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STEAM HAT PRESENTS:

ACTIVE FICTION ADVENTURE 4 WELCOME TO WEIRD WORLD

This exhibit is a fully playable tribute to both the **interactive fiction computer games** and **Choose Your Own Adventure books** that were popular from the late 1970's through the late 1990's. Also known as **text adventures**, the games use text only to describe a virtual environment. The players use a series of simple text commands or choose from a set of text options to control the character's actions within the game.

Created by the group known throughout the universe as **STEAM HAT**, this particular Art Game Exhibit was based off of the short story written by Robert L. Kline Jr. titled "Welcome To Weird World". THAT story was based off of a collection of rather bizarre creatures created through a collaboration of both Robert L. Kline Jr. and Dru Woodard. Portions of each of the original character sketches were separately drawn by each illustrator in secret, which gave birth to a bizarre and wonderful collection of creative creepies.

For **Instructions** about playing the game, search all sides of the exhibit and find **Card #12**.

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GO TO

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3

BILL GOES SPLAT!

"Which one... which one???" Bill spoke out loud. Finally he chose a large tunnel that was well lit by strips of LED lighting hanging from posts in the walls. They began walking down the tunnel, hoping that it would lead out of here. As they moved forward, they could see numbers and symbols scratched deeply into the walls.

"Hmmm... I wonder if these are important," the pig snorted as he passed another number. *"Do you think they have anything do with what that spider dude said to us?"*

"Probably... what do you think they meaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaannnnnnnnnnnn?????"

Bill's question echoed throughout the tunnel above him as he fell into yet **ANOTHER** tunnel that was dug **STRAIGHT DOWN** for about 5 miles. With all this nice lighting around, one would think that it would have been easy to see such things. Guess there was too much chit-chat and not enough looking down to see if there is a gaping hole in front of him.

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh.... SPLAT!!! Bill has DIED!!!

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BROWN BAG IT!

Bill took off after the lunch bags that launched themselves out of his locker.

"Come back here you... damn dirty lunch bags!"

After just a few steps, he was able to grab the closest one. It began making a terrible screaming noise. The other 4 bags instantly turned around and leapt up onto Bill, who was holding their little baggy friend hostage. Little did he realize the bags must have grown tiny disgusting moldy fangs while they were festering in the locker.

They began biting him, nibbling on him, munching on him, dining on him.

He unfortunately became LUNCH for his own LUNCH BAGS!!!

Nom... Nom... Nom... Bill is DEAD!!!

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INDEED A GENTLEMAN

"You are indeed a gentleman and a scholar, oh pink and porky sir. I shall call you Lord Pennywise. Would by chance you have any Grey Poupon?", Bill said in a really bad fake British accent. He tried his best to hold back a laugh.

The pig stared at Bill with an open mouth for a few seconds and responded, ***"Have I ever told you OINK that you are an incredibly incredibly weird dude?"***

"Actually," Bill said, ***"I don't know. Have you?"*** He began walking down the hallway again, looking back to see what his newfound portly buddy would do.

The pig just shook it's head and trotted behind Bill saying, ***"Hold up. I'll come with you. BUT if you DO call me Lord Pennywise, I swear I'll kick you right in the shin. And what the heck is Grey Poupon anyways? Sounds disgusting if you ask me."***

Start walking down the **hallway** again, looking for the locker.

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A WHOLE LOTTA NOTHING!

Bill opened the door and was just about ready to walk right in without looking -- but the pig suddenly grabbed him by the arm.

"I really really rah-hah-hah-heally don't think you want to do that. Oink."

The room in front of them was empty. Not just "kind of " empty. It was **COMPLETELY EMPTY!** No lights. No sounds. No structure. No matter. No physics. No gravity. It was absolutely and utterly filled with nothing. A small bird with a large human nose hopped by in front of them. It looked up at them and screamed, ***"WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT!!!"*** Then it was instantly sucked into the room and ceased to exist in .000342552342342 seconds. A single feather floated down and fell onto Bill's shoe.

Bill gently closed the door. ***"Yeah, nothing to see here."*** He laughed dryly, while trying to calm himself down so he wouldn't have a major anxiety attack.

"That definitely wasn't any help." Go back and **choose another door.**

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MAKING MY EARS BLEED!

"RUN!!! We have to get OUT OF HERE!!!!" Bill screamed as he began leaping over the velvet ropes like a hurdler.

"Wait... OINK! You can't... outrun... the beat... the beat... the beat..."

Bill could not hear the pig as he continued to run towards where they entered. By the time he reached the doorknob and started yanking on it, the music was even louder and he could feel his brain thumping in his head. He tried twisting the knob back and forth to the rhythm of the funk, but it was no use. It was locked solid. Solid as a rock... rock... rock.. The music grew louder and louder until he fell to the ground. The last thing he saw before his head exploded was the pig dancing, flipping around, doing some amazing arm twirls, and ending with a smooth split. The pig yelled to him, ***"Bill!!!! BILL!!! Didn't you remember.... Dance or DIE!!! Dance or DIE!!!"***

Bill did not dance.. dance.. dance. Bill has DIED!!!

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NEW LUNCH SPECIAL!

Bill couldn't take it anymore. The heat was causing him to almost lose consciousness and the smoke spewing out from the conveyor belt choked him. He felt like he was about to get sick on himself. His hunger was long gone, to be replaced with sheer panic. **He needed to get out of here and he needed to get out NOW!!!**

Turning around, he tried to swim against the crowd of creatures and get back out the door which was only steps away. No one moved as he tried in vain to leave.

"You... What you DOING? No U-Turns!!! Against the rules. Against the rules."

Bill looked up just in time to see a large abomination in an apron screaming at him. It bent over, grabbed his head, and pulled him back into the kitchen.

"You break rules. You now LUNCH! Teach you to break rules. More mystery meat Marge."

Bill "The Special Of The Day" has DIED!!!

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AND THE PASSWORD IS...

After a few minutes, Bill -- with help from his lovely sidekick the pig --- believed he finally broke the code.
"Well now, that didn't take long at all. Ring that bell, piggy. RING THAT BELL!" Bill bellows, pointing to the desk.

"Snort. Abso... lutely!!!" and the pig slammed his porky paw down hard on it. The big-eyed creature's head whipped around when he heard the loud ding and it's mouth dropped open. *"Nononononononononononononononononono... what have you done???"* and it clutched Johnny closely to its heart.

"And now," Bill exclaimed as he climbed up onto the desk, kicking away all the papers and the bell onto the floor, *"Ladies and gentlemen. It is time for me to say the most mmmmmmmagical passwords."* He raised his hands up like an EXTREMELY cheesy magician **AND....**

Bill does the Hand Jive then screams out --- **"Blaster Bears Nest!"**

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Bill spins around in circles while yelling --- **"Notable Laser Bats!"**

104

Bill karate kicks and sings out loudly --- **"Lobster Beast Toes!"**

97

Bill bows deeply to the crowd and warbles out --- **"Senator Beano Snot!"**

114

PANIC IN THE HALLWAY

"What the??? No... no... no... NOT AGAIN!!! NOT THIS!!! ANYTHING BUT THIS!"

"WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!!!"

Bill screamed loudly into the never ending hallway, hoping this would jet-pack him straight out of this nightmare-filled slumber. When it didn't, he resorted to tossing out a rather creative mix of curse words and expletives that would render a more holy man deaf and cause all things beautiful within hearing distance to wither and die.

Why couldn't he ever have awesome dreams? You know. Like the ones where he could be wearing a Viking helmet, while riding a fire breathing dragon, and playing a most epic guitar solo in the sky high above a throng of adoring fans (preferably all lovely long-legged leather-clad ladies).

And why this dream? He couldn't count how many times he's been cursed to walk these same halls. Never changing.

ALWAYS THE SAME!

He could feel the goosebumps raise on the back of his neck as the Dream Anxiety returned in full force. He needed to get to his locker and fast or something TERRIBLE would happen if he didn't get to class. But what? Sure, it did not make sense, but it was a dream after all?

The **hallway** beckons. Start **walking**.

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INSTRUCTIONS & STEAM HAT

Each index card in the exhibit has a **Card Number** in the **upper left**. The card will describe what is happening in the game and how this may affect your character. After the description, you will be asked to go to another card or you will be given a series of **actions** to choose from. The number of the next card to find is in the **black arrow** located beside the option(s) you have. You will have to search all of the sides of the exhibit to track down the next card in this **wacky and weird text adventure**.

Who is Steam Hat?

Steam Hat (www.SteamHat.com) is a collaborative effort of a small group of freelance artists, multimedia designers, graphic designers, writers, musicians, oddballs, and the curious of all sorts. It is our passion to come together in an attempt to re-find the thrill of creativity, no matter how strange the adventure may be.

To download a **free PDF** of the entire "Welcome To Weird World" game, go to: www.SteamHat.com/game.html. Make sure to sign up for the **Steam Hat Newsletter** by either filling in the forms around the exhibit or going to www.SteamHat.com/contact.html. We will be sending out FREE GAMES and will keep you updated on any of our new projects or events coming up.

Game Designed & Written by:

Robert L. Kline Jr.
www.steamhat.com

Character Sketches by:

Robert L. Kline Jr.
& **Dru Woodard**

Paintings and Illustrations:

Dru Woodard
www.druwoodard.com

It's time to **start the adventure!** Good Luck!

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WALK INTO THE DARKNESS

Bill backed away from her and said rather harshly,

“Listen lady! I don’t know about you, but I am NOT in the mood for any kind of drama right not. Your not real, this isn’t real, and to be perfectly honest, I can’t believe I am even having a discussion with a figment of my own imagination right now. I’m out!”

He turned his back on her, not wanting to deal with this any more, and walked away into the darkness. Even though she screamed for him to stop, he continued to walk and walk and walk, just waiting for the wonderful moment when he would wake up. Unfortunately, he never quite had the chance. **Something was in the dark with him.** And that something did not want him to wake up. Not now. Not ever. Good thing for Bill that you can’t die in dreams. Or can you?

And he never woke again. Bill has DIED!!!

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MY BRAIN HURTS

He tried to take it all in. The cafeteria was a cacophony of **creatures, beasts, man-beasts, woman-beasts, man-woman-beasts**, and many MANY **meandering monsters** all mish-mashed together into insane concoctions. The overload of sights and sounds made his weary brain want to pack its bag, squeeze itself out of his head, and hop the first train that was headed to **ANY PLACE BUT HERE!**

- He looked over at one table and saw the high school's **Swim Team**. Well, he assumed it was the Swim Team, mainly because they wore jerseys, had giant fish heads, human bodies, freaky flipper feet, and their eyes looked like submarine telescopes. He could hear a high-pitched "**ping... ping.. ping...**" coming from them all as they talked with each other.
- At a table towards the back, the members of the **AV Club** flicked around. Their heads were huge tube television sets that kept changing channels. They were cleverly using the conversations on the television shows to talk to each other. They switched quickly back and forth between news sound bites, cooking shows, and game shows -- all of the separate dialogues combining into what they wanted to say. One of them could only tune in to the Spanish stations that only showed REALLY BAD soap operas. He must have been an Exchange Student.

"Must **look at more creatures...** so crazy... need to look around more..."

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"I can't look at this anymore. I'm losing **MY MIND!!!!** Let's just **get to the lunch line.**"

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FIND THE NEXT CARD

Go to Card

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LOCKER 1048576

Finally, somehow, someway, they found themselves standing in front a locker that had the number **1048576** on it. Bill knew that this one was his. It was the locker number he **ALWAYS** went to and he could **NEVER** remember the combination to his lock. Once he couldn't open the lock, **the dream would end**, which was fine with him. At first these little variations in his typically ho-hum dream-scape were entertaining, now, he was more than ready to wake up.

"Thank God! Well Hoggy, its been nice knowing you," Bill said as his fingers happily spun the combination lock back and forth without thinking. He yanked down, waiting to feel it not budge...

It sprung open with absolutely no problem.

"What the..." Bill looked sadly down at the now open lock. This dream was **NEVER** going to end.

"What's the problem? Oink?"

"No problem. Just. This wasn't suppose to happen. None of this is suppose to happen."

"Well, I've come this far. Might as well **see what is in the locker.**"

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Turn around and **run away** from the locker as fast as possible.

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"Ummmm... so are you going to open up the locker or just stare at it?" the pig snorted.

**"No... No I am not. No... No... No... No... No... NO!!!!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"**
he snapped back.

He just couldn't take it anymore. That's it. He was DONE! Done with this locker. Done with this dream. Done with EVERYTHING! He just wanted to wake up. Throwing the lock down on the ground, he started running as fast as he could to get away from it all.

As he ran farther down the hallway, he could hear the pig screaming, **"Don't go that way you IDIOT!"** This did not stop him however and he ran blindly past a janitor's sign that said **"WET FLOOR"**. He could hear a sloshing noise around his feet. With each step he took, he could feel himself sinking deeper and deeper into the actual tiles of the floor like it was quicksand. He tried to turn around but it was too late. The more he struggled, the faster he sank, until his head disappeared into the floor.

Bill is having the sinking feeling that he DIED!

HALLLLLLL PASSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

"That that that THING... is the Hall Monitor???" Bill stammered, trying not to scream again.

"Yeah, yeah. I know. Oink. He's a pain and soooo annoying. Maybe if we ignore him, he'll leave us alone."

But it was too late. The beast already had them in its sites and all three of its heads glared at them.

"HALL PASS!!!" One of the creature's heads screamed. *"WHERE'S YOUR..."* the second head yelled. *"HALLLL PAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSS!!!"* the third one sang out in a strange Broadway Song kind of way.

"Hall Pass?" Bill asked *"I don't think we have..."*

"No HALL PASS..." the first head said, *"...then you DON'T PASS!"* the second one blurted out. *"1...2...3... you gotta... get a.... HALLLLLL PASSSSSSS!!! HeHooo! Wooooo! Yeah!"* the third head sang out, trying to do its best Michael Jackson impersonation as it swung around one of its little hands that wore a teeny tiny sequined glove.

"Here... oink. Let me try talking to him. I'll show you how this is done," the pig whispered to Bill then turned his full attentions on the Hall Monitor that blocked their way. *"Hey H.M., you got some strong little baby hands there. Have you been working out recently? Cool hair too. Nice singing by the way..."*

"Flattery..." said the first. *"...gets you..."* said the second. *"NO WHERE!!! HALLLL PASSSSSSS!!!!!"* sang the third.

"Well, pig. Nice try. But unless you have a **Hall Pass** on you, we are up the creek without a Hall Pass."

TOO FAR!!! TOO FAR!!!

With a **FLASH**... Bill suddenly found himself in the hallway again.... but things were different now.

MUCH DIFFERENT!!!

The hallway was falling apart and smelled like thick mold and rancid rot. Ivy and other green growth had spread all over the structure of the school, slowly tearing it apart over what **MUST** have been hundreds of years of decay that led it to its current state of disrepair.

Parts of the ceiling had completely collapsed and he could see out into the night sky. There was no moon. Only the lights of a thousand brilliant stars twinkled down at him.

Some of the stars began to move, which took Bill by surprise (which wasn't all too difficult in his current discombobulated state -- his head was still spinning and spinning and spinning). A few of the lights zipped in closer until they were almost right on top of him.

"What... izzzz.... thizzzz?" one of the lights said to another. ***"Did... we... not... eradicate... all creaturez here centuriez... ago?"***

"Yezzzz... yezzzz.... muzt destroy... muzt destroy.... muzzzzzzzzzt destroy...."

"Yezzzz... destroy... muzt destroy.... muzzzzzzzzzt destroy...."

Bill tried to turn and run from these "fallen stars", but before he could he saw one last **FLASH**, but this one disassembled his atoms within seconds, leaving behind nothing but a few wisps of smoke.

Yezzzzzzzz... Bill hazzz DIED!!!

WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT, MAGGOTS?

Bill chose a door completely at random, turned the handle and walked into...

...well, he really wasn't sure what he walked into.

The room was filled with men. Men that were green. Men that looked like they were made from plastic. Men that had helmets on that looked like they were in the military. There was a large crowd of them strutting back and forth and back and forth, yelling at something or someone that was on the far side of the room.

"Come on you MAGGOTS!!! Lemme see what you got!!! This ain't happy time fairyland. You gotta work. What are you staring at MAGGOTS!!!! Work.... work.... work... and 1... and 2... and 3... FASTER MAGGOTS!!!! FASTER!!!!"

"Soooo... What is going on here???" Bill said, scratching his head in confusion. At that moment, the crowd of plastic men parted and he could see a group of GIANT fly larva lined up along the wall. They had little pom-poms taped to their sides and wore colorful short skirts. The larva line squished to and fro, moving in unison as the life-sized toy men screamed at them.

"What? That? Oink. Eh. Just cheerleader practice. Why?" the pig asked pleasantly.

"Of course it is." Bill deeply sighed. ***"No reason. Just... something you see everyday, you know. Nothing weird here."***

"Let's **look around** this room some more. It's huge. I think I see something over there."

A CODE HALF DONE

Bill screamed out what he thought the password might be, but REALLY it was just a complete and total guess --- they were way too lazy to figure out the entire code.

Nothing happend.

***"Well, looks like its back to the old drawing...
OOOOF!!!!"***

This is the last thing Bill said before the twitchy big-eyed fella leapt out of the corner and began to strangle him. For being so skinny, he had the strength of giant.

***"I told... you... NOT... to... RING... the.. BELL!!!! You made
Johnny very ANGRY!!!!"***

MORAL OF THE STORY HERE: A code that is broken is not one let half done.

Gakk... erghh... Bill has DIED!!!.



STEAM HAT

www.SteamHat.com

- ~ ILLUSTRATION
- ~ EDUCATIONAL GAMES
- ~ ONLINE INTERACTIVES
- ~ GRAPHIC DESIGN
- ~ WEB DESIGN
- ~ COMICS & E-BOOKS
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Game designed and written by:
Robert L. Kline Jr.
www.SteamHat.com

Character Sketches by:
Robert L. Kline Jr.
& **Dru Woodard**

Illustrations & Paintings by:
Dru Woodard
www.DruWoodard.com

YOU TALKIN' TO ME?

Without stopping, Bill gave a very unenergetic wave and grumbled almost under his breath, **"Hey Pig."**

He smiled to himself because he knew there would never be any kind of response from...

"Right back at ya Bill. SQUEAL!"

Bill stopped dead in his tracks and looked into the room. This was the first time he had EVER heard the pig talk. In fact, this was the first time these dreams had differed AT ALL ever since he started having them over 3 months ago.

"Excuse me. Did you say something?" Bill replied, looking at the perky pig who was now staring right back at him.

"Yeah. SNORT! So what? I'm not allowed to talk to you anymore? Man, I didn't know you were still mad at me. You drive me crazy sometimes. I blame that girlfriend of yours. She messed up your head real good. SQUEAL!"

"Ummm.. Yeah."

Bill cocked his head like a confused dog and chuckled to himself in amusement.

The pig however... did NOT seem amused. Not one single bit.

"That was rather odd, but I gotta **keep on truckin'.**"

LUNCH LADY LAND

Bill quickly hustled along, running after his tray that was shooting down the conveyor belt at Mach speed. It came to an abrupt halt, and he almost zipped right by it. When he finally stumbled to a stop, he could hear something behind the conveyor **gurgle loudly** down at him.

