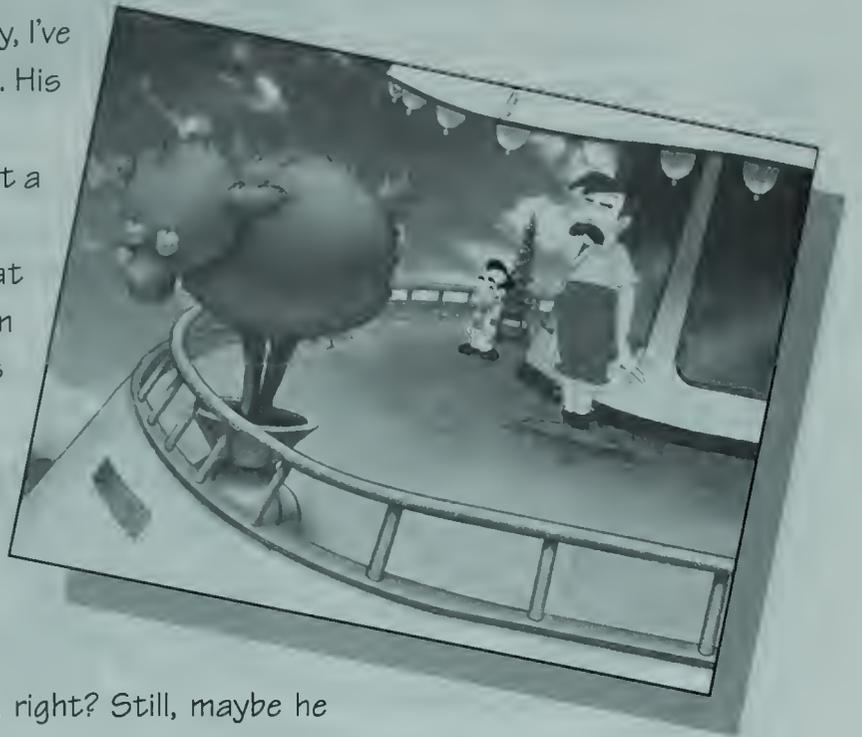
Huh? That makes a lot of sense, right? Still, maybe he knows something. "So, what is it exactly that you do?" Man, I should know better. I've gotten myself into so much trouble with questions like that.

"Well, I make balloon animals. Say, do you want one?"

I figure I'd best humor the old guy. Then maybe he can tell me about cabin boys. "Not really," I say as politely as I can.

"I'll consider that a yes."

Terrific. I watch as he takes out a balloon and quickly inflates and shapes it.

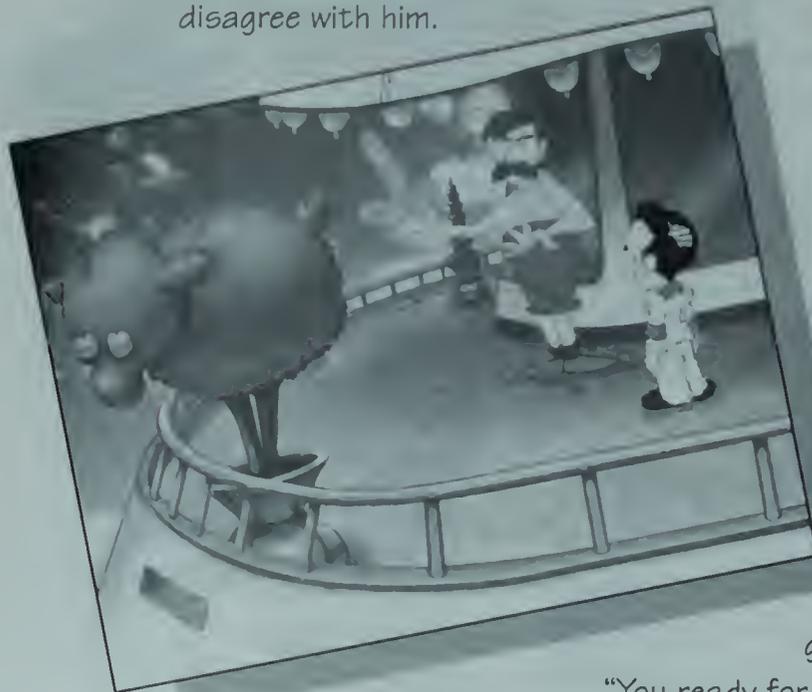




"Here you go." Rod offers a twisted pink construction that must be one of the biggest phallic symbols I've ever seen. He sticks it out in front of him and starts wiggling it vigorously. "Look! It's Hootie the Owl!"

"But it doesn't look like that," I point out.

"Well, it does to me." His gaze dares me to disagree with him.



I'm not ready to take on a half-crazed sailor who stares at topiary sheep for entertainment. "Well, you can keep it. Okay?"

He looks at me in disgust, points the phallic symbol skyward, then releases it. It takes off with a flatulent burst and sails out of sight. He goes back to looking at the sheep.

"Uh," I start again, hoping to get onto the subject of cabin boys.

"You ready for another?" he asks excitedly.

"Sure," I say. Keep the weird ones happy, keep the weird ones happy, keep the weird ones happy. I hope it works.

He pulls out another balloon and blows it up. Again with the phallic symbol. And it's pink again, too. "Look," he tells me, "it's a bald eagle!" He flaps it enthusiastically.

"But it doesn't look like that."



"It does to me," he says stubbornly.

"You can keep it, okay?"

He releases the balloon and it flies away.

Man, what a loser! I try a different tack, trying to get something helpful out of him. But the conversation leads nowhere.



Ahoy Mateys! You need to keep talking to Rod to really get the full benefit (well, "benefit" is about as accurate as Rod's balloon animals in this case) of this sequence of events.



TIP

"How about another animal?" he asks.

"Sure," I say.



This time he makes two phallic symbols. While he's working on the second one, he holds the first between his legs. When he's finished, he announces that one looks like an attacking bird while the other looks like a bunny. The bird flies down on the bunny and a fight follows. At the end of it, he releases both balloons.



I keep trying to talk to him. He goes through a lot of balloons. In the end, he's out of breath and I'm out of patience.

I leave him standing there, certain he's forgotten about me by the time I turn my back on him. I cross over to the topiary sheep, wondering if maybe there's something I need to be looking for there.

"The kumquat tree is an evergreen shrub," that little voice in the back of my head says, "with beautiful sweet-scented, white flowers. It's cultivated for its small, orange-yellow citrus fruit which is commonly eaten fresh or in preserves. But rarely in quiche. And this is the first one you've ever seen that's been sculpted into sheep-shape. Quickly, repeat after me: sheep-shape, sheep-shape, sheep-shape."

I ignore the voice and walk off. Kumquats are something I definitely know I'm not interested in.

I walk on around the deck, looking for anybody.

"Wait!" Rod bellows out behind me. "I learned something new!"

I turn back fearfully, wondering if I'm really in danger now.

He tugs a balloon out of his pocket and blows it up. In seconds he's got a pink, phallic symbol in hand again. He flutters it. "Look, it's Hootie the Owl!"

"But it doesn't look like that," I insist.

"It does to me," he replies. Then he releases the balloon and sends it spurting away.

This time when I walk off, he forgets about me and goes back to sheep gazing.

I pass more topiary animals before I catch up to one of the most interesting individuals I've ever seen, pal. One of the promising things I find, though, is a fire hose that looks like it might fit on the couplings down in my cabin. If I could get that hooked up to that

toilet in there, maybe I'd be able to flush. I file that thought away, because right now I've got more immediate concerns.





You may have to walk around the bridge a bit before you find Peg, but don't give up. She'll be stumping around there someplace.



She's dressed mostly in black, but a guy couldn't miss her in a panicked crowd running screaming from a fire, buddy. I promise you. She walks around on her peg-leg with confidence, a rolling mountain of a woman with a thick-jowled face. The kind of woman who'd scare most guys. If you didn't do something right, you just know she'd be the kind to make you do it all over again.

Still, I'm desperate to find a cabin boy. Somebody else might find Drew's suitcase for her first. Then where would ol' Larry be? And Little Larry, too, for that matter?

I call out to her and she turns around to face me. Buddy, talk about turn your stomach!

She glares at me with her one remaining eye (scarred black leather patch covers her other eye). Her teeth would be an orthodontist-with-college-age-children's dream come true. A ferocious wart defiantly claims territory on her left cheek.

"Excuse me, ma'am," I say. "May I bother you for a moment?"

"Well, this god^%\$ salt air is rusting me \$&^*#ing leg socket," she snarls. "Yeah, yeah. Who the hell are you?"

Oh boy. The guy who ever got up the nerve to harpoon this whale would have my respect. "My name is Larry," I say in a soft voice, "Larry Laffer."

"Eh, yeah. Well, I'm Peggy. And did I mention this salt air is rusting me leg?"

"Yeah, yeah," I tell her. "Thanks."

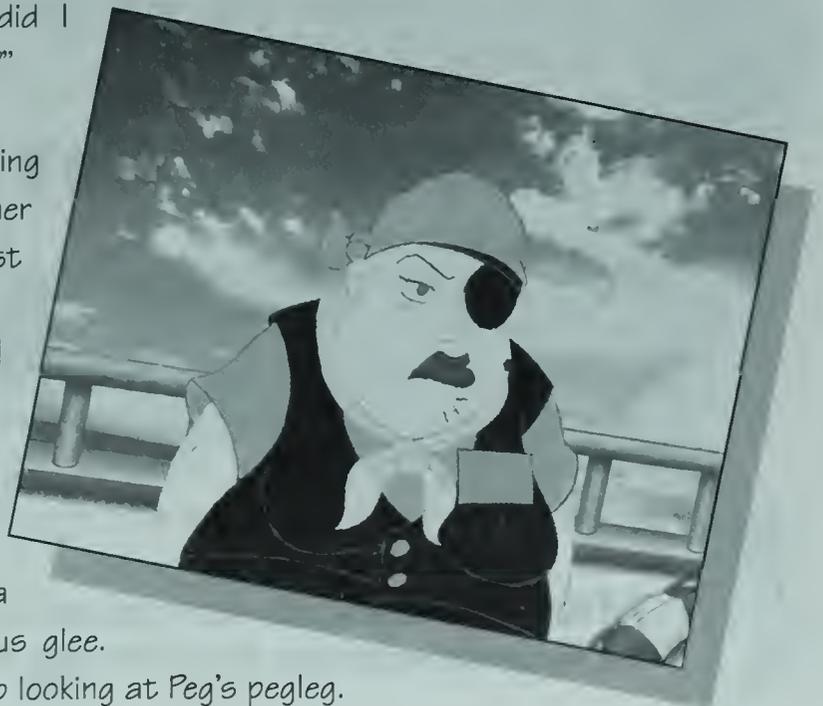
"Well, you don't have to be so *(%#ing uppity!" Before I can stop myself, I ask her something I immediately regret. "Is it just me, or do you seem to swear a lot?"

"Swear? Oh hell no, mother%*&^er! I suffer from Clorets."

"Clorets?" I repeat, trying to make sense of what she just said. "Don't you mean Tourettes?"

"No, you dumb %&^. I mean I got a foul mouth!" She cackles with obvious glee.

I can't help myself. All this time I keep looking at Peg's pegleg.





You know, buddy, I always hated it when my mom would slap me for asking about disabilities, but I always had to ask. "So, um, how'd you lose your leg, Peg?"

"Freak @\$%\$%ing accident," she snarls, "that's how. One day, I inadvertently combined KZ Jelly with deodorant spray, forming a powerful contact explosive."

That totally throws me, pal. "Sexual lubricant? Deodorant spray?" I look back at her peg. "And you lost your leg?"

She grimaces at me, like teaching cats to swim would be preferable. "Let's just say I wasn't spraying me @\$%\$@ing armpits. Okay, #\$@@hole?"

Ooooooh, stomach-churner, buddy. "Okay," I tell her. "No more details, please."

She scowls at me, reminding me she has better things to do than talk to me.

I let that pass and get around to the subject I'm most interested in. "So, um, where can I find a cabin boy, Peggy?"

"You stupid, son of a %#\$#! Don't you know you can never find a god%&^ cabin boy when you need him? *&^%#, I go looking for one *&^ near every night right before bed, and do I find one? Hell, no!"

"Well, my needs are a bit simpler," I explain. "I just want a favor."

She thinks about that briefly. "Well, there is one sneaky-assed little foreign mother^%\$#^ always hiding out down there in the employees' break room. Name of Xqwats or something like that. I don't know. Now why don't you try looking there."

"Thanks, Peggy," I tell her nervously. "Good recommendation. I will." I walk off and go back to the employees' break room. I still don't know how I'm going to get around all that security.

Tight Security, Ain't It a Thrill?

The security is still as tight as a bikini wax when I get back to the hallway. Surely nobody gets killed going to the employees' break room.

I creep along the hallway, moving slow, hoping to reach the security panel before I get shot, skewered, punctured, flattened, sliced, diced, or harpooned. I'm sweating here, buddy, and you better believe it. Like a man who's just downed a pair of jalapewh-flavored candy panties after six months at sea.



Ahoy Mateys! You must really examine the security to appreciate how thorough it is.



I look at the security panel. First up is a voiceprint scanner. I start to speak into it. Before I can, though, the little voice in the back of my head speaks up. “Don’t do that. That would mean instant death.”

So I look at the retinal scanner with a little hope.

“Don’t do that,” that little voice says. “That would mean instant death. Besides you could put an eye out.”

Next up is a tongueprint scanner. Buddy, I’m telling you, security here is top of the line. I lean in on it.

“Don’t do that. That would mean instant death. Besides, you don’t know where that tongue has been.”

I gaze with dwindling hope at the handprint scanner. Then I move a hand toward it.

“Don’t do that. That would mean instant death. Besides, you don’t know where that finger’s been.”

I wish that voice would be more helpful. It’s getting to be a downright drag, pal. I look at the DNA scanner with some curiosity. It’s such an interesting shape. I move toward it.

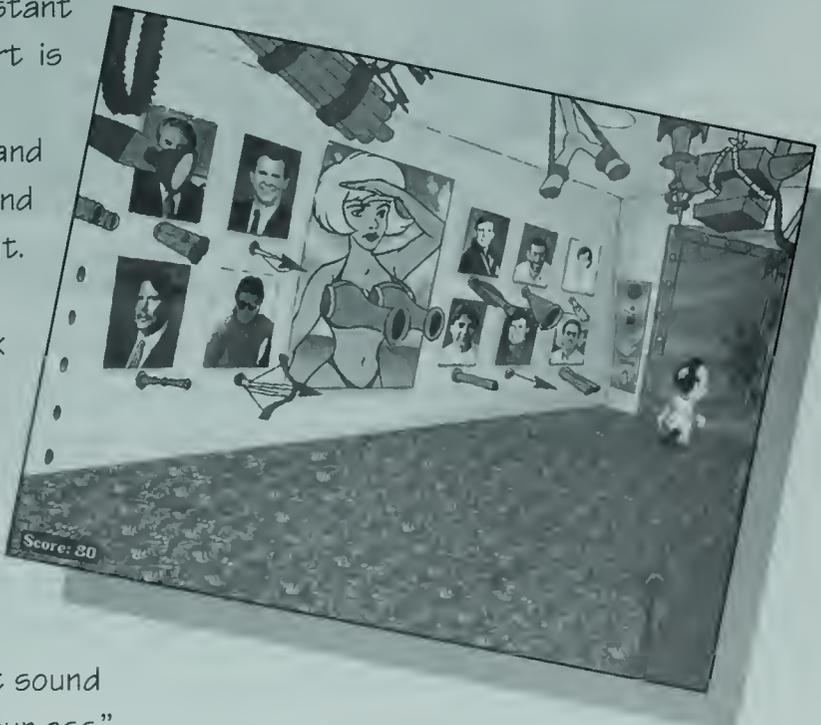
“Don’t do that. That would mean instant death. Besides, look where that port is located. You’d have to unzip first.”

Yeah, well looking at that port and knowing what I’m supposed to do, I kind of hope security around here is tight. You know what I’m talking about?

Anyway, I turn my attention back to the door. As big as it is, it looks like maybe it isn’t closed all the way. I walk toward it, then reach out and push against it. “Hey, look,” I say. “The door doesn’t quite latch. I can just walk right in.”

The little voice in my head doesn’t sound very happy about that. “Okay, it’s your ass.”

It is. But I’m taking him with me if I go.



LEISURE SUIT™
LARRY
LOVE FOR SAIL!
THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

CHAPTER FOUR



Harem Scarum

We're Talking Lewd, Dude

Iwalk into the employees' break room without a problem. There are tables and chairs, a refrigerator and microwave, sofa and snack machines, a water fountain, a sink, a coffeemaker, a bulletin board, and even a foosball table.

But no employees.

This much security to keep them safe and unbothered, and they aren't even in here. I want to scream.



Ahoy Mateys! Touch and look at everything in this room. Even when it's not useful, it's funny. Remember all the places you've worked?



I open the refrigerator. Immediately a noxious mist rolls out and covers me in stink. I want to clear my mouth after that so I go over to the water fountain—only to find that someone has spit into it.

Some of the notices on the bulletin board catch my eye and I start reading. Some notices concern gamblers no longer permitted in the casino, but there are other subject area



While You Were Out:

My kid can beat your kid at craps.



While You Were Out:

Attention, dealers! Special seminar: Dealing from the Bottom of the Deck Made Easy. Saturday, 3 a.m., ship's lounge.



While You Were Out:

Peggy, your prints are ready. Signed,

X



While You Were Out:
*Fall lecture series:
'Fleecing the Chump.'
Sign up now.*



While You Were Out:
*Dealers, hear a talk next
layover by our visiting
gambling specialist, Willy
the Goon, titled "Widows,
Orphans, Fools."*



While You Were Out:

Attention, croupiers! It has come to the attention of management that cheaters have been using shaved dice. These dice look completely innocent, except that one face has been shaved with sandpaper, making them win every time. This is bad for business. Even worse, these dice are undetectable to the naked eye.

So as soon as you see them, confiscate them.

Deposit them in the bowl below.

That last one catches my attention immediately. But when I check the bowl, I find it's empty. Just my luck. That craps competition would have been in the bag if I'd have found a pair of those crooked dice.



The other thing that catches my eye is the length of wire tacked to the bulletin board. I look at it more closely. It has alligator clips at each end. The sign beside it reads:



While You Were Out:
*Attention,
pitbosses—Attach this
wire to slot machines
to prevent jackpots!*

Well, pal, I didn't think the games around here were strictly on the up-and-up. Did you?

The only thing that looks interesting in the room is the huge wall of lockers. I try to open some of them, but they're all secured. Drew's suitcase is probably in one of them.

I go back up to the Promenade deck to see Peg. Maybe I can get some more information from her.

When I get to the Promenade deck, I spot Peg and call out to her. "Hello again, Miss Peggy."

"Hello, \$#^%head," she snarls at me.

OK, so much for terms of endearment. "Peggy, I've been in that employees' break room, and I didn't see a soul. It was completely deserted. As if no one works on this ship." I laughed a little, just to let her know I didn't really think that was the case.

"#^%#!" she curses. "Nobody does but me. I have to do everything around here. 'Peggy, swab the decks.' 'Peggy, weld the railing.' 'Peggy, hose off the captain's rubber sheets.'" She takes a deep breath. "@\$%\$, ain't nobody works like I do."

I nod, glad I can show my support. Women really dig that, pal, then they're really on your side. Of course, it's still a long way from there to first base. "Very impressive and colorful. But where's Xquisits? If he's not in that break room?"

"Oh, the sneaky little #\$\$'s probably hiding behind the locker bay. Did you look in there?"

I shake my head no, thinking about all the lockers I saw. "Which locker is Xquisits in?"

"Who am I?" Peggy demands. "Rand-@\$%^&-ing-McNally? Find your own way, Columbus! But you can bet it opens from the bottom, 'cause he's such a tiny little &#%\$#@!"

"I know I'll regret this, but could you be a little more specific?"

"%@%#^#! Did your mother have any children that lived? Second locker, bottom row. Now beat it! And I don't mean your little weed-whacker, either!"

I leave. Man, there's no mistaking that tone in her voice. But down in the break room, I try the second locker over on the bottom and it's no good. Without the



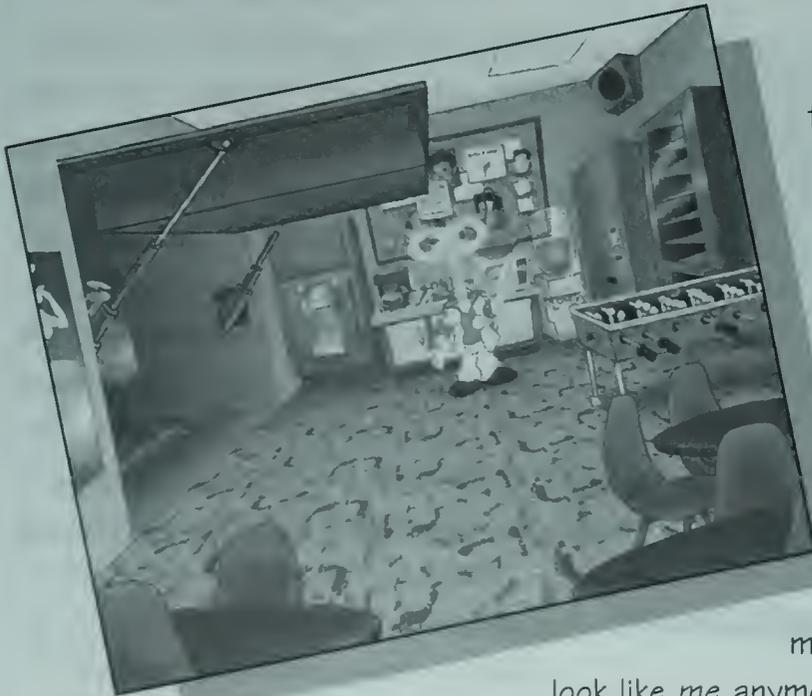
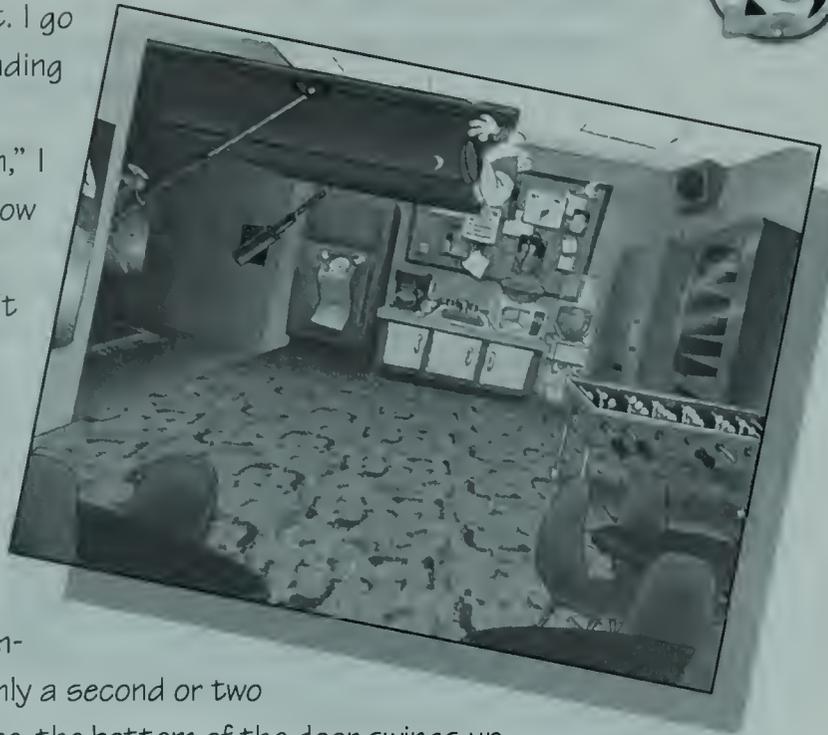
combination, I'm not going to open it. I go back up to the promenade, dreading another meeting with the woman.

"I can't get Suzy-Q's locker open," I tell her when I find her. "Do you know the combination?"

"Well sure, #@%#%head. Why didn't you ask me sooner? 38-24-36."

Seems so obvious, I think. I leave, buddy. Man, she could blister the love calluses off a teenager's palm.

Down in the employees' break room again, I go to the second row on the bottom and give the combination a try. The dial spins easily. Only a second or two after the final tumbler drops into place, the bottom of the door swings up at me. And I'm talking faster than a church-going spinster's leg when you're down on your knees pulling the old dropped-my-contact routine at Sunday School.



The door catches me under the chin and pulls me from my feet. It doesn't stop till it slams me against the ceiling panels. I have to push and shove, buddy, to get myself free of that freaking door. It's tighter than a pair of breast enlargements at high altitude.

Finally, when I get myself loose, I don't feel like I look like *me* anymore. When my senses come



back, I look into the hidden room behind the locker bay, listening to the Eastern-sounding music coming out of it.

I walk inside the room cautiously.



"Hello," a curiously accented voice says. "Who's dere? Who dares enter my private chambers?" He looks at me in the incense-laced gloom, then smiles. "Ah, you here for dirty pictures?"

"Huh?" I say. "Oh, excuse me. I'm Larry. Larry Laffer."

"Oh," he says. Then he laughs like we both know that's a joke. "Yeah, you make me laugh, you big zero."

"Big zero?" Buddy, I'm ready to go off on him at this point. The only reason I don't is because—

because he may know where Drew's

suitcase is. That's why. "Well, yeah, that is my cabin number. Listen, I can't quite read your name tag. Is that—Xlwatchikits?"

He smiles broadly, totally happy. "Maybe. Maybe not." He pierces me with his gaze again. "You here for dirty pictures?"

"Uh, no," I tell him. "No. At least, I don't think so." I'm not going to rule it out at this point. If I can't find Drew's suitcase or win the TMT competition, maybe a few visual aids would come in handy.

"All right. Whatever," he says. "You the boss, hunky-dunky-dory-wory."

I look around the room. Pal, talk about an identity crisis. This joker's definitely got one. I don't know a lot about a lot of things, but I've been around, you know. He's got a lot of stuff that doesn't make sense.

Even the little voice in the back of my head agrees with that. "Either Xzawigs is an eclectic collector, or his family heritage is a multicultural jumble. His little hiding place is awash with cultural references."

I see more pictures of Captain Thygh in various stages of undress.



Ahoy Mateys! Definitely touch all the items in this room.
It's a hodgepodge of entertainment.



Turning to the guy, I ask, "Are you a cabin boy on this ship, or aren't you?"

He smiles at me. "Yes. No. Perhaps. Not clear."

Geez, buddy, he sounds like a Magic 8-Ball. "It seems as if you might be unsure."

"Well, since I saw movie *Cabin Boy*, I branch out into new work."

Thinking about the wreck of a cabin that I've been assigned during the cruise, I say, "So, Xquirts, how about cleaning my cabin? It's a mess."

"I could do that," he says musingly, as if giving the thought some consideration. Then he decides. "Forget it!"

"What?" I yell. "Aren't you a cabin boy?"

"Actually, from now on you will please refer to me as individual accouterment maintenance young person. Or IAMC for short. See, boss, no more manual labor."

I can't believe this! "Why?"

"Why?" He laughs. "Who gonna fire a guy with filthy pictures?"

"You don't mean—blackmail?"

He sucks in his breath and sounds absolutely aghast. "No! No! Nonononono! Wash out your mouth! Everyone buy for personal portfolio, keepsake memorabilia. Good stuff. Use good film. Good camera. Good angles. Medium format. Ninety-millimeter lens. Blow up real nice. Good for over sofa. Even better for over bed."

These pictures he keeps referring to interest me. "Do you know where I can obtain some—photographs? You know, the good kind. Wink. Wink."

"Ah, Mr. Leaf-blower wants to buy some filthy pictures?"





I don't like the way he says that. "Oh, no," I say quickly. "I have no interest in pornography. I'm an artist." All those canceled checks from the community college for art-class tuition say so.

"Oooo yes, artist me too. And these are very special."

Buddy, I know when a huckster starts using those terms that the price is going up. But I'm not going to fall for it. "How's that?"

"Why," he says with a big grin, "they're pictures of—you!"

"Wow," I say, caught up in his enthusiasm. Then I realize what he's said. "What?" He unfolds the pictures and holds them out for me to inspect.

Oh man, these are pictures of Vicki and me. "Say, how did you get pictures of me like this?"



If you haven't had sex with anyone yet, the pictures won't exist and you won't be able to go any further with the cabin boy. Also, you'll have had to meet Drew Baringmore to be able to ask questions about her.

"Oh, it's no problem really. Fast film. Very fast."

I can't leave these pictures laying around to be found. "Well, I suppose I should buy some pictures from you. Can you charge them to my room?" I pass over my cabin keycard and he finishes with it quickly.

He folds up the other pictures and puts them away.

I look at the pictures he's given me. Buddy, he does good camera work. These are going to be gems in my collection. Which I'm just starting, you know.

Knowing how he loves to charge for everything he does, I figure I'm going to buddy up to him a little before I ask him about Drew's suitcase. "So, do you enjoy traveling, Zippywits?"

"Enjoy? Yes, very much! Love to travel! But someday want to settle down."

"Really? Where?"

"Where? U-S-of-A, where else? Love Fresno suburbs. Want big Volvo, crabgrass, satellite dish."

I nod, like I'm in full agreement with everything he's saying. Then I go for the big question. "So, Suzy-Q, do you take care of Drew Baringmore's cabin?"



At this point, you can tag Drew's name in the conversation box to get more information about her.

"Yes. No. Maybe. Not help you anyway. How about some fine silver? Very heavy plating."

"Thanks," I say, "but I'm trying to find her clothes. I think you know where her suitcase is."

He laughs. "I know, believe me, I know. But too busy to help you. Bye Joey."

OK. I know this guy is a trader. Now I have to find something to barter with. And the best person I know to talk to is Peggy. So I tell him good-bye and go back up to the Promenade deck. He knows where Drew's clothes are. Pal, I'm beating feet at this point, because that's all I intend to beat.

Let's Make A Deal

I find Peggy back up on the Promenade deck, no problem. She's swabbing the deck with a mop attached to her peg leg, taking long, rolling strides that easily offset the roll of the PMS Bouncy. I call out to her.

She turns and faces me, and man, there's definitely other things I'd rather be doing. But I think about Drew and that stiffens my-my backbone, you know? There's nothing like having a stiff backbone when you're up against something you don't really like doing.

"Hello, Miss Peggy," I say.

"Hello, #%^%head," she responds.





"So, uh, Miss Peggy, would you tell me about Zickawitzeecue?" I ask.

"@\$\$#, \$@#%#ing foreign @\$#@#! All his kind wants to do is take jobs away from us real Americans!"

"Miss Peggy, when was the last time you even saw America?"

"Nineteen-seventy-####\$@@-three! And what's it to you, you little ####%head?"

Ever regret asking a question?

She goes on. "Course the \$@%&\$*'s got one sneaky, #\$@\$%ing hobby!"

Well, that's something to work with. "What's Xcutits's hobby?"

"Aye, that Xlax is one perverse little mother@\$*&#! Always sneaking around the \$\$\$%\$ing ship's secret passageways spying on the *&\$\$%ing paying customers. That little \$@#\$&*!"

"Is that legal?"

"You mean is he legal! Hell no!" She laughs loud and hard. "Ah, but that don't stop him from \$#%#ing doing it, does it now? I'd like to know what he does with all the film he shoots. Blackmail, would be my guess. Or maybe the alt.pervert newsgroup."

I don't even want to tell her how I had to buy back my own pictures. "Is there anything Quisinitswic needs? I mean something I can give him to gain his favor?" At least long enough to find out where Drew's suitcase is.

"Arg," she growls, "I don't know if he needs anything, but I know what he wants. And it sure ain't a whiff of my crabby \$\$\$*#&!"

Now that, buddy, is a dangerous threat. My mouth goes lemon-dry at the mere thought of it. I swallow hard. "Is there anything that Stubequitze wants?"

"Simple-minded little piece of #\$@#@," Peg snarls at me.

"Can't you figure anything out! He wants to get into the U-S-of-A, all right? But he ain't got no #@#\$ing chance, schmuck, because he ain't got no #\$@@#\$ing passport!"



"Passport, huh?" Ohmanohman, this is it, pal. We've just hit the big time. I've got a passport. "Well, that shouldn't be so hard to find on a cruise ship."

"You are one dumb son of a @##\$@, ain't you? Don't you remember what happened to all the passports when you came aboard? No, probably you were too busy sniffing them fine young officers, wasn't you?"

The purser has my passport. He has everybody's passport. I thank Peggy and go back to see Xqwzts in the employee's break room.

When I get back, the hidden room is hidden away again. I have to work the combination (38-24-26). I run away, expecting it to slam up behind me. Nothing. It just sits there. I'm wondering if Xqwzts has split while I was talking to Peg. Finally, I walk over to the door. Then I see the door quivering and try to step back, but it's just too fast. Before I know it, I'm getting slammed against the ceiling again.

After that dazed feeling passes, I go in to see Xqwzts. "Hey there, Wojahowitz," I call out.

"Ah, same right at you, Mr. Loaf-In-the-Pants."

Buddy, you know from this guy's attitude that he's not hurting for business. I say, "Miss Peggy tells me you have an interest in travel."

His eyes brighten with interest and I know I have him. "Ah, she speaks truth. Need to see passport so can make copy. Any country. U.S. very, very good. Where yours?"

Pal, I flat forgot about that. Ol' Larry's got his mind on Drew. Can you tell? "Oh, it's around."

So we make a deal. I get him my passport to copy and he'll give me information about Drew's suitcase.



The Librarian Makes It Sticky

I go back up to the purser's desk and find Peter the Purser still on duty. I don't mince any words. "I'd like my passport, please. I'm Larry. Larry Laffer."

"Impossible," he says. "Absolutely impossible. Not allowed."

"What do you mean, not allowed? Why not? It's my passport. I should be able to get my passport at any time."

His eyes widen behind his glasses in mock fear. "Ooooooh, Mr. Big Tough Guy, don't beat me. Please." He pauses. "On second thought, you can go ahead and beat me." He smiles. "OK, I don't care. You can have it back. Just show me your identification."

"My passport is my identification," I tell him.

He shakes his head petulantly. "I must see some form of photographic identification. Or no passport. Those-are-my-rules!"

I look at him. I'm really not believing this, pal. "You're making this up as you go along, right?"

"Sorry. No photo ID, no passport."

I have to work hard to keep my temper. When the Laffer temper is unleashed, all the women and small animals should hide. Or is that the Laffer sex drive? "Let me see if I understand. To get back my photo ID, I have to show you my photo ID?"

"Don't bother me with details," Peter the Purser says.

I turn away from him. Manohmanohman, so close and yet so far. This is about as satisfying as getting a conjugal visit through a chain-link fence. I look over my cabin keycard. It's got my name and information on it. I also have the filthy pictures of me that I bought from Xqwzts. I wonder . . .

OK, buddy, I think I have a plan. But now we're going to need some glue. I saw some earlier in the library. I walk through the atrium and go into the library, back to Victorian's desk. There, in a bottle on the desk, is the glue.



Ahoy Mateys! If you've already picked up the mucilage, you don't need to return to the library.



Vicki just glares at me as I pick up the mucilage and take it with me. I guess our days of friendly chats are over. Oh well. Drew can be true, and Captain Thygh's giving me a rise. Sex isn't about true love, it's about true wood. Hard wood.

Out in the hallway, I use the mucilage on the dirty pictures I bought, then tear off part so one of them will fit on the keycard. There, buddy. I hope this works.

I walk back to Peter the Purser and shove the photo ID in front of him. "I'd like my passport, please."

Ahoy Mateys! To use the photo ID, you must be standing in the purser's desk area, not the atrium.



"What for?" he asks. "You have no need for it here aboard ship."

Pal, I give him patience. When you're right, nobody can argue with you. "Look, here is my photo ID. That's what you said you needed, right? Now be a nice, puckering, pandering little purser and procure my passport-pronto!"

