

# The Independent GUARDIAN

Quality News For The  
Hard Of Thinking

The Weekly For The Association  
of Registered Stochastic Executives  
(A R S E)

A Nasty Spell On The Way?

## LIFE LOSES CHARM

*We'll Get The Bracelets On Them  
Yet, Says Wosname*

Aquitania's luck is running out - literally. That's what they're saying at Guardian House. And top officials say "There's worse to come."

According to leading Guardian, Len Wosname, 62, Aquitania can expect:

- Plagues of bats, mice and toads
- Bad weather for the foreseeable future
- The Green Witches holding power
- The collapse of the ferg
- Total unavailability of a decent bit of cheddar

### YERSE

Wosname, widely regarded as an authority on the Bracelet of Turani and the magic traditionally associated with it, blames Ms Jannedor Nasty, 186.

"Yerse," said Wosname, "I blame Ms Jannedor Nasty, 186."

Wosname claims that Jannedor is behind a campaign to separate the powerful charms from the legen-

dary Turani bracelet, weakening its power and allowing her and her rebel organization to seize power.

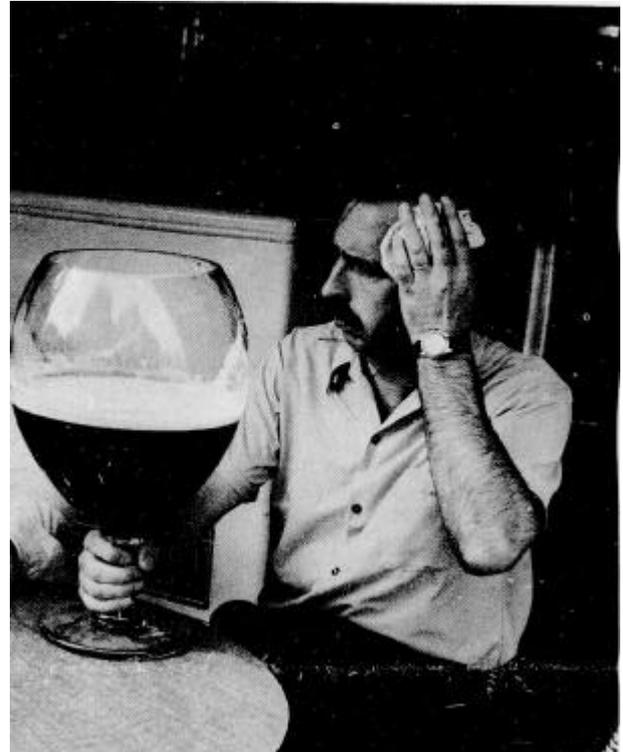
"Mark my words," says Wosname, "things will look bleak for Aquitania unless the bracelet and wosnames are reunited."

Asked what action the Guardians were taking, Wosname said "Werl... between ourselves, fat-all. Manpower. right? But we is looking for the right individual to, er, do the job on our wosname."

Wosname gave your soaraway Guardian **exclusive details** of the legendary charms of Turani.

"Dunno if it'll help," he said, "but frankly we've got a ruddy quicksand sitting on our shoulders and we'll be up to our necks in a whirl-wind if we don't drag ourselves out of the mire before the moose bolts."

*See below for the startling EXCLUSIVE facts!*



## SUPABOOZA LEN GOES LIKE A DRAIN!

While the rest of us were getting soaked in last week's mammoth storms, this week's Supaboosa Len Pisht just... soaked. "I just stood there with my wosname open," says Len, 44. "Not a drop was shpilt!"

Len, a 2nd Grade RSE with Central Stochastics, lives alone with a large collection of corks and something terribly important which he can't remember. When he heard he was this week's winner, Len said "Can anyone who knows where I've been for the last ten years please get in touch?" He added: "Oh - jolly kind of you. Just the one, then," before kneeling over and hanging on to the floor.

### Len Wosname Writes:

Turani knew us wosnames. Guardians. How we couldn't remember, er, words. So he called the thingies names, we *could* remember. Like the **doodah**, fire-engine. Makes it rain. Then to make the sun come out, you use the **thingy**. Dragon.

The **oojimy** - walrus - freezes stuff, and the **watchercallit**, unicorn, makes things come back to you. And of course, the **doofer** - pelican - makes things come to life. Just find the wosname, say the doodah, and thing's your wosname. Charm. Word. Bob. Uncle. Narmean?"

# Guardians strike in "Hard Cheese" Row

**Registered Stochastic Executives are to withdraw their labour as from the 25th, in a row over regulation cheese sandwiches.**

"We have to carry these things," says RSE 8th Grade Len Wotcher, "on account of where it's in company wosname, policy.

**"But frankly, it's a ruddy disgrace."**

Association chiefs took the decision at a meeting of the Guardians' union last night.

"It's definite" said union boss Len "Crusher" Thingy.

**"The 25th is Crunch Day. We haven't decided the 25th of what, exactly, but it'll probably be a month.**

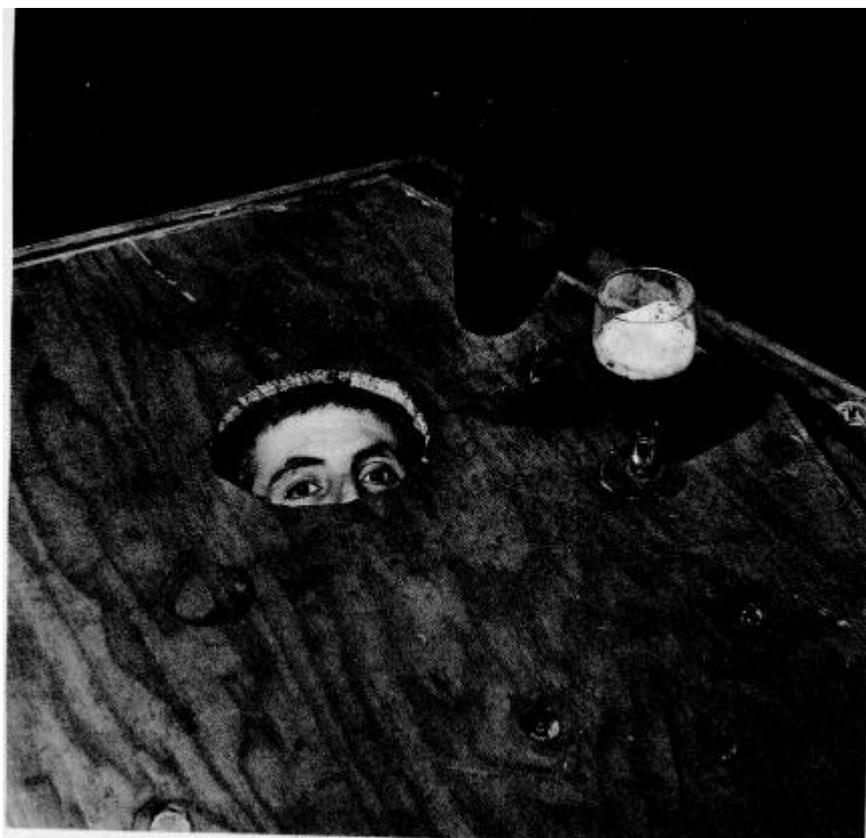
**"It's hard to think of anything else with a 25th in it," Thingy added, "and we took that into account."**

The cheese sandwich row begun 286 years ago over the bread, but has now escalated to include the cheese itself. As

Deputy General Secretary Len Doodah points out, "It wouldn't be so bad if the wosnames were sandwiches. Optional. But they aren't.

"Len Public expects his wosname, Guardian, to be carrying a cheese sarnie. It's traditional. But I don't think they realise their murky background.

