

THE Hickston HOG



The Adult Redneck Daily

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INSIDE



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FATHER'S DAY APPROACHES: MOST CONFUSING DAY OF YEAR



Hickston town square yesterday — and it wasn't a family reunion.

ALL CITIZENS URGED TO REMAIN CALM. AVOID PANIC AND REMEMBER, BUY ONLY ONE GREETING CARD

By E. Walker
For the Hickston Hog

Hickston, Arkansas (IP) — It's almost time again! Father's Day is around the corner, and it's ready to divide our closely knit — some say tangled — community.

The annual Father's Day riot in Hickston has local officials worried. "You all remember what happened two years ago with the Pattersons," said Sheriff Lester T. Hobbes. "The liquor started flowing, the tongues started wagging, and the Pattersons started arguing and shouting over who got the Father's Day ties. Twelve men turned out to be the fathers of eleven kids, all kinds of messiness. They all ended up in jail. Please, tell folks to stay sober and stay clean."

See FATHER'S DAY page 13

ARKANSAS TOWN TOUGHS DECLARE WAR ON ALIENS!

Heroes missing, disintegration feared

By E. Price
For the Hickston Hog

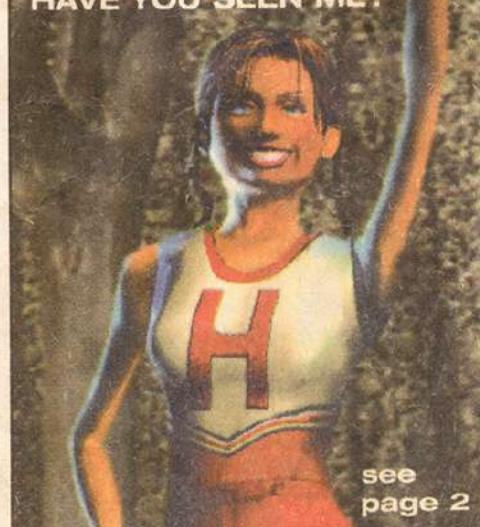
HICKSTON ARKANSAS — People in our small town of Hickston Arkansas are in shock today as they continue to mourn their missing friends Leonard and Bubba,

local heroes who were lost after they declared war against extraterrestrial invaders.

"Ah miss em, but ah don' miss em much, though, ah reckon." Hickston resident Billy Alan McDaniels told the Hog. "On account that they never took a bath. But they were purdy smart and tough. Ah remember one time we couldn't get our heater working. Leonard just shot the heater an' told us to use a furplace like everyone else. Shiyyit. Ah wish ah'd thought of that. Saved on the heating bills too, an' we all know all that money really goes to the revnuers."

See WAR ON ALIENS, page 13

HAVE YOU SEEN ME?



CLONE BIKERS TERRORIZE RABBIT RIDGE

Hickston next?

By S. Lancaster
Special for the Hickston Hog

Motorists on the roads west of Hickston have met with extreme violence as clone bikers attack anyone in sight. Sheriff Parmer of Rabbit Ridge confirmed at least twelve vehicles have been destroyed by clone bikers, most of whom resemble escaped felon Frank Doyle and missing Hickston cheerleader Daisy Mae.

"It's a madhouse out there," Parmer said. "Them motorbikes, they is heavily armed, better than we is, that's for damn sure! I felt like a liberal at an NRA convention going up against that guy. And the gal is an even bigger ass kicker than the big guy! If she's a cheerleader, I'd have loved to have been her tailback!"

The clone bikers are threatening to cause mayhem, wanton destruction, and serious hurt to anything that gets in their path. Seven buildings in Rabbit Ridge were destroyed in their latest attack, which caused over \$700 in damage. The clones are believed to have been created by the same aliens responsible for the recent clone attacks in Hickston.

Parmer told Hickston to fear for the worse. "I wouldn't want to encourage people to panic. But it looks like the clone bikers are coming your way, so maybe you should panic now and get it out of your system."

Frank Doyle was convicted on multiple accounts of grand theft, armed robbery, hurting people, and having a bad attitude. It's been reported that these ornery alien clones make the real Frank Doyle look like a choir boy by comparison.

Daisy Mac recently vanished just prior to her scheduled testimony in the so-called Hotwater scandal, where she was going to reveal everything about her antics in the White House and the charges that she slept with the President. "Course ah slept with that thar President," she told the Hickston Hog last week. "It's a real big bed, and he was right neighborly to offer

it t'me instead of making me stay at one of them expensive Warshington motels. But he an' the First Lady do snore something awful. Ah was just glad ah had one of them big strong secret service agents to keep me company like. Ah really do like big strong men y'know, especially them leather biker types."

Daisy Mae was also known for playing chicken in swamp boats, and she recently licensed her name and likeness to the Daisy Mae Rifle Company.

HICKSTON SCIENTISTS INVENT NEW WEAPON

By S. Lancaster
Special for the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — In a startling development, Hickston Poultry farms have developed a brand new superweapon that may finally tip the balance in the war against alien clones in the favor of the decent folk of Hickston.

"We call it the Chicken Gun," Poultry farmer Zeke Dawson explained. "It started when we realized we was so overrun with chickens that me n' Jez Cluck decided to fur chickens at each other's farms outta ol' Civil War cannons. Ain't had more fun in yars. So mebbe we figure we jus' make ourselves some portable chicken gun, somethin' we can hold in our hands. Nothin' hits harder than a bird on a windshield, an' we finally figure out that we got somethin' that's pretty good, especially wi' all them clones running around an' messin' up the place. We tried a

lot of things with rifles, but that's a little too messy wi' the gunpowder. We finally found our secret method."

It's been reported that the US military is very interested in Hickston's newest secret weapon, but Dawson refuses to hand it over. "They comes from the Pentagon, an' that's the same shape as a pentagram, the symbol of the devil! I ain't about to let mah invention land in the hands of Satan! 'Sides, wi' all them clones runnin' around, who can trust some guy in a uniform? He could be a clone! Or something worse like the IRS!"

In field tests against alien spawned clones, the Chicken Gun has proven to be an extraordinarily effective weapon. "We got som' grif from the SPCA," Dawson reported. "But we just shot 'em an' buried the body out in Muddy Flats, an' no one's boddered us since."

Critics have charged that the Chicken Gun is only an ordinary crossbow with a stick of dynamite and a chicken attached to it. Dawson dismisses the criticism. "Ah'd like to see them say it to me face. 'Specially when I've got a chicken gun in me hands."

It's believed that prototypes of the weapon have been smuggled out of the area and may have fallen into enemy hands. Dawson remains unworried. "Ah thunk that we can do somethin' bigger and better. Neither of us wants to do a skunk gun. Jez wants to do a turkey gun, but in mah opinion, mebbe a cat gun would be more effective. We'll get drunk, have a fight, and whoever wins can design the next one."



Is that a stick of dynamite up yer ass, or are you just happy to see me?

UNCLE DARRELL'S SUPER FUN LEARNIN' PAGE

Perfect for fifth graders and other seniors



Our Friend, The Jack o'lope



Eastern Tennessee Blue Ridged Brown Nosed Jack o'lope



Arkansas Squirrely Black Bottomed Jack o'lope

However, the Arkansas Squirrely Black Bottom Jack o'lope is a wild and vicious creature that has learned to survive through the long winter months by attacking and eating rednecks. This species of evil jack o'lope goes berserk at the sight of pickup trucks. Extreme caution is advised if you are walking in their territory.

What's Their Scientific Name?

Varmant veloceros. Or something like that.

What's the Natural Enemy of Jack o'lopes?

Liberals. But they're everybody's enemies, so you shouldn't be surprised.

Can You Clone Jack o'lopes?

You can't, but them aliens will clone just about anything.

Do Jack o'lopes make good eating?

Nothing quite tastes like jack o'lope pie. You just got to take off the antlers first. And cook it.

How much is a Jack o'lope pelt?

They'd rather charge at you and impale you with their antlers than pelt you.