"Yes sir," he responds. Then, under his breath, "Bitch!" He's back in just a moment, handing my passport over. "Here you are. Do not lose it. There are many nefarious types roaming this ship, all of them mooching ill-gotten booty such as this from our unsuspecting, guileless guests."

"I doubt that," I tell him. "You are just paranoid."

"Oh most cheesiest most gracias, se-or. We ranking officers can't get enough insults from lowly passenger scum!"

Dressing Up Drew!

I go back to the employee break room again. Man, I'm telling you, I know my way now. The hidden door is up. That, I figure, is a plus.

I walk inside and find Xqzwts waiting. We exchange brief pleasantries, mainly because I'm in a hurry to get to change briefs with Drew, and I show him my passport. "I know how much you want to travel, Zippity-Do-Dah. I'm kind of a world traveler myself. In fact, I have my passport with me right now."

"What?"



Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

Oh you can see the gleam of larceny in this guy's eyes.

"You have passport?" he says. "Never see American passport. Show me passport. Let me see."

Before I hand it over, I ask him about Drew's suitcase again.



He reaches into his red cap and takes out a key, then puts it back on the hook on the wall behind him. After getting a long look at my passport, he makes a throwing gesture. A cloud of gray smoke curls up out of nowhere and the acrid burn fills my lungs. When it clears, he's gone. And my passport is gone with him. So much for copying it. It worries me some, but I don't have to worry about it until we dock. Right now the only thing I'm interested in is finding Drew's suitcase.

I go back to the skull-shaped key and take it from the hook.



"This key gets the cabin boy into all the secret, fun custodial closets and storage holds on the ship," the little voice in the back of my head says.

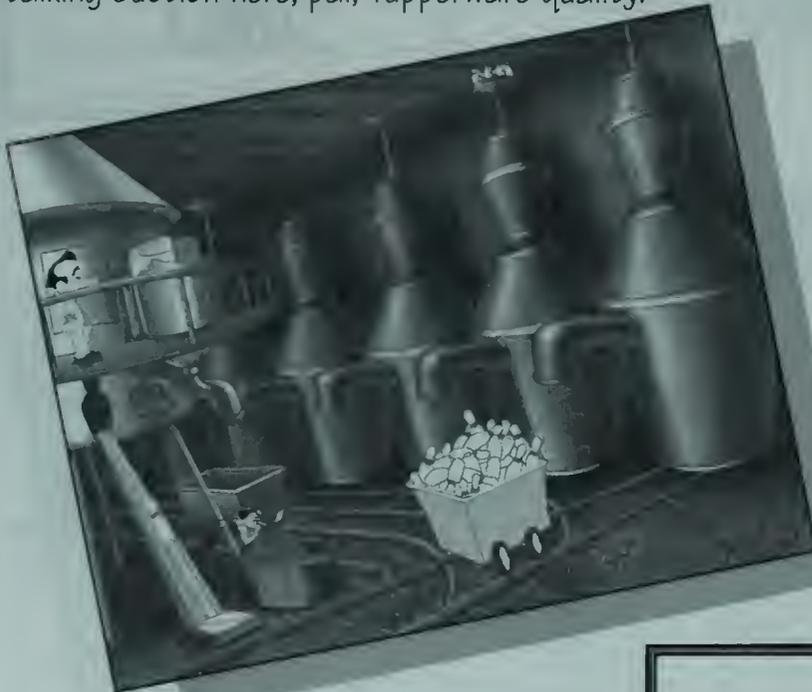
I take a quick look at the map and find there are three holds—two aft and one forward. I go to the rear of the ship. After all, you put things in the trunk of a car. I use the map to get me to the aft hold.

In a short time I'm standing in front of a big steel door. I try the key and it opens easily.



When I step inside, I realize I must be directly under the bowling competition area. I look around at all the machinery, amazed. Pins are being made by beavers crawling up through a hole in the floor. When they put the pins on a conveyor belt that pulls them up into the nearby bowling-pin hopper, a feeding tube drops liquid down to them as a reward.

Against the wall, pin-setting machines hiss as they shove a new load up onto the deck. Carts under the bowling-pin hopper haul loads to the pin-setting machines, which suck them up greedily. And we're talking suction here, pal, Tupperware quality.



Anyway, I don't see a suitcase around here.

I let myself out and try the lower aft hold. There's another steel door here, but this one has a sign on it:

**BEAVER HOLD-
CREW MEMBERS ONLY**



I use the key and the lock turns easily. Inside, a Plexiglas cage filled with beavers busily chewing tree trunks into bowling pins occupies most of the room. Tubes run to either side, as well as up. I don't see a suitcase anywhere.



That leaves the forward hold, so I go there. There's another plaque on this door:

**LUGGAGE
HOLD—CREW
MEMBERS
ONLY**

Oh yeah, baby! Drew, we're only minutes away from being a happening thing, chickie! Your little Lar-Lar's gonna be coming home to ya, honey!

I use the custodial key on the lock and walk inside.

I think I'm gonna die when I see all the stacks of luggage around me. "Oh no,"

I mutter, "how am I going to find Drew's suitcase in all this? It's going to be like trying to find a needle in a haystack!" It looks like it goes on forever.





Just then I get a headache. Then, when the suitcase plops onto my head, I know what caused it. A wad of lacy underthings is sticking out one side of it and it smells like suntan lotion.

I walk over to the suitcase. Buddy, I've never been able to pass on a chance to look at a woman's underthings. There's a luggage tag. I flip it over and look at it. "DREW BARINGMORE."

"Finally," I mutter, "some good luck." I pick up the suitcase and head back up to the swimming pool. My headache is gone by the time I get there.

I try to walk right by Dick, but he stops me at once

"Well, sorry, dude," he tells me as he blocks the way. "You gotta stop here."

I'm getting tired of being down in the Valley. "Like, duh," I say. "What? Again? Now what?"

"You. You can not enter the pool like that."

"Like what?"

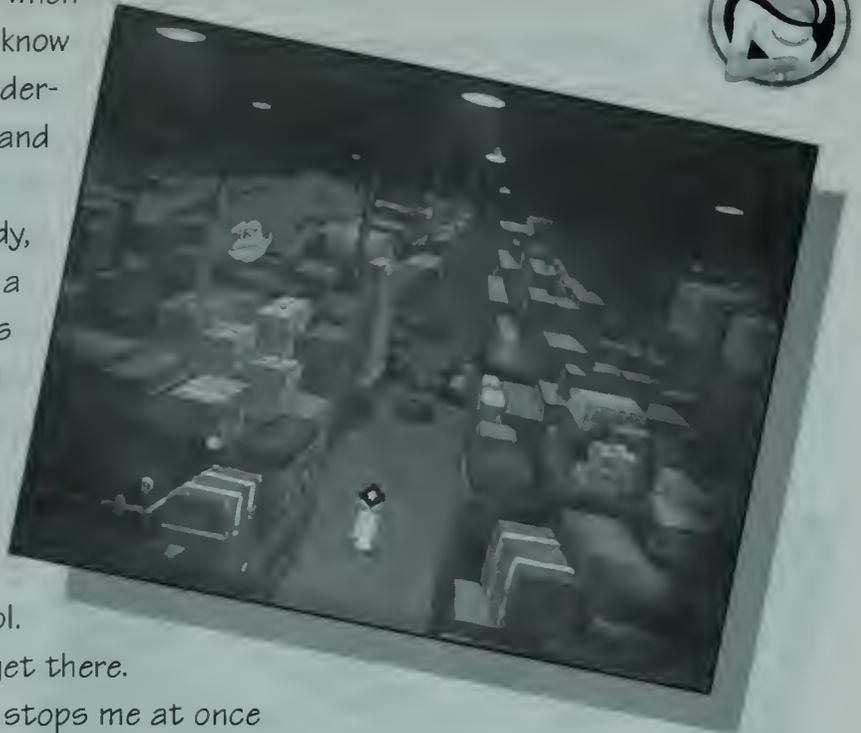
"Like that. You know, like carrying a suitcase."

"Really," I say. "And why not?"

"Purser's orders," Dick replies. "You might change into your clothes or something."

I'm not happy. What I'm in is a hurry. "Oh all right," I say. "Can I leave it here? I mean, will you keep an eye on it for me?" Buddy, the last thing I want to do is lose this now, you know?

"Dude," Dick says, looking like he can't believe it. "Do I look like a check room?"



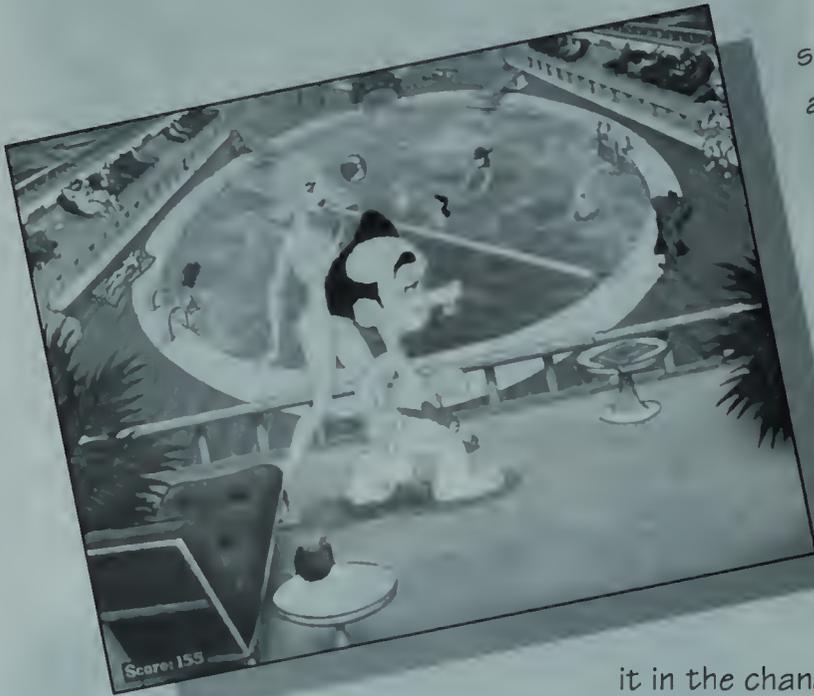


I give him a look. I don't know what kind of look it is. Maybe a Humphrey Bogart tough-guy look. Maybe it was puppy eyes. And maybe it was an I'm-gonna-get-laid-if-I-have-to-chew-off-your-leg-to-get-it-done-look.

"Oh all right," he says. "Since it's you, go on. Leave it." Then, to get his own respect back, he picks up the bathing suit. "Want your little buddy again?"

"I guess. I'm getting kind of used to it." Anything to get him to shut up and get out of my way.

He laughs. "As long as you don't let it grow attached."



After I change, I walk out to Drew's spot and find her still there. She's just as lovely as she was when I left her. Maybe more oiled down, though. "Hi, Drew. Working hard?"

"That's funny, coming from a guy with an elephant codpiece," she says.

"Drew," I tell her, "I've got your suitcase."

She looks up at me, excitement in her eyes. "Really? I don't see it."

"The attendant made me leave it in the changing cabana. C'mon."

"Larry, that means I'll have to parade across the deck completely, totally, utterly nude—showing everyone here my tanned, fit, and naked body." Then she realizes what she just said. She grins big. "I LIKE that!"

I give her a hand up. Buddy, at that time I could have given her a trunk up, if you know what I mean. We stroll across the deck, and man, I'm so proud with the way everybody's looking. They all know where I'm headed with this babe.

All Steamed Up!

"Here it is, Drew," I say when we reach my cabin. I'm cringing inside, waiting for her to take a good look around and go screaming from the room when she sees how



things really are. "It's not much, but it is roomy."

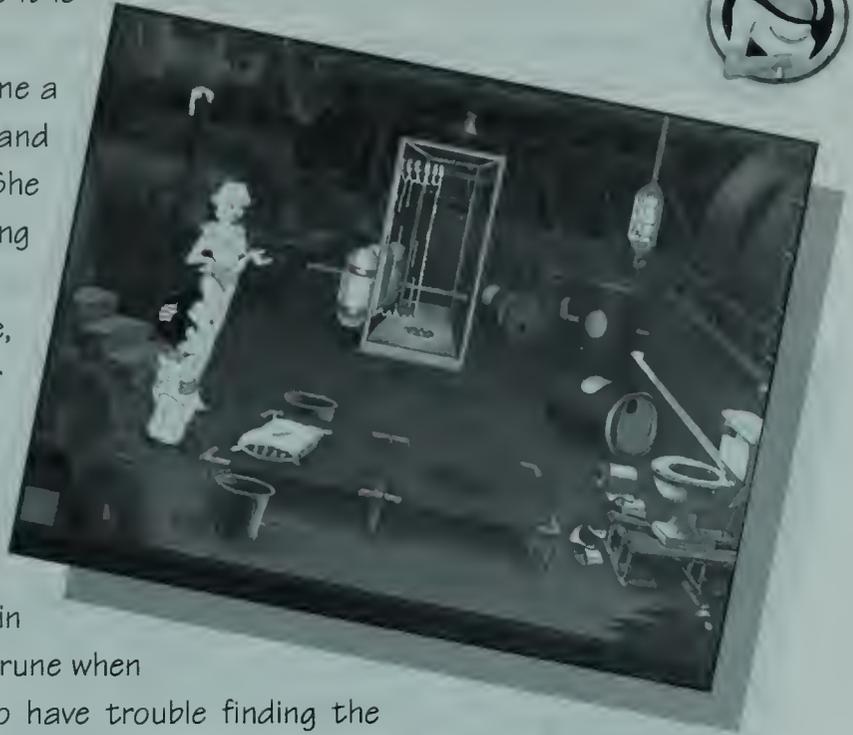
"OK, Larry," she says. "Just give me a minute to hop into your shower and wash off this sunscreen, OK?" She walks over to the shower, dropping clothes as she goes.

In seconds, steam fills the cubicle, softening the tight curves of her figure. "Oh man, steam's not the only thing rising."

I wait, priming myself just by watching her through the glass. Oh man, how can this chick stay in there so long? She's going to be a prune when she gets out of there. I'm going to have trouble finding the right wrinkle, know what I mean?

I'm waiting, thinking to myself, Babe, you're going to have to open a sawmill to handle all this wood.

I'm waiting.



She's showering.

I walk up to the cubicle. "Drew, are you coming out soon?"

"In a minute, Larry. I just need to get this lotion off. When they said waterproof, they really meant it!"

I'm beginning to think the lotion is the only thing that's going to get off. "Drew, isn't that lotion off by now?"



Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

"Well maybe, but I like to be sure, you know. Don't mind me, just go about your business. I'll be out as soon as I'm squeaky clean all over."

"Would you like a little company?" I ask. "I could scrub your back, you know."

She laughs nicely. "Thanks, Larry, but ever since I started yoga I've been able to scrub my own back."



"Drew, you must be turning into a big, pink raisin in there."

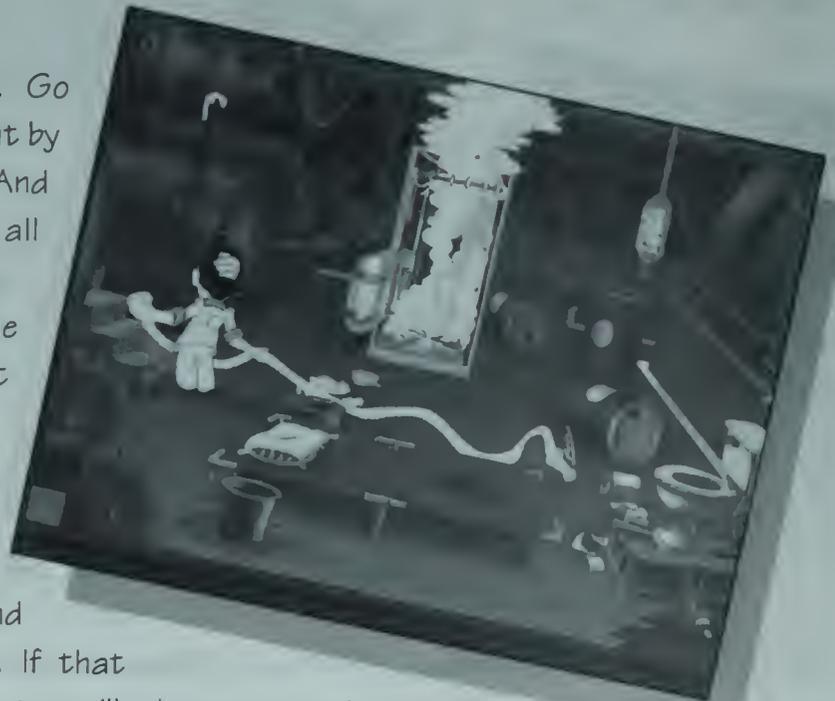
"Actually, this sunscreen is pretty tough. So far the water just beads up and runs off. I can't even get my hair wet. I'll be out soon."

I think this is a usage of the word *soon* I'm not familiar with. "Drew, do you mind if I go run some errands around the ship for a few minutes?" Maybe she'll get the hint that I think she's going to be in there forever.

"No problem, Larry. Go ahead. I'll probably be out by the time you get back. And then we can Fokker all night."

OK, that's it. I'm done with waiting. If you let wood wait too long, it just gets petrified and you can't do anything with that.

I cross the room and try to flush the toilet. If that happens, maybe the water will change enough



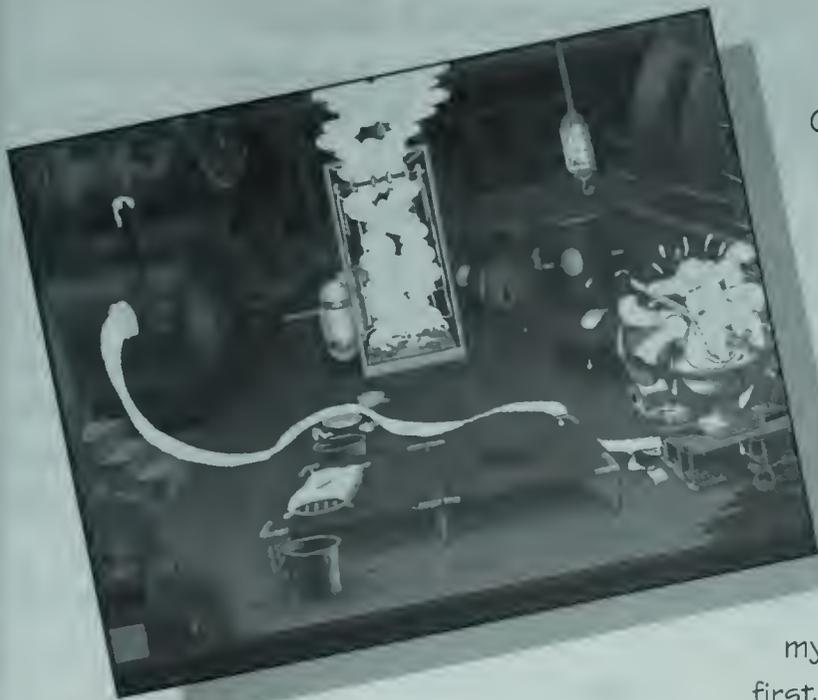
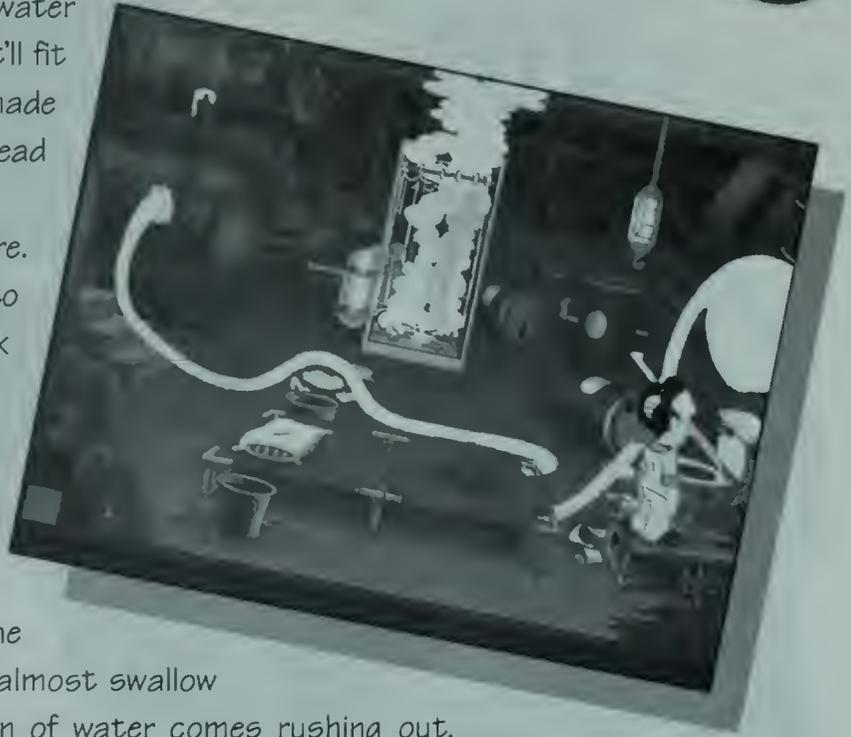


that she'll get uncomfortable and come on out. I try but it's no use. I need to hook it up to the water supply.

After looking at the nearest water spigot in the ceiling, I figure maybe it'll fit that fire hose I saw up on the Promenade deck. I leave Drew in the shower and head up there.

Nobody's around when I get there. It doesn't take me any time at all to grab the fire hose and go. I'm back down in my cabin in minutes.

I work quickly. Drew doesn't even notice I'm back. I hook the fire hose up to the spigot first, then to the toilet. I check things over, then find the spray can shoved into the drain. I take it out. When I flush, I almost swallow my tongue. My God—a huge balloon of water comes rushing out, traveling down the hose to fill the toilet. For a minute I think some radioactive monster created by toxic waste must have gotten into the hose.



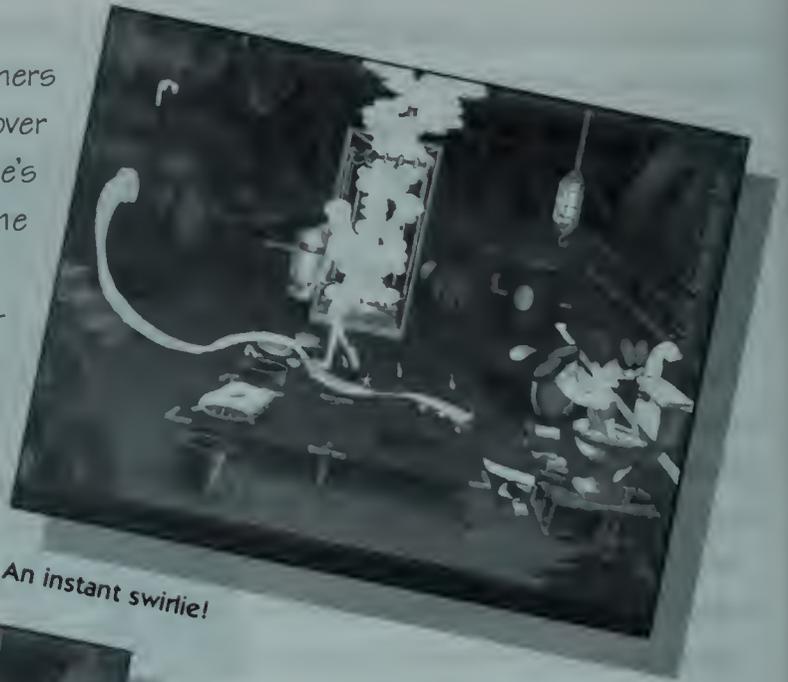
Then it hits the toilet. Geez Louise, it's like an Irwin Allen disaster movie come to life. The toilet gurgles like some kind of prehistoric monster. I'm standing over it, watching in helpless horror. Then Drew comes vaulting out of the shower cubicle. Next thing I know, Drew lands on my head, shoving me face-first into the toilet bowl.



Glug! Ugh!

She jumps off me and gathers up her clothing, pinked all over from the sudden scalding she's gotten. She wheels on me angrily.

I'm coughing and spluttering, barely able to save myself from the suction of the toilet.



An instant swirlie!



"You," she snarls, "bastard!" She takes off up the stairs. "That's it! I'm not staying here. And don't you try coming around the pool either!"

"Wait!" I yell up after her.

She just ignores me and keeps on stomping.

"Hot diggity!" the little voice in the back of my head says. "That certainly seems to have gone well." I reach down for the toilet paper to

dry my face, then remember how rough the paper is. I take a closer look at the spray can I rescued and find out it's silicone lubricant. My favorite kind. *Greased Pig*.

OK, buddy, things haven't exactly gone well, but I'm ready to start turning things around in my favor. There's still a contest to win. I change clothes. I may not have scored with Drew, but I won the LoveMaster 2000 competition. I haven't even seen the Horseshoes competition, the Cook-Off, the Best Dressed competition, or found out where I'm supposed to play Liar's Dice.

It's time to go exploring again. And ol' Larry's going to walk out a winner. You can bet on it.



CHAPTER FIVE



Hand Grenades Would Be Better

I go up to the swimming pool to see if Drew is there. She's not. I'm disappointed, but I can live with it. I'm on a boat loaded with babes. They can't go anywhere. It's just a matter of time till I find another one. Or two. Why limit the old Larry Laffer charm?

After a brief consultation with the map, I make my way to the Horseshoes competition. Buddy, this is starting to get really weird. Nobody's around, but at the end of the lane is this big fiberglass purple and blue centaur.



I go to it for a closer look, figuring it's like the walrus on the bowling alley. The slot's gotta be here somewhere, right?

"This fiberglass centaur hides the Thygh's Man Trophy card reader," the little voice in the back of my head says.

Well, no freaking joke. See, buddy, I'm starting to lose my sense of humor.

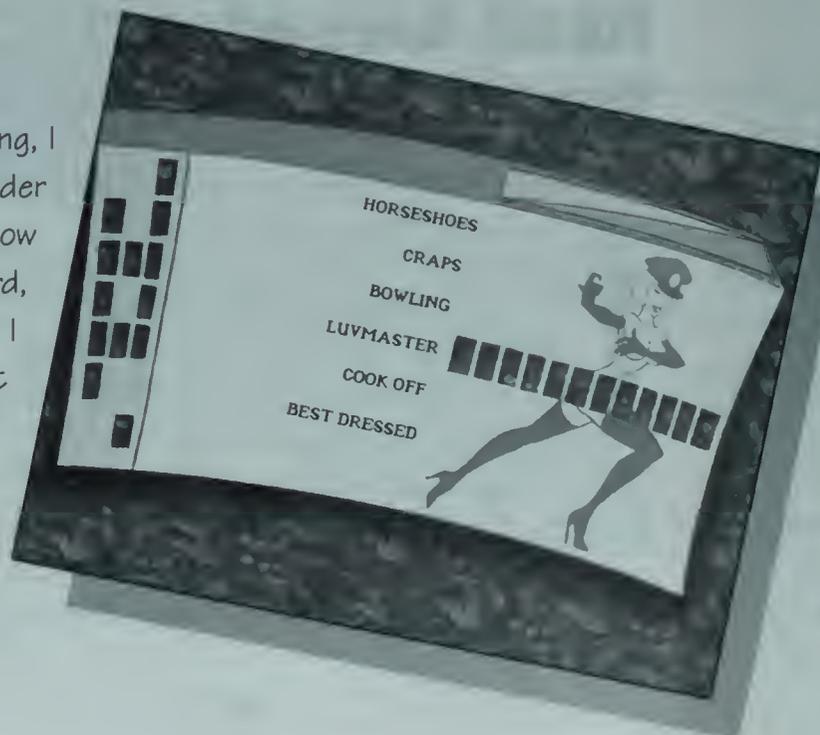
"Simply insert your scorecard in his slot to begin," the little voice says. "The system verifies your eligibility with the ship's central competition computer

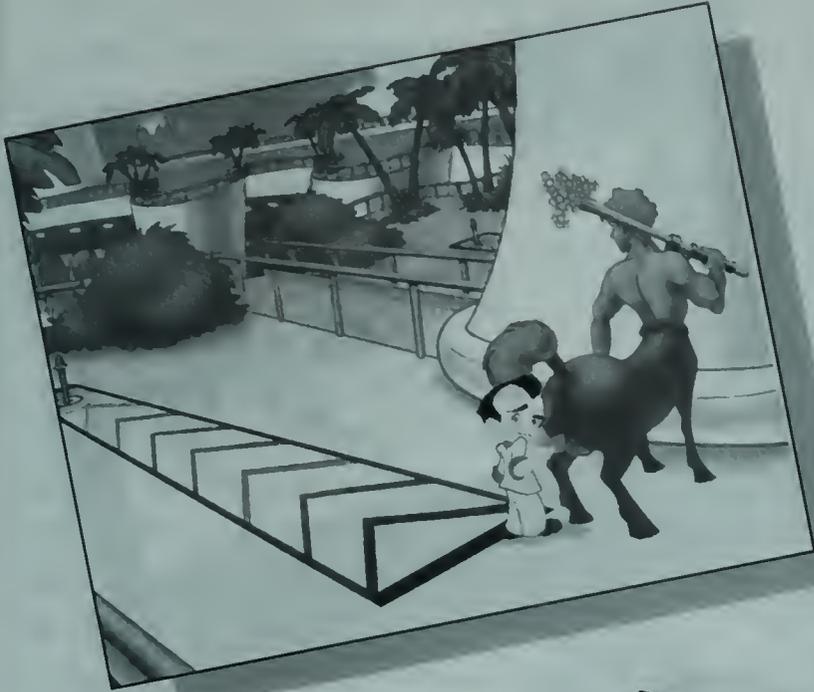
then automatically scores and tabulates your efforts."

"Pretty doggone impressive," I say sarcastically.

"Especially because it's still running on a Commodore 64."

After some real looking, I find the card reader under the centaur's tail. Oh how nice. I slot the scorecard, trying to make believe I didn't hear that wet slurping sound.





The centaur lifts up a foot and presents a horseshoe. I take the horseshoe, then turn and face the stake. After taking aim, I let it fly. Next thing I know, it flies over the railing, splash into the ocean.

A woman's voice comes on over a small PA. "That wasn't very good."

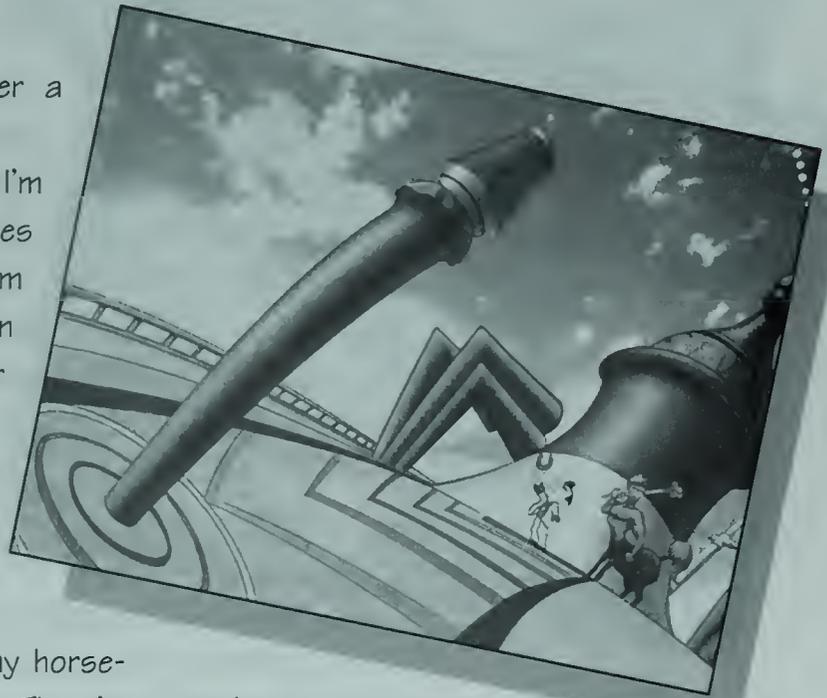
Well, it wasn't supposed to be. I'm not very good at trying to ring shapes like that. I take my card back from the centaur, take a look at it, then reinsert it and try with another horseshoe.

The horseshoe goes into the water again.

"That was typical," the woman announces over the PA.

I take my card back. Okay, so my horseshoe throwing needs some work too. There's got to be a way. It's just a matter of finding it.

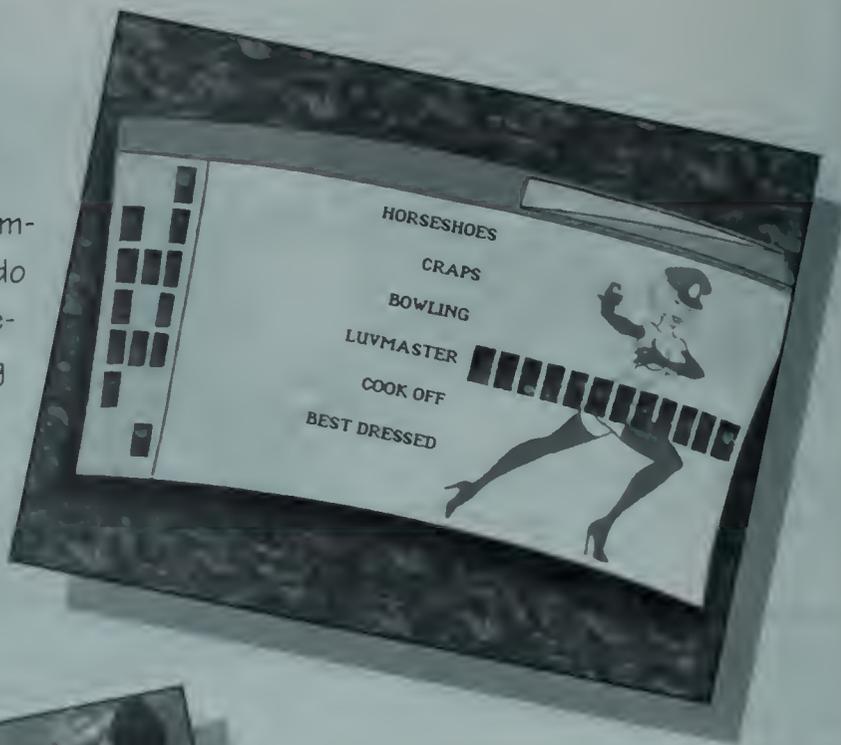
I walk off to the right, heading for the area labeled "Poop Deck" on the map. I can't wait to see what kind of contest this is. Or what kind of preparation goes into it. Preparation *H* maybe?





Grand Old Opry Soup

Instead, there's no competition at all. What I do find are two blonde lovelies sitting in a frothing spa. I don't know if the water is heated, or if they're just so hot they're making it boil. We're talking hot here, buddy.



I walk over to them, taking in the exhaust pipes, the air intake disguised as a champagne bucket complete with bottle, and the champagne glass waterfall filling the spa.

When I get closer, I think the girls look familiar to me. Maybe we've met somewhere before. Then it kicks in that they're the Juggs, the country-western duo I read about in the magazine up by the swimming pool. Nailmi and Wydoncha. I

remember little about the story. I recall that they were in some kind of trouble.



Ahoy Mateys! Okay, guys, line up and touch everything on the lovelies that you can. The lines are there, it's up to you to play them.



"Hiya, girls," I say brightly, "my name's Larry. Larry Laffer."

"Laffer," Nailmi Juggs says, "that's a funny li'l ol' name. I'll bet you're a funny li'l ol' fella, too."

Her accent is great! I never thought I'd actually get a shot at a real farmer's daughter. "Well, gee, I guess so. Say, don't I know you?"

"Probably," she says.

"Yeah. You're famous, aren't you?"

"We're the Juggs," Nailmi says proudly, her breasts heaving. "My name's Nailmi. And this here's my daughter, Wydoncha. Say, have you ever heard our records, Larry?"

