

THE PUTTBUSTER INITIATIVE: SPACETIME GOLFCRUSH

An Entry in the 2014 Windhammer Prize for
Short Gamebook Fiction

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It's Sunday, June 29th 3087, and you're tuned to MUSBN for the culminating event of the tournament season: The 299th Multiverse Open Championship! Hi, I'm Chizk Chazworthe, and welcome to what promises to be an exceptional day of multigolf. Joining me on the commentator's stand is six-time champion and member of the Skatch hivemind, Drone 8567324781.

We are content to relate this day's occurrences with you, Chizk. May Kyriii coat you with her divine seepage.

I'm sure she will. I hope our viewers have their pan-dimensional receivers latched on tight, because we'll be showcasing the greatest rounds of multigolf ever played. Eighteen of the multiverse's most challenging and hostile environments have been selected for the 299th Championship course. Our contestants will have to navigate these treacherous dimensions using the fewest number of strokes if they want a shot at the Manifold Trophy.

Do not omit the afore pledged financial accolades.

That's right, Eightyfivesix. In addition to cash prizes for performance on individual holes, the winner of the Championship will be awarded a 100,000 benedollar purse!

Such assets would provide nutrition for innumerable larvae. But let us cease our idle chitterings; Kyriii has answered our prayers! The entrants arrive at the staging pad! Oh joyous exclamations!

And what a tremendous group of players they are. Each has overcome trials and hardships in the qualifying rounds to be here today. These players represent the highest level of multigolf play, but only one of them can be this year's champion. Let's take a few moments to profile some of the most promising competitors:

Valgard the Berserker - Warrior-hero from the cold Northern Dimensions. While not the most skilled golfer, his unrelenting bloodlust has ensured no obstacle can stand in his way. **Roundroid** - Product of a insane engineer who attempted to build the roundest robot imaginable, what this droid lacks in corners is more than made up for in skillful swings. **Jason Clack** - His colossal cranium contains a brain like no other. With his psychic powers he can literally place the ball wherever he wills. Helpful, as he has no arms. **Lord Tuberspud** - Salt baron of the greater snackdoms. His vast financial resources have proven to be unexpectedly useful on the links.

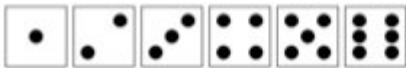
But the most intriguing competitor this year is the enigmatic **Golfer-X**. Nothing is known about this newcomer; their home dimension, age, even their gender are all a mystery. The only thing for certain is their exceptional talent. Dominating the qualifying tournaments, Golfer-X came from nowhere to become this year's biggest surprise. However! They will be facing a degree of competition far beyond the qualifying level. Will he or she be able to stand toe-to-toe against the more experienced competitors?

Such knowledge is Kyriii's alone, blessed is her carapace. During the qualification rounds Golfer-X utilized minimal performance enhancers. Rumors abound that the amount of financial resources available is insufficient.

If that is the case, Golfer-X will be at a huge disadvantage. The ability to augment one's natural abilities is one of the largest dividing factors between amateur players and real champions. It looks like Golfer-X is approaching the Pro-Shop. How will they proceed?

Tightening your mask as you enter the Pro-Shop, you think hard on the few crucial enhancements you can afford. With only 400 benedollars left after paying the entry fee you'll have to choose carefully, as these augments could mean the difference between winning and losing... between life and death. The Interdimensional Space and Time Gangster Mob has already issued a hit for your head, and paying back that £150,000 is the only thing that's going to call them off. You scan the displays: so many augments, so few you can afford. But your current level of aptitude is abysmal since last tournament's enhancements wore off. You're going to need these to survive.

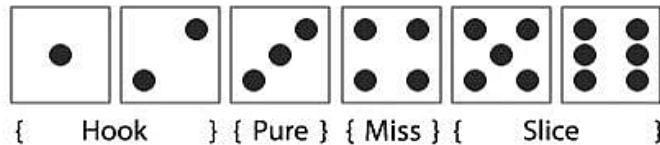
Golfer-X

Drive _____	Accuracy	
Attack _____		
Vitality _____	Spare Balls _____	
Augments/Items	Benedollars _____	
_____	Caddie _____	
_____	Notes:	

Right now, your **Drive**, or how far you can hit the ball, is ranked at **1**. Or about 50 yarlms, a paltry amount.

Your **Accuracy**, or ability to put that ball where you want, is minimal as well. You have an accuracy of about 16%. On a roll of one or two you hook the ball. On a five or six you slice. A roll of three is a pure hit, but on a four you miss entirely, losing a stroke.

Rank 1



Your **Attack**, or ability to fend off hostile hazards, is **0**. You gain no bonus when defending yourself.

You have **5 Spare Balls**. If you lose a ball to a hazard, you can continue playing with a spare, but you will have to drop out of the tournament if you run out.

You have **10 Vitality**. This is your life force. If it drops to zero, the game is over.

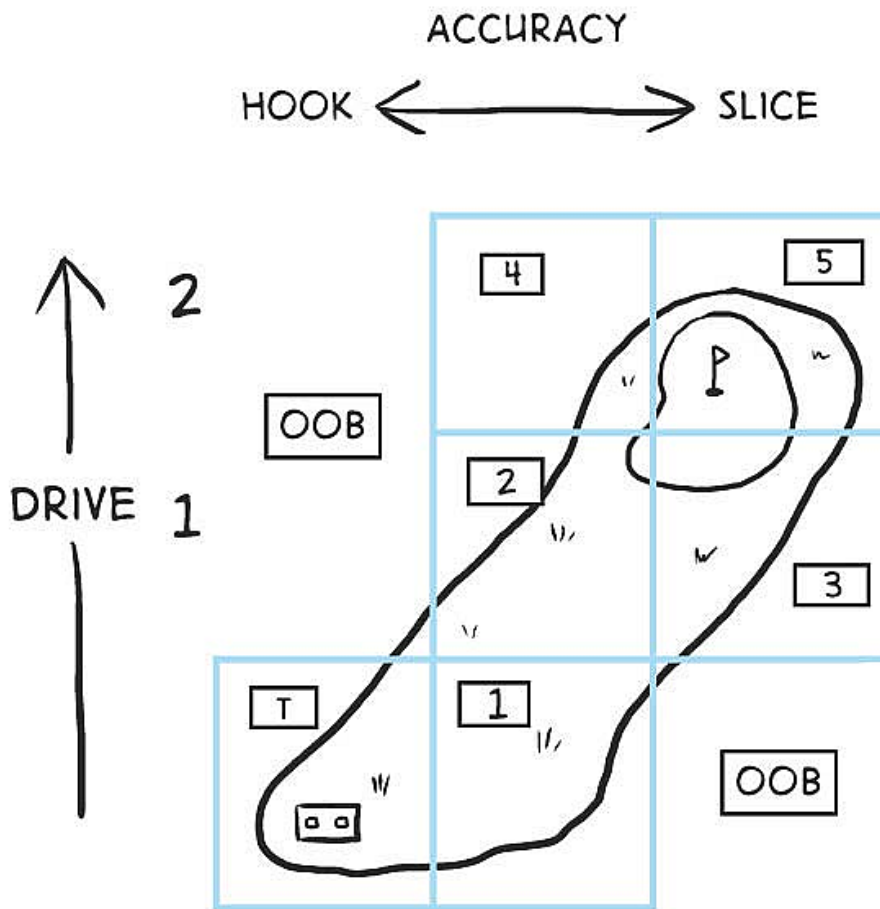
You have **no Items, Augments, or Caddie**, and only **400 benedollars (β)**. You'll need to pay back those £150,000 soon, but for now you should probably spend everything you have on augments to enhance your skills.

While the players are finishing their preparations, let us review the rules for any first time viewers. Eightyfivesix?

With the discovery of pan-dimensional travel came huge advancements in all aspects of life and culture, Kyriii be praised. The Earthian sport of Golf, long irrelevant and rarely played, correspondingly saw a revival. The stimulation of playing in foreign dimensions revitalized the sport and devotees founded the Multiverse Golf Association. Like the ancient Golf of yore, a player attempts to navigate a small ball into a hole by striking it with a club. The player that does so in the fewest number of strokes is declared the winner and Kyriii's most favored.

A course is comprised of 18 holes. In this tournament the first nine will be played today, and tomorrow players will engage the second. Each hole is designated by the number of strokes in which a competent player could complete it. Kyriii has commanded that this number be known as "Par." Players are awarded a monetary prize based on their performance.

Holes are approached thusly:



Each hole is overlaid with a grid, dividing it into several **Spaces**. The player begins in the space designated by a **T**. The goal is to get to the space with the **Flag**. The player chooses which space they will attempt to hit the ball to. They may choose any space in range of their **Drive Rank**. This is designated by the grid **Rows**. In this example, a player with a Drive of 1 could hit to spaces 2 and 3 (or 1 if they chose); while a player with a Drive of 2 could hit to spaces 4 and 5 (as well to 1, 2, and 3). The player then attempts their swing by rolling a die. The result of the roll is compared to the player's **Accuracy**. If the result is a **Pure** hit they've successfully hit the ball to the intended space. If the result is a **Hook** the ball lands in the space in the **Column** to the immediate **Left** of the intended one. If the result is a **Slice** the ball lands in the space in the **Column** to the immediate **Right** of the one intended. If the resulting space is marked by a **Number** then the hit was legal. The player then turns to that

number's **Reference** to see the results. They then may swing again. If the ball lands off the grid in the area marked **Out of Bounds (OOB)**, then the player adds a **Penalty Stroke** to their score. They then drop their ball at the square they were aiming for, and follow the results. At times, a player's ball may be moved to a new space by outside forces. In this case, the player turns to the new reference and follows the instructions there. Once the player reaches the space with the flag, they turn to the corresponding reference to finish the hole. Depending on the hole, the player might have to attempt to **Putt**. This requires the player to successfully roll a pure accuracy hit. Each missed putt is counted as another stroke. The number of strokes it took them to finish the hole is their **Score**. The final reference will disclose the results and direct the player to the next hole. Play continues through all nine holes. The cumulative score of all holes determines the winner, or so Kyriiii wills it.

Remember too that the golfers will have to face dangerous obstacles on the course. Sometimes they'll even have to fight for their lives. When facing a dangerous opponent, they'll be presented with a foe's **Combat Rating**. The player rolls a die and adds their **Attack** score. If the result is **Higher** than the combat rating, they've won. If not, something bad may occur. Each fight is different, and there will be instructions for what happens during a loss. The player then continues rolling until they win the combat.

Pro-Shop

The following augments can only be purchased now. They are not for sale once the tournament begins.

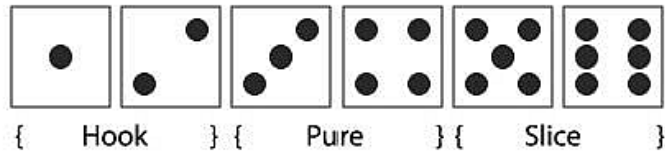
Drive Dose - £125

A potent steroid that strengthens your swing. One dose will increase your Drive rank by 1.

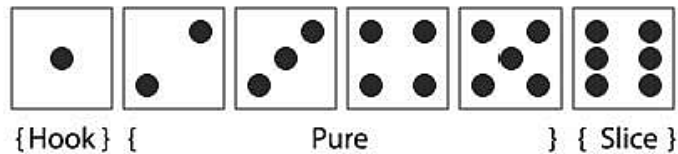
Accuracy Amp - £125

A small pill that sharpens your ball placement by one rank. The enhancements are as follows:

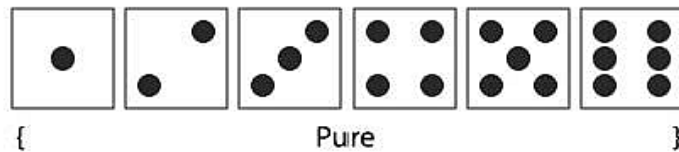
Rank 2 – 33%



Rank 3 – 66%



Rank 4 – 100%



Attack Advance - £125

An injection which supplements your fighting prowess. Each dose increases your Attack by 1. Your Attack value cannot exceed 6.

Vitality Vial - £150

Medicine that increases your base Vitality by 5.

The following augments are available at any time: now or during the tournament.

Spare Ball - £100

An extra ball. If you run out of spares, you can not continue to play in the tournament. It's always wise to have some on hand.

First-Aid - £50 per point of Vitality

Micro Health-Bots that repair any damage you may have taken. You cannot exceed your starting Vitality.

Caddie - £300

A caddie can offer valuable advice about how to approach a hole. You can only employ one, but it'll stay with you for the whole tournament. Choose from the following:

Lt. Walf - Veteran of six multiwars, Lt. Walf doesn't know much about golf, but what he does know about combat could fill an entire wing of a military-history museum. Best for players who want tactical

advice on the more aggressive obstacles they'll face.

Zx-92 CaddiePal V.4.7 - Contained in a compact robot frame is the most current version of a long running and long respected Caddie A.I. It will carry your clubs and run sophisticated technical analysis on the course. Best for players want the right approach to the terrain.

Percy - Sentient humanoid persimmon from the Allied Free Democracies of Saladtopia. Clumsy and a little clueless, but very emphatic. Best for players who want insight into the persons and places they'll encounter.

At the beginning of each hole, turn to the Caddie Appendix at the back of the book. Look up your caddie to see their take on the current situation.

Telekinetic Tag - β200

An injection of psychic ooze that lets you control your ball with your brain, allowing you to place it in any space of your choosing (within your drive range) without having to roll for Accuracy. You do not have to putt if the resulting space has the flag, as you mentally drop the ball into the hole. Gone after one use.

Quantum Putter - β400

A customized putter that acts as a wave or a particle depending on how you look at it. Increases your Accuracy by one rank when putting. Limit one.

3-Platinum - β600

A solid metal driver guaranteed to up your game. Increase your Drive range by one. Limit one.

Neon Samurai Sword - β325

A cheap katana with neon lights added to make it look cool. Somewhat sharp. Increases your Attack score by one. Limit one.

Personal Tank - β650

A small tank with just enough room for one. Has no neon so it's pretty scruffy-looking. Increases your Attack score by two. Limit one.

Heart Container - β1000

A mystical extradimensional artifact. Increases your base Vitality by 5.

Hydroelectric Power Suit - β600

All chrome and gleaming spikes. This advanced piece of future-tech will make you look real stylish, plus its sophisticated hydroelectric system keeps your temperature well regulated.

Cloaking Device - β300

The dream of all space-faring cultures. This gizmo temporarily renders you invisible, but uses a tremendous amount of power. Only has enough batteries for two uses, each of which can skip one combat.