What Do Jack o'lopes Do In Their Spare Time?

They like to sneak into bars and watch college football. They're also fond of playing pool with their antlers, but they cheat.

Can Jack o'lopes drive motorcycles?

If cattle can drive, so can Jack o'lopes.

Are they an endangered species?

Only if I'm in the woods with a loaded gun! Nah, they hop around real darn fast. How can anything that fast be endangered? Don't listen to them California types.

How Do You Catch A Jack o'lope?

Real men catch them by shooting them with a shotgun, then scooping their dead bodies into a sack.

Biologists have also observed that Jack o'lopes have an extraordinary attraction to the music of Mojo Nixon and Tiny D and the Sofa Kings, which sound a lot like their mating calls. In particular, Mojo Nixon will attract amorous, eager jack o'lopes.

Come On! A Jack Rabbit/Antelope Crossbreed? Give me a break!

Boy, are you in for a surprise!

Is it true that Jack o'lopes are really an alien animal species that escaped from a flying saucer?

Actually, it's an experiment by Bigfoot that went terribly wrong.

I've just been attacked by a Jack o'lope! What do I do?

Don't try to run. When they see someone running, they'll leap at them. Instead, pull out your gun and kill them. If you don't have a gun — what the hell do you think the Second Amendment's for, you idiot! The Founding Fathers wanted you to go armed! Keep a gun with you at all times.

I just killed my dog and I want a Jack o'lope for a pet. Is this a good idea?

No.

Do Jack o'lopes get drunk?

Yep. Jack o'lopes seek out stills and steal people's most prized possession at night. That's why we hunt them down.

Who are some famous Jack o'lopes?

Rudolph, the Red Nosed Jack o'lope (drank too much from the elves' still), Mickey, the Jack o'lope that warned the US Navy about Pearl Harbor (too bad they didn't speak Jack o'lope), and Veronica, the world's oldest Jack o'lope that lives in the White House and ate the Nixon tapes.

Are Jack o'lopes Dangerous?

What do you think the antlers are for, toasting marshmallows? (Although there are at least three reports of Eastern Tennessee Jack o'lopes toasting marshmallows with their antlers at a boy scout jamboree in West Virginia, but everybody's weird in those parts).

The Eastern Tennessee Blue Ridged Brown Nose is actually a mild mannered critter that picks up trash with its antlers, grooms dirty infants with its tongue (which inoculates them against most major diseases) and emits a sweet smelling musk that scientists believe is helping to fix the ozone layer.

HICKSTON BARN DANCE SHAKES UP TOWN

Hickston next?

By J. Ponce
For the Hickston Hog

NORTH HICKSTON Arkansas — The special event of everyone's social calendar in Hickston is the Miller's Heights Baptist Church Barn Dance in North Hickston, and this year's event was no exception. Only three fights took place this year, down from the record seven fights that occurred in last year's dance.

"Leonard n' Bubba ain't here this yar, so it just ain't the same," said Big Brad Sullivan, expressing the disappointment of many and pointing to his missing teeth. "Ah been waitin' a long time for payback. God bless them two, I hopes they is okay."

The Hickston Barn dance was unusually crowded this year, as many of the participants found themselves face to face with long lost twins who crashed the party. "We asked them if they is clones, and they says no," Sullivan said. "I figger we can figger it out later."

The only major disruption occurred when Cooter Joe (apparently steamed 'cause he lost the big hog contest at last year's county fair) let loose his boar on the dance floor, resulting in two gorings. Adam Cooney was too drunk to care, but Mike Sandler had to be sent to the hospital, complaining that he hadn't liquored himself up enough and that he was going to miss the really good fights.

The biggest fight of the evening took place when Billy Jo Haskell discovered his girlfriend Emily in the back seat of Wade Peterson's pickup truck. Although

outweighed by nearly fifty pounds against Peterson, the biggest tackle at Hickston School, Haskell put up one of the gutsiest fights that this reporter's seen in quite some time and showed he might actually make a man out of himself one day. Emily was last seen wiping the blood from Wade's knuckles as the two were heading in the truck together in the direction of Kissing Point.

The annual pie eating contest was won by the Widow Irene, who won it for the seventeenth year in a row. Miss Irene drove away Cooter Joe's boar with a pitchfork (guess the boar recognizes people who are meaner than it!), then threatened to use it on anyone who challenged her. She was unopposed in the contest.

The biggest and best fun of the night
See BARN DANCE, page 14



Unfortunately, our photographer, cub reporter Billy Joe Haskell, was unable to get any pictures cos' Wade Patterson broke his camera over his face, so here's some pictures from the new game that is spreading like wildfire all over Hickston, *Redneck Rampage Rides Again*.

GHOSTS TAKE OVER TEXAS

By Kenny Rigney
For the Hickston Hog

EL PESO Texas — Experts here were baffled as the entire population of El Peso disappeared nearly overnight, prompting speculation that the town was abducted by aliens.

"We had three people here last week," Texas Ranger Miles Strohm told reporters. "And now there ain't no sign of them. This ain't natural. El Peso's a great place to live. We even had an Elvis sighting here last month, and if that don't bring in new blood, I don't know what will!"

The popular psychic Roxean visited the town yesterday, and held a big press conference at the El Peso Bank in front of three disinterested newspaper reporters. "They say that El Peso's a ghost town, so it's obviously that ghosts are responsible! They're planning to take over Texas! There's nowhere to run, nowhere to hide!"

I can, of course, hold a preemptive exorcism and keep your home ghost-free. It's only \$200."

Other experts have different theories about the disappearance, with some comparing it to recent disappearances in Arkansas caused by aliens, while other people mentioned the appalling standard of living in this Texas town.

TRAILER PARK DECLARES WAR ON TORNADOES

Thirteen injured in Happydale Meadows Twister Tussle

By J. Ponce
For The Hickston Hog

NORTH HICKSTON Arkansas — Tired of having their trailer parks destroyed by the spawn of El Nino, residents of the Happydale Meadows Trailer Park waged a massive assault against a devil twister,

leaving thirteen injured. A force of thirty trailer park residents, armed with shotguns and rifles, set up barricades and waged a five minute firefight against a large cyclone that threatened Happydale Meadows.

"It's 'bout time somebody showed them twisters what real 'Mericans are all 'bout." Tornado fighter commander Wilson McIlroy told the Hickston Hog. "We's been for too long jus' too run away and hide while these damn forces o'nature run amok and wreck our property. We drew the line in Iraq, and we is drawin' it gain now. No more twisters is gonna bother us wi'out a fight!"

"We showed that twister but good," said McIlroy's brother, Terry Munson added. "And it kept throwing tables and chairs at us, but we didn't flinch. This is 'Merica, where we don't back down from nobody. And in the end, the twister turned yeller and ran away like the coward it is. Ah hope it thinks twice before coming back."

Local meteorologists caution that you can't hurt a force of nature with weapons,

See TORNADOES, page 14

Are you tired of missing out on all of the best parts of the chicken? If so, come on down to:

Billy Joe Bo Bobb's Happy Greasy Gizzard!

We get you all of the parts them other guys throw out!

Check out our gore-may menu:

- ✓ Bag O' Tongues
- ✓ Lard-Fried Gristle Bites
- ✓ Head & Comb Deluxe
- ✓ 6-Piece BoGiblets
- ✓ 9-Piece BoGiblets
- ✓ 20-Piece Economy-Size BoGiblets
- ✓ The World-Famous Red, White, Bloody and Blue Metal Pail of Happy Greasy Gizzards!

For the "carnie-sewer" we also feature "Gourmet Roadkill": your choice of Possum, Skunk, Hare or Little Gray Man. (Selections vary depending on what Cletus sees down on Route 12.)

So, for a taste the other guys miss, come to Billy Joe Bo Bobb's Happy Greasy Gizzard — we'll cook up what they threw away! Yeaahhhawww!





PSYCHORAMA

Miss Roxeen's predictions for the coming year!

By J. Ponce
For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON ARKANSAS — Arkansas's greatest psychic, Roxeen, today issued her predictions for the coming year, exclusive to the Hickston Hog.