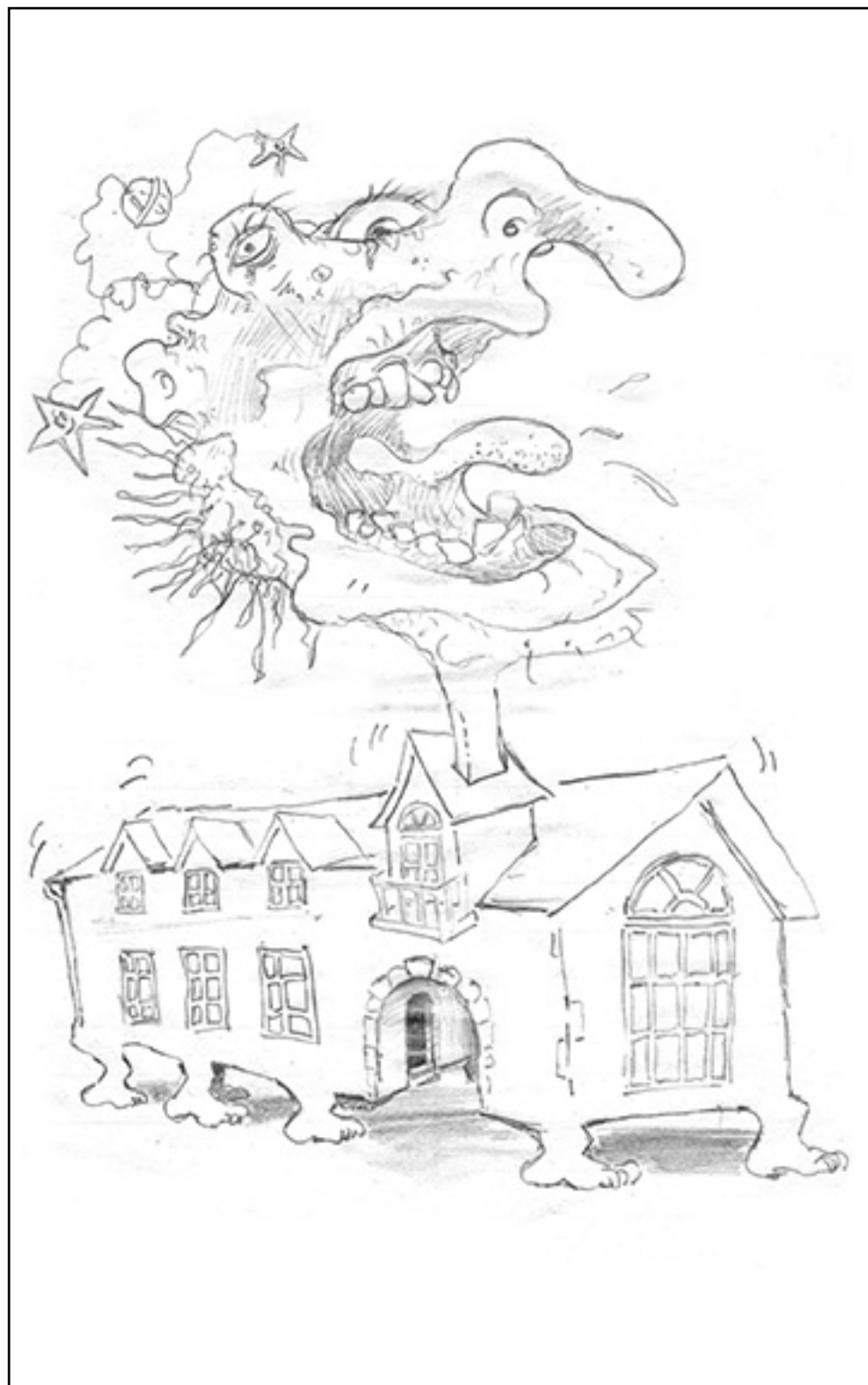
To his horror, he looked up to see **two giant disgusting looking mounds of goo** that easily stood about 8 feet high. They swayed back and forth as thick dripping tentacles wiggled out of their slimy stomachs. Dozens of small eyeballs floated freely through the top of their filthy heads. Miscellaneous mouths opened and closed in the muck. The creatures' features and appendages moved around through their gooey body, never staying in the same place. They were making the most sickening of sloshing sounds as bit and pieces of them broke off and slopped onto the floor.

"Oh my GOD!!! What are THOSE THINGS!!!" Bill exclaimed out loud to Jessie who was in line in front of him.

"What, oink? The Lunch Ladies? What about them? Oooh, I think its meatloaf day. I wonder if they have any tots."

Of course they are Lunch Ladies. How could he have missed the King Kong sized aprons that they were wearing.

Watch how Jessie orders and **follow his lead.**



CAT'S CAN'T TALK

Bill pointed at the janitor who was lovingly caressing his cat and screamed, ***"I'm here to save the cat. Unhand him right now you FELONIOUS FIEND!!! The FELINE must be set FREEEEEE!!! If you do not, I will be forced to use brutal... uh... force on you. In a very brutal like manner. And it will be... uh... BRUTAL!"***

"Say what?" the janitor squinted at him with his good eye. ***"My cat? Mr. Piddles? Now why on earth would you want do something like that? Mr. Piddles loves me. Why would you even say such things?"***

The cat shook its head vigorously back and forth, mouthing the words ***"Nooooooooo, he... is.... CRAY... ZEEEE... HELP ME!!!"***

"The cat... he is... uhhhh... he says your crazy and he wants me to help him," Bill said, starting to lose some of his confidence in the situation once he started quoting a cat.

"WHAT? My CAT... is TALKING to you??? Hahahaha. Are you a complete mad man? That's ridiculous."

"That is pretty ridiculous Bill. Oink. Everybody knows cats can't talk. Are you sure you aren't on drugs or something," said the talking pig.

"NO!" Bill yelled back ***"Save the CAT! Save the WORLD!!!"***

He lunged at the janitor and tried to pull the cat out of his hands. The janitor merely sneered, picked up the lantern he had put down, and smashed it over Bill's head.

As Bill's life slowly left his body, he could see the cat mouthing the words, ***"Thanks for nothing buddy."***

No... really... the cat can talk... ACK! Bill has DIED!!!

WHAT DO YOU CALL A PIG?

"Yeah pig," Bill said with a cocky smile on his face, *"I was just freaked out a bit by the two girls back there. Not a lot. Just a little. I can handle myself, you know --- with the ladies. Even if they have... those candles for eyes thing going on."*

"HA! Oink. You should be freaked out. They are probably just a wee-wee-wee bit not so pleased with you. I told you to stay away from the Seye Sisters, but do you ever listen to me. NOOOOOO! Oink. Don't worry, I won't tell Felicia. Our secret. But just watch out. Things get out. She'll probably find out from someone who talked to someone who..."

"Yeah, I get the gist of it pig. Wait. Who is Felicia?" The name sounded so familiar to him. Where did he hear that before?

"Alright, enough of the 'PIG' thing. Oink. You know I hate that nickname."

"O.K." Bill said slowly, not knowing what the heck to call a pig if the pig didn't want to be called pig.

"Where are you off to now, **Hoggy**? Do you want to tag along?"

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"You are indeed a gentleman and a scholar, oh pink and porky sir. I shall call you **Lord Pennywise**."

5

"All right there **CHIEF**! Nice meeting you. Gotta go. I've got things to do."

78

GIMME SOME MONEY!

Bill looked over to Jessie who was standing by the exit, waiting for him.

"Hey Jessie! Gimme some money!" He said loudly.

"Hey Bill, how about NO! What do I look like? A bank? Oink."

It took everything in his power to NOT make a joke about a pig and a bank. He wanted to soooooo very badly, but he let it go, just this one time. Mainly because the deer was still screaming at him.

"PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!!"

"All right! All right! **Hold onto your horses, deer.**"

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FIND THE NEXT CARD

Go to Card

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32

GOTTA PASS ON THE PIG

Bill didn't even give the **crooning oinker** a moment's notice as he walked on by. Why would he? He'd seen him before and not a single time did his terrible singing ever improve.

He sighed heavily and kept moving forward, knowing all too well that the destined locker was waiting for him way, way, way down the hall. One step at a time. Just keep going. He'll get there... eventually.

Ugh! Why couldn't anything different ever happen? **He was getting so incredibly bored with this dream.** What he wouldn't do to add just a little bit of excitement to the monotony of it all.

Oh well. Stick with the same old plan. Keep walking. Always walking.

Keep **walking**. Always **walking**.

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THE FOUR DOORS

"I don't have a Hall Pass (oink). And YOU don't have a Hall Pass (snort). So it looks like we are going to have to find another way around," the little pig said with a little piggy grin on its stubbly little snout.

"And how are we going to do that, pray tell?" Bill said, his tone dripping thick with frustration.

"Welllllll..... hmmmmm.... Let's think about this one. Maybe you try one of the FOUR doors here! Man, you really are NOT that observant today, are you. Did you wake up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?"

"You wouldn't know the half of it pig," Bill mumbled as he looked around. Sure enough, there were 2 classroom doors set in the left-hand wall and 2 classroom doors set in the right. Unfortunately, none of them had windows, so he could not see in. Each one was labeled with a Room Number which might or might not help them choose which to open.

Open the door **labeled Room 3.14** on the left. Numbers have been scrawled on the door in white chalk.

45

Open the door labeled **Room 54** on the left. The word Room had been crossed off with Studio written in.

81

Open the door labeled **Room 8675309** on the right. Is that glitter on the doorknob?

22

Open the door labeled **Room Bah** on the right. Room... Bah? Huh?

119



THHHHHHHHHHHHPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP....

Bill and the pig walked up to Vice Principal Al Pacca, who was standing in the hallway, drinking his coffee.

"Hey Mr. Pacca, how's it going today?" the pig asked.

The llama-looking creature just stared at the pig and twitched its nose. It then snorted and tossed its head into the air a few times. Its hair bopped around crazily for a few seconds before coming to a standstill.

"Yeahhhhhh, hey there... Mr. Pacca. You wouldn't by chance know how far it is to my locker do you?" Bill added.

Vice Principal Pacca looked at Bill cross-eyed, threw its head high in the air again and said, ***“Mmmmmuhyaaaaaa.... heeeeeeYAYAYAAYYAYAYAYA. Thhhhhpppppp.... mmmmm....Mmmmmuhyaaaaaa.... heeeeeeYAYAYAAYYAYAYAYA. Thhhhhpppppp.... mmmmm.... mmmmmm... heeeeyup YUP YUP YUP YUP!!!”*** then he spat his coffee all over Bill’s face.

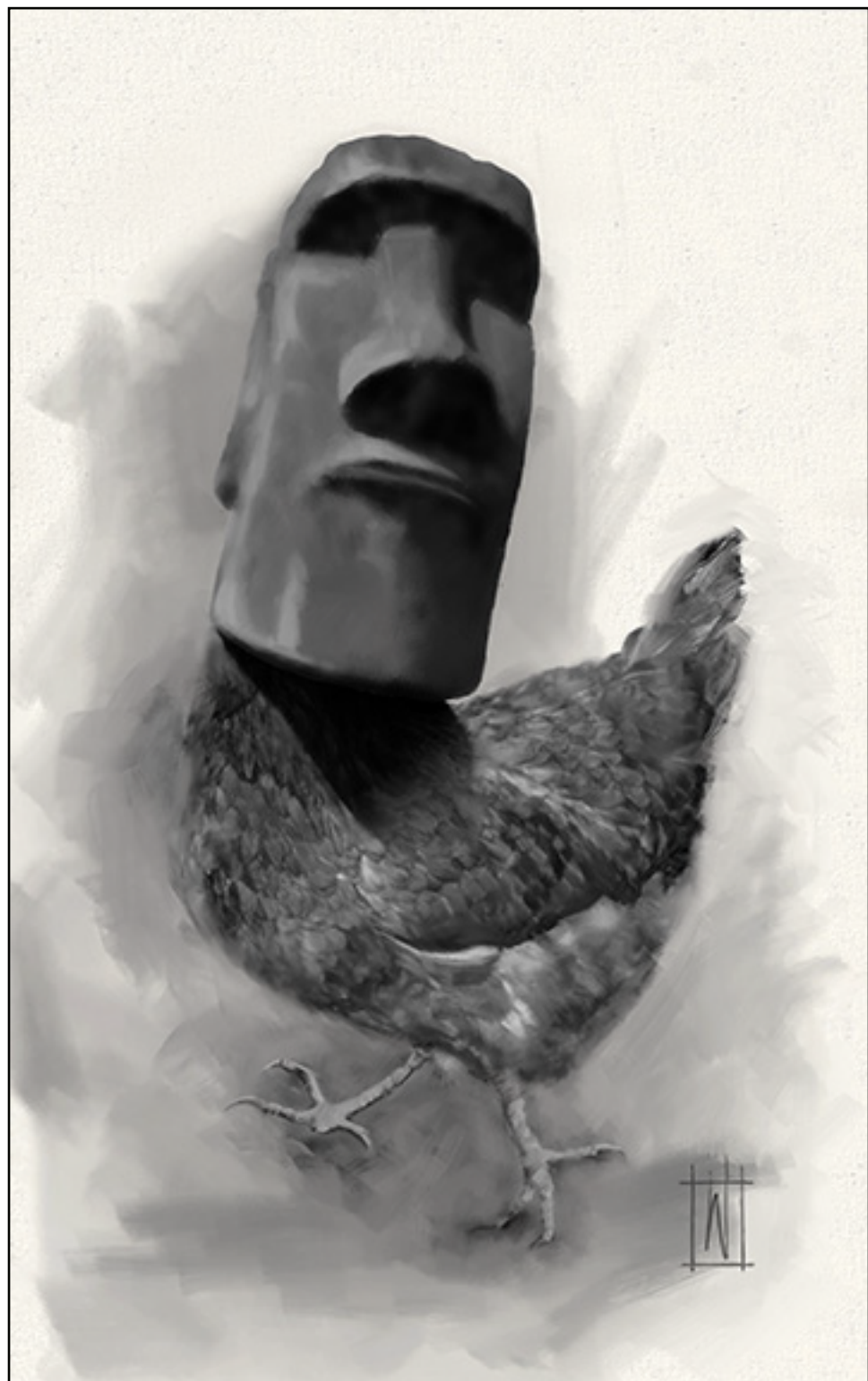
"Oh... hey... gosh... thank you... so very very much," Bill said as he wiped his face off with his sleeve.

"Alight, nice talking with you Mr. Pacca. See you later. Oink," the pig said his farewell and started walking away.

"Mmmmmmmuhyaaa... Thhhhppp.." the Vice Principal responded.

"Thhhhppppp right back at you," Bill said as he walked as fast as he could away from him.

"Let's get back to **searching for the locker**. I think we're close. **Maybe.**"



A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

"PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!!" the eye-antlered deer continued to scream in a tinnitus-inducing high voice.

"Alright, alright already. Just hold on a minute. What happens if I don't have any cash to give you anyway?" Bill said, while wondering if he could just stop, drop, and roll out of this situation.

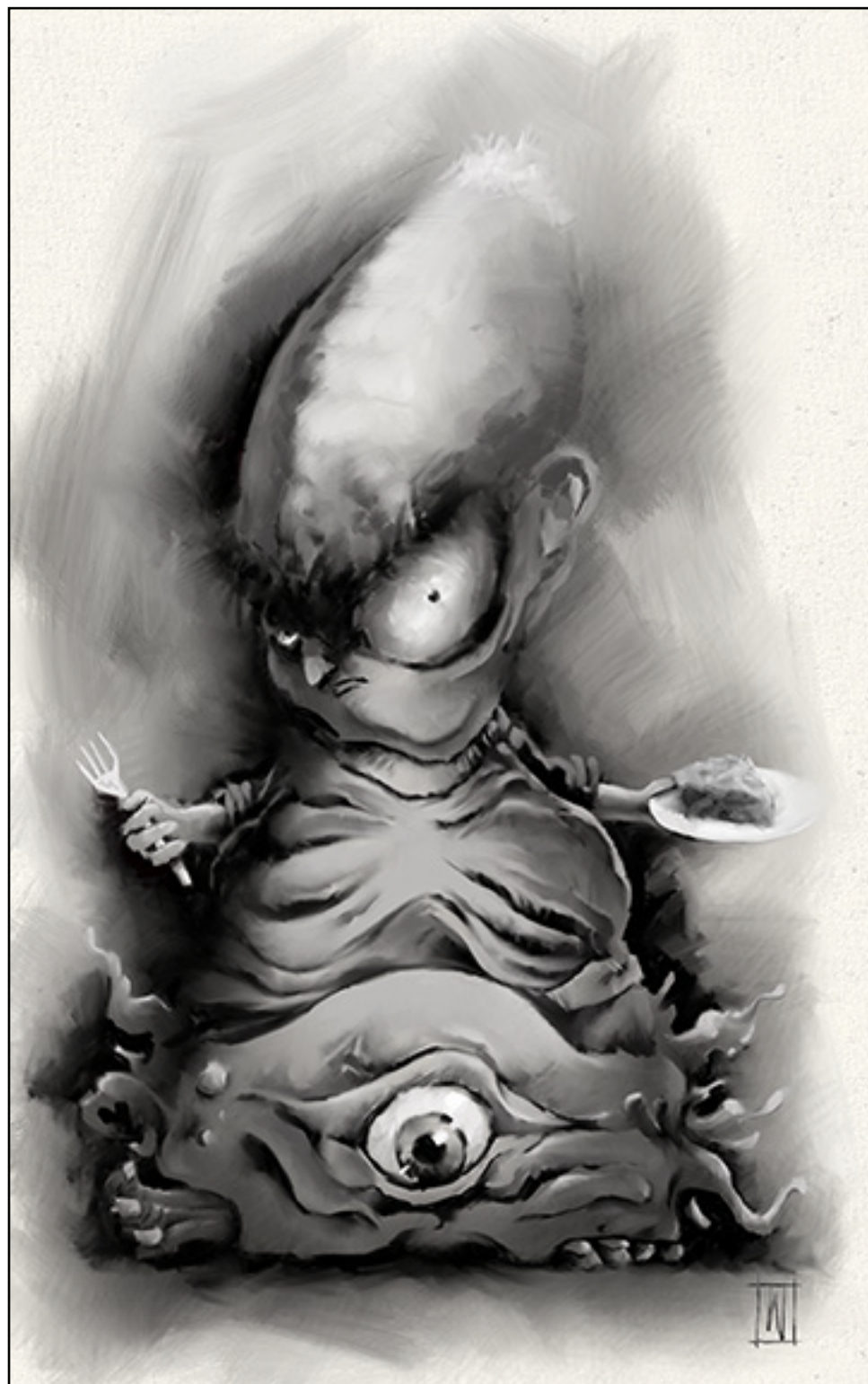
The deer's voice INSTANTLY shifted down by 12 octaves and it boomed out basely, ***"A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!!! A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!!!! WE'LL MAKE YOU WASH THE DISHES!!!"***

"Well, that doesn't sound too bad," Bill responded.

"HAVE YOU SEEN THE DISHES?!?!?" The deer slowly pointed a hoof towards the back of the kitchen. It was difficult to describe. Imagine the most disgusting, dripping, nasty, vomit-inducing thing that you can think of. Now try to think of something that is 1000 times worse than that. Well... it was even worse than THAT!

"Sweet God!!! No no no. Nope. Not gonna do that. Ain't gonna do it. Nuh-uh. Nooooo way there Bubba!!!"

"Please, let me have some money on me? I don't pray much God. But I am right now."



THE LADY IN RED

The heat from the sun warmed his body and he could feel himself slowly drifting off to sleep. All of the world's woes wavered and faded as he slipped deeper and deeper into the quiet serene blackness of...

...SHE WAS THERE AGAIN!!!

The young lady in the short red dress. The young lady with the short black hair. The young lady that kept appearing in his dreams over and over again like a repetitive nightmare (but a nightmare that was really really really easy on the eyes).

Usually she would just stand there, silently motioning to him and mouthing words that he could never quite hear. This time however, there was something different. Her normally calm demeanor had been torn away and she ran towards him like a crazed berserker linebacker.

He could hear her shout out to him in a high panicked voice. Her usually solemn and sad face was now plastered with a harsh scowl that showed a mix of both pain and terror.

She came closer

and closer

and closer to him,

with no sign of stopping.

WHY SO JUMPY?

"Alrighty then. That was interesting," Bill said to himself out loud as he continued to walk/run as fast as he could. The further away he got from that room, the better. His nerves were completely on edge and he was more than just a little freaked out by the girls' sudden appearance. That entire scenario was DEFINITELY never in his dreams before. He **HAD** wished that things would change. Looks like his wish may have come true. Too bad no one warned him that it would include 2 very angry women who wanted to kill him for reasons completely unknown to him. It **WAS** a dream though, so does there even have to be a reason?

"What was interesting? OINK?"

Bill jumped back screaming much too loudly and banged against the lockers hard. So hard that he almost knocked himself out cold. He looked down and sure enough, there was the pig from the first room standing beside him. It was still wearing glasses but now it had a tiny piggy-sized denim jacket on.