Portable Wormhole - β1200

A small device that grants access the interdimensional pathways without using a dimensional gate. Allows you to skip one hole entirely. You record a score of zero, and receive an award equal to what you would have received if you shot par. Limit one. Can only be used once.

Note: any items that add bonuses can stack with others. So if you were to purchase a Neon Sword and a Personal Tank, your Attack score would increase by three.

Once you have finished your purchases you take a deep breath, secure your mask once last time, and head for the first teeing ground.

Enthralling augment choice by Golfer-X. However, they are again playing with a minimum of enhancements. May Kyriii enwrap them in her benevolent archdictyon.

It will be a tough road, that much is certain. Let us hope Golfer-X is up to the challenge. It looks like the preparations are all set and the players are approaching the first hole. We will follow them through the dimensional gate and resume commentary on the other side. Please retune your pan-dimensional receivers to meta-frequency 106.1085.97865091.09 and join us for the wilds of Earth Sigma Prime!

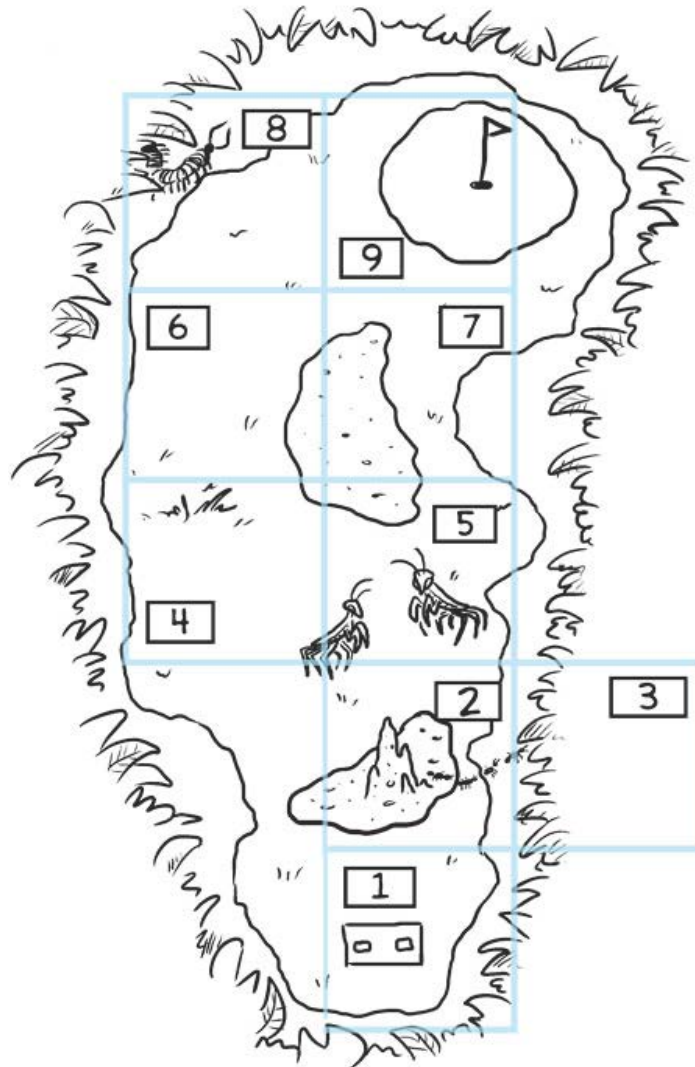
Turn to 1.

SCORECARD		
Hole	Par	Score
1	4	
2	4	
3	4	
4	3	
5	3	
6	7	
7	5	
8	3	
9	9	
	42	

1

Hole 1: Sunrise on Sigma Prime

Par: 4



Welcome back to the 299th Multiverse Open Championship! If you're just now joining us, I'm Chizk Chazworthe and with me is Drone 8567324781 of the Skatch hivemind.

Salutations.

We've just crossed the dimensional rift to join the players in this, the first hole of this incredible championship course. The steamy jungles of Earth Sigma Prime provide for what should be a challenging first hole. The heat is oppressive, the constant droning is deafening, and the local wildlife is terrifying enough to drive one mad.

We are reminded of home. Look, the MGA security forces are already engaged with the arthropods of this dimension.

Ouch! A mantis just decapitated Trooper Davis. That's not the way to get "ahead," eh, Eightyfivesix?

Would that we could join our brethren in their feast, but responsibility beckons: the golfers approach the teeing ground.

Disoriented, you step from the dimensional gate. The first thing to strike you is a giant blazing sun rising into a tangerine sky over endless reaches of emerald jungle. Before you stretches a long valley. You can make out a flag on a patch short green grass at the far end. Between you and it are a couple bunkers and several giant praying mantises. The Mantises must be at least twenty feet tall, their claws red with the blood of Multiverse Golf Association security troops. The troopers are keeping the teeing ground bug-free, but the mantises out on the fairway are easily winning the fight. The players will have to get by them to reach the hole. Several golfers make their drives, and then it's your turn. You grit your teeth as you tee your ball. Well, you faced worse in the qualifiers. A couple practice swings, some deep breaths, a prayer or two, and you're ready to make your approach.

Select a space within your Drive range. Roll for Accuracy to find where your ball lands. Turn to that space's number.

2

Skiff! Your ball sends up a cloud of sand as it careens into the nearest bunker. Cursing, you make your way down the steep slope. Your ball is nestled in a little depression near a tall mound of dirt. The mound is about eight feet high and looks as if the ground erupted upwards and froze mid-explosion: all lumpy protrusions and towering spires. The shade it casts provides blessed relief, if nothing else. You line up your shot.

Due to the sand, your Drive is reduced to 1 for this shot (if your Drive is already at 1 you suffer no penalty).

You hear a low chittering sound from inside the mound. It raises in pitch as you turn to see hundreds of ghostly white bugs pouring out.

Uh-oh, here come the termites! How long would you say it takes those fellas to chew through a femur, Eightyfivesix?

Approximately 6.27 parlexs, Chizk.

With a shout you knock your ball as quickly as you can and scramble out of the pit, termites swarming behind you.

Your Accuracy is also reduced by one rank for this shot (if it is already at rank 1 you suffer no penalty).

Take your stroke (remember you are hitting from space 2). Turn to the resulting space's number.

3

Your ball lands near a column of marching ants, each the size of a small dog. You're hesitant to move amongst them. While you work up your nerve, one ant investigates your ball with its antennae and then scoops it into its mandibles. Soon the column, and your ball with it, disappear into the jungle.

Kyriii screeches with much shame, Chizk. Golfer-X will have to use a replacement ball, and so early in the tournament too.

Don't be so hasty, Eightyfivesix. Look there! The ants are coming back out of the jungle.

Down the fairway the column emerges from the undergrowth. You can just make out the white of your ball drop from one of the ant's pincers. It rolls down a slope and straight into a sand trap. Still, the ants have carried it a respectable distance.

Turn to 7.

4

The ball comes to a graceful stop in the short grass. This is a clear part of the fairway, and thankfully a good distance from the mantises. You're lining up your next shot when you feel a tickle on your leg. You look down to see that a segment of the grass and loam has raised up and emerging from a black hole is a stick-thin claw. It's a trap spider, easily the size of a pitbull. You feel the claw tug at your pants as the spider begins pulling you toward its burrow.

Looks like we've got a combat situation on the fairway. It appears a Trapdoor Spider—"Liphistiidae" as they are scientifically classified—has captured Golfer X.

Kyrrii has designated spiders to be most savory of all arachnids.

How do human golfers fare on this savory scale?

The scriptures are unclear.

Trapdoor Spider - Combat 2

You have to fight the spider to get free. If you don't best the spider after three attempts, you manage to scramble clear (ripping your pants in the process) but the spider snaps up your ball as a consolation prize. You'll have to use a spare ball to continue.

Take your stroke (remember you are hitting from space 4). Turn to the resulting space's number.

5

Unlucky day! Golfer-X's ball has landed among the Mantis. Kyrrii weeps.

Now this is unprecedented. It appears one of the MGA troopers is giving Golfer-X a plasma-rifle to use against the mantises. Is that allowed?

There is nothing in the holy books of Kyrrii that forbids it.

What about the rule book?

A heathen tome.

Giant Mantis - Combat 5

For this combat only you have a plasma-rifle, but it only has two ion blasts left. Add 3 to your attack score. If you do not slay the Mantis after two attempts you're forced to dodge the mantises' raptorial claws while trying to hit the ball. You whiff twice before getting a shot off. Take two penalty strokes.

Take your stroke (remember you are hitting from space 5). Turn to the resulting space's number.

6

Your ball lands safely on a bit of open fairway. There don't seem to be any hazards around. Looks like you got lucky. Just as you're lining up your shot you hear cursing from a nearby sand-trap. There's a swish and a plume of sand comes flying out. You approach the edge and see a dinosauria-sapien swinging ineffectively at his ball. It's a rival golfer, one from one of the millions of dimensions where dinosaurs evolved into the dominant species. He's got an extra-long club to make up for his stubby arms, and his tail is providing excellent balance on the sand, but he can't seem to connect with the ball.

Seems Gyarak the Befeathered is having a bit of trouble escaping that bunker, Eightyfivesix. He's already missed six times, what a shame. Any more and he'll effectively be out of the tournament.

Coming back from that kind of loss is unheard of.

In the year 3022 the Outstanding Ooopix recovered from a fifty stroke deficit.

That's only because all his competitors were dead.

If you have a Telekinetic Tag Augment available you can ensure that Gyra's next swing sends his ball clear of the trap. If you choose to do so, the Tag is consumed. Make a note that you helped Gyra. Otherwise, play on as normal.

Take your stroke (remember you are hitting from space 6). Turn to the resulting space's number.

7

You scramble down into the sand trap and line up with your pitching wedge. You're concentrating on your shot so intensely you barely notice the sand shifting under your feet. Only at the last moment do you glimpse the pincers closing in on your leg. You jump back, the massive antlion missing you by a hair. Your ball starts rolling down into the newly-made depression. You're going to have to fight if you want to free your ball.

Antlion - Combat 3

You have three chances to drive off the antlion before your ball is lost forever. If you do so, continue play as normal. Otherwise the antlion disappears with your ball into the sand. You'll have to use a spare to continue.

Take your stroke (remember you are hitting from space 7). Turn to the resulting space's number.

8

Your ball comes to rest on the division between the fairway and the rough. The hole is close, only a few yarlms away. The buzz of a million insects emanates from the crowding jungle. From the undergrowth skitters a centipede, curling, grasping antennae on one end, pincers longer than your arm on the other. It doesn't seem to have noticed you. At least, not yet. It settles near your ball. It doesn't look like it's leaving anytime soon.

You must swing while not attracting attention. Roll a die. If you get a 1 or 2, the centipede senses you and charges. In your haste to get out of its reach, you kick the ball, costing you a penalty stroke. After a few minutes the centipede retreats back into the jungle. Continue play as normal. (If you use a cloaking device you may skip the roll and play on.)

Take your stroke (remember you are hitting from space 8). Turn to the resulting space's number.

9

Golfer-X has reached the green! What an amazing showcase of multigolf prowess. The only thing left is to sink the ball.

Let us observe if they are as skillful with the short game as they are with the long.

The ball lies only a few feet away from the hole, making for an easy putt.

Roll for Accuracy to putt. A pure hit sends the ball into the hole. Roll again if you hook or slice. Each roll adds one stroke to your score.

The ball drops into the hole with a satisfying *clunk*. You scoop it out and sprint for the dimensional gate. You're not staying in this bug-infested dimension for one second more than you have to.

And with that our mysterious golfer completes the first hole. Of course, things will only get more difficult from here. Let's see how they did.

Awards

Hole-In-One - β 275

2 Strokes: Eagle - β 250

3: Birdy - β 225

4: Par - β 200

5: Bogey - β 150

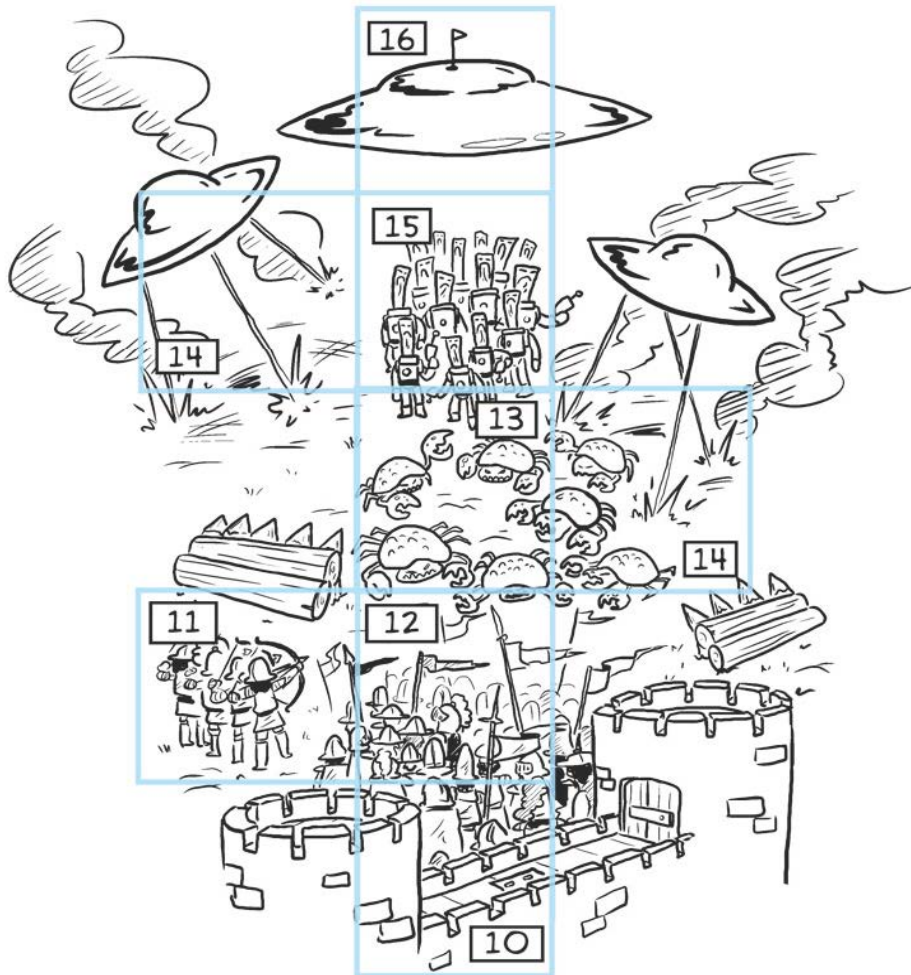
6: Double Bogey - β 100

*If you wish, you can return to the Pro-Shop and purchase new augments. You recover **5 Vitality** (up to your max). When you are ready to continue to the next hole **turn to 10**.*

10

Hole 2: The High Crusade

Par: 4



You stumble out of the dimensional gate to the sound of clashing iron and shouted commands. You rise from your hands and knees and peer over a stone parapet. Below you is a massive battlefield. Soldiers by the hundreds carry spears and banners while cavalry charge ahead over torn ground.

