

## INTRODUCTION

Welcome! We've been expecting you. Wipe your feet. No, not on the carpet...the welcome mat over there...yes! Make yourself at home. Where are you going? The couch is on that side. You want to take a shower? In that case, I'd prefer you make yourself at couch...over there. Comfortable? Good.

So you heard the latest Ace Quest gossip? No? Oh, he's back. I expect he'll be funnier than ever. What do you mean by that? He was hilarious before. He wasn't? He was just OK? I don't think we're talking about the same person...Ace Quest...Adventunare? We are talking about the same person. This is awkward. No, no...sit down, I'll live with your misguided opinions.

But he's more than back. He's starting anew. A new what? No...anew...uh-noow. He's starting the telling of his story over again. He feels he's more capable than he was six years ago. But he says he can't do it without you. Seriously, he asked for you personally. I was kind of reticent to invite you here, but he insisted that it *had* to be you.

You see he thought you would be a perfect person to help him out in all his adventures. How? I'm not entirely sure. Let me read his note real quick. Hmm...yes, it's all here in black and white.

He wants you to write stories about him. What do you mean that's a little presumptuous? He says it can be short, it can even just be a joke, you just have to meander to his website and do so. Well, you'll get recognition. The magazine will print your story. You might even get something put in the game documentation.

He doesn't have money to pay you! Well, just think about it, OK?

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## Q&A

**Question:** Who is Ace Quest and how can I stop him from contacting me?

**Answer:** He's many things. But mostly he's an Adventunare. Unfortunately, he never gets the hint, so you're stuck with him. Sorry.

**Question:** I noticed the other day on your website (which I frequent often, because I know it's filled with all kinds of fun) that I can send you comments, but I'm unable to comment on specific things, like a diary entry. Would it be possible to add commenting to things like that?

**Answer:** Why are you reading my diary? That's kind of private. I plan to implement this when I get enough time. It's not complicated, but it takes grunt work, that I have to be in the mood to do. So yes.

**Question:** Sometimes I like to play Ace Quest, and I've already played it to completion before, is that normal?

**Answer:** Not really.

**Question:** My life is beginning to lose meaning, and I'm thinking of just ending everything. When your new game is created, will it give my life purpose again?

**Answer:** Of course it will.

# THE PUZZLER

Ace Quest has been in so many adventures he's beginning to forget the past. He's trying to make a scrap book of his life, but he needs your help. He knows that he's been captured by four villains in the same week, each of which, used a different secret weapon on him. All four of the villains had a different pet, and Ace was captured by each one on a different day of the week (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday). He can only remember the following details of his past.

1. The villain who used the Electronic Plunger caught Ace either before the villain with the pet Cat or before the villain with the Nanobots.
2. Neither the Mad Catter, nor Penelope, owned a Cat. The villain who owned a Cat used the Shrink Ray on Ace, before the villain who used the Microwave.
3. Mr. X and The Mad Catter caught Ace a day from each other, in some order. The Mad Catter has a pet Hermit Crab.
4. Either the villain with the Snake or the villain with the Hermit Crab used the Electronic Plunger. The villain with the Nanobots captures Ace sometime after the villain who used the Microwave.
5. The four people were Mr. X, the villain who used the Shrink Ray, the villain with a pet Human, and the villain who captured Ace on Thursday.

	Mr. X	Penelope	The Emperor	The Mad Catter	Electronic Plunger	Nanobots	Microwave	Shrink Ray	Cat	Hermit Crab	Human	Snake
Monday												
Tuesday												
Wednesday												
Thursday												
Cat												
Hermit Crab												
Human												
Snake												
Electronic Plunger												
Nanobots												
Microwave												
Shrink Ray												

Villain	Day	Weapon	Pet

# THE EASIER PUZZLER

Ace Quest, done with that scrap book, decided to put it on the bookshelf. The problem was, he had conflicting ideas on which book should go on which shelf. He had cataloged four years worth of scrap books, from 2001 to 2004, but hadn't labeled them correctly. Each scrap book was a different color (beige, black, blue, and brown), and would clash with his décor if not put in an appropriate order. Given his preferences, determine the best order to put the scrap books on the shelf, as well as the correct year of the scrap books.

1. The easiest Bookshelf location for Ace to reach was the Middle-Top. The most difficult to reach was the Bottom Bookshelf. The other two bookshelves were about the same.
2. Ace was more prone to reach for the scrap book dated 2002, which wasn't blue, and looked at the book in 2004 the least. Ace knew the black book was the year before the brown book.
3. The shelf contained yellow items on the two top shelves, and red items on the bottom two shelves. Ace likes the year 2001 better than 2003.
4. Ace refuses to allow black and yellow to combine or blue and red, regardless of convenience. Ace knew the beige book was the year before the black book.
5. The blue book was either in 2002 or in 2004.

