

PREPPIE!

"LOOK MUFFY,
A COMPUTER GAME
FOR US!"



ROSS

PREPPIE!

A Day on the Nasty Nine with Wadsworth Overcash As Reported by Mark S. Murley

Being 18, young and affluent, Wadsworth Overcash was a made-to-order Prepster long before he ever set one Gucci onto an Ivy League campus. Mentally, Wadsworth had been shaped and honed by the finest Preparatory schools in New or Old England that Daddy's money could buy; physically, his Lacoste accentuated a physique that had been sculpted by countless hours on the courts of Wimbledon and tanned by the elite rays of a Marseille summer's sun. He was, in every possible sense of the word, a true Preppie.

Preppie. It tripped as lightly off the tongues of the aristocracy as it caught and held in the throats of the underprivileged — those who attended State schools. The very sound of the word caused the blood to rush, the heart to swell. (Daddy had even once told him of a servant who had swooned at the mere mention of the word.) It held power. And status. Especially status.

But there would be no status this day. For Wadsworth, you see, had lost the Skeezer's Loop.

Skeezer's Loop — the annual Freshman oyster-eating bash — was a time-honored tradition at Cape Cod University. No one was quite certain as to exactly where or when it all started; some said that it began the year Cape Cod U. was founded; others nixed that, saying the practice began when the last Kennedy left Harvard. In any event, all agreed that the name of the contest was derived from a popular Prep who attended Cape Cod U. a few years back, Kennington James Skeezer III, who popped and swallowed raw oysters from their shells in a quick, looping motion. He was the life of many a Prep party, and it wasn't long after his untimely graduation that it was seen fit to reflect on his memory at lavishly catered parties which featured buckets and buckets of fresh, raw oysters. Eventually, these bashes turned into full-blown contests — contests in which Freshman Prepsters would have to consume a number of raw oysters (which was determined by lottery) or face total social blacklisting.

Winning the Skeezer's Loop was not difficult — provided that one either drew a low number or actually could manage to eat his assigned oyster quota. Wadsworth had not been lucky on either count, his last conscious memory being that of finishing his 79th oyster before

some jokester substituted heavily-salted V-8 juice in place of the Perrier he had been using to wash the slimy things down. "Instant boot camp!" someone had shouted, and it was all over.

But being the true Prep that he was, Wadsworth elected to meet his fate head on. Losers of the Skeezer's Loop were sentenced to a full day of golf ball retrieval on the world's most dangerous green — the Nasty Nine.

His first contact with the manager of the Nasty Nine — a bull moose of a man known only as the Groundskeeper — came as he guided his Porsche into the clubhouse parking lot. A small group of spectators had gathered around an ambulance as a crumpled form was being stretchered through its double doors. At the center of the group, an enormous man with beefy jowls and more chins than a Chinese phone book grinned as though he were enjoying a private joke. Beer can clutched in hand, a stumpy-looking cigar floating on a thin lower lip, the Groundskeeper smirked through browning teeth. "Get 'im out of here," he gestured with a wave of his beer while kicking at the ambulance with a booted foot. The ambulance sped away. "Preppie," he muttered gleefully as he watched it disappear around a sharp curve. "Fourth one this week."

Wadsworth's stomach roiled as he glanced at his watch: It was only 9:07 a.m., Monday.

It was a long walk from the clubhouse area to the first hole. Wadsworth watched the Groundskeeper lumber down the path just ahead of him — his six-pack swinging from his belt like a third arm. Cresting a small hill, they came to the edge of what Wadsworth figured to be the fairway itself, but a small stand of elm trees prevented a clear view of the open panorama.

Stepping up beside the Groundskeeper (who was scarcely even aware of Wadsworth's presence), an incredible sight unfolded before him.

Never — but never — in his 18 years had he ever seen or even imagined anything like this.

From where Wadsworth stood, he looked out across a multi-laned green, which, upon first inspection, resembled any one of dozens of other golf courses he had seen. But it was there that the resemblance quickly ended. Golf carts zoomed to and fro with frightening speed;

bulldozers, impossibly quick, paced the golf carts, their huge blades glinting in the morning sun. And, frequently, whirring lawn mowers manned by expressionless uniformed men worked and mulched grass into a soupy emerald pulp.