*"Frankly, I wouldn't be surprised if this whole business escalated to include the butter before long, too, never mind the ruddy greaseproof paper."*



**Len Thingy - the face behind the strike**

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## COURT & SOCIAL

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His Royal Highness Prince Wilf the Partly-Formed left the Royal Seat yesterday when he began an extended goodwill mission to n'Goa n'Goa. His Royal Highness returned later for the Royal Seat saying: "Demned if one's goin' to sit on demned palm-trees, what? What? What? What?" Equerry-in-Stasis Lord Rupert Rupert Rupert then detonated a small grenade under His Royal Highness, who stopped saying "What? What?" but, since the shrapnel only passed through his brain, His Royal Highness suffered no other ill-effects.

Her Royal Highness The Princess Yah Super threw a bread roll in a restaurant on Tuesday evening. Doctors are said to be "delighted" with her progress.

The Prime Minister Sir Rudolph Nose had an audience with His Majesty yesterday. It is understood that they watched several old Sixties sit-coms and then fell asleep.

Her Majesty the Queen Mother visited the Lower Leaking Home for Dotards on Friday, where she smiled a lot. All the inmates said she was really lovely, just like her photo, and reminded them of their old Gran. They added 'as protocol demands, that they hoped she would drop round again when she was in Leaking.

The Lord Chancellor, His Honour Lord Sir Doctor General Horace Biro' will ceremonially open the High Court tomorrow at 11.00 in the forenoon. He will unceremoniously close it again at 11.15, since his recent operation was not entirely successful.

*(That's enough Court & Social - Ed.)*

# "Face up to facts" says renegade GM woman GRIM BIMBO TO WIN IN NO- LUCK CHARM CONTEST?

From Leonard J. O'Urnalist in Aquata

"If this woman has her way, every one of our members could be out of a jobby Saturnalia."

That's the grim picture spelt out in pillars of stone by A.R.S.E. Assistant Deputy Secretary-General Len Crikey.

The reason for Crikey's concern? Janne-dor, the rogue Green Witch who is threatening to destroy the Tura-ni Bracelet.

**If the Bracelet goes, it will cause considerable pain in the A.R.S.E.**

Members stand to lose their jobs. At the very least, says Crikey, "there's going to be a massive shakeout of Guardianpower."

**The Jannedor threat was first brought to the at-**



Starborgling: "No cause for alarm."

tension of senior Departmental staff 128 years ago, says Crikey.

Director of Stochastic Services Sir Monty Starborgling, questioned about the delay, said: "*Festina lente* is our motto here. *Volente non fit injuria*, of course, but *de mini-mis non curat lex*. In other words, *Caesar*

*adsum jam forte*. Follow my meaning, old pip, old pip?"

Crikey's immediate response? "Typical managerial drivel. Our members have to go out in the street and deal with real people.

"Starborgling wouldn't spot a woss-name if you shoved it in sideways. And you can quote me."

## NEWS IN BRIEF..

**Borgling** - A 21-year-old Assistant Guardian was beaten up and severely hurt last week while helping an elderly lady across the road. "It took two hours" said Len Thing, "and she was screaming all the way. Then all these old bats came from nowhere shouting 'Why can't you leave people alone!' The next thing I knew, they were beating me with their tartan shopping trolleys, and I woke up in Hospital"

**A.R.S.E. Chairman Sir Leonard ('Len') Wallet will retire next month. Says Len, "It's time to go. I don't want to pushmyluck!"**

*The Annual Association Lizard Bar-B-Q and Biodegradable T-Shirt contest will be held in St Leonard's Church Hall, Lennington on the 24th - that's the day after the strike, so a good turn-out is predicted, says St Leonard's Vi-car, the Rev. Len Vi-car.*

## Who is the Evil Genius of the Order? WHICHWITCH?

Special report by Gavin Safari-Jacket

The Jannedor threat is greater than ever before.

No Guardian can afford to be unaware of the situation.

I can reveal that, should Jannedor succeed in finally dismantling the, er, thing - sorry, left my notes in the pub, but you know what I mean - the lights will go out all over Aquitania.

Babies will die in the streets and the old will cry for milk in vain. Something like that, anyway.

*But more important than this, A.R.S.E. jobs are at risk.*

This threat is a banana-skin under Aquitania which will boomerang like a rabid quagmire before coming home to



Jannedor (left) meets Prince Herbert the Not Quite in happier times.

roost and explode to leave us with egg on our feet of clay.

But what is Jannedor really like? I simply haven't a clue. Sorry.

Retired Guardian Len Pouch, 72, has started a vital service for A.R.S.E. members: herringbone replacement. Says Len, 72, "My life as a Guardian was made miserable by constant herringbone maintenance. Now members can bring their overcoats in for quality bone-fitting at a budget price."

*Happy Birthday to Len Phone, who is 91 today!*

# "Country close to war" says PM Rebels Seize Power in Gulf Clash

A crack team of Guardians was called in last night to stem a rising tide of revolt in the long-running Gulf War.

The task force, led by Commander Len "Nuts" Twombly, 34, parachuted in from two Air Force cumulonimbi in the early hours of the morning.

"We will be building a bridgehead at Al Qhqu'u," said Twombly, "Or something that sounds like that, anyway. Then it's up to luck."

The rebel situation worsened last week when the A.T.I.A.F. dissidents broke with the T.E.A.F. freedom-fighters after a dispute with the I.T.F.A. guerilla leaders. Now the F.I.A.I.T. claims to have taken control of State Radio and is claiming a democratic military regime.

The exact nature of the I.T.F.A. victory is unknown, as is the location of the F.T.A.I. forces or indeed the Gulf itself. The reason for this confusion is that this, like all Gulf War stories, is being made up from the office after lunch.

Comments Twombly: "I don't exist either. You're making me up, too."



**Guardian Twombly - does this man really exist?**

## Foreign Report

### Kwazi Delegates run wild in Capital

Shock Horror Violence Flare Storm

Ruddibahmi, Capital of Kwazi, was in silence last night after a marauding band of A.R.S.E. delegates on a "fact finding" tour ran amok.



**The Kwazi Delegation**

The delegates, Len Flute, Len Wivaht and Len Welt, were

arrested by Kwazi police after apparently starting a fight in a house of ill-repute on the notorious Nooki Street.

Welt, speaking from his cell, said: "We wuz relaxing after a hard wosname. All we wanted was a quiet cheese sandwich when in comes this wosname with half-a-dozen scantily-clad wosnames. We told her to cheese orft, and next thing we knew we was banged up. It's a disgrace."

Landlady Ethel Dearie denies Welt's version of events. "They come in heah an they bline drunk. Sayin they respec'ble biznissmen but I see straight way they no good, probly Guardians out on one razzle. I offer 'em the best in my house, the finest mature cheddar in Kwazi, but itnot enough.

"Bring on the dancin' gels they screamin', 'We powerful operatives an' can float above the groun' So I call the cops. It serve them right, if you ask me."

## GUARDIAN SMALL ADS

**For Sale:** Herringbone Overcoat, vgc, one careful owner, bargain at 15fg. Apply at A.R.S.E. offices. Ask for Len Oops.

**For Sale:** Herringbone Overcoat, vgc, one careful owner, bargain at 15fg. Apply at A.R.S.E. offices. Ask for Len Piperack.

**For Sale:** Herringbone Overcoat, vgc, one careful owner, bar-

gain at 15fg. Apply at A.R.S.E. offices. Ask for Len Carton.

**For Sale:** Herringbone Overcoat, vbc, one accident-prone owner, bargain at 75fg. Apply at A.R.S.E. offices. Ask for Len Redit. No agencies.

**Wanted:** Overcoat, any pattern but herringbone. Advertiser promoted to Admininstrative post. Apply Leonard Memo, ex. 335

**Mum:** Do not worry. The doctors says they will dry out in time.

## ASK A GUY WHO KNOWS ...

What he thinks of "GRAUNIAD" brand Special Sandwich Cheese-style Spread.

*Only 3fg the packet.*

*STICKS TO THE BREAD*

*CLONGS THE TONGUE*

*SPRAYS ON CLIENTS*

*GUARANTEED NO TASTE*

Grauniad - let your A.R.S.E.

be the judge

Official Chees of the Association of Registered Stochiastic Executives. Gold Medal (failed); Empirical Exhibition (withdrawn); Dairy Products Award (recalled).

