

# ARKANSAS FARMWIFE GIVES BIRTH TO ALIEN COW BABY!



COULD YOUR CHILD BE NEXT? — Scientists say that little Earl Hobbes (above) is "genetically part bovine," but we here at the Hog say hogwash! He's half cow and we all know it!

**"He looks jes like his real momma," says the mother**

By E. Price  
 For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — Fact or fiction? A rural sheriff's wife claims that her infant son is actually the result of alien experiments conducted upon herself and her family's livestock.

"Them aliens napped our best cow right before Ah dropped this-here young un," claims Bertha-Sue Hobbes of the small Southern town of Hickston. "Ah had dreams bout it at the time, lahke they was checkin' out mah brain. Ah reckon they was lookin' fur smarts or somepin, which explains why they left me n Lester alone. Ah mean, that Suzie was a damn smart cow.

"As for baby Earl here, well, mebbe they sorta beamed cow genny-etic stuff into me from outer space or somethin'.

See COW BABY, page 12

## DISASTER STRIKES SMALL SOUTHERN TOWN

**Local community deserted under mysterious circumstances**

By S. Lancaster  
 For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — The entire population of Polecat Hollow, Arkansas has vanished literally overnight. County offi-

cials are unable to explain the mass disappearance, which also claimed all livestock larger than poultry.

"There are signs of some sort of battle all over town —discarded weapons, ammo shells, small craters, smears of blood —but there are no bodies and no signs that any bodies were dragged away," said Sheriff Parmer of nearby Rabbit Ridge. "Lots of my people have relatives there, and they swear that everything was dead quiet last they heard. There were no warnings of any kind.

"Frankly," Parmer added, "we're completely baffled."

See DISASTER, page 12



**WE'RE NOT ALONE!**

see page 2

Pa  
S  
A  
L  
S  
St  
Or  
Ja  
Ba  
SP  
Kli  
lan  
tra  
gec  
der  
lau  
Fiv  
aln  
sub  
ly t  
chi  
ob  
spe  
silly  
tho  
tele  
Jab  
prc  
wat  
one  
noi  
geo  
um  
she  
silly  
umj  
two  
ver  
mat  
son  
Two  
pho  
atec  
Afg  
off  
dru  
bec  
tickl

Paranormal Investigator File #12021  
Title: Hickston Invaded! (rough interview transcript)  
Freelance Assignment Submitted: On Time  
Status: REJECTED

Editor's Comments: Does Ventura think that our readers are gullible uneducated idiots who'll believe any schlock we dish up for them?! Right as that may be, this story is utterly unbelievable even by our standards! Send someone out to get that second copy back from that Leonard hick — by force, if necessary! — and put that moron Ventura on the "Oklahoma Bigfoot" case.

Ventura: So, tell us what exactly happened that day, Mister...uh...  
Leonard: Leonard. Jes Leonard.

Ventura: Yeah, okay, Leonard.  
Leonard: It all started when them aliens took our pig Bessie. There was this light, y see, an then she was gone. She was the best hog in the county, too — jes won \$250 at the fair. Me an Bubba, we was on our way home at the time. We was pretty well liquored up at that point, celebratin y know, an then they busted our pickup an took her away.

Ventura: They...?  
Leonard: The aliens. Shit, you cityboys are slow. You gonna follow this or what?

Ventura: Go ahead.  
Leonard: Right. [drains another can of beer] Well then, we went lookin for help an it turns out that everything's gone all ta hell. Looked like them aliens got ta Billy Ray — y ever met Billy Ray? Billy Ray Jeter. Big guy. Drinks like a horse. Smells like a swamp.

Ventura: The one who...er...all those bodies?  
Leonard: Yep. Though a course y know those warn t all him. There was these alien copy-thingies — whaddya call em?

Ventura: Clones?  
Leonard: That's the name. Clones. First clue we got was when a whole pack of em tried t run us down on the roundabout; ya cain t be none too careful bout steppin out into the middle a the road round these parts, not even on a good day. Billy Ray warn t the only one they snagged, neither. Them aliens got ahold a the skinny ol coot from up the hill, n Sheriff Hobbes — other folks too, but those were the worst. Dozens of em all over the place, armed an mean an lookin around with beady lil alien eyes. Took a good couple dead-on shots to take em down. [pantomimes aiming and firing, with great relish] I tell ya, after the first few it was almost fun. Never did care much fur Billy Ray or that ol coot anyhow. A course, that was a picnic compared t them big-ass alien buggers up at the sanny-ter-ee-um, and don t even get me started on them lil shit monkeys down at the sewage plant...

Ventura: Ahem! I don t think my editors would go for that, Mr. Leonard. You mind if I call them — er — how about "turd minions"?

Leonard: Hell, I don t care WHATchoo call em. Jes so long as I don t haveta squash any more a the little bastards. Urgh. An here I thought nothin smelled worse n Bubba after muckin the outhouse.

Ventura: So then...?  
Leonard: Whaddya think? We went to town on those aliens. Me an Bubba, we showed em that you cain t mess with Hickston an get away with it. They ain t gonna be stealing no more prize pigs around here, I kin tell ya that! Poor Bessie... Hickston was crawling with them pignappin asshole, an that ain t countin what they done to the local critters! Gators, snakes, mad dogs, and mosquitos — shyyit! Those bugs were the size of your damn HEAD! And I don even wanna TALK about whut we hit at Earl's Bait Shop. This warn t no pansy-ass computer game — there warn t no whaddya-callems, hostages or nuthin. We pretty much hadta blow away anythin that moved. [chugs another can and belches with satisfaction]

Ventura: I guess that explains the mess that the police found.  
Leonard: Oh ayuh, sure. We had ta hunt them alien spawn all over creation, from Taylor Town to the mortuary to the nuthouse to the junkyard to the smelting plant to the sewers... The mines were pretty bad — Bubba s still glowing. I don t think we coulda pulled through without the booze an the eats. Hog-Wild Deep-Fried Pork Rinds, CowPies™...mmm. Nothin like em. Heck, even roadkill helped in a pinch. Eatin an drinkin made it harder t sneak around an shoot straight, but hell, it sure made us feel a whole lot better after them aliens whaled the snot outta us. It s the simple things in life, y know?