Far across the field, three UFOs hover in a sky dark as the end of the world. They rain laser blasts down on the army, scattering infantry and starting fires. And there, on top of the largest, flies a tiny flag.

Welcome to Hole 2 of the 299th Multiverse Open Championship! We've arrived in the middle of a fierce battle between technologically sophisticated invaders and a simple medieval garrison. Our golfers will have to navigate this combat zone and reach the top of the invader's mothership. To those about to die, we salute you.

Kyriii likewise honors the deceased. Their corpses will long feed the Skatch.

You stand on battlement, the wind whisking about you; the war churning below.
Take your stroke.

11

“Oy!” Your ball careens off a soldier's kettle hat and lands amidst a company of archers.

“Nu, hwon hafian we here?” An archer picks up your ball, eyeing it.

“Hit sy sum turtla æg,” says another. “Min ealdfæder sagu oon cierr.”

You come rushing out of the fortress gate. The archers turn their bows on you as you approach. “Uh, can I have my ball back?” They don't seem to understand. The one with your ball takes an experimental bite. He's surprised at the hardness, but he doesn't let it go either. Looks like you're out a ball.

If you have a cloaking device you can steal your ball back. Otherwise, you'll have to use a spare.

Take your stroke.

12

Ooh! A shallow hit right into the middle of the primitives' primary force. What a bad turn. Golfer-X will have a hard time getting out of there.

You walk amongst a crowd of sweaty, scared infantry. It takes you a long time to find your ball, and then your first swing sends it spinning into the back of a soldier's head. *Well*, you think as he collapses to the ground, *at least he doesn't have to worry about aliens now*. The soldiers around you push away as they see you're about to swing again. Still, there's not much room here for a decent shot.

Take a penalty stroke. For your next stroke your Drive Range is reduced by 1.

Take your stroke.

13

You watch as your ball is lost amongst a raging battle between the defenders and rampaging alien beasts. The crab-like monstrosities' claws spray blood as they pierce through the humans' armor. The knights fight back valiantly, but their cause is desperate.

You're searching for an opening in the fighting when a figure leaps into the fray. In one hand he wields a golf club and in the other, a flashing blade. He jumps onto one of the aliens, plunges the sword through the beast's shell, then immediately turns on another.

It's Valgard come to aid the puny humans! By Kyriiii's shivering carapace, we are overjoyed to witness such superb fighting technique. Look as he skewers foe after foe.

Valgard is the mightiest warrior in his home dimension, but I don't think even he is a match for these invaders. He's felled several of those beasts, but they've got him surrounded. We might be witnessing the end of a legend here, folks.

You watch as the warrior is overwhelmed by the alien monsters. You might be able to help him, but it would mean entering the battle yourself.

If you help Valgard, turn to 17. Otherwise, read on.

Valgard disappears from view as the invaders close in. You're not sure of his fate, but you suspect you won't be seeing him again.

Kyriiii's tears fall on a warrior today.

Eventually the battle shifts towards another part of the field, and you find your ball lying amongst the corpses.

Take your stroke.

14

The ball has landed amidst scorching laser blasts from the UFOs over head. The spaceships rake the battleground with their deadly rays, starting fires and obliterating anyone who gets close.

*You have nothing to fear from the lasers if you're wearing a Hydroelectric Power Suit. You may **take your stroke** as normal. Otherwise, your ball is lost and you must use a spare to continue.*

15

The ball lands amongst the ranks of marching alien infantry. One stoops to pick up your ball just as you run up.

"Ah delicious! I haven't seen a Grandflaxian egg in sixteen parcions. I would give a whole decadion's pay for just one bite. What do you say, is it a deal?"

If you agree the soldier takes your ball in it's jaws and crunches down. "Even more wonderful than I remember!" He hands over a gleaming silver card. You've lost your ball and must use a spare to continue.

*Otherwise, the alien drops the ball with a lingering glance then marches on. **Take your stroke.***

16

What a hit! Such grace! Such power! Golfer-X's ball is arching through the air, and—against all odds—yes... yes... right on top of the mothership! I simply can't believe that every one of our players so far has managed such a tricky shot.

Zzzzzrt! Our analysis is complete. The mothership is emanating a field of energy that happens to attract the precise combination of plutonium-alloy that comprises official MGA multiballs.

...well. Still, our golfers have to commandeer a landing pod to make it to the hole. Certainly the kind of action you'll only see on MUSBN!

Pod Pilot - Combat 3

The landing pod pilot deals 1 damage each round you lose. If you manage to defeat it, you fly the pod to the top of the mothership. The ship tilts wildly as it flies through the air. Your Accuracy roll for this putt is reduced by one rank. Roll Accuracy for your putt.

The ball disappears into the hole. There's a grinding sound and a shudder runs across the mothership's surface. It starts to tilt and you begin to slide down its slick exterior. With a desperate lunge you hook one of the pod's landing rods with your club and pull yourself aboard. You fly back to the dimensional gate, arrows whizzing past your head.

You risk a glance back and see smoke spewing from the mothership. Its systems are clogged with so many multiballs that they can no longer function. The mothership tilts crazily then plunges into the ground, throwing up a wave of fire that engulfs the alien ranks. A cheer rises from the human army as you land your pod and step through the gate.

What a shame for our players who weren't able to finish in time or were caught in the explosion. Of course the MGA will replace multiballs for all competitors who completed the hole. We're not made of stone, ha-ha!

Awards

Hole-in-One - £325

2: Eagle - £275

3: Birdy - £250

4: Par - £225

5: Bogey - £175

6: Double Bogey - £150

*If you wish, you can return to the Pro-Shop. If you have a silver card, you take it to the Pro-Shop's multi-dimensional currency exchange. It's worth exactly £43. You recover **5 Vitality** (up to your max). When you are ready to continue, **turn to 18**.*

17

You dash forward and knock Valgard out of the way just as a crab-beast's claws come crashing down. You stand back to back with the warrior, brandishing your club as the monsters close in.

Alien Vanguard - Combat 3

For each round you lose, the crab-beast deals 3 damage. If you win, you slam your club down into the beast's mandibles. It screams in pain and scuttles away. It's quickly replaced by another as you yell your discovery of the monster's weak-point to Valgard.

Alien Vanguard - Combat 2

This beast strikes harder, but you know its weakness. For each round you lose, it deals 4 damage. If you win, you shove your club into the beast's mouth. It rears back and you swing wildly into its belly. It topples over, its claws waving helplessly in the air.

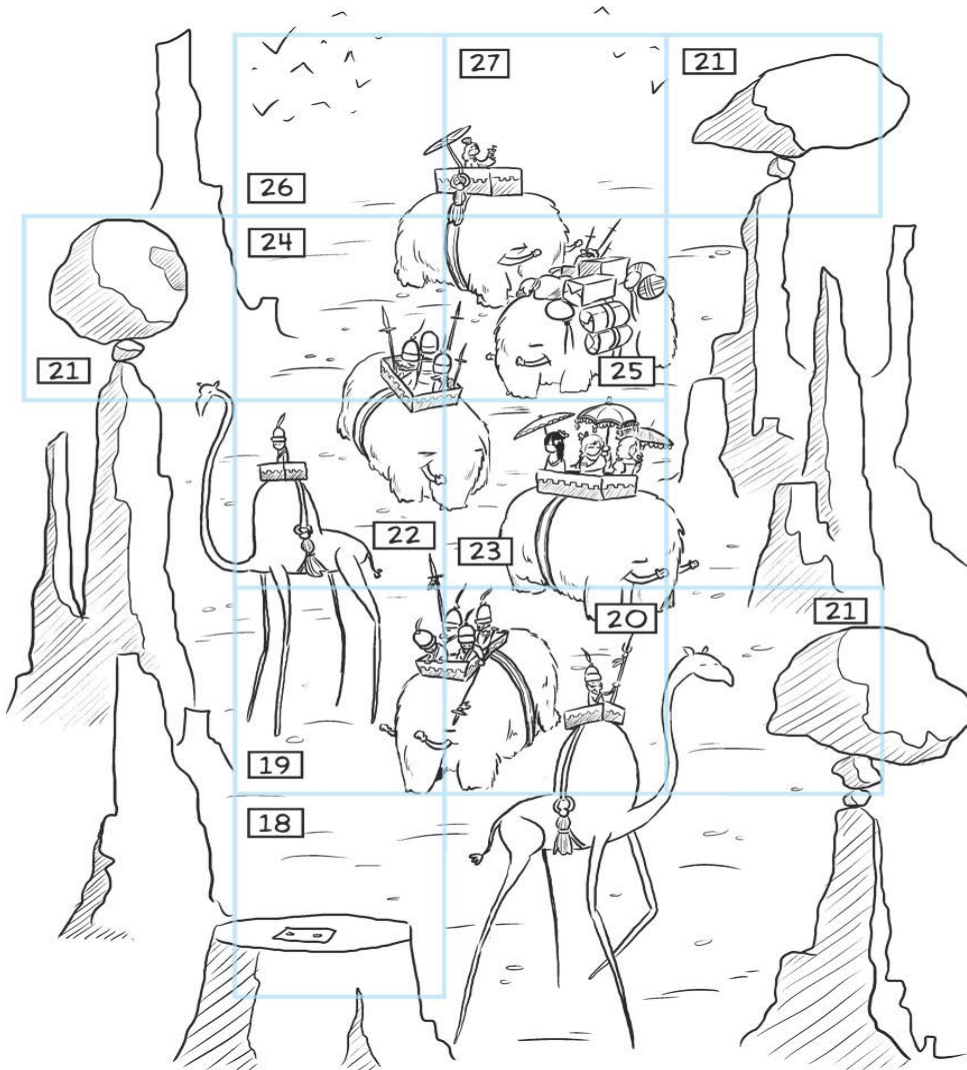
As quickly as it started, the assault is over. The beasts veer off to another part of the battlefield, leaving you and Valgard alone.

"That was very noble of you. I owe you my life," he says with something of a sneer. Without another word he strides away in search of his ball. Yours, you notice, is only a few feet away.

Take your stroke (remember you are hitting from square 13).

Hole 3: The Royal Inspection

Par: 4



You fans of the royal family are in for a treat! For the third championship hole we're joining the queen of Apanthana on her once-a-decade tour of the kingdom. In fact, the hole is on the royal carriage itself! What an honor for our golfers to play in her presence. Your people have a queen, don't they, Eightyfivesix?

Indeed. May its jelly forever seep.

You step from the dimensional gate into blistering heat. You're standing on a small plateau above a burning expanse of sand and towering rocks. Huge boulders rest on top of each other in bizarre minarets, the wind threatening to topple them at any moment.

Winding its way through the desolation is a procession of hairy, squat mammoth-like creatures flanked by more nimble animals that remind you of stretched out camels. Strapped to each animal is a howdah, in which you can see soldiers with long pikes and fancily-dressed ladies with parasols. At the back of the procession is a mammoth whose howdah gleams golden in the sunlight. That must be the queen's carriage.

Take your stroke.

19

Your stroke sends the ball tumbling in between the stilt legs of one of the camels. The animal steps gingerly between the rocks that litter the canyon, but apparently it does not see your ball as, a moment later, it brings one dainty hoof right down upon it. The camel teeters about trying to catch it's balance before tumbling backwards, sending a mammoth carrying a unit of guards sprawling.

Make note of this and take your stroke.

20

Your ball strikes a guard on one of the tall animals, sending him falling to the ground. A group of guards on a nearby mammoth witnesses your assault. They whack the mammoth with their long spears, causing it to charge.

Guard Mammoth - Combat 4

The mammoth threatens to suffocate you with its stench before it can even trample you with its feet. Each round you lose, the mammoth does 3 damage. If you win, your blows manage to drive the mammoth off. It bounds off beyond the towers and into the desert. You notice a spear lying in the sand. One of the guards must have dropped it during the battle. It adds 1 to your Attack score. You may keep it as long as you like, or you can sell it at the Pro-Shop for ̢300.

Take your stroke.

21

A sharp crack echoes throughout the valley as your ball ricochets off a stone tower. The boulder on top first tilts one direction, then another, seems to settle for a moment, then, inevitably, comes crashing down. The resulting rockslide blocks off part of the trail and the procession adjusts to take a slight detour around it.

Make note you toppled a tower and take your stroke. If you've toppled three, turn to 28.

22

*If you've been to square 19 there is nothing unusual here, just sand and rock. **Take your stroke.** Otherwise read on.*

Your ball arches through the air towards one of the tall animals. It lands at just the right angle to gracefully roll down its long neck to nestle against the creature's hump.

Ooh, that's a tricky shot! That guard doesn't look too happy about Golfer-X climbing aboard his camel either. Well Eightyfivesix, you know that old golf adage...

Yes: "Always engage with the multisphere from its place of rest or risk Kyriii's wrath, or so it is written in the nineteen dictates."

Close enough!

For this shot your Accuracy is reduced by one rank due to the tricky positioning. Also, you take 2 damage from the guard's angry spear-pokes.

Take your stroke.

23

Your ball flies into a howdah on top of one of the mammoths. Climbing onto it, you find the carriage occupied by several young ladies dressed in fancy robes and jewels. They mutter something about your uncouth appearance as you approach.

For this shot, the ladies' withering comments and contemptuous stares reduce your Drive and

Accuracy by 1. However, one secretly has a crush on you and shyly hands you a emerald ring. Make note of it and **take your stroke**.

24

If you've been to square 19 there is nothing here but sand and rock. **Take your stroke**. Otherwise, read on.

The ball lands into a howdah on top of a mammoth carrying four guards. You climb up the mammoth to find them brandishing their spears.

Royal Guards - Combat 3

There are four guards who you must defeat one at a time. They deal 1 damage for each round you lose. As you are fighting on top of a swaying mammoth, solid blows are harder to land and your Attack score is reduced by 1 for these battles. If you win, **take your stroke**.

25

Your shot lands on one of the mammoths. You climb aboard and find various bags and trunks strapped to its back. You rummage around looking for your ball. Eventually you find it, but not before you've uncovered a bolt of fine silk, a jar of exotic spices, and a crystal bottle of perfume. *If you wish, you can choose to take one of these items.*

Take your stroke.