# Special Report

## A Life in the Day Of... LEN MORON

Aquata's New A.R.S.E. Rep is a ball of fire in a herringbone overcoat, writes *Suzie Dope*

"We Stokies have got to stick together." The languid, challenging figure reclining against the rough-shod wall gives me a challenging glance from languid, reclining eyes, "but let's not talk about me, honey.

How's about we make ourselves comfortable on this recliner and delve into your personal history like two old buddies?"

Understand Moron's desire to help a girl do a difficult job in anyway he feels like, and you have the measure of this languid, irresistible man who, mark my words, willshake up the public image of Guardians and set the cat among the pigeons.

"I want to put something to you," Moron murmurs, exuding the confidence which the public demand - but so rarely receive - from the Guardians. "Our job is to help people fulfil their lives.

"Like for example a girl like your-self shouldn't be out on the streets day after day. You should be in a little flat somewhere, where you could play with a poodle or two, lounge around in a kimono, you know what I mean?"

Put like that, who can argue with Moron?

Certainly he has style. The chairs, for instance. "Yes," he agrees shyly, "I'm rather proud of them. I use them for sitting on. It's rather a style point, I think. My mentor was Len Spoon and he was verykeen on novel applications for utility things. Look, hon-ey, these chairs recline right back, why don't I show you?"

The deeper one falls under the spell of a captivating man-child like Moron, the more one is aware of the vast gulf between him and the traditional, herringbone-overcoated Guardian: middle-aged, moustachioed, munching a

cheese sandwich, the traditional A.R.S.E. member has none of the grace, elegance, wit, charm and sparkling, sheer *personality* of the unique Moron.

"I want to get away from the old image," says Moron candidly. "I wouldn't tell this to just anyone, hon-ey - why not kick off those constrict-ing shoes, where they pull your feet out of shape? - but I want the public to call us Friends rather than Guardi-ans. After all, this is the present day, and it's time to throw out those pater-nalistic attitudes and for men and woman to come together as equals in freedom of choice."

One cannot but agree. The day of the paternalistic Guardian is over. True, Moron sports a herringbone overcoat - but it bears the unmistakable



stamp of *haute cuisine* on his lithe, elegant frame. True, he carries a cheese sandwich - but it's wholemeal bread and Roquefort and old-fashioned butter which Moron discovered "while scouring theglobe for taste-treats."

"No need to dress like a *schlump*," he asserts. "Nowadays, it's ongoing support which people require. The days of rushing around swamps and mines, turning up in mid-air and so forth, by me that's strictly old hat. Say, talking of hats, why don't you and me go and buy you something for your pretty hair? Maybe in the morn-ing?" Who could resist such an offer, or such a man? Not me, for sure.

We know you're only superhuman.  
We know you care.  
We know you do your best.  
Every day, in all weathers, you're out on the job.  
You don't ask for much.  
Immortality is its own reward.  
But have you thought about the future?  
Have you thought about Life Insurance?  
We have.  
Which is why we launched a special scheme.  
A scheme tailored for immortal demi-gods.  
You may think there's no point.  
Nor did anyone else.  
So we've gone bust.  
TWIT & CO - INSURANCE BROKERS

# The Independent Guardian

1327 Old Leather Bottle Alley  
Docklands Zone, AQ 17277  
Registered at the Post Office as a toad

## The Price of a Cheese Sandwich

On the other hand, it might be argued that the ongoing rumpus concerning the provision of cheese sandwiches to the duly appointed members of A.R.S.E. is a storm in a teacup.

Here at the *Guardian*, however, we prefer, upon mature consideration, taking one thing with another, to regard it as a storm between two slices of bread.

Why? Because that is the sort of feeble joke we enjoy making.

What must not be forgotten is that we are not very bright. If we were, we would be dons at Cambridge. As it is, we just pretend to be dons at Cambridge. Hence our baggy tweed jackets, our fluting voices, our pale pasty complexions and our pompous, slightly faggy prose style.

Never forget that we know almost less about what is going on than you do. We rely on other people for our information. They may, taking everything into account, choose to lie to us. So be it. We cannot be bothered to check. Which is why, all things considered, we begin leaders with phrases like "on the other hand."

But we say this: to commit ourselves unwisely would be unwise.

## Bummahs or Boozas

This organ has been accused of many things. Prudery has never been one of them. Yet there are those who want to BAN your weekly glugging, lurching SupaBooza.

To these killjoys, we say "NUTS!"  
Our readers work hard saving people from their folly.

We say this: whose pot would you rather fill? The pompous bum Bummah (see letters) or cheerful, os-den Len on Page 1?

We say this: Len gets our credit, any day of the week?!!?!??

# GUARDIANS AT WAR

An Anniversary Celebration

by Norbert Wibb

The War record of the Association of Registered Stochastic Executives - popularly known as "The Guardians" - has been a long and glorious one.

Now on the anniversary of the first Royal Incorporation of A.R.S.E. during the reign of King Willy the Bit Childish, we look back over the years with pride.

We first find the Guardians being mentioned in the *Chronicle of Clerk Peter the Very Overdrawn*, which deals with the Battle of Saucer Creek. Peter comments: "Waited until dawn for ye Grauniads to Tum Uppe but they Never Shewed. Typicall."

Some fifty years later, the Guardians were in action again, fighting for King Derek the Confused against him-self in one of the great rearguard actions of the Silly War. Contemporary sources cite the Guardians' role as "negligible: They just Hange aroundd with much Drinking and Fondling.



**King Derek the Confused at the Battle of Duvet**

For mine Selfe, I founde the Stentch of theyr Hering Boane Coates to Stink out my Nostriles, that I was like to Perrish."  
(*That's enough battles - Ed.*)

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Correspondents are requested to write on **one side of the paper only**. We reserve the right to shorten letters for reasons of space, or to amend readers' opinions for reason of naked bigotry. The Editor's decision is dubious. No Tick.

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### *Letter of the Week*

Sir:  
We have written to you repeatedly regarding your overdraft which at close of business yesterday stood at 37,660.32fg in our books.

Failing immediate repayment in full we will have no alternative but to seek recovery through legal channels.

Yours etc.  
Mr L.S.Bummah  
NotBest Bank Plc

### **Miss Doris Norris**

Sir:  
In the course of my Duty as a Guardian (Grade 2b) I was obliged to render assistance to the above-mentioned lady in a delicate domestic matter, to

wit, this sweet and innocent creature was being shamefully abused by her husband. I was able to oblige by turning him into a pair of rather nice Vibram-soled waterproof hiking boots (size 6). In the ensuing conversation it transpired that both the lady and I are keen mulching enthusiasts, and she kindly showed me her mulching cart which I took as a token of esteem.

We subsequently fell in love and are engaged to be married. We plan a hiking honeymoon during the course of which she will walk all over her ex-husband. What I want to know is this: in the event of our divorce, do I get the mulching cart?

Yours etc.,  
LenMacNure  
F.A.R.S.E.

## IMMORTALITY - THE HIDDEN CRISIS

What do you do, when a seemingly ordinary husband tells you: "I'm wosname"? It happened to **Mary Dull ...**

"Ours seemed such a straightforward marriage.

I met Len when I was just 23. He was seemingly doing pretty well as a trainee Guardian. He'd just got his F.A.R.S.E exams and the future looked bright.

Everyone said we were too young to marry, but we pooh-poohed them. For the first couple of years we were happy. Then Len began keeping late hours. He'd just go off for months on end. I spoke to him about it, but all he said was "Werl, narmean?"

I didn't like to say that, no, I



didn't know what he meant. So I tried to keep myself busy. I got interested in womanly things. I spent hours in front of the fire with my *Independent Guardian* Knit-Your-Own-Lesbian pattern. I wore a balaclava and hung around outside military installations. I bought some big boots and stopped bathing.