"Mah crystal ball's been working harder than a trucker at an all-night motel," Roxeen told us, puffing on a cigar. "Ah'm gonna have to get me a clone if ah is gonna have to keep up with all them psychic energy that's feeding me all them messages."

The President of the United States will be caught naked with a pig. The pig will be made the special prosecutor of an investigation that the press will call "Piggygate". The President will say that he was hungry.

Satan will expand his campaign to rule the Earth! Watch for the False Prophet, and remember, if you watch 10 Bible Shows, one of them may be false. Read Revelations.

That Microsoft corporation will not buy Arkansas like everyone's sayin'. It will buy Mississippi, which is much cheaper.

There will be a Bigfoot sighting in Rabbit Ridge.

It's a bad time for corn futures, but you can't beat wheat.

Videogames will get more violent. The biggest selling game in the world, Gist, will continue to sell boatloads of copies, even though no one really plays it.

The Razorbacks will win the NCAA Basketball championship, and if they don't win it, it's because we'll get robbed by bad officiating!

Something horrible is in Sheriff Hobbes' future. Can you say Jack o'lopes?

Swamp boats will make a comeback, especially those with big guns and a load of explosives.

There's gonna be a war somewhere, but it ain't here. Unless you count next Saturday's rasslin' match. Go Barbed Wire Willie!

You will have a year full of opportunities, but you will squander them all as you sit on the couch, drink beer, watch TV, and sometimes go bowling. Happy New Year!

Leonard and Bubba, the two town heroes of Hickston, will shoot and kill a whole mess of clones.

Taxes will go up this year.

Widow Irene will get tired of being a widow, pull out a shotgun, and find some young hunk to marry her. Maybe Cooter Joe.

Stank's Bar and Grill is due for some horrible disaster this summer, possibly from psychotic biker clones.

Wall Street is in for a pasting in the month of October. Expect a few of them rich types who don't put their money someplace safe like under a good mattress to take a beating.

Banjos will be the future of interactive multimedia entertainment. Banjos. I see lots of banjos.

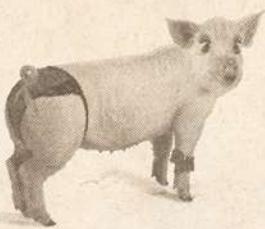
Air pressure across Arkansas will increase from 44 PSI to 50 PSI. Balloons will burst across the entire region.

Roxeene's prediction rate last year was 42%, 12% higher than any other psychic in Arkansas. Many critics dismiss her predictions as overly obvious. Roxeen dismissed her critics as jealous and incompetent.

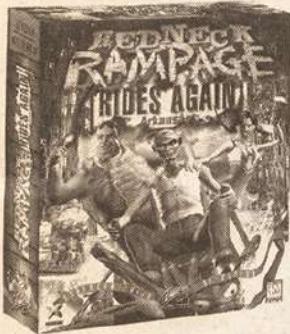
REDNECK RAMPAGE RIDES AGAIN

Arkansas

Game Stuff



Y'ALL
READY FOR SOME ACTION?



Interplay
REDNECK RAMPAGE RIDES AGAIN!
BY GAMERS, FOR GAMERS.
By Rednecks, For Rednecks.



A FEW HELPFUL HINTS:

- As you fight your way back to Hickston, you'll meet up with your friend Bubba from time to time. Hit him in the head with a crowbar to end the level.
- After you launch a chicken, it'll really try to help you pound the tar out of somethin'. But them chickens is real cockeyed from that dynamite stuck up their ass. They lean a little to the left, watch yerself.
- It's fun and all to barrel over a bunch of Groovy Ol' Coot clones on your hog. But Billy Ray Jeter is so damn fat he's just a road hazard. Swerve outta the way before you get hurt.
- Remember, animals were put on this world for a purpose, so ya better make damn sure ya got some use outta them before you killum.
- Cracks in the walls might indicate a lack of structural 'tegrity. I never went to no demolition school, but I am a right skilled amateur.

THINGS THAT HURT PEOPLE



Motorcycle - Mount the hog with the space bar. Motorcycle ammo is heavy, you'd best pick it up while you're mounted, and leave the ammo on the bike too. If you're good, you can jump chasms, ramps, cliffs...practice at the track for a while if you need the help. And remember, the sheriff hasn't given out a ticket in this county for hit-and-run for about 30 years.



Swamp Boat - There's nothing more disgustin' than rotting Spanish Moss sticking all over your legs, and redbugs digging right underneath your skin. You don't want to dare put your bare feet into that swamp water. That's where the Swamp Boat comes in. The standard mortar mounted in the front of every swamp boat at Charlene's Marine uses those heavy shells. You can only keep them in the boat. Practice using that mortar for straight shots along the swamp channels; it's good against gators, water moccasons, and cheerleaders.



Crowbar - There's just something so satisfying about the bone-jarrin' feeling of a cold piece of steel laid across a warm skull.



Sling Blade - Kaiser blade, sting blade, whatever. This is used to slash through thick brush. It slashes through people very quickly, too.



.454 Casull pistol - This ain't no pea-shooter, boy. She packs quite a punch and is real accurate from a distance.



Shotgun - The primary weapon for some up-close and personal killin'. Tap her gently to let off a single load, or lean on her to empty both barrels.



Ranch Rifle - Pssst. Don't tell Sheriff Hobbes now, but we done modified this baby to be fully automatic. Remember, fire in controlled bursts if ya don't wanna be shootin' at the sky...



Rip Saw - This here is your dual-purpose killin' machine—one mode gives ya that close-up chainsaw action, while the other is perfect for some long-distance mutilation. Best watch out for that nasty rebound now.



Dynamite - These ain't eggsackly what you'd call Safe N' Sane. Light 'em, throw 'em, then get the hell outta the way.



Crossbow - When yer throwin' arm gets a little tired, try duct-tapin' a stick 'a dynamite to an arrow. She'll fly mighty far with a crossbow, and the twang of the bow-string is sorta like a banjo.



Chicken Crossbow - See page 2 for the details. This chicken really wants to help you hit the target. Lately somebody's been leaving chickens with dynamite up their tookus all over Spittle County. I don't know who would do such a thing, but finders keepers!



Alien Arm Gun - Well now, them tendons is a little slimy, and the fireworks it lets out'll burn the hair on your arms clean off, but I'll be damned if this thing won't crispy just about anything.



Powder Keg - Them give new meanin' to the phrase "Handle with care." I wouldn't even recommend fartin' too close to these things. You can set 'em off with just about anything...Just make shore you shoot 'em from a safe distance.



Well now, I'm just too ashamed to talk about this here gun. I just know I'm gonna get throwed outta the lodge if anyone sees me wearin' it. But Damnit.. it just feels so nice against m' skin!

Important Section**YER HOSTILE ENEMY TYPES**

Skeeter - You may have heard a yarn or two about the size of the insect life here in the deep South. Now, I suggest ya don't take these stories too lightly, 'cause I've seen some mosquitos in my time that could suck a full-grown steer bone dry. Hell, some farmers 'round these parts even claim that a 'skeeter can carry off a Javelina if it gets hungry enough. Ain't no bug repellent in the world gonna keep these bastards away, so ya best be keepin' a loaded shotgun handy if'n you're gonna go traipsin' through the backwoods.



Chicken - Chickens really don't make good huntin', 'cause they just ain't much of a challenge. Now I reckon' ya might be able to get 'em riled up enough to provide some decent target practice, but as far as I'm concerned, theys generally just a pain in the ass, and is constantly gettin' in the way. Nope, if ya ask me, a chicken is at its best when it's floatin' way down at the bottom of a J. Cluck's Deep Fryin' vat.



Cow - It always amazes me how many slugs you can pump into a cow before she'll go doyn. Hell, I hit one with my truck once and it took the radiator and grill completely out. Damn thing just kept on walkin' cross the road too, as if it never paid me no nevermind. I'll tell ya, them animals make for some great cover when your ass is in a bind. They ain't so bright though; I tipped one over once and it took it nearly a whole day to figger out how to get back up.



