



**Inside
THE GAME THAT'S
INVADING HICKSTON**



The Adult Redneck Daily

Tuesday, April 1, 1997

25 cents

ARKANSAS FARMWIFE GIVES BIRTH TO ALIEN COW BABY!



"He looks jes' like his real momma," says the mother

By E. Price
For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — Fact or fiction? A rural sheriff's wife claims that her infant son is actually the result of alien experiments conducted upon herself and her family's livestock.

"Them aliens 'napped our best cow right before Ah dropped this here young'un," claims Bertha-Sue Hobbes of the small Southern town of Hickston. "Ah had dreams 'bout it at the time, lahke they was checkin' out mah brain. Ah reckon they was lookin' fur smarts or somepin', which explains why they left me 'n' Lester alone. Ah mean, that Suzie was a damn smart cow.

"As for baby Earl here, well, mebbe they sorta beamed cow genny-etic stuff into me from outer space or somethin'.

See COW BABY, page 12

COULD YOUR CHILD BE NEXT? — Scientists say that little Earl Hobbes (above) is "genetically part bovine," but we here at the Hog say hogwash! He's half cow and we all know it!

DISASTER STRIKES SMALL SOUTHERN TOWN

Local community deserted under mysterious circumstances

By S. Lancaster
For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — The entire population of Polecat Hollow, Arkansas has vanished literally overnight. County offi-

cials are unable to explain the mass disappearance, which also claimed all livestock larger than poultry.

"There are signs of some sort of battle all over town —discarded weapons, ammo shells, small craters, smears of blood—but there are no bodies and no signs that any bodies were dragged away," said Sheriff Parmer of nearby Rabbit Ridge. "Lots of my people have relatives there, and they swear that everything was dead quiet last they heard. There were no warnings of any kind.

"Frankly," Parmer added, "we're completely baffled."

See DISASTER, page 12

WE'RE NOT ALONE!



see page 2

Paranormal Investigator File #12021

Title: Hickston Invaded! (rough interview transcript)

Freelance Assignment Submitted: On Time

Status: REJECTED

Editor's Comments: Does Ventura think that our readers are gullible uneducated idiots who'll believe any schlock we dish up for them?! Right as that may be, this story is utterly unbelievable even by our standards! Send someone out to get that second copy back from that Leonard hick — by force, if necessary! — and put that moron Ventura on the "Oklahoma Bigfoot" case.

Ventura: So, tell us what exactly happened that day, Mister...uh...

Leonard: Leonard. Jes' Leonard.

Ventura: Yeah, okay, Leonard.

Leonard: It all started when them aliens took our pig Bessie. There was this light, y'see, an' then she was gone. She was the best hog in the county, too — jes' won \$250 at the fair. Me an' Bubba, we was on our way home at the time. We was pretty well liquored up at that point, celebratin' y'know, an' then they busted our pickup an' took her away.

Ventura: They...?

Leonard: The aliens. Shit, you cityboys are slow. You gonna follow this or what?

Ventura: Go ahead.

Leonard: Right. [drains another can of beer] Well then, we went lookin' for help an' it turns out that everything's gone all ta hell. Looked like them aliens got ta Billy Ray — y'ever met Billy Ray? Billy Ray Jeter. Big guy. Drinks like a horse. Smells like a swamp.

Ventura: The one who...er...all those bodies?

Leonard: Yep. Though a'course y'know those warn't all him. There was these alien copy-thingies — whaddya call 'em?

Ventura: Clones?

Leonard: That's the name. Clones. First clue we got was when a whole pack of 'em tried t'run us down on the roundabout; ya cain't be none too careful 'bout steppin' out into the middle'a the road 'round these parts, not even on a good day. Billy Ray warn't the only one they snagged, neither. Them aliens got ahold of the skinny ol' coot from up the hill, 'n' Sheriff Hobbes — other folks too, but those were the worst. Dozens of 'em all over the place, armed an' mean an' lookin' around with beady lil' alien eyes. Took a good couple dead-on shots to take 'em down. [pantomimes aiming and firing, with great relish] I tell ya, after the first few it was almost fun. Never did care much fur Billy Ray or that ol' coot anyhow. A'course, that was a picnic compared t' them big-ass alien buggers up at the sanny-ter-ee-um, and don't even get me started on them lil' shit monkeys down at the sewage plant...

Ventura: Ahem! I don't think my editors would go for that, Mr. Leonard. You mind if I call them — er — how about "turd minions"?

