

Preface

Memo

To: Phinneas Frog
From: Badger
Subject: Mission to rescue Professor Mole

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to rescue Professor Mole from the evil clutches of our arch enemy, Hamsterchief. Mole is being held captive in the Secret Lair Of the Terrible Hamsters, or S.L.O.T.H.

As you are known to be an intelligent spy, you won't know all the answers at the start. A good deal will have to be discovered along the way. You may fall into the hands of the Terrible Hamsters. Mostly this will be because you have done something a bit silly, and it will mean escaping and starting all over again. To prevent this, or to avoid having to remember all the steps you work out, you can SAVE your position in the adventure.

It might take a very long time to work out how to rescue Professor Mole. Our intelligence says that in the search for Mole you will find FOUR challenges. There is not much to help you in working out your way through these, and you will have to puzzle out the rules for yourself.

As Phinneas Frog, you alone can stop Hamsterchief's evil dreams from becoming a reality. Good luck Phinneas Frog.

Chapter One

Phinneas was a spy, but no ordinary spy. It is said that in his time he had rescued maidens in distress, blown up deadly weapons and jetted round the world at twice the speed of sound. You name it, Frog had done it.

Frog was in every way quite EXTRAORDINARY. His old Bentley - what a car! The gadgets alone would make the average amphibian GREEN with envy. He had quite a house too, just half height walls inside that he could pop over. He never had any time for doors or going round things. He would just hop from room to room. This sometimes made life difficult even for other frogs but for no-one was it as bad as his boss, Mr. Badger.

Badger was the boss of THE UNIT, a special outfit to combat some nasty rodents. Only the other month the frog had discovered the whereabouts of S.L.O.T.H.

Badger rarely came to see Frog. He could not abide the clambering he had to do - even though Phinneas had provided special step ladders for his friends. But the other day Badger DID call, so Phinneas knew it was something special.

Badger came in and lifted his great bulk over the wall into the sitting area. Everything about him was BIG. He looked big, he carried a big briefcase stuffed with big pieces of paper. He probably earned big money too. All the spies called him BIG B. He was a slow talker with big deep voice. Hearing him talk you might think he wasn't very clever, even with his big words. You would be wrong, however. BIG B had a brain to match his body - quite a rival for HAMSTERCHIEF, the boss of the Terrible Hamsters and Badger's arch enemy.

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

It would take a long time to go through everything that BIG B said in his slow and heavy way.

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

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

You see it’s too long to be told all in Badger’s own words.

Chapter Two

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

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

He was just on his third round of tomato and cheese when his assistant came in. He new better than to disturb the Professor so he stood around hoping to be noticed. “ A Mr. Badger to see you, sir.”

“Er ...Who”, said the Professor. “I don’t know him.”

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Badger looked at Mole steadily.

“There are some very unpleasant types who have come to know of your work. They want your results and will do anything to get them and then they will make you work for them.”

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

“What are you going to do to protect me?” he asked the Badger.

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

Professor Mole was now shaking.

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

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

“Oh! Just like that.” said Professor Mole, unconvinced.

“We will have our best man on it”, said Badger, “Phinneas Frog. He’ll get you out if anyone can.”

“If anyone can!” thought Mole miserably. The sandwiches he was still holding dropped onto the floor. What was going to happen to him and would this frog be able to get him out?

Chapter Three

Professor Mole was at the offices of the THE UNIT. He was going to be given his equipment and meet Double F, as Phinneas Frog was generally known.

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

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

Hare came in and showed the spectacles to Mole. Mole was breathless in the face of this invention, but he had his doubts about whether it would be able to save him.

The other thing they had for him was a capsule.

“Swallow this.” Hare ordered.

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

“That is a homing beacon. We can locate you roughly using that. At any rate we can find which building you are in. Any questions? No? O.K. Well now to meet agent Double F”

Hare whisked the Professor along endless corridors and soon he was face to face with the famous Phinneas Frog.

Chapter Four

Later, Phinneas was taking PM (as Double F decided to call Professor Mole) home in his car. They arrived at 10 Upping Street and Double F deposited a very breathless and agitated Professor.

“See you soon PM” called Phinneas as he roared off.

“I do hope not”, said Mole as he trudged up his steps.

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

Chapter Five

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

“I’b Tishou” the Hamster said to Mole.

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

“I’b Tishou. I’b the Chief’s nubber one.”

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

Miserably, Professor Mole made out that he was supposed to follow this creature to Hamsterchief.

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter Six

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

"Although it looks easy to get out", said Hamsterchief, "I wouldn't try it. The place is well guarded by the T.H.U.G.S".

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

"A THUG", he said. "You must learn the words we use here Professor. A T.H.U.G. is one of my trusted guards - short for Terrible Hamster Uniformed Guards. The other hamsters you might see are in training. We have a number of other animals we use as well. They are called J.H.O.K.E.s.

Mole didn't feel in any position to ask questions.

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

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

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

Chapter Seven

The kitchen was large and not very nice. The cook was clearing up from preparing dinner. Now and again he was stirring a large pot of boiling coffee. He stopped at once when Hamsterchief came in.

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

“Just a sandwich and a coffee please”, said Mole, and remembered again to touch his glasses. In his amazement he had forgotten all about transmitting back to THE UNIT.

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

“You must be busy”, said the Hamsterchief to the cook, “Carry on. Don’t worry about us.”

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

Mole finished his coffee and sandwiches. A large T.H.U.G. came in and took away the huge pot of coffee. “Well, now I will show you the laboratory”, said Hamsterchief.

Chapter Eight

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mole shuddered. Up to now he had only thought about himself. He realised now, how wicked and dangerous Hamsterchief was and how much Badger and Frog needed his help.

Chapter Nine

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

"Bother", said Phinneas (actually he said something worse). He knew it was the end of his swim. It would be the start of the mission. He went quickly to the special phone. BIG B was on the Line. He was so brief Double F knew he was agitated.

"Mole", said Badger, "Get him out. S.L.O.T.H. knows someone in sending messages. They'll soon be on to Mole. He won't be able to stand it."

"Don't worry, I'll get out to Hamsterchief's place and blow my nose on him", was Double F's confident reply. "We don't want our Professor turned into a sausage mole!"

"This is no time for joking", yelled BIG B. "This is serious."

Nothing ever got BIG B this rattled.

"Just one thing, BIG B", said the frog. "How come S.L.O.T.H. knew about Mole's secret work in the first place?"

Badger got even angrier. "I can't tell you. Start the mission. No more questions' and slammed down the phone.

"So I was right", thought Phinneas. "BIG B himself leaked it to S.L.O.T.H. and set the whole thing up from the start".