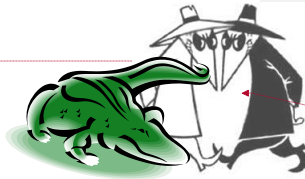


## Lotsa EXCUSES (5)



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Insistent loud jangling – then silence. How could one sound be so full of bright opportunity and dark premonitions simultaneously? Possibilities for adventure, advancement, prestige, *the ladies*... and almost certain death. What growing boy wouldn't be tempted? The source was well-known, though the sound was not – only one person knew the number for that phone, and it had not rung in years. That ringing could only mean one thing, that she was calling with bad news... and that bad news was the key to your future. With racing heart, you answer. She confirms what you knew instinctively (for these instincts have been finely honed by years of training): all the free world's covert agents are now dead. You are **the last of the secret agents**.

Your mission, both obviously simple and deceptively complex, is to locate and eliminate the person or group responsible for the deaths of the other spies before they move to larger targets. Your advantage? The element of surprise. Your potential weakness? Well, let's just say you're a bit rusty. And perhaps in the past you've been a bit careless. And clueless. For starters, you once locked an important clue to your mission in the trunk of your car, and had to brutally pry open said trunk with a crowbar in broad daylight. Deer oh deer. You once travelled hours on the trail of ruthless kidnappers, so close to victory you could taste the sweet lips of the damsel in distress, only to fail to open a clue in your hand and wind up miles behind, back at the starting gate. Kiss delayed! The time you were searching for evidence of extraterrestrials at a local college, but instead mistook another mission's clue for your own, leading you miles off course and hours behind in your pursuit... Idiot. The time you wandered in the wrong cemetery for hours in the 114° Texas sun... or stopped for that 3<sup>rd</sup> glass of wine..... or failed to look in the ear of the death mask you'd been given... or been too timid to break a wax penis...or stopped for a snort (or two)... or failed to look in your bag of tricks so thoughtfully provided by Q, only to arrive at a site of a potential clue without the correct equipment to interpret it. Sigh. And the list goes on and on and on... Can you blame M for not sending you on more missions? Depends on what side of your brain is speaking that day. The vindictive side that blames others and ignores its own errors has increasingly turned to more... "leisurely" pursuits in order to idle away the downtime between assignments. The other side? Well let's just say it exists. Now, the biggest case of your career – not just for your career, for the safety of the world – and you cannot let your thinking be dulled or clouded. Danger may have been your middle name, but now your first name is Action, for as The Last of the Secret Agents you must accomplish this mission at all costs. Do you remember how to use the gadgets that Q so thoughtfully designed for you, or will you be using your own? Can you recite the secret code by memory? Only time will tell, but looks like you have your first lead.

## Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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Have been around since the very dawn of creation  
Was Beelzebub the first "evil genius" character  
Or merely the first thug with brilliant PR?  
This new menace seems to have vexed the whole planet  
You need quick success, the government demands it  
Killing all the top agents from around the globe  
The terrorist has been in complete stealth mode  
It could be a pair, or just one mad man  
More likely a cabal with a sinister plan  
If you don't stop them now, things will only get worse  
The bad guys will want the whole universe  
Every inch of this city you'll need to peruse  
To have any hope of finding vital clues  
You'll need to bone up on criminal masterminds  
Your studies of late are a little behind  
Some baddies you know, and their methods are depraved  
But you don't think those old rogues are behind this new wave  
Did they tell of their plans before the last blow?  
Did they kidnap the most curvaceous bimbo?  
To be thorough will require triangulation  
And more than your normal determination  
The pursuit of these fiends will not be smooth or fast  
You'll need to strive constantly, as opposed to your past  
You'll need to maintain deep secrecy  
A subtle international man of mystery  
To maintain a low profile, don your disguise  
And be prepared to spill quite a few lies  
You'll be thoroughly schooled in the ways of finesse  
Hopefully you can endure the cold sweats and stress  
To weave through trees and parking lots  
The curves will leave your stomach in knots  
Around the red bricks designed by O'Neill  
Step lively – the secrets might be revealed  
Don't wimp out now; you're nearing your goal  
And you'd love to catch this giant asshole  
You might think of a breakfast of gems  
Or a bowl of honey cut at the stems \_\_\_\_\_  
Q has given you capital paraphenalia  
So you won't be left scratching your genitalia  
This will help you fill in those drops  
That you can't obtain from atop

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<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3oSRP2IMneM>