Pig - Don't you be shootin' no pigs now, ya hear. Some of my most favorit things on this earth is made from them critters. Somehow, them animals always seem to lift me up when I'm feelin' down. Sides, they ain't quite as dumb as chickens and cows ya know. Piss off a Javelina and she might just gnaw yer foot off if'n ya ain't careful.



Dog - Dogs round here ain't like them lazy city dogs; they gots t'earn their keep. You be mighty careful not to go messin' 'round with no farm dogs, cause they're awful tempermental about strangers bein' in their territory. Ya best pay attention to what I'm sayin' now, 'cause if ya get



one of them mongreloids after yer ass, you'll be prayin' for the fastest cowboy boots that's ever graced the face of this earth.



Jack o'lope - That head on yer Uncle Edward's wall is for real. Between the antlers and the bite, a healthy jack o'lope will cut right through your femoral arteries in no time. Good for practicing your target pistol shooting, and if you ever meet up with a corral full of jack o'lopes, you'll be glad to be carrying around a stick of TNT....



Turd Minion - Rumor has it that them Turd Minions is actually made from alien fecal matter. Ayup, you heard right, alien shit! Seems them buggers have found some kind'a way to recycle their own crap. They bring it to life and use them little buggers to do all their work for them. Damn, I'm startin' to think I'm on the wrong side here. I mean, can ya imagine it? You could take a dump and have the little turd go plow the back 40! Ah, just as well, those little freaks probally would never get a lick o' work done, the way they always be hoppin' around like that. Nope, more likely they wouldn't be worth... Well, worth a shit I imagine.



Swamp Minion - Lately a new type of turd minion has been found in the swamps. Instead of throwing crap around, it pulls a frog out of somewhere and hucks it at you. Frogs are fun to hit at the baseball plate, but a rock-hard frog hitting your face at 90 miles per hour hurts. Terminate with extreme prejudice.



Lava Minion - What in the hell! Guess them lil' turd minions weren't satisfied jus' mutatin' once. Seems that a new breed's been spotted around the Dev Oil lava fields. Locals are callin' em 'Lava Minions', and why not? They's completely resistant to heat damage from the lava, and have been reported to now hurl flamin' turds. Yikes!



Groovy Old Coot - We figured that after winning a free trip to Vegas at the Hickston Bingo Parlor, the skinny old coot might loosen up a might. Fat chance. All he did was come back from Vegas with a heap o' new shirts and pants, and he picked up some of that Vegas hipster talk to boot. Seems that he's even more pissed off than

before 'cause he lost all his entitlement money, and rumor has it that he even lost his land in a poker game. Our advice? Avoid this ornery old sumbitch at all costs, and if you seem, put on a pair of sunglasses. Jeez them shirts is loud!



Billy Ray Jeter - Billy Ray has always been a bit of a loner, and doesn't care much for compny (even though he does consider most folks to be his cousin, an' in his case, he's likely right). Like many folk round these parts, Billy Ray swims in the shallow end of the gene pool, if'n you catch my drift. Because of several generations of... errr... selective breedin', he is one mammoth of a man. That boy's skull is so thick I swear you could crack a bowlin' ball on it.



I heard a rumor about Billy Ray recently. Word has it he was out frog giggin' in the swamp late one night, and one of them alien space ships sucked his big ass up. They say they done cloned that boy, but was so disappointed with the results, they dumped the whole lot back into the swamp. Now I guess there's supposed to be hundreds of them Billy Ray clones traipsin' about, and no one knows which is the original. Hell, I don't see what's so hard to figger out.. just look for the one with the corn mash on his breath.



Daisy Mae - Hickston High's cheerleader leader went missing a few months ago. Either she pro-created something fierce in those few months, or she has a heck of a lot of sisters. Septuplets, maybe, enough for a whole cheer squad. Daisy Mae was working on her flaming baton trick when she disappeared, I'd keep an eye out for her and her boyfriend.

Frank Doyle - Frank Doyle is the only biker we've seen around Hickston lately. He's devilish fast on his hog, stay around the corner when he drives by. I recommend guns — explosives won't do, he'll dodge any dynamite you throw his way. If he jumps off the bike and starts blazin' away, duck around another corner fast. But here's a tip — Frank has the habit of keeping his guns in a back holster, so if you surprise him you can get the drop on him if you're fast. Scattergun wounds to the belly are hard to heal, even with the toughest leather jacket in the way.



Alien Hulk Guards - Well now, them alien critters don't appear to be the sharpest pencils in the box, but I'll be damned if they ain't the biggest. Not only that, but they is armed to the teeth (and I think even those might be weapons too). Far as I can tell, they's some kind of half critter, half machine type thing. All I know for sure is that if you really wanna kill one, you better blow his ass to bits. Otherwise, they seem to have some kinda backup battery contraption that keeps rechargin' after a while.



Alien Vixens - It just pains my heart to have to fight such a luscious example of femarine beauty. I guess when it comes right down to it though, I just can't stomach gettin' my ass whupped by some leather wearin' girlie. I must admit though, them twin machine guns look purty appealin'. Course, you wouldn't never catch me tryin' to use a contraception like that...not in public anyhow.



Sheriff Hobbes - Sheriff Hobbes is not a man to cross when on the wrong side of the law. For that matter, he ain't a man to cross when on the "right" side of the law neither. Lester T. Hobbes makes it well known that he puts up with no guff in his county. You'd probably find his brand of southern justice is a mighty extreme, so be sure you don't get on his bad side if you don't wanna end up in the swamps feedin' the 'gators.

HEALTH FOOD N' STUFF



CowPie™ - Mmmmm...nothin' like a little simulated bovine excrement to fill the tummy and make an ailin' feller fell a little better.



Pork Rinds - They're crispy, they're crunchy, and they're made from 100 percent deep-fried, All-American, processed pig parts. Yummy! If thems don't make ya feel better, nuttin' will.



Whiskey - I just can't hit a damn thing when I'm sober. I find that just a few nips off the ol' bottle settles the nerves and steadies the hands. Also takes the sting off some of them scrapes and bruises. Don't drink too much now...it's no fun pukin' on your boots durin' a gunfight.



Beer - A six-pack and a loaded shotgun...well now, it must be killin' time!



Key - Keys can be very useful when it just wouldn't be polite to shoot out the window.



Hip waders - Not only will these babies let you run like lightnin' when you're knee deep in pig filth, but they also do a fine job of keepin' the cold outta yer nether regions.



Vacuum Hose and Welding Goggles - These ain't eggsackly what you might call self-contained, but they still make for some damn fine breathin' aperatus.



Moonshine - Grandma's recipe will shore 'nuff light a fire in yer belly and send ya haulin' ass down the road like a gut shot javalina! This liquid tonic'll clear the head and settle a gassy belly.

EATIN' AN' DRINKIN'

Both will make you feel better, but beware: the drunker ya get, the harder it'll be t'walk straight. An' the more gut ya get, the harder it'll be t'sneak up on them aliens. <BURRRP BLAAAAT> Ooops sorry—see what we mean?