I just shake my head. "So, uh, what kind of music do you sing?"

"Both kinds," Nailmi asserts.

"Country and western."

"Ass-kicking country-western," Wydoncha speaks up.

"Wydoncha," Nailmi reprimands, "we don't use that kind of language no more."

"Sorry, Momma." She looks back at me and bats her eyelashes. "Butt-kicking."

"Now see? Was that so hard?" Nailmi looks back at me too. "You probably know our big hit, 'Big Hair and Tangled Limbs.'"

"Well," I admit, "it doesn't ring a bell."

"What about 'I Got My Panties Around My Ankles and Pain 'Round My Heart'?" Wydoncha asks. "You know that one, don't you?"

"Well," I tell her, "it sure sounds like a Grammy winner." Looking at them, I'm ready to tell them anything. A mother/daughter team, huh? Oh man, I've read about things like this.

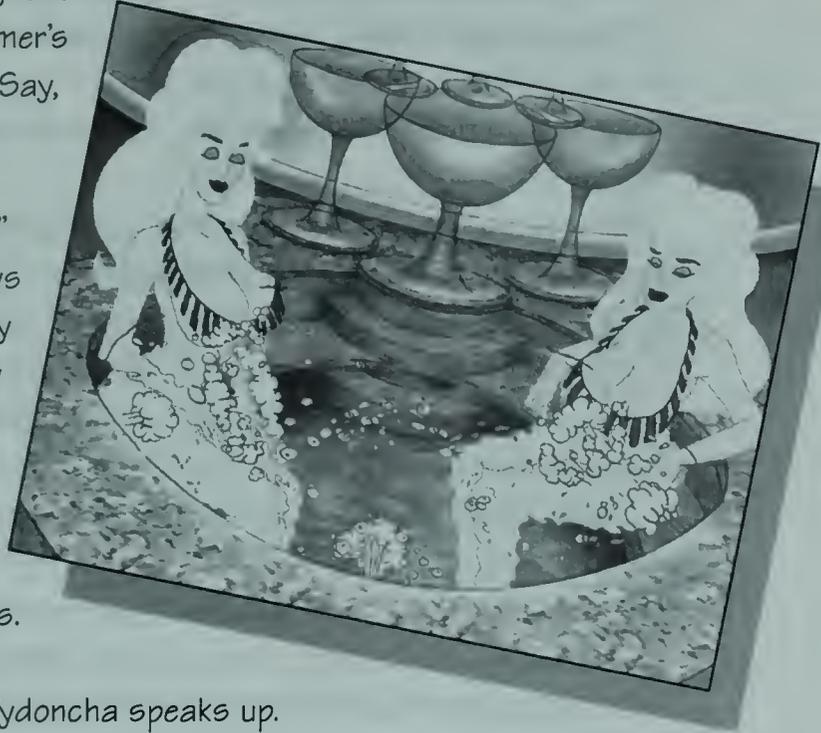
"Oh honey," Nailmi says, "it is. When we finish that'n there ain't a dry eye in the house."

"So just what kind of music do you listen to anyway?" Wydoncha asks.

"Disco," I answer. "Kachunk, kachunk. You know, some folks say it's coming back."

"Well, I don't," Wydoncha says in a quiet voice.

"But see," I tell her, "I say it never left."





Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

"You are a funny little feller," Nailmi says.

Pal, no matter the taste in music, with double-D cones like these, I'm not ready to give up on them yet. "Do you have any recordings I can listen to?"

"You know," Nailmi says, "I'd love to give you an autographed copy of our latest CD, 'This Juggs' For You,' but we left for this cruise in such a hurry, we only had time to grab a few lacy nothin's off the bus."

"Oh, that's okay," I tell her. "I far prefer the superior fidelity of 8-track."

"Say, you are a funny little feller."

Okay, buddy, I'm striking out so far. What girl in her right mind wants to sleep with a guy she just thinks is funny? I move into a safe area. A compliment. "Now, let's see, I've kind of forgotten which of you is the mother and which is the daughter."

"Oh shucks, Larry," Nailmi says, "ain't you the little flatterer? I'm Wydoncha's momma, don't you know? Of course, we are dang near the same age. I had her on my first ovulation."

"Heck yeah," Wydoncha says, "I'm nineteen. And Momma's been twenty-nine for at least five years."

"Wydoncha," Nailmi says sharply, "you are not funny."

Dissension in the ranks. Not a good sign if I'm going to keep them together as a set. I try another compliment. "I notice you both have really large-hairstyles."

"Yeah," Wydoncha says. "You like 'em?"

"Well, they're sure-big. How do you get them that way?"

"Now, Larry," Nailmi interrupts, "that's a little ol' showbiz secret."

"To get it really big, I like to hang upside down," Wydoncha states brazenly.

"Wydoncha, stop!"

"And to keep the hairspray from sticking to your outfit, you just about gotta be buck-naked."

"That's about enough, Wydoncha."

I laugh nervously at the thought of her hanging upside down. Oh man, the effects of gravity. "That's actually too much," I say, "but thanks for sharing." I've got something she can hang upside down on. Or any other way she'd like.

Wydoncha laughs. "Anytime."

"So, why are a couple of famous singers like you taking a cruise?"

"Well, to be honest, Larry," Nailmi says, "fame can be a curse as well as a blessing. All that touring was just a-wearin' us out."



“Not to mention we can’t show our faces in public again,” Wydoncha says, “until the heat’s off.”

“Wydoncha, hush your mouth,” Nailmi commands.

That makes me curious immediately. “What do you mean, ‘till the heat’s off’?”

“Oh there was an unpleasant little incident about a month ago,” Nailmi says. “We was doing a benefit at a maximum security women’s correctional facility.”

“We was trying to give our poor sisters a chance to forget their troubles,” Wydoncha says.

“It’s always for the fans, don’t you know?” Nailmi asks.

“That and our manager said it would be a cheap way to shoot our new cable special,” Wydoncha says. “*Caged Heat: Juggs Behind Bars.*”

“Wydoncha, who’s telling this story anyway?” Nailmi says. “Anyway, turns out that day we had a little trouble fitting into our Spandex costumes.”

“See, Momma had been hitting them tour-bus donuts again,” Wydoncha says.

“Wydoncha, shush! Anyhow, you know the show must go on. So I just had one of my roadies spray us down with some silicone lubricant.”

“And we just slid right in,” Wydoncha says.

Hmm, now there’s an interesting image.

“Anyhow, we had no idea those hot stage lights would trigger a chemical reaction between the Spandex and that silicone lubricant.”

“Hooo-eeee!” Wydoncha shouts. “That was something!”

“It did cause a commotion,” Nailmi agrees.

“Oh yeah,” Wydoncha says with a contented sigh.

“So what happened?” I ask. They’ve got me hooked.

“It’s all kinda just a blur now,” Wydoncha replies.

“Let’s just say after that everywhere we went, we was accosted by tabloid photographers,” Nailmi tells me.

“We was mobbed,” Wydoncha says.

“And once they aired that video tape on *A Nashville Affair*, well we just had to lay low for awhile.”

“So here we are,” Wydoncha says, “just a-soakin’ up some rays and a-kickin’ back.”

Spandex. I love Spandex. Buddy, whatever animal gives its life to provide Spandex, they should erect a monument to it. Well, I guess you could say that Spandex causes its own monuments every day.



Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

"So why do you wear Spandex outfits if it caused you so much grief?"

"For the fans, don't you know," Nailmi answers.

"Yep," Wydoncha agrees. "It's always for the fans. And, because its mild corseting action keeps Momma outta them full-figured sizes."

"Wydoncha, that'll be enough," Nailmi tells her.

"You two must be performing here on the cruise," I say.

"We weren't gonna at first," Nailmi says.

"See, we're on vacation, don't you know," Wydoncha says.

"Yeah, we was just wanting a break," Nailmi says.

"From the pressures of fame," Wydoncha agrees.

"But our manager insists we keep our act tight," Nailmi says. "So we agreed to do just one special show."

"For the fans, don't you know," Wydoncha says.

"God luv 'em," Nailmi says.

I look at them nervously, getting my courage up. "Have you girls ever—how do I say this?"

"You go on ahead, Lar," Wydoncha says. "You ain't gonna shock us."

"Well—have you ever thought about a—threesome?" Buddy, I'm kind of expecting to have my head handed to me at this point.

But Nailmi answers the question calmly. "Oh, we considered it. We thought it might spice things up a little, don't you know."

"Really? Wow!"

"Yeah," Wydoncha says, "the road gets lonely with just Momma and me."

"Yeah, I'll bet," I agree with her, giving the idea my full support. Hickory dickory dock, my pants are full of—

"But we finally decided," Nailmi says, "another band member wouldn't really work out."

—of sawdust. I talk for a little while longer, but they tell me they've got to get ready for the show. I check my map and find out where the Best Dressed competition is going to be. I'd better check out the threads, buddy, and see which leisure suit is going to win this one for me.



The Fly?

When I walk into the area set aside for the Best Dressed competition, the sounds of computers working their little binary butts off assaults my ears. It makes me feel like I'm on the set of *Star Trek* or something. Or, at least, about to become the human guinea pig in some freakish experiment.

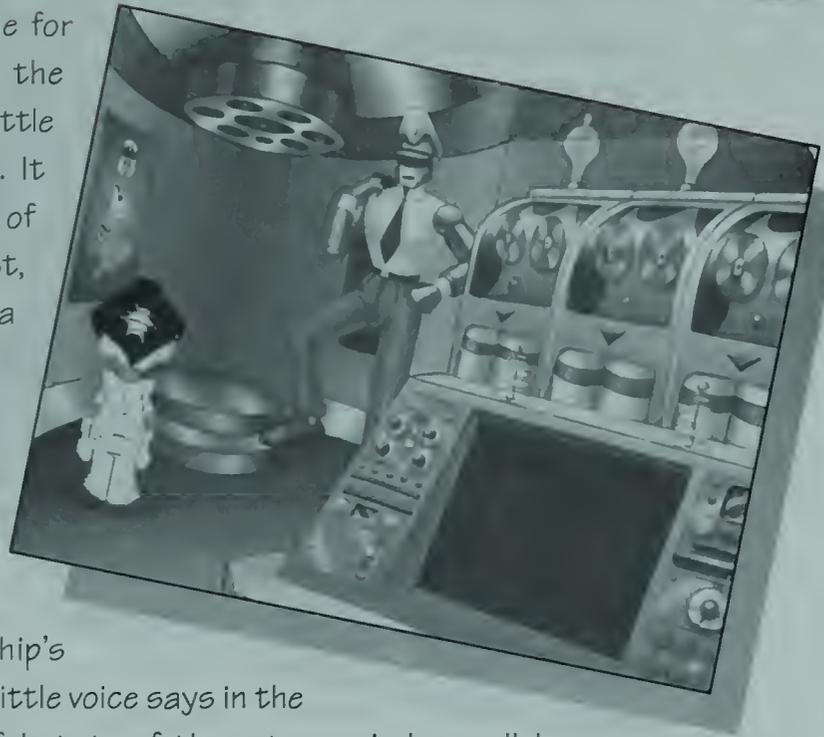
I look around the room at all the computer hardware. When I find what looks like the main computer, I walk up to it and look it over closely.

"This console contains the ship's CyberFashion 2000 computer," the little voice says in the back of my head, "which uses powerful state-of-the-art massively parallel neural net processing to determine a person's stylishness quotient. Its 3-D scanner synthesizes images from a circular scanning platform and displays them on a high-resolution 2048 by 2048 32-bit color monitor. The CPU compares the scanned image with terra-bytes of trendy fashion data stored on the giant tape drives in the background. After computing the stylishness quotient to within one-one-thousandth of one percent, it transmits the resulting score to the ship's central competition computer and simultaneously reports it here in the fashion competition chamber through an 88K 64-bit 128 times over-sampled THX certified voice-synthesis system."

I look around for a slot where I can put my TMT scorecard, but I don't see a place. I reach for the buttons I see on the computer.

"Be careful touching this, Larry," that little voice says. "You wouldn't want to start a nuclear war."

I back off. There must be another way. I go around and look at the tape drives, but there's no help there. Finally I go to the stylish mannequin standing beside the circular platform that I assume is the circular scanner.





"There must be some reason for that mannequin to be located where it is. And in that position," that little voice tells me.

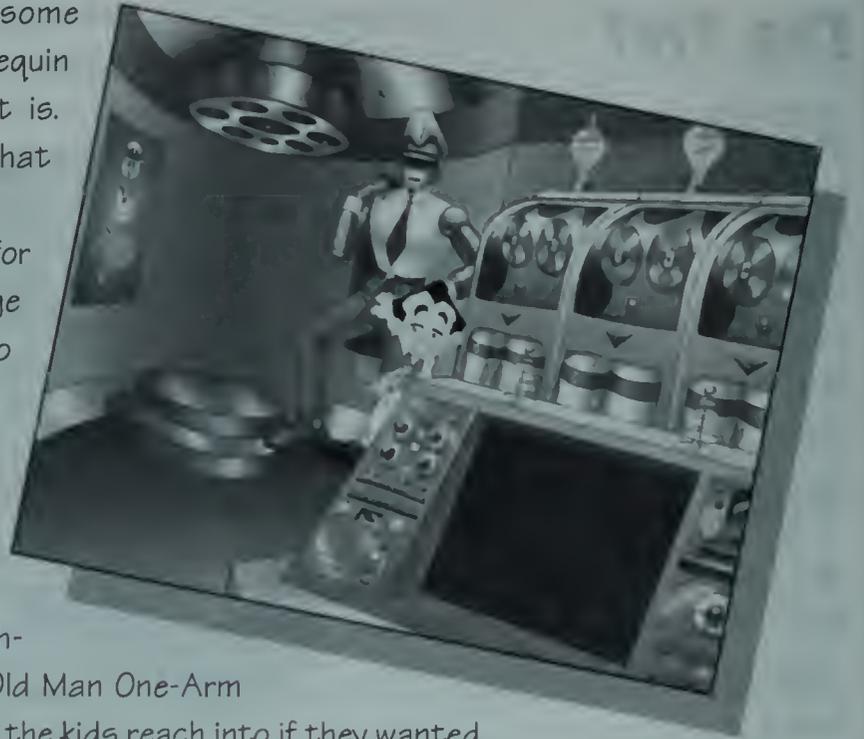
Yeah, I think, and for that considerable bulge inside his fly. Trying to keep myself from being sick, I unzip the mannequin's fly and reach inside. I'm telling you, buddy, this has got to be worse than reaching into the black box Old Man One-Arm Lester used to make all the kids reach into if they wanted their Halloween candy. Even that year when he became One-Arm Lester.

I pull out a card reader on a long cord. Pal, this will definitely keep the homophobes away. I scan my card, then go take my place on the circular scanner. The scan is over in seconds, reproducing my image on the computer monitor.

Man, the monitor must be lousy. It's got me ten pounds overweight with a really bad receding hairline.

"Your score is two," a woman says over the PA.

Pal, I can't believe it. I mean, we're talking serious leisure wear here. Real John Travolta, *Saturday Night Fever* threads here. I can't just get a two. I'm pissed now. Somebody's stacking the deck against me.



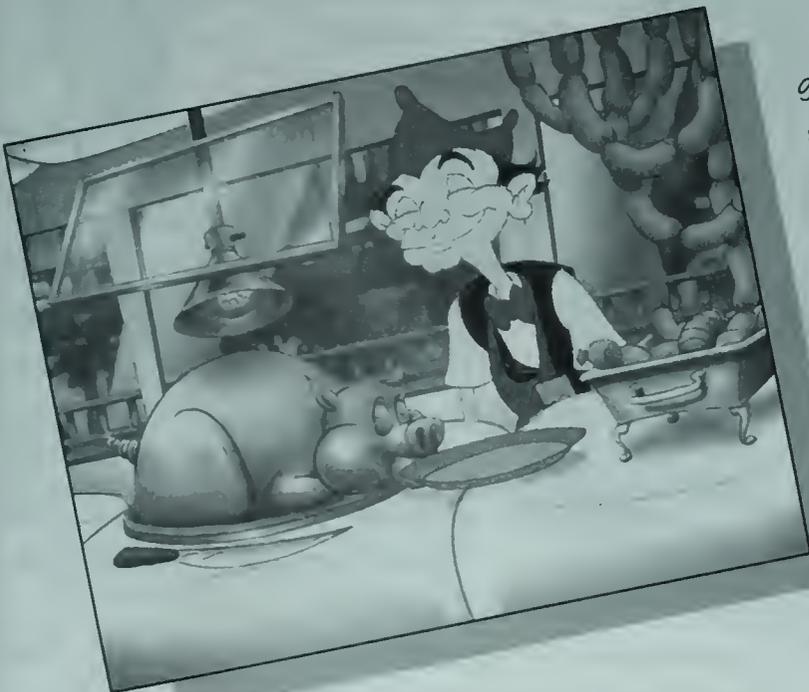


NO! Not the Bean Dip, Larry!

After a quick peek in at the Cook-off area, I know I'm going to have to cook something up to take it into the judges. And, pal, I haven't got a clue. I notice the Heaving Ho' Restaurant on the map and decide to go there. I'm getting hungry.

Man, what a place! This is elegant, you know? I mean, how many places have you been to that had an ice sculpture of a mermaid as a centerpiece? And she's attractive too. Looks just like Captain Thygh.

I cross the room and put my hand on her rump. Oh, baby, talk about your ice-cold sweats! I'm in heaven! Overcome for a moment, I lean in and lick her.



Geez Louise, my tongue gets stuck! For a minute I seriously don't think I'm going to get loose again. Then my body heat and saliva free me. It wasn't worth it.

Walking away from the mermaid, I notice the old Chinese guy working behind the buffet line. I walk over to him. His nametag reads "Wang."



"What are you serving?" I ask, pointing to the metal replica of a pig with an apple in its mouth under the heat lamp.

"We got S'Pork," he replies. "Very best. You like, okay?"

"Pork," I say. "Yeah, that sounds good."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph in a tiny canoe," Wang says suddenly in what sounds like an Irish accent. "Are you deaf? It's S'Pork!"

"I heard you the first time," I say. "I'll take one serving, please."

"You got it, boss." Wang's accent is back to Chinese. "No complain rater, okey-dokey?" He lifts the metal replica of the pig and slides out a tin of S'Pork. He uses the key and rolls the top of the tin back. When he has it off, he turns the tin over onto the pan sitting nearby. The pink meaty-looking substance plops into the pan and shudders as if it's afraid.

"My God!" I exclaim. "What is that?"

"Like I've been trying to tell you," Wang says in the Irish accent again, "it's S'Pork!"

"Oh," I say, "the processed potted meat food product that tastes as 'fresh as home slaughtered, just like Mom used to butcher.'"

"Very good, boss," Wang says as I lift the pan and begin eating the S'Pork. When I finish, he says, "Now you go."



I put the pan back on the buffet table. "Hey, uh, what's with the accent? Or is that a dialect? I never know the difference."

The Irish accent is back. "Ah, I knew I couldn't keep it up. I'm Chinese, you see, but me parents were Buddhist missionaries so I grew up in Ireland. People stare when I speak normally like this. So I've found it simpler just to sound like some bad Charley Chan impersonator." He changes his voice back to the Chinese version. "Too much talk.

More people need S'Pork. You see?"

Yeah, I guess maybe I do. I thank him for his hospitality, then wander around the bar to find out what else I can nibble on.



Ahoy Mateys! Okay, heads up, people. You have to tag the sneeze guard and take a good look at it.



As I'm poking around, Wang tells me that the buffet is for the upper-crust passengers, not for someone with a cabin number as low as mine. Still, I like looking. Then I come upon a plate that looks exactly like—

“Oh my God!” I gasp.

“No, Larry,” that little voice in the back of my head says, “it’s not what you think. Those are slender mushrooms imported directly from the Klahanie mushroom cellars of Issaquah, Washington.”

“Oh good,” I say. “I was afraid they were turnips.” I keep on walking around the buffet table under the watchful eye of Wang. At the end, I find a big bowl of bean dip. Oh man, that’s my favorite. Wang tells me the bean dip’s okay, that I can have as much as I want. I dig in, munching contentedly. I love bean dip.



Eat the bean dip four times, then watch out!

“Just because it’s all you can eat,” the little voice in the back of my head says, “doesn’t mean you’re obligated to make yourself sick!”

“Why not?” I ask. I keep eating.

“You know, Larry,” that voice says, “they only put 239 beans in that dip.”

“Oh really? Why?”

“Because any more and it would be too-farty.”





I groan. "That sounds like a Mark Seibert joke." I dip up another spoonful. After my fourth spoonful, my stomach starts flipping around. Pal, I'm telling you, I know what's about to happen, and I know it ain't gonna be pretty.

The flatulence just rolls out of me. For a minute I think my head is going to collapse from the sudden decompression.

"Mayday!" I yell. "Mayday! Mayday! Man overboard!" Nobody seems to notice.

Spotting the kitchen doors to the left ahead of me, I walk toward them, hoping for a bromo. Then I stop, thinking of those guys in the tuxedos hogging the action at the craps table. Buddy, I think I've found a secret weapon against those upper-crust guys.



After he farts, Larry only needs one helping of bean dip to be properly powered up for another Big One. But more dip makes for a louder and longer blast.

Taking small steps, I walk back over to the Pair O'Dice Casino.

Blowing Away The Competition



Still taking tiny steps, squeezing my butt cheeks up tight together, I walk over to a position near the dice table. The guys in the tuxedos are still playing, still so cool.

They think they're cool now, right, buddy? Well, I've got something here that's going to chill them out straight-away. I stand quietly, only a few feet away. Definitely within killing range.

Then I let it go, forcing it all out, straining with the effort. I'm taking a real chance wearing white pants.



The sound of the explosive series echoes throughout the immediate vicinity. The smell, enough to gag a maggot and singe your nose hairs, swirls around me, tracking onto the people at the craps table. Well, that table's certainly earned its name tonight.

People start screaming and heaving. "Mayday!" I yell to cover the sudden movement, and that's literally what it was, buddy. "Mayday! Mayday! Man overboard!"

In seconds, the craps table clears out. Except for the croupier, who stands there looking bored. I walk over to the table and read his name tag. "So, Jacques, what's your name?" I'm trying to get some rapport going here. A bonding thing so he'll look out for me.

"Jacques," he replies. Then, under his breath where I know he thinks I can't hear him, "American asshole!"



"Here's my Thygh's Man Trophy scorecard," I say, handing it across. "Charge a hundred smackers against my room. I feel lucky."

"But of course, sir." He gives me my chips.

"Put it all on 'come,'" I tell him. "With a name like that, how can I lose?"

"But of course. Here are your dice." He pushes them to me with his croupier stick. "American asshole," he whispers.



I gather up the dice, shake them a little while, then toss 'em out there. "Come on, baby needs a new pair of platform shoes!"



Ahoy Mateys!

You have to use the legal dice on the table to play. You also have to buy chips each time you want to roll.

I crap out, and all my chips are gone. I look back at Jacques. "Let's go again. Another hundred. All on 'come.'—I mean, the come line."

"No problem," Jacques says. "Yankee asshole!"

Man, I lose again. This really sucks! When I get my hands on the dice again, I shake them. "I can feel Lady Luck coming on," I say.

I throw them again, and I lose again.

"I guess she went right on by," I say.

Jacques doesn't say anything.

I'm doing something wrong, pal.

I need a lucky rabbit's foot or something. Or at least a way to shave the odds in my favor.

Hey! Thinking like that reminds me of the





notice I read down in the employees' break room. All I need is some sandpaper, and maybe I can sand these dice down into something that'll really work for me.

I buy some more dice, then try to walk off with them.

"Dice may not be removed from the craps table area," a woman's voice says over the PA.

"Hey," Jacques says. "You can't leave with the dice, sir. Either roll them or give them back to me and cancel your bet. House rules, you know."

I throw the dice out onto the table. It's not a surprise when they crap out again, buddy. But now, at least, I've got a plan.

Rolling Them Bones

I race back to my cabin and pick up the toilet paper. Oh yeah, pal, this stuff is just rough enough to do the job. With a wad of it tucked away in my pocket, I make the trip back to the casino and get on the table again. It's no problem because almost everyone is still gone.

I buy chips and dice from Jacques, still one of my favorite people, and lean back like I'm getting my nerve worked up. Out of sight, though, I'm rubbing that piece of rough toilet paper across the dice, trying to shave off one side just like that notice said.

It doesn't work. Nothing comes off. Buddy, this is getting expensive. I roll the dice and come up craps again. I walk off in disgust. I know, buddy, that the games are rigged from everything I saw down in the employees' break room, so I've got to find a better way of cheating.

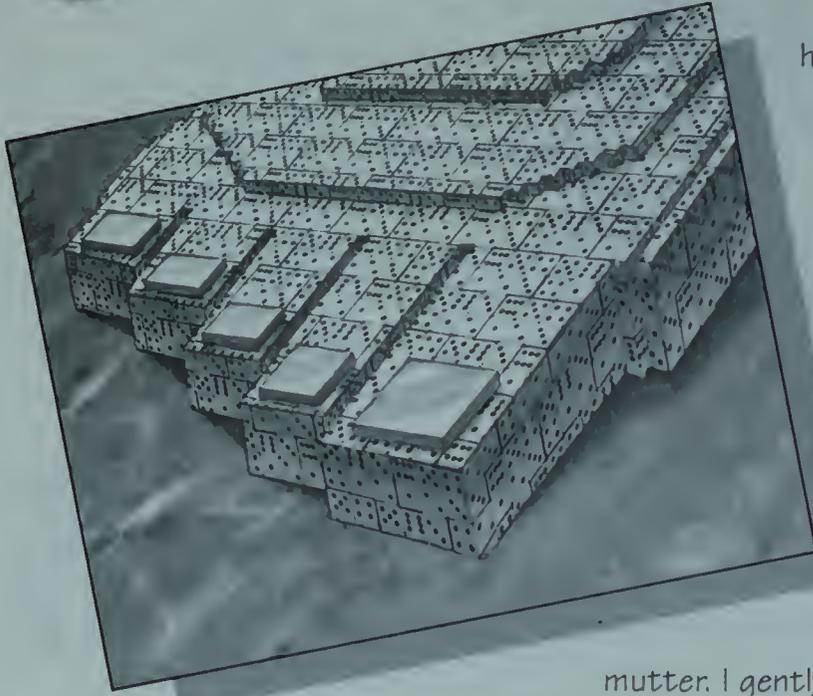
Ahoy Mateys! With the inventory listing the dice from the craps table as "legal dice," you get a real clue that there's another pair of dice you're supposed to use.



In a daze, brain working overtime to come up with a scheme, I walk out into the El Replicant Sculpture Garden. I see Bob Bitt is still busy building his Venus O'Dice. I'm standing there, working this itch and wondering if I'll ever find a way to scratch it



again, when I realize ol' Bob has dozens, hundreds, maybe even thousands of dice. Maybe I can shave down a pair of them.

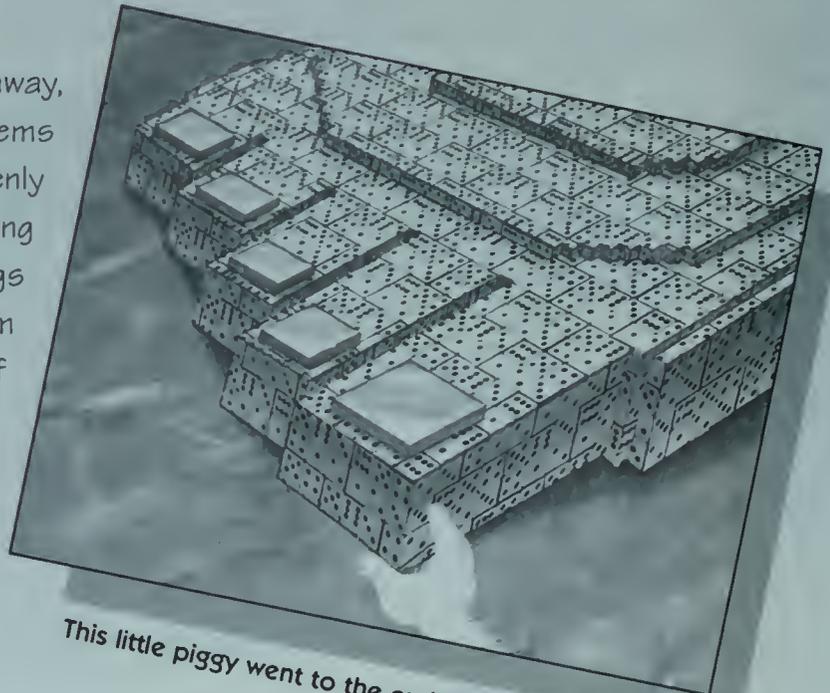


I go over to the Venus and shout up at him. He just ignores me.

Busy guy, right? Well, I look around. Surely he's dropped some dice somewhere. Just my luck, though, the guy's really careful with his work. I turn my attention to the statue's foot and look at it up-close and personal. The statue hasn't been completely glued together yet. There are some loose dice in there.

I reach out for a couple of dice from her big toe. "Nobody will ever miss a couple of these dice," I mutter. I gently remove a pair of them.

Just as I'm backing away, oh buddy, I tell you it seems like the sky has suddenly split open and its raining dice. I mean, these things are everywhere, like I'm standing in the middle of a popcorn popper that's hit puberty during an episode of Baywatch.



This little piggy went to the casino.



“Oops,” I say.

Up on top of the scaffold, Bob Bitt looks down, as surprised as a single guy who’s just found out his hand’s been cheating on him. (What? You missed the episode on Jenny Jones?) Bob bursts into tears.

The pile of dice on the floor resembles a snowcone that’s gone south.

I get the hell out of there and head back to the casino. Man, I’ve got a competition to win, and I think I’m on the right track again.

Inside the casino, I use the toilet paper on the souvenir dice. Pal, it works like a wet dream. I go back to the craps table and Jacques.

“Here’s my Thygh’s Man Trophy scorecard,” I say. “Charge a hundred smackers’ worth of chips to my room, will you, bub? I feel lucky.”

“But of course, sir,” the croupier says.

I put it all on ‘come.’ When he hands me the dice, I switch them, using the shaved dice instead. I lean back and let them roll. “C’mon, little doggies! Don’t let me down! Ruff! Ruff!” (Dalmatians, you know.)

Ahoy Mateys! If you try to use the souvenir dice without first shaving them with the toilet paper, the croupier will stop you. Larry will offer some lame excuse and will be allowed to continue.



Seven!

“Yippeee!” I yell. Big Daddy’s got a win in his sights now, pal. I glance at the croupier, who looks totally uncaring about my good fortune. “Let it ride, pal.” I take



the dice and shake them good. "I'm rolling now." And I send them tumbling again.

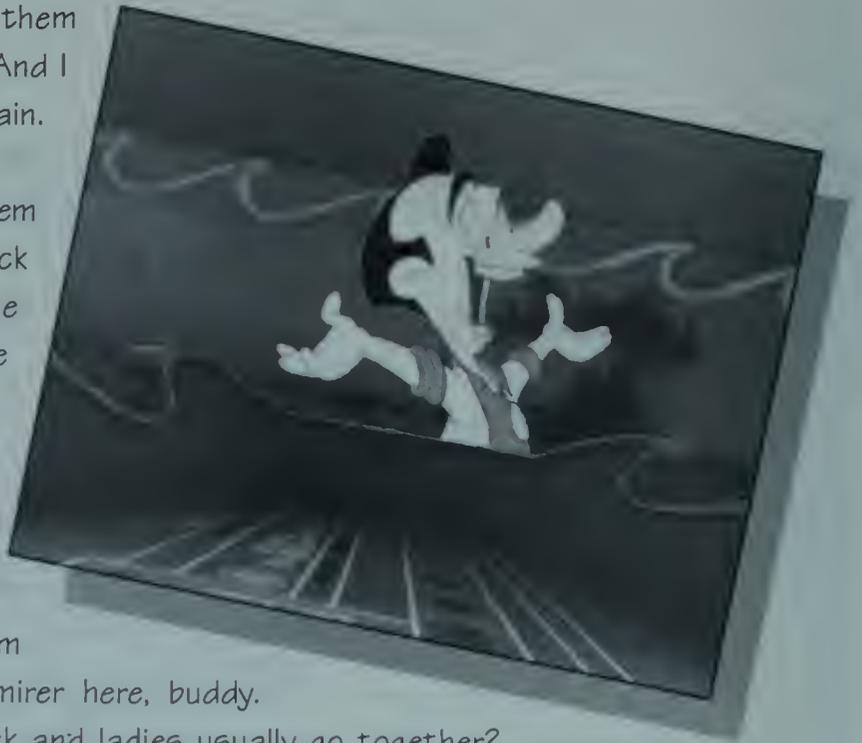
Seven!

"Yes!" I roar. "Let 'em build." I get the dice back and check out the stacks of chips that are mine, all mine, buddy. "Wow, look at those stacks!"

And then, pal, wouldn't you know it? I get an admirer. I'm talking a brunette admirer here, buddy.

You ever notice how luck and ladies usually go together?

And she's one hot piece of work, pal. When it comes to wood, this babe can bring up enough lumber to furnish a fourteen-room mansion and still have enough left over to outfit a guest house or two.



I turn to look at her, the dice still in my hands. Oh my God, look at those stacks!

"Hello, handsome," she says in a low, sultry voice. "I'm Dewmi More."

I swallow hard. Suddenly, everything's hard, you know. "Me?" I say.

"Oh, I'm Larry. Larry Laffer."

She looks at me with those burning eyes. "I couldn't help but notice how lucky you are tonight."

"Well," I say, "tonight, yeah."



She leans in and give me a kiss on the cheek. Buddy, her scent is out of this world. I'm feeling light-headed, but that could be due to the blood loss I'm experiencing. As she pulls back, she blows on the dice in my hands.

I throw the dice and come up a winner again. "Finally," I tell myself, "I'm getting lucky." I throw the dice again.

Seven!

I turn to Dewmi, arms outstretched. Pal, I am the conquering hero.

Dewmi tickles my chin with her hand and looks straight into my eyes. "Would you like to go to my cabin?" she asks. "And play a more intimate dice game?"



Hubba-hubba, I hope I have a rubba. I get control of myself—at least, the speaking parts of myself. "Sure. What is it?"



"Strip Liar's Dice," she answers. "You do know how to play Strip Liar's Dice, don't you, Larry?"

"Sure," I say. I don't, but how hard can anything be that has strip in the title?

"Where's your cabin?"

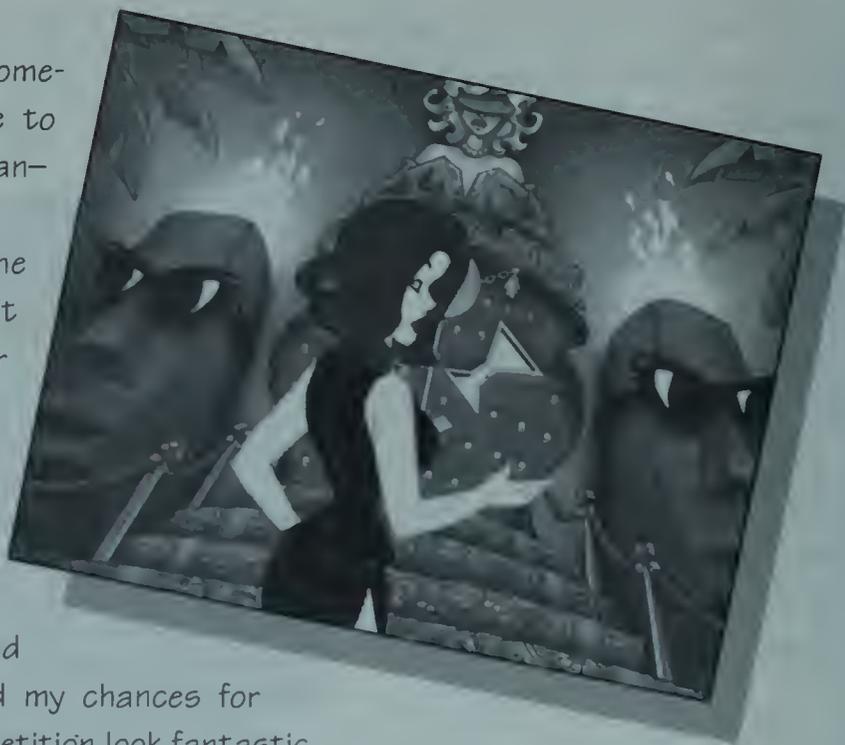
"It's 510," she says, turning and walking back up the steps to the entrance. "I'll go get the dice and the cups."