2. This job might be even more arduous than you thought  
You'll probably need to stash some of your pot  
You won't have time for getting high  
When evil masterminds are close by  
The little tip-offs you have found is that they still plot  
Many bold evil deeds assuming they won't get caught  
This new piece of intel suggests a new source  
Time for you to quickly alter your course  
To catch a brute you must think like a brute  
This will engage and enable your hot pursuit  
Think of all the ways your counterparts died  
All through the years, no matter their side  
Some methods were of course more successful than others  
Like using a pillow and force to smother ~~your~~ lovers  
Seems when a villain became more inspired  
His schemes, ~~were~~ more likely, ~~always~~ backfired  
How many agents were tossed to the crocs  
Only to break free from a flimsy box?  
This time it appears that evil succeeded  
And a fellow agent was impeded  
Iron bars kept him darkly confined  
But to his fate he was not resigned  
Perhaps therein lies your next clue  
If this mastermind you want to pursue  
Saints be praised! The Virgin can assist  
All want you to nab this terrorist  
Make sure the first agent you don't emulate  
Lest you find in cement you meet your fate

T & A

Little clues:

Found at Trinity "Murchison" waterfall; leads to Alamo Portland & Roman Cement Co under Japanese Tea Garden on St. Mary's (aka "mill thing/jail")

2. "Before I die, I'll leave a brief clue  
Hopefully you'll know what to do  
I think I've found the devil's lair  
From afar it looks quite fair  
You will need to crack my simple code  
Upon you my hopes are bestowed  
I can't quite see it, for I'm behind bars  
Hidden from the sun and stars  
Beneath an idyllic Asian backdrop  
Almost nothing more than backstop  
A building old hides a sinister intent  
The villain underneath does torment  
I know you're A two on a one-to-ten scale  
Now you'll need brains to pierce the veil  
Because one conversion is not enough  
We'll now have to see if you have the right stuff  
Hopefully you will hear me well  
I have just a brief story to tell"



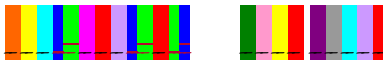
17 16 19 21 13 2 15 5 & 19 16 14 2 15

## Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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3. You thought like a villain, but it wasn't enough  
Was M right – you really don't have the right stuff?  
Perhaps you are being a bit too hasty  
Maybe those reptiles thought an agent was tasty  
If so, he might have left a last clue  
To give you a hint of what you should do  
OMG – it's not a he, it's a she!  
Femme Nikita has met a fate most beastly  
With military precision, she's cloaked her intent  
Only a smart spy will know where her killer went  
The cryptic message she has left for you  
You'll have to play old-fashioned gumshoe  
Just like **Sam** Spade you're not deterred  
You'll have to create the necessary words  
You'll need to avoid all the other spies' fate  
And prove you are no trifling lightweight  
*How* will you accomplish this? Just follow the signs  
For on the Puppetmaster you have designs  
As a Base of operations, it might be perfect  
For here the enemy you would not expect  
Quick like a rabbit now, 1-2-3  
Across the street you should promptly see  
As before when you reach the spot  
You'll need to complete to connect the dots  
For there's nothing here for you to touch  
But your perception helps you in the clutch  
Lest you miss your chance to keep following him  
Without this your chance for four will be grim  
Finding a clue can be frustrating it's true  
But finding yourself will be personal for you  
Write down exactly what you see  
Misspellings might just hold the key

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Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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- 4. You are definitely closer to the big bad guy  
Too bad so many agents were left to die  
Like so many villains, he abuses his own

Leaving little hints about the next move  
Your chance to snare him has greatly improved  
You must not lose this opportunity  
It's imperative to follow very closely  
You don't want to strand your newly found mole  
Your objective must contain tight control  
To the west you'll travel, but not very far  
(To think how near is truly bizarre)  
In a lush park full of wet history  
How he remains hidden is a mystery  
~~Saints~~ be praised! His lair is nearby  
And all that learning you can apply  
Can you decipher your quarry's hints  
Or will these riddles make your brain wince?