DRUNKOMETER

1. Sober
2. Buzzed
3. Shit-Faced
4. F o o p s e d U p

GUTOMETER:

1. Bubba
2. Big Bubba
3. Mega Bubba
4. Stick-A-Red-Flag-Up-Yer-Ass Wide-Load Bubba

HOW TO DO STUFF IN THE GAME (plus, see Drivin' Lessons on p. 14)

MOUSE

- | | |
|----------|---------------------------|
| Button 1 | Fires the selected weapon |
| Button 2 | Walk forward |
| Button 3 | Strafe |

JOYSTICK

- | | |
|----------|---------------------------|
| Movement | Direction |
| Button 1 | Fires the selected weapon |
| Button 2 | Walk forward |
| Button 3 | Strafe |

GAMEPAD

- | | |
|----------|---------------------------|
| Movement | Direction |
| Button 1 | Fires the selected weapon |
| Button 2 | Walk forward |
| Button 3 | Use items or open doors |
| Button 4 | Strafe |

KEYBOARD

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| Arrows | Movement |
| Spacebar | Use items or open doors, or mount yer hog or boat |
| Tab | 2D map modes |
| Shift + Arrow | Run |

Caps Lock

Auto run

Alt + Arrow

Strafe in direction of arrow key

Ctrl

Fire Current weapon

A

Jump

Z

Crouch

Backspace

180° Turn

[or]

Select inventory item

Enter

Use current inventory item

W

Drink Whiskey (if owned)

B

Drink Beer (if owned)

\

Take a quick pee

Y

Yee haw

C

Eat CowPie™ (if owned)

M

Drink moonshine

#'s 1-0

Weapons selection

;

Previous weapon or next weapon

Scroll Lock

Holster weapon

Keypad 5

Center view

Home/End

Aim up/Aim down

PgUp/PgDn

Look up/Look down

Ins/Del

Peek left/Peek right

Pause

Pause game (hold Shift to avoid message)

ESC

Escape back to Main Menu

F1

Help and game story

F2

Save game

F3

Load game

F4

Sound/Music settings

F6

Quick save

F7

Chase view

F8

Toggle messages On/Off

F9

Quick Load

F10

Quit to DOS

F11

Brightness

F12

Take a PCX screen shot

- (minus)

Shrink screen (faster play)

+ (plus)

Enlarge game screen

Options for Network Games

Alt + F1-F10

Holler at yer kin (just try it and see)

Shift + F1-F10

Send pre-defined Macro Messages

T

Type a message to everyone

E

Show opponent's weapon

K

See Co-Op view



Hey, Annie!

I've worked at the plant for thirteen years, but recently some punk supervisor came up through the ranks, decided he didn't like me, and fired me. Shooting him sounds real good right now.

— Former Hickston Postal Employee

Dear Postal,

Go ahead, but remember the high cost of ammo.

— Annie

Annabelle,

My divorce has just gone final (viva Las Vegas!) and I'm looking for a filly to ride. How about you and me hitch our wagons?

— The Hickston Stud

Dear Loser,

How about we don't? For all you know, I could really be a thirty-seven year old man having a mid-life crisis who's writing this under an assumed name, and the last thing I need is some fat-assed bick jerk who's never seen me trying to come onto me with some really bad metaphors. So go find someone else to harass.

— Annie

Dear Annie,

My boyfriend Donnie and me just bought a shack in the middle of the swamp out west of Hickston. My hip waders got slimy after a day, smelly after two. What should I do?

— Swamp Rash Sue

Dear Sue,

Swamp boat. You can get new models that have keys, and if you see

an alligator, blow it away with a mortar!

I heard that swamp west of Hickston has weird creatures running at swamp boats they hear. Just run over 'em and the creatures explode.

— Annie

Dear Annie,

Do you know anything about target practice while riding motorcycles?

— Dennis

Dear Dennis,

If you're on such a fast motorcycle, stud, why don't you run over your targets and save the ammo?

— Annie

Dear Annie,

I use a mouse to aim myself with Rat Amin', the W-S keys for forward and back, the A-D keys for left and right strafing, the right mouse button to jump, Q for beer, X to duck, the middle mouse button for whiskey, and E for eating CowPies. When I'm on the motorcycle or

PUBLIC NOTICE

(For all you shitbags who are trying to figure out how to finish a level.)

You have to hit Bubba in the head with a crowbar, you dumbass.

If you need a picture of Bubba, he's this issue's Bachelor Of The Month. Hold the picture up to your computer monitor and compare his face to the face of the guy calling "Over here, Leonard!" The faces probably match. If so, pop him one with the crowbar — NOT the chicken crossbow.

swamp boat, should I take my hand off the mouse and use left and right arrow keys for better turning control?

— Billy

Dear Billy,
Yep.

— Annie

Dear Annie,
My uncle T.C. had a jack o'lope head mounted on his wall next to the 4 bucks, and I never believed it was real till last night. There are tons of them about a mile south of my cousin Kim's. What're the heads worth?

— Deke

Dear Deke,
Listen, I've heard about these jack o'lopes, and they're nothing but trouble. They bite through your clothes. My advice is to find the whole den of 'em, light up some explosives, and blow up as many as you can. They're not even good eating. There's no telling WHERE they're coming from. If you find out, let Animal Control know right away and they will come out with pistols and duct tape and maybe we'll get rid of these pests.

— Annie



In business for 37 years
in the tri-state area

All vehicles thoroughly
checked and rustproofed

Stop by for a fresh
cold drink and help us
drain our overflowing
water cooler

BUBBA'S HOME GROWN HORROSCOPE



Aquarius

January 21-February 19 / Sure is cold out there

This is a special time for Aquarius. If you go fishing, you're sure to catch something, although it may just be the flu. Bundle warm and stay dry.



Pisces

February 20-March 20 / Pisces gals get pretty icy, if you know what I mean...

Pisces is the sign of a fish, and fish stink if you ain't careful. You may not feel like it, but you'd better take a bath right now. Go on there, get going.



Aries

March 20-April 20 / Ram tough, like a damn good pick-up truck

This is a great time to go hunting. Get out your biggest gun, and shoot anything that moves, 'cept maybe the wife n' kids. Beware the Jack o'lope, my friend.



Taurus

April 21-May 21 / Springtime, and the fillies are lookin' real pretty right now

People born on this sign have real bad tempers. Now don't you go yelling at me, I'm just telling you the truth! People born on this sign are also terrible liars, so quit with the bull.



Gemini

May 22-June 21 / Time to clean the outhouse

Gemini stands for twins, and we all know what that really means — clones. It's time to get out the shotgun again and start killin'.



Cancer

June 22-July 23 / Where'd all these flies come from?

Cancer is unhealthy, and you're dying from some God-forsaken plague. And it's your own fault because you were born in the month of Baalzebub! So crawl into a hole and die, maggot! DIE!



Leo

July 24-August 23 / Dead bodies sure stink this time of year

If you're a Leo, you probably owe me money, like Leo Whittaker does over in Polecat Holler. So pay up deadbeat, or I'll take a crowbar to your face.



Virgo

August 24-September 23 / Don't have to mow the lawn as often. A good time of year

There are no real Virgos. Including your daughter. Live with it.



Libra

September 24-October 23 / Dangit, now I have to go raking leaves!

This is the sign of that cheap tramp Barbara Kay, who stood me up at the school prom! After I got her a purdy flower too! You better not show your face around me!



Scorpio

October 24-November 22 / It's getting cold out! Thank God for rotgut!

This is the sign of a sneaky critter that crawls around the desert and stings people with its tail. Just don't do it to me, Leonard, or the pig, and we'll get along just fine. There are clones in your future.



Sagittarius

November 23-December 21 / Sign of the archer. They'd use a shotgun nowadays

If you find the hunting's gone sour, go to a bar and beat up a tourist. Take along a friend, it's easier that way, unless you got something like that tramp Barbara Kay that you gotta work outta your system. Try not to hurt him too bad, unless he's a clone or an creature of Satan.



Capricorn

December 22-January 20 / Football and Christmas. Truly the season of the lord.

If you ain't been to Church all year, now's the time to go and repent of your sins. If you've been to Church, do it anyways. Work for the Lord, and Santa will be good to you.

This here is Classified, though I sure as Hell don't know why, since nobody's keeping this a secret.

Call 555-SELL and ask for Selma.

FOR SALE: Swamp Boat. Goes real good in the swamp. Complete with options like fully automatic weapons. Call Bob's Bait, Tackle, and Swamp Boat Emporium, Mudwallow Marsh.

LOST — HUNTING DOG: Twelve years old (about eighty dog years, I reckon) Blind in one eye, answers to the name of Rufus. Also answers to "That Damn Dog". Goes berserk at the sight of squirrels. Don't much like the smell of coffee either. Maybe you should just keep him if you find him. I don't want him no more.