I'm surprised and somewhat dismayed, I have to tell you, pal. "You mean—I gotta wear a cup?"

"Hurry, Larry," she implores. "I just can't wait to . . . up your ante."

I watch her go. Jacques stamps my TMT scorecard for me and cashes me out. Man, I've got a wad o' dough now, pal. And my chances for winning the craps competition look fantastic.



Ahoy Mateys! The next time you access your map, you'll notice that Cabin 510 shows up. The first time you go to Dewmi's cabin, the trip is automatic. But look around everywhere.

One Orgiastic Fantasy Coming Up

A few minutes later, I'm standing in Dewmi's cabin. I'm also finding out what the rest of the cabins look like, pal. For a free ticket, I should be getting paid to stay in my cabin. I mean, there's a ship-shaped bed, a fountain bath, and furniture you can actually use.

"How about a drink, Larry?" Dewmi asks.

"You know, I'm not really that thirsty right now," I tell her politely. Wood and alcohol don't mix, buddy. Never drink and drive is my motto. If you know what I mean.

"Okay," she says, fixing herself a drink. "Sit down."

I do.



She sits opposite me, bringing out the dice and cups. “Make yourself comfortable, Larry.”

“Right,” I say. “Mind if I kick off my shoesie-woozies?”

“Uhm, sure.” She looks at me. “Do you know how to play Strip Liar’s Dice, Larry?”

“No,” I admit, “but I’m sure I’ll pick it up. Let’s go.”



“We’ll play with what we’ve got on right now, okay?”

“Sure.”

“Okay, let’s roll.”

I shake my cup. This much I understand.

“It’s your bet,” she tells me, pointing to the stack of chips she’s pushed over to me.



For those of you who need rules, the game provides them. If you have trouble following that version, I offer this comparison, because I’d never played Liar’s Dice myself. Think of the dice as you would Spades, betting the trumps in your hand. Only instead of every hand automatically being Spades, they’re any number you choose on the dice—twos, threes, fours, and so on. The bull’s-eyes are wild cards. As you look at the betting line . . .



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... you'll see that two bull's-eyes are worth more than three of anything else. You must place your bet accordingly. Also, notice that three of any higher number takes precedence over any other lower number.

Another bonus in this game is that you can cheat. You just wouldn't be Larry if you didn't have a way to cheat a woman out of her clothes—and use it. To peek into Dewmi's cup, hit **Ctrl** **C**.

The game that's recorded here is a representation of how the game is played.



Ahoy Mateys! You can lose at this game. If you do, you end back up in the casino. You do get access to Dewmi's room, and you can go back again and again to try to win at Liar's Dice. Cheating is still the best way to go. Unless you're really good at Strip Liar's Dice.

She places a bet on four bulls-eyes. I bump it up to five.

"Okay," I say. "There's my bet. Challenge it, I dare you."

"Let's see them," she says.

I show them. "Psych."

"I'll buy a die," she says, handing over a hundred dollars.

We shake the cups again, and buddy, I'm just so hot she can't touch me. Finally, I get her down to losing an article of clothing.



Even when you're cheating you still might lose a hand or two; but don't worry, the odds are with you to win the game.

"I think I'll start with my shoe," she says.

Whoa, pal! "Hey, I kicked off my shoes before we started," I say.

"Didn't we agree we'd play with what we had on?" she asks smoothly.

"Yeah," I grump. "I suppose so."

She kicks them off and we continue playing. It isn't very long before I have her on the ropes again, though, buddy. We're talking a glass-topped table here. Strip Liar's



Dice is going to get really interesting real quick.

"I suppose I'll sell off my blouse," she says.

"Now we're getting somewhere," I tell her. "Hubba-hubba, whooo-whoooo!"

"Larry, control yourself," she tells me. But she takes the blouse off, making sure I get a chance to get cone-happy.

We play some more, but my luck is just too good. She's lost again.

"Hmmm, looks like this skirt will have to go," she tells me.

Never again will I doubt the power of prayer, buddy.

She makes a show of taking the skirt off.

Oh man, she's sitting there just across from me in her black lacy bra and panties.

We keep playing, but I'm on a roll that can't be stopped. She loses again.



"Darn," she says, "I need to lose another piece of clothing."

"Oh pinch me," I tell her, "I'm dreaming."

Dewmi laughs. "Silly me, I forgot about my earrings."

Bra, panties, and — earrings? "What!" I complain.

"It's clothing," she says in a catty voice.

"I'm wearing it, aren't I?"

"Yeah, but I don't wear earrings."



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She gives me the feminine evil eye, the same one that got Adam all excited about Eve's apple pie. "Are you saying that you're not man enough to allow a poor, frail little woman a little handicap?"

"Oh, I guess not," I grumble.

"You're a prince, Larry."

That's not what I would call it, pal.

She takes off her earrings and we get back to playing. I'm on a streak, though, buddy, and there's no turning back the inevitable.

"And here goes the other earring," she laughs. "Getting excited, Larry?"

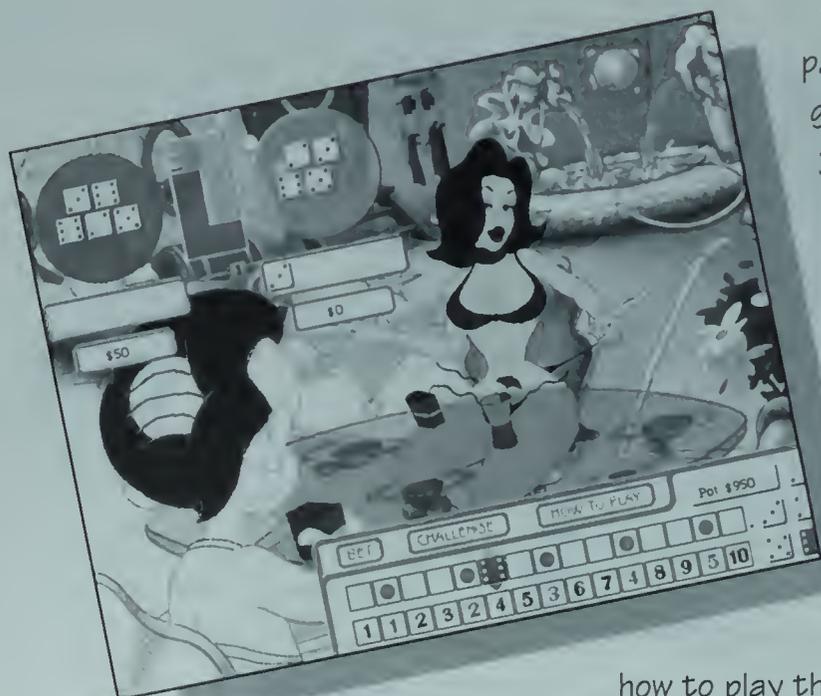
"Ecstatic," I growl. We keep on playing. I get up on her again, but not anywhere near the way I'd like to, pal.

"Well," she tells me, looking into my eyes, "I guess it's the bra or the panties. I just don't know. I've never gone this far before. I'm so embarrassed." She pauses, thinking. "I'll flip a coin. Heads—panties, tails—bra."

"Shouldn't it be the other way around?" I ask, and I don't know which way I'd like the coin to come up. I'm already there.

She smiles at me. "Whatever you say, Larry." She flips the coin. "Tails! Panties it is."

"My cup runneth over," I tell her.



She unties the thongs on her bikini panties and slips them off without getting out of her chair. And wouldn't you know it? Her drink is right in my line of view.

"There you are," she says. "You earned them."

I look at her glass. "Can I freshen your drink?"

"Oh no, thanks. I'll just suck on the ice cubes."

Oh pal, this is getting to be torture. I try to concentrate on playing but it's hard. Remembering

how to play the game is too.

When we get down to her bra, she just plays through her dice.



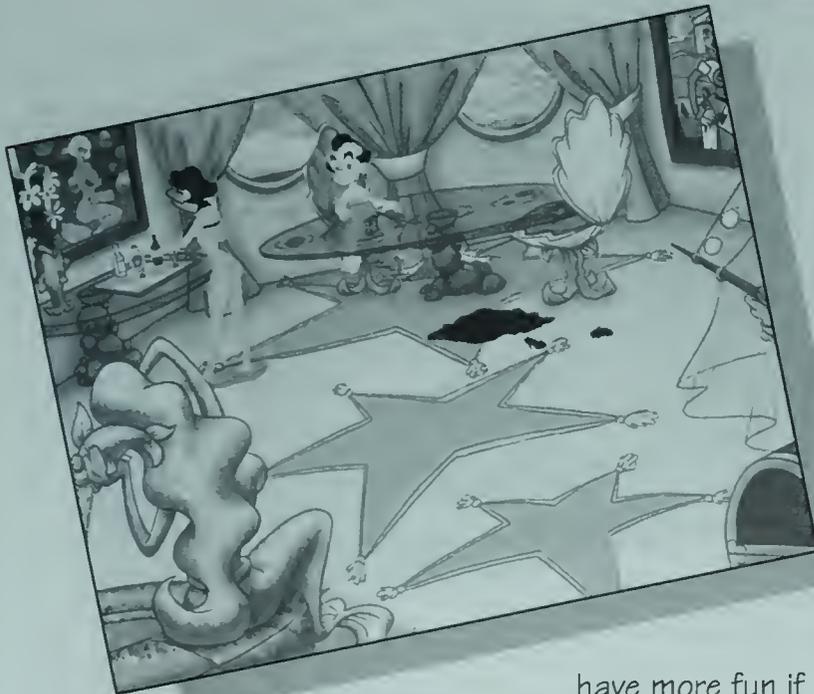
Ahoy Mateys! The game is designed to get Larry down to his skivvies or beyond, so don't sweat the small losing streak at the end. Your best strategy at this point is to carefully watch Dewmi's cup and challenge her when she overbids her hand.



"Son of a—" Dewmi says as she loses her last die. She gives me a coy smile as she leans back in her chair, then reaches for the front of her bra, ready to pop it open. "Well, that does it, Larry. You're just too damn good for me."

I smile broadly. I'm sitting here with a Louisville Slugger, ready to drive one deep center.

"Now here's the moment you've been waiting for. Make yourself comfortable, Larry."



I just sit there stunned, waiting for the bra to come off and send me to Casaba Heaven.

"How about a drink, Larry?"

"You know," I say, "I'm not really that thirsty now."

"Oh, come on," she replies, "humor me.

Besides, won't we both have more fun if we're a little loose?"



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Actually, pal, *loose* is the last thing on my mind right now. "I guess you're right," I say. What's one little drink? I stay at the table as she walks over to a side table and pours drinks. "Sure."



I think I see her reach into her bra for something, but I must be wrong. She's probably just adjusting things for their unveiling.

She hands me the drink. "Here you are, Larry."

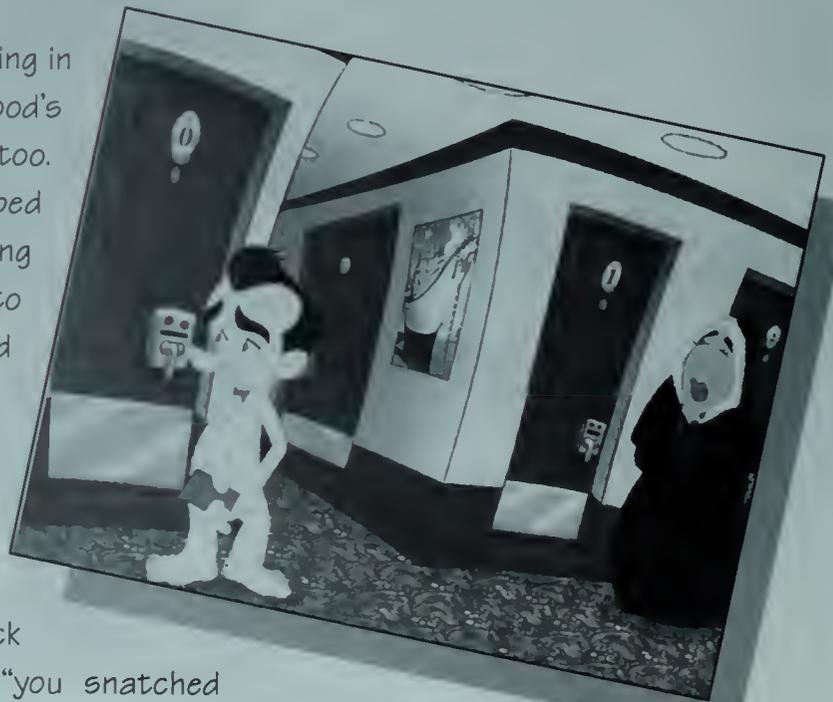
I toast her and drink up, gulping it down. I'm staring at her, waiting. She blows me a big crimson kiss that seems to jump right off her lips and come sailing at me. Then I'm in the throes of one of the worst nightmares I've ever had.

Man, we're talking Iron Butterfly meets *Fantasia* here. Bad, bad stuff.

When I come to, I'm lying in the fountain pool. The wood's gone and Dewmi's gone too. Buddy, I know she slipped me a Mickey. I'm not going to wait around for her to call ship's security and get me busted, too.

But when I get up, I find she's taken my clothes. Oh man!

"Once again, Larry," the little voice in the back of my mind tells me, "you snatched defeat from the jaws of victory."





I get out of there as fast as I can, using the dice cup to cover myself. I creep down to my cabin, thankfully encountering no one.

No one, that is, until the nun I almost bump into in the hallway outside my door.

She turns away with a look of disgust and starts groaning and waving a hand in front of herself.

I drop the dice cup, trying to think of something to say.



Then I notice the groans of surprise turn to moans of interest as she looks back at Little Larry. I get the hell out of there, buddy, before I get attacked. I guess if you've never seen one before, Little Larry looks pretty awesome, you know.



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CHAPTER SIX



Jailhouse Rock

Back in my cabin, I change into another leisure suit. Pal, I thought I'd stocked up, but I'm in serious danger of running low

The first thing that's on my mind is giving Dewmi a piece of my mind. I go back to her cabin, working up a really good mad the whole way.

But when I get there, I find the door open and she's nowhere around. I look all around the room, searching for some sign of my leisure suit. I find an assortment of interesting things—specially the bottle of powder on the table beneath the picture of a Captain Thygh mermaid. I find the label and read it, not believing what I find there.



"Dewmi's bottle of orgasmic powder is either half-empty or—," the little voice in the back of my head says, then stops. "No, it's definitely half-empty."

Orgasmic powder, eh, buddy? Now there's something that could make my time in here worth my while. I pick it up and take it with me. After all, I won at Strip Liar's Dice; she owes me a good time.

She's not here, so I go back to thinking about the contest. I whip out my TMT scorecard and give it a look.

So far, I've won the Craps and LoveMaster 2000—I'm nearly halfway home, buddy.

I sucked at the Horseshoes, Bowling, and Best Dressed competitions, but let's see what I can whip up for the Cook Off. I check the map, find the kitchen, and go there.

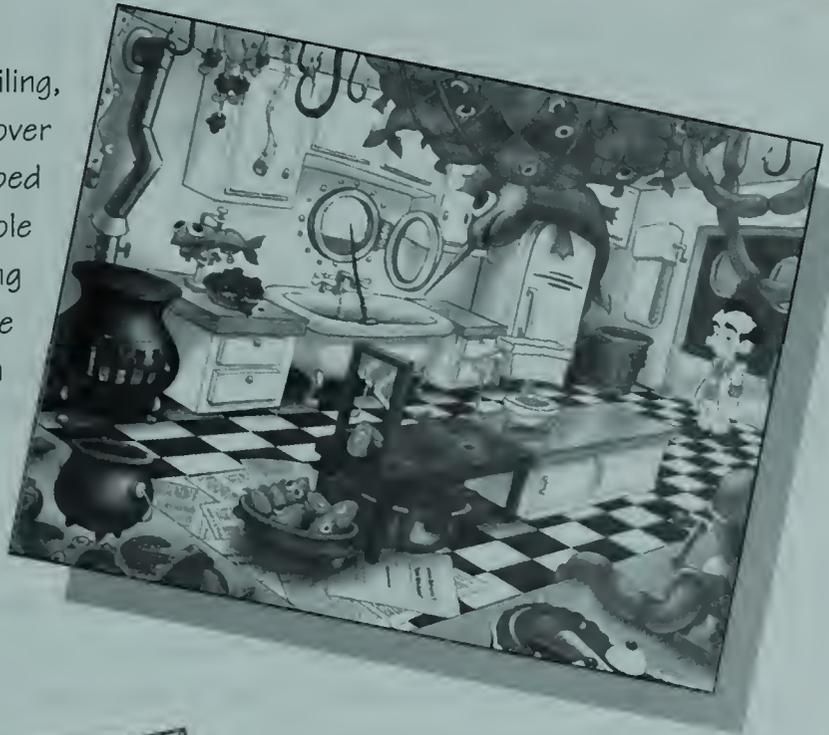




What You Got Cooking?

Man, this place is a pit!

Nets of fish hang from the ceiling, accented by fly strips definitely over their limit. A giant swordfish is draped over the refrigerator. A fishing pole sits in the big sink, the line drifting out the window. More fish are on the table by the small guillotine; a basket of fish heads stare up glassily under it. Under the table is a tub of what looks like octopus tentacles, but on closer inspection, I see they're entrails.



Pal, we're talking bona fide nausea, here.

There are, however, tentacles on the metal table behind the small cooking pot. A confectionery nightmare somebody's called a "cookiepuss" lies on the metal table beside a grinder with a pig's butt sticking out of it and link sausages dangling to the floor.



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I step over the old newspapers scattered over the ground and walk to the potbellied stove. I see the coals glowing orange inside. It's plenty hot.

"Do you know the three principal parts of the common woodstove?" the little voice in the back of my head says. "The lifter, leg, and poker."

On the small cabinet beside the stove is a fish in a Caviarmaster 2000. I turn the crank to operate it and fish eggs spew out of the fish.

Oh, pal, I'm not eating any caviar again! Ugh!



Ahoy Mateys! OK, everybody knows you shouldn't go into a kitchen with a critical eye. But this one you've got to go over in detail. Try everything. Look at everything. Then swear you'll never eat out again.

Then I look above me, smelling something disgustingly familiar. At first I think it's some kind of chicken; then I notice it has four drumsticks instead of two. Geez Louise, buddy, that was a poodle! I invent a new mantra right on the spot: *The bean dip was safe, the bean dip was safe, the bean dip was safe.*

I go for a closer look at the swordfish. So far things look pretty hopeless as far as making something for the Cook Off. Everybody else must be having the same problem, right?

This fish isn't going to work at all.

I turn my attention to the refrigerator, but when I touch it, I find it's warm. No familiar vibration to indicate it's working. And the smell of rotten fish seeping out around the seals. . . .

No! Whatever's in there, it's staying in there!

Then I spot the shiny little device on the island in the middle of the kitchen. I cross the room and take a closer look at it.

"The CyberCheese 2000. Just add ingredients and step wwaayyyy back," that little voice in the back of my head says.

OK, it looks clean. This I can use. But what ingredients do you need to make cheese anyway? Judging from some of the cheese wrappers I've read, the information is conflicting—and sometimes downright scary.



I turn my attention to the fish lying beside the guillotine. It's wrapped in a magazine.

"It's a fish," the little voice says, "wrapped in an old issue of *Professional Hash Slinger Magazine*."

"Oh good," I say sarcastically. "My subscription just ran out." But I pick up the fish and take a closer look at it.

"That fish has gone bad," that little voice tells me in stern tones.

"How can you tell?" I ask.

"Oh, the little things. The earring, the tattoo, the surly expression."

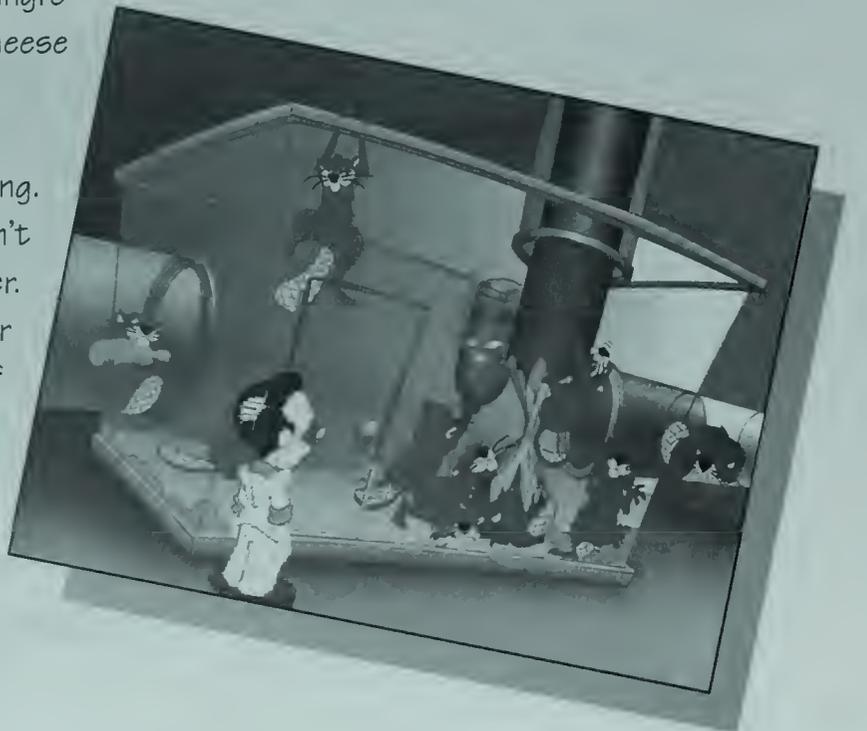
"Say, how about if I toss the fish and keep the magazine it's wrapped in?" After all, *Professional Hash Slinger Magazine* might have a recipe or two I could use. Provided I can find the proper ingredients.

"That's good."

I pick up the fish and toss it in the green garbage can—which until that moment was the cleanest thing in the kitchen. I open up the smelly magazine and look at it.

"This page contains the recipe for Venezuelan Beaver Cheese. The ingredients include beaver milk (as always milk from the elusive Venezuelan beaver is much preferred), a pinch of salt, rimmit (for which you may substitute lime juice in a pinch), and a hint of mold. The back page contains the recipe for Venezuelan Beaver Cheese and Kumquat Quiche. The ingredients include Venezuelan Beaver Cheese and fresh sliced kumquat."

That sounds positively disgusting. But looking around the kitchen, I don't see anything that's looks any better. And I know where I can find beaver milk and fresh kumquats. The rest of it will take a little thought. I pick up the pot because I'm going to need something to put the milk in.





I go back down to the lower aft hold and check on the beaver cage. The little guys are busily chewing out bowling pins. I make friendly faces at them for a while, then slip into the cage and milk a few of them into the pot. It takes me a little while to figure out how to work the equipment.

When I finish, they look really happy about the whole experience.

I go back up to the Promenade deck and look for the fresh kumquats I spotted earlier. Peggy's busy welding the railing with her leg.

I grab the kumquats off the tree and toss them into the pot too. The lime juice may be a problem, but I think I've got that one licked, too. So to speak. My buddy Johnson in the Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge should have some lime juice for his mixers.





Backstage with the Juggs' Lacy Nothin's

I get back down to the lounge and talk to Johnson. "Excuse me, Johnson. I want a glass of lime juice."

Ahoy Mateys! You must tag lime juice in the conversation box and it will only be there if you looked at the recipe page in your inventory that you found in the kitchen earlier.



"Nope," he says without pause.

"Why not?"

"We don't serve just lime juice," he tells me.

"And why not?"

"Cause it ain't on the menu."

"Oh," I say. That's OK, pal, because ol' Larry's always been a fast thinker. Especially when Little Larry's not trying to do the thinking for him. "It ain't, ain't it?"

"Nope." If he notices the sarcasm, he doesn't react to it. "And if it ain't on the menu, I ain't serving it."

"Well then, how about you make me a Lime Rickey, Johnson." I'm speaking slowly so he'll understand me. "Is that on your menu?"

"Yeah. OK. One Lime Rickey coming up."

"But leave out the gin, OK?"

I say.

"OK," he says. "Virgin."

"And leave out the soda water, OK?"

"OK."

"And leave out the sugar, OK?"

"OK."

"And leave out the frigging ice, OK?" I say.

"Why you—!"





Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

For a minute I think he's going to climb through that window and come after me, but I know he can't get through it. "And make it snappy," I tell him.

"Here," he says, shoving the glass of lime juice through the window. "Pucker up!"

I take the glass and start to turn away. The only thing left on the list of ingredients is mold. That I believe I can find too. But the door to the left of Johnson's cubicle piques my curiosity. Where does that door go?

While Johnson's busy in the bar, I walk toward the door, figuring I can get through it before he notices me. I'm wrong.

Johnson leans through the window immediately. "Hey, hold it! What do you think you're doing? You can't go in there! That's private! Why them women could be naked

in there, and the breasts just a-swinging back and forth! And the nipple thing! They could be hanging upside down again! Well—you just don't know!"

"Sorry," I say. "I was just looking for the head."

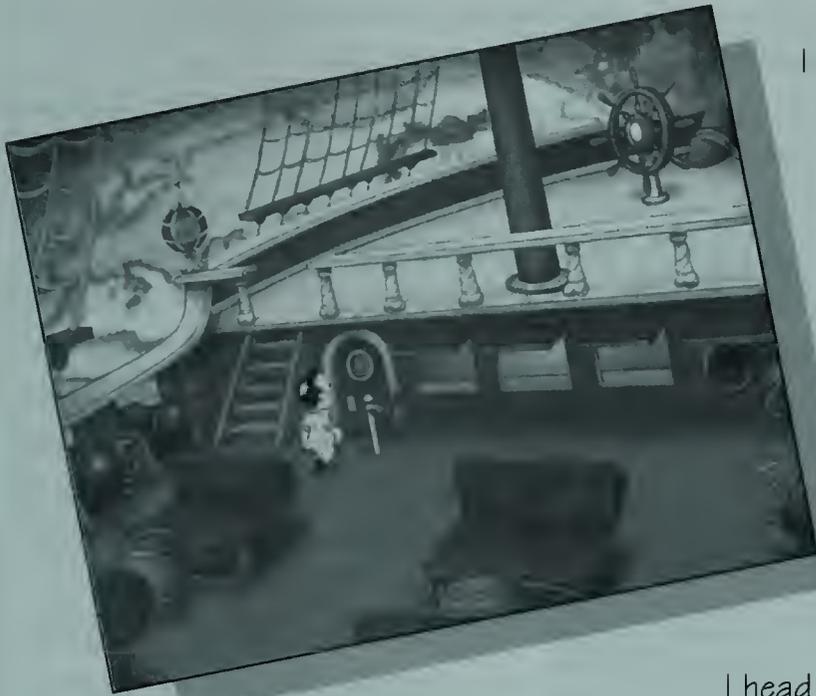
"Don't you talk that nautical talk to me, bub. I'm just a plain old country boy."

Well pal, I don't know about you, but all those images arouse my curiosity—and that's not all. I go back to Johnson and try to stir up some conversation about the women in the room next door. But he's not having any.



If you haven't—just for frivolous entertainment—started trying to give the orgasmic powder to other people, give it a shot here.

OK, so if I'm going to get past that door, pal, I've got to get him off doing something long enough for me to sneak in. The thought of those naked women, pal, makes a guy creative.



I order a Gigantic Erection.

"Talk to the Captain," he snarls. "Not me."

"No, I mean a drink. A cocktail."

Realization dawns like an egg slow-cooking.

"Oh, well that'll take awhile. Are you sure?"

"I'll wait," I tell him.

"No problem."

As soon as he moves away, I'm in motion.

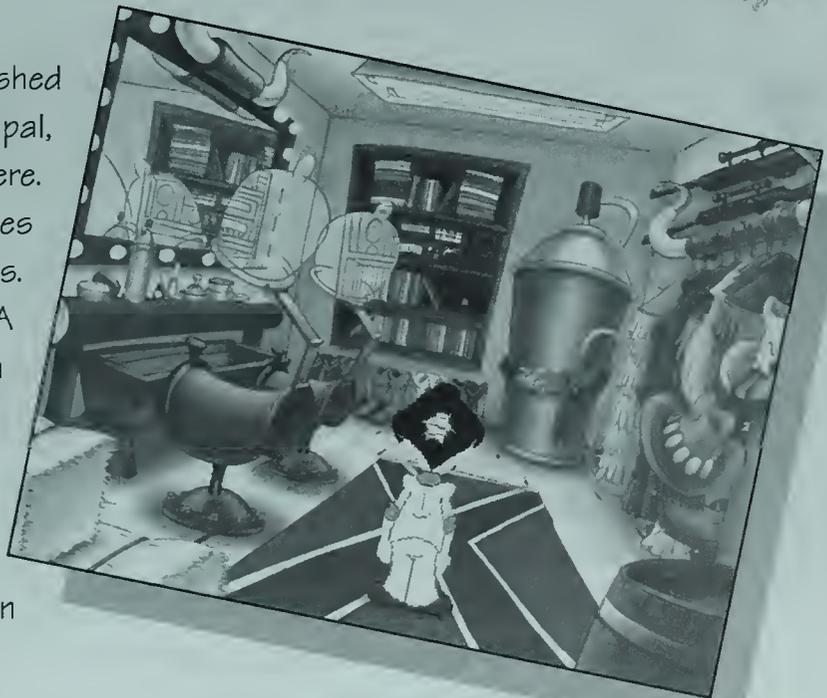
I head through the door.

Ahoy Mateys! You have to move quickly here to get in before Johnson's return.



I step into a dressing room furnished in early John Wayne. I'm telling you, pal, western paraphernalia are everywhere. Boots. Hats with sheriff's stars. Bales of hay. A gun rack made of bull horns. A mirror framed by bull horns. A dressing table that looks like a watering trough. And saddles for chairs.

I walk on in, stepping on the Confederate-flag throw rug. We're talking country, buddy. Hicksville on the PMS Bouncy.





The clothes rack is made from a cactus. It doesn't take much guesswork: This must serve as the Juggs' dressing room when they're aboard.

In the back corner is a bottle of hairspray bigger than me. No wonder they can put all that hair up the way they do.

The shelves are full of karaoke laserdiscs featuring one song apiece. The titles catch my eye: "Felt Up and Feeling Blue"; "Hairspray Can't Hold My Love for You"; "Get Along, Long John"; "Support Hose and Child Support"; "Thinking with My Panties Again"; "I've Got Panties around My Ankles and Pain 'Round My Heart"; "Glove-Compartment Panties"; "He's Got His Daddy's Eyes and His Other Daddy's Smile"; "Big Hair and Tangled Limbs"; "Stop Your Talking and Put That Tongue where It'll Do Some Good"; "Just a Cheap Pick-up In a Cheap Pickup"; "Thinking Ain't Your Strong Suit"; "It Takes More than Cognitive Reasoning"; "White Trash or No Trash, and "Even Your Old Dog Blue."

Man, I've got to meet those girls again. If I really turn on the ol' Larry Laffer charm, they'll melt in my hands like they must have melted out of those Spandex outfits under the heatlamps.

Hey! That reminds me. I've got that bottle of silicone lubricant right here. Pal, we're halfway to heaven already.

I go over to the dressing-room table and look over the cosmetics. I spot the can of spray deodorant at once. Man, it looks almost the same as my can of silicone spray.



Ahoy Mateys! To change the silicone lubricant for the deodorant, you must Use the deodorant with the lubricant.

I make the switch, and I can't help grinning at myself in the mirror. Pal, this is one of my better schemes. Now all I need to do is look around for the spotlights they're going to use tonight.

I spot the red button below the karaoke machine. It's not marked.

"You'd better not push it," that little voice in the back of my head says. "You have no idea what would happen."

But I'm on a winning streak, pal. I'm not going to let a little unlabeled button scare me away. I lean in and push it real good.



And it sounds like a space shuttle or something is taking off overhead. OK, OK, buddy. So maybe it doesn't sound that loud. But it definitely sounds loud enough to get Johnson's attention.

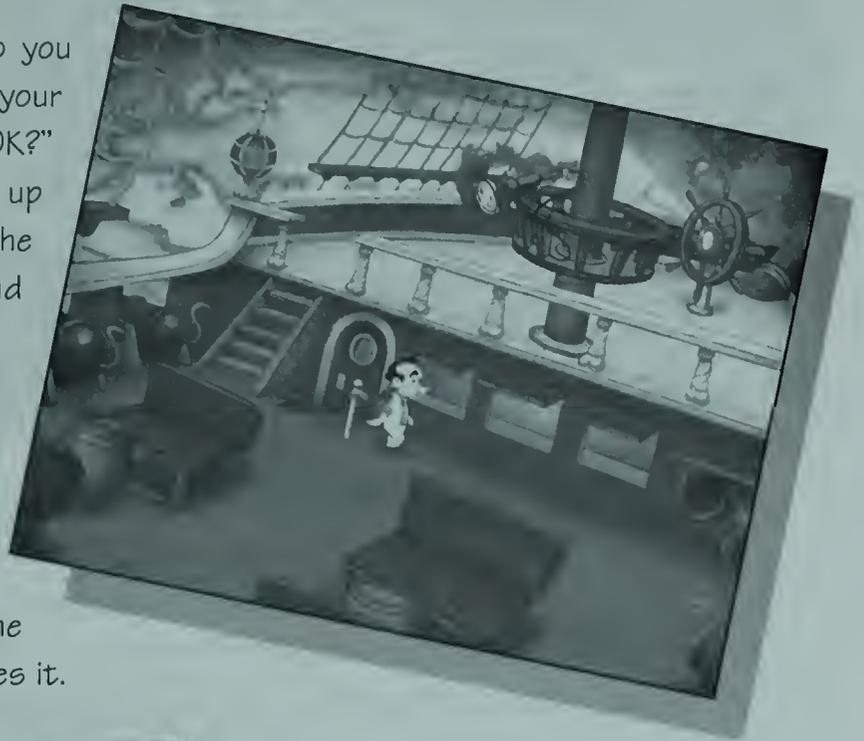
I sneak out of the room with all the skill I picked up sneaking into and out of my mom's house.

"Hey, loser," Johnson growls. "Do you want this drink? I'll charge it to your room. Show me your cabin keycard, OK?"

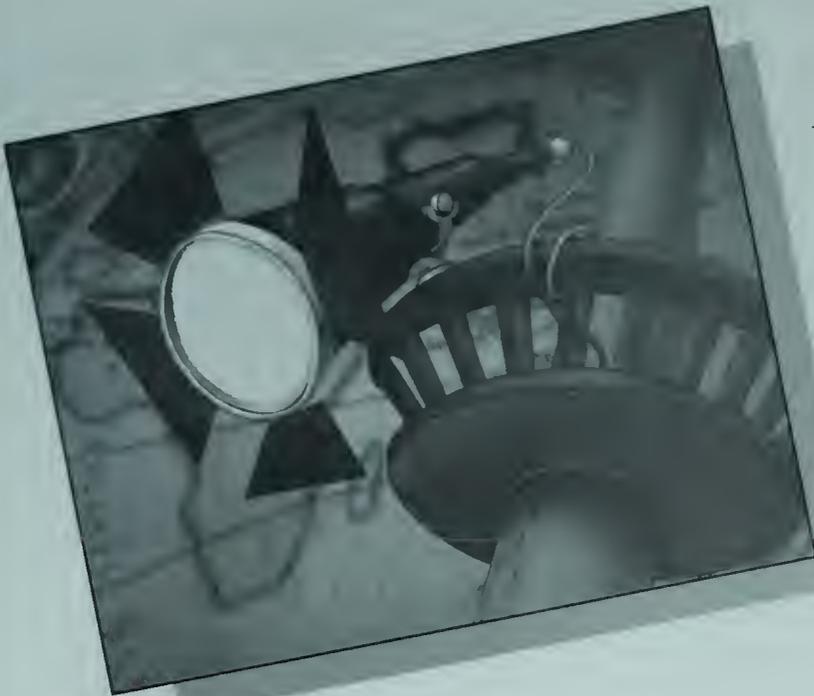
Whew! He didn't spot me coming up the steps. "Thanks," I say as I take the drink. "My banana's all soft and flaccid, with little brown spots."