Leonard: Hell, I don't care WHATchoo call 'em. Jes' so long as I don't haveta squash any more'a the little bastards. Urgh. An' here I thought nothin' smelled worse'n Bubba after muckin' the outhouse.

Ventura: So then...?

Leonard: Whaddya think? We went to town on those aliens. Me an' Bubba, we showed 'em that you cain't mess with Hickston an' get away with it. They ain't gonna be stealing no more prize pigs around here, I kin tell ya that! Poor Bessie... Hickston was crawling with them pignappin' assholes, an' that ain't countin' whut they done to the local critters! Gators, snakes, mad dogs, and mosquitos — shyyyyit! Those bugs were the size of your damn HEAD! And I don't even wanna TALK about whut we hit at Earl's Bait Shop. This warn't no pansy-ass computer game — there warn't no whaddya-callems, hostages or nuthin'. We pretty much hadta blow away anythin' that moved. [chugs another can and belches with satisfaction]

Ventura: I guess that explains the mess that the police found.

Leonard: Oh ayuh, sure. We had ta hunt them alien spawn all over creation, from Taylor Town to the mortuary to the nuthouse to the junkyard to the smelting plant to the sewers... The mines were pretty bad — Bubba's still glowing. I don't think we coulda pulled through without the booze an' the eats. Hog-Wild Deep-Fried Pork Rinds, CowPies™...mmm. Nothin' like 'em. Heck, even roadkill helped in a pinch. Eatin' an' drinkin' made it harder t'sneak around an' shoot straight, but hell, it sure made us feel a whole lot better after them aliens whaled the snot outta us. It's the simple things in life, y'know?

Ventura: [looking a bit green] Oh of course, yes... Now, I'm sure our readers are going to be curious about how exactly you went about vanquishing the intruders?

Leonard: [looks blank]

Ventura: Erm. Okay. Just how did you "blow away them aliens"?

Leonard: Now why didn't you jes' say that? Lessee. There was the crowbar from the back'a the pickup — not much compared to a gun, but when yer desperate four feet a'solid iron kin do some damn good damage up close. Lucky me, I was also packin' muh .454 Casull single-action pistol — now that's a fine piece of metal! Twice the kick of a .44 Magnum, that baby'll blow a rabid dog's head right out his ass. Still, those alien clones took a couple shots each. We had t'be right careful, checkin' their slimy bodies fur more ammo. Fur the shotguns, too.

Ventura: Shotguns?

Leonard: Dunno if them aliens cloned Billy Ray's ol' Betsy too, but danged if they weren't all packin' those beauties. It got mighty hot there until we managed t'get our hands on 'em ourselves. We was also able ta scrounge up a ranch rifle — I'd bet that was the sheriff's, even if it WAS pumped up to full auto. That's against the law, y'know.

Ventura: Not that it stops anyone

Leonard: NOW you're gettin' it, cityboy. Now where was I? Oh yeah. The dynamite came inright handy, though it took us a bit t'get the timing jes' right. Ya gotta light it then remember ta throw that sucker, too. Tricky. Not somepin' I'm used to. An' that ripsaw gun...woo! I figured out how ta use that momma as a chainsaw up-close AND t'fire blades every which way. You shoulda seen the look in them aliens' eyes when the blood started flyin'...

Ventura: [looking a little nervous] Er, it's starting to sound like you two went in there with a regular arsenal.

Leonard: We had to. Shit, did we ever! You'd piss your pants and faint dead away if you'd seen what we'd seen.

Ventura: I've seen pictures of some of the bodies. Before they disappeared.

Leonard: Shame 'bout that. Coulda used a trophy or two. Ain't no WAY the boys down in Polecat Hollow are gonna believe this. Pity them alien vixen-types warn't the neighborly sort, though... Ey! Did I tell you about the arm-gun-thing?

Ventura: The WHAT?

Leonard: Yeah, them great big alien hulk guards down at the nut-house were a pain-and-a-half till we got the bright idea a'usin' their own guns. Problem is, those things were attached t'their arms, really kinda bolted in like, so I had ta sorta pick up the whole arm an'...here, lemme show you. [reaches under the table and pulls out...something...dripping bits of meat and buzzing with flies] You jes' jerk on these-here tendons, kinda sharp-like...

[The interview stops here as Ventura hastily retreats to the PI News truck to be violently ill.]

FOREIGNERS SIGHTED AT SEWAGE PLANT

**Keep your toilet seat down!
Are they planning to take over?**

By D. Reed

For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — Have they finally arrived? You know who we mean: foreigners, cityfolk, here to buy up everything you own and turn it into a strip mall. Jed Mudtussle, night watchman over the old treatment plant, says that he's seen 'em slinking around at night...obviously planning something.