26

A fine hit and Golfer-X gets on the green!

The green?

The royal mammoth! Don't be so literal, Eightyfivesix. From here it should be an easy shot to chip the ball into the carriage. Golfer-X lines up for the swing and... Oh! Now there's something I've never seen in my 7 years of commentating. It appears one of the scavenger birds that have been following the parade has swooped down and stolen Golfer-X's ball.

They will have to use one of their spares, but otherwise this is not too great of a set-back.

No, wait! It looks as if the bird has dropped the ball further down the parade line. It's still in play! What a blow to Golfer-X. Amazing!

Your ball has been carried to square 20. Any enemies you have already defeated remain so, and you cannot claim another item from square 25. If you navigate back to square 26, your ball will not be captured again and you can hit as normal.

Take your stroke.

27

With a graceful arc your ball drops into the Queen's carriage, and lands right into her drink. There, it dislodges the tiny flag that was the garnish.

Incredible! A shot like that is worth upsetting the Queen's Lemontini.

There's no need to putt for this hole; you've sunk the shot.

The Queen looks up from the growing stain on her dress. She says nothing, but merely nods in your direction. A huge guard, muscles bulging and swinging a wicked scimitar, leaps from her howdah. You've completed the hole but you'll have to get past the guard to return to the gate.

Unless, of course, you have a bottle of perfume. You present it to the Queen. She's so smitten by your gift that she calls off her guard and you proceed to the gate without fighting him.

Elite Guard - Combat 4

Each round you lose, the guard does 2 damage. If you win you sprint back to the gate before the Queen can sic the rest of her entourage on you.

Awards

Hole-In-One - β 325

2: Eagle - β 275

3: Birdy - β 250

4: Par - β 225

5: Bogey - β 175

6: Double Bogey - β 150

*If you wish, you can return to the Pro-Shop. If you have an emerald ring, you sell it for β 100. If you have a bolt of silk, you sell it for β 300. If you have a jar of spices, the advanced equipment at the Pro-Shop processes it into a Vitality Vial - which increases your Vitality by 5. You recover **5 Vitality** (up to your max). When you are ready to continue, **turn to 29**.*

28

The last tower topples and the resulting landslide cuts the Queen's mammoth off from the rest of the procession. She leans far out from her howdah to inspect the rubble when suddenly, a multiball comes splashing into her drink. You look across the canyon and see a fellow golfer—a spheroid robot—who extends one of its many appendages and gives you a thumbs-up.

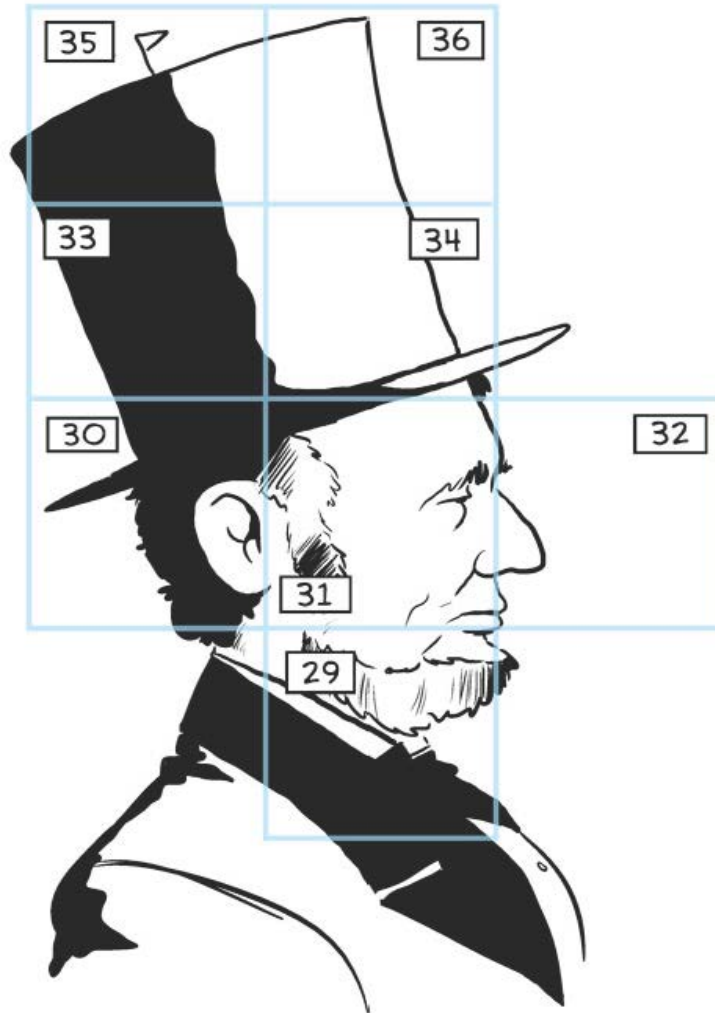
You follow its example and take the easy shot into the Queen's glass.

*Note that you assisted Roundroid, then **turn to 27**.*

29

Hole 4: Lincolnville, IL

Par: 3



The floor squishes underfoot as you step from the dimensional gate. The air is hot and moist, and the walls—made from fibrous webbing—expand and contract at even intervals.

Welcome Multigolf fans, to a small pocket dimension consisting entirely of Abraham Lincoln's head! We've chosen Honest Abe's lungs for the tee for this illustrious and honored hole. Now let's knock some balls about his noggin!

Take your stroke.

30

The ball careens about Abe Lincoln's skull, ricochets off the zygomatic, zooms up the pharyngealtympanic tube, and is finally stopped by a mound of stereocilia. To take your next shot you'll have to clear the path.

Eardrum - Combat 5

The eardrum is made from a tough membrane that is not easily pierced. The longer it takes to break

through, the more trapped in the stereocilia your ball becomes. If you do not defeat the eardrum in 3 rounds, you'll have to take an extra swing to dislodge your ball. When the eardrum is defeated, there is a rush of air and your ears pop as the pressure equalizes. Your ball rolls out of the head and lands, along with a small avalanche of earwax, on Lincoln's shoulder.

Make note that you are now outside the head, and **take your stroke**.

31

The ball lands with splat in Lincoln's maxillary sinus. As you walk across the cavity you notice that the tissue here is red and inflamed.

Oh-oh, looks like the 16th president is suffering from a bad sinus infection. And you know what that means, here come the viruses!

From around a bend come a squad of bizarre creatures with six legs, tubular bodies, and crystalline "heads." Mistaking you for an antibody, they charge.

Bacteriophages - Combat 4

For each round you do not defeat the viruses you take 2 damage, unless you're wearing a Hydroelectric Power Suit, which blocks all attacks. It seems the viruses are unable to penetrate its chrome-based plating. If you win, **take your stroke**.

32

Your ball rests on Lincoln's tongue. You're pondering how to get it past his teeth when the ex-president gives a great snort and your ball disappears up the nasal cavity. You scramble after it and find yourself lost among mounds of mucus and great dangling hairs. You find your ball resting in a pile of green gloop. You can choose to either take an extra swing to knock your ball out of the nostril, or you can pull on a hair to induce a sneeze. If you do so, you take 2 damage from being rocketed out of Lincoln's nose and onto his chin-beard.

Either way, you and your ball are now outside of the head. Make note of this and, **take your stroke**.

33

If you have not found a way out of the head, your ball bounces around Lincoln's cranium for a while before coming to rest on the occipital lobe. **Take your stroke**. Otherwise, read on.

You pitch the ball onto the brim of Abe's iconic hat. It starts to slide down the slope towards the interdimensional void. You'll have to hit quickly before it falls off. For this stroke, your accuracy is reduced by one rank. The ball drops into oblivion if you miss your swing and you'll have to use a spare to continue.

Take your stroke.

34

If you have not found a way out of the head, your ball bounces around Lincoln's skull and lands on his hippocampus. Lines from the Gettysburg Address and his eulogy for Henry Clay echo about you. Due to the distracting noise, your accuracy is reduced by 2. **Take your stroke**. Otherwise, read on.

You pop your ball onto the bill of Lincoln's hat. Hey, there's a (regular-sized) penny up here! You wonder where it came from? You pocket it, and then **take your shot**.

35

If you have not found a way out of the head, your ball smacks against Lincoln's skull, springs off his brain, rolls down his spinal column, and ends up back at the teeing ground. **Take your stroke (from square 29)**. Otherwise, read on.

The top of the hat is slightly tilted, but the hole is nearby. It shouldn't be more difficult than normal to putt the ball in. *Roll accuracy for your putt.*

As the ball drops into the hole, fireworks explode overhead to the tones of the *Star-Spangled Banner*. Full of patriotic joy, you scramble down Lincoln's face, crawl through his right tear duct, and have an uneventful slide down his throat to the dimensional gate.

Awards

2: Birdy - £300

3: Par - £275

4: Bogey - £250

5: Double Bogey - £225

6: Triple Bogey - £175

*If you wish, you can return to the Pro-Shop. If you have a penny, an appraiser classifies it as a rare 1926 Wheat. You sell it for £268. You recover **5 Vitality** (up to your max). When you are ready to continue, **turn to 37**.*

36

*If you have not found a way out of the head, your ball bounces around Lincoln's brainpan—probably doing severe damage—before winding up back at the teeing ground. **Take your stroke (from square 29)**. Otherwise, read on.*

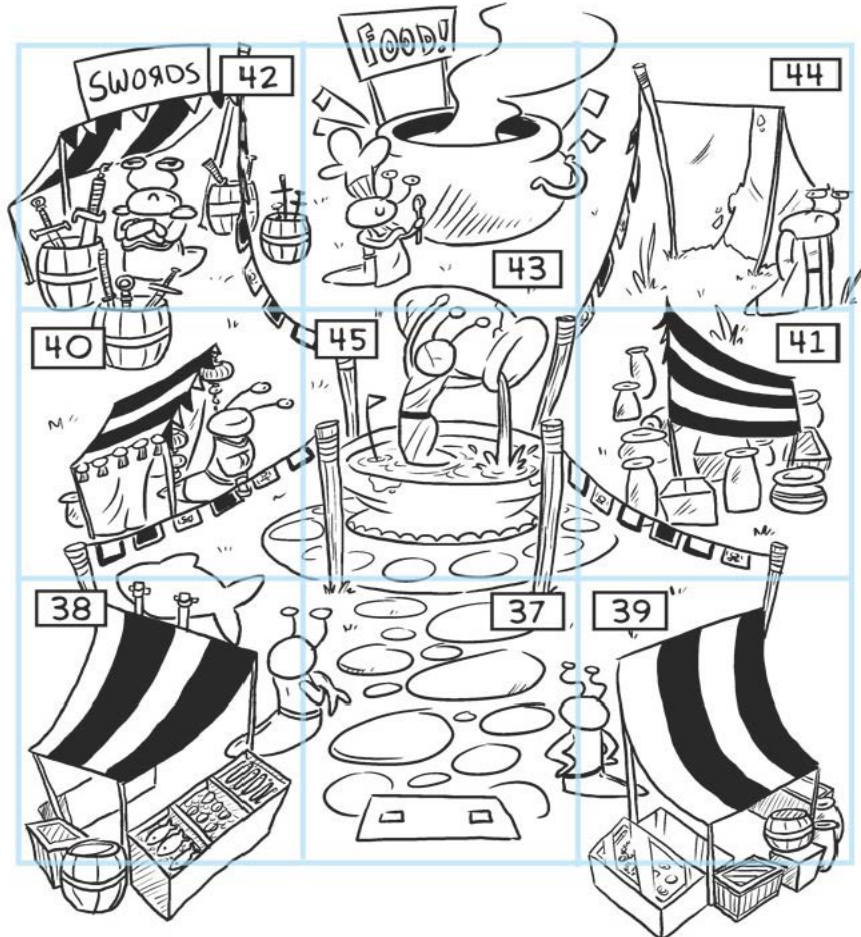
The top of the hat is slightly tilted, and the hole is far down the slope.

*If you wish, you can try to putt from here. However, your accuracy will be reduced by 2, and if you miss, hook, or slice, your ball will fly off the hat and you'll have to use a spare to continue. If you succeed, **turn to 35**. You will not have to putt again, as you've already sunk the ball. If you chose not to putt from here, you can **take your stroke** as normal with no penalties.*

37

Hole 5: Market Escargot

Par: 3



The murmurings of a large crowd greet you as you step into a plaza filled with brightly-colored stalls. A fresh breeze sends lines of flags fluttering beneath a clear azure sky. This place is a far cry from the alien wars and puss-filled dimensions you've visited so far.

Welcome to the Molluscia Market, the 8,947,897,498th largest marketplace in the multiverse! What it lacks in size, it makes up for in high-quality craftsmanship at low prices. Will the competitors be able to ignore the temptation of fine goods and great service?

Are they duty-free?

Don't be ridiculous, Eightyfivesix.

In the center of the plaza—not even a hundred yarlms away—is a fountain with a flagstick set in the basin. It should be an easy to chip your ball in. This must be the easiest hole you've ever played. However, your eyes keep sliding over to the stalls with their colorful flags and alluring merchandise...

Take your stroke.

38

Various giant slugs slide around the fish stall, examining the food on display, but few appear to be buying. The proprietor creeps up to you with a desperate look in his eyes.

"Yes, you. Yes. You buy fish? Very smart. Make you smart. Smart as a slug! You buy. No need to cook; best raw. Here!" He grabs a fish off a bed of ice which, judging by the smell, isn't as fresh as it could be.

The fish costs B200 if you would like to buy it.

Take your stroke.

39

You knock your ball over to a stall displaying all sorts of interesting knick-knacks. One in particular catches your interest: a crystal pendant shaped like an eye.

"You have very fine taste," says the shopkeeper, giving you his most genuine smile. "This ancient Molluscan piece is said to grant magical powers to the wearer. Of course I can't guarantee anything, but... ah." He spreads his hands as if to say anything might happen. "Only 700 benedollars. A bargain, I assure you."

If you wish, you may buy the pendant.

Take your stroke.

40

"You! Yes, you in the mask. Come over here." A slug wearing a deep purple robe and a wise expression is gesturing for you to enter his shop. You peek inside. The shop is adorned with mystical symbols and filled with the scent of incense. "Want to know your fortune? Only 300 benedollars."

If you wish to have your fortune told, read on. Otherwise, take your stroke.

You pay the slug and sit at a low table. The fortune-teller rolls a handful of odd-looking dice, and examines them with a critical eye.

Roll a die. If the result is 2 through 4, the slug tells you some unconvincing vagaries about how you're going to win the lottery and marry a movie star.

If the result is 1, the slug gives you a sad look and tells you to try to keep your hopes up, no matter what happens. Make note that you are Unlucky.

