

MIRROSOFT

PHINEAS FROGG



INTRODUCTION

Taking the role of Phineas Frogg, special agent, your mission in this adventure is to rescue Professor Mole from the clutches of the evil Hamsterchief, who has taken Mole captive in the Secret Lair Of the Terrible Hamsters - S.L.O.T.H. The story which follows sets the scene and gives some general clues which will be helpful in playing the game. The clues are not specific, but will give you some ideas about what NOT to do when you are playing.

There are some special instructions which will also help printed on the back of the inlay card. These instructions depend on the particular computer you have. You will also have found an envelope marked 'TOP SECRET' - don't open it unless you're absolutely desperate! It contains a map of S.L.O.T.H. and some other help which previous spies have managed to obtain.

Because Phineas is a spy, he isn't told everything, and a good deal will have to be discovered along the way. He could fall into the hands of the Terrible Hamsters if he's missed a clue or made a silly mistake. Whatever the reason, it means he must start again. To avoid having to remember all the steps already taken, you can SAVE your position in the adventure, and instructions for this are also given on the back of the inlay card.

In the search for Mole, there are FIVE games. Not much help is given in the instructions for these, so you will have to work out the rules for yourself. The games can change in difficulty all by themselves — if you are making rapid progress, they automatically become harder. But if you're not doing so well, they will get a little easier. It could take a very long time to work out how to rescue the Professor, but when the task is finally completed, a SPY RATING will be awarded. The final rating will depend on how well the games are played, and only the very best will be given the top rating of 9.

OUR HERO

Phineas Frogg is a spy, but certainly no ordinary one. It is said that, in his time, he has rescued maidens in distress, blown up deadly weapons and jetted round the World at twice the speed of sound. You name it, Frogg has done it - probably more than once!

Frogg is in every way quite EXTRAORDINARY. He wears extraordinary clothes, and always a silk cravat and a deerstalker hat. And then, there's his old Bentley - what a car! The gadgets alone turn the average amphibian PINK with envy. He has a fairly amazing house too, with just half-height walls inside that he can hop over. He never has any time for doors or going round things. He just hops from room to room. This sometimes makes life difficult even for other frogs but for no-one is it as bad as it is for his boss, Mr Badger.

Badger is in charge of THE UNIT, a special agency set up to combat some extremely nasty rodents. Only last month, Frogg discovered the location of S.L.O.T.H. - the Secret Lair Of the Terrible Hamsters, who are a particularly unpleasant lot.

Badger rarely comes to see Frogg. He cannot abide the clambering he has to do - even though Phineas has provided special stepladders for his friends. But one day not too long ago, Badger DID call, so Phineas knew it must be something important.

ONE

Badger lumbered into Phineas's house and lifted his great bulk over the wall into the sitting area. Everything about him was BIG. He looked big, he carried a big briefcase stuffed with big pieces of paper. He probably earned big money too. All the spies called him Big B. He talked slowly, too, with a big deep voice. Listening to him, you might think he wasn't very clever, with all his big words. But you'd be quite wrong. Big B had a brain to match his body — he needed it to outwit HAMSTERCHIEF, the boss of the Terrible Hamsters, and Badger's arch enemy.

Well, there was Badger in the biggest chair slowly getting out his papers. Phineas, meanwhile, was hopping to-and-fro rustling up coffee and quite a presentable snack. They both liked good food.

It would take a long time to go through everything that Big B said in his slow and heavy way. Phineas could tell he was worried because he began to speak very quickly.

“It has come to my attention, from sources which must at the moment remain undisclosed, that a certain organisation in another country is planning the removal of one of Her Britannic Majesty’s subjects from her sovereign soil and is further plotting to transport that person to their own headquarters”.

In ordinary words, S.L.O.T.H. was going to kidnap somebody.

As you can see, you would need a very long book (and a dictionary!) to explain everything in Badger’s own words.

TWO

Although it was completely against the rules, Professor Mole was munching sandwiches at his laboratory bench, not caring where the crumbs went. He spent a great deal of time eating sandwiches. There could be a reason for this. Perhaps he owned a bread factory as well as being a scientist, or perhaps he just liked sandwiches or ate them to please his wife..... But no, the professor ate sandwiches so that he could work. He had a packet for breakfast when he arrived at the lab, he had another packet for lunch and in the evening when he was working late, he would fetch a sandwich from the pub. Sometimes he might not stop for food at all.