"Them brutes hadda be eight, ten feet tall — but it was the little disgusting ones that were the final straw," said Mudtussle. "I went for my shotgun, but when I turned around they were gone. There were some funny splatting noises down in the main tank, but heck, I ain't about to firin' off a gun around those things! Set off the gas and BOOM — right through the Pearly Gates!"



Artist's renditions

Could these invaders now be lurking in the pipes under downtown Hickston? Authorities (Mudtussle and two dogs who refuse to go near the main outlet down at the creek) say yes.

"Down in the system? Sure, I reckon that's where they got to all right. Makes me glad I never did pay for a newfangled indoor shithouse."



42ND ANNUAL COUNTY FAIR A ROUSING SUCCESS

By J. Ponce

For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — If there's one thing we all love down here in Hickston, it's a carnival! This weekend marked our forty-second county fair and if you weren't there, you must have either been coughing up your dying breath or kidnapped by aliens.

This year's highlight was, of course, the shooting competition. Due to heavy Saturday-morning congestion at the beer tent, only half of the competitors were properly liquored up when the contest began, but ten minutes into the event the Jaspers showed up with a full tub of their award-winning rotgut and the festivities swung into high! Only four bystanders were seriously injured this year, not including two unfortunate hounddogs and minor wounds sustained by passengers aboard the Ferris Wheel. All agreed that it was a heck of a display. Top awards went to Jennie Jasper, who brought down a hawk, three escaped balloons, and the top of the flagpole instead of the pigeons she was supposed to be aiming for. Keen eye, Jennie!

Coming in second on the excitement scale was the rodeo, which wasn't on the program but rather "happened" when one of the Sandler boys bet one of the Johnsons that he couldn't ride Lucifer, the big black stud-bull that runs loose in the Lees' pasture across the way. Hickston is now minus two Johnsons, three Wilsons, and a McCoy, but a good time was had by all.

The livestock competition was fairly lively despite the lack of blood and live ammunition. The cattle category went as expected, pinning the blue on the Wilsons' Bossy VIII, proving once again that just because an animal's got three eyes doesn't mean that she can't be a hell of a milker. However, there was a surprise upset in the hog category as newcomer Bessie outshone both Cooter Joe's unnamed boar (the big mean sonuvagun that gored the Jeffersons' youngest boy last spring) and Bo Sandler's sow Candy to take first place. Bessie's owners Leonard and Bubba went home right proud of their little lady. That's one smart pig!