But Len didn't seem to notice. I was worried sick. Finally, my friend Deirdre said "You just have to confront him with your problems. Communication is the thing. Tell him how you feel and don't let him evade the issue."

So one day Len came home and I was waiting for him. I had made a special effort; his cheese sandwiches were keeping warm in the oven, I had had my hair done, I was wearing scent, a silk *negligee*, black stockings and high heels, and carrying a shotgun. When Len came in, I let him have it between the eyes.

To my amazement, all he said was "Har Har Har, I'm immortal." So I shot Deirdre instead, and I must say, since then, Len and I have been very happy."

If YOU are under threat of violence in the home, call 021-556-BONK - the advice centre for Battered Guardians. We understand...

## GUARDIANS' WOMEN

### CRI DE "COR!" - A CARING GUIDE

**A question we often ask at *Independent Guardian Women* is: "How many women have the most ter-rible problems sharing their lives with Guardians**

**- yet do not realise it?"**

Independent research, carried out by a firm of people who we told exactly what we wanted their independent research to prove, has shown that:

- 90% of women don't realise there's anything wrong with their lives until we tell them.
- 85% of women who seek our advice require psychiatric help within a month.
- Guardians as a class are bombastic, shabby, and do not help around the house.
- "Hovering about" is the most destructive thing, according to a sample group of wives.
- Women who believe they are perfectly happy being married to Guardians are often initially resistant when we persuade them that they are miserable.
- Guardians whose wives leave them generally say "Oh, has she? Werl..." when asked for their feelings.

## BRAINTEASER

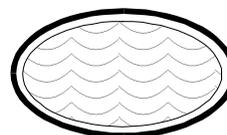
### Solution to Puzzle 1828

Meatloaf writes:

A surprisingly poor response to a fairly straightforward puzzle. The clue was in Mr Green's hat, and what most of you failed to spot was the application of **lattice theory** to what happened after the party. Mr Wormold, one of our regulars, quite correctly reasoned the if the atomic weight of the new element was 225, then Plato's neighbour could *not* have been the lift-man, so the answer could never have been "AGraviton". That, of course, meant that if the Greek acrostics really *were* heiroglyphs, the German spies could never have started their computer and the series of orange (but NOT red) lollipops would have been recursive. The answer, therefore, was "Yes."

## TIRED of PLAIN OLD HERRING- BONE?

So were our master tailors. So we designed the new look for the new Guardian: HERRINGSCALE. Traditional, yet daring, for the Guardian who cares that little bit more.



Pin this sample to your forehead and see what your friends say!

Audley & Dogg - Tailors for Gentlemen since 10 a.m.

# THIS IS WHAT YOU DO

## A Guardian's Bible

This issue, your soaraway Independent Guardian managed to collar one of A.R.S.E's leading operatives, Len "Wosname" Wosname.

Wosname tells all: what it's really like out there; what to expect; what not to expect; when to expect what you're not expecting.

### FINDING A CHEESE SANDWICH

IG: So, you've done the research and know what to expect when you arrive in the field. Tell us about methods of travel, if you will.

Wosname: Werl, piece of cake this. Nothing to it really. What with the old man being a cartographer an' all. Anyway, basic principal is this: you're in one place and you want to go somewhere else; you whip out yer pocket compass, work out which direction the cheese shop lies and go that way.

IG: Could you give us an example?

Wosname: Yus. Say you was in the middle of nowhere; exits in all directions, narmean? Werl, you're spoilt fer choice, ain't you? I mean, you could go:  
NORTH, NORTHEAST,  
NORTHWEST, SOUTH,  
SOUTHEAST, SOUTHWEST,  
EAST, WEST, UP or even  
DOWN

Assuming there was summit interesting in that direction, eh? Mind you, if you knew that there was a cheese shop to the west, you'd probably want to go in and have a good look around, narmean? So, you'd  
>GO WEST Or, to make life easier, just  
>WEST Or even  
>W Will do the trick.

IG: That's all very well, but what if our cheese shop had a door, or you didn't have a compass handy?

Wosname: Variety? Spice of life innit? Door? No problem, all you'd have to do is  
>GOTHOUGHTHEDOOR Or  
>GO IN Assuming it was open, narmean? No compass, you say? Werl, you could just  
>ENTER CHEESE SHOP Or  
>GO INTO THE CHEESE SHOP  
Would do just as well.

IG: Getting away from cheese shops for the moment-

Wosname: Why?

IG: Let me postulate a hypothetical situation: imagine you came across a comfy chair after a hard day's work. How would you approach the concept of sitting down?

Wosname: S'easy, I'd  
>SITDOWN Or  
>SITONTHECHAIR  
Might prove a bit of a problem if there was more 'n one of the buggers tho'. In that case I'd  
>SITONTHECOMFY  
CHAIR.

IG: Fine, so we're sitting on a comfy chair. What if we found that there was a bit of a draught coming through an open door?

Wosname: Werl, 's obvious innit? Can't reach the door while

you're sitting down now, can you? You'd have to  
>GET OFF First. There's several ways you could do this though:  
>STAND Is the easiest  
GETOFFTHECOMFY  
CHAIR Is another. On the other hand, you might not be able to do anything about the draught, so you could simply  
>GO OUT Which would get you off the chair and take you outside, all in one go, narmean?

### WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU'VE FOUND IT

IG: Yes, well that all sounds very straightforward. Let's move on, shall we? Getting back to the cheese shop

Wosname: A real cheese shop, mind you. None of this processed rubbish.

IG: Yes, alright. So, we find ourselves inside a cheese shop only to be confronted with a bewildering array of cheeses. What do we do?

Wosname: Simple enuf, you  
>EAT THE CHEESE No trouble there, squire.

IG: But what if there were lots of different types of cheese? How would you get the one you were after?

Wosname: Werl, if there were more 'n one, you'd get asked which one you were talking about. But, if you knew that one of them was a juicy piece of cheddar you'd have gone for that one in the first place with  
>EATTHECHEDDAR  
CHEESE Now wouldn't you? Eh?

IG: Yes, I suppose you would. Now, what if one of the cheeses was mouldy and you wanted to eat all of them except that one?

Wosname: Piece of wosname, cheese? No, cake. Har! Har!

Har! Anyway, what? ohne Yeah, mouldy cheese. Werl, you'd just  
>EAT ALL THE CHEESE EXCEPTTHEMOULDY CHEESE

IG: Alright, so much for eating cheese. How would you go about making a sandwich out of it?

Wosname: Now you're tanking. Can't remember the last time I had a decent cheese sandwich; if it's not processed rubbish it's foreign muck. Narmean? Yeah, werl, if you had a sandwich and some cheese all you have to do to make a cheese sandwich is  
>PUTTHE CHEESE INTO THE SANDWICH

IG: But, supposing there was already some cheese in the sandwich. Whatthen?

Wosname: Werl, you'd probably find that the cheese wouldn't fit. A slice of bread is only so big you know. Trouble is, you might have slipped up when you tried to make the sandwich and said  
>PUT THE CHEESE IN THE SANDWICH

Which is all very well if the sandwich was empty in the first place. If it had some cheese in it though, you'd get asked  
INTOWHAT?

Which is a perfectly fair question if you think about it, innit?

IG: I see. Well, so far we've been doing things all in one go, so to speak. What if we wanted to take it one step at a time?

Wosname: You mean, what if we'd had a few to drink and didn't want to make any mis-takos like putting the mouldy cheese into the sandwich eh?

IG: If you like, yes

Wosname: Know what you mean, chief. Say nomore. Try this  
>PUT  
Seeing as how no one would know what I mean, I'd get

asked  
WHATDOYOUWANTTO PUT?

Then I could say  
>CHEESE

And the response might be  
WHICH ONE? THE MOULDY CHEESE OR THE CHEDDAR CHEESE?

So I'd say

>THE CHEDDAR CHEESE

And the question would come back  
INTOWHAT?