Professor Mole loved his work. He was a scientist and what he did was VERY complicated. There was hardly anybody who could understand it and even the Professor had to keep his mind on the job or he would start making mistakes. Eating sandwiches helped him to concentrate.

He was on his third round of cheese and tomato when his assistant came in. He knew better than to disturb the

Professor, so he just stood around hoping to be noticed. He cleared his throat. "A Mr Badger to see you, sir".

"Er..... who?", said the Professor. "I don't know him... do I?"

"He really is very anxious to see you", said the assistant.

The Professor shuffled together the remaining sandwiches into a paper bag and carried them absentmindedly through with him into the office next door to the lab.

It was clear that the Badger was agitated, and he spoke quickly to Mole.

"I am afraid I have some bad news for you. We have reason to believe that you are about to be kidnapped".

The Professor was wriggling a bit of tomato skin from between his teeth as he looked at Badger. Blinking behind his large spectacles, Mole clearly did not understand.

Badger looked at Mole steadily.

"There are some very unpleasant types who have come to hear of your work. They want your results and will do anything to get them. Then they will force you to work for them."

Professor Mole was worried. He didn't like the sound of this at all. His life had been nice and quiet until now - work, plenty of sandwiches, and back home to his wife in the evening. He knew his work was important, but he just wanted to be left alone to get on with it.

"What are you going to do to protect me?" he asked Badger.

Badger shifted uneasily. "Well, actually, we are not thinking of doing anything. We are going to let you be captured."

Professor Mole's voice was shaking.

"But you can't do that. What about my work? Think of all the secrets they'll get."

"Look, let me explain", replied Badger. "We want them to capture you so we can find all about how they operate. We'll fix you up with a transmitter so you can give us the details. Don't worry, we'll rescue you."

"Oh! just like that", said Professor Mole, unconvinced.

"We will have our best man on the job," said Badger, "Phineas Frogg. He'll get you out if anyone can."

"If anyone can!" thought Mole miserably. The sandwiches he was still holding fell to the floor. What was going to happen to him? And how would this Frogg be able to get him out?

THREE

Professor Mole was at the offices of THE UNIT. He was going to be kitted up with his equipment and meet PF, as Phineas Frogg was generally known (all spies have this tendency to talk in shorthand).

His appointment was for 1p.m., and he was in the waiting room scribbling notes and eating his sandwiches. Worried though he was, he had no intention of wasting time and letting his work slip. Big B lumbered in. He was more at ease in his own offices, and gave the Professor a long-winded welcome.

It had only taken Badger ten seconds to tell Mole he was going to be kidnapped and now he was taking ten minutes to tell him about the safety spectacles that Hare had been making in the special workshop. Basically, the frames had been fitted with a microtransmitter - one touch on the bridge and everything he could hear would be transmitted back to THE UNIT.

When Hare came in and showed Mole his invention, Mole was intrigued by it, but he had his doubts about whether it would be able to save him.

The other thing they had for him was a capsule.

"Swallow this", Hare ordered.

Mole was in no mood to argue, He swallowed it.

"It's a homing beacon. We can use it to establish your rough position. At any rate, we can find which building you're in. Any questions? No? O.K. Well, now to meet Agent PF."

Hare whisked the Professor along endless corridors. Soon he was face to face with the famous Phineas Frogg.

FOUR

Later, Phineas was taking PM (that shorthand again) home in his car. They arrived at 10 Upping Street and PF deposited a very breathless and agitated Professor Mole on his doorstep.

"See you soon, PM," called Phineas as he roared off.

"I do hope not", said Mole as he trudged up his steps, not knowing when he was going to see his front door again.

Just as he was about to turn the corner, Phineas glanced in his driving mirror. A black limousine had pulled up outside 10 Upping Street. Phineas stopped his own car quietly. A few seconds later, poor Mole was being bundled into the back of the huge car. With a screech of tyres the Professor was driven off on his journey to S.L.O.T.H. HQ.