Another unexpected first-place ribbon was awarded in the jam category as

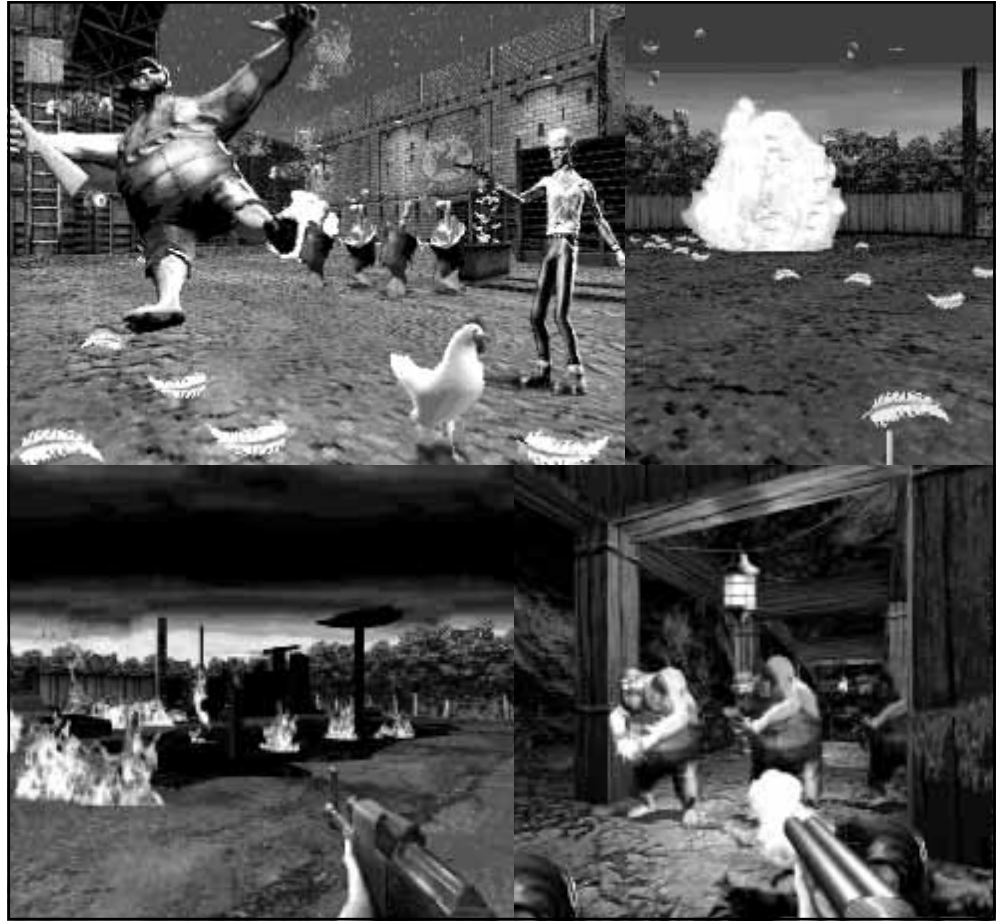


Photo of the Fair could not be printed 'cause the camera was run over by a semi. So instead, here's some scenes from that great new game Redneck Rampage. Come t'think of it, these scenes look right close t'what was going on at the Fair.

Miz Jackson's famous blackberry preserves were passed over in favor of Tandy Wilson's Fuzzy Orange Peel Surprise. And hoo-eee, were the judges surprised—!

For full listings of winners and casualties, see our front page story from yesterday.

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**1-800-555-HOLE for
BUFORD'S ROOFERS!**

WHAT IS IT WITH ALL THESE CHICKENS?

Accident on the main road floods Hickston with feathery livestock

By J. Berman
For the Hickston Hog

HICKSTON, ARKANSAS — If you're a local (and we're sure you are) you may have been noticing a high frequency of squishy clucking impacts as you tear down the roads in your pickup. Nope, it's not the Jeter boys forgetting to lock up the hen-house again — a truck bound for J. Cluck's Poultry Processing Plant has mysteriously disappeared in the area.

Before it vanished, however, it's apparent that somebody or something released all of the factory-bound poultry aboard. Bad for J. Cluck but good for you, eh?

"It's been home-fried chicken for dinner every night for three days," boasted a reporter at this paper who elected to remain anonymous. "I ain't eaten this good since that 'mad chicken disease' scare had 'em literally giving away hens at the gates."

The J. Cluck plant has offered a reward of 25 cents per chicken recovered and returned, preferably in one piece and free of tire treads or bitemarks. A substantially larger reward has been offered for any news regarding the whereabouts of the truck and its driver. If you have any information and could do with a cool hundred bucks, call J. Cluck & Associates at 555-GIBLET.

**Overrun with chickens?
Tripping over pullets? Ankle-deep
in capons? We're buying!**



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PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

**TO END A LEVEL, YOU HAVE
TO SMACK BUBBA IN THE
FACE WITH YOUR CROWBAR.
THAT'S THE REASON YOU'RE
READING THIS MANUAL IN
THE FIRST PLACE, RIGHT?**

**IF YOU BELIEVE ALL OF THE REST OF THE CRAP IN THIS MANUAL,
THEN YOU ARE AS DUMB AS BUBBA.**

LOCAL WOMAN SEES ELVIS!

**"The resemblance is uncanny,"
neighbors agree**

By J. Tortolano
For the Hickston Hog

RABBIT RIDGE, ARKANSAS — On Tuesday, Annie-May Jethers clocked in with her fifth Elvis sighting this month, breaking all previous area records.

"I reckon I just have a knack for it," Jethers explained as she proudly displayed her latest sighting: a potato which, if viewed from the proper angle, did indeed resemble the King in his later years. Previous sightings include a gas-station attendant, a pig with unusual sideburns, a spot on a cow, and a stain on the kitchen wall.

"[The stain] wept real tears!" the 31-year-old farmwife insisted.

As evinced by last week's "Presley-shaped thundercloud" which was witnessed by every sober resident in Hickston (see "Elvis in the sky!", last Friday's edition), Elvis sightings are at an all-time high in the county this spring, leading some residents to speculate that the King may soon return. Others say it's just aliens.

Reverend Weatherby has declined to comment on the likelihood of a second coming.

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X
MATRIX
TECHNOLOGIES

A FEW HELPFUL HINTS:

-  When you see your friend Bubba, hit him in the head with yer crowbar to end the level and keep looking for poor old lost Bessie.
-  Careful, now, them dynamite fuses is quick! Click once to light 'er, and click again to throw 'er ... you can hold down yer fire button to get a little more distance in yer throwin' arm.
-  The best way to keep yer ass from gettin' shot up is to get yer alcohol and gut meters in the green zone.
-  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.