"What... Did I scare you or something? Sheesh. Why are you so jumpy? Oink."

Bill looked at the pig in absolute bewilderment. He figured, what the heck. Why not just go with it. This is the most interesting thing to have happened in his dreams in ages. Might as well have fun with it. Call him crazy, but he was about to throw caution to the wind and have a conversation with a pig.

"Think... think... think... **what do I say to a pig?"**

A DRIFTER LIKE YOU

"Fine... Well Diamond, I can't say he looks familiar. But then again, I can't say ANY of this looks familiar," Bill said in a raised voice as he pointed out towards the lunchroom filled with the hordes of absurd dream creatures. He continued, ***"To be quite honest, I just want this all to be over and I just want to wake up in MY hammock in MY backyard at MY house and forget all about this ENTIRE CRAZY DREAM! I wish you luck in finding him. But I can't help you at all. And right now and I'd really --- really --- really -- like to be left alone until this all.... just... goes away."***

Bill was **DONE with a capital D, then O, then N, then E.** He had it. This dream had gone on for far far far far too long and he was getting exhausted having to deal with all kinds of craziness. A midget PI searching for a Hammerheaded man just pushed him over the edge and he was about ready to crack into a thousand gibbering pieces.

"What did you say?" The PI studied him closely for a while. His small fat eyes squinted as he studied Bill from top to bottom. Then bottom to top. And back again.

"I said that I just want to wake up and..."

"Yeah, yeah. I know. I heard you the first time. So what's a Drifter like you doing in a place like this?"

"Umm... are you trying to come onto or something?"

GET SOME EATS

"Hey Bill, are you as famished as I am? Get some eats. Get some eats. Get some eats. Oh boy! Oink."

"Huh!" Bill was still looking in the mirror, watching his big doggy jowls jiggle around as he spoke. It was so surreal. ***"Oh, yeah. I'm starving actually. Let's uh... Let's go get some eats like you said."***

"Squeet! Get some eats. Get some eats. Oink."

The pig waddled himself out of the bathroom, making his way to the cafeteria door. Bill quickly followed behind him, still finding it odd that he was HUNGRY in a dream.

By the time Bill caught up with Jessie, the pig had already thrown open the cafeteria door. The pug-faced boy stopped in his tracks and stared in awe at the crowded room.

"Oh My God! This is absolutely nuts."

Walk into the very crowded cafeteria.

44

WHAT'S IN THE BOX?

**OPEN
THE BOX
BELOW.**

* FOR THOSE OF YOU PLAYING FROM THE PDF,

GO TO CARD 52

Bill looked at all four doors and decided that Room 3.14 was just as good as any of the other choices. He threw the door open and they both ran in, excited to see what....

THE DOOR SLAMMED BEHIND THEM AS SOON AS THEY ENTERED THE ROOM. THEY COULD HEAR AN EXTREMELY LOUD NOISE THAT SOUNDED LIKE 20-30 DEADBOLTS SLAMMING INTO PLACE.

From somewhere within the room, a voice whimpered,
"What... what... oh nonnonono. Why? Why didn't you hold the door open. We're doomed. We're all doomed. But at least we finally have company now. Yes. Company. Hehehehe. Finally. Hehehehehe..."

There was an extremely skinny young man hunched over in the corner of the room giggling to himself. His once nice clothing looked aged, worn, and frayed. He still wore his pocket protector proudly, even though the pocket it was protecting fell off years ago. Although his body was bone thin, his rectangular head was about 5 times larger than it should have been. And his eyes... his eyes were large and saucer shaped. They stared wide and unblinking at them.

"Maybe you can help me. Yes. Help me. I think I figured out the algorithm to crack the code. It won't beat me. Oh nonnonono. I won't let it. Isn't that right, Johnny! Our new friends can help."

The clearly insane creature cackled. Johnny by the way was a piece of chalk that he clutched in his right hand. He was using "Johnny" to scribble on anything and everything that he could get his hands on. The ENTIRE room (from walls to floors to desk and all) were covered in crazy arrays of numbers and mathematical equations.

"On no pig. Not good. We have to **get out of here!**"

A LITTLE TOO CONVENIENT

Bill was about ready to strip down to his boxers and go through every inch of his clothing, hoping to find some money tucked away. Before he could, however, a **wallet** suddenly **LEAPT** out of his left pocket and fell onto the floor in front of him. Where it came from, he had no idea because he **DEFINITELY** didn't feel the weight of it in his pants.

"Well, that was just a little too convenient," Bill muttered to himself as he bent over to pick it up.

Inside the old leather wallet, he found a fake Driver's License with his puggy-faced picture pasted into it along with **EXACTLY\$8.63!** No more -- No less. By chance, by fate, or by awkward design, it held the same amount that he owed. He immediately gave the money to the deer who finally quieted down.

Bill grabbed his tray and hurried through the lunch line's exit door as quickly as possible. When he finally stumbled out into the cafeteria, he looked around but did not see Jessie anywhere. He searched through the crazed commotion of the cafeteria, looking for the pig.

"Bill. Bill. Hey.... Hey Bill! Dude.... dudester... over here... BILL!!! Over here!!! SQUEAL!!!"

Find the pig. Go to the pig. Go to him. Out there. Somewhere.

GOODBYE PIGGY

Bill smirked at the PO'd pig and kept walking down the hall of eternal lockers without missing a beat.

He thought to himself, ***"Now THAT was different. Oh well. I should just get back on track, find my locker, forget my combination like I always do, and DREAM OVER!"***

That's the way all of the other dreams had ended and this one will be the same. Always a hollow hopeless quest of nothing.

"Fine, SQUEAL! I see the way it is. Just leave before I am done talking to you. You don't even want to stay for my next song? You should. It's one of your favorites. Hey, come back. Where are you going? "

The pig was talking AGAIN!

Bill was uncomfortable now. He started feeling like he no longer had control over the situation. Well, he never did have control, but at least the routine of it all gave the illusion that he did.

Maybe this little bit of difference was a good thing. Maybe his sleep brain was FINALLY allowing him to break that crazy dream loop that he'd been stuck in and MAYBE.... just maybe... he will never have this dream again.

Just the thought of saying a final goodbye to this repetitive hall made him absolutely giddy with joy.

Continue **walking** down the hall.

IS THIS THE LUNCH LINE?

By the time Bill completed doing a quick study of the **CAFETERIA OF THE INSANE**, Jessie was already turning left towards a large linear gathering of creatures. Bill assumed this must be the lunch line due mainly in part to a **gigantic glowing neon sign** that hung above the crowd. It dangled dangerously from thick metal chains and blinked **"Lunch Line"** off and on, off and on, off and on. There was a tiny ugly troll-like creature sitting amongst the hot pink neon tubes, swinging it back and forth while screaming, **"LUNCH LINE!!! LUNCH LINE!!! LUNCH..."** And then there was the **20 or more signs with arrows painted on them** that all pointed to the area that said **"Lunch Line HERE!!!"** The crowd chanted **"LUNCH LINE! LUNCH LINE! LUNCH LINE! LUNCH LINE!"** over and over as the line moved slowly forward.

"Gee, I wonder if this is the Lunch Line! Is this the Lunch Line Jessie?" Bill said with a thick sarcastic smile.

"Huh, yeah. Of course it is. Why? Oink."

"No reason. I just... wasn't sure... C'mon. You get it right? Right? C'mon. Just look around you man."

"Get what? Oink."

Bill just shook his head, knowing that his sarcasm was going unnoticed, *"Nevermind."*

"Lunch Line! Lunch Line! Lunch Line! Lunch Line! **Lunch Line! Lunch Line! Lunch Line!**"

THE COMFY CHAIR

Bill looked out over the members of the Time Traveler's Club and asked rather forcefully, ***"Can you send me forward in time to the END of this dream so I can wake up and get OUT OF HERE!!!!"***

The skinny little spaghetti creatures jumped up and down, googling their eyes back and forth and round and round.

"Ahhhhhhh... our first subject... I mean... yes... yes we've done it many times before. Many many times. Isn't that right?" responded the big-nosed fella in the onesie.

The pasta people energetically shook their heads up and down and gibbered amongst themselves.

"Good!" Bill said, ***"Well I want you to send me to..."*** but before he could end his sentence, he could feel himself lifted up into the air by the **EXTREMELY** strong pasta creatures. He was taken to the back of the room and placed neatly into a red recliner. It was comfortable -- dare he say -- quite possibly the **MOST** comfortable chair he had ever had the chance to sit it.

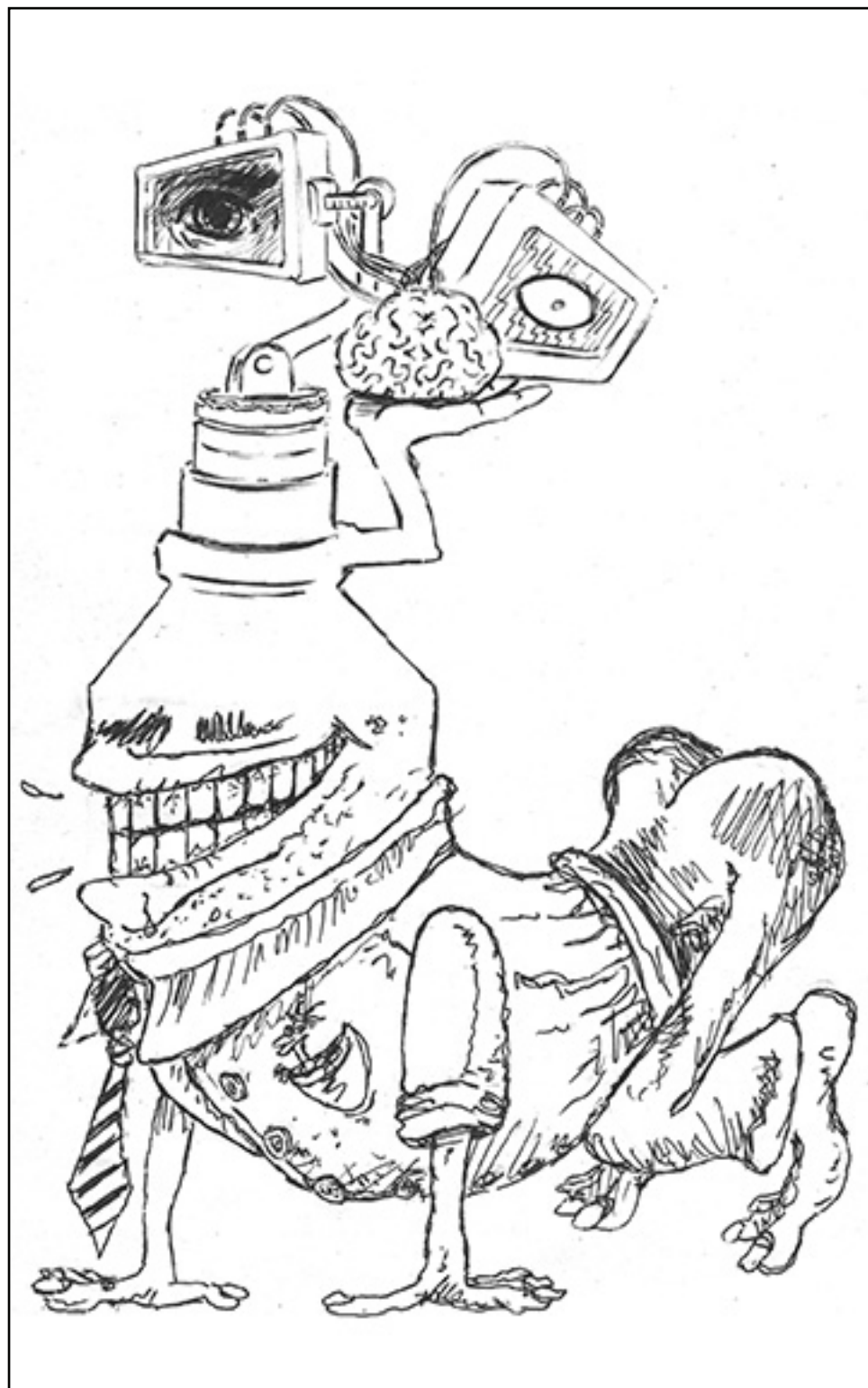
"Wow. Alright then. Ummm.. Thanks. Ummm.. for that. So how do we go about this?" Bill asked. ***"Where's your wibbly wobbly Time Machiney contraption?"***

"Your sitting in it." Mr. Onesie said. ***"Just pull the lever on the side and think about WHERE you want to go and WHEN."***

"And that's it. That's all there is to it???"

"Yes... that's it. Go ahead. Give it a whirl!"

"Well, here goes nothing. I'm gonna **pull that lever** now!"



LIKE A BEAUTIFUL BALLERINA

"Welllllll, I don't know about you, but I am STARVING!!! SQUEAL!!! Let's head off to the cafeteria. It's time for some lunch time goodness! Mmmmm... I can't wait to see what's on the menu. Can't wait, can't wait, can't wait. But I gotta hit the bathroom first. BAD!!! I've been holding it for awhile. Ooooooh, I feel like I am going to freaking EXPLODE all over the place. Let's go. Let's go."

Bill started laughing because not only did he have a super hyper-active multi-tool running around his feet yapping, but now he had a pig in people's clothing dancing around him with buckled knees trying not to wet itself.

"What's so funny?" The pig asked, his little snout already squinching up in preparation for the response.

"It's just you... and Gatsby... and really just about EVERYTHING here!" Bill laughed again and laughed hard, like he was on the cusp of losing his freaking mind to the sheer absurdity of it all.

"Seriously, oink, not funny. What's going on with you today? Why are you acting so strange?" the dancing pig said, looking a bit hurt but even more concerned for his friend.

"Yeah, I'm the one acting strange," Bill said as he watched the pig do moves that would make a ballerina jealous.

"Whatever man. SQUEAL! Gotta go go go... C'mon."

Hey everybody, it's time to **follow the dancing pig**.

109

DISCO FIRE!!!

"Yeah, after much consideration... I'M GOING FOR IT!" Bill said after taking NO time to consider it whatsoever.

He put his hand on the box. Took a long deep breath. **FLUNG** the container open **AND...** nothing happend. Both Bill and the pig slowly peeped into the box. It only contained a small rectangular object that was orange and had a label on it.

"What... is this thing?" Bill questioned. It looked like something he had only read about in old history books. If his memory served him correct, it was called an 8-Track. He bent over to grab it to get a closer look.

"Noooooooooooooooo!!!! DON'T TOUCH IT!!!! OOOOOIIIIINNNNNKKKK!!!!" the pig screamed. But it was too late.

Suddenly, the room went completely dark. Bright multi-colored lights began to pop on. Super funky music started blaring out of unseen speakers at decibel levels that made his ears feel like they were going to explode.

"What... what... is happening????" Bill screamed loudly, with his hands covering his ear.

"You don't know what you have DONE Bill! You have UNLEASHED DISCO FIRE!!!"

"Run for your LIVES!!! It's DISCO FIRE!!! Must... get... out... of... room... IMMEDIATELY!!!"

7

"Must stay... and dance... to that funky funky GROOVE."

63

Bill opened the door and walked into an empty room. To his surprise, there was a **Hall Pass** laying on the floor, just waiting for him to take it.

As soon as he stepped into the room however, he heard a cracking sound. The entire floor suddenly collapsed and both he and the pig fell with it.

"Oh, so sorry! Did you hurt yourself???" a voice said to them as they lay moaning in pain at the bottom of a deeply dug pit.

They looked around and saw hundreds of **large spiders** with weird buck-toothed **gopher heads** covering the walls of the small cavern. They were moving in and out of dozens of tunnels that they were in the process of digging out of the ground.

Bill checked himself over, ***"Oww... yeah... still alive. I think."***

"Good. Good. I guess you want to get out of here, don't you. We dig tunnels. Lots of tunnels. It's what we do. Follow the path that ends in 10 and this will lead you back out again. If it is less or if it is more. Where it goes, we're not quite sure."

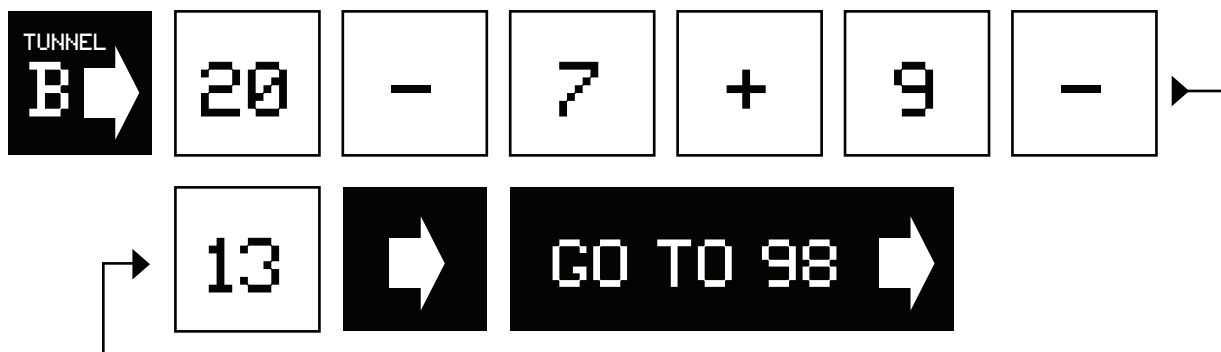
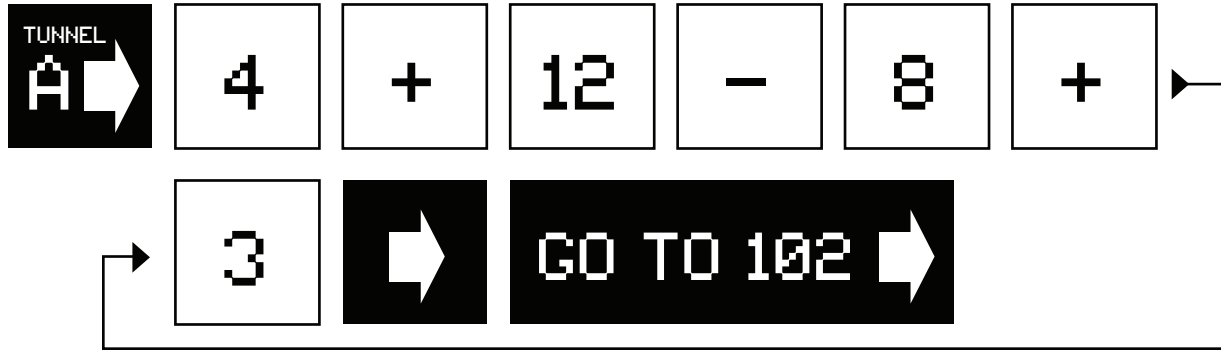
Explore the tunnels and try to figure out which one you think will lead Bill and the pig safely out of here.



* FOR THOSE OF YOU PLAYING FROM THE PDF, GO TO THE NEXT PAGE TO SEE THE TUNNELS CHOICES AVAILABLE.