And I'd tell it

>THE SANDWICH

but there might be more than one sandwich, in which case I'd get  
WHICH ONE? THE LARGE SANDWICH OR THE SMALL SANDWICH?

so, finally I'd say

>THE LARGE ONE

and there you have it: one large cheddar cheese sandwich.

## ASKING FOR A CHEESE SANDWICH

IG: Let's get back to the cheese shop, shall we?

Wosname: Yes, let's.

IG: To make things a little more realistic, let us suppose that there is a shopkeeper and a table in the shop. Now, you want to buy some cheese, but you have no money. Take us through it, if you will.

Wosname: Alright, chief. First thing I need to do is find some cash, since my credit isn't too good around cheese shops generally. So, I'd probably have a good look under the table - you never know what you might find, narmean?  
>LOOK UNDERTHE TABLE YOU FIND A COIN

What a stroke of luck! Right, things get easy from here on in  
>GETWOSNAME  
YOU HAVE NOW GOT THE COIN

Werl now, flush with cash, I can stroll on up to the shopkeeper and enquire after a nice juicy piece of cheddar

>ASK SHOPKEEPER ABOUT CHEESE

Now, the geezer will probably waffle on about how incredibly tasty all this expensive foreign muck is. Don't worry, I won't fall for the sales pitch, I'll get straight to the point

>ASK HIM FOR THE CHEDDAR CHEESE

THE SHOPKEEPER SAYS, "NO, IT IS MINE."

Werl, no harm in trying is there?

Looks like I'll just have to pay for it  
>BUYTHECHEDDAR CHEESE FROM HIM WITH THE COIN

Now, assuming inflation hasn't gone through the roof since I last bought some cheese, I should end up with my lump of cheddar.

## SHORTER WAYS OF DOING ALL THE OTHER STUFF

IG: You make it all sound so easy. Tell me, are there any short cuts? Tricks of the trade, that kind of thing?

Wosname: Werl, when you've been doing this kind of thing for as long as I have, you get to know a trick or two, narmean?

IG: No. Tell us.

Wosname: Okay, tell you what, I'll give you two versions of the same thing. One the long way round and the other using a few short cuts.

First, the long way  
>GO NORTHWEST AND GET THE CHEESE AND THE SANDWICH THEN GET THE KNIFE THAT IS ON THE TABLE AND USE THE KNIFE TO CUT THE SANDWICH

And the shorter version:  
>NW, G CHEESE, SANDWICH, KNIFE, CUT SANDWICH WIIT

IG: Fascinating. Are there any more?

Wosname: A few, yeah

IG: Could you tell us what they are?

Wosname: S'pose I could. The main ones are obviously the eight points of the compass. You know, Like NW for NORTH-WEST and U for UP. Then, of course, there's L for LOOK, DR for DROP and I for INVENTO-RY. Er, F for FROM is pretty useful, and PN for PRO-NOUNS comes in handy too - that way you know what the Wosname is, narmean?

### OTHER THINGS THAT HAVE NOTH- ING TO DO WITH CHEESE AT ALL

IG: SO, is that everything you need to know before embarking on your assignment?

Wosname: Pretty much. There's a few other things like INVENTORY for when you want to find out what you're carrying and wearing. Or there's EXITS what tells you which ways you could go. Another one is AGAIN - very useful that.

IG: Could you demonstrate it's application?

Wosname: Werl, if you was to get really annoyed, you might >BANG HEAD ON WALL Now, it could be that you thought it was something that you should try more often If you did then you'd say >AGAIN Which would do it again, narmean?

IG: Surprisingly, yes. What else is there?

Wosname: SCORE is a good one: let's you know how things are going generally, and how you're luck's holding out. Er, what else? Oh, yeah, when you've had enough you can QUIT. Or, if you want some more, you can RESTART.

There's some other stuff, but it varies depending on yer circumstances, narmean? Anyway, there's a Departmental memo you can read as will tell you all about it.

IG: Well, I've certainly enjoyed our discussion and think we can safely say that our readers will

be better informed once they've read this. Thank you for your time.

Wosname: Is that it?

IG: Yes.

Wosname: Oh. Bye then.

IG: Bve



Len Wosname, 62, captured by our imbecillic photographer in a rare moment of relaxation. "I know it's round here somewhere," said Len, as he groped for a favourite sandwich.

# Big Bos's Got Is Sussed- BUT HE'S NOT TELLING



Renegade Guardian Len "Big Boy" Jobsworth claims to have cracked the secret of the Jannedor crisis *writes Justin Dearie.*

The amazing Big Boy has compiled a secret dossier which should solve all our problems

But when asked for the secret, Big Boy just smiled.

**"Har har har!" laughed Big Boy. "If I was to show you my thingie, you wouldn't know what to do with it."**

But Big Boy DID reveal that

his dossier can be decoded by a "computer". And we persuaded him to give us sight of the code version.

**"I can show you this," said Big Boy, "because none of your readers will know what it means.**

**"What they won't realise - 'coz you're too drunk to tell them - is that all they've got to do, if they get wosname, stuck, is type HINT at the computer, then the bits inside wosnames. Brackets.**

**"The computer'll work it all out and give them the answer.**

**"Clever things, computers," boasted Wosname, "but even they can have enough. If you get a "+" sign after it's told you the answer, you might think to yourself: 'Eh? What?'"**

**"But all you do is type the next secret code line and you'll get the rest of the answer.**

"Mind you, I'm not letting you in on all this. I'm keeping it to myself," said a steadily more intoxicated Big Boy. "My lips are sealed," he added, cramming in a huge lump of sandwich before falling senseless to the floor. So we stole his dossier:

## How do I get off the bus?

<RAAK GH AE YE RS PK RM PS RK PM RS GS AT HC AK YK KH YP KE YP AS DS>

## Where do I get off the bus?

<RA CC HR KR PC RT PD CD GE CAHYCA GR CH HY KY PC KR YM RM GK HD>

<RA CM HE CD HB KB YD KP HP AY GC RC YB KG PY CY GP AC HK KK PA RE PP RG GT QR>

<RAAK GP CD PD KE PQ RK YK RG GG CC HP AD HC KC PR RS PB CB HQ CE GF AD GB RB PG RC GC AR HS AB YB KY YS RB YM KK YC RB GH CH>

## How do I get past the bull?

<RA CC HY AT YT KB HB CF GG CK GR AG PD CD GK CC PH KR HR AK YK KT YB KH HH AT HE KE PQ RP PH CH GR CT GH AY HM KK HY>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK HG AY HG KG PR RA PK CK HP AQ HF AA YA RT PH KP HP CC GK CR GT CA HP AH YH KF YC RH GH CP GY AC GB RB PC KR HR AD GE RC FC>

<RA AT HH CP PP RB PH RT YF AF GT CC GAAK YK RA PB RS YK AK GG CH HE RR

GF DD>

<RAPDMPFRQGQABHAAEGBCC GE CB PB RT GT AQ HF AM YM RB PT RF GF AM HR KR YK AK HH CP GE CP PS MS>

<RA CT PT KM PE KE PE RAYP KH HH YE AE HD AP GH CM GF RF PM KB YG RG GG AF HC CK PK M GR AH GP CC HR AT HD KD YK KS YP RG GT DS>

## How do I get past the barbed-wire fence?

<RA CT HS KM PT CT GB RB PA RT PF RH GH AG GY CP GE CH HY CQ PQ RS PB RH PR RA HM KM YQ AQ HB CS HT KT YB KM YR RP PH CH HY AM HE KE PS RB YQ RE GC ER>

<RA CK GQ CR PY KH HH AP GQ AQ HF AS GT RT PB RH YE AE HD CT HS CT GA CF GT RT YQ KF YP KY PA RQ YB AB HF CD GP CF PF RP PH CB YK>

<RACG GY AHYHKGHGAAGY CQH QK YK KY HY CQ GK AC GP AA HR AT HE KE YF KA YK AK HD AP HE AQ YQ KK YM AM GF CG GA CB HD KY SH>