**Hickston Meats and Redneck Rampage,
a winning combination**



(Meat by product)



THINGS THAT HURT PEOPLE



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



.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 - Psst...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...



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 cross-bow, and the twang of the bow-string is sorta like a banjo.



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.



Alien Arm Gun - Well now, them tendons is a little slimy, and the fire-works it lets out'll burn the hair on your arms clean off, but I'll be damned if this thing won't crispify 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 Damn it...it just feels so nice against m' skin!

YER HOSTILE ENEMY TYPES



Mosquito - 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 its 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 down. 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 might 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 mongrelolds after yer ass, you'll be prayin' for the fastest cowboy boots that's ever graced the face of this earth.

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.



Skinny Old Coot - Most of the town folk are a bit scared of that skinny old coot. No one can say for sure how old he is, but he's been livin' round here since long before anyone else can remember. Folks say he's been touched by some bad mojo, and now he cain't be killed. A few people have even claimed that they've actually seen the old man die. Somehow though, he always manages to come back. To make things worse, the old fart hates tresspassers, and thinks he owns the whole county. Hell, he's so damn old that maybe that's not so impossible to believe.



Billy Ray Jeter - Billy Ray has always been a bit of a loner, and doesn't care much for comp'ny (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...errrr...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.



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 femanine 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 might 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™ - Mmmnnn...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 them don't make ya feel better, nuthin' 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 gun-fight.



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' aperatur.



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 BLAAAT> Oooops sorry— see whut we mean?

DRUNKOMETER

1. Sober
2. Buzzed
3. Shit-Faced
4. F^oo^ops! d Up

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

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
- Tab 2D map modes
- Shift + Arrow Run
- Caps Lock Auto run

Alt + Arrow

- Ctrl Strafe in direction of arrow key
- A Fire Current weapon
- Z Jump
- Backspace Crouch
- [or] 180° Turn
- Enter Select inventory item
- W Use current inventory item
- B Drink Whiskey (if owned)
- \ Drink Beer (if owned)
- Y Take a quick pee
- C Yee haw
- M Eat CowPie™ (if owned)
- #s 1-0 Drink moonshine
- ; or ' Weapons selection

Scroll Lock

- Keypad 5 Holster weapon
- Home\End Center view
- PgUp\PgDn Aim up\Aim down
- Ins\Del Look up\Look down
- Pause Peek left\Peek right
- Pause game (hold Shift to avoid message)

ESC

- F1 Escape back to Main Menu
- F2 Help and game story
- F3 Save game
- F4 Load game
- F6 Sound\Music settings
- F7 Quick save
- F8 Chase view
- F9 Toggle messages On\Off
- F10 Quick Load
- F11 Quit to DOS
- F12 Brightness
- (minus) Take a PCX screen shot
- + (plus) Shrink screen (faster play)
- 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
- W Show opponent's weapon
- K See Co-Op view