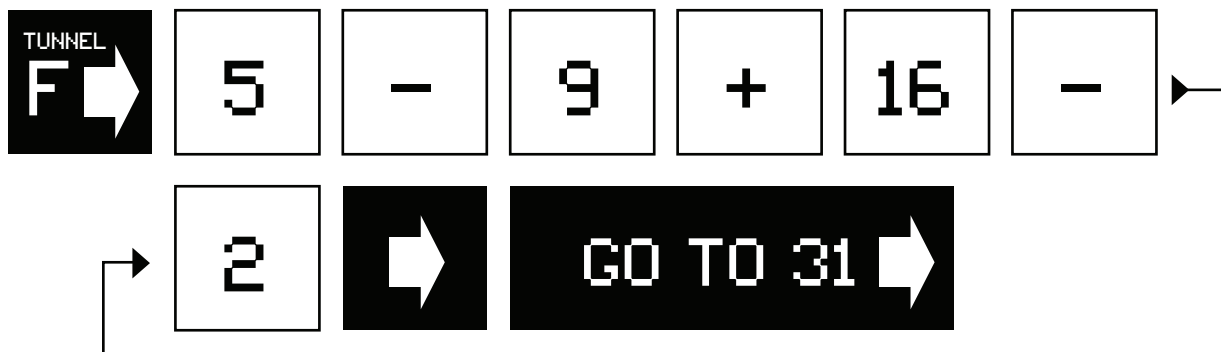
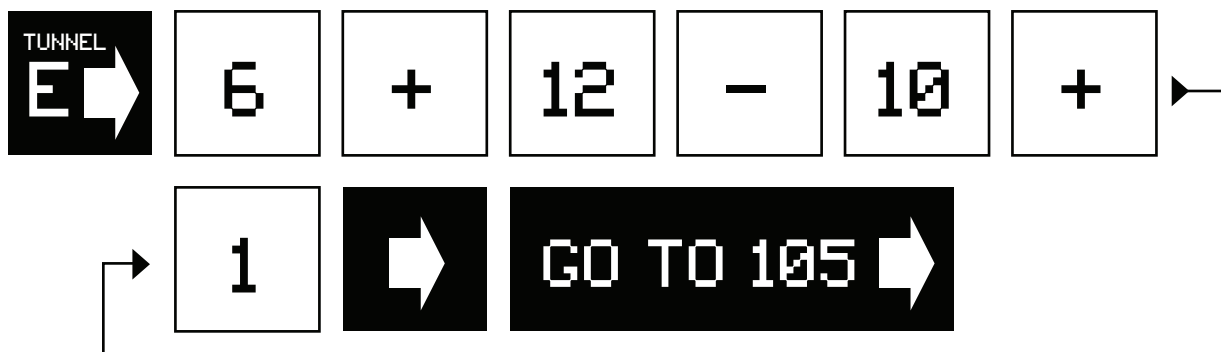
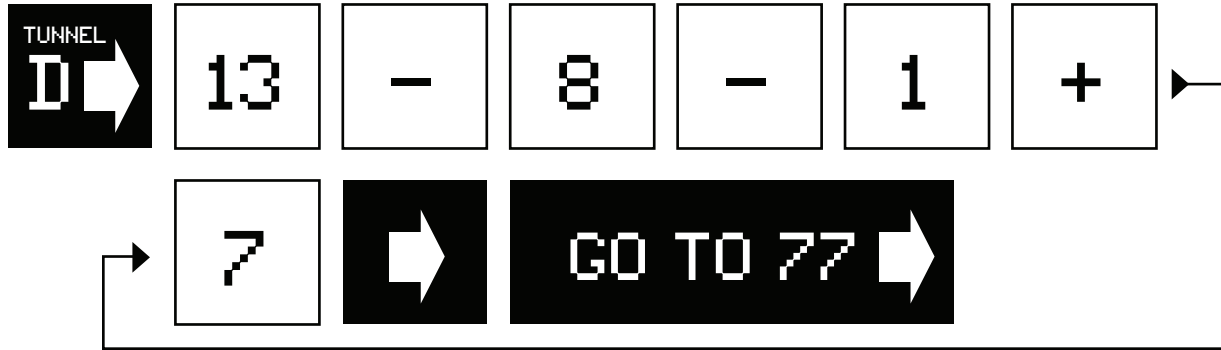
There are 9 tunnels to choose from:

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, and I.



Go to the next page to see MORE tunnels choices available.

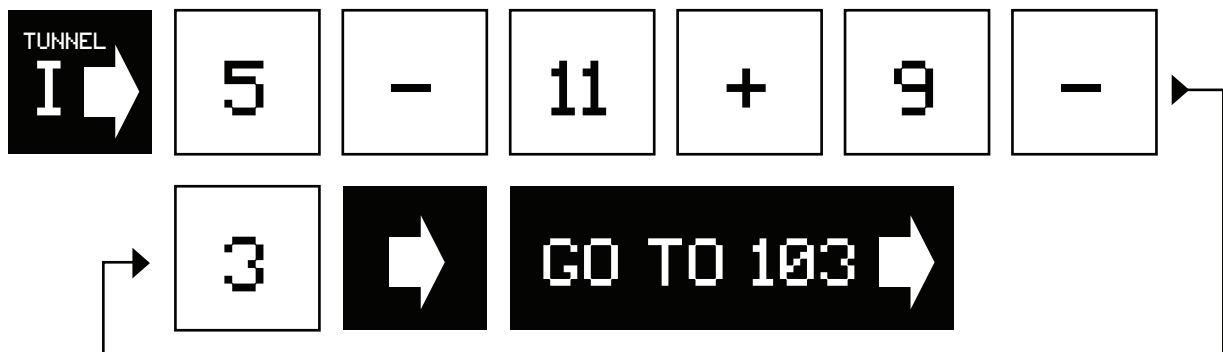
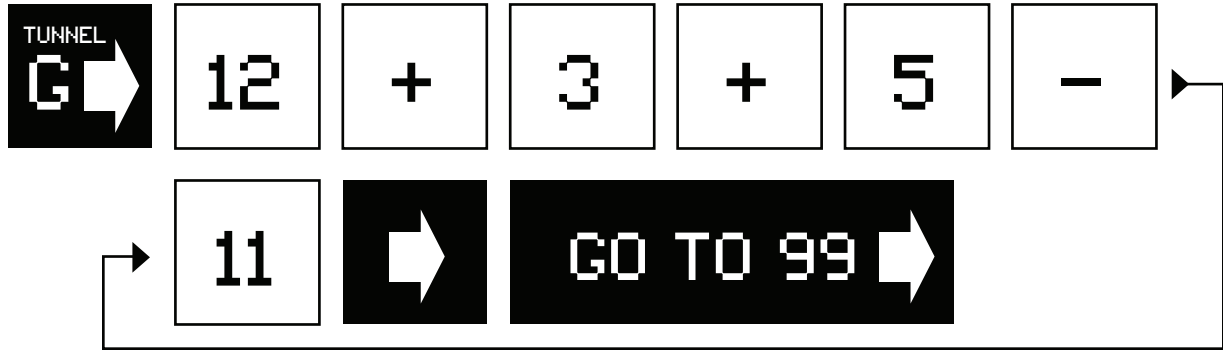
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There are 9 tunnels to choose from:

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, and I.



54

A HAPPY HOGGY HE IS NOT

"Where are you off to now, **Hoggy**? Do you want to tag along?" Bill asked the pig.

The incensed sow stopped and gave Bill an evil look.

"Hoggy? Seriously. I mean seriously. I hate you sometimes. Oink."

"Would you prefer Bacon?" Bill said with a big grin.

"I most certainly would not," the little fella responded and rolled its eyes.

"Well then Hoggy, lets go. Your following me."

The pig look disgusted but trotted behind Bill, quickly forgetting about how angry he was with him just a few seconds ago.

Start walking down the **hallway** again.

96

THAT'S SOME PIG

Bill started trodding down the hallway, mumbling and huffing like a kid having a temper tantrum. How strange that something so surreal could become so mundane -- especially after having walked this exact same path a **hundred** times over. Nothing ever changed. Nothing was ever different. He had this entire non-adventure memorized. It was the same old boring steps to a dance that he did not want to dance to anymore.

Looking in the first door that came up on his right, **sure enough** there was a **pig** lounging on top of a desk. The silly swine was wearing a pair of round John Lennon type glasses, baggy khaki pants, and a nice white shirt. It was also squealing loudly like it was singing. There were stacks of hay pushed up against the walls and a small jukebox in the corner that sounded like it was trying in vain to play a song, but the record kept skipping...

...skipping... ...skipping... ...skipping... ...skipping... ...skipping...
 ...skipping... ...skipping... ...skipping... ...skipping... ...skipping...
 ...skipping... ...skipping... ...skipping... ...skipping... ...skipping...

Ignore the **pig** and walk on by just like every other stinkin' time.

32

Say something to the **pig**. Maybe it will stop singing and save everyone's ears any further pain.

25

MORE CRAZY CAFETERIA

Bill continued looking around, not able to tear away from everything that he was seeing.

- Another one of the tables was filled with **chickens** with heads that looked like **Easter Island monuments**. They cackled and cawed loudly while hopping up and down in their chairs in unison. One of them squawked and began laying bright orange eggs. By the time the chicken was done, it almost touched the ceiling because it was sitting on a pile of 100 eggs or more. All of the stone-headed chicken creatures cackled even louder and started tossing them at a group of extremely annoyed **Manicorns** sitting a table over.
- Yet another table was filled with a gaggle of **mumbling and grumbling undead**. For some odd reason, the zombies were dressed in old western clothing. One of them even had a large black cowboy hat on that looked to be 3 times too large for his head. The corpsed cowboy had to keep pushing his hat up to see. They were playing cards and using their own body parts to bet. The zombies were moving slowly, very very slowly. They had been playing that same game for over 103 years now and had not moved from that spot.
- And of course there was the **weremoose**, the group of giggling girls with **6 arms** doing each others make-up, and a **frog-like creature** that was wearing a leather top-hat that was actually eating the table.

And this was only to name a few. There were hundreds of tables and each was filled with something new, crazy, creepy, and wild.

"Need food now. Hungry. Must follow pig. **Find food.**"

...FAR INTO THE FUTURE

With a **FLASH...** Bill suddenly found himself in the hallway again, walking beside the pig. He turned to see where he was, but he immediately lost all control of his balance. His entire body pitched forward and he landed face first onto the hard tile floor. The floor was NO WHERE near as comfortable as the time traveling chair.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhh.... Oh God!!! Make the spinning stop. Make the spinning stop. Please... hurp."

The pig looked down at his fallen comrade and kicked him in the head.

"What the heck is wrong with you? Oink. What are you doing down there?"

After the world finally stopped spiralling out of control, Bill slowly got to his feet again. Looking behind him, he could see the Time Traveler's Club door just a few feet behind him.

"WHAT!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! I went forward in time by like 5 MINUTES!!!! Stupid CHAIR!!!"

"You did what?" the pig asked.

"Don't worry about it. Let's... let's just keep walking. Right after I throw-up," and he did just that.

"Must... keep... walking... looking for... locker... **keep... looking... keep... looking...**"

TAKE A SEAT

Bill opened up the door and stepped inside.

There was a class currently in progress. It must have been a popular subject, because the room was **FILLED** with desks. But not in the way one would normally find desks in a room.

The desks... were actually sitting on people and taking down notes. They were studying about the rights that school furnishings have in today's society.

Bill pointed into the room, turned to look at the pig and said, ***"That... is just really weird."***

A tiny spazzed out looking mouse with no arms and a second little face in its stomach came up to them and said ***"You're not on the class list? Get out. Ooooh. GET OUT! Get out or I'll WOOP YA! Woop ya real goood."***

It then proceeded to kick Bill in the shin over and over and over until he punted it back into the room and slammed the door shut.

Go back and pick another **DOOR.**

59

BILL IS DEAD!

This is only a dream -- and anybody that has a body **KNOWS** that people can't die in dreams!

Well, if that's the case then kindly explain why Bill has **bit the big one**. He is **beyond the veil, breathed his last**, and **broken bread** with the most grimmest of reapers. He has **bought the farm**, but the farm only grows **DEAD BILL!** He must just be sleepy because he has turned up his toes and is taking a **dirt nap six feet under** -- he's a four-course meal for the worms, and now pushes up the darned daisies from below -- in his grave -- because his is now living there FOREVER!

A dead Dodo with a doornail through its head cannot be any deader than the dead that Bill is right now.

He is --- in as few words as possible to explain his current state of non-livingness --- **"DEAD!"**

Thankfully you didn't have anything to do with his demise because that would definitely weight heavy upon one's soul.

...and with that... hope you enjoyed the game. Woooooooooooo!!!!

THE STEAM HAT NEWSLETTER

Make sure to sign up for the **Steam Hat Newsletter** by either filling in the forms around the exhibit or going to www.SteamHat.com/contact.html. We will be sending out FREE GAMES and will keep you updated on any of our new projects or events coming up. If you enjoyed the game, contact us and let us know.

To download a **free PDF** of the entire "Welcome To Weird World" game, go to: www.SteamHat.com/game.html.



61

FIND THE NEXT CARD

Go to Card

23



THE HISTORY OF DANCE

Bill couldn't help himself, he found himself starting to dance to the funky funky groove.

"Yes!!! Bill!!!! That's it. Oink. You've got it. Keep dancing!!!! It's the only way to survive this!!! It's either DANCE or DIE!!!! DANCE or DIE!!!!!" screamed the pig, who was doing a super groovy version of the Water Sprinkler.

So they danced as the music blared louder and louder. They started busting out every single dance move that they could think of and tried to make them as funky as humanly (and piggily) possible.

They did **the Cabbage Patch, The Chicken Dance, and the Carlton.**

They did **the Hitch Hiker, the Hustle, and the Humpty Dance.**

They did **the Macarena, the Mashed Potato, and the Moonwalk.**

They did **the Robot, the Roger Rabbit, and the Running Man.**

They did **the Safety Dance, the Saturday Night Fever, and the Shimmy.**

They did **the Thunder Clap, the Time Warp, and the Twist.**

And finished off with an epic **PeeWee Herman Dance** with a mega-grand finale of **the YMCA!!!**

The sweat was pouring off their bodies and they collapsed to the ground at the exact moment that the music stopped.

And from somewhere a voice said. **"Well done. You get a B-"** and the door opened wide.

"Great! We got a B- in Disco. That helps... not at all really. Let's go **pick another door.**"



DOORS, DOORS, EVERYWHERE ARE DOORS!

After passing another couple HUNDRED lockers or more, they came to a set of doors. One on each side of the hallway.

"Hey look, more doors. The excitement continues," Bill said in a rather sarcastic manner.

"Do you always get excited around doors? You must have had a very very sheltered childhood (oink). I can't wait to see what you do around windows," the pig responded, giving him a hearty helping of sarcasm right back to him.

Bill just looked at the puffy porker and rolled his eyes. The pig wiggled its ears back at him and laughed.

The door on the left had an old cheap plastic sign with the words "**Janitor's Closet**" painted on it.

The door on the right had a sign-up sheet posted on it for something called **The Time Traveler's Club**.

"Nope. No more doors for me. I'm tired of doors. I'll just **keep walking**."

146

"There has to be something good in the **Janitor's Closet!**"

118

"The **Time Traveler's Club**? This could prove to be... interesting."

83

PERFECT TOTS!

Bill looked at all the food that was strewn out in large troughs in front of him. None of it looked appetizing OR edible. He had to choose -- and had to choose fast -- because he was starting to hold up the line and he did **NOT** want an angry Lunch Blob to deal with.

"Wow... I guess... I don't know... maybe give me some Lizard Butt Soup I guess."

The Lunch Lady grunted, dunked a bowl into a begrimed bucket behind her, and tossed it onto his plate with perfect precision. Not a single bit of the Lizard Butt was spilled. ***"Well thank God for that,"*** Bill thought to himself and frowned as the smell of it wafted up towards him. They must have added extra butt to this batch. Lucky for him.

He then moved down the line to the other giant wiggly glob that spewed out something called **Mashed Sadness**, a **side salad** that wouldn't stay put in its bowl, and what looked to be probably the most **PERFECT TATER TOTS** he had ever seen. He almost wept when an oozy tentacle gently placed a flawless plate of tot goodness neatly onto his tray.

At the end of the line, a small deer with eye-stalks on its antlers totaled up everything and screamed in a high pitch wail, ***"THAT'LL BE \$8.63!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!! PAY ME!!!!"***

Hmmmmm... money. Bill didn't think about this before stepping into the lunch line. Of course they want money. But where is he going to get some from.

"Hey Jessie! **Gimme some money!**"

30

"Oh! My bad. **I don't think I have any money on me."**

107

LUNCH LINE! LUNCH LINE! LUNCH LINE!

The line moved fast, which pleased Bill because he was about ready to eat his own leg off if he didn't get some food soon. He started getting swept up in the excitement of it all and began chanting, "**LUNCH LINE! LUNCH LINE! LUNCH LINE!**" with the rest of the crowd. After waiting only a few minutes, they entered a door that lead into the kitchen area. As soon as their group stepped into the back, the mood **IMMEDIATELY** changed and everyone went silent.

The temperature in the kitchen smashed into Bill like a **2-TON SUPER-HEATED BRICK!** He gasped and could feel the moisture begin to bubble off of his body. He'd prefer crawling through the Mojave Desert on his hands and knees to being back here in the kitchen even one... second... longer.

...and the **stench...** the stench **was almost unbearable.** He started to sweat like a pig (sorry Jessie) and wanted to leave the line ASAP. Looking around, he could see that there was no easy way to exit out of here. They were all crammed together closer than a can of sardines. He was stuck -- and could only move forward, following the crowd of the starving.

During his first few steps into the kitchen, a massive **conveyor belt** in front of them leapt to life. It clunked and clanked and spewed out a black noxious smoke. The creaking metal contraption automatically brought up a plastic tray for the lunch goer. It trucked the tray down the track, forcing the student to follow at a quick pace or they would miss out.

Push past the people and **get out of this suffocating oven of a room.**

9

Quickly **follow the tray** as it trucks on down the line.

26



B	L	A	R	T	N	O	S	E
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

69

BREAK THE CODE... BE A HERO!

After wiping away thick layers of chalk from the blackboard, Bill and the pig could finally read the following sets of letters and numbers that had been written on it in blood red paint.

57 98C3P9 5H9 477M
JU85 4I6G 5H9 1922
5H96 83Y 5H9 P388W74D8
"2718594 19385 5798"

G7 57 C34D 596

On a teacher's desk, below the blackboard, Bill could see a small bell that was laying amongst some papers. There was a note attached to it that had clearly been written by the thin deranged writer.

"Don't touch THAT!!! Nonono. Johnny said NOT to touch that. Hit that and it's over. It's all over. I know it. Johnny told me so. Just must figure out..." he slipped back into writing on the walls, *"The code. The code. The code is all that matters... Mathematics solves everything... Or... or... maybe the numbers are book pages, paragraphs, chapters, letters, or... latitude and longitude locations divided by the phase of the moon... or... physics calculations... YES.... force times speed divided by chalk density...."*

Bill suddenly felt the pig tug on his sleeve.

"Umm, Bill. Look up above the board. Do you think that those large numbers with letters written on the back just may be what we need to crack it??? How the heck did he miss those? They are RIGHT THERE above the code! Not only is he completely mad, but he is also completely, utterly, and totally clueless."

Check the back of the **NUMBERS** up top to crack the code. Then do what it says.



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SLIP FAR FAR AWAY

Bill calmly balanced himself on the edge of an old hammock that had been strung up between two large pine trees in his backyard. Gently, he pushed off and started the swing in motion. With a quick twist, he let himself fall backwards into the thick awaiting ropes. The hammock surrounded him -- cocooning him from the world -- and he sighed with happiness.

He lazily swayed it **back and forth...**

...back and forth...

...back and forth...

...enjoying the fresh air that surrounded him. It was **FINALLY** nice outside and the sun was shining. He welcomed the oncoming nap with open arms. He needed this and needed it badly, especially after the terrible week he had.

There was a **radio playing somewhere**. Most likely just the neighbor's old boom-box that he blared when he was out in the garage, tinkering away on his five -- count them -- **FIVE** cars. Of those five, only one of them actually ran, and barely at that. The other four always ended up being parked awkwardly on the side of the street, making it almost impossible for Bill to get out of his own driveway in the way-too-early hours of the morning. ***"Why?"*** Bill thought to himself, ***"Seriously, who in their right mind needs that many cars? And cars that do not RUN for that matter. I mean really..."***

Bill could feel his blood pressure begin to rise. He forced himself to **STOP** and breathed deeply... deeply... deeply... no worries. It's time to relax. Not time to get angry again.

He closed his eyes and let the troubles of the world slip away... slip far far away.

"I think I'll just **listen** to the radio and **enjoy** the day."

DO NOT OPEN THIS DOOR!!!

After walking for another 20 minutes, the pair came across a **door on the left**. There was a large sign on the front of it that simply stated, **"DO NOT ENTER"** in large red letters.

There was also another sign below it that said, **"No REALLY! Do NOT open this door!"**

And then another sign below THAT sign which was below the first sign that said, **"I'm SERIOUS. Don't even THINK about it. Do NOT open this door. I know you want to. But DON'T!"**

And then below that one yet another sign which was written in a smaller more annoyed font, **"DON'T DO IT! DON'T! I'm talking to you and that pig friend of yours. DON'T OPEN THIS DOOR!!! I BEG OF YOU!!!!"**

"Your thinking about opening that door aren't you?" the pig snorted at Bill.