"Sorry, bud," Johnson tells me. "I only do drinks."

Everybody's a comedian. I blow him off and drink it down. That's when I notice the pin spotlight up on the crow's nest. Evidently the button in the dressing room operates it.



When Johnson's back is turned, I go up the steps and take a closer look at the lighting truss.



Ahoy Mateys!

Until you push the button in the dressing room, you won't be able to go up these stairs.





It's no big deal. It's the follow spot used for stage shows. But it can become a big deal, buddy. Provided I can change out that bulb for one that'll throw off a lot more heat. Maybe there's an extra one in the kitchen drawers. I can check there as soon as I get some mold.



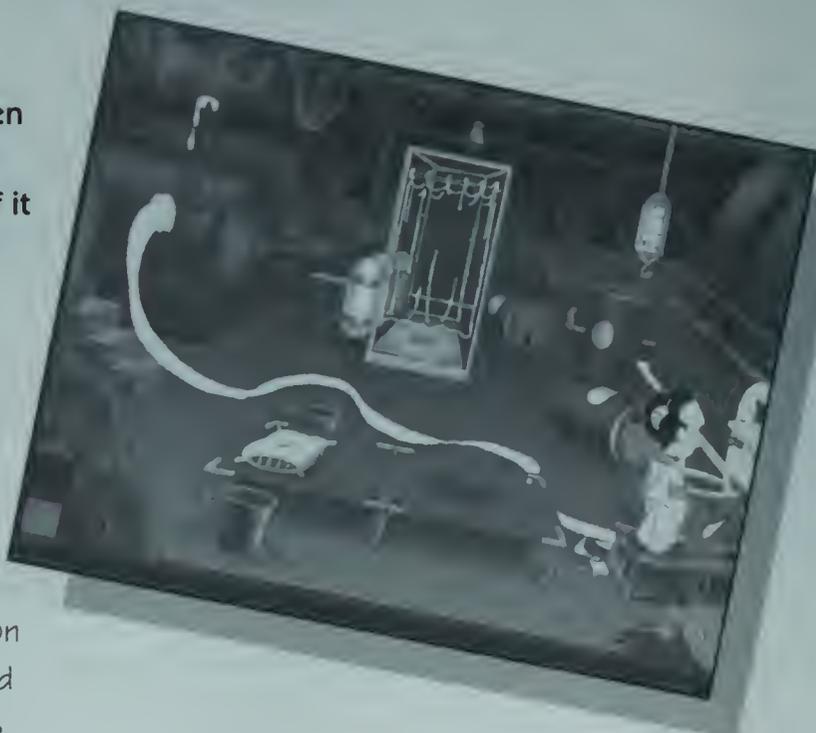
Cutting the Cheese

I go back to my cabin and take a look in the shower. All around the drain is a small patch of greenish mold left from the steam of Drew's earlier shower. I bend down and scrape some up. Oh man, this stuff stinks! I'm glad I'm not going to be eating this.



If you haven't been flushing the toilet just for the hell of it now that it works, it's time to start!

I go back up to the kitchen. According to the magazine page, I've got everything I need, except the salt on the cabinet. I grab it and start mixing ingredients.





Ahoy Mateys!

If you don't have the salt, nothing gets done. Simply Take it and Use it with any one of the other ingredients. And remember, you're only making cheese at this time. The quiche will have to come later.



Once I get it all mixed together, I throw it in the CyberCheese 2000 and kick that puppy on. It doesn't take long. In minutes I have cheese. Cheese that really, really stinks.



But it's mine. I made it. Proudly, I put it in a dish and go up to the Cook-off competition area.

Three gourmet chefs—and I know them all from the learning channel—are sitting behind a conveyor belt that's set up to look like teeth in a giant mouth. The first chef is Judge Julia.

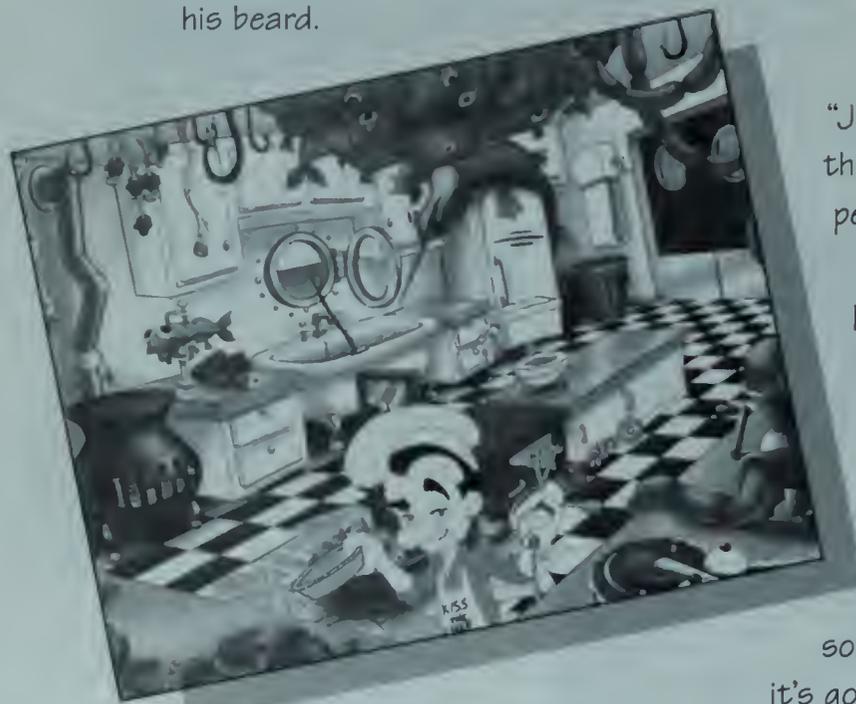
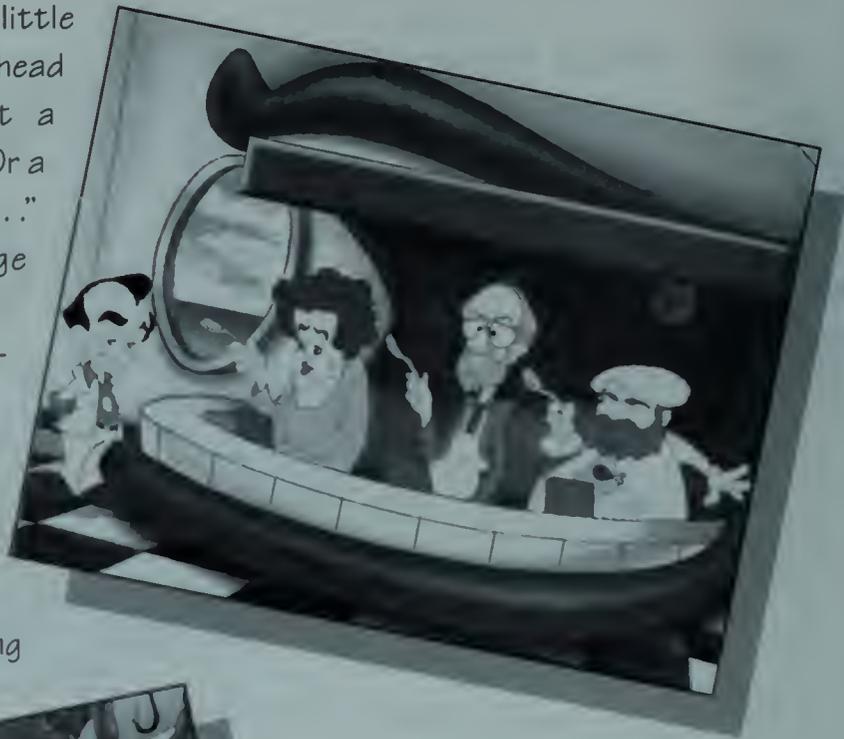


"Judge Julia," the little voice in the back of my head says, "has never met a dessert she didn't like. Or a quiche. Or a soufflé. Or..."

I move on to Judge Graham.

"Judge Graham specializes in food for those who want to lower their intake of fat. And taste."

And finally, Judge Paul, who's busy chewing his beard.



"Judge Paul is obviously fond of food," the voice says. "His own. His competitors'. Anyone's."

I know it's going to be tough to please them all. When I show them the cheese, they aren't interested in the slightest, which makes me angry. But I can't look angry.

Okey-dokey, then.

I go back to the kitchen. The other part of the recipe said something about quiche. Well, quiche it's going to be.



Ahoy Mateys! To make the quiche, simply Use the cheese with the kumquats in the kitchen.



I throw the cheese into a baking dish, add the kumquats, bake for 55 minutes, and *voilà*:

“Quiche de Larry.” It looks really good.

I take a deep whiff.

“It smells awful goo- .” The voice in the back of my head comes to a grinding halt. “No, it smells awful.”

I look at the quiche and wonder if I have the nerve to bite into it. I mean, if a whiff shuts that voice off, maybe a bite will perform, like, an exorcism or something.

I hustle back up to the Cook-off competition again.



Too Quiche for My Own Good

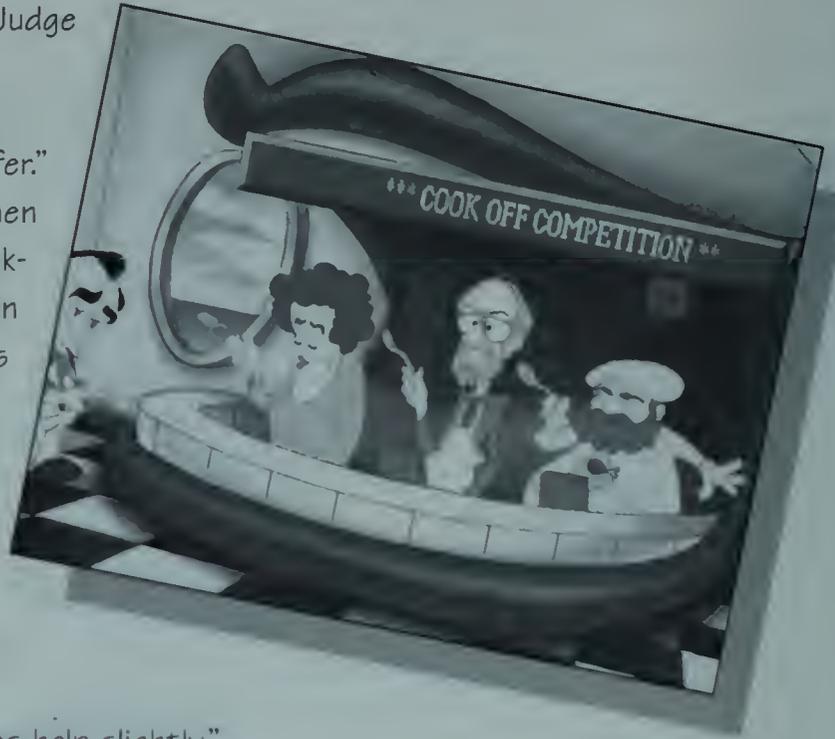
Once I'm back in the room and before the judges, I put the Quiche de Larry down on the conveyor belt. I wait tensely as they prepare to sample the dish.



"Scorecard, please," Judge Julia asks.

I pass it over.

"Thank you, Mr. Laffer." She takes a bite. Then she starts tossing her cookies, and my quiche. When she recovers, she turns to the other judges. "Well, this has nothing to distinguish it from the hundreds of other Venezuelan Beaver Cheese Quiches we've endured. Although the essence of kumquat does help slightly."



Judge Graham looks at her in consternation. "What? I don't want to bother tasting it then."

"Wait," Judge Paul says, "I might want to try."

My hope goes up again. Buddy, I scraped bathroom mold to make that quiche. I milked beavers. I outsmarted Johnson into— well, okay, maybe that wasn't such a big thing. But the others were!

Judge Paul looks at the quiche, then the hungry lights just go right out of his eyes. "No, never mind."

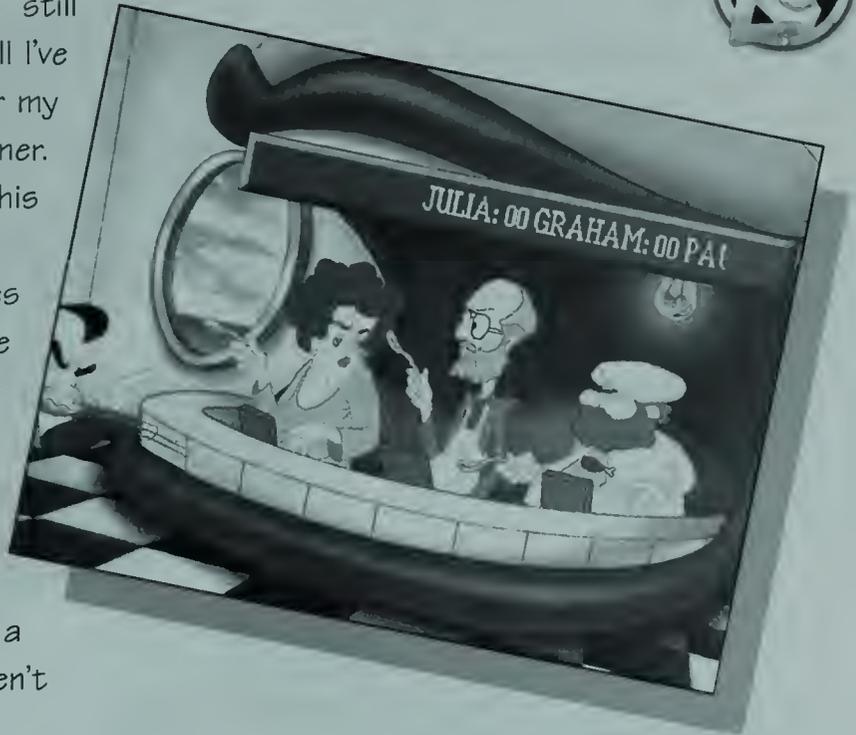
Without warning, the conveyor belt speeds up and my quiche comes flying right back at me. I catch it and make my way back down to the kitchen.



I look around the mess that's still waiting there. Hours of work, and all I've got is a beat-up quiche to show for my trouble. Buddy, this is a real downer. There's not a freaking thing in this kitchen that I can use.

I stand there for a few minutes feeling sorry for myself, then I notice the hard shape in my pocket. My jacket pocket! Buddy, don't go there!

I reach into my pocket and whip it out. Dewmi's orgasmic powder. I wonder how it would be sprinkled on a quiche? Well, pal, at this point I haven't got anything to lose.



Ahoy Mateys! You have to put the powder on the quiche in inventory to get this to work.



I admire my handiwork when I'm done, then head up to the Cook-off competition again. Now *this* is Quiche de Larry.

I put it on the conveyor belt and wait.

"Oh, scorecard, please," Chef Julia says.

I pass it over.

"Thank you, Mr. Laffer," she says. "Well, what do we have here?"

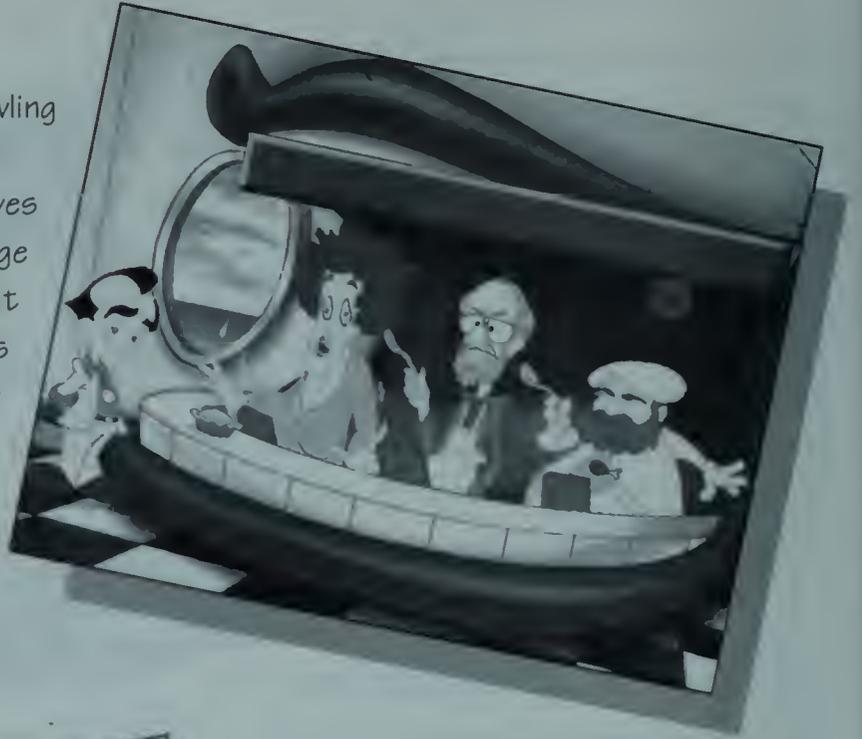
Before I can answer, she flicks a spoon out and takes a bite. Man, I bet this dame can de-bone a chicken in seconds. Just looking at her does it for me, if you know what I mean.

She chews thoughtfully, then with increasing interest. It doesn't take long for the interest to turn to real passion. "Yes, yes." Then the full effect of the orgasmic powder hits her, baby, and she's suddenly a few yolks shy of an omelet. She falls



backward in her seat, howling like a madwoman.

The conveyor belt moves the quiche in front of Judge Graham. "I'll have what she's having," he says politely. He digs in. A few seconds later, he's babbling like a baboon.



"Hey," Judge Paul says, "wait for me!" He takes the biggest bite of all. Everything that's left of the quiche.

I watch them, feeling really good about the competition because I know there's no one who can top what I've made. Judge Paul gets on the conveyor belt, completely out of his mind, and starts going round and round.



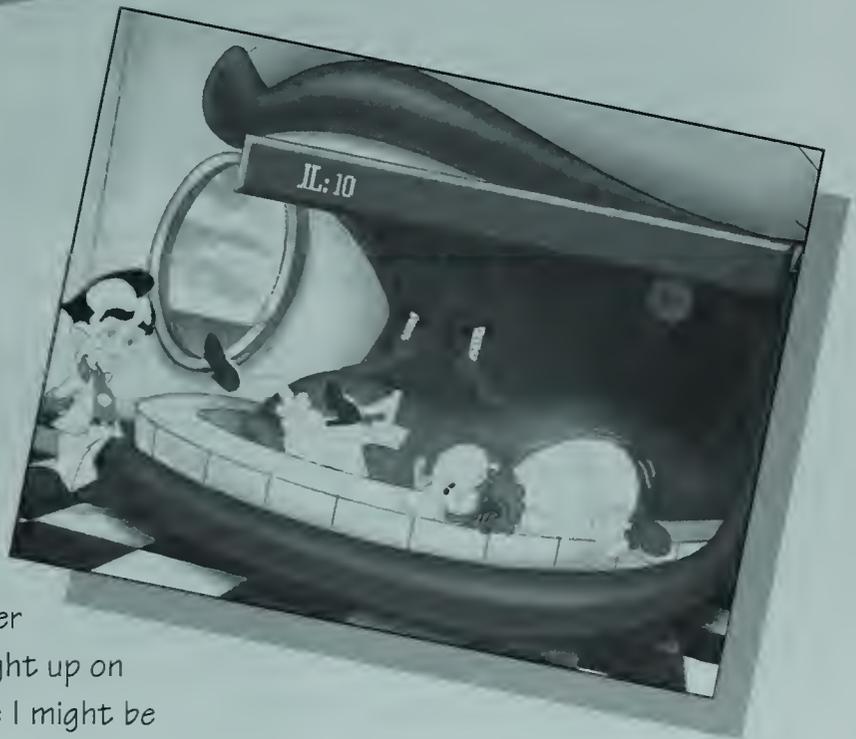
"You may not know much about cooking," the little voice says, "but you know what they like. Look at those scores. You just won the cooking contest!"

I get my scorecard back and check it out. Yep. I won it. Now, I need a stiff drink. And I know just where to get one.

Now That's Sinnertainment!

Up in the Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge, I knockback a stiff one against the bar, pal. And then I have a drink. You know how it is. After a little thinking about the pin spotlight up on the lighting truss, I remember where I might be able to find a heat bulb to put in it.

I go back down to the Heavin' Ho Restaurant and talk to Wang. If I can get him away from the buffet table long enough, I'm going to take the heat lamp there.





Ahoy Mateys! The strategy here is simple. Keep eating the S'Pork until it's all gone.

I talk to him for a little while, all the time gorging myself on the S'Pork. Buddy, let me tell you, I'm glad I've eaten the things I have in the past. My stomach's strong enough to keep even three helpings of S'Pork down.

After I empty the metal pig, he panics and runs to the back to get some more. "Oh no! Not enough S'Pork. Must get more. No touchee."

I make use of the time and grab the heat lamp, after letting it cool for a little while. Even then it's not cool enough to handle properly. Carrying it in my pocket, I go back up to the lounge.

When Johnson's not looking, I climb up the stairs to the lighting truss. I peek in and grab the original bulb, then replace it with the heat lamp. The original bulb falls to the ground and shatters.

"That's a sneaky idea," the voice in the back of my head says. "But won't that make the stage uncomfortably warm?"

Buddy, I can only hope . . .



Ahoy Mateys! To change the bulbs, you must walk up the stairs or look at the lighting truss to get close enough.



I check the show schedule and find I've got a few minutes, so I go back down to my cabin to freshen up. While I'm there, I try the Juggs' deodorant. Ugh!

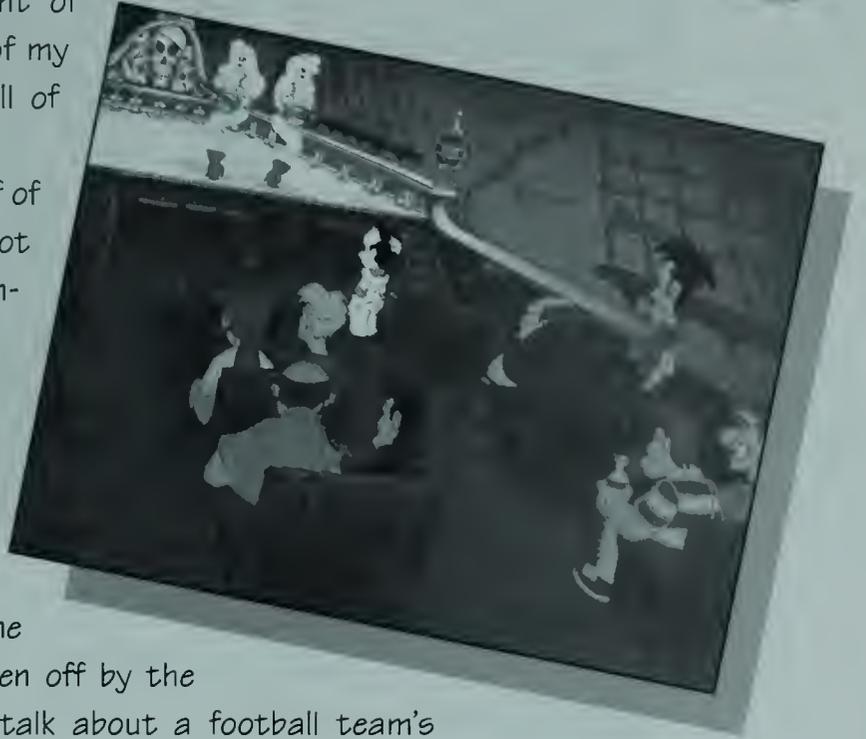
"It's the official state deodorant of Texas," the voice says in the back of my mind. "Smokin' Pits. With the smell of down-home barbecue."

And, buddy, that's right. One whiff of that stuff and you know you've got your hand wrapped around a potential incendiary device.

I go back up to the lounge. When I get there, the Juggs' show is in full swing. Hoo-rah! It's Mahogany Time!

The girls are on stage in some of the tightest clothing I've ever seen, their skin shiny from silicone lubricant and from the warmth given off by the heat lamp. Pal, TV sportscasters talk about a football team's front line busting through, but these ladies look about ready to bust out.

I listen to them sing, the smile on my face getting broader and broader.



"The first time that I saw his face is when I realized, He's got his Daddy's eyes and his other Daddy's smile!"

As the song finishes, the crowd applauds enthusiastically.

"Thank y'all, and God bless," Nailmi says.

"Thank you so much," Wydoncha adds.



"And now," Nailmi says, "we need a volunteer for the unplugged part of our set. Who wants to play with our jugs?"

Man, I'm leaping like a gazelle, outrunning everybody as I go racing up the stage.

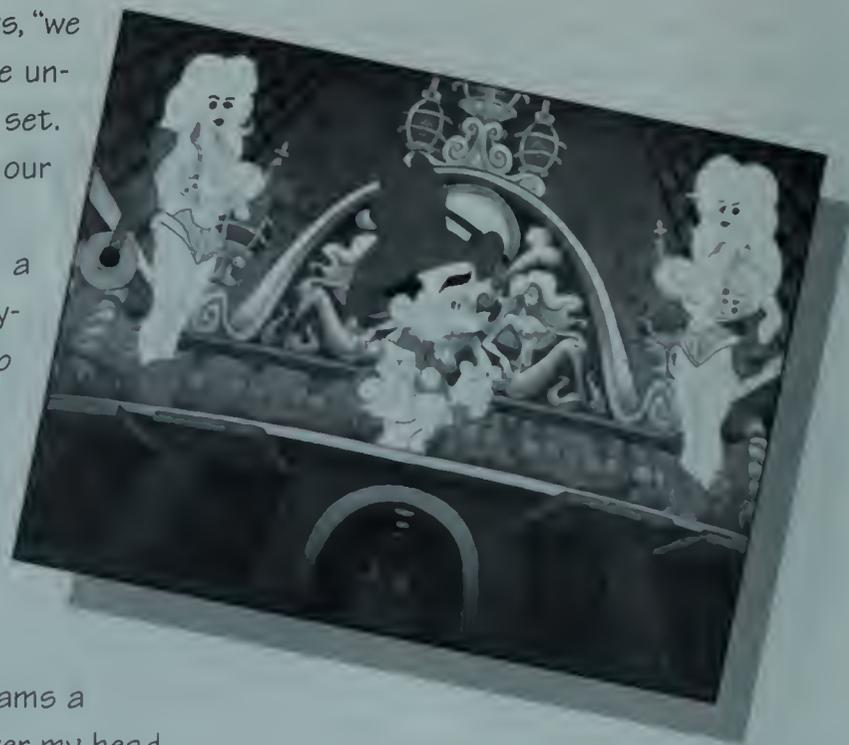
"Why looky here, Momma," Wydoncha says with a giggle. "A volunteer."

"Howdy, Buckaroo," Nailmi greets as she slams a big cowboy hat down over my head.

I push the brim back and look up at her.

"Pardon us while we whip these out."

Pal, looking at them from here, feeling the heat of the lamp blazing down on me, they don't look like they've got far to go. The crowd gasps appreciatively.

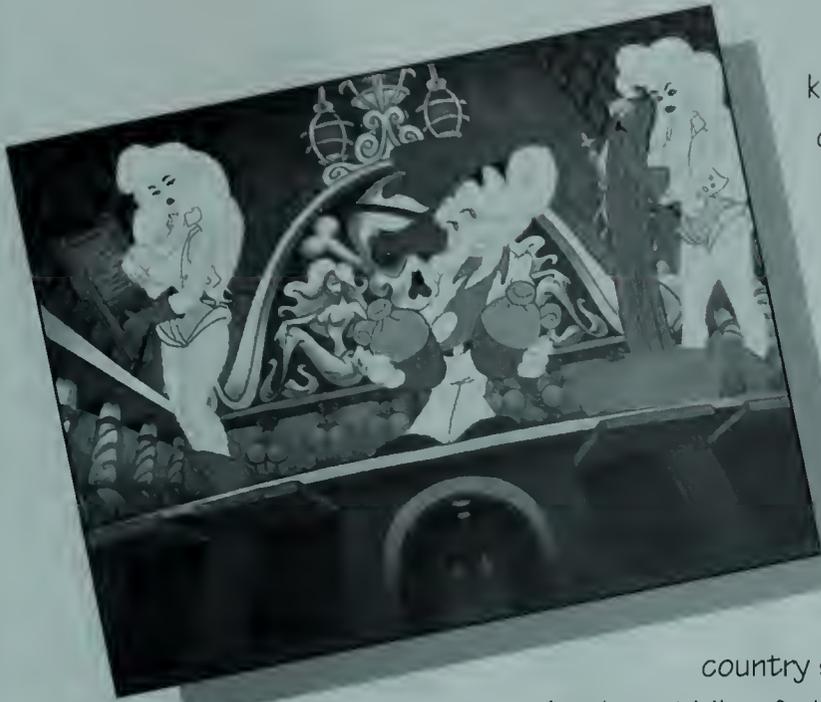


But mom and daughter reach inside their tops and pull out empty corn liquor jars. Geez Louise, how'd they have room for anything else in there?

They pass me the jugs and I take them. It's not that much different than a kazoo, is it?

"Hey, Johnson," Nailmi says, "how about some of that special lighting?"

Immediately the other lights around the stage go out. Then I can feel the burn as the pin spotlight



kicks on. Pal, I didn't know it could get that hot. I can smell the silicone lubricant already, and suddenly there's not enough air to breathe.

The girls break into a kick-ass country tune and I try to follow along blowing on the jugs. Buddy, I'm getting into it. I could be a country star. Watch me go!

In the middle of the breakdown, Nailmi looks over at her daughter. "Wydoncha, is it hot in here?"

"Oh, Momma," she says with some concern, "I'm a-getting that feeling again."

That's good. I grin bigger.

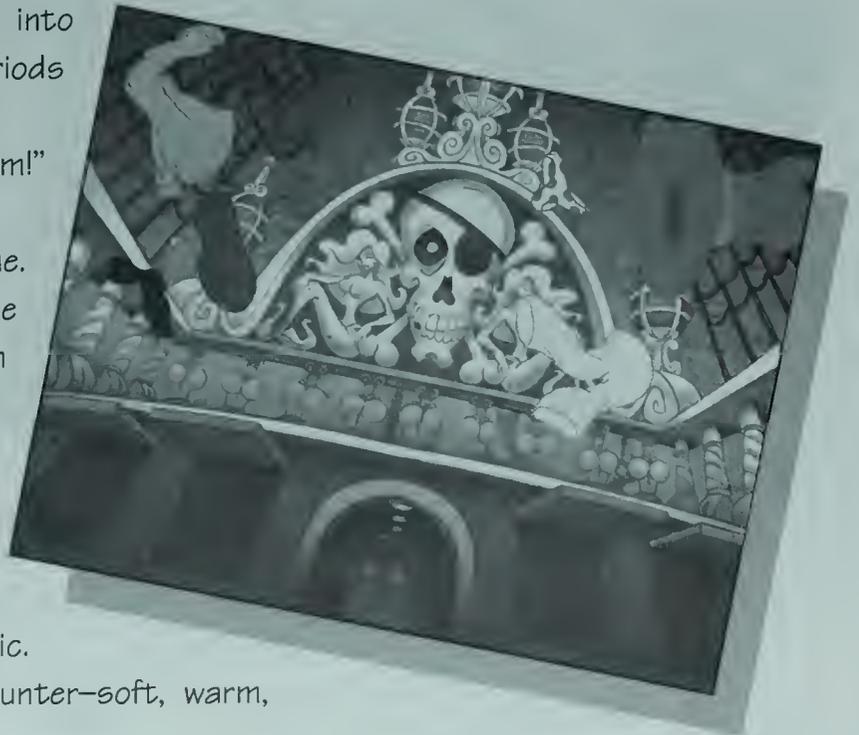
Evidently the heat lamp isn't strong enough to handle the current. It starts shorting out, plunging the stage into flashes of illumination between periods of no illumination at all.

Hands close on my arm. "Grab him!" Nailmi orders.

Wydoncha doesn't waste any time. Clothes fly everywhere as they pull me down to the stage and begin stripping each other as well as me. The audience goes wild!

Buddy, I can't remember everything that happened that night, but I went down as a living legend in the annals of country music.

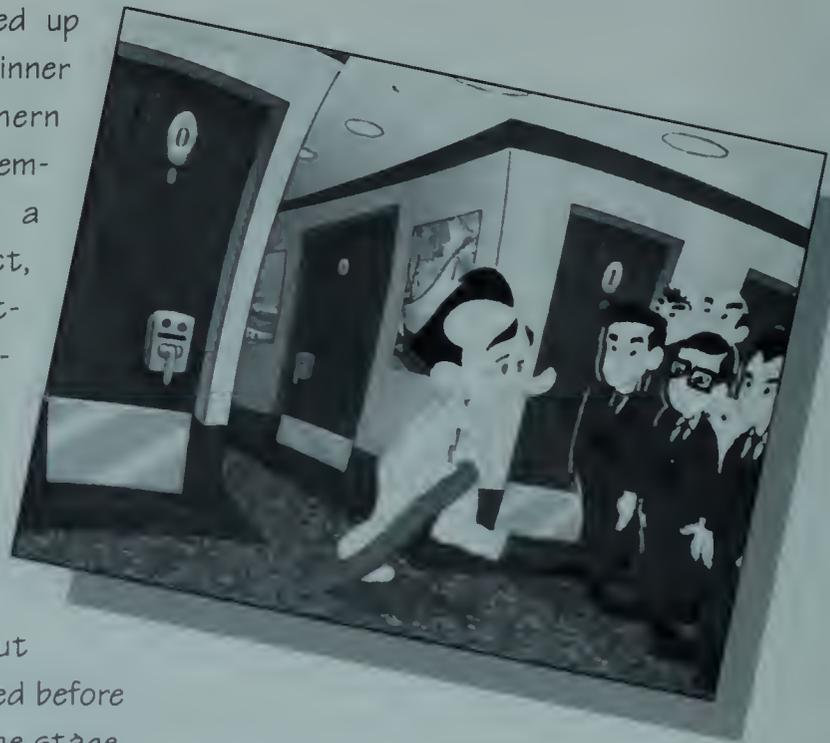
I do remember parts of the encounter—soft, warm,





perfumed parts greased up like a Sunday chicken dinner laid out for a Southern Baptist preacher. I remember something about a Siegfried-and-Roy act, being sandwiched between them a couple different ways, and being tossed back and forth like a ball between two seals.

It didn't take long for the show to get shut down, though. I scattered before the audience rushed the stage.



I think I'm in the clear getting back to my room. Just creeping down the hallways using a cowboy belt with a buckle big as a Buick hubcap to preserve my modesty. I think I've got it made for a moment, then I run into a group of Japanese tourists in front of my door.

They start gawking at me and talking loudly. Before I know it, out come the cameras. I smile, and I run.



Buddy, I'm getting to be internationally famous!



CHAPTER SEVEN



Follow That Dream

Coitus, Jamie Lee Coitus

Once I've changed clothes, I find I'm running out of leisure suits. Oh man, it just doesn't get any worse than this! Buddy, how can I score with the babes if anything happens to these sets of threads? They can't be replaced, you know.

During my wandering, I travel up to the bridge and look out over the ship. Gazing down at the swimming pool and seeing all the nude bodies there, I wish I'd brought my binoculars. I'm still worried about my clothing.