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To get near you might need squeeze behind brush  
In order to keep your presence hush-hush  
Pink might not have needed no education  
But bricks in the wall can provide explanation  
In the '70s "finding yourself" was trendy and vital  
But even today it helps to have a title

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"This next operation is justified"  
If you want to beam down to the sky  
But murder a dome in a volcano is guaranteed  
You might need a special I've heard  
But a rock can certainly hide the door  
"A tolling stone guaranteed no more"

---

"This next operation is justified"  
If you want to beam down to the sky  
But murder a dome in a volcano is guaranteed  
You might need a special I've heard  
But a rock can certainly hide the door  
"A tolling stone guaranteed no more"

Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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5. Clearly your mission was not a success  
Your talents thus far have failed to impress  
Unfortunately you now have a very short time  
All the circus alarms are starting to chime  
I think you may have less failure if you commence  
To think of the task ahead as less an offense  
And more a kind of kinky spy escapade  
What? You didn't know that you might also get laid?  
It's all in the puppetmaster's plan  
Unless you have it well in hand  
Which is your wont, or so you truly confess  
But now to the job at hand that we must assess  
You may have revealed your glass jaw  
And the passersby may just gaze in awe  
As you make your way down to the drink  
From the street where it all seems to link  
And the commerce is waiting for you today  
At the hottest and steamiest part of the day  
You may seek a cool shady spot  
Away from the traffic in which you were caught  
Perhaps down a shaft you quickly find  
Just don't leave the others far behind  
A watery paseo is your next destination  
You can't afford any procrastination  
A torch of friendship would sure benefit  
As you try to nab this data culprit  
But you don't need anything counterfeit  
You require an informant who is not a twit  
With your contact you must now unite  
But you do not know him or her on sight  
When you find him/her, give him/her your words  
Be careful you aren't overheard

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T & A

Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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**Little Clue...**

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*Found at SAC planetarium; leads to Puppet Lady vendor on Riverwalk*

5. You missed your opportunity to meet the evil drone  
While you neglected to make connection, he's shown  
He's trying to assist you but must not get caught  
Or the Puppetmaster will leave his bones to rot  
He's left a message that you must decipher  
He's counting on you to be a strong fighter  
And rise to the challenge to catch the madman  
Even when assignments don't go as planned  
Luckily you can have a smooth cool ride down  
If trodding the stairs would leave you with a frown  
You won't find one named Desire here  
But the Station sign lets you know you're near  
The drone has a contact that can help you now  
The tricky part is that you won't know how  
You must give your password and wait for response  
(Expect to endure a couple of taunts)  
Your contact is genius, a master pretender  
Currently disguised as an innocent vendor  
Near concave concrete your fears will be allayed  
As you find a small reason to say "olé"  
Another tip-off is disguised with trickery  
But with your smarts, not much of a mystery  
At the right location, you can make "conversation"  
With your password in quotation:  
**"Do you have a hand in Snickety Cleverpaws?"**  
How will you know you've made the right contact?  
When with these words s/he answers back:  
**I know the hamster master.**



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Oyarl    ○□○□○  
liaosc   □○ □□○□  
jienurs   □□□□□○○  
remcaa   ○□○□□□

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ & ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○



6. The rumor is that the Circus is crazy  
And at times their plans may seem hazy  
But to your superiors it's seen that so far  
Your work has been slightly subpar  
But don't worry it's all going to change  
For your tactics must naturally rearrange  
Some data is already starting to vanish  
This rogue's behavior is quite outlandish  
Normally you wouldn't travel by auto  
But the searing sun has made you blotto  
You must strive to make progress, don't swoon  
The Circus will bow to you soon  
The hemisphere's best spies are already dead  
So on your sorry ass they'll depend instead  
A street with a mission takes you south  
Luckily you won't need word of mouth  
Your contact has given you the perfect clue  
Not just hints, but a nice clear view  
It's ~~cool~~fair to wonder if this whole mission's Fair  
Eyes are on you, so be fully aware  
Undertake the necessary steps to stop this troll  
And recovery the data that he stole

T & A

## Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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7. Mount the horse, find your steed, you will travel  
This plot has~~There is~~ more that's in store to unravel  
All the data that's been yours to collect  
Will be valued, surmised and rechecked  
The villains are making **hay** with this intel!  
But it need not be wholly detrimental  
Fly you must towards your favored direction  
No longer saddled with imperfection  
You cannot let this villain succeed  
Or let the world fall prey to his greed  
The internet Highway is absolutely essential  
The trauma from data loss would be torrential  
30+ Bonds would be a rapid transport  
You won't need an international airport  
Zettabytes of information are at stake  
You can't afford to be a flake  
But this trail keeps turning from hot to cold  
Following cryptic clues becomes rather old  
Quickly now you sally forth  
As you travel slightly north  
CCLXXXI brings you closer still  
But you won't be happy til your job is fulfilled  
Your **military** background is invaluable today  
As you see your suspicions are on display  
The entrance might be hard to discern  
Keep your eyes open and you will learn

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T & A

Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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Found at Hemisfair Plaza; leads to Hardberger Park hay sculpture