"Mayyyyybe," he said, sounding almost like a 2 year old that knew he was going to do something he shouldn't.

"Why does that not surprise me? Oink."

"Oooooooooohhhhhh, I really really really want to **open the door.**"

120

"Meh, I better not. Walking and walking and walking sounds **MUCH** more fun."

138



A HOARDER'S NIGHTMARE

"I... I just don't understand. Why is this happening? Why am I here?"

Bill mumbled beneath his breath as he twitched a few too many times. He stared motionless at the open lock in his hand.

"Wow, waxing all philosophical now aren't we. You want to go listen to some Floyd and talk about the meaning of life for awhile. Oink! What's the deal? What's wrong with you?"

Bill didn't respond as he removed the lock and moved the metal latch up on the locker. There was a clicking inside and it began to open towards him. After all these times, he never knew what was **ACTUALLY IN** the locker. Guess he'll find out soon.

The metal door would not open all the way. It seemed to catch on something inside and didn't want to budge any further. Bill wrapped his fingers around the slightly open edge and gave it a mighty yank and it **POPPED** loose, making a high-pitched grinding noise.

When he could finally see inside the locker, it looked like a **hoarder's nightmare**. The small space was absolutely jammed from bottom to top with books, papers, trash, and what looked to be old-old-old left-over bagged lunches. They smelled foul.

About 5 of the brown bags actually jumped out of the locker and ran down the hallway screaming, "**We're FREE! We're FREEEEEE!!!!**"

"FREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!"

Chase after the lunch bags.

4

Start **looking** through the trashed locker.

88

75

HERE COMES THE HAMMERHEAD

After a few minutes, the small man made his way over to Bill's table. Jessie didn't seem to mind, mainly because he was still using Bill's tray as a pillow. The little fellow in the tan trench coat and the nice fedora hat waddled up to Bill and flashed a badge at him.

"Sam Diamond. WWPI. Just a quick question for you, kid," He waved the piece of paper in Bill's face. **"Have seen or have any information regarding this man. If you have, there is a reward for any help that leads to his capture."**

Bill glanced at the paper. It was a flyer that had the word **"WANTED"** written up top in large letters. Below that, there was a set of black and white mug shots that showed a creature that had a very large claw hammer for a head. Each picture had a clapboard underneath it with the name **"Hammerhead"** scribbled on it.

"Well Sam..."

"You can call me Diamond."

"Well SAM... maybe I did see him. Maybe I didn't. What kind of reward are we talking about here?"

85

"Well Diamond... I can't say he looks familiar to me. Maybe I can just dream him up for you."

42

76

TIME FOR SOME TOTS

Bill could see Jessie waving a small piggy paw at him. The sow was sitting at a table way in the back behind a pack of **Palomino Horses** that were wearing gold chains and black t-shirts. He made his way over to the pig and sat down hard, tossing his food tray in front of him. He couldn't hide the total look of disgust on his face when he sadly studied the "food" in front of him.

"What is this (please insert a creative excrement-based expletive of your own choosing here). **I can't eat any of it. Well, except these tots. They look absolutely unbelievable."**

Enjoy a hearty heaping mouthful of Tater Tot Heaven.

111

There is a time for Tots, and NOT a time for Tots. And this is NOT the time.

108

77

FIND THE NEXT CARD

Go to Card

133

78

THE MOST ANNOYING THING

"All right there CHIEF! Nice meeting you. Gotta go. I've got things to do."

"Chief??? Did you just call me CHIEF!!! Really? (oink) I mean REALLY?!?! Who calls someone Chief? (oink) That may be the single most annoying thing you have EVER called me. And I've known you a long time. WAY too long."

Bill smiled, *"Well then. It sounds like we must be friends. If you want to come with me I'm sure I'll come up with something even MORE annoying later on."*

The pig laughed, *"I'm sure you will, wait up, I'll tag along for a bit,"* and caught up with Bill who was already making his way down the hallway.

Wander the **halls**, looking for the locker.

96

HOO DOO-VOO DOO-DOO DOO

"I see that Gatsby followed you again. You better keep him out of site. I heard that Mr. Ding is NOT in a good mood today and he's on another one of his rampages again. You know he'll take him away. He hates pets. Actually, I think he hates EVERYTHING! He scares the heck out of me! Just a warning fellas," Frank the giant mouth said in a concerned manner and frowned a VERY LARGE frown.

"Ummm. Thanks for the warning Frank," Bill tried saying this calmly like he was having just another everyday conversation, but it came out sounding more like a question, with his inflection going up at the end of the sentence.

"See you guys." Frank made his way slowly to the bathroom door and left.

"Jessie???" Bill asked, looking over to the pig who was still standing there smiling with his little pig glasses on.

"Yeah, that's my name, don't wear it out. Oink. What do you want now?"

"Nothing. Jess. Um. Jessie. Nothing. Your name is Jessie though. Huh! Interesting. Jessie."

"Whatever! I tell you. Your acting weird today. I think that girlfriend of yours has been playing some kind of girly Hoo Doo-Voo Doo-Doo Doo with your head or something. Don't worry about it. I got your back. We've been friends since what? Kindergarten? I won't let some girl make you all crazy and lose your stupid little mind. I'm here for ya man."

More **bathroom shenanigans.**



Bill pointed to Room 54 and said, ***"Let's try THAT one. I have a good feeling about it."***

He cautiously opened the door and peeked in to see a large cavernous room that was almost empty. The only objects within the space were a series of velvet ropes that were strung together -- they were the kind that you find at banks that corral people into long boring waiting lines. There was no one in the room however, so Bill decided to start walking through the winding ropes to see where the path finally ended up. After mazing back and forth and back in forth in an intricate pattern that only the most well-seasoned of labyrinth creators could appreciate, Bill and the pig came to a stop.

The rope maze ended at a very simple looking table. There was nothing special about it. On top of it, there sat a large wooden box with old rusty metal hinges. It was closed and looked like it had not been open since Jimmy Carter was president. Bill checked around, but there was not a single clue as to what could be in the box.

"What do you think, Hoggy? Should we chance it?" Bill asked the pig who was peeping behind his back.

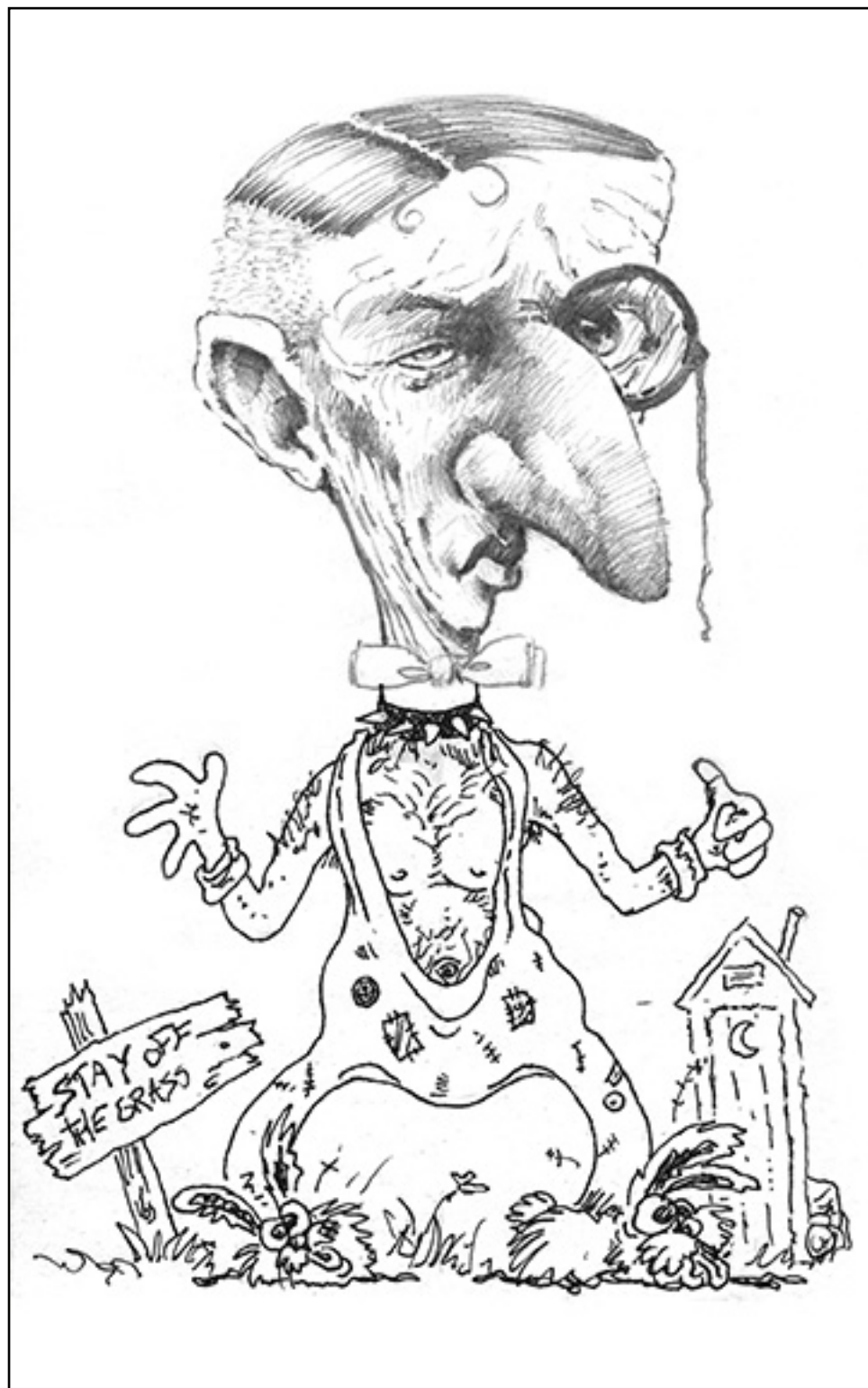
"Your call, my man. I don't know. Could be good. Could be bad. But if your gonna open it. I'm standing over here."

"I'm gonna **open** it. I gotta know what's in the box."

44

"Meh, I think I'll just **leave the room** and choose another of the Four Doors."

33



TIME TRAVELER'S CLUB

Bill decided to check out the door with the **Time Traveler's Club** sign-up sheet posted on it. He popped the door open and peeked in. A rather posh looking fellow with slicked back hair and a massive nose was dancing back and forth in front of a projector, showing graphs and charts filled with indiscernible scribbles. He neatly wore a rather dapper bow tie and a fancy monocle over his left eye -- which didn't quite match with his old, patched, disgusting onesie (you know, the kind with the buttoned butt-flap in back). And then there was also the furry bunny slippers.

The room was crowded with tall skinny creatures that looked like pieces of wet spaghetti with googly eyes pasted onto them. They oohed and ahed at each slide as Mr. Onesie advanced them with a click of button.

"Ummmm... Hello..." Bill introduced himself as he strode into the classroom. *"Is this the Time Traveler's Club? I saw the sign on the door outside and thought I might check it out."*

"Who... what..." the monocled man mumbled. *"Why... yes... YES!!! Yes we are indeed. Please come in. Come in, come in. Take a seat. We are currently going over the implications of cross time-reversal as it coincides with the dimensional sling-shotting that occurs when the time horizon hits a null particle..."*

Bill tried to hold back a yawn, *"Sooooooo... you guys can actually send things through time? By things, I mean people?"*

"Why... yes," Mr. Onesie responded. *"Yes, of course."*

"Can you send me **forward in time** to the END of this dream so I can wake up and get **OUT OF HERE!!!!**"

49

"That sounds pretty cool, **but I gotta go**. I have a locker to find. Buh-bye."

146



A DIAMOND CAN CUT

Bill looked over the picture a few times, and gave it back to the small man.

"Well SAM... maybe I did see him. Maybe I didn't. What kind of reward are we talking about here?"

Diamond glared at Bill for a few minutes and cocked his head ever-so-slightly before beginning,
"The reward is negotiable, all depending on how much information you may have AND if it is actually useful in finally apprehending him."

"So SAM.... what you are telling me is that you want the information FIRST, then I would get the reward later but ONLY if you decide that you want to give it to me. Who's to say that you won't just take the information I give you and take off with it. How do I know that you... won't just screw me over?"

"Listen here kid. First off, I said to call me Diamond. I get it. Your young. Your cocky. Believe me, I get it. Your trying to be cool. A real cool guy. But I've had a long day. A VERY long day. And I don't have time for the cold attitude that comes with the cool. The only thing I can give you is my word. If you have information, I pay you. Either trust me to do it -- or DON'T and I'll just move on to the next table."

Bill could tell that Diamond was indeed frustrated. Frustrated just as much as Bill was getting frustrated with this never-ending dream. He just about had it and didn't want to play this game with him any more.

"Listen... unless you know a way that I can wake up from this **NIGHTMARE**, just leave me alone."

YOU ARE NOT A HOBO!

"No, no, no. LISTEN to me. Calm down. Take a breath. You really have no idea WHAT you are, do you? Or even WHERE you are for that matter. You are NOT a hobo. And that pig there..." Diamond pointed over to Jessie who snored and rolled over again, ***"That is, indeed a talking pig. And this all..."*** Diamond spun around, pointing to all of the monsters and maniacs, creatures and crazies, beasties and bogeymen, ***"...this is NOT a dream. You are real. They are real. This ALL... IS REAL!"***

Bill just stared at the little man blankly.

The pint-sized PI continued, ***"You may have THOUGHT this was a dream, but you are nowhere close to understanding where you ACTUALLY are. If anybody should know, I should know. Ohhh, this is going to be good. That's it. Pack your stuff. Come with me if you want to live. You know, I have always wanted to say that."***

"WHAT! What are you talking about?"

"Just come with me, will ya. And bring your friends too,"

Diamond kicked Jessie's chair hard and the pig snorted awake.

"Where are we going?" Bill said calmly as he, a drowsy pig, and a hyper multi-tool followed the diminutive detective named Diamond down a new hallway that lead towards the front doors of the high school.

"We are going somewhere... somewhere that will answer all of your questions."

OPEN THE DOORS BELOW AND LEAVE THE HIGH SCHOOL!



* FOR THOSE OF YOU PLAYING FROM THE PDF,

GO TO CARD 89

NO WAY! -- WAY! -- A HALLWAY!

Bill found himself in a **long hallway** that was eerily reminiscent of his high school. The environment felt real, almost hyper-real. Everything around him seemed like it was ever so slightly TOO much in focus -- but then it wasn't in focus at all if he spent more than a few seconds staring at something too intently. It was warped and distorted in subtle (and not so subtle) ways. He became dizzy as his weary mind tried to process it all into something that he could comprehend. It almost felt like this dream-scape was created by a highly talented blind artist that had **NEVER** seen what a hallway looked like -- but it was explained to him badly by a group of people on a committee that just couldn't agree.

There were lockers lining both walls. **Hundreds of lockers? Thousands of lockers? Quite possibly, hundreds of thousands of lockers.** So many of them that they faded off into the distance, with no ending in sight.

And one of them...

...somewhere...

...was his and he needed to get something out of it because he was going to be **late for class.**

Have a complete and total **panic attack!**

THE GREAT GATSBY!

Bill **REALLY** wanted to slam the locker door closed because the smell emanating from it was making him nauseous. Before he could however, something caught his attention. There was an object tucked away -- far in the back -- behind a sweat-stained t-shirt. He grabbed the top of the decomposing cotton shirt with the tips of his fingers and threw it onto the ground, uncovering the mystery item.

It looked like the **largest Swiss Army Knife** he had ever seen. It was easily the size of a entire loaf of delicious Italian Bread (fresh out of the oven). There must have been hundreds of small bottle openers, blades, saws, and a multitude of miscellaneous tools of all imagining folded back into its massive casing. It was ridiculous in size and seemed almost unusable by anyone that did not have the hands the size of a giant's.

"Now THIS... is coooool," Bill said as he picked it up in both hands to take a look a closer at it.

"So 'Gatsby' followed you to school huh? Oink."

"Say what."

And before he knew it, the **super sweet Swiss Army multi-tool knife combo of complete and total awesome** flopped itself onto the ground and started rolling around whining and panting. Two of the hinged tools suddenly popped out of the front that looked like tiny blinking eyes, and another tool below it opened up that looked like a red drooling tongue.

"What the..."

Play with Gatsby. He wuvs you. Yes he does.

89

THIS IS NOT THE END...

Bill opened the doors that exited the high school and trepidaciously looked outside. What he saw beyond the school's walls made him immediately want to run right back inside and lock the doors behind him. He thought that his little adventures today were crazy. Well, they were nothing compared to what was to come.

Be brave! **Walk out the doors** and leave the high school.

122

WHO'S A GOOD BOY?

"Oh, look. He really does love you. Your so lucky. My parents would never let me have one. They think I will forget to feed and take care of it. Oink. Heck, I have enough problems taking care of myself. HA! Oink. Squeal!"

"God, this dream is just getting weirder and weirder," Bill said as he bent over to rub Gatsby's tool-filled belly. The ecstatic pet's tongue waggled happily, thrilled beyond thrilled that his owner was there.

Four little feet suddenly sprung out of its sides and it began running around in circles like a crazy maniac. The magical multi-tool hopped up and tried to lick Bill's face, but it scratched him with one of its loose open blades.

"Owww.... get down.... that hurt!"

Gatsby whimpered a little bit, forgetting its sawtooth tail was out and somehow pulled it back into himself.

"Yeah, uh, don't worry about it boy. Your a good, ummm... whatever the heck you are. Yeah. Good boy."

Gatsby made a joyous metallic barking noise that came from a small speaker that popped up out of its housing, then immediately pulled it back in. It continued running around Bill, circling around him like a tiny little panting Nascar driver.

"Well, now I know what was in the locker. Great. Where do we go from here? I am at a total loss."

"Hey pig, any thoughts??? **Where to next?**"

I'M HEARING RADIO WAVES

The **radio** was only coming through in bits and pieces upon the wind. It almost sounded like he was listening to a conversation in strobe effect.

"...next caller. Tell me today's secret word that was played during the last hour and you could win win **WIN TICKETS** to see Sam..."

"...that was our 'Eye in the Sky' Jessie Freeman giving us the big scoop, so stay away from I-80..."

"...another sunshiny day tomorrow, so it looks like the **festival downtown** will..."

"...hurry. He's coming! Can you hear me?..."

"...that was a band named Nirvana. They are from way out there in Seattle. Thumbs up or thumbs down? Call our request line and let us know..."

"...gonna pig out on our all new extra special lunch time specials. They are just deeeelicious and will..."

"...isn't it just another day in paradise, folks? That's gonna be it from yours truly -- the Hammerhead. Stay with us as we play another rock block of **Zzzzzzzeppelin...**"

"So **sleepy**. Led Zeppelin. Houses Of The Holy. What a great album. I love Zeppelin... **Zzzzzzzzzz....**"

THAT WHICH MONITORS

Bill and the pig walked. They walked and walked.

After walking, they walked some more.

Once they stopped walking, they began to walk again. They walked and walked and walked and walked and....

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" Bill screamed loudly.

"Ummmm... are you alright there?" the pig oinked out.

"Sorry. My bad. Just... just a leg cramp. Seriously man, how much farther do we have to go. It NEVER used to take this long to get to my locker. I'm beginning to think... AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"
Bill screamed loudly once again.

"Another leg cramp? Snort."

"NO! I'm screaming about... THAT!!!" Bill was pointing at a creature that had suddenly dropped from the ceiling and was now filling the **ENTIRE** hallway. It had three large hairy heads, six tiny little baby arms up front, a rather bulbous beer gut, and hundreds of tiny feet that were constantly flopping around, causing the creature to bobble and sway back and forth like a drunk boat. It was wearing a reflective orange vest and one of its tiny baby arms swung a Stop Sign around.

"Oh no!" the pig exclaimed, ***"Just our luck. The Hall Monitor."***

"That **THING**... is the Hall Monitor???"

YOU AIN'T GO NO ALIBI, YOU PUGLY!