BODY PARTS — Why pay expensive hospitals in the big city when you can get discount transplants from us? Happy Xognar of Rigel XXVI will gladly provide all of your body part needs! Doubt us? Visit see our clone factory and mind controlled slave labor camps. For all you rednecks wishing to provide genetic material for our experiments, we'll let you shoot clones on our Redneck Rampage battlegrounds. Fun for the whole family!

LOST — Mk XXVII. Galva class Space Transportation Vehicle. Galactic Registry: 122-KUMQUAT. Saucer shaped. Has inscriptions "You can't handle the truth, FBI boy" and "Will warp for Earth babes". Last seen piloted by a pair of rednecks. If you find it, phone galactic frequency 83-WARP-45, wavelength 22.4 teracycles. Ask for Happy Xognar.

STOLEN — Dead Moose. Stinks real bad. Call Fred.

CHEERLEADER — Bored of local hicks and losers, wants a life of excitement, danger and travel. No rednecks in pickup trucks; I want He-Men in leather on the baddest motorcycle in the state. Psychosis a plus. Twins, triplets, or clones an asset. 555-6213. Ask for Daisy Mae.

FUR SALE: 1971 Pickup truck. 350,000 miles. Includes air conditioning (old Zeke shot the back three times back in '83 when he thought we was going to send him to an old folk's home). \$2,000 or a year's supply of hogs or best offer.

LOGS — I cut big trees. You get lots of wood. Contact P. Bunyan.

CRITTERS — Moving out of the area and need place for my critters to stay. Will be very grateful. Call Ellie Mae. Bugtussle.

WILD WOMAN — seeks eligible husband. Must be available and not married to anyone better looking than I am, or I'll rip her lungs out. Call Josie Sue, 555-6666.

MOONSHINE — Rotgut for sale. 1992 batch with extra anti-freeze. Get it quick before it eats its way through the containers. Call 555-SLAG.

HUGGABLE REDNECK — Needs woman or dog to cook, wash clothes, breed progeny, and wait on him hand and foot. Will give you a home in the woods, plenty of loving, and cinder blocks. Call B.J. Tippett at 555-3257.

LEONARD and BUBBA, we miss yew! The gals of Hickston.

LOST — 300,000 chickens. Call Edna the Poultry Queen 555-CLUK.

LOST HUNTING RIFLE — I threw my happy Winchester into Hickston Crick when I missed a deer three times cos the wind threw off me aim. If you sees it, I'd be obliged if you'd return it to its rightful owner, me. Me is Billy Brixton. Look my number up in the phone book, cos I can never remember the damn thing.

CLONES — Why settle for simple inbreeding? Our clone sex farm will create a female clone duplicate of yourself that will bring pleasure to your nights. Phone 555-CLON. Easy body part payment options available. Ask for Happy Xognar.

WANTED — Tapes of Hee Haw between 1974 and 1976. Need to settle argument with a smart ass from Polecat Hollow on Alt.Hick.Heehaw. Will pay plenty. Betamax (the superior home video system), no VHS please. 555-HEHW, ask for Smoky Joe Gill.

PRO WRESTLER — Method actor needs Help! I'm playing the character of Hillbilly Bobby Joe McDaniels in pro wrestling... I mean rassling, and I'm having trouble getting down my character. I need a real hillbilly wrestler to show me the ropes. Call 555-6345, and ask for Mad Dog Vaglienti. Will pay with \$2 discount wrestling tickets.

WELCOME WAGON NEEDED — A couple of Texans and their kid just moved last week to Hickston from El Peso and are unfamiliar with life in Arkansas. If someone can give us a hand, we'd be mighty grateful. Call 555-2633, and ask for Big Reg.

BILLY RAY JETER, I know it was a mistake making you try to take that office job. Seeing you cooped up behind that desk, you were shuffling around so nervously, I knew you wouldn't last the day. Thanks for not killing everybody in the room, it means a lot to us.

— The crew at Earl's Mining Co.

XXX — Phone sex with live sheep. Hear the baa-baa-baa of love and imagine yourself herding yourself to an evening of perfect happiness as they graze upon your romantic appetites.

CONVENTION NOTICE — All Homicidal Bikers! You tired of having nothing better to do? Bring your hogs to Stank's Bar and Grill, Hickston Arkansas, pronto. We're gonna hold a housewarming party for every house in this hole! Ha! Signed — Frank Doyle.

WANTED — Twelve people to join coven in Satanic ritual to raise the dead from the grave to search for our new Anti-Christ. Call 555-HELL.

BOUNTY — Bigfoot seen tipping cows over near my crop circles. I figger a bigfoot pelt's got to be worth something big, especially to foreign types who like to eat dogs and horses (them is degenerates, though I hear cats is good eating) so let's split the reward and both get filthy rich. Call Cooter Joe, 555-2929.

THE UNTOLD TRUTH — The South won the War Between The States! Read proof of the Northern conspiracy to destroy the spirit of the Confederacy! Let Dixie fly loud and proud. Pick up "The True Story of the Noble South and the Evil Northern Bastards" by R. H. Houston at the Hickston Place of Good Reading, right next door to Revell's Bowlero.

GRADUATION PHOTOS — Will take photos of senior classes, no third graders, fourth and fifth grade only.

TRACTOR PULLOPOLUZA '96 — Now available on videotape. \$30.

HELP — Harvard trained journalist trapped in Hell, also known as Hickston Arkansas. I can't take this place anymore! Get me out of here! Call the FBI! K Newcomb.

WANTED — Sleazy big city television producer seeks violent losers to humiliate selves on nationally syndicated freak show. Must have serious psychological problems and be willing to claw each other's eyes out on camera, or do a halfway convincing job of faking it. Call J. Springer.

BEST BARBER IN THREE STATES — Will give traditional doo to you. I have a real barber pole too! Call Floyd's in Mayberry.

PERSONAL TO MADDIELOU — Meet me at lunch, same day, same place. I'll bring milk.

BANJO PLAYING SECRET TO IMMORTALITY

By Kenny Rigney
For The Hickston Hog

PIG FLATS — Mississippi Astonishment and panic have gripped the populace of this hamlet, as annoying banjo music have awakened the townsfolk for the third night in a row. Reports said the people responsible are the long missing banjo artists, Billy Ray Jeter and the Old Coot, in spite of numerous reports that the two men have been killed numerous times. Scientists say that the dead Billy Rays and Old Coots must have been clones, and the unkillable ones are the genuine article.

"We believe banjo music and alien experimentation are responsible." Dr. Lewis Smart, a professor at Arkansas Middle School explained. "They must have performed some experiment that causes banjo music to kill off the aging cells. It's all very scientific and complicated. You really need a degree or two to understand it."

The explanation provided little consolation to the sleepless townsfolk. "That Billy Ray's a traitor!" One angry townsman was quoted as saying. "He used to be in a jug band, and now he's gone banjo on us! He done a damn sell out job on us jug music fans! Next thing you know, he'll be headlining Hollerpolooza. And to add insult t' injury, now I just gones and wasted my best buckshot on 'im, and I still can't nail his ass. And now they is gone and said that banjo music is making him too tough for my rifle! Shiiiyit! Life ain't fair."

Some scientists dispute the banjo theory, saying that the reason that Billy Ray and the Old Coot can't be killed are because of secret experiments by the evil Xatrix Corporation, which mistook Billy Ray and the Old Coot for videogame characters, and since videogame characters can't really be killed, neither can Billy Ray or the Old Coot. Xatrix was not available for comment.

Billy Ray and the Old Coot were last seen heading in the direction of Hickston.

FATHER'S DAY Continued from page 1

"Be Sure, Don't Be Sorry" was our motto this year," said Miss Joeleen Wallace of Miss Wallace's Gifts And Guns Emporium. Miss Wallace attributed her strong sales to a buy-one-get-one-free card promotion, an offer that was accepted by over 75% of this year's Father's Day customers.