7. The pieces are starting to fall into place  
You're gaining ground in this chase  
Maybe he's cocky and getting careless  
Or maybe he truly believes you're a menace  
You don't have the luxury to be unthinking  
Think vendetta and your ship starts sinking  
You must focus on the big picture  
If the safety of data you are to insure  
Sure, you find it *hard* to be so noble  
Silver lining: the ladies think you're soulful  
Unbeknownst to Puppetmaster you have all you need  
To pursue his cabal with necessary speed  
Your operation is urgent; you must progress  
To save the world from a disastrous mess  
In the fair green (or at this time perhaps brown)  
You might be able to take this giant down  
Still somewhat unsure? Try a coded number  
1200 x Bond's number resonates like thunder  
Applied in a soldierly manner you'll find  
Everything fits in this grand design  
Just Park and you'll gaze upon a beautiful site  
She'll give up her secrets without a fight



On shoe phone that will be left here (can we get song to play in background?):

Hay now!  
Don't fear the *Reaper*; who knew she was a hottie?  
Feeling her up makes you feel a little naughty

8. Although your trials are much worse than training  
Against your enemies your data is gaining  
All their quirks are an emblem of the times  
And the clock of their fate ceaselessly chimes  
It enters the circus which gives it to you  
And expects many things you eventually do  
Do you think one more is too much to ask?  
Do we think you'd say no to the task?  
We expect every riddle, every puzzle be solved  
But please do not call, we won't be involved  
It's you who must bear the burden of all  
So for heaven's sake, stay on the ball!  
Northward now you quickly turn  
As you are capitally concerned  
~~Quickly now you must sally forth~~  
And will save miles of tedious drudgery  
To frustrate this villain's treachery  
You must utilize all tricks in your memory  
Be careful you don't get caught in speed traps  
Your mission doesn't need any further mishaps  
On to something New, but don't hoist an ale  
You don't want to wander off the villain's trail  
If you Park in this town and are clever you'll find  
A clue that leads to the evil mastermind  
You can Land A big fish if you know where to look  
Will your cleverness land him on your hook?

T & A

## Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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*Found at Hardberger Park; leads to Landa Park – creek and fishing line – video helps lead to this*

8. Your madman apparently is starting to blunder  
And with your prowess, it's no wonder  
You are surpassing your past reputation  
With your cleverness on this operation  
In his desire to leave with haste  
A personal note was misplaced  
With your smarts, this is all you need  
He'll be the mortal forced to concede  
He thought he could disguise his true intention  
But he didn't count on your intervention  
Your goal has always been to avoid violence  
But you won't be subdued into silence  
Eva Braun had nothing on these traitors  
Who want to rule the world like dictators  
Luckily Austin Powers risked his own existence  
To provide other agents invaluable assistance  
Although he's dead, he used his mad skills  
Watch carefully and you can zoom in for the kill  
Just past six you'll find your destiny  
And avoid sinking into ignominy  
Seeking shelter in all kinds of weather makes sense  
Just to get parking for the relevant evidence  
A strong line is needed to reel in this fiend  
Don't expect to get out of this clean



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[www.youtube.com/watch?v=0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0)

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9. Under this heat you think you will wilt  
But you must keep proceeding at full tilt  
Chin up! You're making excellent progress  
Despite your uneven and inelegant process  
The data theft now appears to be suspended  
Your efforts certainly should be commended  
Now to a nearby colorful hamlet  
To foil the Puppetmaster's latest gambit  
Seems he is holding a lady captive  
Hoping you will find her too attractive  
Will you choose saving her over catching him?  
The consequences for not would be rather grim  
A teensy north, a teensy east to confront  
Don't let anyone know you are on the hunt  
At times *older* is better (as you're keenly aware)  
But the danger isn't over, so you must beware  
Over the pond great agents have been martyred  
Hopefully now you'll behave much smarter  
Food and drink tempt you, but don't go in  
Failing a babe is a cardinal spy sin  
These Texans sure don't know how to spell  
Guess it's hard when it's hotter than hell

T & A

Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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Found at Landa Park creek; leads to Pond thing in front of Gruene River Grill near antique store