<RA CC PC RH PG KR YC KK YI KE PS KF HF CF HD AP GG CY GC AR HD AP HS KS PM RP PE RP GP AA GR CP GR CD GE CM PK SF>

**How do I see in the dark?**

<RA CF GC AR YR RP PH KK PS CS HMAE  
HP AE YP AP KM HM CT GC CF HQ AG HP  
KPYMKGYHKCYBKHYPAS BT>

<RA CG GH CQ GF RF YF KG YY AY HQ CB  
PB RT GT AM GF AD HS AP HK AC YC KD  
YR RS YT RD YF KQ GC-RM YD>

<RA YT KH PP CP GA CR HG CP GY CQ GR  
CT HA KAYK KQ YR AY GH RH YC KAYF  
RM GM CF GC AK HH AM HE KE YG KY YF  
RF PG RT PF KS HP QP>

<RA CD GR AH GY CG GT RR GR CK PK RH  
PE KS YT AT HAAF YF RM PY RG GG CR HA  
CP GQ RQ PY KC HC CH GT AQ GE CG PD  
SY>

<RA YK RP PD CD GR CQ PQ KE YG KY HY  
AM HQ AR HC KE HE YH RR PQ CD HB KB  
YC RR HM FD>

<RA CD GR AH GY CG GT RT YS KY HY CH  
GF CQ PQ RH PG RAYA KT YD AY DK>

**How do I catch a mouse?**

<RA AT HH CP PP RQ PM KD YT AT GS CY  
PY KC YK RA GA CC PC KR PG RH YH AB  
YH>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GM CE GM CF  
PF KS YY KE YMAM HB AT HA CK PM FM>

<RA CP GQ CF GQ AB HS KS YK RG GG CH  
PH KK YQ KE YM KK PA CG HK KK YY KP  
PR RM YE RS PK KAYRARHQAY HAA Y  
HF AQ YR CC>

<RAAHC CR GD CT GG CK GC RC PB KQ  
HQ AM YM RD PR KG PP KH YPAS DR>

**How do I open Xam's mailbox?**

<RA CT PF RP GP AA GR AG HY KY PQ RK  
YC AH HMAHYHRCPA KY YE AE GQ CK  
PK KAYB KC PY CY GS CP GH RB MM>

<RAAP GG AR HK AM HS AB YB RD PK RS  
PP RK YG AG HE AF GF AF HQ AR YR KD  
YY AY GH CF GQ RQ PP RH PG KP HP AD  
HM KM PF RH PP CP GF CC GD CT GG AP YS  
QS>

<RA CK GQ CR PY KH HH AK GH CP GY CT  
PT KS YR KA HAAS HY CG GQ CE YR AR  
HE CM HT CS PS RF PH RG PT RF PQ CQ GY  
AH YH KG HG AQ HY CH HY AF HQ KR SR>

<RAAG HH CK GT RT YS KR YAAAGACD  
GS AF GM CP GA RA PQ RF YG AT EC>

**Why does the mad gardener run away with the sack?**

<RAAP HD CT GG CP HA KA YD KR YF KQ  
HQ AP HH KH YF KQ YM RB PD CD HR AM  
GE RE PD RP PF RG PT RF HC ES>

<RAAG HE CH PH RY PS RP.GK AAYA RT  
PH KP HP CA HR CG HG CR GD AE HM KM  
YG KY HY CR GD AB HA KAYC KE HK HH>

<RA YR KQ YM KK YM KR PA RF PS RB PD  
CD GT CG HP CC GA CF GS CBYG TE>

<RA CB GS RS YS RE PA RY PP RC PS KK HK  
AA HT AS YS KD HD CF HQ AR HQ AF GD  
RD PF RQ PB RT YD RE PM CM HP AD GT RT  
GY MK>

<RA PF RQ PD RA PR RH YY KG YP AP GG  
CE GM RMYB RS PP RS PB KM PT CG QT>

<RA CE GH CM PM RP YAA AHC KC PH RT  
PG RP PH KK YY RG PQ CQ GG AY HA CY  
GQ CB GT CG HP KS EQ>

**How do I get the oil?**

<RA CT HS KS YT KH YP RA PF CT HS KS YF  
RQ YE AE HF AA GT RT PA RP PH CH HC AB  
GD CK PK RT PD CY FY>

<RAAG HH CY GG AR YR KD PE CE GF CA  
PA RR YS RS PD RY PH RE PC RH GH CR  
GM CG GB CD GR AC GB RK GE ES>

<RA PR KH PH RP PA RT PB RK PB KC HC  
CH GF CQ GR RR PD KB HE CD PD RE PA  
RD PB CH SK>

<RA CK GQ CR PY KH HH AK HC KC YR KA  
YF RS PB AY YY KG PE KE YF KA YK AK GS  
CY HG CR PR RS PY KA YT RP PD RY YC AE  
QG>

<RA CH HK AC HK CF GQ RQ YE KG YY AY  
GC CF GY AG GP CM GR CQ PR SE>

**How do I repair the canoe?**

<RA CC PC RS PK KA PK RB PS CS HF CM  
GP CR GP RP PF RG PA RB YD AD HB AG  
YG RP PQ RF GF AM GB CC GY CT PG GR>

<RA CE HS KS PS RB YM KY YP RP YAAA  
HC KC YS KD PF RT PD KF HF AD GT CG  
GA KE YE>

<RA AT HH CP HC KC YG KY YG RP GP CF  
GE AH YH KT YQ KC YK KG PP CE PE RS  
YB RD GD AB HAAR YR KG PY RD PQ CQ  
HD AP HS KM PF CA MY>

<RAAAGRACYCRRPSRBGBCMHEAC  
HH KH YE KC HC CR GS CB PB KQ YK KG  
YD AD HP CC PC KK PG RY GY CP PP RF PC  
KK PG RY GD YK>

**How do I get past the mound of dirt?**

<RA CP GD CC GK RK PQ RR GT RT PR RM  
PR KH YP KS HS CB HB KT SR>

<RA CT PF RP GP AA GR AG HY KY PQ RK  
YC AC HY AP HS KS PM RR YG KM HM CP  
GD AT GQ RQ YD KS PK CK GQ AF GM RM  
PR RP GP AG HE AH GR RR PM RK PC CE  
EG>

<RAAK HD AR GH RH PE KD HD AS YS RM  
PY RS PC RK GK CM GE AB YB KQ YM KK  
HK AQ HS KS PM RR YG KM PT CG SS>

<RA CR GB AB GD AR YR RC PT RD GD CE  
GF CA PA RE PT CT HF AC GP CFHS KS YY  
KD PB RG GG AP HQ AF YF KP YD RT PG RP  
GP CD GM RM PF RG YR RC GE SQ>

#### How do I reach the chandelier?

<RAAAHR CG GE CF HF CS PS KK YQ RF  
GT AQ HF KF YA KE PQ CQ HM CE GH AY  
HG KG PK KC YB RD PT RS GS AT HH KH  
PY RM PP KA HA CK GR AH HS KP DP>

<RA CT HS KM PT CT GG CB PB KS PF RQ  
GQ CS GB CS GC CB GH CC PC RG PQ KF PS  
RR PA RK GM YK>

<RAAG HE AF GM RM PF RC GC AB HG CY  
PY RG YE RE PM RT YS CY PY GP RP PR RT  
PH RT PS CS GY CK PK RS PT RD PS KF GC  
AS>

<RA CH GM CR GM CF PF KMY YK GHG  
AQ HY AA GY. CP HC CB PH CS CR>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GY CQ GR CC  
PC KB YG RY GY CC GA CF PF KS PM RP PF  
CF GE AS HY CG GT CS PP SR>