Ventura: [looking a bit green] Oh of course, yes... Now, I m sure our readers are going to be curious about how exactly you went about vanquishing the intruders?  
Leonard: [looks blank]

Ventura: Erm. Okay. Just how did you "blow away them aliens"?  
Leonard: Now why didn t you jes say that? Lessee. There was the crowbar from the back a the pickup — not much compared to a gun, but when yer desperate four feet a solid iron kin do some damn good damage up close. Lucky me, I was also packin muh .454 Casull single-action pistol — now that s a fine piece of metal! Twice the kick of a .44 Magnum, that baby ll blow a rabid dog s head right out his ass. Still, those alien clones took a couple shots each. We had t be right careful, checkin their slimy bodies fur more ammo. Fur the shotguns, too.

Ventura: Shotguns?  
Leonard: Dunno if them aliens cloned Billy Ray s ol Betsy too, but danged if they weren t all packin those beauties. It got mighty hot there until we managed t get our hands on em ourselves. We was also able ta scrounge up a ranch rifle — I d bet that was the sheriff s, even if it WAS pumped up to full auto. That s against the law, y know.

Ventura: Not that it stops anyone  
Leonard: NOW you're gettin it, cityboy. Now where was I? Oh yeah. The dynamite came in right handy, though it took us a bit t get the timing jes right. Ya gotta light it then remember ta throw that sucker, too. Tricky. Not somepin I m used to. An that ripsaw gun...woo! I figured out how ta use that momma as a chainsaw up-close AND t fire blades every which way. You shoulda seen the look in them aliens eyes when the blood started flyin ...

Ventura: [looking a little nervous] Er, it s starting to sound like you two went in there with a regular arsenal.  
Leonard: We had to. Shit, did we ever! You d piss your pants and faint dead away if you d seen what we d seen.

Ventura: I've seen pictures of some of the bodies. Before they disappeared.  
Leonard: Shame bout that. Coulda used a trophy or two. Ain t no WAY the boys down in Polecat Hollow are gonna believe this. Pity them alien vixen-types warn t the neighborly sort, though... Ey! Did I tell you about the arm-gun-thing?

Ventura: The WHAT?  
Leonard: Yeah, them great big alien hulk guards down at the nuthouse were a pain-and-a-half till we got the bright idea a usin their own guns. Problem is, those things were attached t their arms, really kinda bolted in like, so I had ta sorta pick up the whole arm an ...here, lemme show you. [reaches under the table and pulls out...something...dripping bits of meat and buzzing with flies] You jes jerk on these-here tendons, kinda sharp-like...

[The interview stops here as Ventura hastily retreats to the PI News truck to be violently ill.]

# FOREIGNERS SIGHTED AT SEWAGE PLANT

**Keep your toilet seat down!  
Are they planning to take over?**

By D. Reed  
For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — Have they finally arrived? You know who we mean: foreigners, cityfolk, here to buy up everything you own and turn it into a strip mall. Jed Mudtussle, night watchman over the old treatment plant, says that he's seen 'em slinking around at night...obviously planning something.

"Them brutes hadda be eight, ten feet tall — but it was the little disgusting ones that were the final straw," said Mudtussle. "I went for my shotgun, but when I turned around they were gone. There were some funny splatting noises down in the main tank, but heck, I ain't about to firin' off a gun around those things! Set off the gas and BOOM — right through the Pearly Gates!"



## Artist's renditions



Could these invaders now be lurking in the pipes under downtown Hickston? Authorities (Mudtussle and two dogs who refuse to go near the main outlet down at the creek) say yes.

"Down in the system? Sure, I reckon that's where they got to all right. Makes me glad I never did pay for a newfangled indoor shithouse."



# 42ND ANNUAL COUNTY FAIR A ROUSING SUCCESS

By J. Ponce  
For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — If there s one thing we all love down here in Hickston, it s a carnival! This weekend marked our forty-second county fair and if you weren t there, you must have either been coughing up your dying breath or kidnapped by aliens.

This year s highlight was, of course, the shooting competition. Due to heavy Saturday-morning congestion at the beer tent, only half of the competitors were properly liquored up when the contest began, but ten minutes into the event the Jaspers showed up with a full tub of their award-winning rotgut and the festivities swung into high! Only four bystanders were seriously injured this year, not including two unfortunate hounddogs and minor wounds sustained by passengers aboard the Ferris Wheel. All agreed that it was a heck of a display. Top awards went to Jennie Jasper, who brought down a hawk, three escaped balloons, and the top of the flagpole instead of the pigeons she was supposed to be aiming for. Keen eye, Jennie!

Coming in second on the excitement scale was the rodeo, which was t on the program but rather "happened" when one of the Sandler boys bet one of the Johnsons that he couldn t ride Lucifer, the big black stud-bull that runs loose in the Lees pasture across the way. Hickston is now minus two Johnsons, three Wilsons, and a McCoy, but a good time was had by all.

The livestock competition was fairly lively despite the lack of blood and live ammunition. The cattle category went as expected, pinning the blue on the Wilsons Bossy VIII, proving once again that just because an animal s got three eyes doesn t mean that she can t be a hell of a milker. However, there was a surprise upset in the hog category as newcomer Bessie outshone both Cooter Joe s unnamed boar (the big mean sonuvagun that gored the Jeffersons youngest boy last spring) and Bo Sandler s sow Candy to take first place. Bessie s owners Leonard and Bubba went home right proud of their little lady. That s one smart pig!

Another unexpected first-place ribbon was awarded in the jam category as



Photo of the Fair could not be printed cause the camera was run over by a semi. So instead, here s some scenes from that great new game Redneck Rampage. Come t think of it, these scenes look right close t what was going on at the Fair.