CREDITS

XATRIX ENTERTAINMENT

ORIGINAL CONCEPT, DESIGN AND DIRECTION
DREW MARKHAM

PRODUCED BY
GREG GOODRICH

GAME PROGRAMMING
RAFAEL PAIZ

ART DIRECTORS
CLAIRE PRADERIE
MICHAEL "MAXX" KAUFMAN

LEAD LEVEL DESIGNER
ALEX MAYBERRY

LEVEL DESIGN
MAL BLACKWELL, SVERRE KVERNMO

SENIOR ANIMATOR AND ARTIST
JASON HOOVER

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
BARRY DEMPSEY

MOTION CAPTURE SPECIALIST AND CHARACTER ANIMATION
AMIT DORON

ADDITIONAL ANIMATION
GEORGE KARL

CHARACTER DESIGN
CORKY LEHMKUHL

MAP PAINTERS
VIKTOR ANTONOV, MATTHIAS BEEGUER
STEPHAN BURLE

SCULPTORS
GEORGE ENGEL, JAKE GARBER
JEFF HIMMEL

CHARACTER VOICES

LEONARD
BURTON GILLIAM

BUBBA, BILLY RAY, SKINNY OL' COOT AND THE TURD MINION
DREW MARKHAM

SHERIFF LESTER T. HOBBS
MOJO NIXON

ALIEN VIXEN
PEGGY JO JACOBS

SOUND DESIGN
GARY BRADFIELD

MUSIC
MOJO NIXON
THE REVEREND HORTON HEAT
CEMENT POND

ADDITIONAL SOUND EFFECTS
JIM SPURGIN

MOTION CAPTURE ACTOR
J.P. MANOUX

MOTION CAPTURE VIXEN
SHAWN WOLFE

PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE
MINERVA MAYBERRY

NUTS AND BOLTS
STEVE GOLDBERG
MARCUS HUTCHINSON

BEAN COUNTING
MAX YOSHIKAWA

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANCE
SERAFIN LEWIS

LOCATION MANAGER, LOUISIANA
RICK SKINNER

LOCATION SCOUT, LOUISIANA
BRIAN BENOS

PHOTOGRAPHER
CARLOS SERRAO

ADDITIONAL 3D MODELING BY
3 NAME 3D
VIEWPOINT DATALABS INTERNATIONAL

AUDIO RECORDED AT
PACIFIC OCEAN POST, SANTA MONICA, C.A.

CEMENT POND TRACKS RECORDED AT
DREAMSTATE RECORDING, BURBANK, C.A.

RECORDING ENGINEER
DAVE AHLERT

3D BUILD ENGINE LICENSED FROM
3D REALMS ENTERTAINMENT

BUILD ENGINE AND RELATED TOOLS
CREATED BY KEN SILVERMAN

INTERPLAY PRODUCTIONS

A.I. PROGRAMMING
ARTHUR ATTILA DONAVAN

LEAD TESTER
DARRELL JONES

TESTERS
TIM ANDERSON, ERICK LUJAN
TIEN TRAN

IS TECHS
BILL DELK, AARON MEYERS

COMPATIBILITY TECHS
MARC DURAN, DAN FORSYTH
DEREK GIBBS, AARON OLAIZ
JACK PARKER

DIRECTOR OF COMPATIBILITY
PHUONG NGUYEN

ASSISTANT QA DIRECTOR
COLIN TOTMAN

QA DIRECTOR
CHAD ALLISON

QA TEAM #2 LEAD:
ANTHONY TAYLOR

QA TEAM #2:
TYMOTHI LOVING, CHRIS FRANKIE
ADAM CHANEY, AMY PRESNELL
CHRIS CANTON

INTERPLAY PRODUCER
BILL DUGAN

INTERPLAY LINE PRODUCER
CHRIS BENSON

INTERPLAY LOGO
TIM DONLEY, CHARLES DEENEN

THANKS
CHIP BUMGARDNER, BRAD GRACE,
KIRK TOME

MARKETING MANAGER
JIM VEEVAERT

PUBLIC RELATIONS
ERIKA PRICE

MANUAL WRITTEN BY
KELLY AND GREG NEWCOMB

MANUAL GRAPHICS AND DESIGN
LARRY FUKUOKA

SPECIAL THANKS FROM XATRIX
SCOTT MILLER, TODD REPLOGLE,
CHUCK BUECHE, DON MAGGI

EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS
BRIAN FARGO

REDNECK RAMPAGE
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The Million Dollar Club, Dallas, TX.

Meadow Williams

Del Frisco's Double Eagle Steak House, Dallas, TX.

The kind and warm hearted people of Louisville, Arkansas.

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Kevin Vance, Mike Baumer and the rest of the spec. warriors at Naval Special Warfare Center ST-1 and ST-5 in Coronado, CA. for reminding us that freedom is not free (and teaching us a bunch of really neat stuff.)

R. Carter Lipsomb the most backwards-ass hillbilly Mississippi redneck we know, who was with us on that faithful journey to the Arklatex, for proving to us all that it wouldn't hurt to eat crawfish without removing the mud-vein.

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Einat Doron and Ygal Doron
Patricia Fernandez
Sarah May

MUSIC

UFOs Big Rigs & BBQ
Mojo Nixon

"UFOs Big Rigs & BBQ" - Produced by Eric "Roscoe" Amble. Published by - Muffin Stiffin Music (BMI), administered by Bug Music. CD "Gadzooks!!! The homemade Bootleg", 1997 Needletime Records. Catalog #Needletime 17751-2

Nurture My Pig
The Reverend Horton Heat

"Nurture My Pig" - performed by Reverend Horton Heat, courtesy of Sub Pop Records; (P) 1993 Sub Pop Records, written by Tom Foote; ©1990 Horton House Enterprises (BMI). All rights reserved.

Trash Can
Cement Pond

"Trash Can" performed by Cement Pond; written by Drew Markham; ©1997 Scatalogic Music.

