

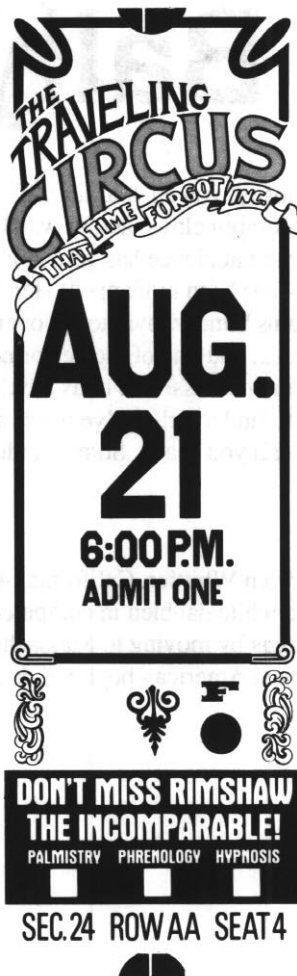
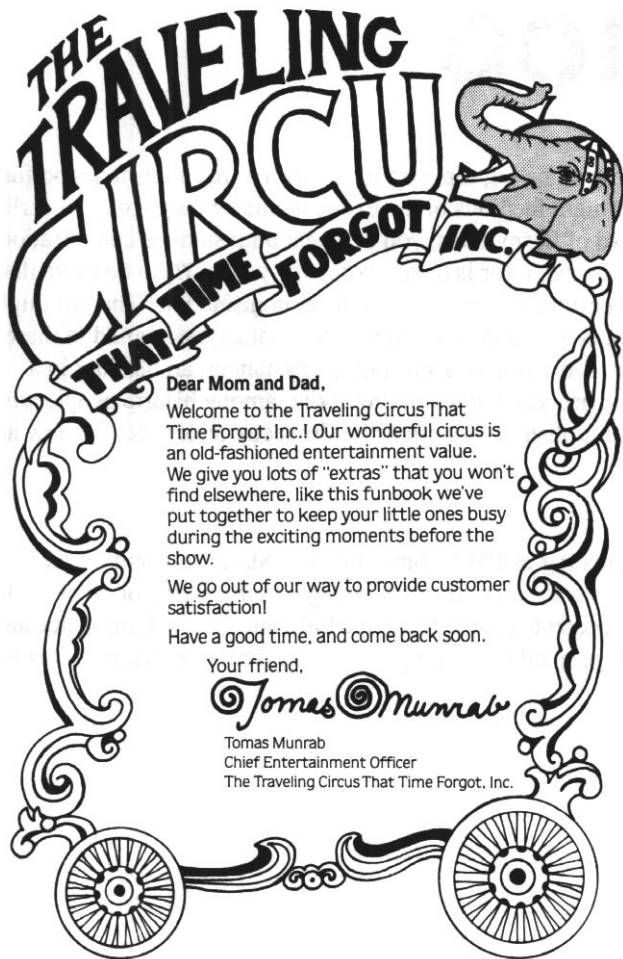
Ballyhoo

Preface to the Story

Spurred by stinginess and your natural curiosity, you stick around after the show in the big top, hoping to catch a free after-hours performance. Perhaps you'll get a peek at an impromptu clown act, or watch the late-night feedings of the exotic animals you goggled at earlier. But life at the circus isn't glamorous after the audience has gone home: instead of flashy feats, you overhear a mysterious conversation: a little girl -- the circus owner's daughter -- has been kidnapped! Her father is too naive (or is he too pompously stupid?) to do more than hire an inept detective to find her. He remains blindly loyal to his overworked performers, but ... could it be an inside job? The gift might be hidden somewhere on the circus grounds ... and one of the performers might be her abductor! So you do what anyone would in these circumstances: set out to rescue the damsel in distress. The odds aren't in your favor: you -- a spectator, a bystander, an outsider in a defensive close-knit community -- trying to find a girl you've never met, in a place you know nothing about, among bizarre people who want nothing to do with you. Some would call you brave. Some would call you foolish. Every circus has its seedy underside. But few are as dangerous as this.

About the Author

Jeff O'Neill is a computer school dropout from Whittier, California. After graduating in 1982 from California State University, Los Angeles, he worked in journalism and for a while dabbled in computer science at a local community college. In the spring of 1984 he did the equivalent of running away with the circus by moving to Massachusetts to become a game tester for Infocom. Through diligence and hard work he finally came to fulfill the typical American boyhood dream -- to get paid for writing interactive fiction. Ballyhoo is his first Infocom story.