Miz Jackson s famous blackberry preserves were passed over in favor of Tandy Wilson s Fuzzy Orange Peel Surprise. And hoo-eee, were the judges surprised—!

For full listings of winners and casualties, see our front page story from yesterday.

Doesn t Granny deserve the best?

Remember Grimley Mortuary for all of your burial needs

"When the taxidermist just won t do..."

1 800 555-GRIM

**BUFORD S ROOFERS!**

You can't say our name ten times fast, but we don't care. You only need to call it once. If your shack is leakin' like a cow pissin' on a flat rock, we're your guys. I'll send Joe, Bob, Billy and Rusty around to look at it for a while. If you feed them, I won't get them back, so don't. They'll then climb up there and fix 'er right up, but don't go lookin' up their ladders, your liable to see some crackage, and that ain't pretty ma'am."

1-800-555-HOLE for BUFORD'S ROOFERS!

# WHAT IS IT WITH ALL THESE CHICKENS?

**Accident on the main road floods Hickston with feathery livestock**

By J. Berman  
For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — If you're a local (and we're sure you are) you may have been noticing a high frequency of squishy clucking impacts as you tear down the roads in your pickup. Nope, it's not the Jeter boys forgetting to lock up the hen-house again — a truck bound for J. Cluck's Poultry Processing Plant has mysteriously disappeared in the area.

Before it vanished, however, it's apparent that somebody or something released all of the factory-bound poultry aboard. Bad for J. Cluck but good for you, eh?

"It's been home-fried chicken for dinner every night for three days," boasted a reporter at this paper who elected to remain anonymous. "I ain't eaten this good since that mad chicken disease scare had 'em literally giving away hens at the gates."

The J. Cluck plant has offered a reward of 25 cents per chicken recovered and returned, preferably in one piece and free of tire treads or bite marks. A substantially larger reward has been offered for any news regarding the whereabouts of the truck and its driver. If you have any information and could do with a cool hundred bucks, call J. Cluck & Associates at 555-GIBLET.

## PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

**TO END A LEVEL, YOU HAVE TO SMACK BUBBA IN THE FACE WITH YOUR CROWBAR. THAT'S THE REASON YOU'RE READING THIS MANUAL IN THE FIRST PLACE, RIGHT?**

IF YOU BELIEVE ALL OF THE REST OF THE CRAP IN THIS MANUAL, THEN YOU ARE AS DUMB AS BUBBA.

# LOCAL WOMAN SEES ELVIS!

**"The resemblance is uncanny," neighbors agree**

By J. Tortolano  
For the Hickston Hog

RABBIT RIDGE, ARKANSAS — On Tuesday, Annie-May Jethers clocked in with her fifth Elvis sighting this month, breaking all previous area records.

"I reckon I just have a knack for it," Jethers explained as she proudly displayed her latest sighting: a potato which, if viewed from the proper angle, did indeed resemble the King in his later years. Previous sightings include a gas-station attendant, a pig with unusual sideburns, a spot on a cow, and a stain on the kitchen wall.

"[The stain] wept real tears!" the 31-year-old farmwife insisted.

As evinced by last week's "Presley-shaped thundercloud" which was witnessed by every sober resident in Hickston (see "Elvis in the sky!", last Friday's edition), Elvis sightings are at an all-time high in the county this spring, leading some residents to speculate that the King may soon return. Others say it's just aliens.

Reverend Weatherby has declined to comment on the likelihood of a second coming.

## **DON'T MISS THE SPRING KING SALE!!!**



### **Real artifacts from THE KING!**

**We've got Sweat, Hankies, and the World-Famous Coveted Shroud of Graceland!**

**Also available on T-Shirts, Jeans, Belt Buckles and Hats.**

**On display out on the back porch of Le Rouge d'Nec, this weekend only.**

**Overrun with chickens? Tripping over pullets? Ankle-deep in capons? We're buying!**



**J. Cluck's Poultry Processing Plant**

**At the end of Creek Road, Hickston**

**Home of the World-Famous Cream-Filled Chicken Eclair**

**You bring 'em, we wring 'em!**

# Product of the Week

Sponsored by The Hickston Meat Co. (You can't beat our meat!)



### A FEW HELPFUL HINTS:

-  When you see your friend Bubba, hit him in the head with yer crowbar to end the level and keep looking for poor old lost Bessie.
-  Careful, now, them dynamite fuses is quick! Click once to light 'er, and click again to throw 'er ... you can hold down yer fire button to get a little more distance in yer throwin' arm.
-  The best way to keep yer ass from gettin' shot up is to get yer alcohol and gut meters in the green zone.
-  Remember, animals were put on this world for a purpose, so ya better make damn sure ya got some use outta them before you killum.
-  Cracks in the walls might indicate a lack of structural 'tegrity. I never went to no demolition school, but I am a right skilled amateur.

**Hickston Meats and Redneck Rampage, a winning combination**



(Meat by product)



## THINGS THAT HURT PEOPLE



**Crowbar** - There's just something so satisfying about the bone-jarrin feeling of a cold piece of steel laid across a warm skull.



**.454 Casull pistol** - This ain't no pea-shooter, boy. She packs quite a punch and is real accurate from a distance.



**Shotgun** - The primary weapon for some up-close and personal killin'. Tap her gently to let off a single load, or lean on her to empty both barrels.



**Ranch Rifle** - Psst...Don't tell Sheriff Hobbes now, but we done modified this baby to be fully automatic. Remember, fire in controlled bursts if ya don't wanna be shootin' at the sky...



**Dynamite** - These ain't eggsackly what you'd call Safe N' Sane. Light 'em, throw 'em, then get the hell outta the way.



**Crossbow** - When yer throwin' arm gets a little tired, try duct-tapin' a stick a dynamite to an arrow. She'll fly mighty far with a cross-bow, and the twang of the bow-string is sorta like a banjo.