Ahoy Mateys! At this point, you have to look at the sails and realize they're made of polyester. Either simply look up at the top of this screen, or climb the bridge for a closer look. Then Look.

I check out the map, searching for a clothing store. I don't find one, but I do find Captain Queeg's Ballroom. Maybe someone in there will know about a clothing store on board.

Using the map, I soon find myself standing in a foyer where a King Neptune statue stands guard over the door. I have to laugh. The guy's sitting on a gold-plated john. Now there's a way to be remembered. Geez, people always remember the losers.

The doors at the end of the hallway are labeled "STAGE DOORS." OK, so it's the big doors with the gold anchor on them for me. I'm trying to keep a low profile after all that . . . exposure with the Juggs. But, if I must make a grand entrance . . .



Be sure and check out the authentic Greek frieze over the doors.

I push through the doors and step into an immense room. Buddy, we're also talking *intense*. Above me a bunch of naked swimmers stroke in a glass water tank. At first I think they're put up there like one of those globes you shake up and make



snow swirl around in. Then I realize what I'm actually looking at is the glass bottom of the swimming pool on the deck overhead.

I admit it, buddy, I take in the sights for just a few minutes because I'm goggle-eyed. But after the novelty wears off (as if looking at bodacious babes

swimming totally nude could ever lose its appeal), I look around the rest of the room.

At the far end is a stage area. Red velvet curtains are closed across it. The arch over it is another Greek pediment. A runway juts out in front—the kind of catwalk models walk down in fashion shows I've seen on TV. Dozens of chairs are ringed around it, with tables farther back. Everything's in keeping with the underwater theme, with strands of kelp and seaweed draped here and there. The room's made up to resemble the ocean floor.

But I'm telling you, pal, with all the babes swimming by on the other side of that glass ceiling, I could be one of those support pillars lying around the room.

Then I notice the beautiful woman dressed in lime- and olive-green sitting in a high-backed artist's chair before a drafting table. Hey, if she's just passing herself off as an artist,





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maybe I can buy a pad of paper somewhere and come back and enjoy the free show myself. They wouldn't kick an artist out of here, would they?

I walk over to her to kind of ask the question. Plus, I want to take her temperature. If watching the action in the swimming pool is heating her up as much as me, I want to know it. Maybe she can check my thermostat, know what I mean? Buddy, maybe we can put on a show for the swimmers. Hubba-hubba.

"Hello there, beautiful," I say. One of my best lines, inspired by the surroundings. "What's a mermaid like you doing here in this Atlantis City?"

As she turns to look at me, I see all the drawings scattered over the table in front of her. She's a clothing designer. Either that or she never got over her paper-doll fetish.

"Get out!" she snarls. Her accent is pure Brooklyn.

That steams me up, pal. Travolta was hanging out with broads with voices like that when he made it big. And that kind of voice coupled with that kind of emotion just sets Little Larry all a-tingle, as the Juggs would say.

"This is a private area," she tells me. "I rented this ballroom for the entire cruise and I certainly don't want anyone to see *moi* near anyone dressed like *vous!*"

Yeah, like she knows anything about fashion! I mean, look at her, pal. Take away those dynamite curves, those drop-dead baby blue eyes, that hair, those cheekbones, those perky little melons, those bee-stung lips, those long legs, and what would you have? A green halter top, purple shorts, and olive fishnets. Check it out, buddy, she'd be dating material for the Incredible Hulk.

"Oh, French, huh?" I say. Because that part of her definitely excites me. "I so enjoy the *French* way."

She snorts derisively. "Yeah, I bet you do." Then she mutters to herself. "Still, I'm having no luck here. Maybe a few minutes of inane distraction with this imbecile will start my creative juices flowing again."

I don't take her insensitivity to heart. After all, I wouldn't mind getting her juices flowing myself.

"*Je suis* Jamie Lee, the famous Heartscore Tour fashion designer," she says.

"Not Jamie Lee Coitus," I tell her. "The former leggy supermodel?"

"*Oui.*"

I know her, I know her!

"I was and still am," she says, "quite *leggy.*" She blushes with the compliment. "And who are *vous?*"



"Larry. Larry Laffer. You've probably heard of me too, huh?"

She shakes her head. "No."

Make conversation, pal, we're up to the plate with this one. That comment about the legs was right on the money. Something else, something else, something . . .

I spot her lamp. "You know, I used to have a lamp like that hanging over my computer desk."

"And your point is?"

Point? I had to have a *point*? I want to tell her I got her *point* right here. But I don't. "Nothing, I guess." I am so lame. Then I notice the paper wads on the floor all around her. "You've gone through a lot of paper."

She grunts. "Ain't it the truth? What am I gonna do? I gotta get an idea from somewhere."

Pal, I've got an idea already. It's just a matter of working up the right way to present it to her. "You look distraught. What are you working on?"

"Distraught? I'm *buggin*!" She takes a deep breath to calm herself. "I was gonna use this frigging cruise to show off my new spring line to the World Fashion Press. I even paid their way along with us. But now I just learned my arch-rival, that bastard Calvin Clone, scooped me! He pirated my entire spring line, waited until we sailed, then showed it to the press as *his* spring line!"

OK, pal, here's where we look indignant and sympathize with the little lady. Sympathy is good. "He can't do that!"

"Ha! Tell him that! But what in the hell am I supposed to do? My whole line will be laughed at. I gave it my all and now they'll call it derivative. I gotta show something before we dock, but I'm beat. And all out of *inspiration*."

"Well," I say, "I wish there were something I could do to help you." I look at the runway and imagine it stacked deep with barely covered beauties. Let's heave a collective sigh, buddy. This could be a tough one. But I can at least let her know I'm thinking about her problem. "So, if there's going to be a fashion show, there'll have to be models here, right?"

"*Oui*, but what good will they do *moi*? They have nothing to wear."

Say, buddy, that would be a show. "So would there be any chance of finagling a ticket to this fashion show of yours?"

"Oh no!" she tells me. "It's strictly for the industry press. We would never allow in public *debonair*!"



Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

I think so hard my head feels like it's going to explode. A chance to look at pretty fashion models who have legs like spaghetti and cool, distant smiles that just flames the caveman in any male, and having Jamie Lee Coitus in my debt is on the line. "But if I helped you out? Say, with an idea, you know. You'd be grateful, right?"

She gives me a long glance, the kind your mother gives you when she picks up the dirty underwear in your bedroom and finds all those racing stripes. "Grateful, *oui*. Gracious, doubtful. It would be so *noncomtour*."



Ahoy Mateys! To trigger the next part of this conversation, you must tag "leisure suit" in your conversation box. It will not show up unless you've previously looked at the sails.

TIP

I pull at the lapel of my leisure suit. "Jamie, honey, I got it! The solution to your problem is right before your eyes! All white but not too bright, light-weight but durable, artificial and wrinkle-free!"

She grimaces. "Vous?"

"No, not me. Polyester! The leisure suit! It works for me. It's a classic look." I deepen my voice. "It stood the test; it's still the best!"

"What?" She pauses. "Oh, *oui*. Great." Then she takes another look at the ol' leisure suit. No doubt taking in the way it hangs on my manly frame, you know. "Well, retro is in. And fashion has done crazier things. And really, when you come right down to it, ain't fashion just convincing people old ideas are new? Making people desire the crap they just threw away?" Excitement flares in those blue eyes. "Sacré bleu, Larry, it just might work! And the best thing is I'll make that asshole Calvin Clone look like the fool!"

I grin at her, one of my best grins. The kind I learned from the mailman that can make kids laugh and intimidate a German shepherd from a hundred paces. The crazy kind. The kind Steve Martin wears on *Saturday Night Live* reruns. Chicks seem to think he's so romantic now. "Say uh-huh, happening!"

"Oh, but wait," she says. "It's impossible! We're in the middle of the ocean here. The press is already aboard. And I have no polyester fabric." She hesitates. "Well, I could fax and order it choppered aboard." More thinking. "No, there's no way. But I do have my best seamstresses here." She thinks about that too. "No, they're just

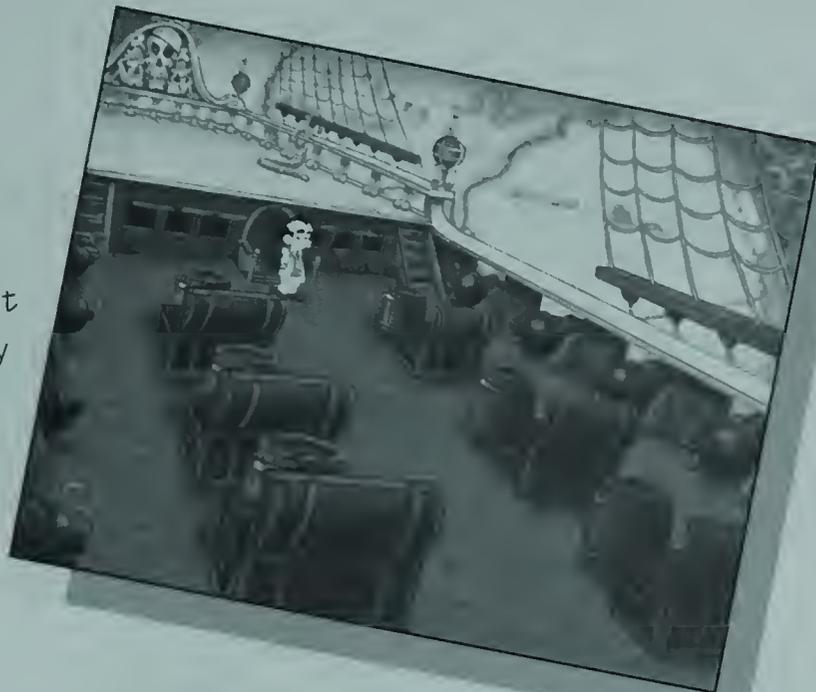


for last-minute alterations. There's no way they could stitch up a whole new line overnight without fabric." She sighs. "Maybe next year. If I even have a next year."

At the moment, I'm all out of ideas, pal. So I say good-bye and leave her drawing on the drafting table.

The Beauty of the Quick Toss

I go to the lounge, curious about what's been going on since security took over. Oh man, this place is a mess. Look at the stage area. I notice some things have been left behind. Hoping to score some of the Juggs' lacy nothin's I head up the steps on the left.



No panties, pal. I'm truly disappointed. I mean, I'm the guy who staged this little romp, right? I should have gotten a better party favor than a cowboy belt buckle. How the hell am I going to show that off?



But as I check around, I find the battery-powered clothing chase lights draped over the stage railing. And I find the remote control that goes with them. That information I read on electromagnetism is clunking around inside ol' Larry's brain. I think I've found a way to beat everyone at the Horseshoes competition.

Instead of going there, though, I go to the El Replicant Sculpture Garden. The swimming pool-ceiling in Captain Queeg's Ballroom gave me an idea.

Bob Bitt isn't there when I arrive. With no one to stop me, but feeling kind of queasy, anyway, I climb up the scaffold.

At the top, I look at the steel spike shoved through the ceiling. Buddy, I'm telling you, I'm sure the Horseshoes competition area is right on top of this very spot.

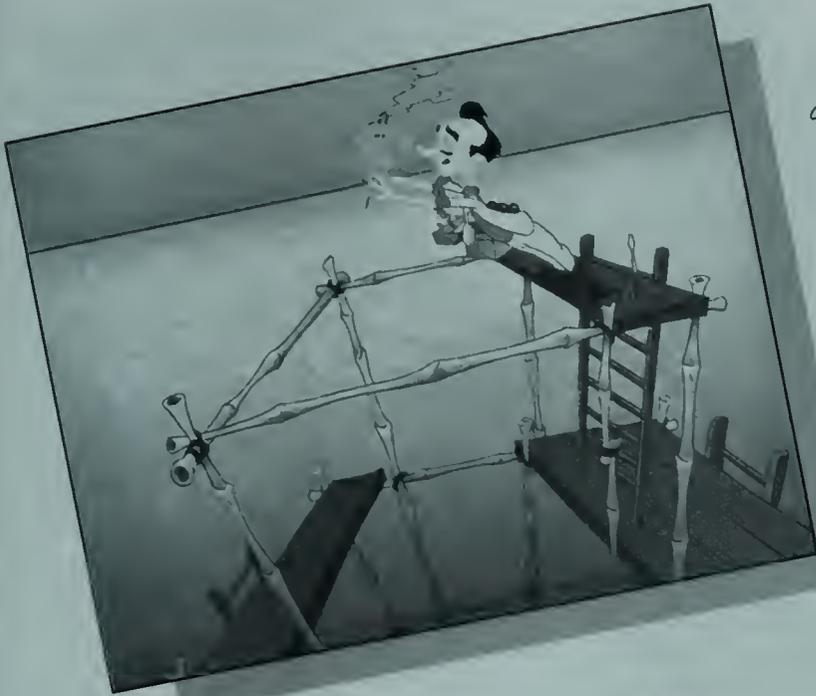


The scaffold shakes suddenly, rattling the tool box and the loose screwdriver beside me. Okey-dokey, then, enough with the tourist schtick.

I put my idea to work and wrap the battery-powered chase lights around the steel spike.



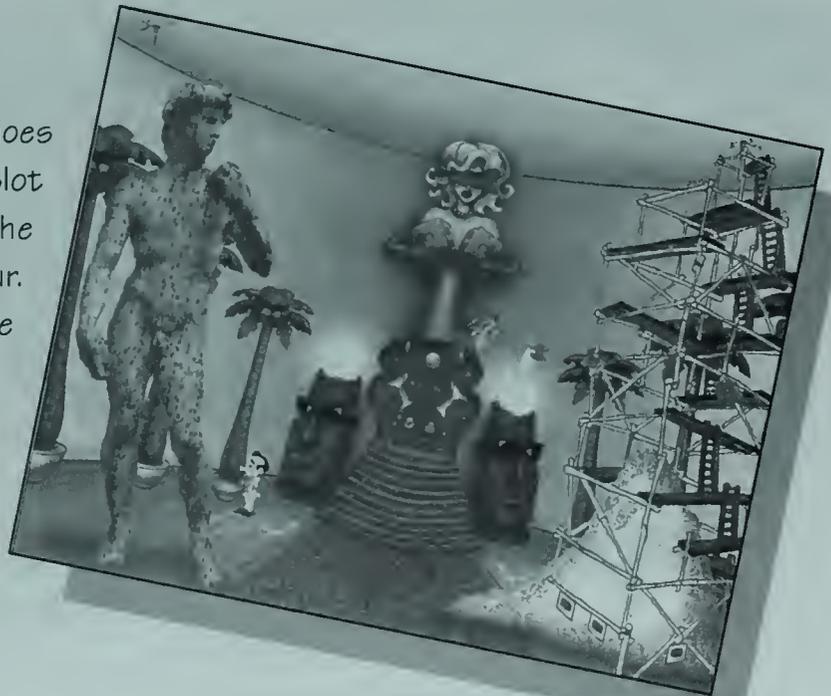
You can tell this is a party cruise, right? Even the ship has been spiked!



When I'm finished I climb down and take out the remote control. I click it on and watch the tool box fly up to the spike. Then everything metal that isn't tied down sailing up to the spike. It all crashes together noisily. Oh yeah, buddy, it works just fine!

Satisfied, I go up to the Horseshoes area. It only takes me a minute to slot my TMT scorecard and take the horseshoe offered by the centaur. I reach into my pocket and switch the remote control on. Then I throw.

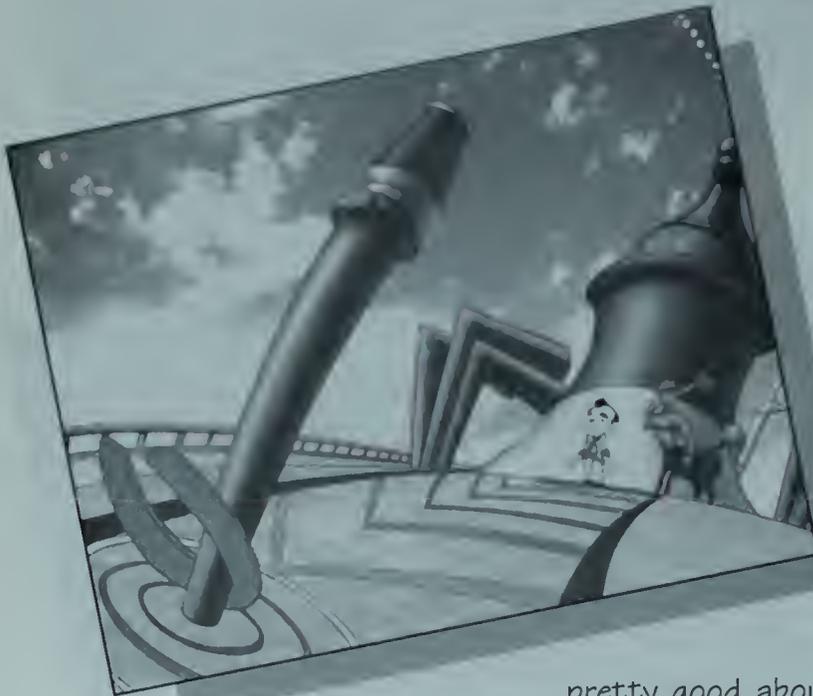
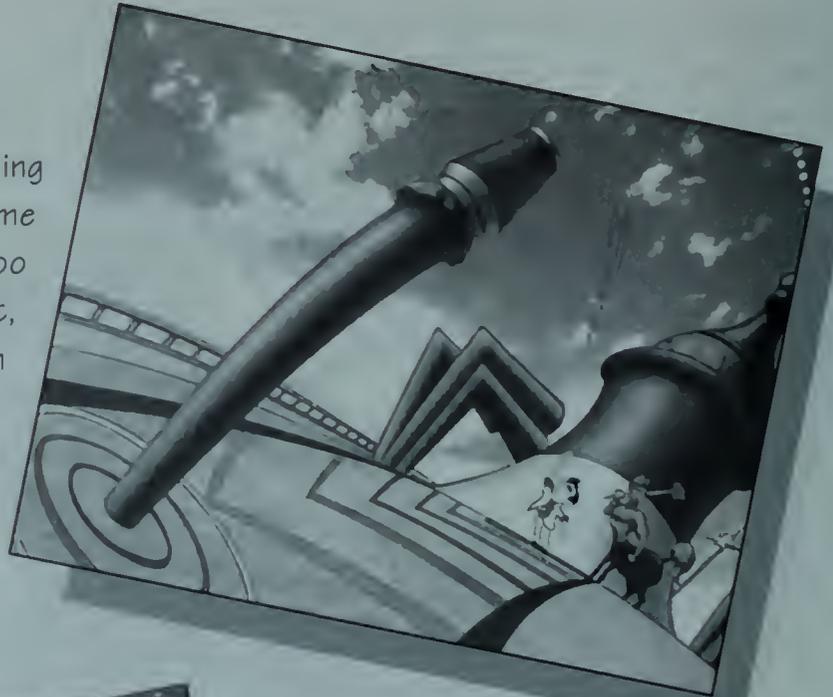
Ringer!





Yeeaaaahhhhh!

Buddy, there's nothing like watching a plan come together! I am sooooo cool! In nothing flat, every horseshoe I'm given just sails neatly around the stake. The light just keeps on flashing.



"Congratulations," the mechanical woman's voice says, "another win."

Oh yeah, oh yeah! I'm hot, baby!

"Your attention," the PA system announces, "Larry Laffer has just won the Horseshoe tossing competition with a record-high perfect score of 100 points! Congratulations, Larry, you really stuck it to them!"

I look up at the clear blue sky, feeling pretty good about myself. Then I notice the yardarms above me. Polyester, Jamie Lee? I've got your polyester. Right there!

I take my TMT scorecard from the centaur and check it out. Look, pal, we're only two events away from winning this thing!

Now to get Jamie Lee's material.

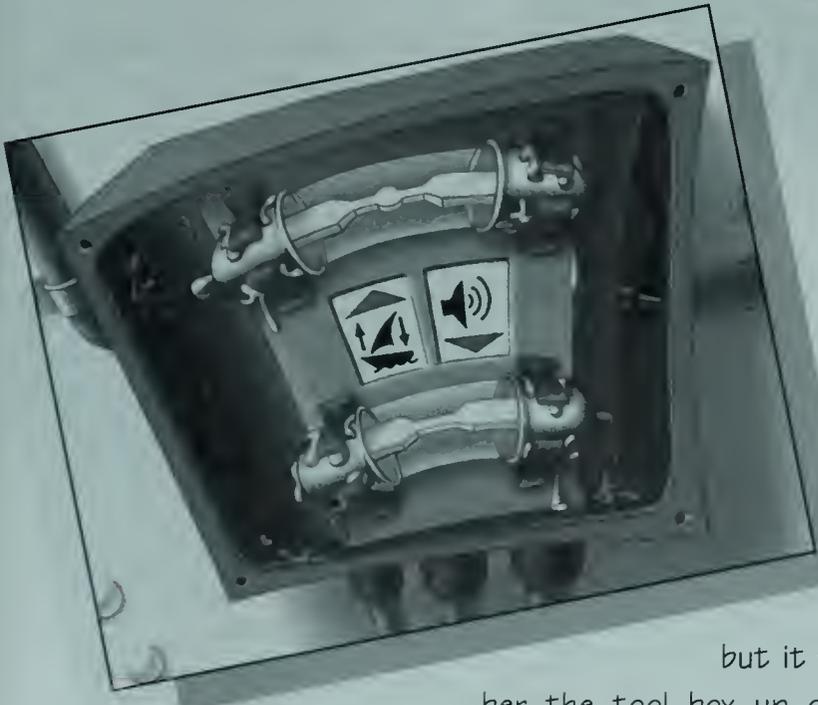
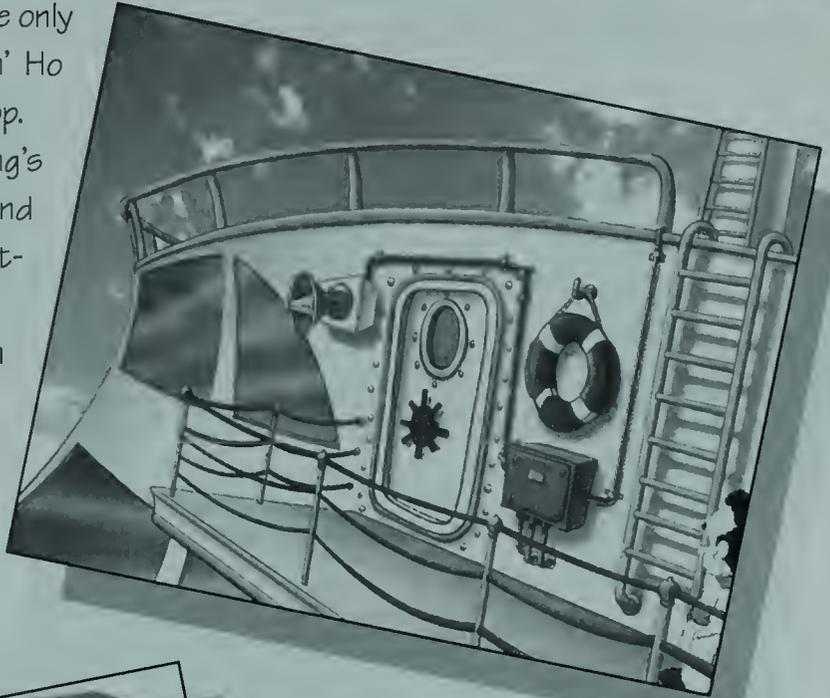


Wrapped That Rascal!

First, I'm going to need a knife. And the only one I've seen so far is in the Heavin' Ho Restaurant. I go back there, chop-chop.

And speaking of chop-chop, Wang's not there when I arrive. I move in and take his knife without anyone spotting me.

In another few minutes, I'm up on the ship's bridge. I do see one immediate problem with my plan. No sails. Somehow I've got to get them up.



I look at the electrical box beside me, remembering the view of it inside and how it read "PA SYSTEM" and "SAIL."

I couldn't move the controls, but it looks like I might be able to take off the panel from the outside. I try to use the knife,

but it won't work. Then I remember

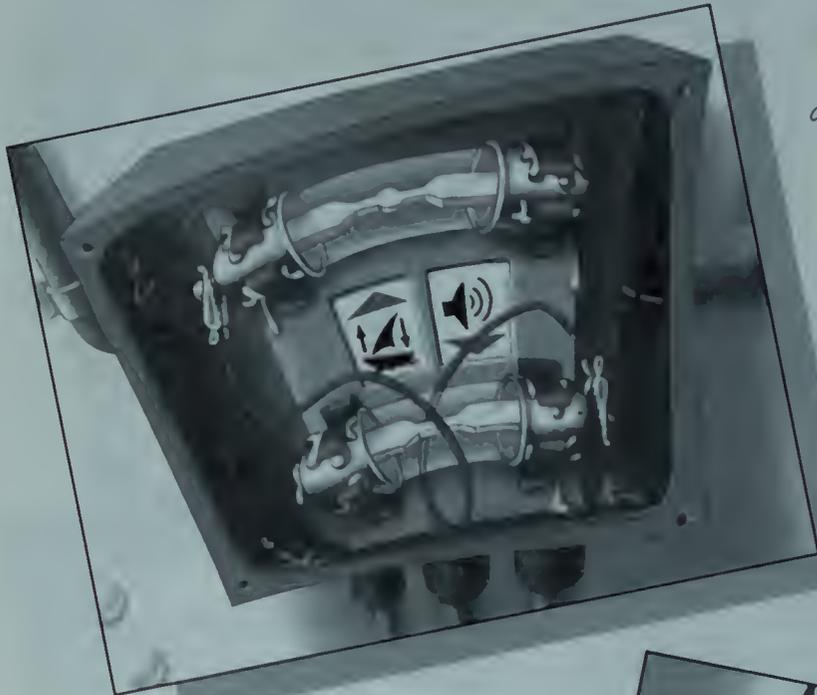
the tool box up on the scaffold in the El Replicant Sculpture Garden.

I go there. Buddy, I'm definitely on a roll. I ease up the scaffold and pick up the screwdriver. It looks like it'll work just fine.



Back at the bridge, I open up the back of the electrical junction box with the screwdriver.

Well, I'm glad I watched so many of those home-repair shows on TV. The circuitry design inside this box looks fairly simple. The ship's crew isn't using the sails right now, but they use the PA system all the time. Buddy, if I can find a way to link the PA-system circuit to the sail circuit, we're in like Flynn.



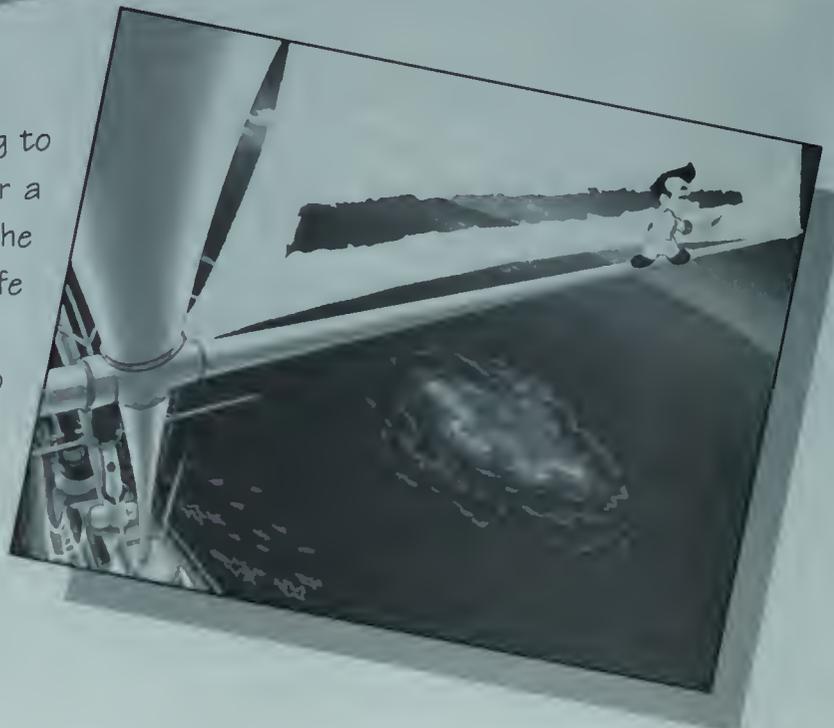
Wiring. I need wiring. Just enough to . . . Then I remember the jumper cables down in the employees' break room. They called it a "jackpot preventer." Well, it's going to work just fine here, too.

I go back to the break room, grab the jumper cables, and beat it back to the bridge. With the alligator clips, wiring it into the junction box is no problem at all.

Sure that everything's in place, I climb the ladder and on up the mast.

In minutes, I'm clinging to the yardarm, waiting for a PA broadcast to send the sail up. I've got the knife ready.

"Mr. Munsil, report to Massage Therapy immediately," the PA system blares.





Pal, you'd have to hear a sail go up to believe it. That polyester cracks and whips as it fills with wind, and pretty soon it's all blown up like a fat man's jock.

I creep out on the yardarm and slash with the knife, taking as much of the polyester as I can. I'm at the end of the yardarm, my arms stuffed with material, when the PA system goes off again.

"Don't forget, folks," the PA blares, "tonight as always—"

Oh pal, this doesn't look good. I lose the message for awhile as the sail comes down around me, wrapping me up tightly before I can get away. In seconds, I'm totally covered.

"— and a few hours later, join us on the poop deck for sunrise breakfast. And of course at 10 a.m. we have brunch in the restaurant, followed by lunch around the nude pool. And 4 p.m. tea in the lower lobby. And all of that is in addition to our three regularly scheduled meals."



Man, I'm fighting the sails, trying to get loose. But it's no use. I hope he makes another announcement quick so I can get out of here.

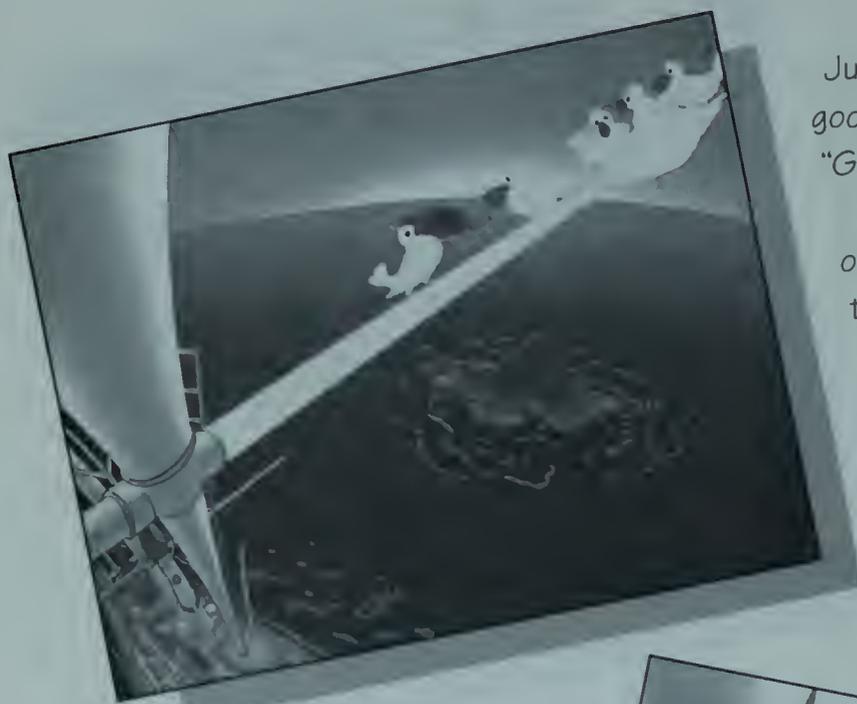
"And that's the last announcement," the PA says, "for this evening. Good night, and pleasant dreams!"

Oh man! No matter how hard I fight, can't get free of this sail. This really sucks, pal.



Special Delivery

I wake up the next morning to the sound of a rooster crowing. I'm still wrapped up in the sail, so I've got no idea where the rooster was, pal. I'm stiff and I'm sore, and I hurt all over.



Just as I'm about to get woke up good, the PA system blares to life. "Good morning, little cruise buddies!"

The sail unrolls quickly, spilling me out. I'm flailing my arms and legs, trying to figure out how to fly like all the seagulls. The next thing I know, I'm slamming into the deck of the bridge. My whole life flashes before my eyes. At least, the life I wish I'd lived.

"Hungry?" the PA system announces. "Visit our world-famous buffet located on the Poop Deck! Immediate seating, tables available now. And it's free."

Feeling pretty lousy, and dizzy on top of it, I make my way back down to Captain Queeg's Ballroom, wondering if I'll find Jamie Lee Coitus there.





She's still there, looking like she hasn't left that drafting table all night. It's obviously been a rough night for both of us, pal.

I walk up to her. "Hi, Jamie Lee. I'm back again." Buddy, she looks less than thrilled, but I attribute that to no sleep.

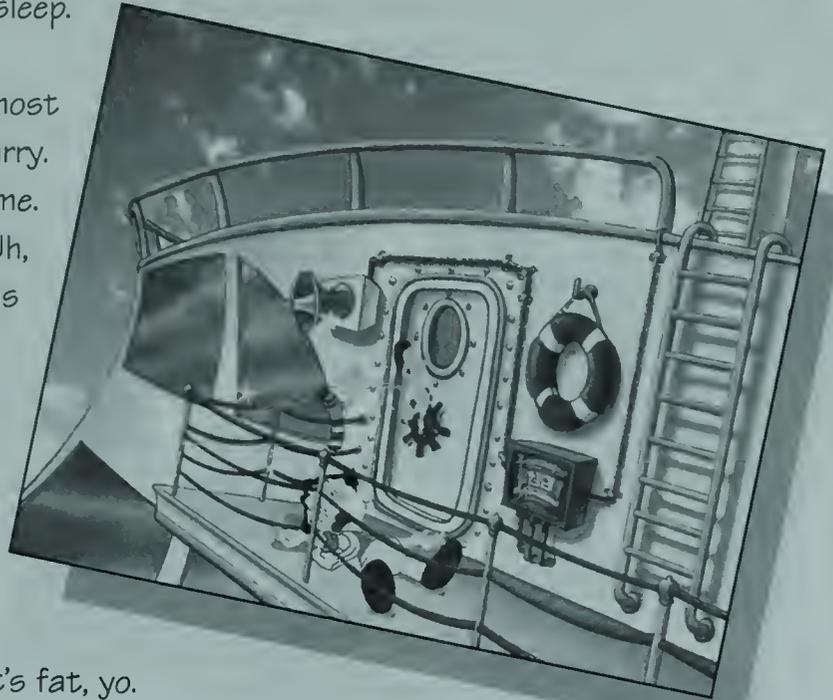
"Oh," she says, "bonjour, Larry."

In my foggy senses, it sounds almost like she just said, Bone? Sure, Larry. Then she doesn't make a move on me. "Bone-?" I say. Still no response. "Uh, yeah, did anything come up while I was gone?" Just a little jog to her libido.

"Hah! Nothing. Unfortunately."

Good, because now I can be her hero. I give her the polyester material. "Here, Jamie Lee. I just dropped in from the midnight fabric store."

"Get outta here," she says. "That's fat, yo. Now quickly, take off your clothes!"



Hey, this is working out better than I planned. I take off my clothes. "Well, OK, but you will respect me in the morning, won't you?" There's not another soul in the room, and I'm looking forward to using every inch of that runway.



Leisure Suit Larry: "Love for Sail"—The Official Strategy Guide

"Move your ass, yo!" she orders. "I got no time for chattin'! I need that leisure suit for a pattern!"

"Oh, uh, well." I can't think of anything to say, pal. This is real disappointing.

"Oh, and give me that underwear too."

I look at her. "What? Why?"



"No time to explain."

Oh no, here we go again. Jamie Lee's none too gentle in shooing me out of the ballroom, which I think has been grossly misnamed, pal.