THE TRAVELING CIRCUS THAT TIME FORGOT, INC. welcomes you to its two-ring extravaganza and side-show extraordinaire! You'll see feats of skill and daring, ferocious animals from the jungles of Africa and Asia, and amazing human curiosities!

This ticket also entitles you to three sessions with RIMSHAW THE INCOMPARABLE. Simply present your ticket to (1) have your palm read, (2) undergo hypnosis, and (3) allow him to read the bumps on your head.

We are committed to bringing you the best entertainment value! With this goal in mind, we're completing a series of demographic surveys. You can help us by punching out the pink (female) or blue (male) dot on the front of this ticket to indicate your gender.

The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. is not liable for any loss of personal possessions or for any injuries or damages you might cause or personally sustain while on the circus grounds. To help prevent such injuries or damages and thus avoid the possibility of lawsuits on our behalf, we ask you to obey the following rules and regulations:

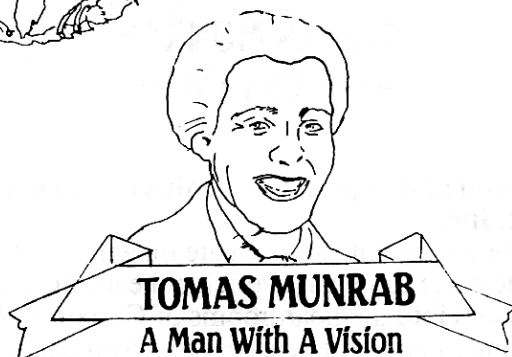
Please do not throw anything into the circus ring. Severe injury to our performers may result.

Please do not feed or attempt to pet the animals. These are unpredictable wild beasts.

Beware of pickpockets, gamblers, thugs, and thieves. We are not responsible for local criminal elements.

Please leave immediately following the performance. Do not loiter in the ring or on the circus lot.

Above all, have fun! We hope to see you again next time we're in town.



ANDREW
JENNY





How the incredibly backward vision and superlative genius of one man set into constant motion The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.

Put yourself in the man's oxfords for a moment. A graduate magna cure laude from one of the world's most prominent business schools. Yet at the same time, a maverick at heart, independent of mind - reluctant to follow his blue-suited classmates lockstep into the boardrooms of Corporate America. A man with vision - a vision as yet undefined, like a cloud, anticipating the release of its own charge, the lightning bolt of an idea.

So what do you do if you're an out-of-work Harvard Business School grad with a dream? You go out and buy yourself a circus, of course.

The idea, brilliant in its simplicity: to resurrect the classic traveling circus of old -blending innocence, flamboyance, and nostalgia - and send it off to crisscross the highways and byways of this promised land of ours, visiting upon the masses thirsty for good clean fun.

Sounds so simple, yet it is hard to imagine the tremendous quatum of resistance and awesome challenge that would confront this would-be modern day P.T. Barnum. Immediately you would hear the voice of the nay-sayers, their prickly criticism intended to burst your balloon, deriding such "pipe dreams" as low tech and low brow, logistically impossible, financially unfeasible. And imagine the embarrassment of getting laughed out of the HARVARD CLUB!

Now, if you ever met Tomas Munrab, you'd know one thing for certain: the word "impossible" is unknown to him. Not through any lack of education, certainly, but by willful, steadfast determination to overcome all obstacles in his life's path. A couple of years ago, it was this personal drive coupled with this vision that compelled Mr. Munrab to invest in a small circus and to completely transform it, thus embarking on the odyssey of The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.

As President, Producer and Chief Entertainment Officer of The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. (a wholly owned subsidiary of Munrab Enterprises, Inc.), Mr. Munrab himself has overseen whole hog the acquisition of the capital, talent, and marketing savvy necessary for transforming his circus into the growing concern you see today.

"It takes some doing to maintain an exciting family show with a genuine, turn-of-the-century feel, while at the same time funding additions, improvements, and the necessary attentions to investors," says Munrab, obviously proud of his mastery over his dual role as showman and businessman. "You could say I've had to deal with quite a few clowns over the past couple of years."

Despite such good-natured banter from the Boss, it's clear from their much-practiced performances and their dogged dedication that the circus folk hold Mr. Munrab in high esteem, even reverence.