**Rip Saw** - This here is your dual-purpose killin' machine—one mode gives ya that close-up chainsaw action, while the other is perfect fer some long-distance mutilation. Best watch out for that nasty rebound now.



**Alien Arm Gun** - Well now, them tendons is a little slimy, and the fire-works it lets out'll burn the hair on your arms clean off, but I'll be damned if this thing won't crispify just about anything.



**Powder Keg** - Them's give new meanin' to the phrase "Handle with care." I wouldn't even recommend fartin' too close to these things. You can set 'em off with just about anything...Just make shore you shoot 'em from a safe distance.



Well now, I'm just too ashamed to talk about this here gun. I just know I'm gonna get throwed outta the lodge if anyone sees me wearin' it. But Damn it...it just feels so nice against m' skin!

## YER HOSTILE ENEMY TYPES



**Mosquito** - You may have heard a yarn or two about the size of the insect life here in the deep South. Now, I suggest ya don't take these stories too lightly, 'cause I've seen some mosquitos in my time that could suck a full-grown steer bone dry. Hell, some farmers round these parts even claim that a skeeter can carry off a Javelina if it gets hungry enough. Ain't no bug repellent in the world gonna keep these bastards away, so ya best be keepin' a loaded shotgun handy if n' you're gonna go traipsin' through the backwoods.



**Chicken** - Chickens really don't make good huntin', 'cause they just ain't much of a challenge. Now I reckon ya might be able to get 'em riled up enough to provide some decent target practice, but as far as I'm concerned, they generally just a pain in the ass, and is constantly gettin' in the way. Nope, if ya ask me, a chicken is at its best when its floatin' way down at the bottom of a J. Cluck's Deep Fryin' vat.



**Cow** - It always amazes me how many slugs you can pump into a cow before she'll go down. Hell, I hit one with my truck once and it took the radiator and grill completely out. Damn thing just kept on walkin' cross the road too, as if it never paid me no nevermind. I'll tell ya, them animals make for some great cover when your ass is in a bind. They ain't so bright though; I tipped one over once and it took it nearly a whole day to figger out how to get back up.



**Pig** - Don't you be shootin' no pigs now, ya hear. Some of my most favorit things on this earth is made from them critters. Somehow, them animals always seem to lift me up when I'm feelin' down. Sides, they ain't quite as dumb as chickens and cows ya know. Pliss off a Javelina and she might just gnaw yer foot off if n' ya ain't careful.



**Dog** - Dogs round here ain't like them lazy city dogs; they gots to earn their keep. You be might careful not to go messin' round with no farm dogs, 'cause they're awful temperamental about strangers bein' in their territory. Ya best pay attention to what I'm sayin' now, 'cause if ya get



one of them mongreloids after yer ass, you'll be prayin' for the fastest cowboy boots that's ever graced the face of this earth.

**Turd Minion** - Rumor has it that them Turd Minions is actually made from alien fecal matter. Ayup, you heard right, alien shit! Seems them buggers have found some kind a way to recycle their own crap. They bring it to life and use them little buggers to do all their work for them. Damn, I'm startin' to think I'm on the wrong side here. I mean, can ya imagine it? You could take a dump and have the little turd go plow the back 40! Ah, just as well, those little freaks probably would never get a lick o' work done, the way they always be hoppin' around like that. Nope, more likely they wouldn't be worth...Well, worth a shit I imagine.



**Skinny Old Coot** - Most of the town folk are a bit scared of that skinny old coot. No one can say for sure how old he is, but he's been livin' round here since long before anyone else can remember. Folks say he's been touched by some bad mojo, and now he cain't be killed. A few people have even claimed that they've actually seen the old man die. Somehow though, he always manages to come back. To make things worse, the old fart hates trespassers, and thinks he owns the whole county. Hell, he's so damn old that maybe that's not so impossible to believe.



**Billy Ray Jeter** - Billy Ray has always been a bit of a loner, and doesn't care much for comp ny (even though he does consider most folks to be his cousin, an' in his case, he's likely right). Like many folk round these parts, Billy Ray swims in the shallow end of the gene pool, if n' you catch my drift. Because of several generations of...errrr...selective breedin', he is one mammoth of a man. That boy's skull is so thick I swear you could crack a bowlin' ball on it.

I heard a rumor about Billy Ray recently. Word has it he was out frog giggin' in the swamp late one night, and one of them alien space ships sucked his big ass up. They say they done cloned that boy, but was so disappointed with the results, they dumped the whole lot back into the swamp. Now I guess there's supposed to be hundreds of them Billy

Ray clones traipsin about, and no one knows which is the original. Hell, I don't see what's so hard to figger out...just look for the one with the corn mash on his breath.



**Alien Hulk Guards** - Well now, them alien critters don't appear to be the sharpest pencils in the box, but I'll be damned if they ain't the biggest. Not only that, but they is armed to the teeth (and I think even those might be weapons too). Far as I can tell, they's some kind of half critter, half machine type thing. All I know for sure is that if you really wanna kill one, you better blow his ass to bits. Otherwise, they seem to have some kinda backup battery contraption that keeps rechargin' after a while.



**Alien Vixens** - It just pains my heart to have to fight such a luscious example of femanine beauty. I guess when it comes right down to it though, I just can't stomach gettin' my ass whupped by some leather wearin' girlie. I must admit though, them twin machine guns look purty appealin'. Course, you wouldn't never catch me tryin' to use a contraception like that...not in public anyhow.



**Sheriff Hobbes** - Sheriff Hobbes is not a man to cross when on the wrong side of the law. For that matter, he ain't a man to cross when on the "right" side of the law neither. Lester T. Hobbes makes it well

known that he puts up with no guff in his county. You'd probably find his brand of southern justice is a might extreme, so be sure you don't get on his bad side if you don't wanna end up in the swamps feedin' the gators.