If the result is 6, the slug tells you with awe that good things are coming your way. Make note that you are Lucky.

Take your stroke.

41

Your ball lands near what appears to be an unused stall full of dusty crates and large clay jars, one of which is under assault from a three foot-tall beetle. It is whacking the jar with a golf club and shouting expletives.

"By Kyriii's shining mandible, release our ball!"

Ah, it is Drone 8567324906, our successor in representing the Skatch in the MGA. If we are being honest, Chuck, they are hardly up to the task. Why, if we were not retired, we would show that jug a thing or two.

You peer into the jug. Far at the bottom, you see a multiball lying in a layer of dust. You being to reach in when the beetle stops you.

"No! Kyriii decrees that we must always engage with the multisphere from its place of rest or risk her wrath! Help us destroy this spiteful jar instead."

Clay Jar - Combat 5

The jar is stronger than it looks. You wind up and smack it with your club as hard as you can. If you

win, it shatters and the beetle plays on with joy. Make note that you helped Drone 8567324906. If you fail even once, your club bounces off the jar with no effect. You give the beetle a shrug and return to your own game.

Take your stroke.

42

You hit your ball over to a stall with a large sign reading "SWORDS." Indeed, a burly-looking slug is standing guard over barrels full of cutlasses, scimitars, and even the odd épée. A fine-looking rapier is particularly nice. "How much?" you ask.

"Three hundred," the slug grunts. He gives you a glance. "For you, five hundred."

If you wish you can buy the rapier. It raises your Attack score by 2, but it does not stack with the Neon Samurai Sword. You can only use one sword at a time.

You can sell the Neon Samurai Sword to the slug for B100, if you'd like.

Take your stroke.

43

You come to a food stall where a portly slug is stirring something in a large kettle.

"How do! How do! You have the look of a person in need of sustenance." The slug looks at your mask. "At least, I think." It whacks you in the stomach with its ladle. "Ah, but this never lies, eh? Thin as a twig. Malnourished! Malnourished, I say!"

The chef ladles a bowl full of stew and passes it over. In the steaming broth you can make out bits of mushrooms, sprouts, and bits of meat. It gives off a sweet aroma and you lick your lips. You bring the bowl to your mouth when the chef stops your arm. "Ah ah ah! Ahem, 200 benedollars, eh? Surely good things come to those who can pay."

If you wish you can purchase the stew. Make note of it if you do. You find the stew more savory than expected and very fulfilling.

Take your stroke.

44

Your ball goes sailing into the shadiest corner of the marketplace.

"Psst! Hey you. C'mon over." A scummy-looking slug pulls back a ratty curtain from his stall to reveal a robotic arm. Light gleams off the metallic surface in stark contrast to its shabby surroundings. "Genuine, you know? Only B400. Anesthetic included, how 'bout that? Guaranteed, eh?"

If you wish, you can buy the robotic arm. If you do, the slug removes one of your arms in a surprisingly clean and painless process. He then attaches the robot one. You give it a few experiment flexes and deem it acceptable. As you walk away you hear the slug hawking a genuine human hand.

Take your stroke.

45

Your ball lands in the fountain with a plop. You retrieve it from the scattered change at the bottom and head back to the dimensional gate. What a pleasant hole. If only they could all be like this.

Awards

Hole-In-One - B1000

2: Birdy - B700

3: Par - B500

4: Bogey - B250

As you walk back, you review any purchases you've made.

If you took a bite of fish, you feel a little bit of nausea and a lot of buyer's remorse. However they do say fish is a brain food, and indeed you do feel smarter and more coordinated.. Your Accuracy has permanently increased by one rank.

If you bought a crystal necklace, you find yourself imbued with mystical mental powers beyond imagination... oh wait. On closer reflection, you find they're just regular mystical mental powers. The necklace grants you the equivalent of three Telekinetic Tags. After three uses, it becomes a worthless precious stone.

If you tried a bowl of stew, you feel refreshed and invigorated. Your maximum Vitality has increased by five.

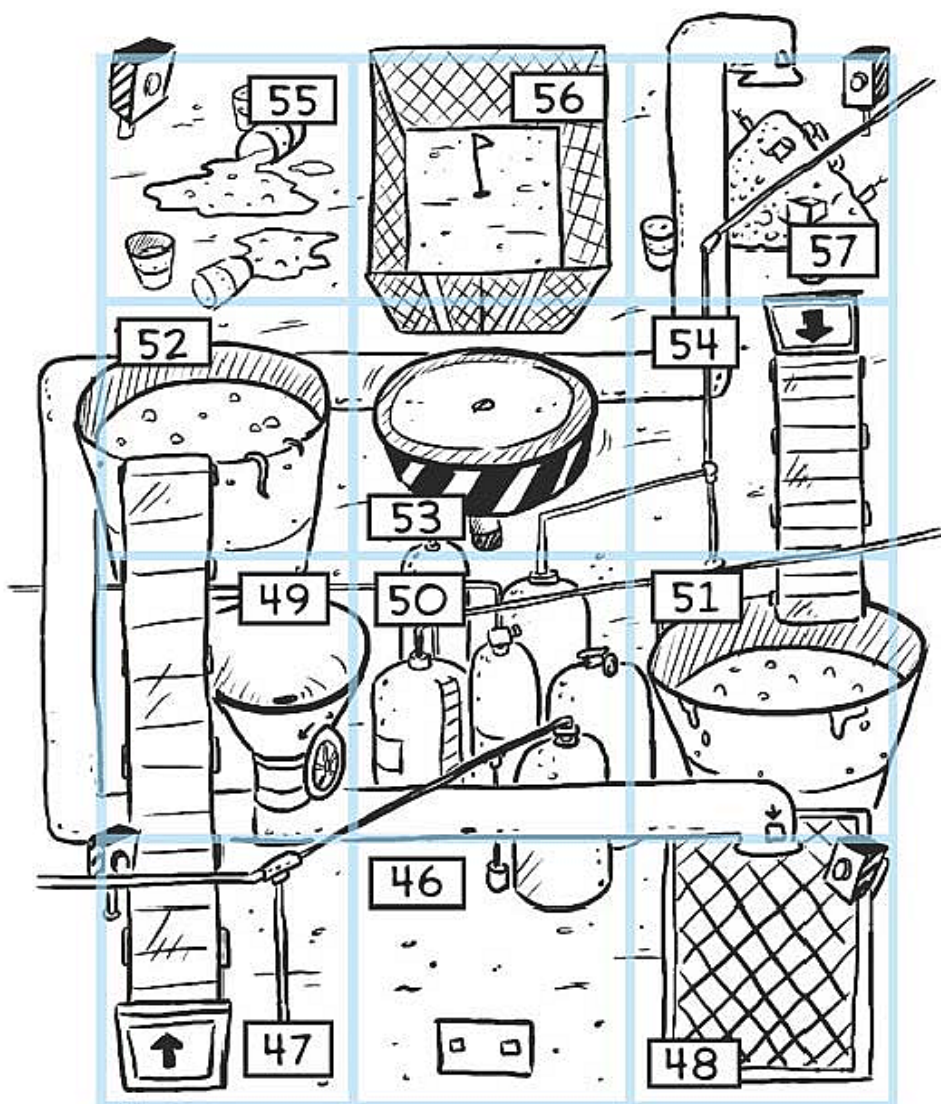
If you purchased a robotic arm, you find its servos allow you swing with increased power. Your Drive score has increased by one.

*If you wish, you can return to the Pro-Shop. You recover **5 Vitality** (up to your max). When you are ready, **turn to 46**.*

46

Hole 6: Chemical Plant Nightmare

Par: 7



All around you are the sounds of industry: motors whirl, machinery cranks, pipes gurgle. All around you are metal tanks, metal walkways, metal vats, and pipes stretching in every direction. Nothing living or organic can be seen. You're lost in a cacophony of production.

Every so often, pan-dimensional explorers will find a dimensional that has no native life, just endless machines for billions and billions of miles. Who built them? An enigma! Their purpose? A mystery! Sometimes they're clockwork, and other times they're electronic. For our next hole the golfers will have to navigate a dangerous chemical factory. Good luck you brave souls!

Take your shot.

47

With a chunk your ball ricochets off a small red button. In the far distance you hear a confirmation beep. *Make note that you've activated Switch A.*

Your ball then drops on a conveyor belt heading towards a vat full of volatile chemicals. You must make your shot before it's too late. *For this shot your Accuracy is reduced by 1. If you miss two times in a row, your ball drops into the vat and is quickly dissolved. You must use a spare to continue. If this is the case, you drop your ball next to vat in square 52 and can hit as normal.*

Take your stroke.

48

Your ball ricochets off a small red button with a click. A confirmation beep sounds in the far distance. *Make note that you've activated Switch B.*

Your ball drops onto a metal grating over a deep pit. For a moment, it looks like it might slip through. *If you are Unlucky, the ball drops through the grate and is lost forever. You must use a spare to continue.* You breathe a sigh of relief when it settles on top.

Take your shot.

49

Your ball bangs against a valve connected to a huge funnel then drops to the floor, safe for the time being. The force of the strike sends the valve spinning until it stops with a clank. *Note that the funnel's valve has been turned.*

Take your shot.

50

Your ball bounces off several closed tanks before it lands on a small pipe emerging from the top of one of them. It rolls down the pipe for a ways before it slips off and drops into a large funnel. If the funnel's valve has not been turned, the ball travels through a larger pipe until it emerges above a metal grate. Your ball drops on the grate and for a moment it looks like it might slip through. *If you are Unlucky the ball drops through the grate and is lost forever. You must use a spare to continue.* You breathe a sigh of relief when it settles on top.

Take your shot (you are hitting from square 48).

However, if the funnel's valve has been turned, the ball rolls through a long pipe all the way to the opposite end of the factory. Your ball drops onto a pile of scraps and worn-out parts. While sifting through the pile for your ball, you come across another multiball that a previous player lost. *You gain an extra ball (this can only be claimed once).*

Take your shot (you are hitting from square 57).

51

You cringe as you watch your ball fly right into a vat of bubbling chemicals. Within moments it is completely dissolved. *You must use a spare ball to continue.*

What bad luck for Golfer-X! Not only have they lost one of their balls, they're also sure to receive a hefty fine for contaminating this factory's product.

What do you think they produce here, Chizk?

Can't say for sure, but it's almost positively insect repellent.

Such jokes will find you no place in Kyriii's paradise, Chizk.

Bug Heaven. What a horrifying concept...

If you are Lucky, your ball bounces off the rim instead of falling in, and after a tense moment it lands safely on the ground.

Take your shot.

52

A clang rings through the factory as your ball strikes the side of a huge vat. You are preparing your next shot when you hear a struggling cry from inside the vent. Peering over the edge, you see what looks like a giant potato—russet red and covered with roots—hanging by a single tendril over the churning chemicals. It looks up at you with at least a dozen pleading eyes and you notice it has one root wrapped around a golf club.

*If you help the potato creature, **turn to 58**. Otherwise, you leave it to its fate and **take your stroke**.*

53

Your ball lands on a spinning turntable, where it rolls around a bit before being flung violently off into the factory.

Roll a die, if the result is a:

*1, the ball goes flying northward. **Turn to 56**.*

*2, the ball goes flying eastward. **Turn to 54**.*

*3 - 6, the ball goes flying southwards, where it bounces off a vat and lands on a thin pipe, which it rolls along until it strikes a small red button. In the far distance you hear a confirmation beep. Make note you've activated Switch D. **Turn to 57**.*

*If you are Unlucky, the ball flies westward into an open vat of chemicals. You'll have to use a spare to continue. This only occurs once. If you return to this square, roll as instructed. **Take your shot (from square 52)**.*

54

The ball lands on a short conveyor quickly moving towards an open vat. You only have a few moments to make your shot. *For this shot your Accuracy is reduced by 2. If you miss, your ball falls into the toxic chemicals. You must use a spare to continue. If this is the case, you drop your ball outside vat and can hit as normal.*

Take your stroke.

55

Your ball ricochets off a small red button. In the far distance, you hear a confirmation beep. *Make note that you've activated Switch C.*

The ball lands among steel barrels of chemical waste. As you walk to your ball, you accidentally step into puddle of spilled goo. The puddle bubbles and froths, and then a green hand emerges from it, followed by an arm, and a torso. Before you stands a perfect clone, albeit green and drippy.

Chemical Clone - Combat 4

The clone's body is toxic to the touch. Each round you do not win, it deals 4 damage. If you win, you continue to your ball, careful not to touch any more puddles.

Take your shot.

56

A small staging area is enclosed by a chain fence. Secure in the middle are the flag and hole. *If you have not activated switches A, B, C, and D, your ball strikes the fence and falls to the ground outside of it.*

Oh-ho! Looks like the MGA course designers have added a little wrinkle to this hole. It won't be a simple matter of hitting to the flag. Instead our golfers will have to find a way to open the fence somewhere in this industrial hellscape.

It's times like this that we really miss the game, Chizk.

Take your shot.

If you have activated all four switches, a gate in the fence is open and your ball sails through it and lands near the flag. Roll Accuracy to putt. After sinking the ball, you carefully navigate around the vats and conveyor belts back to the dimensional gate.

Awards

5: Eagle - B600

6: Birdy - B550

7: Par - B400

8: Bogey - B350

9: Double Bogey - B300

*If you wish, you can return to the Pro-Shop. You recover **5 Vitality** (up to your max). When you are ready, **turn to 59**.*

57

The ball nearly hits a switch as it goes whizzing by. Instead, it drops into a pile of industrial trash. While searching for your ball in the pile, you come across a remote control panel. You flip a toggle on it and the conveyor belts nearby rumble to a stop. *From now on ignore the instructions if your ball lands on a conveyor belt. You may take your shot with no penalties.*

You find your ball after a few more minutes of rummaging.

Take your shot.

58

The potato grasps your hand and you pull it free of the vat. Once it's on safe ground, it gives you a pat on the shoulder as if to say thanks. Then it shoves you hard into the side of the vat. It runs over to your ball and whacks it hard in the opposite direction of the flag. The potato runs off chortling.

Is that allowed?

MGA rules state that players are not allowed to engage with each other's balls. But Lord Tuberspud has many friends in high places. We are sure they will turn a blind eye to his indiscretions.

Blind eye! That's a good one, Eightyfivesix!