THE AMAZING GENATOSSIO BROTHERS

In a daring display of high wire skill and reckless abandon, the famed Genatossio Brothers thrill spectators with an array of death-defying feats. Balanced on a thin steel cable 50 feet overhead, Carlo, Giuseppe, Antonio, and Stefano Genatossio play a heart-stopping game of leapfrog, ride tandem bicycles, jump rope forward and backward, and perform a stupendous break-dance finale.

The 28-year old Genatossio quadruplets, natives of Bologna, Italy, were spotted by Tomas Munrab at a county fair in Upstate New York. After seeing their incredible performance, he asked the young men to join The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. "*Senza dubbio*," says Carlo, "we accept without hesitation."

GLORIOUS GLORIA

Queen of the Air

Not since the days of Lillian Leitzel have circus-goers been so entranced by a trapeze artiste. With her sequined tutu and halo of blonde hair, Glorious Gloria Golotov embodies the glamour and daring of the big top. Gloria dazzles audiences with an extraordinary repertoire of aerial splits, somersaults, and pirouettes, culminating in the stunning death-whirl made famous by Leitzel in the 1920's.

Glorious Gloria, Queen of the Air...captivates Crowds with her Courage and Flair ... Weaving her wondrous Aerial Spell ... Glorious Gloria ... Artiste Nonpareil!

THE WILD KINGDOM

In 1815, Hackaliah Bailey toured New England with his elephant "Old Bet." there by creating the traveling menagerie. His show was so successful that imitations soon appeared, offering an array of exotic animals drawn from the four comers of the globe. Massive elephants from India stood side by side with savage lions from the Tanzanian plains and quick-witted apes from the jungles of the Congo.

Eventually menageries combined with circuses to produce the touring extravaganzas of the late 19th century. This has remained their place to the present day.

Crucial to the success of the menagerie is the animal trainer, who earns the respect of even the most ferocious tiger and arranges for the care and feeding of all. The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. is proud to present world-renowned trainer Gottfried Wilhelm von Katzenjammer.

In one of the most breathtaking moments of the show, Gottfried strides bare-chested into into a cage of ferocious, snarling lions. Using only a bullwhip and chair, the fearless trainer masters the savage beasts, commanding them to perform a series of dramatic stunts.

Born in Hanover, Germany, in 1952, Gottfried is the son of famed pachyderm trainers Wilma and Werner yon Katzenjammer. After honing his skills in the family act, Gottfried rose to prominence in the acclaimed Cirque Martinique. He was persuaded to join The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. in 1983, during Tomas Munrab's annual world-wide talent search.

Blond and muscular, Gottfried draws as much attention as the animals he commands. From the stunning lion act to the magnificent elephant parade, the skills of Gottfried Wilhelm yon Katzenjammer and his wild animals contribute immeasurably to the excitement and pageantry of The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc

CLOWN ALLEY

The great showman P.T. Barnum once remarked that clown are the pegs on which circuses are hung. When the atmosphere of suspense and tension in the arena approaches unbearable limits, the clowns arrive to lighten the mood of the spectators in preparation for the next death-defying stunt.

Foremost in our Clown Alley is the celebrated Comrade Constatine Thumb. Only 28 inches in height. Thumb proudly bears the title of the smallest man in the world. Born of normal-sized parents in the West Siberian Plain, Thumb was educated at the famed Surgut Acrobatics Institute. He defected in 1984, at the behest of Tomas Munrab, to join The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. Whether cavorting with his miniature dachshund, displaying his considerable acrobatic skills, or warbling in his native Russian, our merry midget delights audiences from Dallas to Dayton.

Comic companions to Comrade Thumb are the other members of our clown troupe, from Chuckles, the buffoon tramp, to Mystic Malcom, the stumblebum magician.

All in all, the clown's profession is a noble one. The world is full of tears, and it is far more difficult to send us into gales of laughter than it is to make us cry.

Glittering Extravanzas

It has been said that the circus is the only really mysterious thing left in civilization. Here in Spangleland, performers from around the globe astound audiences with a star-dusted repertoire of seemingly impossible feats. Clowns in comical makeup leap out of unexpected places, and magnificent beasts respond as if by magic to the trainer's command.

The circus can be traced back to the Roman amphitheater, although these ancient spectacles featured mostly chariot races and gladiator fights. In the Middle Ages, wandering tumblers, jugglers, acrobats, and animal trainers performed wherever people gathered.