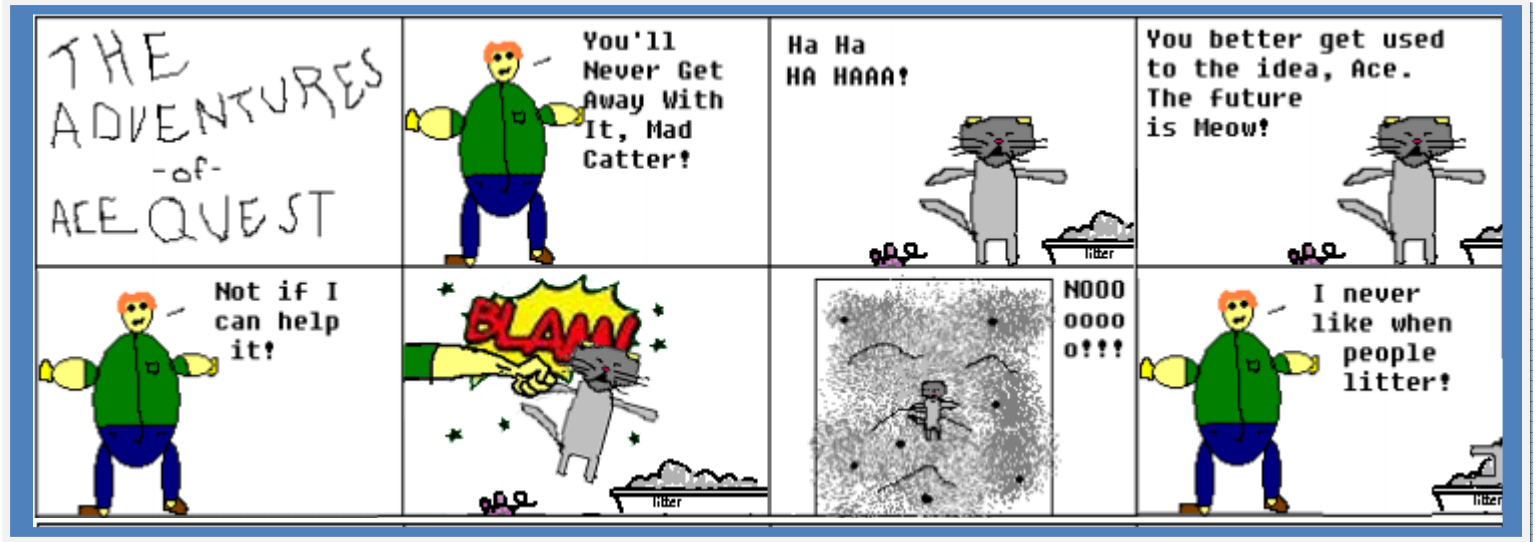
	2001	2002	2003	2004	Beige	Black	Blue	Brown
Bottom								
Middle-Bottom								
Middle-Top								
Top								
Beige								
Black								
Blue								
Brown								

## Saucolate!

Do you enjoy the taste of a chocolate? How about the meaty spicy flavor of sausage? Now you can have both flavors in one bite! With a 90% approval rating, your taste buds will tingle in delight!

(Statistics determined by a double blind, double deaf, and double tasteless study. Side effects include, but are not limited to, mild to severe vomiting, undesirable rashes, desirable rashes, and latent male pregnancy).

Bookshelf Order	Year	Color



## USER SUBMITTED STORY (ANONYMOUS)

### "LE ROACHIOACTIVE"

It took me years to find the culprit. The truth behind the hideous mutilations made upon me. I wasn't always like this. No, I was normal once, as normal as one can be, anyhow. Then while taking out the trash I felt a sharp pain and looked to see a roach scurry away from the trash can. I put some cream on it, and went to bed.

The next morning, really my first new morning, I was something not man...not a roach either. Some sort of hybrid. I felt stronger; I sensed more, there were so many gifts it *did* give me. But I couldn't see past the reflection in the mirror. But why should I when even my family turned their backs to me with a look of revolt.

I went out in the night. I ate trash. It wasn't half bad. The roaches, and all other insects, fled quickly, so I ate alone. I grew violent. I grew to like the taste of human. They're easier to kill than most animals, and they've been fattening themselves up their whole lives. It almost seemed perfect.

Then I came upon a village of sorts, or rather a nest, if you will, of roaches. They seemed different. Their scent was familiar to me. Instead of fleeing they came up to me. I spent the better part of a week with them, before I realized they were able to communicate with me. It wasn't anything rudimentary either, there was complex understanding of past and present that I wouldn't expect from such lowly creatures.

*(Continue on Page 5)*

## WORK NEEDED

You want to be part of the Ace Quest experience. We want you to be part of the Ace Quest experience, too! We need different people in different stages of development, so if we don't need you now, it's not because we don't need you, we just don't need you at this moment in the game development.

Currently we don't need anyone in this phase. By next month, however, we predict there will be some position we need to fill. As always, though, if you'd like to submit ace quest stories/jokes on the website, feel free.

### Future Available Positions

Script Reviewer - Provide general quality assurance.

Artist - Help create all things to do with graphics

Musicians - Help add atmosphere with music.

Beta Testers - Test game, provide feedback.