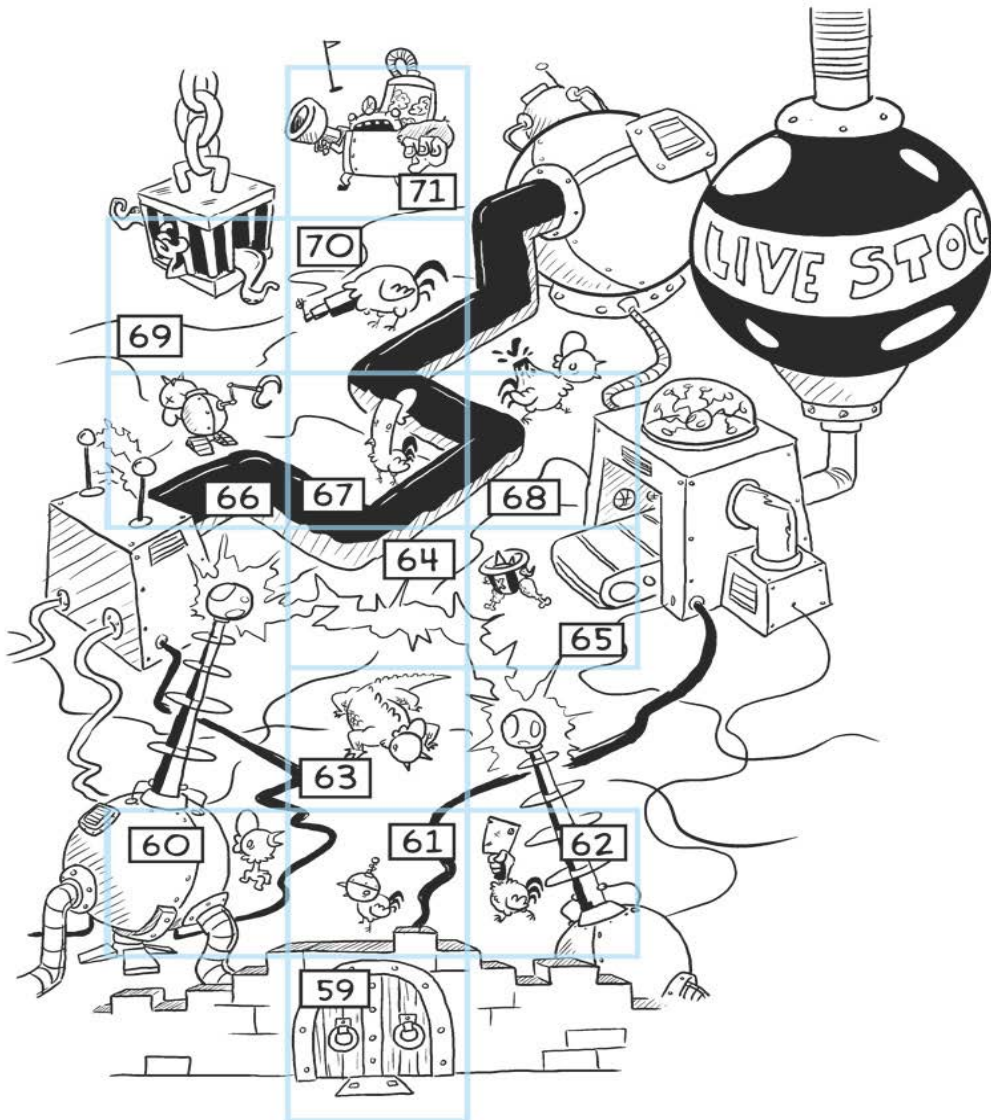
A good what?

*Make note that you saved Lord Tuberspud, then **turn to 47**.*

59

Hole 7: MadScientifica

Par: 5



In front of you stand heavy iron-bound doors set in a wall of old mossy stones. You step back and crane your neck upwards. Looming over you is a dark castle with electrical rods on every spire and weird lights playing in every window. As you watch, lightning strikes a tower and a low humming emanates from deep within the keep.

Welcome, multigolf fans, to the laboratory of Doctor Gorillafeist! Once a simple zoologist, an experiment gone wrong transformed his left arm into that of nature's most diabolical primate. He went mad soon after. Since that fateful day, Gorillafeist has delved into the darkest corners of science, searching for a way to restore his gruesome arm to one that the world will accept. Rumor has it that lately Gorillafeist's research has led him down agricultural paths. Local farmers report their livestock have gone missing and of seeing a mysterious, simian-shaped shadow in the night.

The doors swing inward and you're greeted with the sight of towering machines whose purpose is anyone's guess. Spark gaps transmit arcs of blue electricity and snaking cables litter the floor. You hesitantly place your ball on the tee and prepare to invade the laboratory.

Take your stroke.

60

Your ball crashes into a towering electrode spire, sending sparks in every direction. The arc of lightning at its tip crackles one last time, then winks out. *Note that you've turned off the arc.* You're waiting for your ball to quit smoking when you hear a clattering noise. Emerging from behind the spire is a chicken whose body has been replaced by a human hand. Or it's a hand whose arm has been replaced by a chicken. Either way, it's scrambling towards you with murderous intent.

Handy Hen - Combat 2

*Despite its bizarre appearance, the hand-chicken isn't much of a threat. It does 1 damage from pecking your leg for each round you lose. If you win, **take your stroke.***

61

Standing in the middle of the laboratory floor with a dazed expression, is a chicken. The top of its head has been replaced with a steel cap and antenna. It pecks at the ground in a robotic fashion. It's almost comical until it rotates towards you and begins advancing with a stumbling gait.

Electrochicken - Combat 2

This chicken, while weak, is imbued with the fearsome power of static shock. It deals 1 damage each round you lose. It also deals 2 damage if you win, unless you are wearing a Hydroelectric Power Suit.

[That's why it's important to stay grounded, Golfer-X.](#)

Take your stroke.

62

Your ball slams into an electrode spire, sending sparks in every direction. The arc of lightning at its tip crackles one last time, then winks out. *Several of the sparks land on you doing 2 damage, unless you are wearing a Hydroelectric Power Suit. Note that you've turned off the arc.*

A chicken comes flapping from the other side of the spire. Instead of a head it has a human hand. And in that hand it holds a rusty meat cleaver that it furiously chops in your direction.

Handy Hen Deluxe - Combat 3

*Thankfully, because the chicken can't see, hear, or think, it can't target you directly. Still, its chops are wild and unpredictable. You take 2 damage for each round you lose. If you win, **take your stroke.***

63

A monstrous beast prowls about the lab, its sickly green scales are illuminated by a crackling electrical arc overhead. Its poultry head makes a furious clucking as it searches for prey. And your ball just happened to land right on it. It turns an angry eye to you and charges.

Chickodille - Combat 5

*Doctor Gorillafeist might have made a tactical error when he replaced this crocodile's head with that of a hen's. What was once a devastating chop is now a mild peck. Still, that tough hide isn't easy to pierce. You take 2 damage for each round you lose. If you win, **take your stroke.***

64

If you have not turned off the arc, your ball goes sailing into a rainbow of electricity. Its powder before it even hits the floor. You've lost your ball and must use a spare to continue.

Take your stroke.

If you have turned off the arc, your ball lands safely in a thankfully chicken free area of the lab. You take a moment to calm yourself and catch your breath. You recover 1 Vitality point.

Take your stroke.

65

If you have not turned off the arc, your ball goes sailing into an electrical arc. It crumbles to dust as it strikes the floor. You've lost your ball and must use a spare to continue.

If you have turned off the arc, your ball lands safely on the floor.

You smell the sweet scent of grease and essential herbs. Tottering towards you on drumstick legs is a familiar red and white paper bucket. It sizzles angrily and attacks.

Reanimated Chicken - Combat 3

*This undead abomination is saturated with hot grease and there's not a wet-nap in sight. You take 3 damage for each turn you lose. If you win, **take your stroke.***

66

Nothing stops the thing from advancing, its tank treads navigate around machinery and over wires. Its wicked claw reaches forward, grasping for you, the dead chicken head lolling from side to side.

Yuck!

You said it, Eightyfivesix. Some things are just a bad idea.

Not-Reanimated Chicken - Combat 3

*This thing looks more threatening than it actually is. All it can really do is pinch, and a dead chicken brain doesn't make for a great CPU. You take 3 damage for each round you lose. If you win, **take your stroke.***

67

You knock your ball into a cul-de-sac made by a large cable and encounter yet another chicken. This one has a huge cranium, mostly likely containing a diabolical mind that only the best mad-science can produce. Unlike the other monstrosities you've encountered, this one doesn't charge you on sight.

"Salutations, fellow Multigolfer," says a voice in your head. You knew it, an evil psychic chicken. Great. "I am not evil," says the voice. "My name is Jason Clack and I am also participating in this competition. Unfortunately, I seem to have gotten myself into a tricky situation. I'm boxed in by several of this facility's denizens and my psychic abilities aren't enough to handle things. If you could provide assistance I would be eternally grateful."

If you win any two of the combats in squares 66, 69, 70, or 71, Jason Clack's path will be cleared. If you do so, make note that you helped him escape.

68

You run into a chicken in a dusty corner of the lab. This one has a volcano sprouting out of its back and is spilling lava all over the place.

Cluckatoa - Combat 3

*Don't touch the hot lava! The chicken deals 5 damage for each round you lose, unless you are wearing a Hydroelectric Power Suit, in which case you only take 2. If you are Lucky, the chicken spills some lava on itself and is burnt to a crisp before you even have a chance to engage. If you win, **take your stroke.***

69

A cage hangs from a chain above this part of the lab. Various tentacles and claws reach out from it to grasp at you. Luckily you are beyond reach.

With a splintering crack, the chain breaks and the cage breaks open on the floor. Whoops! Emerging

from it is the most hideous monster yet: a gross amalgamation of ape body, squid arms, raptor talons, and more chicken heads than you can count.

Abomination #58 - Combat 6

*The Thing deals 4 damage for each round you lose. You can flee this fight at any time and retreat to the square you hit from, but doing so will cost you a penalty stroke. If you win, **take your stroke**.*

70

Waddling from the gloom is the most dangerous hybrid yet: a chicken with a laser-cannon for a head. It fires a scorching blast that barely misses you. *If you are Unlucky, it didn't miss. Take 4 damage.*

Assault Rooster - Combat 4

*You take 4 damage for each round you lose, unless you are wearing a Hydroelectric Power Suit, in which case you only take 1. If you win, **take your stroke**.*

71

You've reached the end of the lab, and the flag is within reach. Standing before it though, is a hideous man in a lab coat. A gorilla's arm emerges from his coat on the left side and a glass tank full of brains is strapped to his back. From the tank, a hose travels to a cannon he's holding in his untransformed hand.

"So you thought you could stop me, did you?" he cackles. "Well, stop this!" With a *Fumph!* he fires a brain. You barely manage to jump out of the way as the brain splats against the floor behind you. Doctor Gorillafeist bellows in rage and takes aim.

Doctor Gorillafeist - Combat 5

For each round you lose, roll a die. If the result is:

1 - 4: Doctor Gorillafeist hits you with a brain. It is both painful and gross. You take 3 damage.

5 - 6: Doctor Gorillafeist slams into you with his gorilla fist. You take 5 damage.

If you win, Doctor Gorillafeist collapses to the ground. His last moments are spent wondering how his plans for chicken-related world domination could go so awry. The path to the flag is clear, take your putt.

Awards

Hole-in-one - £1000

2: Albatross - £900

3: Eagle- £800

4: Birdy- £700

5: Par - £600

8: Bogey - £450

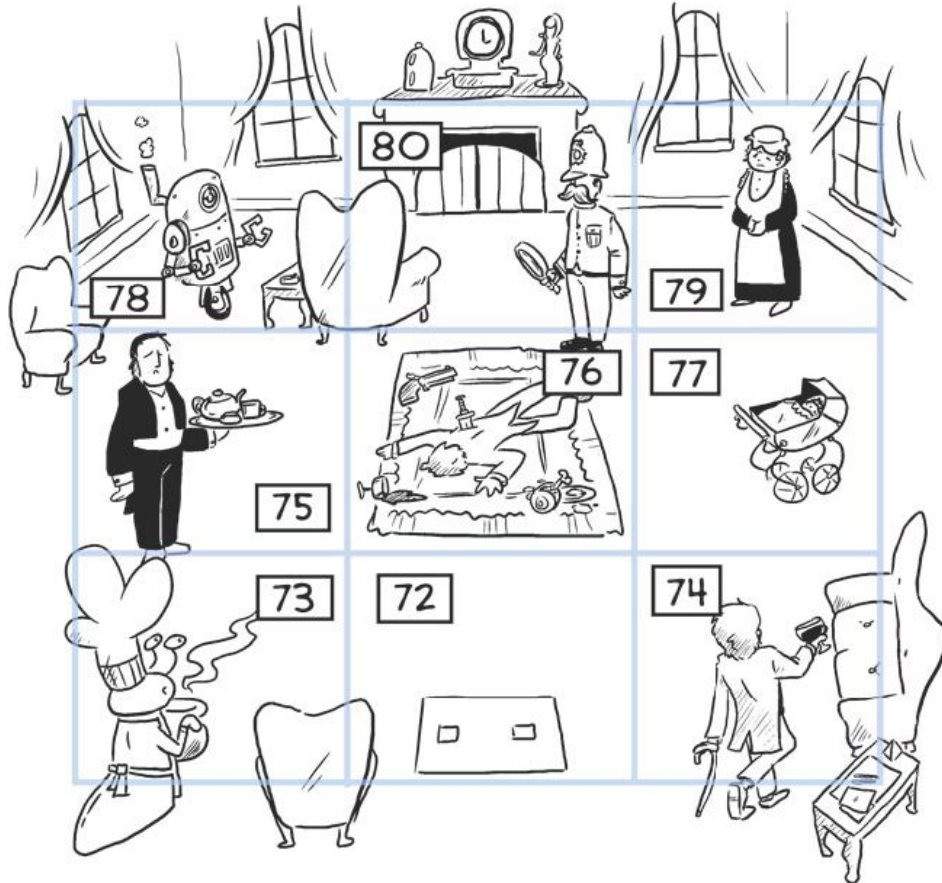
9: Double Bogey - £300

*If you wish, you can return to the Pro-Shop. You recover **5 Vitality** (up to your max). When you are ready, **turn to 72**.*

72

Hole 8: The Murder of Robert Asteroid

Par: 3



You exit the dimensional gate to find yourself in a well-furnished parlor. A body lies at your feet, a knife sticking out of its back.

“Ah! Another detective has arrived. I do hope this one is better than the last few.” A police officer strides over to shake your hand. “Constable Fullam, pleased to meet you. It seems that earlier tonight there was a *murder*. The victim was Robert Asteroid, the wealthy deep-space mining magnate. It’s clear that he was stabbed, but beyond that we’re at a bit of a loss. We’ve sequestered all the possible suspects in this room. Pandimensional Policing HQ said they’d send us a detective, but so far all the operatives have just putted about the room and then left.” The Constable walks across the room to the fireplace and deliberately places his foot over a hole. “So I’m afraid I can’t let you leave until you’ve named a suspect. Speak to me when you think you know who did it.”