The circus as we know it did not appear until 1768, when a trick rider found that if he galloped in a circle while standing on his horse's back, centrifugal force helped him keep his balance. From then on, organized circus performances were held in rings, usually in permanent or semipermanent buildings.

The big top originated in the 1820's. At first, circus tents were small, housing a single ring and several hundred portable seats. A few decades later, big tops rivaled the ancient hippodromes in magnitude, covering up two acres with 11 tons of canvas.


By the 1870's, American circuses were glittering extravaganzas, carried from town to town by dozens of railroad cars. Generations of families made the circus their life and livelihood. A special language evolved, mingling foreign tongues, thieves' argot, and terms used to describe objects and locations peculiar to the circus.

In circus lingo, a *sucker* is a circus-goer, an *Annie Oakley* is a ticket, and a *Bible* is a program or magazine. *Lot loafers* or *lotlice* are townspeople who hang around the lot. The *back yard* is the space between the big top and the dressing rooms, where wardrobes and props are stored. The *white wagon* is the main office on the circus lot. The *blues* are the cheapest seats in the big top. *Side-walling* - crawling in under the canvas wall - is the last resource of local urchins who can even afford the blues.

Illegal gambling is called *grift*. "*Hey Rube!*" is the rallying cry for help in a fight between circus people and toughs or irate townspeople. A *Monday Man* was permitted to steal from village clotheslines. A *Johnny Tin Plate* is a small town marshal or constable, a *First of May* is a novice performer, and a *roustabout* is a common laborer. Extra work is called *cherry pie*. A *keister* is a trunk or wardrobe box. A clown is a *Joey*. And *clown alley* is a dressing tent or trailer reserved exclusively for clowns.

As the circus parade with its gaudy wagons, proud tigers, and whistling calliope rolls through town, who among us does not feel a thrill of excitement? For we know that when the great tent is erected and the Joeys leave clown alley for the performance ring, we can all join in on the magic and mystery of the circus.

RIMSHAW



INCOMPARABLE

THE

Divines the Future, Resurrects the Past!

RIMSHAW

From the mysterious mountains of Eastern Europe, we bring you RIMSHAW THE EMCOMPARABLE, augur of the future, interpreter of the past, diviner of hidden attributes.

Born of humble parents on the fog-shrouded coast of Cornwall, England, Rodney Rimshaw astonished the world at the age of two by foretelling an assassination attempt against the visiting Czar of Bulgaria. The grateful monarch invited little Rodney and his family to join him at his spacious palace in the Bulgarian highlands. There Rimshaw was taken on as apprentice to the court astrologer, whence he learned to command the movements of the planets and stars and discern the hidden magnetic forces that control the destiny of every living creature. As seer for the Czar, young Rodney assisted in the machinations of the throne until 1943, when the monarch, ignoring Rimshaw's warnings, made an ill-fated voyage to Berlin. Grieving Bulgarians blamed Rimshaw for failing to prevent the journey, and the slandered soothsayer was forced to flee across the border to Yugoslavia. It was there Tomas Munrab found him, forty years later, plying his mystic skills in a hut outside the mountain village of Strup.

Today we are fortunate to have access to the same skills that once influenced a great Balkan nation. By placing his subject under hypnosis. Rimshaw is able to recall the past in astounding detail. By tracing the distinctive lines of the palm, he is able to foretell the roads that lie ahead. And by kneading the bumps on one's head, he is able to determine individual traits and talents and how they may best be applied.

Hypnotist, phrenologist, palmist, mystic beyond - RIMSHAW THE INCOMPARABLE.

**ANDREW
JENNY**



**Half Man/
Half Woman
Believe It
or Not!**

**827
Pounds
of
Feminine
Charm**



In the world of physical phenomenon, few genetic oddities can compete with the strange union of a man and a woman in one body. It is particularly rare and fascinating to find the figure split, vertically, with one half entirely given over to the male and the other half entirely to the female.