The next thing I know, I'm creeping through the hallways again, using a skein of yarn to hide Little Larry. Just as I'm about to slip my keycard into the slot on my cabin door, I turn around and come eye-to-eye-patch with Peg-Leg Peg.

She gives me a big, gap-toothed smile. "Well, shiver me timbers!" She laughs wickedly.

No way, pal.

Before I can move, she lifts up her peg. This morning it's outfitted with a tape measurer. For a brief instant there's the cold kiss of edged metal.





Peg pulls her peg back and glares at the reading on the tape measurer. "Well, it looks like somebody's already shivered that poor little timber!" She walks off swearing.

I'm mortified, buddy. After all this, even Peg might have looked.

Struttin'!

I take time to clean up and put on a new leisure suit. Things are definitely getting tough, pal. But I'm going to go check on Jamie Lee just the same and see how she's coming.

I go back to the ballroom. When I get there, I find the door locked, but there's a note on the door.

Finally! I walk around to the stage door entrance and go on through. She left these unlocked, buddy! Here I come, baby! I push on through.

I creep through the darkness on the other side of the door. "Jamie! Jamie Lee!"

Then the lights come on, pal. For a second I go into that fear paralysis you get when you're curled up and relaxed with your favorite magazine out at your version of Inspiration Point and a policeman raps on your window with his flashlight.

Then I look around at all the people and realize that I'm on the runway! Cool! My 15 minutes in the limelight. (Of course, in the Laffer family, it's usually fifteen seconds.)

And oh man, somebody starts laying down some disco tunes and ol' Larry's legs just sort of come to life on their own. I'm out here, and I'm going to show them that disco isn't dead.

Cameras snap and pop, their flashbulbs blinding me. So it isn't really my fault when I fall off the end of the runway.

Before I can get to my feet, I'm mobbed, buddy. Screaming fans everywhere. Now I know how the BeeGees must have felt. They rip the clothes right off of me. When the feeding frenzy is over, I creep back to my room, hoping nobody recognizes me now that I'm famous. I'm using a captured 35mm camera to protect my modesty.





Then I almost bump heads with a TV anchor guy. A cameraman drops smoothly into place.

"Next on *Inside Affair*," the TV anchor says, "the *Lust Boat*. Coming in a port near you!"



Smooth Dresser

With my new duds on, I walk back up to the competition area and yank Robbie's fly to scan in again. When I take my place on the circular scanner, it goes nuts. Or, at least, as nuts as a computer can go.

"Your score is . . . 100," the mechanical voice says. "Wow! 100! A perfect score! Cool! You hunk!"

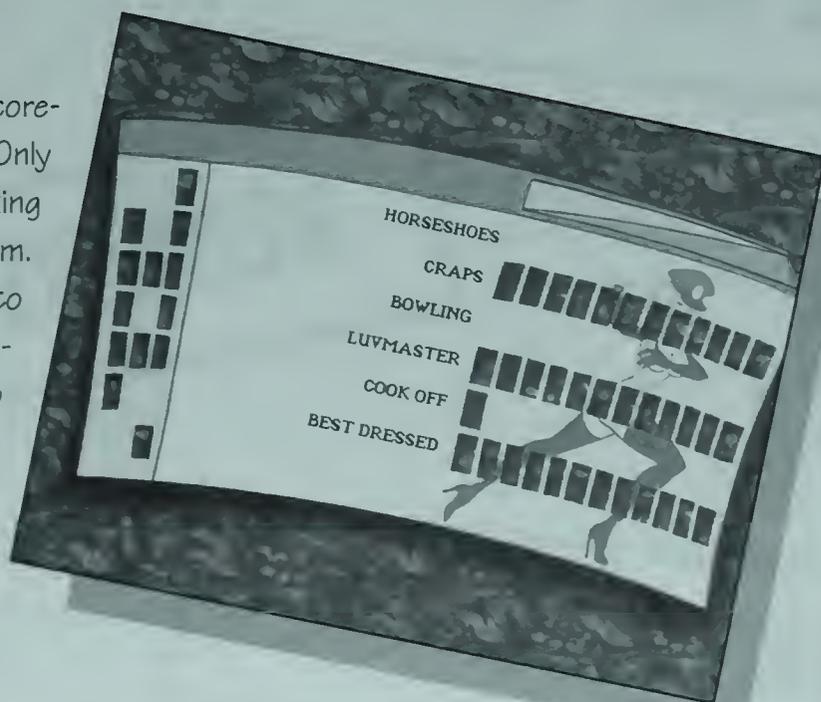
"Ah, the irony," the voice in the back of my head says, "you haven't changed a whit. Yet you now precisely match the latest fashion trend. But give those designers a few months, soon enough, you'll once again be unhip."

I'm smiling, buddy, *really* big.



“Attention,” the PA system says, “Larry Laffer has just won the Best Dressed competition with a perfect score of 100. Congratulation, Larry!”

I whip out my TMT scorecard and look at it, pal. Only one event away from taking first place in all of them. There’s got to be way to win the bowling competition that’s right up my alley. But first, I think I deserve a treat. And the bean dip in the Heavin’ Ho Lounge has my name on it.





Mystery Door

While I'm munching on the bean dip, enjoying my success and popularity (even if it's only a party of one), I notice the door at the very back of the room. Curious, I walk over to it and see all the signs attached to it.

I try the door, but it's locked. I press my ear to it while pretending to read a business card in my palm. Pal, you don't know how many times you can get yourself out of trouble with a cop by doing that. No really, officer,

CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC!

DO NOT ENTER!

I'm just checking this address, getting up to the light so I can see better.

The noises inside wash over me. Buddy! We're definitely talking well-lubed slap and tickle taking place on the other side of this door. They have everything on this ship!

MEMBERS ONLY!

18 AND OLDER ONLY!

I knock on the door, but nobody answers. I knock again and get the same thing. I try my cabin keycard, my scorecard, and the custodial key but nothing happens.



Pal, I'm not going to let this rest. Somebody's playing, and I want to play, too.

I rack my brain. Then I remember what Peg-Leg Peg said about Xqwzts having secret passageways throughout the ship. If the guy had them, and lived behind the locker bay, I'm willing to bet he wasn't far from access to them. Why else would he live in a room hidden behind the lockers?

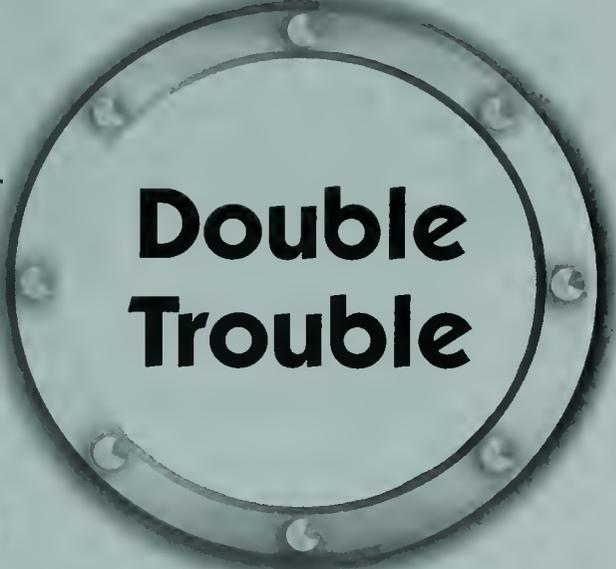
I make my way to the employees' break room post-haste, buddy, because I don't want to miss one dripping moment of the action.



LEISURE SUIT™
LARRY
LOVE FOR SALE!
THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE



CHAPTER EIGHT



Double Trouble

Contact Sports in the Wet and the Wild and the Nude!

Once I get into Xqwzts's hidden room, I prowl through everything. After a couple of minutes I figure out that the vent was only way other than the door a guy could get out of the room.

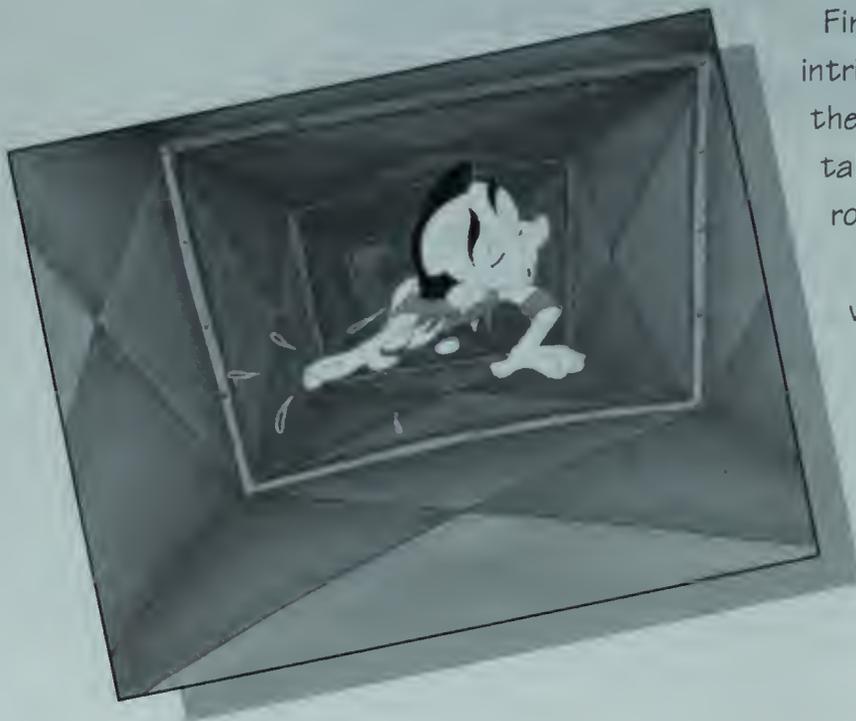
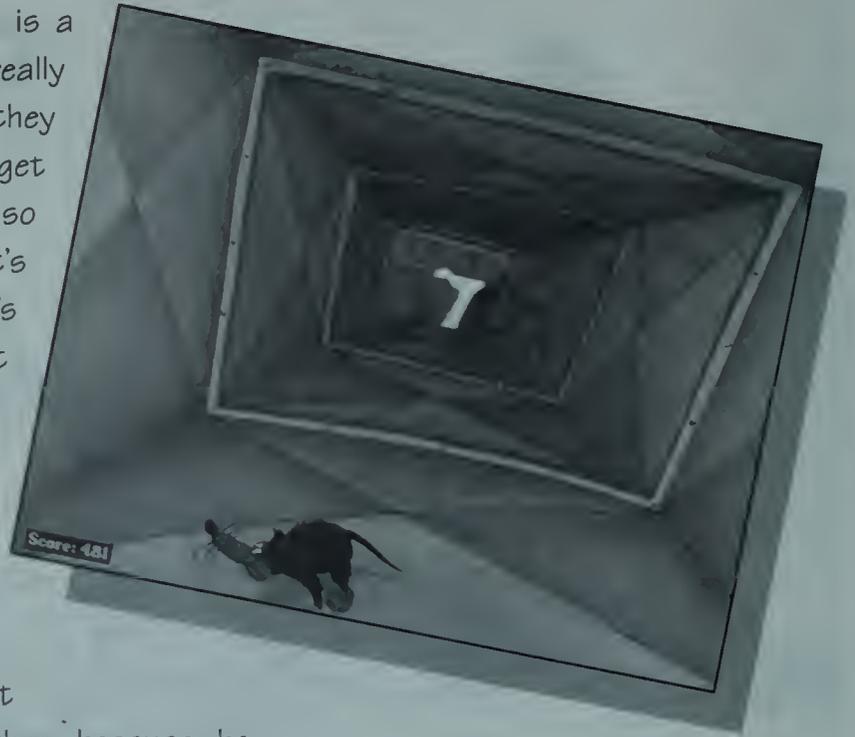
I take out my trusty screwdriver and go to work. The screws come out easily—like this isn't the first time. When they're out of the way, I yank the vent down and crawl inside.



The first thing I see is a rat. I hate rats! Not really because of the way they are, but because I'm get compared to them by so many girls. I mean, what's wrong with a rat? He's got a job. He gets out and does it every day. Everybody likes bears, but bears can't claim that; they hibernate. Being a rat is a full-time job.

Maybe the rat doesn't like what he sees either, because he turns around and hauls butt. I have a hard time climbing into the vent, but I make it. Whew, buddy, it's hot in here.

I crawl along the ductwork for a long way, homing in on those wet squeaky noises from the other side of the door, earlier.



Finally I reach the room. I hear those intriguing noises on the other side of the vent I suddenly come up against. I take it down and let myself into the room, stepping gingerly.

"Ooo," a woman breathes in a husky voice, "I don't think I can resist." She sighs again. "Ah, what the hell." She starts moaning and slurping all of a sudden.

Pal, I can't wait to get into that! The problem is the room is completely dark. I can't see the—eh, hand in front of me.



“More!” another woman says. “I want more!”

There’s more sounds going on in the dark all around me.

A man’s deep voice says, “I don’t think I can take another—”

But the slurping and moaning covers over his words and they’re lost to me.

Man, if ol’ Larry was a compass, you’d have found due North in the dark. I reach out and feel everything I can get my hands on.

**Before you get yourself out of this scene, wander around.
Better yet, get someone who hasn’t played the game and
let them pilot Larry around in the dark at this point.**



“You’ll like this,” a woman promises. “It’s covered with whipped cream!”

Sonovagun! I’ve got my hands on a warm body! I run my hands all over it. Impulsively, I lick it.

A man’s voice roars over the sounds of slurping. “All right, who the hell just licked me?”

Ooopps! He doesn’t sound happy at all. I turn him loose and move onto another body. I reach out again.

“Hey!” a man yells.

I find another body and try a lick this time. Only I get nothing but air-tongue. I try again. This time I get hold of something squishy. Well, that works for me. It feels like a big bunch of whipped cream. Kinky!

When I lick it, I find out it is whipped cream. That’s definitely kinky. I reach out again. This time I definitely grab hold of something female.

“Hey!” she yells in my ear. “Watch where you’re grabbing!”

So I try, and I go for her with my tongue.

“Is there a dog in here?” she asks.

OK, so she wasn’t impressed, buddy. I’ve got something she will be impressed with. I move on and get my hands on a big round thing. From the way it feels, it might be a table. That’s fine with me. I think the table in *The Postman Always Rings Twice* should have been nominated for best supporting actor. The Nicholson version. Know what I mean?



For the really patient, just let the game sit idle for a while—till the narrator gets impatient.

"Hey, baby," the deep-voiced guy says, "take a bite out of this!"

I can't stand it any more. I know what's going on in here, buddy. I start undressing, stripping down quick.



Ahoy Mateys! You do have to search for yourself in this room. It's as much skill as it is luck. You're actually just a little above and to the right of the center of the screen.

Just Desserts! No, Really, Just Desserts!

"OK, girls," I yell, "who wants me first?" I hear some of their reactions. "Don't all come at once!"

"What the hell did you say?" the deep-voiced man says. "Turn on the light!"

I'm nearly blinded by the sudden glare of the lights. I glance down and find myself standing on a chocolate moose—the centerpiece of a table laid out with desserts. Oh, buddy, this is bad!



I look around, my arms kind of sagging at my sides, and suddenly Little Larry is sagging too. It's one thing to be caught naked in public, and it's another to be caught naked and sagging in public.

The lady in front of me is the one dressed in widow's weeds I saw pushing the old guy in the wheelchair

when I first arrived on the PMS Bouncy.

She definitely doesn't look happy.

I take—myself in my hands, noticing for the first time the banner behind me that reads, "Blind Dessert Taste Test." Oh, buddy, I'm about as welcome here as Grey Poupon meringue on a Key Lime pie.

I stand up as straight as I can. The same can't be said for Little Larry. "It's nice to see the sight-challenged having a good time," I say.

But that's all I have time for before the angry screams break out. One lady hits a high note and holds it.

"Idiot!" someone snarls.

"Fool!"

"Miniaturist!"

Next thing I know, someone or several someones grab hold of me and I'm airborne. Buddy, I'm talking about sailing through that door.

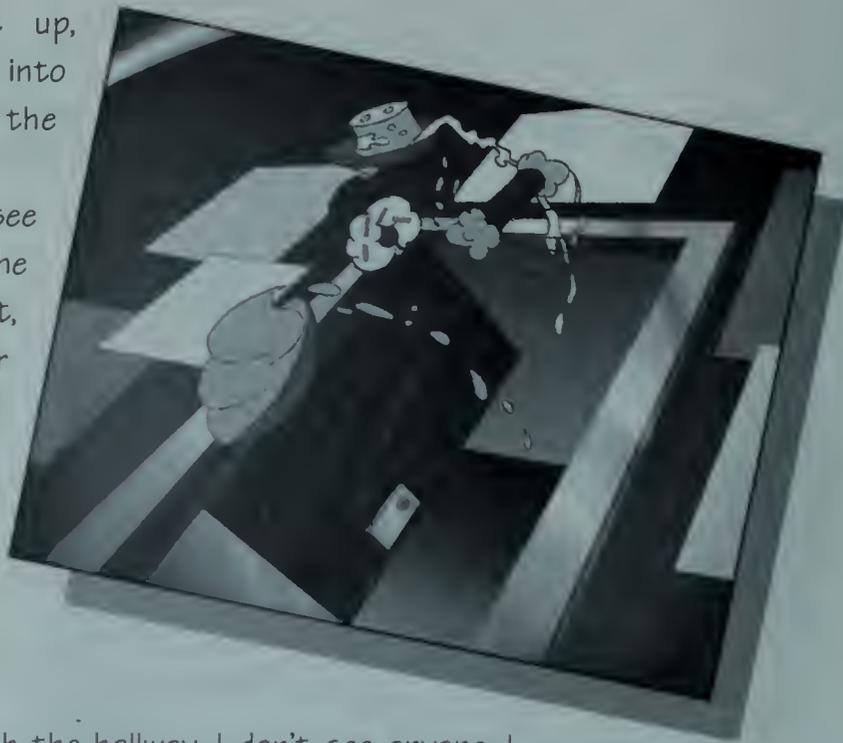
I hit hard.





Before I can get up, thrown food smacks into me, too, adding to the unpleasantness.

When I get up, I see that I'm standing in the Heavin' Ho Restaurant, and I'm working a bigger crowd than the Juggs had last night. I grab up the nearest thing (an eclair) and run for my cabin.



Out of breath, I reach the hallway. I don't see anyone. I hold the eclair protectively, trying not to squeeze too hard.



"Ooohhh" someone says.

Pal, I've got a bad feeling about this. I know that voice. I turn around and see Peter the Purser giving me the old come-hither as he peers at me over his glasses.

I squeeze the eclair in surprise. The creme filling splats all over the carpet.

"Ooohhh, wouldn't I like a bite of that!" he says.



I Get A-Job, a Couple of Them

Creeping down the stairs, I find the lady in black sitting on my cot. This is one hot babe, buddy. Maybe my little *exposure* at the dessert taste test left a lingering hunger in her.



I walk up to her, still unable to drop the deflated eclair.

“Larry,” she says in that husky voice. She gets up from the cot—and the move is so distracting, so sensual, that I fall on my face.

“So nice you could—drop by. And dressed for the occasion.” She looks at the eclair.

And that eclair, pal, it’s reinflating as I hold it. I decide to play it cool.



Although the game gives both sides of this conversation, I’m going to stick with Larry’s. As you play, you’ll see what’s going on.



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"Yes," I say. "I always like to be-dressed-in things." Rats, buddy, that didn't sound hip at all.

She looks at me, all serious-faced. "I've got a problem, Larry. The old man."



"Oh," I tell her. "That old guy in the wheelchair?" She must be his nurse.

"Yes, exactly," she says. "I'm tired, Larry. I got into this for a reason. But I'm so tired. You get me?"

She loves nursing, pal, but she doesn't have enough time for sex!

"I got you," I reply.

"I thought it would be easy. He looks like he's ready to keel over any second, but he saves up his strength till we're back in the

cabin, and then he wears me out. The constant

pressure. The endless pounding."

Oh, a physical therapist too. I wonder if it's true what they say about physical therapists. "I see your problem, and—and I'm your solution!"

"So you're willing to do the dirty deed?" she asks.

This is easier than I thought, buddy. I give her my best Bogart. "Hey schweethart, I'm always willing to help a dame in need."

She moves closer to me. "Yes," she says, "help. I'll make it worth your while. How about a little sample—right now!"

And without another word . . .

When she's done with me, pal, I feel like Hulk Hogan has ripped my spine out, vertebrae by vertebrae. I lie there on the floor and watch as she takes a hanky from the pocket of that black jacket, blots her lips, and drops it over me.





"Come by my cabin late tonight," she tells me, "and we'll work out the kinks."

"Sounds great," I tell her, hoping I still sound like something human. "When can you fit me in?" A physical therapist, that's the ticket, buddy.



She walks off without answering.

"Wait!" I yell after her. "What cabin? What's your name?" Then total sex-haustion sets in and carries me away.

Bowled Over

When I wake up a few hours later, I'm still on the floor. I look at the hanky that was covering me.



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"Your mystery date seems to have dropped her hanky," that voice in the back of my head says.

I pick it up, just to get a smell of her perfume and to remember the feel of her lips. The initials A. B. are embroidered in the corner.

"It smells of gardenia," the voice says, "with hints of rose water and intrigue."

Pal, I'm not going to get that babe off my mind anytime soon. I put the hanky in the pocket of my leisure suit as I dress. I gotta find that lady. And because she's so cultured and refined, I'm thinking maybe Jamie Lee Coitus might know her.

I go up to Captain Queeg's Ballroom. As I reach to knock on the door, I see the note.



Cher Larry—

After changing the course of world fashion, I'm off to do the late-night talk-show circuit. I'm sure you'll derive great satisfaction from knowing you've played a tiny part in moi's greatness. If you are ever in Manhattan or Paris, feel free to buy some of my clothing.

Yours truly—Jamie

Terrific. The girl I wanted to get close to is gone, and the one who wanted to get close to me is gone. I'm not having a real good day here, buddy.

After a brief consultation with my TMT scorecard, I see the Bowling competition is my only trouble spot. But the lacy hanky I inherited reminds me of the towel the guy in Speedos used to wipe his balls with yesterday. Maybe this one will bring me some good luck, too.

I go back up to the bowling area. I slip my TMT scorecard into the walrus and he squirts a ball. I pick up the ball and march to the line. I use the hanky on it, hoping it'll give me the spin I need to take out those pins.



Ahoy Mateys! You must Use the hanky on the ball in your inventory selections.



Buddy, that lane is still dragging. These alleys need to be waxed really bad. I want something that will give me the lubrication I need to really zing that big ol' ball out there.

Something slick, something that'll reduce friction . . .

I've got it, buddy! There was a tube of KZ Jelly down in the employees' break room, by the sink. I zip down there, grab it, and return to the bowling area. Squeezing the KZ Jelly tube, I dab a little on the lace hanky. Once I have the fabric greased so I know it'll feel-do-the most good, I slot my TMT scorecard and get another ball.

At the line, I wipe the ball down really good with the KZ-Jelly-drenched hanky. A couple steps back, and I let fly!

The ball takes to the alley faster, but it's still not the thing of beauty and power I'm used to throwing.

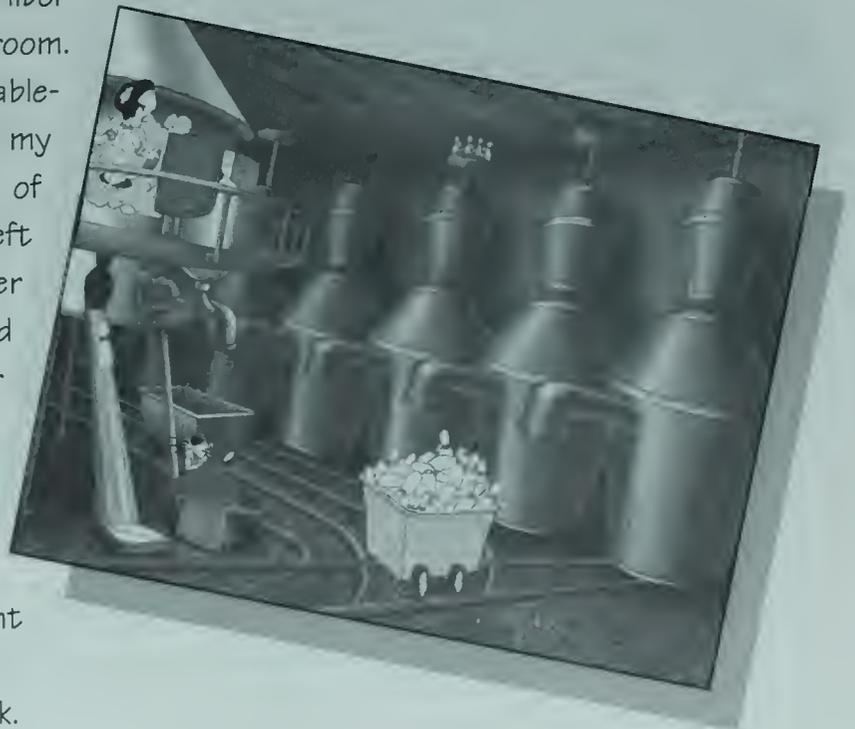
"Mediocre," the woman announcer announces.

I glare at the wooden pins left standing. I tell you, pal, I never saw a beaver I didn't like, but those Venezuelan beavers are getting on my bad side. They must be doing something to the pins. It's the only thing I can think of. Or maybe it's the pin hopper.

You know, it comes to me that I'm working on this thing from the wrong end. Instead of driving myself crazy up here and risking throwing my arm out, I just need a way to get rid of those pins.

I go back to my cabin and search through the things I've accumulated in the last two days. I turn up the hairspray I liberated from the Juggs' dressing room. When I smell that familiar, flammable-substance odor, I know I've got my hands on a possibility. The story of how Peggy got her peg-leg hasn't left my mind despite all the other confusion of the day. If KZ Jelly and deodorant spray could blow off her leg, it's sure to be a real blast out on the bowling lanes.

I sneak back down into the aft hold, let myself in with my key and slip inside. The machinery clanks right along, and the beavers are still getting rewarded for their hard work.





I move to the hatch on the pin hopper and open it. I empty the hair spray can inside, making sure all the pins get really saturated. When I'm done, pal, I can't help smiling. After this, there won't be anybody left who won't say ol' Larry doesn't bang with the best of them!

Back up at the bowling alley, I use my TMT scorecard to get another ball. When I get to the line with it, I wipe it down with the KZ-Jelly'd hanky and turn that puppy loose. It sails true, not as fast as I'd like, but traveling just the same, buddy.



Ahoy Mateys! Use the treated handkerchief on the bowling ball again, then bowl. The rest becomes automatic.

And when that ball slams into the hair spray-saturated pins, causing them to strike against each other, man alive! They go up in a miniature explosion that leaves nothing behind. Peg was lucky she only lost her leg. That contact explosive could have blown her ass away. Literally.

After that, pal, I'm having the game of my life. The strikes go up on the scoreboard like a string of cheap firecrackers. And almost as fast. In minutes, I'm the new champ of the Bowling competition.



Man, I'm having the game of my life and I'm stoking the crowd into a frenzy. I can do no wrong. A perfect 300, pal.

Then the PA kicks on. "Your attention, please! Larry Laffer has just won the Bowling competition with a record-high perfect score of 300 points. Congratulations, Larry, you really blew the place apart!"

I look at my scorecard when I get it back. Man, the scores are perfect all the way across! I can't lose. I keep waiting for them to make the announcement, but I guess they haven't tabulated all the scores yet.



OK. I can wait. I'm not going to swell up and bust, and blue is my favorite color. Captain Thygh, it's going to be just me and you soon, babe.

But until then, there's the unknown woman with the pleasing lips to find.

Larry Laffer, Peeping Tom—uh—P.I.

Return to the scene of the crime.

That's what you always see in the detective movies. Everything hinges on the detective returning to the scene of the crime. For the unknown lady and me, we'd first met in the room in the back of the Heavin' Ho Restaurant.

Detectives on the hour-long TV shows generally take an hour to figure out whodunit. I figure a guy who's really horny and knows he can take care of that little problem as soon as he finds a certain person could probably cut that hour down to about, say, five minutes?

I go back to the restaurant just in time to hear the announcement about my win over the PA system.

"Your attention, please! Larry Laffer has just been named the overall winner of this week's Thygh's Man Trophy, with a record high score! Congratulations, Larry! And now Captain Thygh would like to meet you personally!"

Ohmanohmanohman! I glance at the door at the back of the room. Geez Louise, which way to go?

I opt to go to the captain's quarters.

I arrive there and knock on the door. The metal rings hollowly. "OK, Cap'n," I'm thinking, "prepare to meet your new master!"

Almost immediately, the door opens. Smoke rolls out. And out of it comes a seaman's hand, shoving me back. Next thing I know, I'm watching two guys carrying





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a third guy out on a stretcher. The guy on the stretcher is covered over, and I'm thinking he must be dead.

"God, man!" I say. "What happened to you?"



Getting cold, uh, feet, Larry?

On the other side of the sheet, I can see the man's mouth move. "I'm last week's winner. Or—what's left of me." As they carry him away, he yells back, "Don't go in there!"

"Are you sure you want to continue, Larry?" the little voice in the back of my mind queries. I made it this far, and I'm not quitting now.

The captain's cabin is fantastic. You wouldn't imagine she'd have all this room by looking from outside. I pick one of the flowers growing by the door as I walk to the pond. Music plays all around me.

Suddenly, a beam of light comes down from the ceiling, playing against the water. In response, stones rise in the water, and I step across them without any problem.

Someone throws me a Viking hat and spear. I catch them and put the horned helmet on. Oh yeah, baby, this is definitely getting me in the mood! I leap across the stones, falling only once, and race up the winding stairway to the clam shell at its top. Buddy, you know there's nothing I like better than fresh clam!

When I get there, the clam is open. Captain Thygh sits on the pearl, dressed in a tunic and winged helmet. Greek is the perfect way to kick off our new relationship.

But, excited as I am, she appears put off. Gradually, she turns and looks at me, then grimaces.

It doesn't take me long to realize she's not happy to see me. I drop my spear and take off my helmet.

"There's been some terrible error," she says. "I was told the winner of my competition was one Larry Laffer."



"That's me, all righty," I say, trying to spark some enthusiasm. "I am so excited about winning the free cruise and spending a week with a beautiful babe like you!"

"Why there must be some mistake," she insists. "No, that was never part of the offer."

"I thought, you know, your cabin," I stammer, "a week of—you know—" I pause. "But I won the contest fair and—Well, I won the contest!"

"Yes, I know." She huffs angrily. "The cruise contest is no problem. I'm sure your room is available next week."

"But—"

"And I know the winner is supposed to spend a week with me, but I'm filled with ennui."

"What do you mean *ennui*?"

"Ennui! Oh." She hesitates. "It's difficult to explain."

"Ennui," that little voice in the back of my head pipes up, "noun. Listlessness and dissatisfaction resulting from lack of interest. Boredom. French, from the old French *ennuia*. To annoy, to bore. From the vulgar Latin. To quote John Barth, 'The servants relieved their ennui with gambling and gossip about their masters.'"

"Who the hell is that?" Captain Thygh demands.

She hears that voice too! I don't know if that's a good thing or a bad one. "I don't know," I say, "but I hear him *all the time*." I'm still mad about her not holding up her end of the deal. Lawyers, buddy, everybody's afraid of them, so I toss that little eventuality out there for her to chew on. "But—how can you change the rules now? I thought I'd won the game!"

"After seeing you, Larry Laffer," she snarls, "suddenly I expect something more. And besides, I always say a man should give before he gets."

OK, I can understand that. Maybe not respect it, but understand it. "So, what do you really want out of life, Captain?"

"Oh, I don't know. The cruise game just isn't what it used to be. Once everything was tinsel and glamour, jet-setters and high-rollers, playboys and loose sex, you know. And now—Richard Simmons and Kathie Lee. Besides, this was never my idea of a career. I want to return to my previous occupation."

"Oh?"

"Supertanker captain!"

"Really?" I'm surprised, pal.



"Oh yes! I'd do anything to put some real mass under me again. I just can't understand why I lost that gig on the *Boning Valdez* just because we happened to run aground. Like it's my fault Hazelton would rather spend the night in my cabin than on that drafty old bridge."

She wants something, pal, and there's only one thing I really have to offer—a wad o' dough. Most girls would be impressed. I hold it out to her.

"Do you think I don't know how you got that money?" she growls. "Really, Laffer!"

I'm totally bummed, pal. I tell Captain Thygh so long and show myself out. I lose even when I'm winning, buddy. There oughtta be a law, I'm telling you!





CHAPTER NINE

Live a
Little, Love
a Little

A Terminal Case of Blue-uh- the Blues

I'm totally down as I walk out of the captain's quarters. The only thing left to do is throw myself over the railing and into the ocean. Except with my present luck I'd probably miss. This is the blues, buddy.

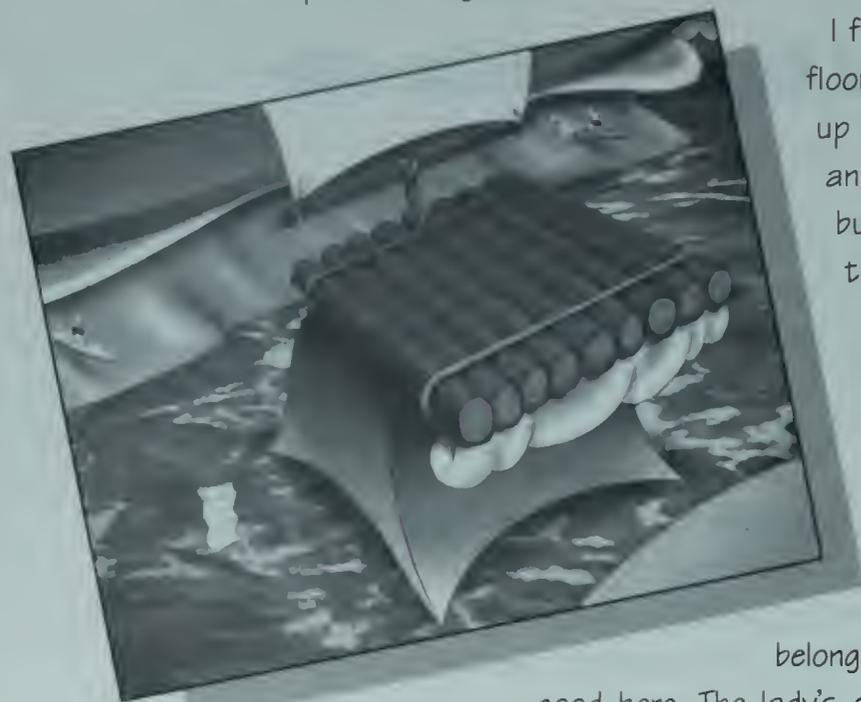
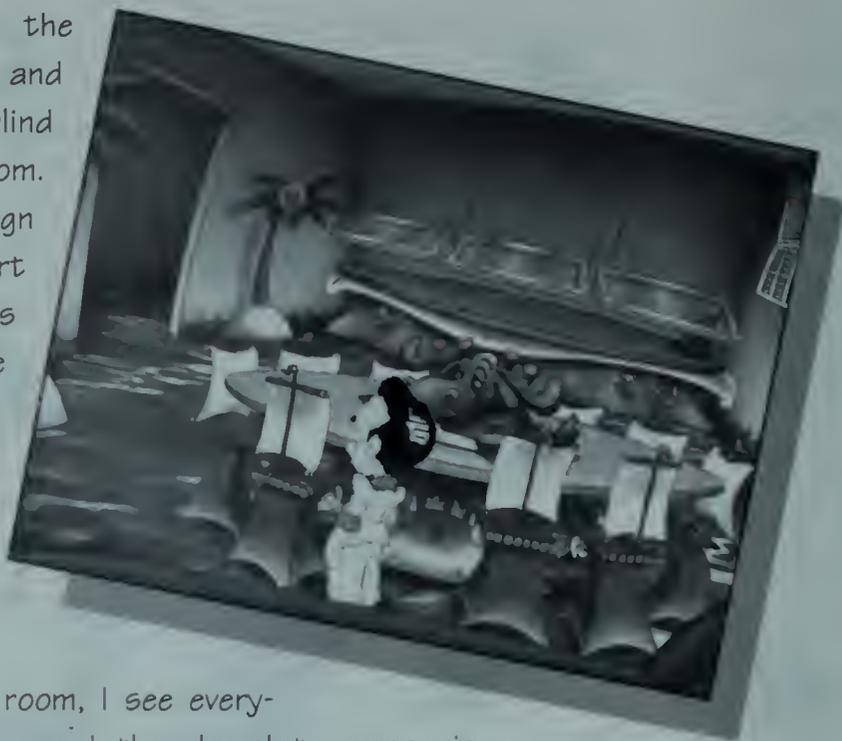
So-being a guy, I figure I can go drown my sorrow in drinks or bean dip. I won the Thygh's Man Trophy competition, but lost the prize. Only me; it could only happen to me.