Wiggle Stick
The Reverend Horton Heat

"Wiggle Stick" - performed by Reverend Horton Heat, courtesy of Sub Pop Records; (P) 1993 Sub Pop Records, written by James Heath, p/k/a "Reverend Horton Heat"; ©1990 Horton House Enterprises (BMI). All rights reserved.

Vixen
Cement Pond

"Vixen" performed by Cement Pond; written by Drew Markham; ©1997 Scatalogic Music.

You Can't Kill Me
Mojo Nixon

"You Can't Kill Me" - Produced by Eric "Roscoe" Amble. Published by - Muffin Stiffin Music (BMI), administered by Bug Music. CD "Whereabouts Unknown", 1995 Blutarski Entertainment, Inc./Ripe & Ready. Catalog #Ripe-3825

Cement Pond is: Drew Markham (Guitar and Vocals), Jim Spurgin (Lead Guitar), Jason Smith (Drums), Kitty Markham (Vocals on Vixen).

THESE ARE THEM FOLKS THAT MADE THIS HERE GAME



Left to Right: Mal Blackwell, Rafael Paiz, Alex Mayberry, Michael "Maxx" Kaufman, Greg Goodrich, Claire Praderie, Drew Markham, Barry Dempsey, Jason Hoover, Amit Doron. Photo by Carlos Serrao.



Dear Annie,
My husband wants boys but so far we've only had girls. My brother has five strapping boys an he gives my Jimmy a right rough ol time about it, an I don't know what to do. What should I do?
Worried Wife

*Dear Worried Wife,
Come on, girl, do I have to spell it out? G'wan out an' whoop it up with your brother.*

— Annie

dear annie,
how du yu get blud out of wallpayer fast?? ps: it wuz an aksident, i swear on the bibel it wuz.
anonneemus

*Dear "Anonneemus,"
Forget the blood, next time hide the body better! Sheriff Hobbes has been looking for you for days, buddy! And by the way, he says thanks for putting a return address on your letter.*

— Annie

Hey Annie,
My neighbor down the road keeps borrowing stuff and not giving it back. Now he's got my second-best shotgun and he says he's going to return it next week but that's what he said about the can-opener and I never saw that again. When I told him this, he got rude and forced me off of his property. I'm so mad I'm thinkin about "accidentally" driving over his mailbox — maybe his porch, too. Should I?

J. Wilson

*Dear J. Wilson
Sure, why not? Just hope that he can't read this column.*
— Annie

Dear Annie,
My pa's marrying my second cousin, even tho he knows that I've been sweet on her since we was kids. Help! What do I do?

Jealous

*Dear Jealous,
Does she have any sisters?*

— Annie

BUBBA'S HOMEGROWN HORROSCOPE



Aquarius

January 21-February 19 / Round Time
The Chickens Thaw

Aquarinums are good-hearted folk who have a lot to live for. 'Tis a shame their houses will most likely be ripped away by a twister. Stock up on beer.



Pisces

February 20-March 20 / When The
House Floods

Your sign is the fish, which is good because you were probably born underwater. Cooter wants to move in, hide the pork rinds.



Aries

March 20-April 20 / When Those IRS
Guys Screw You

This is the sign of taxes. If you were born on this sign, you are an exemption, because we all know it's the only way to keep those stinkin' government types from touching our hard-earned money that we made all by ourselves by doing God's honest work by prophesizing for the good folk of our local paper!!! Don't buy bread.



Taurus

April 21-May 21 / Things Start Dying
On The Lawn

Born under the sign of the Ford, these starchilds are mechanically aligned. Pro-wrestling holds many possibilities, but don't sit in the front row.



Gemini

May 22-June 21 / The Dog Hasn't
Moved In Weeks

Twins is your sign, and twins is what your sister might have if you don't stop that right now. Send her to me.



Cancer

June 22-July 23 / The Dog Is Probably
Dead

I write this every week, but this sign is DOOMED. DOOMED I TELL YOU. They say it's crabs, but I say it's THE DEVIL'S ERADICATOR!!! GIVE UP!



Leo

July 24-August 23 / Shit It's Hot,
Grandma Is Probably Dead Too

This is the sign of the mighty lion, and we all know that lion is a sin. Turn yourself in with those filthy, plague-carrying Cancer crabs and go jump into a bog!



Virgo

August 24-September 23 / Bout Time To
Put Grandma Away And Look For The Cows

This is the sign your daughter keeps telling you she is, but she's probably a Leo considering how she gets whenever those salesmen come 'round.