## HEALTH FOOD N STUFF



**CowPie™** - Mmmmmnn...nuthin' like a little simulated bovine excrement to fill the tummy and make an ailin' feller fell a little better.



**Pork Rinds** - They're crispy, they're crunchy, and they're made from 100 percent deep-fried, All-American, processed pig parts. Yummy! If them don't make ya feel better, nuthin' will.



**Whiskey** - I just can't hit a damn thing when I'm sober. I find that just a few nips off the ol' bottle settles the nerves and steadies the hands. Also takes the sting off some of them scrapes and bruises. Don't drink too much now...it's no fun pukin' on your boots durin' a gunfight.



**Beer** - A six-pack and a loaded shotgun... well now, it must be killin' time!



**Key** - Keys can be very useful when it just wouldn't be polite to shoot out the window.



**Hip waders** - Not only will these babies let you run like lightning when you're knee deep in pig filth, but they also do a fine job of keepin' the cold outta yer nether regions.



**Vacuum Hose and Welding Goggles** - These ain't egg-sackly what you might call self-contained, but they still make for some damn fine breathin' aperatus.



**Moonshine** - Grandma's recipe will shore nuff light a fire in yer belly and send ya haulin' ass down the road like a gut shot javalina! This liquid tonic'll clear the head and settle a gassy belly.

### EATIN' AN' DRINKIN'

Both will make you feel better, but beware: the drunker ya get, the harder it'll be t'walk straight. An' the more gut ya get, the harder it'll be t'sneak up on them aliens. <BURRRP BLAAAAT> Oooops sorry— see whut we mean?

#### DRUNKOMETER

1. Sober
2. Buzzed
3. Shit-Faced
4. F<sup>u</sup>pp<sup>e</sup>d Up

#### GUTOMETER:

1. Bubba
2. Big Bubba
3. Mega Bubba
4. Stick-A-Red-Flag-Up-Yer-Ass Wide-Load Bubba

## HOW TO DO STUFF IN THE GAME

### MOUSE

- Button 1 Fires the selected weapon
- Button 2 Walk forward
- Button 3 Strafe

### JOYSTICK

- Movement Direction
- Button 1 Fires the selected weapon
- Button 2 Walk forward
- Button 3 Strafe

### GAMEPAD

- Movement Direction
- Button 1 Fires the selected weapon
- Button 2 Walk forward
- Button 3 Use items or open doors
- Button 4 Strafe

### KEYBOARD

- Arrows Movement
- Spacebar Use items or open doors
- Tab 2D map modes
- Shift + Arrow Run
- Caps Lock Auto run

- Alt + Arrow Strafe in direction of arrow key
- Ctrl Fire Current weapon
- A Jump
- Z Crouch
- Backspace 180° Turn
- [ or ] Select inventory item
- Enter Use current inventory item
- W Drink Whiskey (if owned)
- B Drink Beer (if owned)
- ` Take a quick pee
- Y Yee haw
- C Eat CowPie™ (if owned)
- M Drink moonshine
- # s 1-0 Weapons selection
- ; or Previous weapon or next weapon
- Scroll Lock Holster weapon
- Keypad 5 Center view
- Home/End Aim up/Aim down
- PgUp/PgDn Look up/Look down
- Ins/Del Peek left/Peek right
- Pause Pause game (hold Shift to avoid message)

- ESC Escape back to Main Menu
- F1 Help and game story
- F2 Save game
- F3 Load game
- F4 Sound/Music settings
- F6 Quick save
- F7 Chase view
- F8 Toggle messages On/Off
- F9 Quick Load
- F10 Quit to DOS
- F11 Brightness
- F12 Take a PCX screen shot
- (minus) Shrink screen (faster play)
- + (plus) Enlarge game screen

#### Options for Network Games

- Alt + F1-F10 Holler at yer kin (just try it and see)
- Shift + F1-F10 Send pre-defined Macro Messages
- T Type a message to everyone
- W Show opponent's weapon
- K See Co-Op view