But as I get to thinking about the bean dip, I also think about the mysterious babe who left me the hanky and that rictus smile on my face.



I go back down to the Heavin' Ho Restaurant and walk back into the blind dessert taste test room. As I think about that sign displaying "Blind Dessert Taste Test," I get this image of little chocolate puddings and donuts and cupcakes wearing blindfolds and using seeing-eye dogs as they try to enter an upper crust club.

When I get into the room, I see everything's been taken down and the chocolate moose is a puddle in the center of the table. I search the room, looking for any clue as to who the woman might really be. It takes some real digging, buddy, but Sherlock Larry comes up with the goods!



I find a sheaf of folded papers on the floor near one of the chairs. I pick them up and check them out. It's an insurance policy made out for \$1 billion, buddy! Who the hell would lose something like this?

I scan the policy. It's for some guy named Aristotle K. Boning, and the beneficiary is Annette B. Boning.

A. B.

Pal, I think we've found our lady!

I read through the rest of the paperwork, but the only addresses belong to a lawyer. That doesn't do me any good here. The lady's on the ship. I want to find her now.



But how to find her?

After a little skulking around, I realize that there's one person on this ship who knows where *everybody's* at: my old friend Peter the Purser.

I go back down to his office and try to act nonchalant.

"I'm interested in Boning."

Ahoy Mateys! To trigger this sequence of events, you must tag "Annette Boning" in your conversation box.

The name will only come up after you've read the insurance policy in your inventory after you've found it.



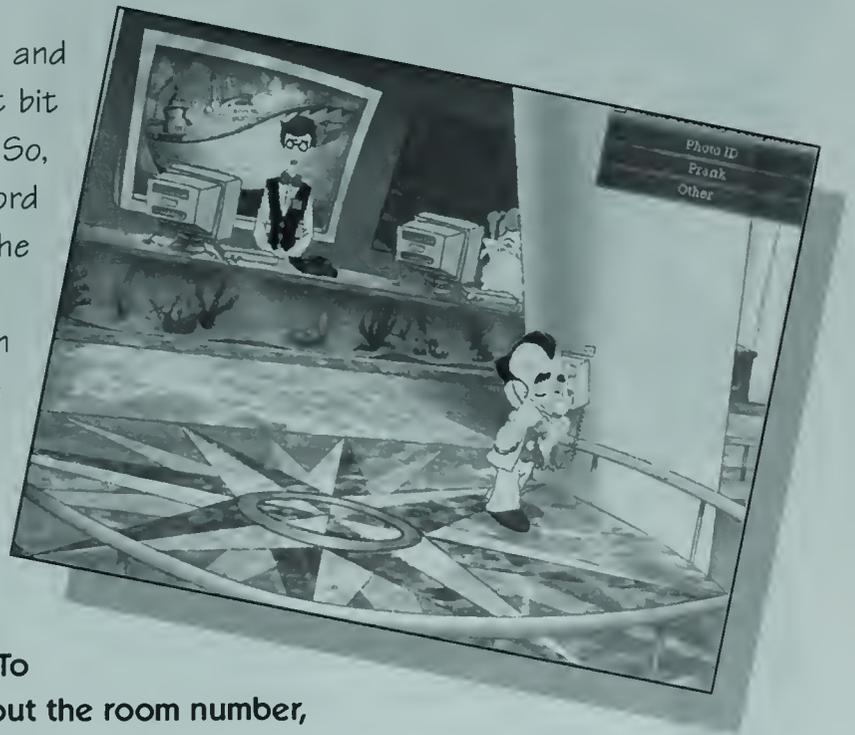
His eyes get all glassy and hot-looking. "I'm your boy!"

I back up a step. "Nonononono," I tell him. "I mean, I want to find out about a passenger named Boning."

"Damn," he says sadly, and I realize I'm not the only guy aboard this ship looking for love in all the wrong places. "I never give out information to the public. Even boning ones."

The look he's giving me, all sullen and PO'd, I know he's not even the least bit inclined to help me out. I walk away. So, alrighty then, how would Rockford handle this? He always found the women.

I spot the courtesy telephone on the wall, then the phone on the purser's desk. I lift the courtesy telephone's receiver.



Ahoy Mateys! To use the phone to find out the room number, you must tag "Boning" in the menu. The name will only come up after you've read the insurance policy in your inventory after you've found it.





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The phone rings.

"Purser's desk," Peter answers in a flustered voice. "What do you want?"

"Yes," I say, "may I please have the Boning cabin?"

"Connecting," he says.

Soon, an old man's voice says, "Hello?"

"Are you Boning?" I ask.

"We were till this damn phone rang."

Buddy, he doesn't sound happy at all. I hang up on him then glance back at Peter the Purser. If I've figured everything right, that phone will hold memory of the connection in its viewer. All I have to do is get a look at it.



I walk back to the desk. Peter isn't glad to see me. "I'm a little worried about the charges on my account," I tell him. "Could you check my balance for me?"

"Of course," he says with a deep sigh. "Wait here. I'll be right back."

As soon as he leaves, I lean in and take a good look at the phone display. It's blank. For a minute I almost panic, then I see the red redial button. I press it and "71009" comes up on the display.



You need to follow this sequence of events precisely. Up until now, the Bonings' special cabin hasn't shown up on your map. Once you get the room number, you'll be able to find it easily.



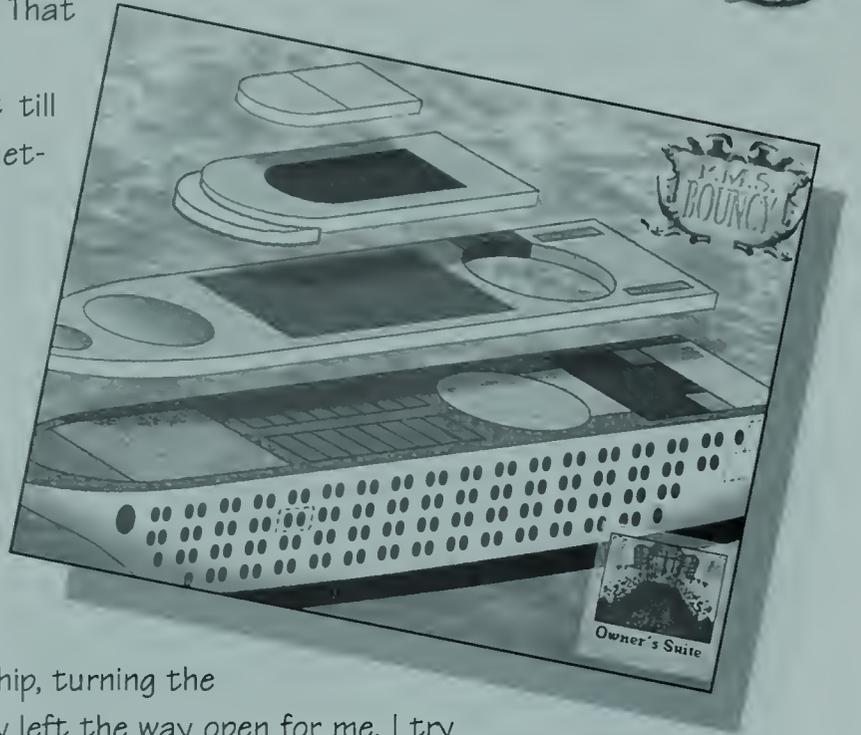
I straighten up as the purser returns with the information I asked for. After he tells me what he knows, I split. Annette Boning. Annette Boning and me. That has a nice ring to it. Annette Boning me. That one sounds even better.

I only have a few hours to wait till sunset. I spend them in the bar, getting ready.

Mystery Date

Once I know where it is, I find her cabin easily. Man, they must be used to living well, judging from all the statues in front of the iron gate.

Night has fallen (all around the ship, turning the ocean black). Figuring she's probably left the way open for me, I try the glass door. It's unlocked and opens easily. She's expecting me, pal, and with that old man in there, I'm going to have to be quiet.



I let myself into the suite; I'm in the bedroom. Light from the windows to the left pours in over the bed, barely illuminating the curvy figure lying under the blankets. Buddy, this is going to be great!



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And it's so romantic too. Moonlight kisses sparkle in a thin ribbon across the endless black of the sea. I undress and slip into bed.

Oh man, I'm in heaven! She feels great, and I can smell her perfume. Okay, baby, this is it.



I get busy at once, trying to make us both comfortable on the bed, moving us into positions that will work for both of us. I'm gasping for my breath because I'm so hot.

Without warning, a peeping sound starts up in the room. I see a green blip somewhere in the darkness at the foot of the bed. Maybe it's some kind of motion detector. Well, I'm going to give it plenty of motion to detect.

Moaning fills my ears.

I keep working, running my hands everywhere. There are some curious shapes attached to her, and just as I start exploring those, a scream of agony shivers through the room.

I stop what I'm doing. And the peeping sound become a droning squeal.

Then the light goes on in the room, splashing bright against the blanket over my head. I yank





the cover down and spot my mystery date standing in the doorway wearing a hot red little nightie number.

I glance back at the body in bed beside me. Pal, I'm ready to hurl. I'm talking tossing chunks. And the part of the woman that I thought was feeling so good turns out to be a bladder attached to the old man from the wheelchair.

"Annette?" I say. My eyes feel like they're bulging out of my head. I dive from the bed, buddy, faster than an eagle swooping for a rabbit. I turn and face Annette.

"Larry, what are you doing?" she demands.

I look around the room, taking in all the hospital equipment and bags of money. From the looks of the high-tech machinery and the presence of the cash all around him, old Mr. Boning is definitely planning on taking it with him when he goes.

"I—" I stutter, "I—thought you were—"

"Safely asleep next door?" she asks.

I can't say anything.

"Yes," she tells me. "It's all becoming very clear to me now." She reaches out and flips off a switch on the wall. The constant squeal stops.

Geez, I'm thinking, the old guy's one sound sleeper. "Hey," I whisper, "maybe we should go to your room, and let this old geezer rest in peace, huh?"

"Oh I think this is exactly where you want to be," she says in a knowing voice.

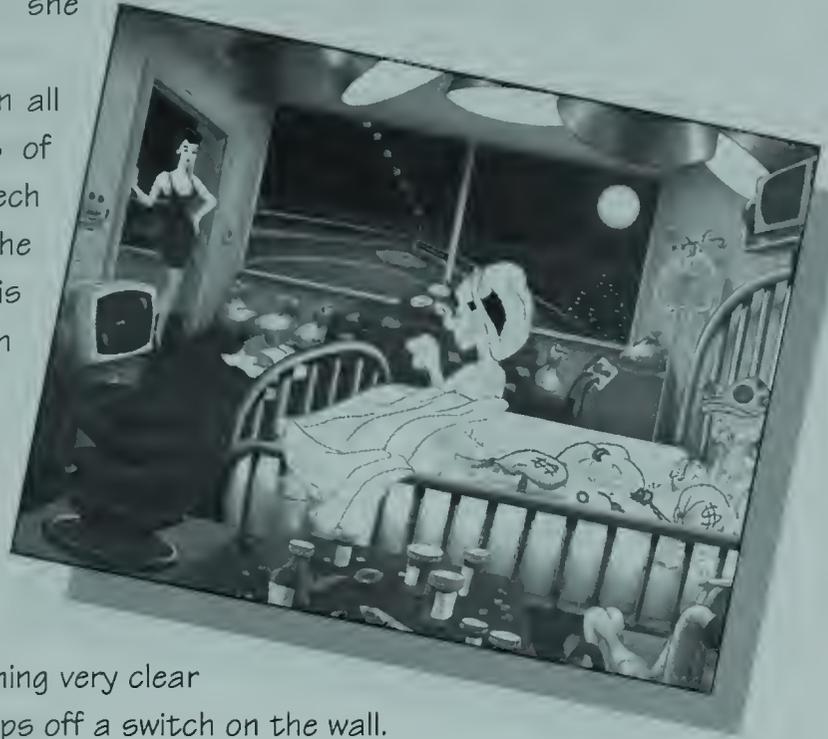
Oh no, she thinks I'm a homosexual! "No, no," I tell her, "it's not like that at all."

"Drop the dumb act, pal," she orders. "You had this planned all along."

"Annette, you don't think I'm a—" A homosexual. But I can't say it.

"Oh, yeah," she replies. "I do think." She pauses, looking around. "Let's get this stuff out of here." She walks into the room and picks my leisure suit up off the floor. Without a word, she flings it out the open window.

"Hey!" I say, not believing what she just did. "My clothes!"





She crosses her arms over her breasts and glares at me. Buddy, she's PO'd major big-time. "I think you'd better leave now," she says in a harsh voice, "before you help me even more."

There's nothing I can say to change her mind. I can see that in the hard glint in her eyes. So I grab one of the old guy's diapers and leave the suite.

This late at night; there aren't many people in the corridors. They're either on deck or already in their rooms. I'm almost to my cabin door, thinking the coast is clear, when I hear a noise behind me.



When I turn around I see a mother down on one knee straightening her small daughter's clothing. Then the little girl points at me over her mother's shoulder. Oh man!

"Mommy," the little girl says, "why is that funny man wearing a diaper?"

The mother peeks over her shoulder, smiling like she thinks her daughter is pulling a joke of some kind. Then she sees me.

I hide my face in my hands. I can't take it any more. And without any support now, the diaper drops to the floor between my feet.

The Bargaining Position— Surely a Prelude

I go to my cabin and get a good night's sleep. I'm so exhausted that sleeping alone in spite of all the beautiful boat babes around is no problem at all. In the morning, I put on another dirty leisure suit. Man, I don't know what was wrong with Annette Boning, but she's definitely been under some pressure.

I decide to take some pressure off personally and go up into the Proud Li'l Seaman Lounge. There's a Bill Clinton animatronics show going on there, so I have a couple brews and take in the act.



The Clinton show does take place on board if you enter the lounge at this point. Grab a seat and enjoy the presentation.



When it finishes, I remember about the life insurance policy I found that led me to Annette Boning. No matter if she doesn't want to see me, I still have to give it back to her.

In a few minutes, I'm back at the glass doors in front of the suite. This time the doors are locked. I reach over and press the red doorbell button.

She doesn't take long to come out, looking every bit as scrumptious as she did when I first saw her. "Yes?" Then she gets a better look at me. "Oh, it's you."

Uh-oh, buddy. Things definitely don't look good on the old home front.

After a pause, she says, "It's good to see you again."

"Uh well," I stammer, "I was just kind of wondering—" I pause, "... if we could talk?"

"I'm not sure what we have to talk about," she says.

I choose a safe subject first. "I haven't seen your old friend around lately. Is everything okay?"

"Everything's fine," she says.

"I hope he's having a nice rest," I tell her earnestly. Gosh, does she have a great body or what?

"Oh, he's resting comfortably."

I bring up the other subject as tactfully as possible. "You know—about last night—I just wanted to—um—" —convince you personally that I'm not gay, I think quietly.

"Look," she tells me, "you did what you had to do, but I don't want to talk about it. Okay?"

Man, she's cool! "But I—well—"

Her eyes don't soften at all. Getting the feeling that there's nothing else I can do to satisfy her needs, I hand her the life insurance policy. "I have something I believe you want."

"Why, yes," she says with a little more passion, "I believe that is mine. Thank you for returning it."



"I was thinking, you know, for something as special as this don't you think—you know—that a little *extra* thanks would be in order?" Like sex?

"Oh, I don't think I have anything you want."

"Oh," I say with confidence, "I think you have plenty of what I want."

She hesitates. "I just don't know."

"What do you say I come inside . . ." . . . your vault.

"All right, Larry," she answers. "I know what you want. And if I give it to you, I don't want to see you again, you understand? No more, that's it! We're through! *Capice?*"

Oh, pal! She wants me to have sex right now, and she doesn't want me to call her later! Oh, it's a dream come true! "You're reading my mind, sweetcakes."

"Okay, wait right here." She turns around and is gone.

Man, a guy has to jump through hoops to get this chick into bed.

She's back in short order. "Okay, Larry, I don't keep much cash around, but this is worth a lot more than you deserve. Now *amscray!* Skedaddle!"

I take the paper she hands me. What's this? Half a billion dollars worth of stock. But I want to get laid!

While I'm looking the stock papers over, Annette Boning goes back to the suite without another word.

"This stock certificate is for five-million-and-one shares of stock in BoneCo Transportation," the voice in the back of my head says. "Because the fine print at the bottom says there are only 10 million shares outstanding, this makes you *da man!*"

Oh, buddy! I've hit pay dirt! I'm rich! I don't know what possessed Annette Boning to give this to me, but I'm not going to complain.

The Conquering Hero

I go back up to the captain's quarters to share the good news with Captain Thygh. This, buddy, is a definite cure for ennui. And she can become a supertanker captain again. *If we can make a deal.*

"I'm back," I tell her.

"Excuse me while I try to hide my enthusiasm."

"Yeah," I say, "I'm excited too." Then I take out the stock certificate, holding it so she can't see what it is. "You know, Cappy, I just might be the boy who makes your dreams come true."



"Oh, this is doubtful, extremely doubtful."

"What would you say if I told you I recently came into a significant position in a major shipping line?" I ask her.

"I'd say we were both dreaming."

"Well, dream no more, sweetcakes. Let me whip this out!"

"God, how crude," she snarls.

"Yep," I say, "crude it is. Crude oil shipping!" I show her the papers.

"Well, I'll be damned!" she says as she reads the stock certificate. "Does this say what I think it says? That you're—"

"Nothing less than the proud, new majority shareholder of BoneCo Transportation," I tell her. "Only the number-one crude oil shipper in all the world."

"This changes everything," she says, eyes gleaming.

"It sure does. But operating the world's largest fleet of supertankers is—so demanding. The environmental groups. The regulators. The constant turnover when captains strike major continents."

"Turnover," she tells me, "can be a good thing!"

I pause, letting her really feel the burn of wanting it, buddy. "Well, I am looking for someone to—fill a position directly under me."

"Oooh, Larry," she says, reaching for me.

"Oooh, baby," I agree. "You're the greatest! This has got to be the best night of my life!"

"Put on these handcuffs, Laffer!" she orders.

And that, pal, makes ol' Larry just the least little bit nervous! But it doesn't get me down!





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LARRY

LOVE FOR SALE!
THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

The logo for Leisure Suit Larry is centered on the page. It features the words "LEISURE SUIT" in a stylized, outlined font at the top, with a trademark symbol. Below this, the name "LARRY" is written in a much larger, bold, outlined font. The text is set against a dark, oval-shaped background that resembles a life preserver with two straps on either side. Below the life preserver, the phrase "LOVE FOR SALE!" is written in a bold, outlined font, and at the bottom, "THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE" is written in a similar bold, outlined font.

APPENDIX



Speedway

1. Shamara's Bedroom

TAKE hair weave kit

TAKE vice grips

SELECT inventory

OPEN hair weave kit

USE needle with vice grips

CLOSE inventory

USE lockpick on handcuffs

2. Shamara's Front Room

USE patio glass

TYPE break



3. Purser's Desk

SELECT map and choose Cabin 0

4. Larry's Cabin

TAKE toilet paper

TAKE lubricant spray can

SELECT map and choose Proud Li'l Seaman Lounge

5. Proud Li'l Seaman Lounge

SELECT map and choose Sexual Prowess Competition

6. Sexual Prowess Competition

USE TMT scorecard on Cybercard 2000

SELECT map and choose swimming pool

7. Swimming Pool

TALK to Dick

READ magazine

TALK to Drew (about her book, clothes, and drink)

SELECT Gigantic Erection

SELECT map and choose library

8. Library

TAKE book on Anton Fokker

READ book on Anton Fokker

TAKE book on electro-magnetism



READ book on electro-magnetism
WALK around bookcase to right to see librarian
TALK to Vicki, choose "other" and type in any subject
TAKE mucilage
TAKE book (*Prudish and Proud*)
SELECT inventory
SELECT *Prudish and Proud* and Remove Jacket
SELECT *The Erotic Adventures of Hercules* and
put *Prudish and Proud* jacket on it
CLOSE inventory
WALK away from desk area (walk away from desk,
Vicki will automatically take book)
WALK out of room

9. Das Grande Atriumo

WALK to library

10. Library

WALK to Vicki's desk
TALK to Vicki about weather (pre-set events
will throw Larry back into his room)

11. Larry's Cabin

SELECT map and choose library



12. Library

WALK to desk area

TALK to Vicki (*sex, prove it, Lovemaster: all trigger a return to the Sexual Prowess Competition*)

13. Sexual Prowess Competition

SELECT map and choose swimming pool

14. Swimming Pool

TALK to Drew (*all conversation topics*)

SELECT map and choose promenade deck

15. Promenade Deck

OPEN fire hose storage

TAKE fire hose

WALK to Peggy

TALK to Peggy (*cabin boy and pegleg, etc.*)

SELECT Employees Break Room

16. Employees Break Room

PUSH door (*you can type this under OTHER*)

TAKE jumper wire

TAKE KZ Jelly

READ messages on bulletin board (*shaved dice especially*)

LOOK at lockers

SELECT map and choose promenade deck



17. Promenade Deck

WALK to Peggy

TALK to Peggy (locker)

SELECT map and choose Employee Break Room

18. Employee Break Room

OPEN second locker bottom row

TYPE in any number

SELECT map and choose promenade deck

19. Promenade Deck

WALK around till you find Peggy

TALK to Peggy (combination)

SELECT map and choose employees break room

20. Employee Break Room

OPEN second locker from left on bottom row

TYPE "38-24-36"

WALK into hidden room

TALK to Xqwzts (all topics & buy pictures)

SELECT map and choose promenade deck

21. Promenade Deck

WALK to Peggy

TALK to Peggy about Xqwzts

(all topics and find out he needs passport)

SELECT map and choose employees break room



22. Employees Break Room

OPEN *second locker from left on bottom row*

TYPE 38-24-36

WALK into hidden room

TALK to Xqwzts about all topics (travel, passport)

SELECT map and choose Purser's desk

23. Purser's Desk

TALK to purser about passport

(you can type it under OTHER)

SELECT inventory

USE mucilage with dirty pictures

USE sticky photo on keycard

CLOSE inventory

USE photo ID on purser

SELECT map and choose Employee Break Room

24. Employee Break Room

WALK into hidden room

TALK to Xqwzts about passport

USE passport on Xqwzts

TAKE master key

SELECT map and choose forward hold

25. Forward Hold

USE master key on door

TAKE Drew's suitcase

SELECT map and choose swimming pool



26. Swimming Pool

TALK to Dick

TALK to Drew about suitcase (make sure you've talked about all the other topics and you'll end up in Larry's room again)

27. Larry's Cabin

USE fire hose on toilet

FLUSH toilet

TAKE mold from the shower after Drew is gone

SELECT map and choose horseshoes competition

28. Horseshoes Competition

WALK to right to Poop Deck

29. Poop Deck

LOOK at Juggs

TALK to Juggs about all conversation topics

SELECT map and choose Heavin' Ho Restaurant

30. Heavin' Ho Restaurant

TALK to meat carver

TAKE S'pork

TAKE S'pork (until it's all gone)

TAKE carving knife

TAKE heat lamp

SELECT map and choose Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge



31. Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge

WALK to back of room (bottom of screen)

TALK to Johnson about all topics

TALK to Johnson and order a Gigantic Erection

WALK to left of bar to doorway while Johnson is gone

32. Juggs' Dressing Room

USE silicone lubricant on deodorant

PUSH red button at the rear of dressing room

WALK out of room

33. Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge

LOOK at the spotlight (it's in place now)

TAKE spotlight bulb

USE heat lamp bulb on spotlight

SELECT map and choose horseshoes competition

34. Horseshoes Competition

SELECT map and choose Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge

35. Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge

This sequence of events will end with Larry back in his room

36. Larry's Cabin

SELECT map and choose Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge



37. Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge

WALK up steps to lounge stage

TAKE chase lights

WALK to left to other part of stage

TAKE remote control

SELECT map and choose El Replicant Sculpture Garden

38. El Replicant Sculpture Garden

LOOK at big toe of Venus

TAKE dice from big toe

WALK out of room to Das Grande Atriumo

39. Das Grande Atriumo

WALK back into El Replicant Sculpture Garden

40. El Replicant Sculpture Garden

CLIMB scaffold

TAKE screwdriver

USE chase lights on iron spike

CLIMB down

SELECT inventory

USE remote control

CLOSE inventory

SELECT map and choose horseshoes competition



41. Horseshoes Competition

USE TMT on centaur's slot

SELECT inventory

USE remote control

CLOSE inventory

PLAY horseshoes

TAKE TMT scorecard from centaur

SELECT map and choose Heavin' Ho Restaurant

42. Heavin' Ho Restaurant

EAT bean dip

EAT bean dip

EAT bean dip

SELECT map and choose Pair O' Dice casino

43. Pair O' Dice Casino

WALK to group at craps table

FART choose Larry to fart

PLAY craps table

PLAY craps table again to get chips

SELECT inventory

USE toilet paper on souvenir dice

USE shaved dice

CLOSE inventory

PLAY craps

(section will end with Larry in Dewmi's room)



44. Dewmi's Room

Cheat at Liar's Dice by using the **Control** **C** buttons—
moves Dewmi's cup so you can see her dice. This section will
end when you beat Dewmi and Larry will return to his cabin

45. Larry's Cabin

SELECT map and choose kitchen

46. Kitchen

TAKE fish wrapped in magazine

TAKE salt

TAKE pot

SELECT inventory

READ magazine

CLOSE inventory

SELECT map and choose lower aft hold

47. Lower Aft Hold

USE pot on beaver to get milk

SELECT map and choose Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge

48. Proud Li'l Seaman's Lounge

TALK to Johnson (lime juice)

SELECT map and choose Fo'c's'le

**49. Fo'c's'le**

TAKE kumquats

SELECT map and choose kitchen

50. Kitchen

USE beaver milk on cheese machine

SELECT inventory

USE kumquats on cheese

SELECT map and choose Dewmi's room

51. Dewmi's Room

TAKE orgasmic powder

SELECT inventory

USE orgasmic powder on quiche

CLOSE inventory

SELECT map and choose cook-off competition

52. Cook-Off Competition

USE quiche on conveyor belt

SELECT map and choose Bridge

53. Bridge

USE screwdriver on junction box

USE jumper wire on junction box

WALK backward till bridge is once more in view

CLIMB ladder to yardarm



54. Yardarm

*LOOK at sail when it unfurls (this is important)
USE knife on sail (when sequence ends after spending
night in sails, Larry will be dropped to Bridge)
SELECT map and choose Captain Queeg's Ballroom*

55. Captain Queeg's Ballroom

*WALK through big door
TALK to Jamie (all topics, and type leisure suit under other)
USE polyester on her (sequence ends with
Larry back in his room)*

56. Larry's Cabin

SELECT map and choose Captain Queeg's Ballroom

57. Captain Queeg's Ballroom

*WALK to stage door and enter
(sequence ends with Larry back in his room)*

58. Larry's Cabin

SELECT map and choose Best Dressed Competition

59. Best Dressed Competition

*UNZIP mannequin's fly and use TMT scorecard
SELECT map and choose Employees Break AREA*



60. Employees Break Area

WALK into hidden room

USE screwdriver on vent

UNDRESS Larry (he's near center and to lower right on screen in darkness; Larry will be thrown out and end up back in his cabin)

61. Larry's Cabin

TAKE the handkerchief after Larry's encounter with Annette

SELECT inventory

USE KZ Jelly on the handkerchief

CLOSE inventory

SELECT map and choose aft hold

62. Aft Hold

OPEN door of pin-setter

USE deodorant on pins in pin-setter

SELECT map and choose bowling competition area

63. Bowling Competition Area

USE TMT scorecard on walrus to get bowling ball

TAKE the bowling ball

SELECT inventory

USE the KZ-jellied handkerchief on the bowling ball

CLOSE inventory

PLAY on the lane

SELECT map and choose Heavin' Ho Restaurant



64. Heavin' Ho Restaurant

WALK to door in back of room and enter

LOOK at table and chairs in blind dessert taste test room

TAKE folded paper

SELECT inventory

LOOK at paper and find out it's insurance policy

CLOSE inventory

SELECT map and choose purser's desk

65. Purser's Desk

TALK to Purser about Boning

WALK to courtesy phone

CALL on phone and ask for Boning

TALK to purser about Larry's account

LOOK at the phone while purser's gone

REDIAL to learn number of Boning suite

SELECT map and choose owner's suite

66. Owner's Suite

OPEN the door

UNDRESS Larry when he's by bed

(Larry will end up back in his cabin)



67. Larry's Cabin

SELECT map and choose owner's suite

68. Owner's Suite

PUSH button beside door to get Annette

TALK to Annette about topics

USE insurance policy on her to get stock certificate

SELECT map and choose captain's quarters

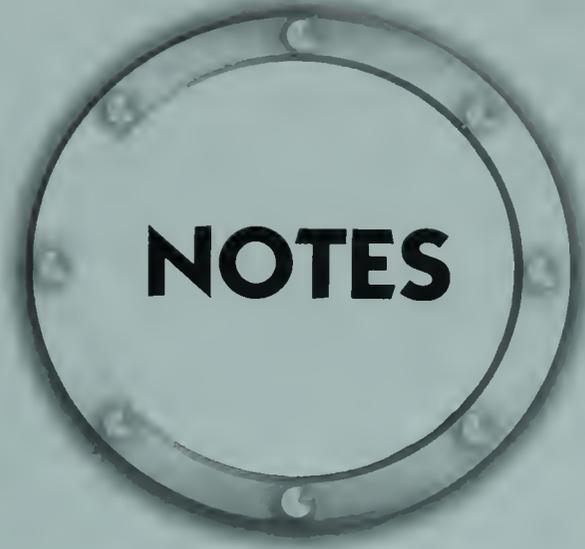
69. Captain's Quarters

KNOCK on door (you can type it under other)

TALK to captain about all topics

USE stock certificate on captain, ending the game



A circular graphic with a double-line border and eight small circular accents around the inner edge. The word "NOTES" is centered in bold black text.

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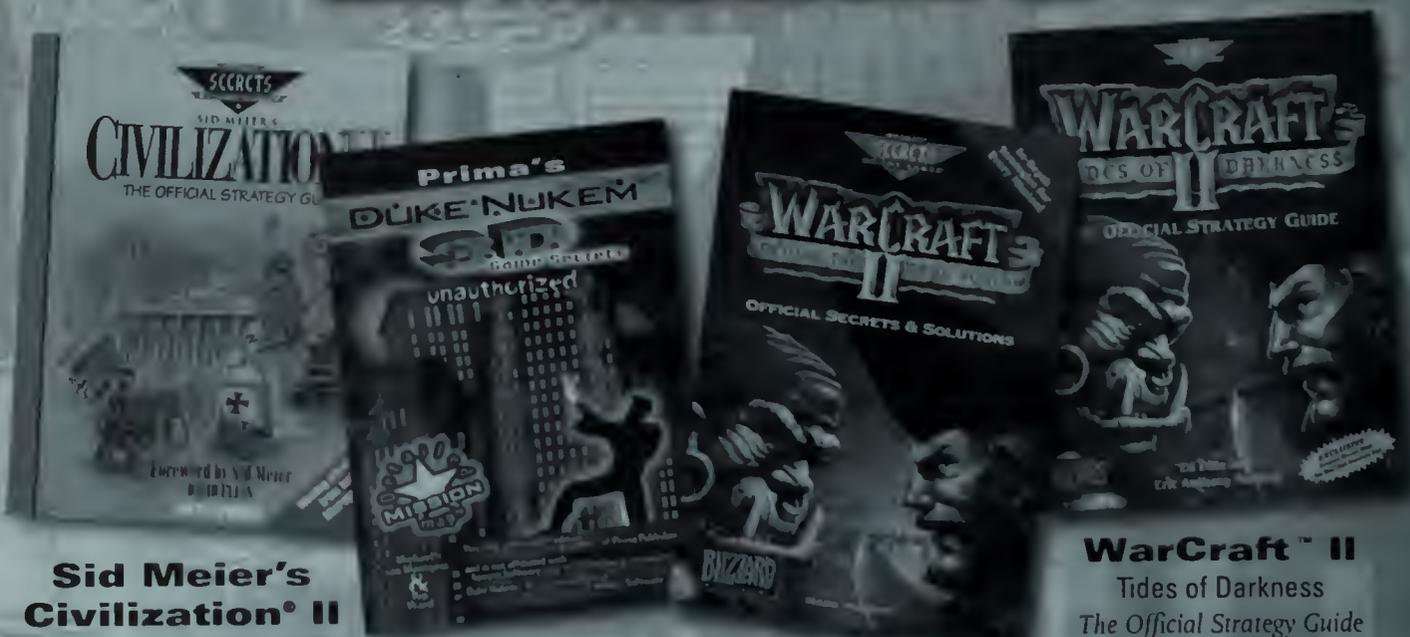
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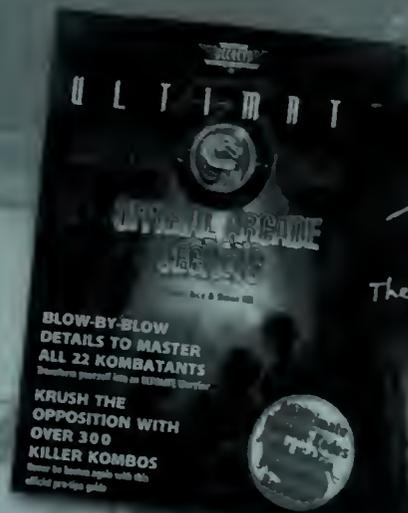
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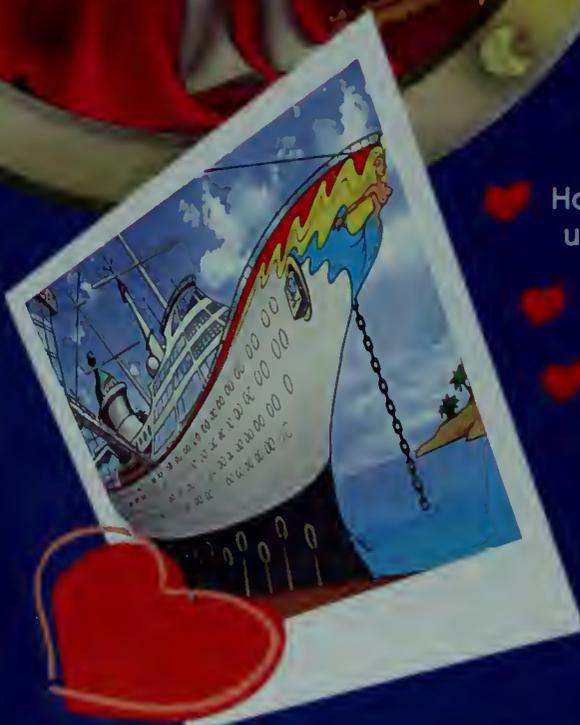
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