Beyond this center of bizarre activity, Wadsworth could make out what appeared to be unmanned boats knifing through the brackish water of a narrow, but rapidly flowing river. "Mechanical canoes," the Groundskeeper offered, anticipating the boy's question. "Got the idea from Disneyland." For the briefest of moments, Wadsworth thought he had seen a toothy shape appear and then vanish beneath the river's swirling waters. But he suppressed his panic: after all, logs didn't have teeth — at least none that he had ever seen. Beyond the canoes, beyond the swirling waters, beyond the toothy, disappearing logs, Wadsworth could make out a fleck of white positioned on a loamy bank. It was a golf ball.

He would have to retrieve it.

It was as Wadsworth contemplated the enormity of what he had gotten himself into that he became aware of an odd rasping sound coming from what seemed to be a nearby bush. Easing away from the Groundskeeper (who seemed to be intent on watching the toothy logs that drifted into and out of sight), Wadsworth followed the breathy sounds to its source. He probed a small, leafy thicket with a stick until he caught sight of a tiny but distinct flash of yellow. His heart jumped into his throat as he recognized the familiar Lacoste alligator embroidered on a matching shirt. Pulling some branches aside, Wadsworth exposed a small form splayed across a stretch of pebbles. There was little doubt: it was indeed a fellow Preppie.

"In the name of Dartmouth! What happened, man?" Wadsworth cried as he quickly knelt beside the prone form. With superhuman effort, the fallen Prepster began to speak.

"Hey, Prepski," he offered in a weak voice. "Ain't this a hoot?"

His blood-shot eyes wandered in tight circles; judging from his sorry state and the oily drift of seafood, it was clear to Wadsworth that this husk of a man had once been a fellow competitor in the Skeezer's Loop. "Take it easy, Big Guy," Wadsworth soothed as he scooped together a handful of leaves for a makeshift pillow.

"Yeah. Easy." The fallen Prepster echoed Wadsworth's words

with the sarcasm of one who had seen far too much. "You couldn't know — you couldn't possibly know."

Grabbing handfuls of shirt, he pulled his face to within inches of Wadsworth's. "There are things — horrible things — out there," he sputtered. "Alligators, bottomless waterholes — even a giant frog!" The Prepster's panic was rising now, ballooning into near hysteria.

"A giant . . . frog?" Wadsworth asked, incredulous.

"Never mind," he replied, relaxing his grip and slipping into unconsciousness. "I'm history, man. I'm . . ."

The sudden crash of parting bushes behind Wadsworth cut off the fallen Prepster in mid-sentence. The Groundskeeper had returned.

The Groundskeeper's voice was steady but his eyes betrayed an inner fury that reminded Wadsworth of that terrible storm off Martha's Vineyard in the summer of '77. "Ya shouldn'ta said nothin'," he spat as he eyed the unconscious Preppie.

Fumbling in his shirt pocket, the Groundskeeper produced and trilled a small whistle. Within seconds, two men in colorless jackets appeared carrying a stretcher. With a single, uniform motion, the fallen Prepster was heaved onto the stretcher with a precision that told Wadsworth he was dealing with seasoned professionals.

"Justa minnit," the Groundskeeper growled, as he approached the fallen form. With a quick pull-twist motion, the Groundskeeper tore the Lacoste alligator from the unconscious Preppie's shirt. Wadsworth watched wide-eyed as the Groundskeeper fixed the small patch onto his own much-too-wide belt. To Wadsworth's horror, he noticed for the first time that the Groundskeeper had literally hundreds of the cloth reptiles hung like miniature scalps around his waist. "Okay. Get 'im outta here," he commanded with a sweep of his hand. As quickly as they had come, the two men disappeared down a small path with their human cargo. "Your turn, Preppie," the Groundskeeper hissed, as he grabbed Wadsworth's arm and began ushering him back towards the green.

Returning to the course, it didn't take very long for Wadsworth to realize that an event of some sort was about to take place. Behind Wadsworth and the hulking Groundskeeper, a trim man in a business suit produced what appeared to be a 5-iron and teed up a ball. He seemed to be waiting for something — a signal perhaps, Wadsworth thought.

It wasn't until the tremendous roar of passing golf carts, bulldozers and lawn mowers suddenly resumed that Wadsworth realized it had been quiet for a time. His panic, which had been held in check by the unreality of the situation, suddenly broke and swelled; he tensed as he prepared to break from the Groundskeeper's grip and sprint for safety but a pliers-like clinch held Wadsworth fast.

"Don't try it, Preppie," the Groundskeeper chided in a mirthful voice. "Not till you look around."