**CREDITS**

**XATRIX ENTERTAINMENT**

**ORIGINAL CONCEPT, DESIGN AND DIRECTION**  
DREW MARKHAM

**PRODUCED BY**  
GREG GOODRICH

**GAME PROGRAMMING**  
RAFAEL PAIZ

**ART DIRECTORS**  
CLAIRE PRADERIE  
MICHAEL "MAXX" KAUFMAN

**LEAD LEVEL DESIGNER**  
ALEX MAYBERRY

**LEVEL DESIGN**  
MAL BLACKWELL, SVERRE KVERNMO

**SENIOR ANIMATOR AND ARTIST**  
JASON HOOVER

**TECHNICAL DIRECTOR**  
BARRY DEMPSEY

**MOTION CAPTURE SPECIALIST AND CHARACTER ANIMATION**  
AMIT DORON

**ADDITIONAL ANIMATION**  
GEORGE KARL

**CHARACTER DESIGN**  
CORKY LEHMKUHL

**MAP PAINTERS**  
VIKTOR ANTONOV, MATTHIAS BEEGUER  
STEPHAN BURLE

**SCULPTORS**  
GEORGE ENGEL, JAKE GARBER  
JEFF HIMMEL

**CHARACTER VOICES**

**LEONARD**  
BURTON GILLIAM

**BUBBA, BILLY RAY, SKINNY OL' TOOT AND THE TURD MINION**  
DREW MARKHAM

**SHERIFF LESTER T. HOBBS**  
MOJO NIXON

**ALIEN VIXEN**  
PEGGY JO JACOBS

**SOUND DESIGN**  
GARY BRADFIELD

**MUSIC**  
MOJO NIXON  
THE BEAT FARMERS  
THE REVEREND HORTON HEAT  
CEMENT POND

**ADDITIONAL SOUND EFFECTS**  
JIM SPURGIN

**MOTION CAPTURE ACTOR**  
J.P. MANOUX

**MOTION CAPTURE VIXEN**  
SHAWN WOLFE

**PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE**  
MINERVA MAYBERRY

**NUTS AND BOLTS**  
STEVE GOLDBERG  
MARCUS HUTCHINSON

**BEAN COUNTING**  
MAX YOSHIKAWA

**ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANCE**  
SERAFIN LEWIS

**LOCATION MANAGER, LOUISIANA**  
RICK SKINNER

**LOCATION SCOUT, LOUISIANA**  
BRIAN BENOS

**PHOTOGRAPHER**  
CARLOS SERRAO

**ADDITIONAL 3D MODELING BY**  
3 NAME 3D  
VIEWPOINT DATALABS INTERNATIONAL

**AUDIO RECORDED AT**  
PACIFIC OCEAN POST, SANTA MONICA, CA.

**CEMENT POND TRACKS RECORDED AT**  
DREAMSTATE RECORDING, BURBANK, CA.

**RECORDING ENGINEER**  
DAVE AHLERT

**3D BUILD ENGINE LICENSED FROM**  
3D REALMS ENTERTAINMENT

**BUILD ENGINE AND RELATED TOOLS**  
CREATED BY KEN SILVERMAN

**INTERPLAY PRODUCTIONS**

**A.I. PROGRAMMING**  
ARTHUR ATTILA DONAVAN

**LEAD TESTER**  
DARRELL JONES

**TESTERS**  
TIM ANDERSON, ERICK LUJAN  
TIEN TRAN

**IS TECHS**  
BILL DELK, AARON MEYERS

**COMPATIBILITY TECHS**  
MARC DURAN, DAN FORSYTH  
DEREK GIBBS, AARON OLAIZ  
JACK PARKER

**DIRECTOR OF COMPATIBILITY**  
HUONG NGUYEN

**ASSISTANT QA DIRECTOR**  
COLIN TOTMAN

**QA DIRECTOR**  
CHAD ALLISON

**QA TEAM #2 LEAD:**  
ANTHONY TAYLOR

**QA TEAM #2:**  
TYMOTHI LOVING, CHRIS FRANKIE  
ADAM CHANEY, AMY PRESNELL  
CHRIS CAYTON

**INTERPLAY PRODUCER**  
BILL DUGAN

**INTERPLAY LINE PRODUCER**  
CHRIS BENSON

**INTERPLAY LOGO**  
TIM DONLEY, CHARLES DEENEN

**THANKS**  
CHIP BUMGARDNER, BRAD GRACE,  
KIRK TOME

**MARKETING MANAGER**  
JIM VEEVAERT

**PUBLIC RELATIONS**  
ERIKA PRICE

**MANUAL WRITTEN BY**  
KELLY AND GREG NEWCOMB

**MANUAL GRAPHICS AND DESIGN**  
LARRY FUKUJOKA

**SPECIAL THANKS FROM XATRIX**  
SCOTT MILLER, TODD REPLOGE,  
CHUCK BUECHE, DON MAGGI

**EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS**  
BRIAN FARGO

**REDNECK RAMPAGE**  
©1997 XATRIX ENTERTAINMENT, INC.  
All rights reserved. Redneck Rampage and Interplay are trademarks of Interplay Productions. All rights reserved. Interplay is the sole publisher and distributor. All other trademarks and copyrights are the property of their respective owners.

The producers of Redneck Rampage would like to thank the following people...

Jim Gauer and Enterprise Partners, L.L.P. for the green light and the money to produce Redneck Rampage.

Brian Fargo and Alan Pavlish at Interplay for actually buying it.

Mom, Pop and Kitty Markham for yer' kind hospitality and the crawfish at yer' Dudley & Gerald's in Shreveport, LA.

John Venoble and his wife Peggy for the use of yer' wave-runners at Lake Bistineau, Louisiana. Special thanks to John Venoble for towing us back to the marina after we broke um'.

Joe, Bo and Charlene Dowden for the cruise on the 'Pine Cove Express' even though we didn't spot any of yer' there 'gaters like you said we would.

Steve and Vivette Middlebrooks and their son Quaid of the 'Borra Borra Booze Cruise' in Bossier City, LA for supplying the Tequila and Dramamine.

Brandi Middlebrooks of Bossier City, Louisiana -- call us when you turn 18.

Mike and Susan Jarrett for the chaw.

Ralph & Kacoo's for the shrimp gumbo and hush puppies.

Kelly's Truck Stop, Greenwood, LA.

The guy at 'The Horseshoe Casino' in Shreveport, Louisiana who rolled 10 straight points before crapping out.

The Texas Department of Public Safety for not hauling Chuck's pucker'd ass off to jail for exceeding the legal limit.

Shreveport Sewage Treatment Facility for not pressing charges and for letting us keep the film.

Justin, Charlie and Little Mr. Tee Tee, the three muddy redneck kids of Taylor Town, Louisiana and their dog Teddy for the inspiration.

Shawn Green, Jay Wilbur and Mike Wilson of id Software for feedin' us the killer Mesquite BBQ.

Scott Miller at Apogee for all the free Duke Nukem shit and showin' us where to find some shave-ice.

Mom and Pop at 'Pop's Pantry' in Koran, Louisiana for the beef ribs and for not shootin' at us when we jumped yer' fence to take a picture of yer cute chickens.

Wait Phandl of Phandl Metals, Inc. the only person we could find who is manly and virile enough to actually own and shoot a .454 Casull.

K Genecco Gunworks, Stockton, CA  
The Million Dollar Club, Dallas, TX.

Meadow Williams  
Del Frisco's Double Eagle Steak House, Dallas, TX.

The kind and warm hearted people of Louisville, Arkansas.

Burge's BAR-B-Q, Cones and Shakes of Louisville, Arkansas.

Murrell's Diner in Shreveport, Louisiana for the killer grnts.

Jason Graff ... 'The Graffster' ... at Kinko's for makin' copies at the copy center.