Looks like Golfer-X has a mystery on their hands! How exciting. They can hit their ball to the various suspects to interview them, it seems. I wonder who did it.

It was obviously the larval human.

That would be quite the twist!

Take your stroke.

73

“How do! We’ve met before, haven’t we? Back on Molluscia. Years ago, was it? I cook for Asteroid now. At least... I did. He wanted only the finest in multidimensional cuisine. So they flew me out, and the pay ain’t bad. Can’t say what killed him, but it certainly wasn’t my cooking, eh? Eh! If I were you I’d take a long hard look at that shifty robot, is what. What’s that? My ham, poison? Never! Ruins the flavor. Now then, would you like a taste of soup before you go?”

You can sample the slug chef’s soup to recover 5 Vitality points.

Take your stroke.

74

You putt over to a desk strewn with papers and documents.

“No need to rifle through those, I’ll tell you what they say.” The speaker is a young man in a fine suit. He leans on a cane and sips from a glass of brandy. “They’re uncle’s last testament. I was the sole inheritor to the Asteroid fortune, until uncle changed his will earlier this evening. Left everything to little Lord Bumsy over there. And now that uncle is dead, there’s no chance of getting it changed back. I’m Charles Asteroid, by the way. Uncle had threatened to cut me off, apparently I’m a bit of a disappointment. I never thought he’d go through with it though. At least not so soon. Ah well, Bumsy will need someone to manage his estate until he comes of age, and I’m a loving cousin if nothing else.”

You check the documents briefly and confirm Charles’ story. Asteroid did change his will earlier today to name Bumford Asteroid as his inheritor.

Take your stroke.

75

“Good evening, sir.” You immediately accuse the butler. “My gracious no! I would never harm Master Asteroid. He’s provided me a home for these past twenty years. And I can confirm,” the butler stifles a burp “that Master Asteroid’s brandy was untarnished. You understand, I’m sure.” The butler totters a little on his feet as he goes on. “If you were to ask me, I’d say that I’ve never quite trusted that Missus Penistone. She always seemed overly fond of the Young Master Bumford. Too fond I would venture. Would do anything to secure his future. Now then, if you don’t mind, I do have tea to serve.” The tray trembles as the butler walks away.

Take your stroke.

76

You putt over to the body to investigate more closely. There’s a knife in Asteroid’s back, a spilled ham dinner and glass of brandy, and an old flintlock pistol nearby. You notice there’s no blood around the knife wound. Fullam leans over and whispers, “we checked the knife for prints, there were none. We can also confirm the pistol was fired recently. We’ve sent samples of the food and drink to the lab, but are still waiting for results. That’s where things stand right now. Sure hope you can crack this one, sir.”

Take your stroke.

77

You knock your ball to a pram standing nearby. There’s a young baby napping inside, no more than eight months old, by your guess. Stitched into the baby’s blanket is his name: Bumford Asteroid. Surely a baby couldn’t have killed Asteroid. You’re about to dismiss the thought, when you notice gunpowder marks on the baby’s fingers.

Take your stroke.

78

A creaky steam-powered robot shakes and clanks as you approach. “N-n-n-no! N-n-n-not me! How could Automathomas?” The robot holds up its clamps to show how unwieldy they are. “T-t-t-t-too clumsy! And th-th-th-th-th rules! The robot rules! Can’t-can’t-can’t harm a person.”

Fullam leans over. “Can’t say I’ve ever heard of *that* before, sir.”

The robot is shaking so much that little screws are dropping onto the carpet. “H-him! It was him!” The robot points a clamp to a young man in a suit on the other side of the room. “He always wanted master’s money. G-g-g-go ac-ac-accuse him!” The robot’s vibrations make you afraid it’ll shake itself apart, so you move on.

Take your stroke.

79

“Oh my it’s just too horrible. The very idea that someone could harm our dear master.” You can’t even introduce yourself before the maid starts in. “No one except one of those *foreigners*, of course. They’re not like us native Titanites, no sir.” She eyes the slug chef. “Never did trust him. Comes from some other dimension, with all sorts of strange food. I’m sure he saw our Master’s zillions and thought he could just take it all. Oh my, I never did introduce myself, did I? I’m Missus Penistone and I take care of Master Asteroid’s great-nephew, Bumsy. I hope you’re not thinking I did it, sir? I couldn’t have. I was with Bumsy all evening teaching him how to fire a pistol. All Asteroids must be proficient in firearms, after all. It’s good breeding.”

Take your stroke.

80

You putt your ball over to Fullam. “Have a theory? I’m eager to hear it, sir! Who killed Robert Asteroid?”

If you think it was:

The butler, turn to 81.

Missus Penistone, turn to 82.

Lord Bumford, turn to 83.

Charles Asteroid, turn to 84.

The chef, turn to 85.

Automathomas, turn to 86.

Or if you’d like to investigate further, you can take your stroke.

81

“It’s the butler,” you tell Fullam. “It’s always the butler. Case closed.”

Fullam takes the butler into custody, but an alibi is soon confirmed. It seems other staff members saw him sampling from Asteroid’s liquor cabinet at the time of the murder, but hadn’t stepped forward to save his reputation.

“Oh well,” says Fullam with a sigh. “We appreciate the help anyways. You’re free to go. Maybe the next detective will do better.”

Turn to 87.

82

"It's the maid. She wanted to secure Bumford's future. So she waited for Asteroid to change his will, then killed him in case he had second thoughts," you explain.

Fullam arrests Penistone, but her alibi is confirmed when the estate's gardener shows how he was shot in the arm when Penistone was teaching the baby how to fire a gun.

"Well, better luck next time, eh chap?" says Fullam with a reassuring pat on the arm. "You're free to go."

Turn to 87.

83

"The baby?" asks Fullam. "How could a baby kill anyone? That's absurd."

"Well, he has gunpowder on his fingers and..." you trail off. Indeed, it turns out Bumford did shoot someone, when the Gardener confirms that he was shot in the arm earlier that day when Missus Pinstone was teaching Bumford gunmanship.

"Are you sure you're a real detective?" says Fullam.

Turn to 87.

84

"It's the nephew," you explain. "He wanted his inheritance so he killed Asteroid, but he didn't know that Asteroid had changed his will just today."

As soon as the cuffs are on Charles' wrists he breaks down. "It's true. I poisoned uncle's ham this morning. How was I to know he would name Bumsy his heir before he ate it?" he asks between sobs.

"Good job! Frankly, I had my doubts you could crack the case." says Fullam. "Here's a little something from the Multidimensional Police. To show our gratitude." *Fullam hands you a draft for B600.*

Turn to 87.

85

"I don't think anyone close to Asteroid could have done it," you tell Fullam. "It must have been the chef. He's new to the household and could have easily poisoned Asteroid's dinner."

And indeed when the test results come in, a deadly poison was found in the ham. However, it turned out to be a poison that was especially potent to the slugs of Mollusca. There's no way the chef could have handled it without killing himself.

"That was a good guess," admits Fullam. "Too bad it didn't lead anywhere."

Turn to 87.

86

"The robot is way too nervous for any innocent robot," you explain. "And only it could have stabbed Asteroid without leaving fingerprints."

Automathomas nearly falls apart when arrested, but tests soon prove that not only are its clamps too clumsy to hold a knife, but also that it lacked the stability to stab anyone.

“Your theory made sense... from a certain point of view,” says Fullam. “Let’s hope the next detective thinks things through with a bit more clarity.”

Turn to 87.

87

Correct or not, Fullam considers your task complete and relinquishes his post over the hole. *You’re free to take your putt.* Once you’ve sunk your ball, you step back into the gate and head for the final hole of the day.

Awards

2: Birdy - β500

3: Par- β450

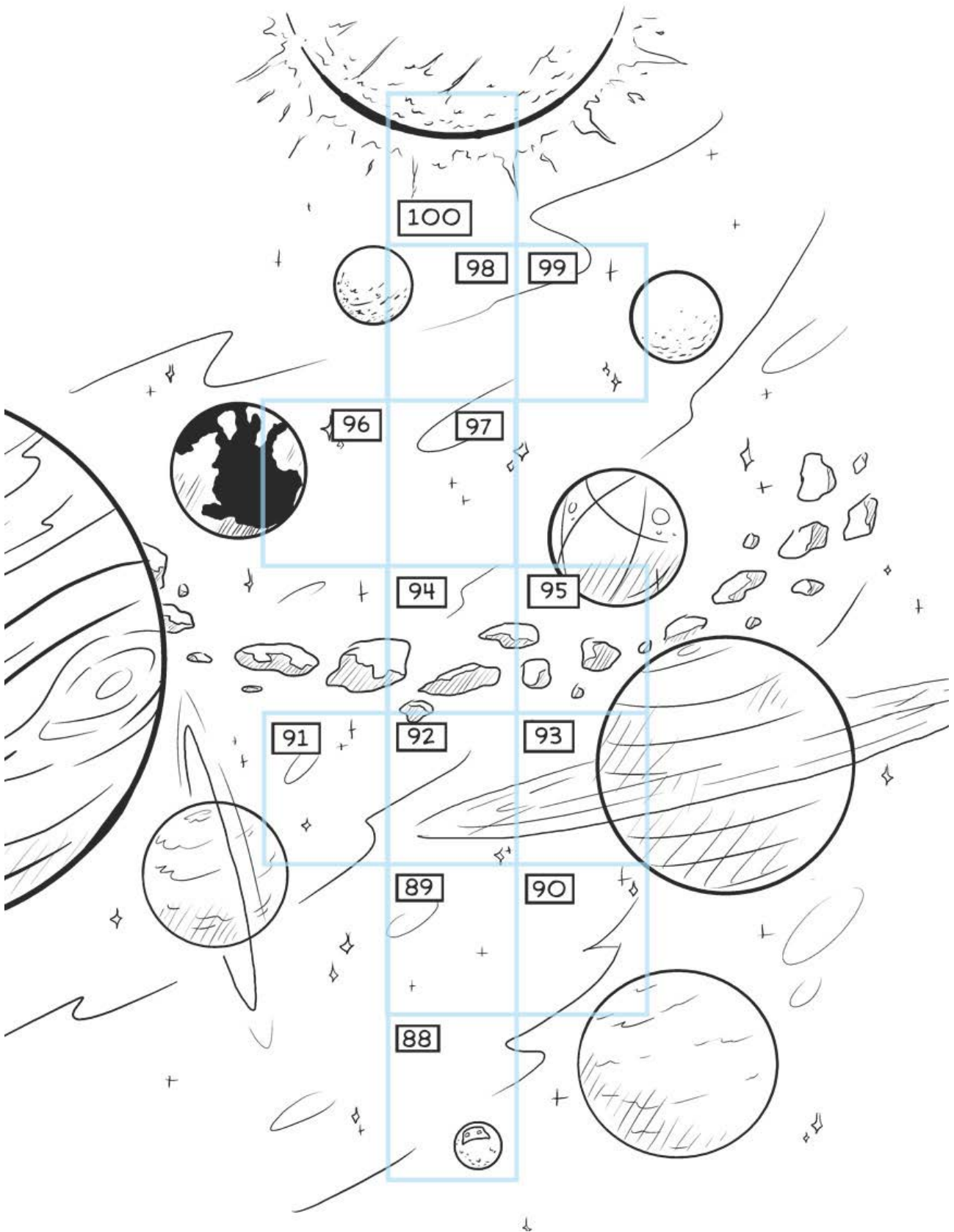
4: Bogey- β300

5: Double Bogey- β250

6: Triple Bogey- β200

*If you wish, you can return to the Pro-Shop. You recover **5 Vitality** (up to your max). When you are ready, **turn to 88.***

Hole 9: Par Trek
Par: 9



You step from the gate onto a small planetoid covered with ice. All around you are the vast infinities of outer space. You nearly forget to breathe, then realize you can breathe.

In their travels, MGA pandimensional explorers have discovered this exact replica of our solar system, except tiny. For today's last hole the competitors will have to hop from planet to planet, navigating this hostile environment. As a small consolation to those who need air to live we've injected them with oxygen-producing nanomites.

Let Kyriii not declare that we did not look upon them with favor in their time of need.

The golfers will tee off on Pluto, then move towards the center of the system. As this hole is located in the inescapable void, we encourage our golfers to have enough spare balls on hand.

For this hole, any ball hit Out of Bounds is lost forever. You can return to the Pro-Shop to buy extra spare balls anytime before taking your first stroke. However, if you are Lucky instead of drifting off into deep space, balls hit Out of Bounds are caught in a gravity well and are pulled to the nearest horizontal square.

There's barely enough room on Pluto for you to stand. Ice crunches under your cleats as you prepare your shot. You look to the sun and shield your eyes. This is it, your final challenge.

Take your stroke.

89

You chip your ball a short distance and it gets caught in the gravity well between Neptune, Uranus, and Jupiter. You drift out to it and try to position yourself to swing, but it's hard with nothing to stand on. *Your Accuracy is reduced by 2 ranks for this shot.*

Take your stroke.

90

Your ball strikes Neptune with a small puff. You leap to the planet and land on a methane ice-cloud. The force of your impact drives you into the ice up to your waist. While you're stuck you might as well take some as a souvenir. *Note that you've acquired a handful of methane ice.* Your legs are sticking half-way into the planet and you feel your toes quickly growing cold. It will take you a few moments to work yourself out from the cloud and already your teeth are chattering.

You take 5 damage from the cold before you're able to pull yourself out. **Take your stroke.**

However, if you helped Jason Clack in Gorillafeist's lab you see him flap by. A voice speaks in your head: "Seems you've gotten yourself in a tight spot. Well, since you helped me, I suppose I should return the favor." You feel yourself being lifted from the cloud by psychic forces and are placed gently on the ice. "Good luck to you, try not to get stuck again." Jason gives you a goodbye cluck and flies off towards the sun. Your legs are cold, but unharmed. Luckily for you, he pulled you out before the cold did any real damage. **Take your stroke.**

91

And Golfer-X leaps to Uranus. Try not to let that get in your way while wiping, Eightyfivesix. Ha ha!

We do not understand.

Thick, icy mist swirls about your legs as you look for your ball. You come across something solid and for a moment you think you've found it. But when you shoo the mist away you find that the object is some sort of electronic remote. *Note that you've acquired a remote.*

You locate your ball after a few more moments of searching.

Take your stroke.