Wadsworth anticipated the worst — and a quick glance to his left confirmed it: A man in a grey jumpsuit leaned against a nearby elm and touched the brim of his cap in a gesture of mock friendliness. He seemed to be holding a gun.

There was no getting around it — Wadsworth was going to have to retrieve golf balls.

"It's time, boy," the Groundskeeper announced, barely suppressing his glee. He turned to the trim man on the course and nodded.

Wadsworth was only dimly aware of a sharp crack behind him that confirmed that the first ball had just been struck and sliced into the rough — about 100 yards over and to his left. The Groundskeeper began forcing him towards the speeding vehicles. There was no turning back now.

Taking a deep breath and mentally gauging the speeds of the onrushing golf carts, he sprinted out into the deadly traffic.

"Har! Lookit him go!" The Groundskeeper belched, while simultaneously peeling a pulltab from a tall boy. "Looks like I'm gonna make my quota!"

And as Wadsworth Overcash danced and veered and buttonhooked, narrowly avoiding the whizzing blades of a growling lawn mower, a single thought occurred to him:

It was going to be a heck of a long day.

PREPPIE!

by Russ Wetmore
for Star Systems Software, Inc.

Weird things are happening on the Nasty Nine — the toughest golf course in the world — and the golfers there are counting on your eager Prepster to face . . . er, unusual conditions, and retrieve their wayward golf balls.

OBJECT OF THE GAME

The object of the game is to maneuver your Preppie past the speeding golf carts, bulldozers, lawn mowers and monster frogs then across the river to recover golf balls that have gone into the rough. In order to recover a golf ball, you must position your Prepster directly over it with the joystick — you will hear a “bloop”-ish sound once the pickup is successfully completed. The ball will be automatically dropped when he returns to the safety zone.

PLAYING PREPPIE!

Points are earned by successfully recovering golf balls quickly. To retrieve a golf ball, you must first maneuver your Preppie around or across any obstacles and the position him over the golf ball you wish to recover. In order to retrieve some golf balls, it will be necessary for your Prepster to cross the river by hopping onto whatever may be floating past. This includes canoes, gators, logs and a surprise obstacle in Level 10. Your Preppie is directed by the joystick; he will move in whatever direction you point the joystick handle. To make your Preppie “hop,” simply push the joystick forward and press the joystick button at the same time.

GAME LAYOUT

The golf course in Preppie! is composed of several distinct areas, or lanes. Beginning at the screen's bottom, the greenish area is the Safety Zone. Your Prepster will appear in this area at the beginning of each level of play. As the name implies, this area is a haven for your Preppie. The remainder of the course is made up of the following areas:

FAIRWAY — Beginning with Level 1, lawn-mowing maintenance men will move to and fro in this area. As the skill levels increase, other vehicles will appear, including speeding golf carts and bulldozers.

RIVER BANK — This lane is actually a “buffer” between the traffic zone and the river. Beginning with Level 6, the monster frog will appear. Since this is part of the rough, golf balls will appear in this area.

RIVER — The river contains several elements which can either help or hinder your progress in crossing it — depending on the degree of your dexterity. Elements include alligators, logs, and canoes.

THE ROUGH — Most of the golf balls will appear in this area. Although there are no moving dangers here, there are three waterholes which should be avoided at all costs.

GAME ELEMENTS

SCORE — A bonus score is not earned until all of your golf balls are successfully returned to the Safety Zone. The score is then added to your total in the following manner: $\text{SCORE} \times \text{LEVEL NUMBER} \times \text{INCREMENTS OF TIMER LEFT}$. The timer clocks your Preppie, so the faster he can recover a golf ball, the higher the score. Points are also earned as your Preppie crosses the various zones to recover the ball. The current score is displayed in the upper left-hand corner of the screen.

TIMER — Decrements at different speeds, depending on the level number. The timer is the horizontal bar which is located at the top of the screen. If you run out of time before the last golf ball is recovered, your Preppie will disappear.

LEVELS — There are a total of 10 skill levels. A new level begins once all of the golf balls from the previous level have been recovered. You may begin play at any level between 1 and 9 by pressing the number on the keyboard anytime during option selection at the beginning of the game. (See “Beginning the Game” on page 8.) **Please note: Level 10 can only be reached after successfully completing Level 9.** The level number is displayed in the upper right-hand portion of the screen.