Wes Stevens at The Talent Group, Inc. Ed James of Troma, Inc. for the Toxic Avenger paraphernalia.

John Conley for being one bad-ass mo-fo and keeping Burton Gilliam safe while in LA.

Kevin Vance, Mike Baumer and the rest of the spec. warriors at Naval Special Warfare Center ST-1 and ST-5 in Coronado, CA. for reminding us that freedom is not free (and teaching us a bunch of really neat stuff.)

R. Carter Lipsomb the most backwards-ass hillbilly Mississippi redneck we know, who was with us on that faithful journey to the Arklatex, for proving to us all that it wouldn't hurt to eat crawfish without removing the mud-vein.

Crash Craddock, Lynn Wells and Dimitri LaBarge at TNNET in Nashville, Tennessee for your continued support!

The Standard Candy Company for making the best damn candy on the planet and for sending it to us by the truckload!

Paul Vais for being a savior, mentor and friend to everyone at Xatrix.

**EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS FOR PUTTING UP WITH THE LONG HOURS**  
Lynn, Nicole and Cathrine Paiz  
Caryn, Alyson, and Shana Kaufman  
Erin and Marlee Blackwell  
Einat Doron and Ygal Doron  
Patricia Fernandez  
Sarah May

**MUSIC**

**UFOs Big Rigs & BBQ**  
Mojo Nixon

"UFOs Big Rigs & BBQ" - Produced by Eric "Roscoe" Amble. Published by - Muffin Stuffin Music (BMI), administered by Bug Music. CD "Whereabouts Unknown", 1995 Blutariski Entertainment, Inc./Ripe & Ready. Catalog #Ripe-3825

**Baby's Liquored Up**  
The Beat Farmers

"Baby's Liquored Up", performed by the Beat Farmers (Country Dick Montana/Mojo Nixon/Joey Harris/Paul Kamanski), Cricket Pie Music, BMI/Stuffin Muffin Music, ASCAP/Paul Kamanski Music/BMI

**Nurture My Pig**  
The Reverend Horton Heat

"Nurture My Pig" - performed by Reverend Horton Heat, courtesy of Sub Pop Records; (P) 1993 Sub Pop Records, written by Tom Foote; ©1990 Horton House Enterprises (BMI). All rights reserved.

**Trash Can**  
Cement Pond

"Trash Can" performed by Cement Pond; written by Drew Markham; ©1997 Scatologic Music.

**Gettin' Drunk**  
The Beat Farmers

"Gettin' Drunk", performed by the Beat Farmers (Country Dick Montana/Mojo Nixon/Joey Harris), Cricket Pie Music, BMI/Stuffin Muffin Music, BMI/Joey Harris Music, ASCAP

**Wiggle Stick**  
The Reverend Horton Heat

"Wiggle Stick" - performed by Reverend Horton Heat, courtesy of Sub Pop Records; (P) 1993 Sub Pop Records, written by James Heath, p/k/a "Reverend Horton Heat"; ©1990 Horton House Enterprises (BMI). All rights reserved.

**Vixen**  
Cement Pond

"Vixen" performed by Cement Pond; written by Drew Markham; ©1997 Scatologic Music.

**You Can't Kill Me**  
Mojo Nixon

"You Can't Kill Me" - Produced by Eric "Roscoe" Amble. Published by - Muffin Stuffin Music (BMI), administered by Bug Music. CD "Whereabouts Unknown", 1995 Blutariski Entertainment, Inc./Ripe & Ready. Catalog #Ripe-3825

Cement Pond is: Drew Markham (Guitar and Vocals), Jim Spurgin (Lead Guitar), Jason Smith (Drums), Kitty Markham (Vocals on Vixen).

**THESE ARE THEM FOLKS THAT MADE THIS HERE GAME**



Left to Right: Mal Blackwell, Rafael Paiz, Alex Mayberry, Michael "Maxx" Kaufman, Greg Goodrich, Claire Praderie, Drew Markham, Barry Dempsey, Jason Hoover, Amit Doron. Photo by Carlos Serrao.



Dear Annie,  
My husband wants boys but so far we've only had girls. My brother has five strapping boys and he gives my Jimmy a right rough ol time about it, and I don't know what to do. What should I do?  
Worried Wife

*Dear Worried Wife,  
Come on, girl, do I have to spell it out? Gwan out an whoop it up with your brother.*  
— Annie

dear annie,  
how du yu get blud out of wallpayper fast?? ps: it wuz an aksident, i swear on the bibel it wuz.  
anonncemus

*Dear "Anonncemus,"  
Forget the blood, next time hide the body better! Sheriff Hobbes has been looking for you for days, buddy! And by the way, he says thanks for putting a return address on your letter.*  
— Annie

Hey Annie,  
My neighbor down the road keeps borrowing stuff and not giving it back. Now he's got my second-best shotgun and he says he's going to return it next week but that's what he said about the can-opener and I never saw that again. When I told him this, he got rude and forced me off of his property. I'm so mad I'm thinking about "accidentally" driving over his mailbox — maybe his porch, too. Should I?  
J. Wilson

*Dear J. Wilson  
Sure, why not? Just hope that he can't read this column.*  
— Annie

Dear Annie,  
My pas marrying my second cousin, even tho he knows that I've been sweet on her since we was kids. Help! What do I do?  
Jealous

*Dear Jealous,  
Does she have any sisters?*  
— Annie

# BUBBA'S HOMEGROWN HORROSCOPE



**Aquarius**  
January 21-February 19 / Round Time  
The Chickens Thaw

Aquariniams are good-hearted folk who have a lot to live for. Tis a shame their houses will most likely be ripped away by a twister. Stock up on beer.

**Pisces**  
February 20-March 20 / When The House Floods

Your sign is the fish, which is good because you were probably born underwater. Cooter wants to move in, hide the pork rinds.