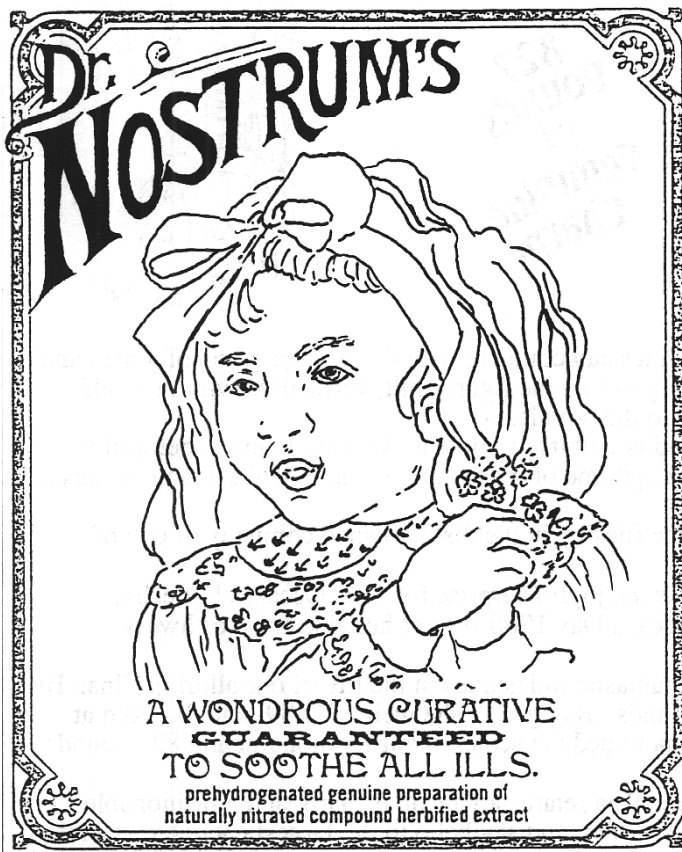
The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. is honored to call itself home to Andrew Jenny, a delightful example of this particular biological quirk. Andrew is the epitome of masculine bravado, while Jenny exudes a beguiling femininity.

Guests are received in Jenny's cozy boudoir, where time flies by in the distinguished company of one of nature's most intriguing curiosities.

Imagine giving birth to a 36-pound baby girl! That was the joyful surprise for Mrs. Oscar Whittlesby, statuesque wife of the renowned meteorologist, on New Year's Day 1966 at their home in the Northwest Territories.

This scientific miracle was only the first in a series of fantastic milestones in the life of our alluring Tina. By the age of 8, the tyke weighed in at an astonishing 410 pounds. By age 12, she weighed 639 pounds. And at age 14, when she reached her full adult height of 6'5", Tina tipped the scales at a truly monumental 827 pounds, over a third of a ton!

Like the pleasingly plump maidens in paintings of yore, Tina retains a winsome charm and a fashionable flair much appreciated by her fellow performers. Stop by her tent and say hello to the largest enchantress in the world!



DR. NOSTRUM'S EXTRACT

This medicine was originated by Dr. Nostrum in 1863 and since that time numbers of grateful patients have testified to its worth. It should be in every medicine cabinet as it is a prompt and pleasant remedy for aches, pains, sour stomach, heartburn, sick headache, constipation, diarrhea, biliousness, itch, "singer's throat," and pin worms.

Dr. Nostrum's contains 19% alcohol as a preservative and solvent.

For Toothache--Wet cotton with Dr. Nostrum's Extract and crowd into the cavity, or lay it around the roots of the aching tooth; also bathe the face over the tooth with Dr. Nostrum's.

For Itch--Lie on flannel wet with Dr. Nostrum's Extract.

For Grippe & Catarrh--Take two teaspoonfuls of Dr. Nostrum's Extract three times a day. Apply Dr. Nostrum's to all sore spots. Sleep indoors, preferably in bed, until the attack is broken.

For Constipation, Diarrhea & Related Difficulties--One teaspoonful of Dr. Nostrum's Extract three times a day, to be taken half an hour before meals. Eat simple food and then only when hungry. Take outdoor exercise, be regular in habits, and drink plenty of water.

Sick Headache--Headache is often due to indigestion. Keep as quiet as possible, clean out the intestinal canal with Dr. Nostrum's Extract, eat slow, and chew the food well.

For Sore Throat--Put a piece of flannel around the throat wet with Dr. Nostrum's Extract. Do not leave on too long or blistering may occur.

For Pin Worms--Round and pin worms are transmitted to the human body as Worm Eggs, swallowed in water, or in uncooked meat and vegetables. Treat with four tablespoons of Dr. Nostrum's Extract six times a day. Dr. Nostrum's paralyzes the worm and makes it let go its hold.