#### What do I do in the bakery?

<RA CR GB AB HK AQ GY RY YQ KK PC KP  
PA RR PT RE GE AM GT CD GM AE HP AE  
GH RB AH>

<RA CC HPAHYHREPAKRHRCAHAKA  
PK RQ GQ AE HG AY YY KB YG KR GM DB>

<RAAK HD AT GQ CF PT KM HM AK HQ KQ  
YP KY PA RS GS CK GM RM PQ KB YP KM  
YK KP HE KE YH RR GR AC HT AD GF CQ  
YK SM>

<RA CC HY AT YT RS PR RA GA CY GP CB  
GS AE YE KT YH RK GK AA HB AS YS KG  
YB KM HK YH>

#### What do I do in the bakery kitchen?

<RAAK HD AT GQ CF PT KM HM CT GH CQ  
GF AM HY AQ HR AY YY RK PC KP PM CM  
HD AS HC CK GR CG GQ CF PF RM PR KY  
YD AD GB CA GR AG HY KD KA>

<RA AT HH CP PP RF PE KH HH AF HE CT  
GD RD YB KG HG CK GS CQ HE KE YF AF  
HB AS GM RM PP RG PY RP YAAF MB >

<RA YP KM YE RT PD CD HB AA HR KR YP  
KE YA RR YG AT YR>

#### How do I get back out past the baker?

<RA CY GP CB GS RS YT KC YK AK HH CK  
GC CA GK RB GB CT HM KM YY KG HG AH  
GR CF GQ CE PE KH YT RD GD AB HG KT  
AG>

<RA CK GQ CR PY KH HH AK HR AF HQ KQ  
PE RG PY CY GAAY HG AH HY KYYP RA  
GA CB GS RS PD KE YK KC YR AR GD CP  
HH KH PY RS GP EG>

<RAAK HD AT GQ CF PT KM HM CT GH CQ  
GF RF YS RS PD KF YQ AQ GT CH GT CK PK  
RS PP CP HG AE HM KM YB KT YY KQ YR  
KY HY CH GE CC PE YS>

<RA CY GP CB GS RS YT KC YK AK HG AE  
HF CD GC RC YH KE PQ RP GP AG HE AM  
YM KB PM RE PF RM GK SB>

#### How do I get rid of the postmistress?

<RAAK HD AT GQ CF PF RE YS KB HB AH  
HT KT PS KM YR AR GY CP HM CT PT RB  
PM RR YA RK GK AA HB AC GY RD GG KT>

<RAAG HY AF HY KF HF AE HD CB HS AD  
HAAD GR RR YC KT YD RF PQ CQ GM AB  
HS KP YE>

<RA CP GD CC GK RK PQ RR GT RT YT RD  
YB AB HT KT PM RR PH RS GS CK GM RM  
PP KG HT DQ>

<RAAG HE AF GM RS YF AF GS CA GC CS  
GC RS GS CQ HF CD HF CG PG RH PB RD  
GD AE GQ CY GK CY YS FQ>

<RA AA GR AC YC RR PS RB GB AQ HK AG  
HD KD YR KQ HQ CE GG CY PY RA PR RT  
PR CR GMABYBRQPPRDYQAQGECCG  
GY RT YC>

<RA YA KE PD KB YR KD PE KQ PT RD YE  
RD GD AB HAAR YR KB YG RY YC KK HM  
KB>

#### How do I crack the safe?

<RA AT HH CP PP RS PB RS PT CT HS AY YY  
KM YQ KR YC KS YB AB HC CR PR RH  
PTKQPTRDPEKQYGRF GARQAG>

<RA CC HPAHYHREPAKRHRAYHGC  
HG AF HA AG YG KH YM KH HH CY GM CP  
HA KA YK KQ PD RY HS YC>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GG CQ GK CG  
GD RD YB KA YT RM GM CR GQ CF PY CY  
GQ CS PS KK YQ RF GT AQ HF KF PT RAYP  
KH HB HF>

<RAAK HD AT GA RAYP KY PQ CQ GK CM  
GE RE PG RH YR AR HD AY HK AB GS CB  
GH CR GA RA PC KR HR CC GT CD PD KB  
YG RG HD KG CE>

<RA PY KG PP CP GY AA HR KR PC RT PD  
KR HR CG GF CT GC AR PMYM>

#### How do I put out the pub fire?

<RA CK GQ RQ CY PY RM PQ KS YB AB GD  
CP PP KA PA RR PT RR GR CD HB KB YG RY  
YH CT AT>

<RAAAHR CG GE CF HF CS PS KMYEAB

GM CE PE RH PB CB GF CC HP KP YY AY  
 HC AF HY AH YH RR YR KA YD KA GE PE>

<RA CH HK AC HK CF GQ RQ PY KH HB  
 SD>

**How do I get into the clockmaker's shop?**

<RAAK GH AE YE KK YM KR YH KS YK  
 KM YS AS HY AD YD RB PA RR GR CC GF  
 CC HP KS KR>

<RA CB GT AE HM KM YQ AQ HG AB HG  
 AD YD RB PA KY YS RB PE RG GG AP HQ AF  
 YF RT PA RF PM RR YY AD TY>

<RAAAHR CG GE CF HF CS PS KK YQ RF  
 GF AS HR AM GE CP GG RG YP KQ PT RH  
 YC AC GB CG HY CA PA KG YY KQ YD KK  
 PA CA GC AP HD CT GG CP YD AY>

<RAAK HS AA HT AG HA KA YT RM GM CP  
 GF AF HC CP HG AH HB CD PY CY RP PR KC  
 YK RH GH CG GQ CG PQ CA BY>

<RA PB RS GS CK HG KG YH AH HR AT HH  
 AR HF AP HY AT HD CF PA FK>

<RA CQ GR CM GT CY PY RS PP CP HG AE  
 HM KM YF KC YF RD GD AB HAAR HQ KQ  
 PE RG YR KM PS CS PH DH>

<RA YP KD YC KK PA RB PC RE PB CB GT  
 AS YS RT PC RK GK CB GT CK HK KM KD>

**How do I reach the girder?**

<RA CT HS KM PT CT GB RB PM RP YG AG  
 HB AF YF KE HE AD HAAT HK AH YB RY>

<RAAAHR CG GE CF HF CS PS RD GD CA  
 GC CR GC CK HH KH PC RF YQ KG YP AP  
 HQ AF HY CYYS HR>

**How do I climb the ladder?**

<RA CF GC AH YMAMHPARYRKDPBCB  
 HE AM GB CS PS KB PB KQ YY KH YP AP  
 HG AB GE CC PS CS GA CC HB AM HE KE  
 YH RY GY AR HM CE GP CG PD QF>

<RA PB RS PC KC HE KE CQ GP CH GB RB  
 PT RF PE RH PB CK PK RT PB KC YP KH HH  
 AB HG CP PS EC>

<RAAAHR CG GE CF HF CS PS KK YQ RF  
 GF AS HR AM GE CP GG RG YP KQ YY KD  
 YG AG HB AH YH KG HG AE HH AC HT AD  
 GF RF PY RG YC KK YB CG CQ>

<RA CG GY AHYHKTYGAGGPCQGFRF  
 YS RT PH RT PR CT PT KS YR KAYF AF GG  
 CB HS KS YF KE YC AC GP CH GG CK GD  
 RY PM>

**What do I do with the weathermen?**

<RA CB GG CQ GE RE PA RF GY RY PP KC  
 YK AK GS CY HG KG PK KC PP RH GH CG  
 GRCM HE CQ PQ KE YG KF PS AY FH>

<RA CC PC RY PM RQ PR RY PG CG GF CA

PA KK YD KT HT CF GQ C HF AH HP CC PC  
 RD PS KK HKCA GC CM GE RE YH KT PD  
 CD GF AG YG RK YC RP YP RC PB KQ YF AA  
 DF>

<RA CC PC KY YM KR PG KP HP CA HAAR  
 HT AR YR KM YD AD GF CE GH CB PB RR  
 PD RQ PP KG HG AE HMAH GH RB CA>

<RA CB GG CQ GE RE PA RF GF AM HR KR  
 YK AK GP CH GG AP HQ AF GD CC GA CF  
 PF RE PC RR GR CH GF CE GC CH GP RP YG  
 KE YM AM GS CB GT AS HR AA GY RD CD>