Bill was starting to get a **headache**. How long was this dream going to go on. He was actually getting tired. Funny. Getting tired in your own dream. Never felt this way before. He needed to wash his face and clear his mind a bit. He walked over to the sinks that were set in the corner and stopped once he saw himself in the mirror for the first time. He looked like an ordinary everyday red-blooded American high school student. He was too tall. Too skinny. Probably needed to put on a few pounds. He wore a red flannel shirt, untucked, with a black t-shirt that had some Heavy Metal band's name on it. He also noticed that he had a few pimples on his adorable Pug face.

WAIT!!! A PUG face?!? A PUG FACE?!?!

Yes, a Pug. You know. That dog breed with a wrinkly short muzzled face and big googley eyes that look like they will pop out of their sockets at any moment. The fur on his head was a nice fawn color at least. And the rest of his body seemed fine. Just as human as human can be.

"Of course. What did I expect. I wonder if anyone has a milk bone," Bill just laughed to himself.

"I think I'll check my **right pants pocket** for really no apparent reason."

131

"C'mon, **let's go**. I'm starting to get claustrophobic in here."

43

FIERY PERSONALITIES

Though their eyes were quite the distraction, Bill decided that he could look past it. After all, they **WERE** two extremely attractive women, they **DID** want to talk to him, and he **WAS** a teenage boy. This had never happened in his dream before and he was seriously interested to see where this would go.

Before he could open his mouth to speak, their smiles evaporated and the flicker in their eyes erupted, almost enveloping the top of their well-styled hair in spitting flames.

"Why didn't you call me back Bill?"

growled the first.

"Why didn't you call **US** back Bill?"

raged the second.

The one on the right looked to the other and scowled.

The one on the left merely put her arm on the other's shoulder and consoled her without words, feeling her pain.

"Umm... ladies. Nice to... meet you, I guess. I'm sorry... uh... "
he stammered, trying to figure out what to do.

This did not seem to be going well. Not at all. If he was quick, maybe he could diffuse the situation and calm them down before it was too late.

Seriously. **It's time to RUN now. RUN!!!**
They have FIRE FOR EYES and they are ANGRY!!!

110

"What seems to be the problem, **ladies?**"

148



THE WHY AND THE WEIRD

"Where are we headed to anyway?" the pig oinked, "It's almost lunchtime. Do you want to head to the cafeteria?"

"No... Can't right now. I HAVE to get to my locker and FAST! I'm going to be late for class. Gotta step up the pace."

"What class? It's almost lunchtime. You don't have a class at lunchtime? Oink. Squeal."

"But... I really really really HAVE to get to my locker. NOW!!!" Bill could feel the Dream Anxiety hitting full force again the more they talked about it. He started sweating and could feel his heart starting to speed up in his chest.

"Why?" the pig said as it was trying desperately to match Bill's panicked stride.

"Because, I HAVE to..."

"You have to WHY???"

"I... I don't know. Books maybe. Or something else. I don't know. I haven't got there yet. That is an excellent question.."

"Weird man, OINK! I tell ya, your getting weirder and weirder every day."

Start **walking** faster and faster and faster down the hallway.

92

97

GO TO

127

98

GO TO

3

99

GO TO

133

100

GO TO

124

101

GO TO

141

102

GO TO

133

103

GO TO

3

104

GO TO

23

105

GO TO

3

I'M A TIME TRAVELIN' MAN! WOOHOO!

Bill sat in the comfy red chair and looked out at the members of the Time Traveler's Club. They studied every move he made and their excited whispers filled the room. He closed his eyes, tried to clear his mind, and started to think about one thing and one thing only... that final locker.

"Well, here goes nothing. I'm gonna pull the lever and then I'm OUTTA HERE suckers! There no place like home. There's no place like home. THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

He grabbed the lever on the side of the chair and pulled. Suddenly, the chair **SPRUNG TO LIFE**.....
... as the footrest pushed out and the chair laid back in a more comfortable position.

"Not WORKING!!!" Bill said, but it was hard being angry when he was so supremely snug.

"You didn't pull it hard enough. Pull it back more, but put some oomph into it," the onesie wearin' fella said.

Bill pulled back more. Suddenly, the world started spinning around him like a hurricane. He almost doubled over with motion-sickness as everything around him spun faster and faster.

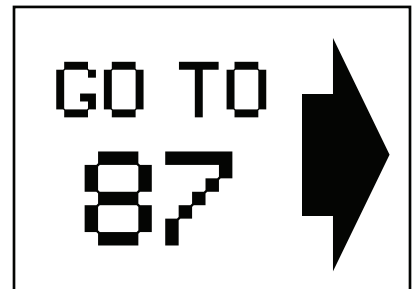
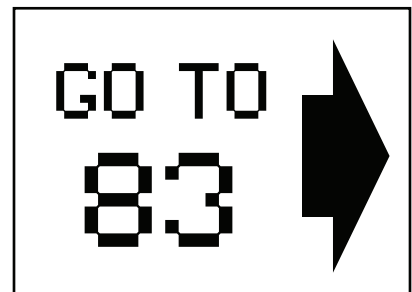
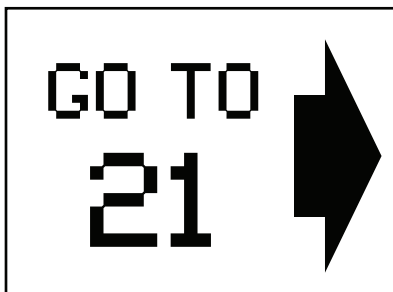
"Gooooood Luuuuuuuck!" Bill could hear Mr. Onesie say ***"Letttt ussssss knooooowww ifffff itttttt worksssssss!! Ohh, and you mayyyyy or may notttt have a bit of amnesia afterwardsss, so you MIGHT not remember any of this."***

"WAIT!!! What do you mean IF it works??? Amnesia!?! WHAT!!! Get me off this crazy thing!!!" but it was to late to stop it. There was a bright FLASH and he suddenly found himself at...

Choose one of the **CARD NUMBERS** on the **CALENDAR** and JUMP!!!

PICK A CARD

* FOR THOSE OF YOU PLAYING FROM THE PDF, CHOOSE ONE OF THE CARDS BELOW TO FIND OUT WHERE YOU END UP.



PAY ME!!! PAY ME!!!

Bill shrugged at the rather manic deer and said, ***“Oh! I don’t think I have any money on me. Do I really have to pay? Couldn’t I put it on a tab or give you an IOU or something?”***

[illegible]

"Hmm... I wonder if he wants to **be paid.**"

THE GREAT JOY OF JESSIE

"I am soooooooooo not hungry right now," Bill said as he pushed the food as far away from himself as he could.

"Ooh! Ooh! Oink. Does that mean you don't want it?" the pig's jaw dropped open and he started drooling on himself.

"Nah, you can have it."

"**AWESOME! Oink.**" The pig **grabbed** the tray with his hoof and pushed it over in front of him. He stuck his snooty snout directly into the bowl of Lizard Butt soup and started **sucking it down**. He made loud smacking noises with his mouth as he **devoured** everything, including parts of the tray. Pieces of food **flew out of his mouth**, covering a small area around him with leftover food particles. He completed consumed the entire thing in only 2 seconds. Once the disgusting deed was done, the pig burped **LOUDLY**... so much so that the Palomino Horses gave him a dirty look and a small wispy fairy girl that was flying around them passed out entirely.

"Oh yeah Mama. Oink. Now that hit the spot."

"Alright my little pink friend. What all do you know about **this Felicia girl** you were talking about?"

132

"Hey Jessie, let's **thumb wrestle!** Wait. Do you even HAVE thumbs???"

16

"Enough is enough. I'm getting tired of this dream. **Do you have any idea how I can wake up?**"

101

THE GRUMPY STAIRS

They continued walking down the hallway for a few feet, until the pig led him to a stairway in the left wall. The banisters here were painted a neon green that was so bright it almost hurt Bill's eyes to look directly at them. As they made their way downward, the stairs underneath their feet made grunting and farting noises as they stepped on them.

"OOF!!!" --- "OWWW" --- "EEEEEEEEK!"

Then one steamed stair step screamed out, ***"What's wrong with you kids and all your stepping on us and stuff. Geesh. I swear if I didn't have tenure here, I would quit and go to work for my cousin. Up the stairs. Down the stairs. Up the stairs. Down the stairs. Why don't you kids make up your minds already and just STAY IN ONE PLACE when you get there! Oh great, now I think my ulcer is acting up again. What a cruel world! A cruel cruel world! I hope your happy with yourselves."***

"Yeah, you tell them George," yelled another one of the stairs.

Bill almost stumbled, stomping down hard to catch his balance, making the steps beneath him cry out in agony.

"Ehhhh... don't listen to them Bill," said the pig who kept on walking. ***"You know they are always grumpy on a Monday. You can stay here and bicker with them, but I ain't waiting for ya. Gotta go. Oooooooh!!!"***

Follow the pig who is about ready to pop.

RUN AWAY! UMMM... POWER WALK AWAY!

"I'm real real sorry... uh... really... I can't stay and chat I... have to go. Now... as in RIGHT now!"

Bill started walking away so fast he almost looked like one of them strange Power Walking ladies you see in the mall or out in the park way too early in the morning. Not quite a run, but a LOT FASTER than a walk.

"Nice to...", growled the first.

"...MEET US?" raged the second.

They both sighed in disgust, and said in unison,

"So that's the way it is. Just like every other guy. And we thought you were different."

"Your a total...", growled the first.

"...\$#@^@#%!!!" raged the second. (*insert a rather nasty and creative expletive here)

By that time, Bill was already booking it down the hall. The flames in their eyes shot up high enough to touch the ceiling and they stepped back into the room, slamming the door hard behind them.

Keep **power walking** away from there and breath a huge sigh of relief.

Finally, some REAL FOOD!

Bill was absolutely famished and just the thought of **Tot Goodness** made him giddy with delight. He grabbed as many tots as he could in his hand, opened his puggy jaws as wide as he could, and popped them into his mouth.

They tasted amazingly...

... just like rotting worms.

Not that he knew what rotting worms tasted like, but he was pretty sure this is how they would taste.

Suddenly, the tots in his mouth started to move around. He spit them out onto the tray and pushed the entire thing away from him. Gatsby was jumping up and down beside him, so he threw a few of the disgusting tots his way. The magical multi-tool gobbled them up happily, not caring that the tots screamed as it gulped them down.

A **great sadness** has befallen Bill.

JOHNNY IS MY BESTEST FRIEND FOREVER

The pig walked over and began pulling on the door, but it didn't budge.

"It's locked. It's locked. It's locked. Isn't it? Oh yes it is. It always is. Opens from one side, but not the other. Hahahahahaha. I told you. Didn't listen to me did you? Hehehehe...." the thin little fella gibbered at them. ***"But I know the way out. I do. I do. But I don't. I don't."*** The nerdy nudnik started to weep into his hands, leaving chalk dust all over his face like ghostly rouge. Within an instant he was laughing again. Then crying. Then laughing.

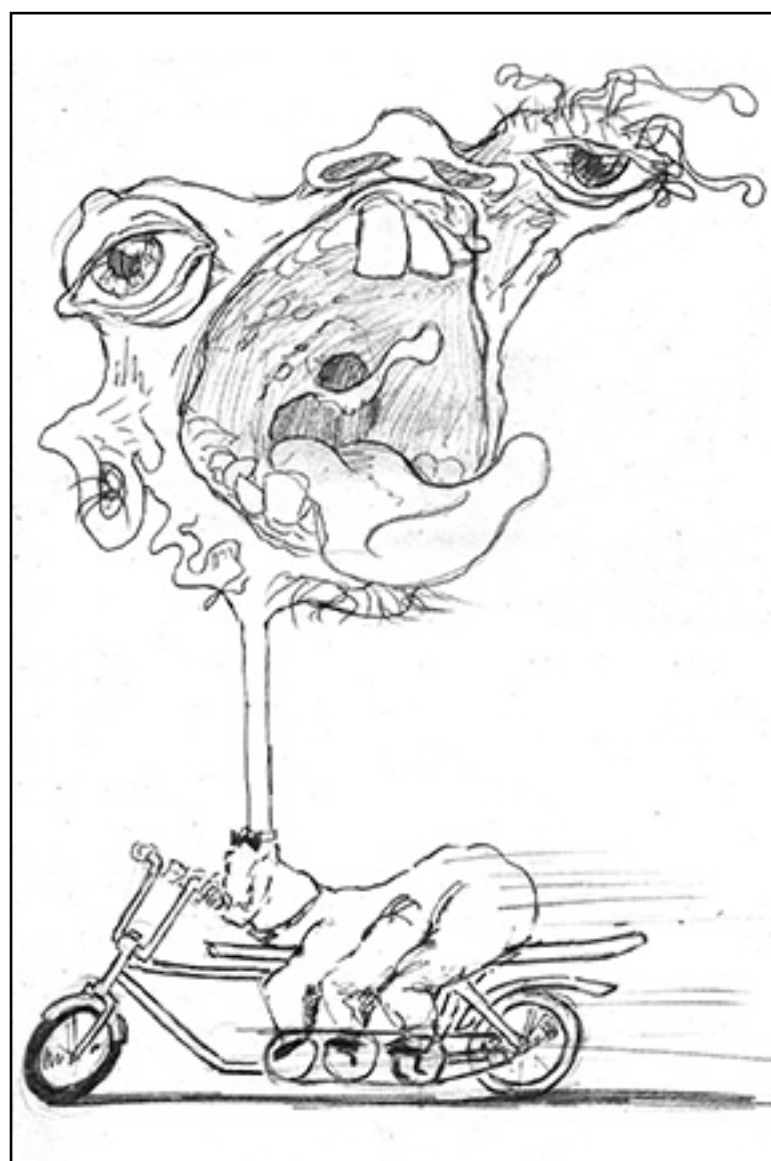
"So then, if you know how to get out of here, why are you still here?" smirked Bill, wanting so very badly to shake the little dude around and smack some sense back into his big-eyed head.

"Because of the CODE! It's there. I know it will open the door. Johnny told me. Isn't that right Johnny?" he looked lovingly at his piece of chalk and caressed it. Johnny however did not respond. He did not do anything really. He was just a piece of ordinary everyday chalky chalk.

"What code? Where?" Bill asked, looking around the chalk covered room.

"THERE!!! CAN'T YOU SEE IT!!!!" the creature pointed to a large blackboard that covered almost the entirety of one wall. The board had been scribbled over with chalk so many times it was easy to miss something painted in dark red on it.

"Hey pig. Help me **clear the chalk dust away** so we can see what's written down here."

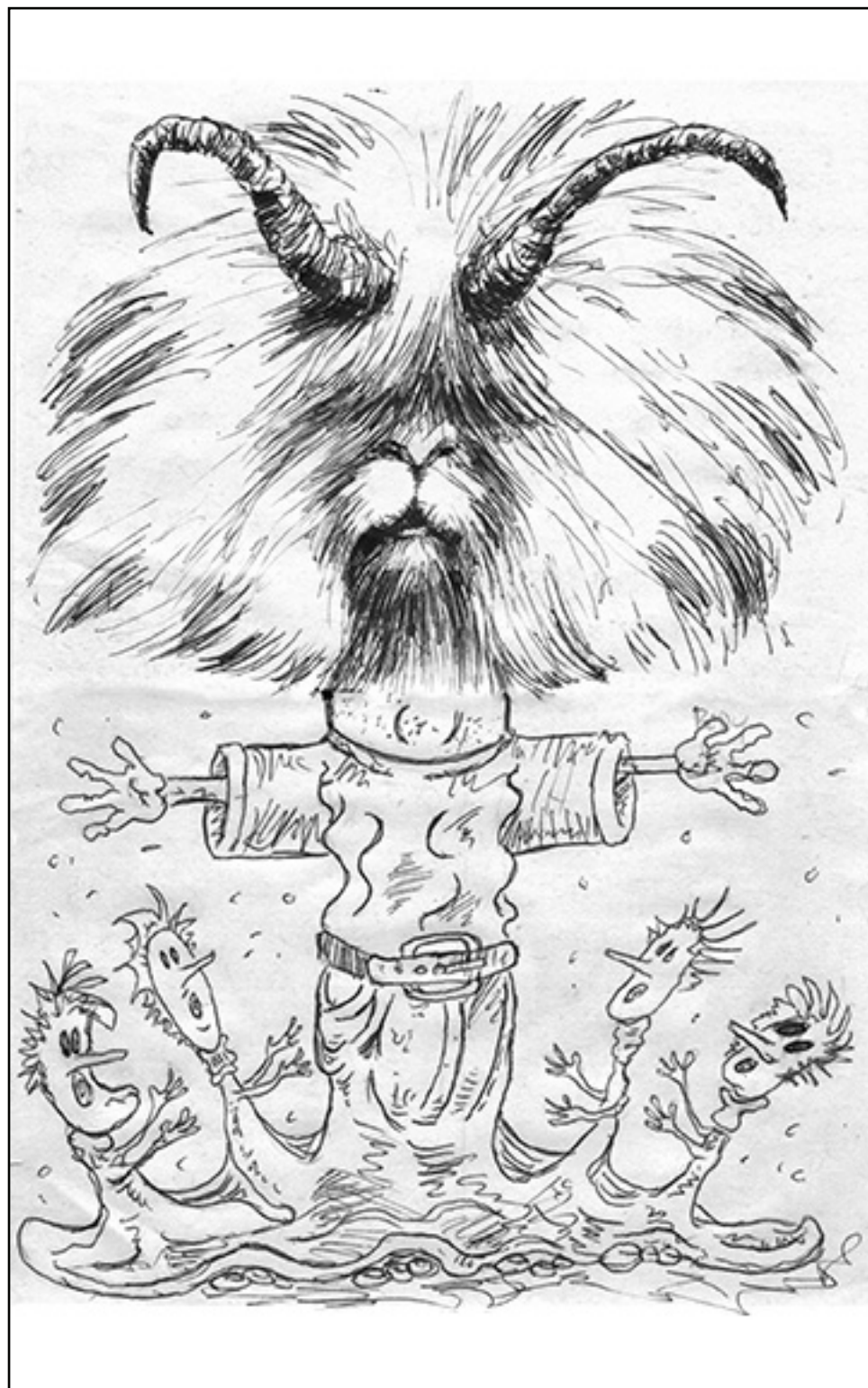


114

FIND THE NEXT CARD

Go to Card

23



ESCAPE THE BATHROOM AT ALL COST!

Both Bill and the pig ran down the stairs with Gatsby leaping down after them. When they all made it to the bottom, Bill stopped to catch his breath and looked around. To the **right**, there was a large closed door that said "**Cafeteria**" on it. The pig however turned directly into the **men's bathroom** that was on the **left**.

Bill followed the pig into the bathroom. The now sobbing swine shot straight to the vacant stall all the way at the end and slammed the tiny door behind him. His little pig feet could be seen dangling beneath the stall door, still dancing away. By the sound of it, this could take awhile.

While Bill was waiting, the bathroom door was suddenly **THROWN** open and a **large fella** came shambling in. He was huge, and looked like the guy who had eaten the guy who had eaten the guy who had eaten an entire elephant whole. Needless to say, he was a very BIG guy.

He was wearing a t-shirt that had some band called Nerdvana on it, and his jeans looks like they had been through a few cycles in a dryer made from razor blades. They were torn to stringy shreds and had been tie-dyed different colors. What was slightly more interesting to Bill was the fact that the guy had no eyes, no ears, and no nose. His entire face was one **huge mouth**, and a pair of very well-maintained pearly-white teeth.

It smacked it enormous lips together and started whistling while it used the urinal. Luckily, it did not seem like this huge monstrosity of a creature had seen Bill when it entered.

Escape the bathroom before being seen.



THERE IS A JANITOR... IN THE CLOSET

Bill opened the door that said "**Janitor's Closet**". Sure enough, it opened up into a small closet that was barely big enough to fit ONE rather scraggly looking janitor who was just standing there snoring. He was holding a **lantern** in his right hand and was clutching a **rather raggedy cat** by the scruff of its neck in the other.

The cat was not in pain, but it WAS mouthing the words "**Help Me! Help Me! Help Me!**" once it saw them.