GOLF BALLS — Golf balls will appear randomly in only two areas: on the river bank or in the rough. In the higher levels, more than one ball will appear at a time. Your Preppie cannot carry two at one time; he must return one ball to the Safety Zone before he can recover another. The golf ball will not remain visible once your Preppie has picked it up.

BONUS PREPPIES — A bonus Preppie is awarded when the player passes 8,000 points. The number of remaining Preppies is displayed in the upper right-hand portion of the screen. You are given 3 Preppies to start.

GOLF CARTS, BULLDOZERS, LAWN MOWERS — These obstacles will only be found on the Fairway, but their speed increases with each subsequent level. Avoid contact.

LOGS and CANOES — By piggybacking on logs and canoes, your Prepster will be able to negotiate the river. In order to complete a successful jump, it is extremely important for BOTH of your Preppie's feet to be FIRMLY centered on a log or canoe. Otherwise, he will lose his balance and fall.

GATORS — The same rules apply as those for piggybacking on logs or canoes with the following important exceptions: (1) Your Preppie cannot turn sideways and (2) the gator's mouth does not open (a random occurrence). If either event occurs, it will result in the loss of your Preppie.

SOME PLAYING TIPS

- Do not attempt to ride or move beyond the screen parameters.
- Exercise caution when riding gators.
- Avoid loitering. Remember — the faster you can recover a golf ball, the more points you will accumulate.
- Remember, you can't recover more than one golf ball at a time.

BEGINNING THE GAME

Once the game has successfully loaded (see Tape and Disk Loading Instructions on pages 9-10.), you will be asked to choose between several options. Press the desired button on the side of your computer console.

OPTION - ONE OR TWO STICKS — Select one stick for one player, one stick for two players, or two sticks for two players.

SELECT - ONE OR TWO PLAYERS — Press to select the number of players.

START — If you wish to begin at a level other than Level 1, press any number between 2 and 9, and then press **START**. To begin at Level 1, simply press **START**.

HIGH SCORE — The high score will be displayed at the conclusion of the game along with the score(s) for the last game played. **Please note: You will lose the high score once the system is turned off.**

SPECIAL KEYS — To restart Preppie! from any point in the game, press **SHIFT CTRL** and **TAB** simultaneously. The game will automatically default to the opening screen. (Please note: Do not attempt to restart the game with the **SYSTEM RESET** button. This may result in crashing the program.) To freeze the game, press **CTRL S**.

ATARI^(tm) TAPE LOADING INSTRUCTIONS

- 1) You must have at least 16K of memory.
- 2) Remove any cartridges from the computer such as BASIC, STAR RAIDERS, Etc.
- 3) Shut off ALL peripherals such as disks, printers and expansion interfaces. Leave on only:
 - a) TV or monitor
 - and b) Cassette player
- 4) Insert tape in cassette player, and rewind.
- 5) While holding down the **START** button on the computer, turn it on.
- 6) You should get a clear video display and a single tone.
- 7) Press **PLAY** on tape recorder.
- 8) Press **RETURN** key on the computer.
- 9) The tape should take 5 to 10 minutes to load.
- 10) If the tape does not seem to load, try repeating the whole procedure using the other side of the tape. You may also try cleaning the head of the tape player using a Q-tip and standard rubbing alcohol.
- 11) If you get a BOOT ERROR or return to the MEMO PAD within a minute or so of loading, then try positioning the tape (using a regular cassette player). Play the tape until you hear the first long tone, then put the tape into the Atari cassette player and repeat the whole procedure.

ATARI[™] DISK LOADING INSTRUCTIONS

WARNING: DO NOT WRITE-PROTECT OR ATTEMPT TO PLACE A DOS ON THIS DISK.

- 1) Turn on the disk drive.
- 2) Wait until the busy light is off and then place your disk in the drive.
- 3) Remove all cartridges.
- 4) The screen will display the following: **Now loading Preppie!** The program will begin after a brief pause.

WARNING:

This is a copy-protected diskette. Any attempt to copy this diskette will damage your disk.

PREPPIE! was written using the following development software products:

THE NEXT STEP — On-Line Systems

MACRO-ASSEMBLER — Atari, Inc.

PROGRAM-TEXT EDITOR — Atari, Inc.

DISKEY — Adventure International

FIXDMP — Atari Program Exchange

MICRO-PAINTER — DataSoft, Inc.

APPLE GRAPHICS TABLET SOFTWARE — Apple, Inc.

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