Readers will also remember the fight three years ago when six fathers were hospitalized when a brawl broke out before the three legged race to decide who was Kenny Logan's real father. "Kenny's the best young athlete in the county," said one of the fathers. "He's a sure bet to win, and the winner gets a blueberry pie."

Hickston has been safe from really bad riots since 1969, when the twenty-six Brooks brothers filled up local jail cells after Bobby 'Zeke' Brooks stole the Hickston Hospital medical records and attempted to untie the family tree.



BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS! WE'VE GOT BOOTS GALORE!

We've got boots made of coon, snake, eel, shark, dinosaur, lemur, leopard, hound, horse, donkey, chicken, alien, kangaroo, marmoset, oryx, condor, mice (takes 87 to make!), Reba, horny toad, tazmanian devil, rhino, albino, Guido, dodo, and mummified skin from THE KING.

We're the BOOT STORE.
Coming to your town this
Thursday & Friday.

WAR ON ALIENS Continued from page 1

While Sheriff Hobbes refuses to speculate on the cause for Leonard and Bubba's disappearance, friends say that the last straw came when the aliens stole Leonard and Bubba's prize winning pig. "They loved that lil' squealer," McDaniels said. "It used to squeal and rawl around in the mud. It looked like a pretty good eating pig too. Sure would do nice to have some nice strips of bacon raht now. Ah guess ah can't blame the aliens fur wanting a good breakfast. But if they go after me chickens, ah'll blow their damn heads off. Ah guess Leonard an' Bubba reckoned the same."

There were numerous signs of a battle, as shotgun shells, dynamite wrappers, and many, many chicken feathers were found where Leonard and Bubba battled the aliens, along with the corpses of numerous clones created by the aliens. "Ah think ah saw five copies of Judge Reilley lying awn the ground," McDaniels reported. "Shiyyit, ah wish ah'd had my shotgun tha too. Ah always did thunk he was too uppity."

According to town expert on everything Jeb Knowles, Leonard and Bubba's chances don't look too good. "We's all knows these aliens, they like to disintegrate things. I saw this one Martian on the TV, and as soon as it was getting angry, it was disintegrating ducks all over the place. And given that Leonard and Bubba have about the same IQ as a duck, I'd say their chances ain't looking too good. Of course, if these aliens are working with the evil government

SEE MORE ALIENS, page 14



39 stations
Not watered down
Not premium
American made oil
DEVOIL

For everyone who's ever been
accused of being a quart low

BARN DANCE*Continued from page 4*

was the annual Scarecrow lottery. Billy Red Patterson was this year's unlucky winner and was tarred and feathered by the crowd and set on a pole. Billy Red managed to last for thirty-six minutes on the pole before he screamed "Let me down!" ten times at the top of his lungs, and earned \$72 and free drinks for a week over at Stanky's Bar and Grill. What a guy!

The evening ended on a real odd note, as half the audience requested the band play "Send In the Clones" and began performing a line dance. People haven't quite figured that one out.

TORNADOES*Continued from page 5*

and that the tornado fighters were putting themselves in needless jeopardy. McIlroy dismissed the objections with ridicule. "Them college boys, they is the ones who are stupid. They's probably the reason nobody ever fought back against them devil winds. Hell, we drove away the revenuers, and they said the IRS is a force of nature too. Bunch of damn college boys don't no nothing."

The surviving warriors celebrated their victory over the twister with a night

of bowling and drinking at Stanky's Bar and Grill. When asked about their husbands' antics, the wives of the twister tanglers shook their heads, rolled their eyes, and refused comment.

MORE ALIENS*Continued from page 13*

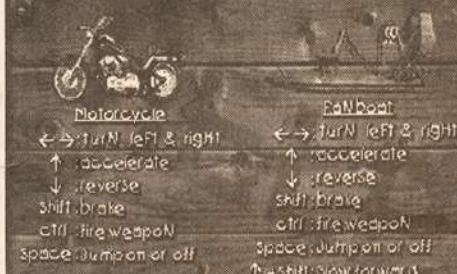
conspiracy, then we might see them kept alive so they can conduct evil experiments on them. They might even be cloned to create supersoldiers to fight in some god-forsaken alien war. I think I saw it in a movie."

A town meeting was held by the Daughters of Hickston to decide what would be done about Leonard and Bubba's disappearance. The town mob declared open war against all extraterrestrials, but the resolution was watered down during a long debate by Hickston town council to express "severe disappointment in the behavior of our alien brothers." The town mob promptly removed the council from office and sent them running for their lives somewhere in the direction of Rabbit Ridge.

In addition to Leonard and Bubba's disappearance, Daisy Mae the town's best

looking cheerleader is also missing. Men all over the county are mourning Daisy Mae's disappearance and await her return with bated breath.

HICKSTON DRIVIN' LESSONS™ SHORT FORM



Spinnin' out on a motorcycle is illegal, we hear, but if you want to try it, you can hold down the brake while turning.

Of course, these keys will change if you change your movement keys in the SETUP program.

TURDS -R- US.

R Turds R Your Turds.

"Turds! Turds! Turds! I've got plenty of turds, and you know how well they make the crops grow! I've got 20, 40, 60, and 80-pound Bags-o-Turds, and if you need bigger, I'll send round Joe, Bob, Billy and Rusty with the truck to add some more, fresh as the day it was dumped! If our product hits the fan, then tough, well, you know."

Holler 'round at the Buford place for an appointment.



STANKY'S BAR & GRILL

31 locations statewide

Newly refurbished past the Taylor Town Roundabout, with a brand new big flashing sign!

Saturday night is grin and bare it night!

Free drinks with every dead jack o'lope brought in the place!

No chickens on the premises!

Pretty girls welcome!

FREE PEANUTS WITH THIS AD

The Hickston Police Report

March 25 - 31, 1998

Among incidents reported to the Hickston Police Department according to records were the following:

The local 4H club reported a break-in at 3:00PM Friday. Of the items reported missing, "LuLu", their prize winning pig.

A caller reported a robbery at the Slurp n' Burp at 11:34PM on Friday. The robbers held up the manager with a chain saw. Fortunately, no outlets were in sight.

An unidentified caller filed a "pig in lingerie" report at 1:03AM Saturday. The pig appeared disoriented and frightened and was last seen running through the streets of Hickston near Aunt Annabelle's Pleasure Palace.

Bonnie Rae Bixford filed a criminal mischief report late Saturday evening after spotting a man attempting to siphon gasoline from her trailer. The man was caught after mistaking the sewage line for the gasoline line. Buford Miney was rushed to the local emergency room. A court date will be set late this week.

Hickston Memorial reported a man shot in the leg after attempting to replace a tubelike fuse in his pick-up truck with a 22 caliber rifle bullet. According to a hospital nurse, when the electricity heated the bullet, it went off and shot the patient in the knee.

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tonight

Our friend El Nino is back and bringing twisters everywhere. If you're in a trailer park, you'd better find a shelter quick, though it serves you right for living in some crappy oversized outhouse.

Tomorrow

Hail in the morning, mostly bullets 'cos the hunters get out real early. Mostly cloudy with clear periods, chance of rain, snow, or other weather.

BACHELOR OF THE WEEK



Bubba [no last name available] is one of Hickston's finest second grade graduates. Maybe he's a little overweight and a little slow, but so was Robert E. Lee, right?

Name: Bubba. I think.

Status: Missing

Occupation: Raising hogs, part time work stuffing cream-filled chicken eclairs at J. Cluck's.

Hobbies: Drinking, scratching himself, loving jack o' lopes to death.

Personal References: "Bubba's just a gentle slow-learnin' soul."

— Leonard

Turn-Ons: The smell of tar, beer-can wall racks, pork grinds, sleep, watching Leonard burp, seeing someone's daughter holding a pig, pro wrasslin' (especially Barb Wire Willie), empty outhouses, the new Stanky's Bar and Grill sign.