FIVE

It was a very dejected-looking Professor Mole who sat in an office in S.L.O.T.H. He had caught a glimpse of the magnificent castle headquarters as he was whisked up the drive in the fast car. Now he could only see the four walls of a poky office. After what seemed ages, a large hamster came in. The most noticeable thing about him was his very big red nose.

"I'b Tishou," the hamster said to Mole.

Mole's first thought was that the hamster was speaking in a foreign language, but it then continued:-

"I'b Tishou. I'b the Chief's nubber one."

Mole realised that the hamster had a bad cold, which probably accounted for his red nose, and that he was Hamsterchief's 'number one'.

By concentrating hard, Professor Mole made out that he was supposed to follow this creature to Hamsterchief.

Professor Mole trotted off rather apprehensively after Tishou down some steps, through a large hall and into Hamsterchief's private office. Inside, he saw the fattest hamster he had ever seen in his life. He wondered if it could ever get up out of its chair. Hamsterchief looked bleary-eyed, as if he had just woken up, and his cheek pouches were puffed out with food he still had to eat.

"My dear Professor", he said, pretending to be very friendly. "Let me welcome you to S.L.O.T.H. I hope that your time here will be profitable for you and your work."

Mole thought that he had better send what was coming next to UNIT, and he pushed his spectacles into place on his nose as casually as he could.

A weasel came in and put a newspaper on Hamsterchief's desk, together with a large cup of tea. Hamsterchief drank the tea in one gulp. "They make tea specially for me", he said. "Everyone else here drinks coffee - horrible! Now, where were we? Yes, I was saying that I hope you will like it here. You will meet a number of your fellow scientists here. I have some of the most famous brains at work in my laboratories - and many more will come," he added with a most unpleasant grin. "I hope you will enjoy working here. Of course, I would be very disappointed if you tried to escape. When I show you round the castle, you will see that it would be useless to try. Come, let's go."

Tishou made a dash to help the Chief out of his chair. It was quite a struggle because Hamsterchief was wedged in between the arms of his chair, and it took a good deal of pushing and shoving to get him out. What surprised Mole, however, was that once Hamsterchief was on his legs he was quite sprightly. He trotted off, his great weight moving with astonishing speed.

SIX

They came out of the Chief's office into a vast hall. Two big doors from the hall opened up to the outside and Hamsterchief went through these.

"This is one of the few ways out of the castle and, as you see, it is well guarded", said the Chief. Mole blinked hard at the strange sight that met his eyes. A large number of animals were in pits separated from one another by fences and brick pillars. The heads of some of the animals were about level with the fences and Mole could see from their hungry look that it would be foolish to try to jump across the pits. He watched a small hamster tossing baskets of food on to the flat tops of the pillars. This was causing a great commotion. The animals were trying to get the food but the small hamster had thrown it without remembering that each animal should have food of its own colour. Mole now noticed that all the food was in different-coloured baskets. A larger angry hamster started to sort out the food. He leapt from pillar to pillar, swapping the baskets and feeding the animals as he went.

Mole was fascinated by this extraordinary performance until he was startled back to reality by Hamsterchief's horrible laugh. "You see how difficult it would be to get across, my dear Professor. Even the THUG can only just about manage to leap from pillar to pillar carrying a basket. I very much doubt if anyone your size could manage it. The animals make such a noise if they are not ALL fed."

Professor Mole shivered at the word 'THUG'. He repeated it quietly to himself and Hamsterchief obviously overheard.

"Ah, T.H.U.G.," he said. "You must learn the words we use here, Professor. A T.H.U.G. is one of my trusted guards - short for Terrible Hamster Uniformed Guard. The other hamster you saw was in training. We have a number of other animals we use as well. They are called JOKES."

Mole decided he wasn't going to ask any more questions.

Hamsterchief turned to Tishou. "Has our dear Professor had anything to eat or drink since he arrived?"

Tishou looked a bit worried - he knew that the Chief made great fuss of seeing that all his captives were well fed and looked after. "Er - I'b afraid dot, Chief," he stammered.

Hamsterchief was clearly angry. Tishou would be in trouble later. The Chief turned to Professor Mole and said "Come, I will show the kitchen, and we will get you something to eat and drink".