Libra

September 24-October 23 / LuLu Is
Swelling Up

This is another evil sign. When you're a Libra, you stand against everything good in America! You don't deserve to be with people like me. Come 'round and I'll kill you.



Scorpio

October 24-November 22 / Relatives
Start Showing Up For No Reason

Those born under this sign are sneaky and octagonal. Attend a NASCAR event and you may meet Mr. Right.



Sagittarius

November 23-December 21 / Damn
Relatives Talk During Football!

This is the sign of those born at the same time as that guy from the Home Video TV show. You can make a lot of money on that show if you put explosives in the toilet and film it.



Capricorn

December 22-January 20 / The Month
Of Kings

Now is a good time for this Holiest of Holy signs. Start that home decorating project now. They are having a sale on beer-can wall racks down at the the Thrift Shack.

COW BABY

Continued from page 1

Ah dunno. That's jes' the kind'a weird shit aliens like t'do ta nice normal folks lahke us, y'know? Lotsa weird shit's been goin' on 'round these-heah parts lately. Like that Billy Ray Jeter thing. Ah could tell ya all 'bout it...come t'think of it, Ah haven't seen Lester fur near-on two days now..."

When questioned about the disappearances, the Hobbes' nearest neighbors confirmed that 'life 'round these parts' has been stranger than usual. Livestock has been reported either missing or wandering around dazed with their heads completely shaved, and the town drunk has been spotted in several places at once by fairly reliable witnesses.

It's even possible that there've been human disappearances as well, though this cannot yet be confirmed as Hickston residents live scattered far back into the hills and a reliable census has never been achieved.

"The McCoy children from up Green Ridge way haven't attended classes for two weeks," says local schoolteacher Annabelle Franks, "but that's normal around this time of year. It's huntin' season, you know. As opposed to poachin' season, which is all year 'round for them high-hills types. Not like us respectable valley types. Folks have to lock up their false teeth around them McCoy kids..."



WEATHER FORECAST FOR TOMORROW:


Dark, followed by scattered light in the early morning, clearing up to full light by noon. Another dark front should hit in the evening, with total darkness setting in tonight and persisting through until the next day. There might be a moon up. High probability of stars. There'll probably be some wind and clouds, too. You never know.

DISASTER

Continued from page 1

Two Polecat residents were subsequently located on the outskirts of town and have been brought in for questioning, but preliminary reports are not promising. According to Sheriff Parmer, "Those poor mountain boys are talkin' crazier than usual. Something about giant mosquitos and aliens. It's obvious that they've been raving drunk all night. We may never know what happened here. But judging by the sheer extent of the damage, whoever did it had to have cojones the size of my head."

Officials in the neighboring towns of Hickston and Rabbit Ridge were alerted to the situation by a quartet of vacationing college students who'd been passing through and found the town eerily empty. A full investigation is underway.



STANKY'S BAR & GRILL

46 Locations Statewide

Now Up Past The Taylor
Town Roundabout — Y'all
Know Where

Saturday is Moonshine Night
(BYOM)

Sunday is Noon-To-Night
Drink-Til-You-Drop

Pretty gals get their first two
drinks free!

Ask about our franchise
opportunities

FREE PEANUTS WITH THIS AD

BACHELOR OF THE WEEK



Leonard (no last name available), fine upstanding young citizen with a knack for raisin' hogs...or massively inbred gun-toting lunatic with the brain the size of a chick pea? Either way, this week he's Hickston's Most Eligible Bachelor.

Name: "Leonard, just Leonard"

Status: single. Has a whole mess o' married sisters out in the hills somewhere.

Occupation: raising hogs, moonlighting over at J. Cluck's.

Hobbies: hanging out at Stanky's, making fun of tourists, huntin' with his friend Bubba, arm-wrasslin', sittin' on the porch, stacking beer cans, calling the Crop Circle Hotline.

Measurements: none available — threatened to "open up a big ol' can of whoopass" the next time our reporter tried to get his inseam.

Turn-Ons: the sound of hogs squealing, the smell of transmission fluid and gunpowder, large quantities of beer chugged in the company of good buddies, pigtails, freckles, Faberge eggs, good home cookin' — "any gal who k'n outshoot me... maybe, jes' half the time or so."

Turn-Offs: computers, people who play video games, Commies, long-hairs, liberals, aliens, Elvis imitators ("That's blasphemy! The Reverend sez they're gonna BURN an' Ah'm all for it!"), finding maggotty chicken bits wedged waaaaay up in a truck's suspension.

Personal Quote: "If a tree's good 'nough for muh dawg, it's damn well good enough for me."