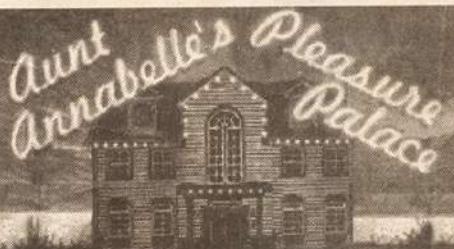
Turn-Offs: Clones, aliens, people who bother his friend Leonard or his pig Bessie, not having an outhouse nearby when he needs it, watered down liquor, people who say he smells like an outhouse, and that satanic disco music.

Personal Quote: "Hi, Leonard! I'm over here, Leonard!"

Next Week

BACHELORETTE OF THE WEEK

Daisy Mae



For the discriminating gentleman.

The best little pleasure palace in the South.

* Government checks and food stamps accepted.

* Drive-thru service

* Annabelle's Add-A-Bead: Collect one bead per visit.

Ten beads gets you a free beer on the next visit!



CHOOSE ITEMS AND SPEAK LOUD		IF YOU PUKE, BRING IT TO US
BBQ FLANK BURGER		JACKALOPE MILK 30 days
BIG "GIB" BURGER		JACK O' JUICES
THE CRACK BURGER		TAIL SHAKES
DOUBLE JACK MIX MAK		EYEBALL ICECREAM
JACK o' BALLS		LEMONY SOFTICE
MAMA'S ORIGINAL		JACKOTAK SUPREME

NO PUPPETS ARE LEFT IN THE HOUSE WHEN LEAVING IT BACK AND WE WILL GIVE IT TO SOMEONE ELSE

THE HICKSTON HOG®

CREDITS

XATRIX ENTERTAINMENT

ORIGINAL CONCEPT,
DESIGN AND DIRECTION
DREW MARKHAM

ART DIRECTION AND
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ADDITIONAL ART
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COMPATIBILITY TECHNICIANS

JACK PARKER
DEREK GIBBS
MARC DURAN

MANUAL

SCOTT BENNIE
MANUAL LAYOUT
LARRY FUKUCHA

CHARACTER VOICES

LEONARD

BURTON GILLIAM

DAISY MAE

TARA CHARENDOFF

BUBBA, BILLY RAY JETER,
SKINNY OL' COOT, FRANK DOYLE,
THE TURD MINION & ALL OTHER
VARIOUS RAMBLINGS...
DREW MARKHAM

SPECIAL APPEARANCE BY

SHERIFF LESTER T. HOBBS
MOJO NIXON

ALIEN VIXEN

PEGGY JO JACOBS

MUSIC

"REDNECK RAMPAGE"
WRITTEN & PERFORMED BY
MOJO NIXON

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ADMINISTERED BY BUG

"STANKY'S BLUES"
TRADITIONAL BANJO AND
GUITAR PICKIN' BY
JOHN SCHLOCKER AND
HOWARD YEARWOOD

"OL' JOE CLARK"
TRADITIONAL BANJO AND
GUITAR PICKIN' BY
JOHN SCHLOCKER AND
HOWARD YEARWOOD

"CYBERSEX"
WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY
MOJO NIXON

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"CRIPPLE CREEK"
MORE TRADITIONAL BANJO AND
GUITAR PICKIN' BY
JOHN SCHLOCKER AND
HOWARD YEARWOOD

PROGRAMMING ASSISTANCE
ARTHUR ATTILA DONAVAN

"DISGRACELAND"
WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY
DREW MARKHAM, CO-PRODUCED BY
JASON SMITH. PERFORMED BY
TINY D & THE SOFA KINGS
(DREW MARKHAM, JASON SMITH,
HOWARD ANDERSON AND
MICHAEL LABRADOR).

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"SHE A GOOD'IN"
MORE OF YER KILLER TRADITIONAL
BANJO AND GUITAR PICKIN' BY
JOHN SCHLOCKER AND
HOWARD YEARWOOD

"DUELIN' BANJOS"
BY ARTHUR SMITH. PERFORMED
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DAVE AHLERT

RECORDING ASSISTANCE
JEFF GILBERT

MOTION CAPTURE ACTOR
J.P. MANOUX

MOTION CAPTURE ACTRESS
SHAWN WOLFE

THIS GAME COULD NOT HAVE BEEN
MADE WITHOUT...
ALEX MAYBERRY
MAL BLACKWELL

NUTS AND BOLTS
STEVE GOLDBERG

BEAN COUNTING
MAX YOSHIKAWA

PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE
MINERVA MAYBERRY

PRODUCTION BABY
PAULINE MARIE MARKHAM

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION BABY
ALYSON KAUFMAN
3D BUILD ENGINE LICENSED FROM
3D REALMS ENTERTAINMENT

BUILD ENGINE AND
RELATED TOOLS CREATED BY
KEN SILVERMAN

SPECIAL THANKS
SCOTT MILLER

GEORGE BROUARD

EXTRA THANKS WITH
SPECIAL SAUCE
BRIAN FARGO

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Milo

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Mom

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Paul Vals

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John Conley

"Echo" Plateau at ST-5

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Heather Castellari

Jason Smith

Carter Lipscomb

Bulthead

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Bon Maggi

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The LAPD

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Kim "286" Paprocki

Ray "Chi-Town is my town" Saari

Tina Saari

Grandma and Grandpa

Erika Price

Todd ...

Allan Dunn

Howard Stern

USAA Federal Savings Bank

Jim Veerstra

Yvonne and Ruby

Lopa Aurill

Donut Aurill

Chris Elliot

Patty Shore

Dan Sylvester

Rick Joiner

Brandon Majors

Lee "The 6 Million Dollar Man" Majors

Oscillococcinum

Goo Goo Clusters

Leon Lillardwood

Kim Dean

Phil McGill

Gary Quaslet

Steen

Dave Katz

Steve Jobs

Deborah Foreman

George Lynch

My high school drama teacher

Sarah

Dad

Cynthia Yamashiro

Vincent Friedman

The Men's Club on Mississippi Ave.

Mikael Aurill

Christine Aurill

Richard Aurill

Emily Aurill

Bill Curran

Mike Wolessagle

Lynn, Nicole and Catherine Pais

Caryn, Alyson and Shana Kaufman

Trishna and Trishul Goswami

Tony Van

Anjali De

Johnathan Wiedemann

Noah Stine

Eric Nadler

Wayne and Rosalie Barber

Amy Baldwin

My twin brother Robert Baldwin

Zoe Julianne Zuniga

John and Julie Hoover

Joan Zuniga

Jose Marti

Austin Powers

Dr. Evil and Mr. Bigglesworth

Wendy Dempsey

Annabelle

Alan Pavlish

Trish Wright

Pinwheels

Sloan

Bruce and Nathan at Mike Recording

Gary "Spike" Richards

The little naked tiki guy Weez gave me

Spinal

Tamara Irish

Joia

Christy Turlington

The guy who stole the Pamela and
Tommy Lee video

Henk "The Original Ripper" Hartog

Rachel (I gave you a credit will you go out
with me) Silverstein

Marty (I gave you a credit now convince

Rachel to go out with me) Stratton

Einat, Ruechie, Ygal, Yasmin Doron

Fonzie, Bamse, Yunjin, Daggin and Kipod

Matzo's Hit: Hob-Kon on Westwood

Mary Ann at Junior's Dell

John O'Groat's on Pico

Linda our favorite waitress at Snug Harbor

LA County Fire Department Station 41

Yello

Captain G.

The Cybertribes

Miss Meera

Kevin and Jenna Shepard

Chuck, Mary and Caleb Rapaport

Jonah Coneys

Brett "Boyscout" Superneau

Elodie Saint-Lu

Jeopardy

FHM Magazine

Jennifer Love Hewitt

GI-JOE(tm)

Barbie(tm)

Stan, Kyle, Cartman, Kenny, Baby Ika, Chef,

Mr. Garrison, Mr. Hat, Chessy Pools, and

Snacky Cakes... oh, and also Wendy

Testeburger... blarf.

The number "3"

The letter "M"

THESE ARE THEM FOLKS THAT MADE THIS HERE GAME



Photo by Carlos Serrao