For two years I studied the language, two of their generations. I was ancient by their standards. While their young seemed to pick up their language within days of being born, I struggled. But I learned from them their stories. Many of them interesting, in their own right, but the tale of Z'lander was what I found most interesting.

The tale is short, as are most of their tales. Z'lander was born a common house roach. With 23 immediate brothers and 19 sisters, a small family by roach standards, they managed to live like kings in a land of filth and runny water. Z'lander was braver than most roaches, and he made a game of seeing how close to the owner he could get without being seen. He was lightning quick and silent as a mite. However, one day he was playing his game...and something happened that he was unprepared for.

He had found earlier on, that if he approached from the back end of the owner he was less often seen. He elegantly crawled up the leg of the couch and boldly made his way to the human. The light from the television stopped glowing as Z'lander just about reached the owner, when a rather large man stood up, and as he moved a blast of hot air could be felt and heard for meters! Z'lander was caught at ground zero.

He scurried like he had never scurried before. On coming home, his mother screamed her antennae off, telling him he needed to stop playing games and punished him with a week on the outside. It was a harsh punishment. The outside was a cruel place with cruel predators. Z'lander was quick and spry and his mother didn't worry about his ability to survive. He quickly discovered the outside world was a miserable place.

While hunting for food in a trashcan, the owner of the trashcan came to put more food in. Z'lander, rather than be thankful for the bounty, was in such a miserable mood that he actually bit the owner and ran off. When the week was over he went home and calmed down, but other roaches started noticing something different about him.

Radioactivity. I was surprised they knew the word. They, naturally were a group of his ancestor's. They showed me the scent to follow to Z'lander's grave site. Apparently he died of old age. So I followed the scent. Not surprisingly it took me to a familiar neighborhood. Mine.

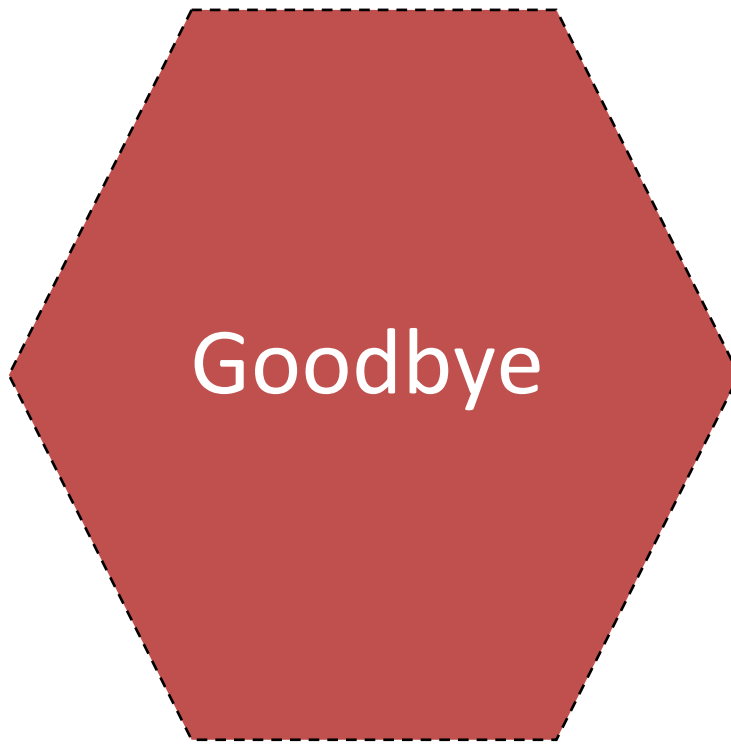
I had left the neighborhood quickly after the change. I couldn't hold my job, so payments on the house just weren't an option. But the scent didn't take me to my house. It was two houses down on the left. This was the person to blame. This was my time for revenge! How sweet his meat would taste. Although, I wondered, if he was able to cause such radiation, would I die in the process of killing him? I didn't care about my death though, only his.

Perhaps it is unfair to put so much hate on one person, but since when was life fair? The house was empty. I shuffled through his things, searching for a name. The mail! Ace Quest Adventunare? My memory came back to me. He was a large man, who rarely went outside. He seemed kind enough when I was alive, during the neighborhood parties, but I didn't know more than that really.

I sat down on the couch and waited. He didn't come back that night or the next. I was visited by a roach on the third night. He was the seventieth son of a seventieth son, a lucky number for roaches. Apparently, he was a descendant of Z'lander. I inquired as to the owner's whereabouts.

Ace had been taken away. To where, they knew not, but it seemed forced. I stewed in my rage. He was here, not a week ago, and now he was out of my grasp. But the roach seeing my anger, told me, "Patience, daughter of Z'lander. It has long been foretold of your arrival. Of a momentous fight between you and Z'lander's second maker. He is coming back. The future does not lie."

So I waited. Apparently, the house was paid for. The only people who came by were salesman. I was glad the town seemed to have a never ending supply of salesman. Though they always tasted of desperation, they sustained me, and allowed me to stay in the house. Waiting...silently.



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Hope you enjoyed the new magazine!