The janitor was wearing suspenders to hold up his baggy pants that covered his three gangly legs. He also rocked a mustache that looked like it had fought through World War 1 and came back a hero. His hair however was disheveled and one of his eyes was large and swollen, which made him look like he been punched in the face by an enraged kangaroo. He actually looked more like a deranged coal miner than a janitor now that Bill thought about it.

With a "**zzzzzzzzzzzz... mumble... mumble... piddles... HUH!!!**" the janitor woke up.

"Hey kid. What's the deal. Can't you see I'm taking a break. Mr. Piddles here needs his beauty sleep," the janitor motioned to the cat he was holding. The cat was trying desperately to pull away from his grasp but the janitor just put down his lantern and petted its head. The perturbed pussycat again mouthed "**Help Me!**" to Bill.

"I'm here to **save the cat**. Unhand him right now you **FELONIOUS FIEND!!!**"

28

"Sorry. I was just **looking for my locker** and..."

130

ROOM BAH

Bill chose the door labeled **Room Bah**, mainly because he was absolutely intrigued by the name.

He swung the door open and looked into a large classroom. All of the desks had been pushed up against the wall, making room for **hundreds of sheep** that were racing around in large circles. They were making terrible high-pitched bleating noises as they chased around one of those small round automatic **robotic floor vacuums** that runs around and sweeps things up by itself.

Bill could also see that there was a small stage that had been set-up on top of the teacher's desk. It was a VERY small stage. And on that small stage, there stood and even smaller **choir** that held out even smaller music sheets in front of their small small faces. They were all humming extremely loudly in unison. No words. Just humming. Loud, loud humming. During a break between songs, the choir lowered the music sheets. Lo and behold, the entire choir was made up of **small, buggy-eyed bugs**. They all had white crotchety old hair and seemed extremely irritable and grumpy when not humming. One little young bug had crutches and hobbled around.

Bill scratched his head, trying to figure out just what the heck was going on in here.

Room Bah had a **Roomba** with sheep screaming **Bah?!?!!**

AND... it was filled with some really **Bah Hum Bugs!**

There was something scrawled on the chalkboard that said,
"Welcome to Really Really Really Bad Puns 101".

"SERIOUSLY!!! Oh GOD!!! So BAD!!! I hate this room. Horrible... such horrible jokes. Must leave now before I get sick. So bad. So very very very very bad. I should sue this dream for mental anguish."

Go back to the **Four Doors** and choose another door.

WELL, THAT WASN'T A SMART MOVE

"Oooooooooohhhhhh, I really really really want to open the door," Bill said, trying hard to control himself from leaping immediately at it.

"Sure... whatever. Makes all the sense in the world to me. Oink. Have at it. Just... let me... move..... away..... from..... you..... a bit..... all right. Snort. Go ahead."

Bill looked up and saw that the pig was now standing far down the hallway, almost beyond earshot.

"Alright," Bill yelled loudly, *"I'm going to do it."*

"Go ahead. Oink. Have fun with that."

"I will," Bill said and he giggled a bit as he pulled on the door's handle.

There was a loud **ROOOOAAARRR!!!!** Then a **AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!** Then a **THUNK! SQUISH! BURP!!!!**

"Should have listened to the signs, man. Oink. You chose... poorly!"

Bill is most definitely undeniably and absolutely DEAD!!!



122

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU WIN!

Want to know when the **next installment of Weird World** will be coming out? Make sure to sign up for the **Steam Hat Newsletter** or visit us at www.SteamHat.com.

We'd like to thank Ingenuity Cleveland for their support in the creation of this project. Most of all, we would like to thank YOU... the players! If you enjoyed this game, PLEASE contact us and let us know what you thought. Any and all feedback is appreciated.

Thanks for playing!

...TO BE CONTINUED!!!

THE STEAM HAT NEWSLETTER

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123

NO PIZZA FOR YOU

"Ummmmm... do you have Pizza? I could really go for a slice just about now?", Bill said, praying to all that was holy that somewhere -- back there -- in the unseen depths of the kitchen -- there was something that he could actually imagine eating.

"Pizza," it gurgled. *"What pizza? Never heard of pizza? Not on menu. You want Meatloaf instead? You like Meatloaf. It mystery. Good for growing boy."*

"Oh God NO!!!" Bill hastily replied, remembering how it was served to Jessie.

"Make up mind quick then or we cook you for next lunch?"

"WHAT! Wait... alright. Alright. Just hold on a minute. Let me look again," Bill gasped. He didn't think the Lunch Blob was kidding, so he quickly picked something.

"Just give me the **Lizard Butt** soup then."

66

124

DON'T JUDGE A BOOK BY
IT'S WORM HEAD

Bill and the pig chose a tunnel that had slime puddled on the floors. As they moved forward, they could see numbers and symbols scratched deeply into the walls.

"Hmmm... I wonder if these are important," the pig snorted as he passed another number. *"Do you think they have anything do with what that spider dude said to us?"*

Bill wasn't paying much attention to the pig, instead he was staring at a girl that was standing in front of them. She was wearing a nice wholesome-looking dress and waving to them. He would have waved back, but he was more focused on her head, which looked like a **GIANT WORM** with **GAPING JAWS** filled with **DRIPPING GOOEY TEETH**.

He screamed and turned to run out of the tunnel. While he was racing away, his foot hit a puddle of slime and he fell backwards, hitting his head on a rock jutting out of the wall.

"Oh my heavens," the worm-headed girl shrieked, *"why did he run? I was just trying to tell him the way was blocked ahead and he should turn back."*

"My deepest condolences. Seems your friend Bill has **DIED!!!**"

59



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OH GOD, I'M GONNA DIE!

Bill quickly surveyed his surroundings to see how far the bathroom door was from him. Holding his breath, he quietly began inching himself towards it, a few small baby steps at a time. The monstrous creature was quite unawares of him and continued to whistle while it relieved itself.

The stall door suddenly opened and the now refreshed pig came walking out with a smile on its face. At that same exact moment, Gatsby started barking and jumped up and down wanting some water from the sink.

Bill's heart leapt into his throat and almost stopped. ***"I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die...."***

Slowly...very slowly....the creature turned its giant head to silently stare at the crew that was standing in the bathroom.

Its humongous mouth panned up and down, like it was looking at them. Bill knew that it was sizing them up, trying to figure out which one of them it wanted to eat first. Its mouth opened wide in a most horribly ferocious snarl and its lips came towards them as its neck elongated and stretched away from its big blob of a body still standing at the urinal.

As Bill stepped back, praying that it would be a swift death, the horrifying visage that stood before them opened its jaws even wider, its tongue protruded disgustingly out, as drool dripped from its hungry swollen red lips and... **AND...**

...and it said, ***"Oh hey Bill. Hey Jessie. I didn't see you there."***

"Hey Frank. How's it going? Oink. You skipping out on lunch today?"

"Nah... Think I'll stay in. I'm kinda sleepy today. Probably just find a quiet corner and take a nap for awhile."

"Oh God! I'm **NOT** going to die! I'm **NOT** going to die!"

HEAVY METAL FIST PUMP... OH YEAH!!!

While standing on the desk, Bill attempted to do a roundhouse kick (which did not go too well). After regaining his balance, he finally threw out his very **BEST heavy metal fist punch** high into the air and sang out:

“Lobster Beast Toes!!! YEAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

And with a twirl, he leapt off the desk, almost falling onto his head. He was never one for graceful exits.

There was a loud **THUNK** and a multitude of **clicking sounds** as each and every one of the 20-30 deadbolts released and the door swung wide open.

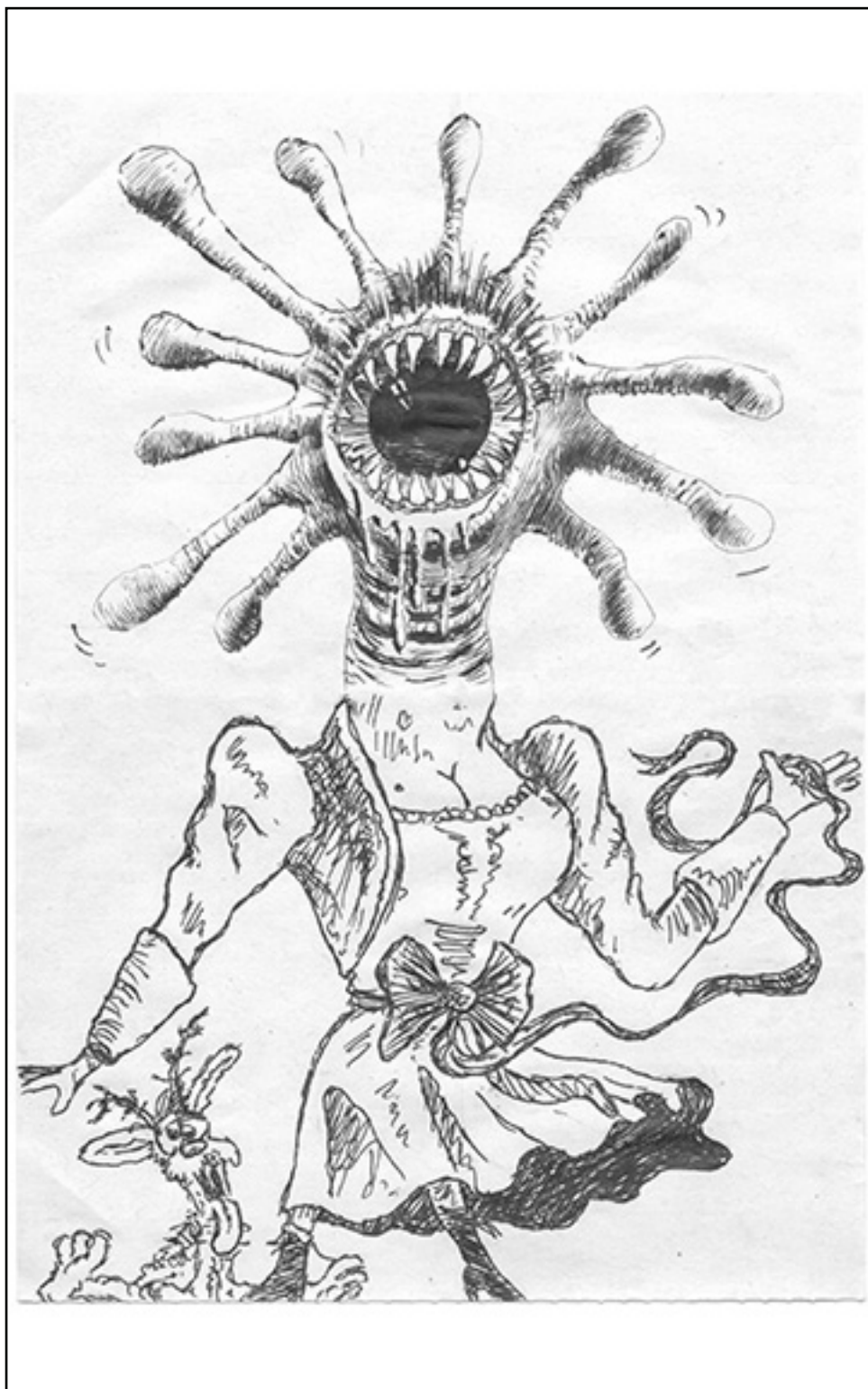
“But... but... the bell. You... shouldn’t have touched the... bell... Johnny... told me... but I don’t understand...” the little creature gasped as it fell to the ground from years of exhaustive angsting.

“Well, oink. CHALK this one up as a learning experience.”

“DUDE!” Bill raised his voice at the pig, *“Really? I mean REALLY!!!”*

“What? C’mon. It was pertinent. Oink. How could I pass that up? You’re just jealous that I beat you to it. Snort.”

“Well this was a complete waste of our time. Let’s go back out and **choose another door.**”



NICE FEDORA HAT

While Jessie took the time for a quick after-lunch hibernation, Bill took the time to people watch... er... creature watch. They were all **eating** and **talking** and **hooting** and **hollering**, just like it was any other ordinary day. To them, nothing here was strange or out of place.

As he sat and observed them all, something caught his attention. A doorway at the far end of the cafeteria opened, and a **small extremely obese man** walked in. He might have been 3 foot tall on his best day. He reminded Bill of an Oompa Loompah who decided that the health craze was for sissies. He definitely wasn't Oompa Loompah orange though. Much more of a pasty white with dark slicked-back hair.

He was wearing a **tan trench coat** and a **nice fedora hat**. His look and demeanor totally reminded Bill of those old noir detectives movies made back when men were men and dames were dames and everyone always had a great line of dialogue for every occasion.

The man weaved in and out of the crowded cafeteria with the grace of a contemporary dancer. For being a rotund little chap, he sure could move. He was waving a **piece of paper** in student's faces and talking to them.

The gent in the hat worked systematically, going from table to table to table and was heading Bill's way.

"He's coming this way. **I wonder what he wants.**"

WATCH OUT FOR WET FLOORS!

Bill stared at the strange man in the closet and said, *"Sorry. I was just looking for my locker and..."*

"Does this look like a locker to you kid? No it doesn't. You know what looks like lockers? LOCKERS look like lockers. Not closets. And this is a closet. To be specific, this is MY closet. Now SCRAM before Mr. Piddles gets mad!"

The cat just sighed and looked depressed as the janitor continued to pet it hard on the head, ruffling its hair.

"Oh... And watch out for Wet Floors all the way down at the end of the hall. Those can be a killer." With that, the rather annoyed janitor slammed the door closed.

"Wait..." Bill yelled at the door, *"I do have a question about my locker though. Do you know how far away it..."*

"Go away... go away... and go away!!!" the janitor screamed from within the closet. After a few seconds, the sound of snoring could be heard along with the sad moans of a depressed cat with ruffled hair.

"That was... odd... I think I'm going to **continue down the hall** and look for my locker."

146

"Maybe I should try the door that says **Time Traveler's Club**."

83

BUT LOOK AT THE BONES

Bill stuck his hand into his right pants pocket for absolutely no apparent reason and felt around to see if he could find anything.

Sure enough, he pulled out about **4 small milk bones** that were stashed away. He took one out and sniffed it. Hmmm... It didn't smell bad at all. He hated to say it, but they actually smelled down-right delicious. He could feel himself starting to drool and wanted to chew on one so very very very badly.

He popped one into his mouth and bit down. **It was... glorious.**

"Mmmm... this REALLY makes me hungry. **Time to get some eats.**"

43

"Might as well check my **left pocket** as well before I leave."

145

132

FIND THE NEXT CARD

Go to Card

141

133

THEY CALL ME, FLAT BILL

Bill and the pig picked a small tunnel and began crawling through it on their hands and knees. As they moved forward, they could see numbers and symbols scratched deeply into the walls.

"Hmmm... I wonder if these are important," the pig snorted as he passed another number. *"Do you think they have anything to do with what that spider dude said to us?"*

"Probably... what do you think they mean???"

Before the pig could answer, they heard a rumbling above them.

"I don't know, oink, but maybe we should pay closer attention t...."

...and the ceiling collapsed, leaving nothing but a flat Bill and a flat pig.

Be honest. Do I look FLAT in these pants? Bill has DIED!!!

59

THAT WHICH IS THERE BUT NOT

The young lady in red was almost right on top of him when she suddenly came to an **ABRUPT** and **IMMEDIATE** halt. Her dress swum around her like she was trapped in the undercurrents of some unseen ocean. He could hear her gasping, trying hard to bring her heavy breaths under control.

Her eyes darted back and forth in anxiety as she held **something out towards him**. For some odd reason, he could not see the item that she was holding -- even though it was only inches away from him. There was indeed something in her hand, but it was all blurry and confusing to look at. It was a ghost image of something that should have been there, something that **REALLY** wanted to be there, but it just wasn't. It didn't matter how hard he tried, he simply couldn't get his eyes to focus on it.

With a pleading look on her face, she yelled,

"Quickly. He's coming! Take it! Take it NOW! PLEASE!"

Attempt to **wake up** and get out of this nightmare.

13

Reach out to **grab** the **item** in her hand.

150



GO TO THE LIGHT

They both chose a medium-sized tunnel and began walking up it. Bill had to hunch over a bit, since the ceiling was scraping the top of his head. The pig however had no problem since it was the perfect size for a pig-type of person to walk through. As they moved forward, they could see numbers and symbols scratched deeply into the walls.

"Hmmm... I wonder if these are important," the pig snorted as he passed another number. *"Do you think they have anything to do with what that spider dude said to us?"*

"Probably... maybe... I don't know... stop asking me questions and just keep walking."

After walking uphill for a good amount of time, Bill cried out... *"There... up ahead. I see a light... Go to the light pig. GO TO THE LIGHT!!!"* The panting pair walked faster upwards and finally crawled back out into the school's hallway.

"Ahhhhh-HAHAHAHAHAHA!!! YEAH! Look what I HAVE!" Bill said enthusiastically as he waved the **Hall Pass** above his head triumphantly. *"I bet you thought I forgot to grab this. Who's the man? Would that be ME? Yeah it would!"*

"Yeah, that's great. Oink. But we don't need it dude. Look where we are."

Bill looked around and saw that the tunnel actually popped them out about 20 feet **past the Hall Monitor**. Its one head was now singing "Sweet Caroline" so loudly it could not hear them talking loudly behind it.

"But... Hall Pass. We went through all of that to get this... Almost... died... for it... stupid..." Bill sighed heavily.

"Well, that was anti-climactic. Guess we keep **walking down the hallway.**"



CARRY ON MY WAYWARD PIG

They began walking down the hallway once more, continuing their epic quest in search of **The Most Almighty And Ever Elusive Locker Of Bill.**

*"I'm sure we **HAVE** to be getting close to it, right pig?"*
Bill asked, hoping to hear some good news.

"Close to what? Oink"

*"My locker. You know. That's the reason we've been going through all of this. I **HAVE** to get to my locker."*

"Oh yeah. I forgot. (snort)"

*"You **FORGOT**!?!? How could you forget?!?"*

"Huh. Wait. What are we talking about again? Oink. Were we talking about food? If so. I'm hungry."

*"No. We were talking about my **LOCKER**, not food."*

"Do you have food in your locker? Snort. Oink."

"What? I don't know. Maybe."

"We better get to your locker then. Oink."

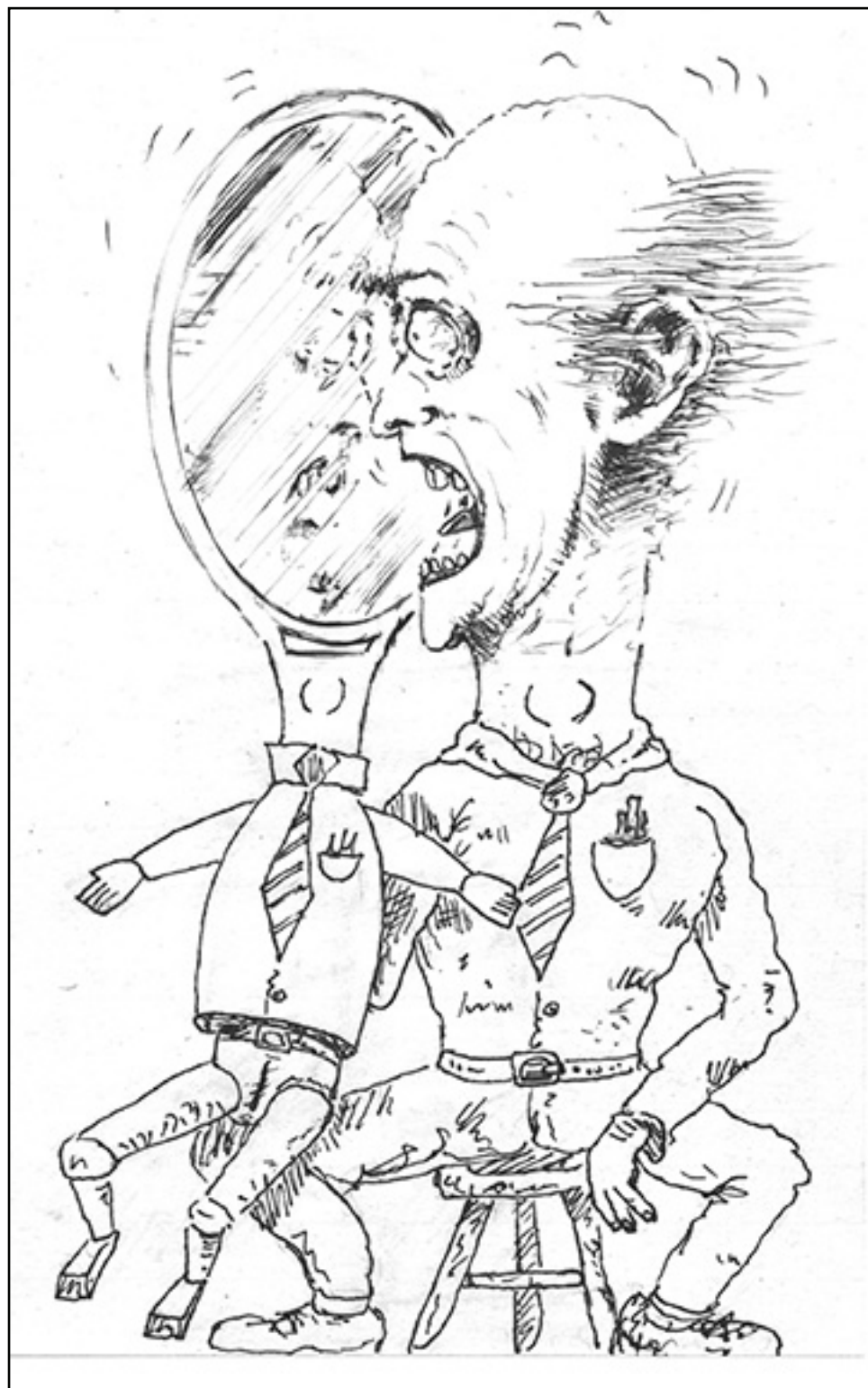
"That's what I was saying, pig."