**What do I do with the cloud?**

<RA CT GE RE YQ KP YH RK PC CC HH AP  
 GC CK PK RM PP RS PB CK PK CE YS>

<RA YT KH PP CK GA RAY RY PS RE PF  
 RD PA KT HT AY HD AP GK RK YP KQ YF RD  
 PT CT HAAE GM RS PT CT GQ CF PA DM>

<RA CP GD CC GK RK PQ RR GT RT YT RD  
 YB AB GQ CK GT CD PD RA PT RE PM CM  
 GP CS HT AH YH RY PM RE GE AD HR CC  
 HK AR GC CB GG CT PG GR>

<RA CC GE CH GQ CM HF AQ YQ KY PH CB  
 PM>

<RA CH GT AQ YQ KM HM CB GS AT GD AF  
 HA KA YM KR PA KY YD KT PA CD PD RE  
 PA RE PP CP GMAFYF KM YR RY PD CY  
 DA>

**How do I get the train ticket?**

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GM CE GM CF  
 PF KM PS RY GY CK GC AP HK CG PT CT PY  
 GY>

<RA CY GG RG PK RR YG KY YK RC PS CS  
 HT AC HF CQ GD CK PB CB HD AK HC CP  
 GH RH CG KR AA YA KE YC KS PK CK HA  
 AB GM CE GM RK YD>

<RAAK HD AR GH RH PT RG PY CY HR AD  
 HAAD YD KA YR KK YAAAGT CH HP KP  
 YY AY HE AM GB AM GP RP PG RH PB RQ  
 PF CA KF>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GM CE GM CF  
 PF KM YR AR HG AY YY KE YA RY PG CG  
 GY CD HB AS GE AQ HMAPHS AKHMAS  
 YPRS>

<RA CY HG CK GE CH GB CE PE RH YR AR  
 HQ AK GA RA PC RS PC RF YT KD YB AB  
 YR AR YF PA>

<RA PB RG YA KR PP RH YK AB YB HC KC  
 YR KM PE RS YT AT GS CR GK AAYA RG PF  
 RY PF CF HS CT GH AH YH RE PA KR HQ  
 RE>

**Why do I keep falling off the train roof?**

<RAAAHR CG GE CF HF CS PS RK PY CY  
HQ AK GC RC YH KP PC RK GK CS GP AA  
HT AS HB KB PD RK PC CC HR CG GH CE  
GC KF SD>

<RA CH GG AR HA KS YT KH YY KR YD KY  
YR AR HD CE PE RF GF AD HR CH GS AK  
YK KH PP KA YT KG YY RC YY AD KA>

<RA CK GQ RQ PY KH HH AM HE AB HT AR  
HT CAPA CB HE AM HH AM YM KQ YG KM  
YR RH YY AQ YG AG HF CM PS KF HF AB  
HT CQ PQ KB YT KE YM RB GH RM>

#### How do I catch the train?

<RA CT GE RE YH KT PD CQ HT AD YD RS  
YB KC YY KT HR KR PD RP YH AH HQ AM  
GP RP PT KD PE KQ HQ AH HG AD HT KT YA  
RK GM TH>

<RAAK GH AE YE RS YB KH YB KC YE KB  
HB AT HE CQ GF AD YD KR PC CE FE>

#### How do I cross the precipice to the castle?

<RA CT HS KS YA KC PB CB GM CE PE RF  
GF CB GK CS GM CY HH KH YT KE HE AT  
HB AH HR CD PA CA GY AG GP RP PM KF  
HF AT HD CB HQ KQ PT RD YE RM PH KY  
PC CE KT>

<RA CC PC RP YC KK YR RC PT CT GH CA  
PA RD PR RP PH CM PM RQ GQ CH HE CQ  
GP CM GT CB GK RE PC>

<RA PY RG PH KR PC CC PD CD HB AA HC  
CR PY KC HC AA HD AA YA KT PS CS HT AB  
HP AH GR RQ SR>

<RAAP HY AH HY AF HQ KQ PF KF HY KY  
YP KS YT AT GA CE HM KS PE RM GM AB  
HS AD HB CC PC KR YM AM HS AY YD EB>

<RA CC GE CH GQ CM HF AQ YQ RE PG RY  
GY AG HT AA HP AD GF CAPF QD>

#### How do I get past the gaoler?

<RAAK GH CP GY CH PH KC YA RY PQ RG  
YF AAAH>

<RAAAHR CG GE CF HF CS PS KT YC KK  
PH RP GK AG YG RK PQ RH PP KG YE KH  
YB KE HE AF HB AG HB CD YP RS>

#### How do I get out of the cell?

<RA AT HH CP PP RS PB RS PT CT HS AY YY  
KM YQ RE PD RK GK CR GQ RQ PF KS YF  
KE PE RM GC AC>

<RA YA KD YS KP GB RB PC KR HY CC PC  
RG PB RG PP CP GR CM HB KB PD RK PQ  
KF YT KC PR CQ YE>

<RA CR HH AR HK CK GC RC PB KQ HQ CY  
GS AB GM RM PB KS PE RC PB RH PC CC  
GR CA HP AM GB CS PP KS>

<RAAK HD AT GQ CF PT KM HM AK HQ KQ  
PE RH PQ RF GF CB GG AR YR KC YK KB  
YT RAGF RF CC HP KP YM RT GT AS HR AA  
GY CG YB MH>

<RAAR GH CP PP KG YE KM HMAT HB AH  
HY AF HQ KQ PE RA GA CY HG CR GQ RQ  
YE KG YY AY GA CE HE AM YK BK>

#### How do I open the dome?

<RA CT HS KM PT CT GK CR GY CQ GB RK  
GK CH HP CG PG RT PH KY HY AQ HR KR  
PC RT PD CD GC AB GQ AE HH AR HK AB  
YB RQ PF RAYP KH HB CM>

<RA CT HS KM YH KM HM AQ HG AQ YQ  
KM YF KM HM CE HE KE YH KA HA CT GH  
AP YP RG PE RH PB RP GP CY GA CE HM CF  
PF RG YP AS MR>

<RA AT HH CP PP RS PB RS PT CT HS AY YY  
KK YQ RT PK CK GR RR PB RT PF RG PK CK  
HG CH HP AY GA CR PQ BP>

#### Why do I keep going through the wrong door?

<RA CY GG CK GR AA GP CH PH KE YA RR  
GR AY HG CR GA CF PT KS HS AC GK CG  
GD AR YR KA YF KC PK RP PQ CR GE>

#### Why does the witch always catch me when I walk into her chamber?

<RA CY GG CK GR AA GP CH PH KR YS KB  
HB CE GF AS YS KK YMAM GF CH GP RP  
YC KF YC KD HY PH>

<RAAP HQ AF YF KA YR KA YK RG GG AP  
HD KD YF KQ HQ AK HG AK GC AC HB AS  
HT KT YD KA PP RH YC KT YD RF PQ CR  
FT>

<RA AY HG CK GG AY HQ AR HY KY CM GQ  
CH PH RQ PY RR PS KT HT AC HK AB GB  
RH FH>

#### How do I kill the witch?

<RAAK HD AT YT KE PM KF PQ KT YD AD  
HR CH PH KP YS KF YQ RT YS KD YR KQ  
HR YC>

<RA AT HH CP PK RB PK CK GM CE GM CF  
PF RE PP RE GE AH HT CD HF KF YS KR YK  
RH PQ CR DQ>

<RAAK HD AS GT RF YS AS HD AA HD KD  
PR RM YE AB GM CE PE RB PG RF PA RG  
GG AP HD KD YQ KF PM CK CK>

#### I've finished the game but I don't have a full score, why?

<RA AT HH CP PP RF PE KH HH AF HE CT  
GD RD PC RB YQ RB PS RT GT CB PB KB PS  
KG PS RC PK CK HG AB HR AA GG CE GM  
AB HS KP MG>

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