92

Dust and ice chunks scatter as your ball crashes into Saturn's rings. You jump onto them and begin searching for your ball. It takes a few moments before you find it floating in the ring. You take your shot, but the ball shatters when the club strikes it. That wasn't your ball at all, but rather a chunk of ice the same approximate shape and size. *Record a penalty stroke.* You investigate the rings. There's hundreds, maybe thousands of ice balls. And your ball is somewhere among them.

If you are Lucky, you find your ball within a few moments of searching.

If you are Unlucky, you never find it. You'll have to use a spare ball to continue.

If you helped Lord Tuberspud in the chemical plant, it comes walking along the rings. "Ah, it's you," it says. "Sorry about the bad turn earlier, that was rather uncouth of me. Let me make it up to you." It peers about with its many eyes and quickly locates your ball. "Good luck, old chap!"

Otherwise, you mistake another ice chunk for your ball before you find the real thing. Record another penalty stroke.

Take your stroke.

93

Saturn's sea of metallic hydrogen comes up to your thighs. You wade through it, wondering where your ball might be. Something bumps against your leg and you pick it up. It appears to be a detonation switch. What is it doing here? *Note you found a detonator.*

"That's mine," snarls a voice. You look up and see Valgard the Berserker gripping a nasty looking axe. "You dare to steal from me? I'll have your hands!"

If you helped Valgard fight the crab-beasts, he squints. "Oh, you're the one who attacked those monsters on the second hole. Hrmph. Fine then, take the device. But don't get in my way again." Valgard strides away. A moment later your ball floats by. Take your stroke.

Valgard - Combat 5

You take 4 damage for each round you lose. If you win, you find your ball floating nearby.

Take your stroke.

94

Somehow, you've gotten your ball caught in the asteroid belt. Hitting it out from here will be quite the challenge. You leap to one of the larger rocks and prepare your swing.

If you helped Roundroid on the parade route, it flies through the belt knocking asteroids out of the way. Within moments, it has cleared a path for your shot. It gives you a thumbs-up, then flies on.

Otherwise, your Accuracy is reduced by 2 ranks for this shot.

Take your stroke.

95

Ah, the red planet, and solid ground at last. It feels good not to be slushing through some toxic gas or swimming in the vacuum of space. Of course with all this sand and dirt, the planet is basically a giant sand trap. *For the next shot your Accuracy is reduced by 1 rank.*

While you're lining up your shot a glint of metal catches your eye. You pull a tiny solar panel out of the sand. It must have fallen off a miniature Mars rover. *Note that you've found a power-source.*

Take your shot.

96

Your ball lands right on top of Mount Kilimanjaro, you couldn't ask for a better tee. You stand on your home planet and take a deep breath of air. It's good to be back, of sorts. *Note that you've acquired a lungful of oxygen.* As pleasant as it is you do have to deal with the world's combined military might attacking the giant alien invader that has just jumped onto the planet.

Earth Defense Force - Combat 3

You take 2 damage for each round you lose. If you win, you shrug off the tiny missiles and tanks to concentrate on your swing.

It's horrible the way that Golfer-X disregards the lives of their own people.

Tiny, parallel people aren't *real* people. You know that, Eightfivesix. That's right, Golfer-X! Crush those puny humans. Ahahaha!

Take your stroke.

97

Your ball is caught in the gravity well between the inner planets. You float besides it, trying for a tricky mid-space swing. *Your Accuracy is reduced by 2 ranks for this shot.*

Take your stroke.

However, if you helped Drone 8567324906 in the marketplace, it comes buzzing along. It sees your predicament and bumps into your ball. It drifts towards Mars. "Oops!" says the insect. "It seems I have accidentally interfered with your ball. May Kyriii accept my thousand apologies." It bows deeply, then buzzes away.

Turn to 95.

98

You stand on the blazing hot surface of Mercury. This close to the sun, even a small one, is almost more than you can handle. *You take 4 damage unless you are wearing a Hydroelectric Power Suit.* On the planet you find an empty metal container. It must be made of some extremely heat-resistant stuff. *Note that you've found a heatshield.*

Take your stroke.

99

Inexplicably, there's a dinosaur on Venus. It's got wicked talons, saber-sharp teeth as long as your hand, and is eyeing you with distrust. It's also holding a golf club in one tiny claw. It snaps as you approach.

"No! Mine!" it hisses. You notice that it is standing over a portable dimensional gate. Next to the gate, unfortunately, is your ball. You'll have to get past the dinosaur in order to take your shot.

*If you helped Gyрак the Befeathered in the jungle, he recognizes you. With a low hiss, he begrudgingly steps aside. Note that you've acquired a portable gate and then, **take your stroke.***

Gyрак - Combat 4

Taking on a dinosauria-sapien? I hope Golfer-X is feeling healthy, because those talons are gonna hurt!

You take 5 damage for each round you lose. If you win, note that you've acquired a portable gate.

Take your stroke.

100

If you have not acquired a handful of methane ice, a remote, a detonator, a power-source, a lungful of oxygen, a portable gate, and a heatshield: your ball sails towards the sun. Of course, it burns up before it gets anywhere close. You'll have to use a spare to continue.

Not sure what Golfer-X was hoping to accomplish with that.

Maybe they thought the goal was to reach the sun?

That's foolish, the sun's not a hole. It doesn't even have a flag sticking out of it. No, finishing the course won't be as simple as that.

Take your stroke.

If you have acquired a handful of methane ice, a remote, a detonator, a power-source, a lungful of oxygen, a portable gate, and a heatshield: you first connect the solar panel to the portable dimensional gate. This close to the sun it's fully charged in seconds. Then you cram the methane ice into the heat resistant container. You breathe oxygen into it too, compressing the chemicals tight. You make sure the container is tightly sealed before strapping the detonator to the outside. Lastly, you tune the remote to the detonator's frequency. It's all set.

One last stroke, that's all it will take. You steady your nerves, raise the club above your head, and swing. The club strikes the newly-constructed bomb square and true, not that the sun is a small target. You watch as the canister disappears into the corona. You activate the remote. There's a tiny bright flash, then a larger one, then a huge flare. You would be incinerated by now if you hadn't already switched on the portable dimensional gate and stepped through to MGA headquarters. You're soon joined by your fellow competitors: Valgard and Gyрак, Tuberspud and Roundroid, Jason Clack and Drone 8567324906. You all watch through the portal as the sun expands, contracts, and then collapses into a black hole. Soon the whole tiny solar system has disappeared into it. And somewhere among those planets and asteroids and gasses and rocks and dust, is your ball.

You note your score.

Awards

8: Birdy - β 1500

9: Par- β 1250

10: Bogey- β 1000

11: Double Bogey- β 750

12: Triple Bogey- β 500

What a spectacular day of Multigolf! I don't think we've ever seen a more exciting competition. And yet, tomorrow promises to be even more amazing: magma-men, living chess, the leviathan-moth breeding grounds, and the fall of Robo-Rome all await our fearless competitors... and more! Before we sign off for the day let us review the standings:

Roundroid - 39

Jason Clack - 41

Gyрак - 45

Valgard - 45

Drone 8567324906 - 50

Lord Tuberspud - 57

Review your score to find where you place. Depending your position you are awarded the appropriate bonus: 1st - £150,000, 2nd - £135,000, 3rd - £110,000, 4th - £85,000, 5th - £60,000, 6th - £40,000, 7th - £25,000.

You ease into a big soft chair in your hotel room. Today was tough, but you survived. That's a victory in itself. But there's still the bigger problem of the The Interdimensional Space and Time Gangster Mob. You review your winnings.

If you earned £150,000 or more:

You release a long held sigh. *You did it.* You can pay off your debt and erase the price on your head. And there's still a whole other day of competition. You can take it easy, not worry about pushing yourself to injury, and any cash you earn will be all profit. On top of all that, you've proven you have a talent for the sport. Maybe you could pursue Multigolf as a career. You don't need the mask any more. Maybe you'll play tomorrow without it. You feel your whole life opening up before you. And it all begins tomorrow.

If you earned £100,000 - £149,999:

You can't relax yet, but you're close. One more day and you'll have enough to placate the Mob. You won't have to push yourself so hard tomorrow. Just do reasonably well, collect the last few thousand you need, and then you can return to your old life. Sure, playing Multigolf has been the most exhilarating thing you've ever done. You've been places you never would have thought existed, and seen enough amazing things to fill a lifetime of stories. But you miss your old job and friends. The simple comforts of home. Just one more day and it'll all be over.

If you earned £99,999 or less:

What a rough day, and you still have a hefty chunk of change to collect. You try to let your body and mind relax, but the threat of debt looms in your thoughts. You're going to need to be at the top of your game tomorrow if you want any chance at all of erasing it. You rub some healing lotion on your various cuts and bruises and try not to think about what injuries you're going to have to endure before this is over. Just one more day, just one more day...

The End

Caddie Appendix

Lt. Walf

Hole 1 - Hmpf! Obviously avoid those mantises. You're no match. Maybe, *maybe*, if you had some heavy firepower you'd be able to get by alive. I wouldn't count on it though. Now look down the left side of the fairway. See that suspicious patch in square 4? I'd bet one of my Purple Hearts an ambush lies there. You'd do best to avoid it.

Hole 2 - Now this is what I like to see. Out and out warfare. Those UFOs are the big guns. Those lasers will fry anything to a crisp, so stay out from under them unless you have some proper protection, got it? That alien army looks nasty, but they're still moving into position. If you're quick, you can infiltrate and move past them before they're ready to attack. And if you're looking for a fight, why those crabby-things will do nicely. Just jump right in and go wild.

Hole 3 - Lots of guards here, and they're just looking for a pin-cushion like you. Now see the smart move would be to trip up one of those tall beasties. Take one of those down and it could trip up some others. Just like dominoes, eh?

Hole 4 - Not much in the way of danger here. Just some fella's noggin. Though I would watch out around the sinuses. Buggers tend to congregate there in times of illness, and this guy looks like he has the sniffles. There also seems to be a natural barrier in square 30, that could trip you up if you ain't got the strength.

Hole 5 - That guy sellin' the weaponry knows what's what. I wouldn't bother with any others except him. Get something to fight with and then get out, that's what I say.

Hole 6 - This place may seem abandoned, but that doesn't mean there isn't something waiting to rip you apart. If I had to wager a guess, I'd say they would be somewhere about square 55. That's where I'd lay an ambush if I was in charge.

Hole 7 - Look at this place! You're going to be fighting every step of the way. Some of these folk are more dangerous than others. I'd avoid that volcano-ish fella in square 68, unless you're feeling particularly lucky. That alligator would be tough to take down but I doubt he could cause much pain. But see that cage hanging from the ceiling? Something real nasty in there. Don't go near it unless you've got a death wish.

Hole 8 - I'm not much for these, err... *domesticated confrontations*. I'm certain it couldn't be the robot, or that slug. Ain't killers, those. Not the baby either, though he looks a crack-shot.

Hole 9 - This is the last chance your competitors got to take you out, so keep your wits up. Saturn and Venus seems like the places they'd turn up. Those are the planets that angry up the blood. Mars? What are you talking about? God of war? Never heard of him.

Zx-92 CaddiePal V.4.7

Hole 1 - *Beep!* Thank you for choosing the Zx-92 CaddiePal (Version 4.790272980937930257640-2). *Analyzing fairway.....BEEP!* The column of Megaformicidae—or "giant ants"—on the right side of the course could be utilized to carry your ball towards the green, if your shot was placed correctly.

Hole 2 - *Zrrrrrrr.....* metrics show that this hole is unusually crowded. The best course of action would be to avoid both armies entirely. A long drive is suggested. If that is not feasible, sending the

ball into the alien ranks is more preferable than the humans, as the invaders are both fewer in number and smaller in mass.

Hole 3 - Click click click: Flag located! It is resting inside the Queen's beverage. You must relocate your ball there as well to finish the hole.

Hole 4 - SCANNING. It appears we are located inside a vast cavern, while the flag is perched outside and on top of it. Please make locating an exit your first priority.

Hole 5 - ----- evaluations complete. The vendors here serve only to distract from an easy hole-in-one. Let nothing cloud your focus, and do not waste strokes that do not take you towards your goal.

Hole 6 - DATA MANAGEMENT. Careful analysis has revealed that the flag is protected by a barrier, which can only be removed by activating four switches. The one in square 57 looks especially hard to reach. Try navigating to it via square 53.

Hole 7 - ZZZ! ZZZ! ZZZ! Energy readings are through the roof. The large arc of electricity bisecting the fairway could prove disastrous if you were to come in physical contact. Disengaging either of the electrodes conducting it will negate the danger.

Hole 8 - DING. Personality Profiles Evaluated: the maid and butler are innocent. Cause of Death Confirmed: poison ham.

Hole 9 - ERRORERRORError. Scanners can not locate a flag or hole. Suggest you investigate each planet for their location. Thank you for choosing CaddiePal! Your Pal When You Need A Caddie™.

Percy

Hole 1 - Hi boss, thanks for picking me. Whoops! Sorry, I'll get that cleaned up right away. This hole? Ummm... well it looks like there's some bugs? Oh and there's someone in trouble in square 6, but you probably couldn't help out him unless you came prepared with some psychic powers or something.

Hole 2 - Wowie, look at this place! Lots of guys here, but they all seem pretty angry. That guy especially. Where? Right there in the middle of the fight, where all the crabby-looking things are. I bet he could use some cheering up.

Hole 3 - Those big rocks sure are neat looking! I bet it would look neat if they fell over. Wouldn't that be neat? I bet it would look real neat.

Hole 4 - Hmmm... this place seems empty. I don't think there's anyone else here. You know what are fun? BOOGERS. Hahahahaha. Gross.

Hole 5 - Hey! Wow! Hey! There's all sorts of fun stuff to see here. I bet everyone one of these stalls has something amazing! Even that storage one in square 41. It sounds like someone is saying some bad words over there. The kind you like to say, boss. Hee!

Hole 6 - Uh... I don't like this place. It's confusing and scary. That guy who fell in the vat probably feels the same way. Which vat? The one on the left. I can hear him inside it, but I can't make out what he's saying.

Hole 7 - Ahahaha, chickens! Look at 'em go! That one in square 67 seems different than the others. More snooty for one. Not as fun. *Haha*, look at that one! It's got a cleaver! Uh-oh, I think he heard us. Oh well!

Hole 8 - *Pssh!* This one's easy boss. The butler, slug, and maid are innocent. Can't tell about that robot, but I doubt it. Who's left?

Hole 9 - Wow, looks like all your competitors are here. I hope you were nice to them. A good deed deserves another, boss. I bet they'll be nice to you too! Why not hop to all the planets and say hi?

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