"Saying what? Oink. What were we talking about again?"

"That I have to get to my... Just... ahhhhh... never mind,"

Bill clenched his teeth and tried badly to fake a smile at the pig who was hopping beside him while humming a happy tune. The pig looked over at him and gave a large non-fake smile back as they both continued down the hall of never-ending lockers.

"Hey, I have a **GREAT IDEA!** Let's **quietly walk down this hallway** for awhile."



OF PAIN AND WHISPERS

AND.... back to **walking down the hallway again**. Minutes turned to hours and hours into **EVEN MORE** hours, but they did not come across... that... **LOCKER!!!!** Bill was very vexed, they should have found it by now.

He tried everything in his power to keep his feet moving, but he was getting **soooooo tired**. His knees were starting to hurt and he was pretty sure that he was starting to get callouses on his feet. He began to feel like he was wading upstream, but he just didn't have the energy to swim anymore. If he was a pool...he would be completely drained.

He stopped to rest for just a few minutes and bent over in pain. The perky pig kept skipping merrily ahead, not realizing that Bill was just about ready to **curl up in a small ball, sob like a child, and call it quits -- finito -- done -- NO MORE!**

As he tried quietly to calm himself, he suddenly heard a **scraping sound** and dull **CLICK THUD!** He looked up just in time to see the locker closest to him open by itself. The metal door swung towards him and came to a sloooooooooooooow... stop.

The interior of the locker was dark. Too dark. And someone... or something... was **whispering his name** from somewhere within the gloom of the locker's interior.

"I must **go to the voice**. It calls out. I must go to the locker."

39

"Oh no! This can't be good. **Run away!** Run Away! HEY HOGGY!!!! WAIT UP!!!!"

142

A DREAMING DREAM

Bill turned to speak to the sloppy swine and began to talk, but stopped before his mouth even opened.

Jessie was planted **FACE DOWN** on the table, making a most terrible sound. Bill panicked for a moment, thinking maybe the silly pig ate too fast and now he was choking to death. He vaguely recalled how to give the Heimlich maneuver to a person, but would that work **ON A PIG!!!!**

The pig snorted and moaned and rolled over. He wasn't choking at all. He had only passed-out from using up all of his energy in mega-gorging itself. Now he just lay there fast asleep, somehow snorting and snoring at the same time. He was sn-ore-orting.

"Here piggy piggy piggy piggy! Herrrrrrre piggy, piggy, piggy", Bill tickled him on the nose. Nothing.

"Come on, wake up. I have some questions for you. Hello in there," the only response he got back was more snort-snores.

"This little piggy went WEE WEE WEE!!!" he yelled into the pig's ear. Nope. Nothing. Jessie was indeed in Dream Land!

"HMMMMMMMM... I wonder. Since this is a dream... and the pig is only a dream... does a sleeping dream dream a different dream during a dream that has already been going on for far too long???"

Now **THAT** just completely blew his mind.

"Guess I'll **just sit here** and play with Gatsby."

MOODY GRUNKLETHORN

The bouncy boar was hustling happily down the hallway, ignorant of the fact that Bill had not been by his side for quite some time. After a few minutes of gasping and wheezing, Bill was finally able to catch-up with him.

"Huh... Hey... Oink. What's wrong with you? Why are you sweating so much?"

"I'm sweating... (gasp)... because... (wheeze).. I had to RUN all the way over here... (wheeze)... because... (wheeze)... YOU seem to have a problem hearing me when I YELL at you to STOP!!!" Bill was getting severely frustrated with the entire situation and was raising his voice at the pig.

The pig crossed its eyes, stuck its tongue out of the side of his mouth, and made a stupid face at his panting friend.

"Jeesh! Oink. Someone sure is being a Moody Grunklethorn!"

"A who the huh the what?"

"A Moody Grunklethorn. Oink. You know. As opposed to the Non-Moody Grunklethorn. Oink."

"Oh, well that all makes sense now."

"So why are you sweating again? I didn't catch that. I wasn't listening."

"I think we are almost there. I just know it. **So close. So close.**"

I WANT TO BE A HOBO

"A Drifter? What... like a hobo? Like a -- leave everything behind and catch a train out of here, living on the road -- kind of hobo? Can't say I'm a hobo. ALTHOUGH that sounds pretty good right about now," Bill said a bit too loudly.

"No, no, no. A Dimensional Drifter you fool. How did you do it? How did you get here?" Diamond asked.

Bill only half-heard what Diamond said and started ranting, ***"How did I get here? Well, I'll tell you how I GOT here! I just closed my eyes and here I was. It's not like I WANT to be here. It just HAPPENED. I can't very well choose the nightmares they I have. I've been having this SAME DREAM for MONTHS now! BUT this time..THIS time I end up sitting in a high school cafeteria filled with... with... all of this..."*** Bill swept his hand around, pointing out all of the creatures sitting around him.

"AND my best friend -- who is a talking pig by the way -- is passed out on a tray of food beside me. AND my pet magical multi-tool just peed in the corner over there. AND now I'm talking to some guy that just wandered in looking for a hammer-headed fugitive. Honestly, if you can tell me how to wake up, I'd hug you, high five you, and even give you all the money in my wallet."

"Huh, this is absolutely fascinating." The small man popped out a magnifying glass, grabbed one of Bill's pug eyes, and studied it deeply under the glass zoom.

"Hey, hands off there sunshine. **What gives?"**

Bill opened the door and stared in.

There was a class currently being held in the room. All of the students were watching a **really old television set** that was strapped onto a cart that looked like it was about ready to collapse at any moment. A **VCR** had been hooked up to it using dozens of rotting wires that had been stuffed into the back of the television. Sparks were shooting off of the bare connections, causing the electricity in the room to flicker on and off and on and off and on and off and on and off and on and off...

The students were watching a terrible video about driving safety called "**Blood On The Highway**". QUICK NOTE: All of the students' heads were actually shaped like little cars that had teeny-tiny little men in them. Written on the chalkboard were the words "**Welcome to Driver's Head 101**". One of the students turned to look at them and said, "**Beep... beep beep... BEEP! Beep... beeeeeeeep!!!**" and flashed its headlights in their eyes. The door slammed closed in their faces.

"Well, that was not helpful."

Go back and **choose another door.**

MR. DEEP POCKETS

Bill stuffed his hand into his **left pocket** and felt around. Something wasn't.. quite... right. His hand went back and forth and he felt **NOTHING**. Not even the cloth of the pocket. He pushed his hand even deeper in. Before he knew it, he was up to his elbow and still couldn't find the bottom of it. Did he have a **bottomless pocket**? How would that even work?

Suddenly, he could feel something fly into his hand. He pulled it out to look at it.

It was a **piece of paper** that had been folded into a small square. He unfolded it and looked it over. The words, **"I miss you."** were written on the paper along with a small drawing of a heart. It was signed **"Fel"**.

Fel? What kind of name was that? Did it stand for Felicia? Felicia? Was that the Felicia that Jessie had been talking about? Who was she and why did he have it?

He put it back in his pocket and let it drop in.

"Time for some lunch. **Let's go.**"

And so they continued walking down the hallway yet **AGAIN!**

They breezed past **HUNDREDS** and **HUNDREDS** of lockers, but Bill could tell that **NONE** of them were his. Not yet at least. They were getting closer. He could feel it in his bones. But his bones were getting way too weary and they may well gather together and start a mutiny if he pushed them to walk anymore.

There was a noise up ahead, and a door on the right hand side of the hallway opened up. A four-legged creature came prancing out of the room and stood in the hall looking over at them. It wore a nice pair of khaki dress pants, which had been tailored perfectly to fit the bottom half of his body --- that looked exactly like the **body of a horse**.

It was wearing a neatly pressed white dress shirt, with a striking blue tie. In one of its two very **human looking hands**, it held a **coffee mug**. Its head was huge and it looked almost like a **Llama** that was having a really really really bad hair day.

"Oh hey, It's Vice Principal Pacca. We should go say hey. I love talking to him. He always cracks me up. Oink."

Go **say hello** to Vice Principal Al Pacca.

35

"No to the llama! No more drama. **Locker now.**"

140



Bill thought about it for awhile and decided that maybe if he could just calm them down with a few well-crafted charming words, then he should be able to extinguish (pardon the pun) the situation.

The girls however, were **NOT** in the mood to be patient and wait for him to hone some honey-coated how-are-YOU-doings.

“Oh no! You are NOT talking your way out this time. You are NEVER talking your way out of anything ever AGAIN!”

the first girl screamed.

“Yeah,” yelled the second one.

“NEVER!!!”

they both howled in unison as they grabbed at him and pulled him into the room, kicking and screaming. The door slammed shut behind them.

They were right. Bill never talked again.

Smooth talker no more. Bill has DIED!!!

59

SMOKING HOT... LITERALLY

He continued to walk, moving past another 200 or more lockers (not that he was counting, he stopped doing that about 68 dreams ago). The **next door** came up on the **left**. He didn't even give it a second thought because he knew it would be locked. It was always locked. He shuffled past it, thinking about a whole lot of nothing when the door was suddenly **THROWN** open. Two **young ladies** walked out and stood glowering at him in the doorway.

Both of the girls were **extremely attractive**. There was only one small thing that bothered him about the duo. Instead of having eyeballs, their eye sockets were hollow with the exception of a couple small lit **candles** that were placed deep within them. The **white wax** melted and left streams like hard translucent tears trickling down their cheeks. The gaseous vapors from the hot flames drifted up into their hair, causing it to dissipate into a light black ashy mist that surrounded their foreheads like a halo. Oh, and their **skin** was a rather off-putting **bluish-gray**.

"Hi Bill," the first one said in a rather captivating manner as she stepped forward to get closer to him.

"Ooh, Hi Bill," the second one said in an even more seductive manner, trying desperately to push past the first.

"Well hellooooooooooooo ladies! **Do we know each other?**"

94

"I must... go now... can't stop... sorry... **gotta run away from you...** far away... can't talk... nope..."

110

Her arm extended out to him, but he soon discovered that he could not move any closer to accept the gift she held. His feet seemed rooted to the spot. His brain was trying to yell at his legs, ***"Come on guys, one step at a time. You can do it. I believe in you"***, but his two leggy appendages seemed to have a mind of their own. They merely mocked him and disregarded his instruction. He went to raise his arm, but it suffered from the same affliction. His entire body was numb and refused to move as well. He felt like a puppet, but one that never had strings attached.

She pushed towards him again, but he just stood there stupidly in his paralysis and could only watch as her fear turned slowly into anger with each attempt that went untaken.

The black haired beauty looked extremely frustrated and pulled back the confusing blurred item, quickly hiding it somewhere within the rolling cloth of her red dress.

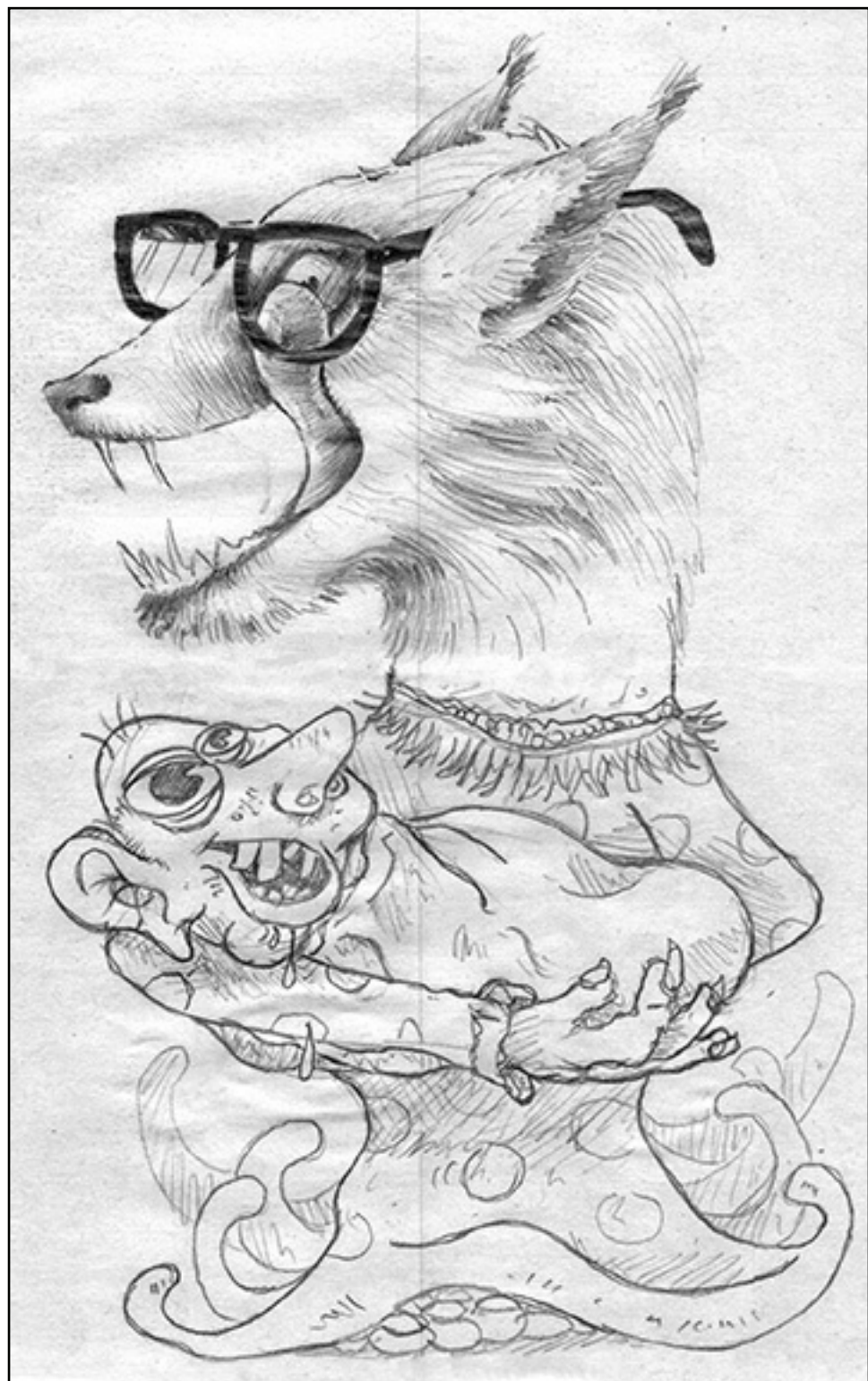
"What's wrong with you? How much longer do I have to wait? It's been too long. He's going..."

She was suddenly gone, **POOF...** just like that.

David Copperfield couldn't have pulled off a better trick than that. And with another **POOF** -- but with a puff of smoke added in for effect -- Bill suddenly found himself standing in an incredibly long hallway. It seemed so familiar, but at the same time it was totally alien to him.

Look around at the **Hallway**.

87



DID SHE SAY LIZARD BUTT SOUP?

Bill watched with utter repulsion as Jessie raised his tray up to one of the enormous quivering slimes. It shook and shimmied around and looked down at the pig with its dozens of floating eyes. One of its many very mushy mouths moved towards him and gargled out, *"Today main course are Lizard Butt Soup, a can of WD-40, Glass Shards covered in a zesty cheese sauce, the Unwashed Feet of Gragglegors, and Mystery Meatloaf. What you want?"*

"Ooooooh, Marge! You know how much I love your Mystery Meatloaf. What's the mystery in the meatloaf today? Oink."

"Something I found underneath trashcan. I think it alive once, but it not moving anymore."

"Sounds deeeelishious! Oink. Sock it to me and give me a little extra if you can."

The giant blob thing leaned over the tray and blew a wad of meatloaf out of a quivering orifice. It landed on the plate with a **SPLAT!** Jessie's eyes got huge and he started licking his lips. *"Mmmmmm, thanks. I may be back for seconds."*

"You done. Move on to side dishes and deserts. NEXT!!!!"

"Ummmm... do you have **Pizza**? I could really go for a slice just about now?"

123

"Wow... I guess... I don't know... maybe give me some **Lizard Butt Soup** I guess."

66

WE'VE GOT SOME DOORS TO CATCH!!!

"Hey Bill, oink, I think I see some more doors over there?" the pig pointed to the far wall behind the cacophony.

Sure enough, Bill could see 4 doors in the far wall. All they had to do to reach them was to navigate around the perimeter of the rather odd collection of screaming green men and gigantic wiggling baby flies. Bill noticed something strange though, the **ENTIRE** room seemed to have **DOUBLED** in size since they first walked in.

By the time Bill and the pig walked around the nauseating cheerleader practice, the room almost **TRIPLED** and then **QUADRUPLLED** in size. They stopped and watched as the doors began pushing farther and farther away from them. Bill almost got car sick from it all even though he wasn't moving an inch.

"We better get a move on pig, before those doors outrun us... OOOOF!!!"

Bill was suddenly pushed back and hit the floor. The doors had lept back and were standing right in front of them now. *"Well we better choose one before they take off again, oink,"* the pig said as Bill scraped himself off of the floor.

CHOOSE FROM ONE OF THE ROOMS BELOW

* FOR THOSE OF YOU PLAYING FROM THE PDF, CHOOSE FROM EITHER:
CARD 154, 155, 156, OR 157.

ROOM AYYY!

There was a rather bland wooden door here that really wasn't interesting to look at. Someone had taped a bad drawing of **The Fonz from Happy Days** onto it. He was giving a big thumbs up sign and looked as cool as cool can be (which is pretty cool). Bill noted that there were no sharks in the drawing.

Open the **DOOR**.

144

155

ROOM BEE

The door here looked like it was made from a lightweight but sturdy plastic. Someone had spray painted a picture of a **large bee** onto it. It was smiling, wearing sunglasses, and wore many pairs of large bee-sized sneakers.

Open the **DOOR**.

6

156

ROOM SI

The door here looked like it was made from a stucco. It had been painted with many different bright colors. There was a small mural in the middle of it that depicted a tiny man, with an **awesome mustache**, who was wearing a **sombrero** that was 10 times larger that it should have been. He seemed to be nodding his head.

Open the **DOOR**.

53

157

ROOM DEE

The door here looked like it was made from many pieces of metal that had been riveted together. There was a picture of **Dee Snider** from the band **Twisted Sister** that had been framed and tack-welded onto the middle of the it. Bill thought his large hair and crazy glammed-out eye make-up was pretty cool.

Open the **DOOR**.

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