**Aries**  
March 20-April 20 / When Those IRS Guys Screw You

This is the sign of taxes. If you were born on this sign, you are an exemption, because we all know it's the only way to keep those stinkin government types from touching our hard-earned money that we made all by ourselves by doing God's honest work by prophesizing for the good folk of our local paper!!! Don't buy bread.

**Taurus**  
April 21-May 21 / Things Start Dying On The Lawn

Born under the sign of the Ford, these starchilds are mechanically aligned. Pro-wrestling holds many possibilities, but don't sit in the front row.

**Gemini**  
May 22-June 21 / The Dog Hasn't Moved In Weeks

Twins is your sign, and twins is what your sister might have if you don't stop that right now. Send her to me.

**Cancer**  
June 22-July 23 / The Dog Is Probably Dead

I write this every week, but this sign is DOOMED. DOOMED I TELL YOU. They say it's crabs, but I say it's THE DEVIL'S ERADicator!!! GIVE UP!

**Leo**  
July 24-August 23 / Shit It's Hot, Grandma Is Probably Dead Too

This is the sign of the mighty lion, and we all know that lion is a sin. Turn yourself in with those filthy, plague-carrying Cancer crabs and go jump into a bog!

**Virgo**  
August 24-September 23 / Bout Time To Put Grandma Away And Look For The Cows

This is the sign your daughter keeps telling you she is, but she's probably a Leo considering how she gets whenever those salesmen come round.

**Libra**  
September 24-October 23 / LuLu Is Swelling Up

This is another evil sign. When you're a Libra, you stand against everything good in America! You don't deserve to be with people like me. Come round and I'll kill you.

**Scorpio**  
October 24-November 22 / Relatives Start Showing Up For No Reason

Those born under this sign are sneaky and octagonal. Attend a NASCAR event and you may meet Mr. Right.

**Sagittarius**  
November 23-December 21 / Damn Relatives Talk During Football!

This is the sign of those born at the same time as that guy from the Home Video TV show. You can make a lot of money on that show if you put explosives in the toilet and film it.

**Capricorn**  
December 22-January 20 / The Month Of Kings

Now is a good time for this Holiest of Holy signs. Start that home decorating project now. They are having a sale on beer-can wall racks down at the the Thrift Shack.



## COW BABY

*Continued from page 1*

Ah dunno. That s jes the kind a weird shit aliens like t do ta nice normal folks lahke us, y know? Lotsa weird shit s been goin on round these-heah parts lately. Like that Billy Ray Jeter thing. Ah could tell ya all bout it...come t think of it, Ah haven t seen Lester fur near-on two days now..."

When questioned about the disappearances, the Hobbes nearest neighbors confirmed that life round these parts" has been stranger than usual. Livestock has been reported either missing or wandering around dazed with their heads completely shaved, and the town drunk has been spotted in several places at once by fairly reliable witnesses.

It s even possible that there ve been human disappearances as well, though this cannot yet be confirmed as Hickston residents live scattered far back into the hills and a reliable census has never been achieved.

"The McCoy children from up Green Ridge way haven t attended classes for two weeks," says local schoolteacher Annabelle Franks, "but that s normal around this time of year. It s huntin season, you know. As opposed to poachin season, which is all year round for them high-hills types. Not like us respectable valley types. Folks have to lock up their false teeth around them McCoy kids..."



### WEATHER FORECAST FOR TOMORROW:

Dark, followed by scattered light in the early morning, clearing up to full light by noon. Another dark front should hit in the evening, with total darkness setting in tonight and persisting through until the next day. There might be a moon up. High probability of stars. There ll probably be some wind and clouds, too. You never know.

## DISASTER

*Continued from page 1*

Two Polecat residents were subsequently located on the outskirts of town and have been brought in for questioning, but preliminary reports are not promising. According to Sheriff Parmer, "Those poor mountain boys are talkin crazier than usual. Something about giant mosquitos and aliens. It s obvious that they ve been raving drunk all night. We may never know what happened here. But judging by the sheer extent of the damage, whoever did it had to have cojones the size of my head."

Officials in the neighboring towns of Hickston and Rabbit Ridge were alerted to the situation by a quartet of vacationing college students who d been passing through and found the town eerily empty. A full investigation is underway.



**STANKY'S  
BAR & GRILL**

46 Locations Statewide

Now Up Past The Taylor  
Town Roundabout — Y all  
Know Where

Saturday is Moonshine Night  
(BYOM)

Sunday is Noon-To-Night  
Drink-Til-You-Drop

Pretty gals get their first two  
drinks free!

Ask about our franchise  
opportunities

**FREE PEANUTS WITH THIS AD**

## BACHELOR OF THE WEEK



Leonard (no last name available), fine upstanding young citizen with a knack for raisin' hogs...or massively inbred gun-toting lunatic with the brain the size of a chick pea? Either way, this week he's Hickston's Most Eligible Bachelor.

**Name:** "Leonard, just Leonard"

**Status:** single. Has a whole mess o' married sisters out in the hills some-where.

**Occupation:** raising hogs, moon-lighting over at J. Cluck s.

**Hobbies:** hanging out at Stanky's, making fun of tourists, huntin' with his friend Bubba, arm-wrasslin', sit-tin' on the porch, stacking beer cans, calling the Crop Circle Hotline.

**Measurements:** none available - threatened to "open up a big ol' can of whoopass" the next time our reporter tried to get his inseam.

**Turn-Ons:** the sound of hogs squealing, the smell of transmission fluid and gunpowder, large quantities of beer chugged in the company of good buddies, pigtails, freckles, Faberge eggs, good home cookin' - "any gal who k'n outshoot me... maybe, jes' half the time or so."

**Turn-Offs:** computers, people who play video games, Commies, long-hairs, liberals, aliens, Elvis imitators ("That's blasphemy! The Reverend sez they're gonna BURN an' Ah'm all for it!"), finding maggoty chicken bits wedged waaaaay up in a truck's suspension.

**Personal Quote:** "If a tree's good 'nough for muh dawg, it's damn well good enough for me."