SEVEN

The kitchen was large and not very clean. The cook was clearing up from preparing the animals' food. Now and again, he stirred a large pot of boiling coffee. He stopped at once when Hamsterchief came in.

"Don't worry," said Hamsterchief "I am just showing Professor Mole around our establishment. He is hungry and thirsty after his journey."

"Just a sandwich and a coffee, please", said Mole, and remembered again to touch his glasses. In his amazement at the animal pits he had forgotten all about transmitting back to THE UNIT.

The cook soon came back with a large sandwich and coffee for Mole and a cup of tea for Hamsterchief.

"You must be busy," said Hamsterchief to the cook. "Carry on. Don't worry about us."

The poor cook WAS worried about the Chief watching him work, but carried on as best he could. He was pleased when the fishmonger arrived. He could always get a good price for fish which would impress the Hamsterchief.

Mole finished his coffee and sandwiches.

A large T.H.U.G. came in and took away the huge pot of coffee. "Now, I will show you to your laboratory," said Hamsterchief.

EIGHT

They went out of the kitchen, across the dining room, and into the main hall again. Passing through another pair of double doors, they came into an even larger hall that had obviously once been very grand. Now it was rather tatty. Mole saw two wide staircases, one leading up from each side of the hall. Hamsterchief led the way up to the left. They passed T.H.U.G.s on the stairs as they went. Eventually, they reached the laboratory. Professor Mole could not help being impressed. S.L.O.T.H. had done its spying well - it was equipped with everything he needed for his work. Mole could see the Chief would not be happy without results, and with all this equipment he would have no real excuse.

A weasel who had been busy at one of the benches was coming over towards them. Mole thought he would transmit the next conversation to THE UNIT, so he poked his glasses. Hamsterchief looked at him. "My dear Mole, your glasses are loose. Let me get them adjusted in our excellent workshops. I could take you there now."

Mole panicked. Poking his glasses, he said, was more a nervous habit, they were quite all right really. He desperately hoped that Hamsterchief believed him. It seemed he did, because he went on to introduce Mole to the weasel, who, it appeared, was to be his JOKE assistant. "Make sure the Professor is well equipped and that he has a white coat. Then everyone will know he is a scientist and give him special treatment," Hamsterchief ordered the weasel.

Suddenly the Chief turned around. "If you will excuse me, I have words to say to Tishou." Tishou trembled as they left.

The weasel explained why the Chief has called him a JOKE. "J.H.O.K.E. is one of the words they use around here. It stands for Junior Hamsters and Other Kinds of Employee. The THUGS don't like us so they call us that. They think they are the only important people in S.L.O.T.H. They look down on the rest of us." He seemed rather nicer than anyone else he had met around the castle. Mole felt himself relaxing a little.

“What’s going on out there?” he said, looking out of the window. The weasel came over. “If you mean all those concrete pillars, it’s because they are extending the castle. The Chief is planning to get hold of all the major scientists. He is extending the laboratories to make room for them all.”

Mole shuddered. Until now he had only thought about himself. He realised now just how wicked and dangerous Hamsterchief was and how much Badger and Frogg needed his help.

NINE

PF had been enjoying having a bit of a rest in the weeks since Mole’s capture and was pottering about underwater in his pool when he heard the alarm from THE UNIT.

“Bother,” said Phineas. (Actually he said something worse). He knew it was the end of his swim. It would be the start of the mission. He went quickly to the special telephone. Big B was on the line. He was so brief that PF knew he was agitated.

“Mole,” said Badger, “Get him out. S.L.O.T.H. knows someone is sending messages. They’ll soon be on to him. He won’t be able to stand the torture.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll get out to Hamsterchief’s place and blow my nose on him”, was Phineas’s confident reply. “We don’t want our Professor turned into a sausage Mole!”

“This is no time for jokes,” yelled Big B. “This is serious.”

Nothing **ever** got Big B this rattled.

“Just one thing, Big B,” said Frogg. “How come S.L.O.T.H. knew about Mole’s secret work in the first place?”

Badger got even angrier. “I can’t tell you. Start the mission. No more questions.” He slammed down the phone.

“So I was right,” thought Phineas. “It **was** Big B who leaked it to S.L.O.T.H. and set the whole thing up from the start.”

Over to you, super sleuths!

PHINEAS FROGG



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