9. The Puppetmaster thought I would be his mistress  
He didn't understand it was strictly business  
I'm not his babe and have never been  
Although I have been evil to my chagrin  
I'm suddenly mesmerized by your charm  
And want to ensure you come to no harm  
He's whisked me away, still one step ahead  
But I know where we're proceeding instead  
A colorful place, with a laid-back feel  
If you're lucky, his plans will reveal  
Rivers of information are available  
Careful you don't make yourself assailable  
You'll run rings around your enemies if you use your cranium  
And keep your orbs uncovered so you can see 'em  
Because on this Road I expect you to find  
The watery prison in which I'm confined  
I'm sure you'll address the situation immediately  
As you know this villain is deadly  
Under your palm between two falls  
You can rescue me without a brawl  
He's grilling me; I don't know if I can withstand  
I hope this simple code you will understand  
You'll be A-one in the agents' rank  
If up until now you did not tank



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A B E I =



10. The 'trials and tribulations' end is near  
And straight the path to home is clear  
Having proved that yours is not to question why  
Of course you know it's yours to do or die  
But wait, do you feel a sudden sense of relief?  
Your dreams and wishes are not beyond belief!  
The Circus rewards those who have the gumption  
With a great gathering for much consumption  
Where tales be told with great elation  
They will have you drink a tall libation  
And repeat your songs and strange sensations  
So cross your tees and dot your eyes  
Make sure your truths fit all your lies  
Gather all your pieces, bits and treasures  
You won't know how they'll all be measured  
One last clue helps you visualize  
But you won't believe your eyes  
Your sexiness converted the femme fatale  
Just like Bond always got his gal  
Can it be another member of the cabal  
Suddenly wants to be your best pal?  
Guess the Puppetmaster tried too much double-dealing  
And now all his evil minions are squealing  
They will lead you directly to his lair  
All his evil schemes will be laid bare  
And perhaps your patience will be tested  
But just don't let your spirit be bested  
Just a few roads, less than two miles  
If you're successful you'll be all smiles  
The Circus can't tell you more unless you have no clue  
Let's just say that soon lotsa will quite enjoy the view

*Emergency numbers:*

LEM: 415.595.8163

RV: 512.964.1251

AP: 512.963.7084

**Little clues:**

Revised 8/27/2011



## Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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10. That double-crossing asshole has to die!  
I'm tired of being his evil ally  
He thought calling me Hand Job was funny?  
Time to give him a run for his money!  
All three of us united can be a mighty force  
If you'll understand the web you'll be smart  
Some tangles you know are just the start  
Cleverness is still absolutely essential  
To win we must be completely confidential  
So take a peek and deduce where you must be  
Once viewed, the Puppetmaster you will soon see!



[www.youtube.com/watch?v=---P--8--](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=---P--8--)

## Lotsa EXCUSES (5)



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LOTSa Excuses and the Pips (lyrics for Pips in ital)

Mmmm

S.A.

Proved too hot for the man

*(too hot for the man, he didn't choose it)*

So he's leavin' the life

So cool and slow, ooh ooh

*(Frustrations growing)*

He said he's goin' back to find

*(goin' back to find)*

Oooh oooh oooh what's left of that clue

The Clue he left behind

Not so long ago

He's grievin'

*(grieving)*

For the cool of California

*(grieving for the coooool)*

Yes

Said he's goin' back

*(goin' back to find)*

To the clue that didn't rhyme

*(the clue that didn't rhyme)*

Oh yes he is

*(even though he's losin' time)*

And I will find it

*(I know you will)*

Even though this ain't California

*(Hell he knows this sure ain't Cali-for-niaa)*

Wooh whoo!!)

I'd rather live in this Hell

*(live in this hell)*

Then live without rhyme in mine!

*(Her...Hell is his... having no smart phone)*

He kept dreamin'

*(dreamin')*

Oooh that some day he'd beat everyone

*(build a trophy case, after winning first place)*

But he sure found out the hard way

That Clues don't always come through

*(clues don't always come through*

*uh ahh,*

*no,*

*uh ahh)*

Revised 8/27/2011

Lotsa EXCUSES (5)

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So he pawned all his hopes  
*(Wooh Whooh Wooh Whooh)*  
And even rented this car  
*(Wooh Whooh Wooh Whooh)*  
Bought a one way ticket back  
To the Rally he once knew  
Oh yes he did  
He said he would

He's grievin'  
*(grieving)*  
For the cool of California  
*(grieving for the coooool)*

Yeah  
Said he's goin' back to find  
*(goin' back to find)*  
The clue that didn't rhyme  
*(the clue that didn't rhyme)*  
Oh yes he is  
*(even though he's losin' time)*

And I will find it  
*(I know you will)*  
Even though this ain't California  
*(Hell he knows this sure ain't Cali-for-niaa)*  
*Wooh whoo!!)*

But still I'd rather play on their turf  
Than have to fight them  
on mine  
*(This turf, is his, his and his alone)*

**BACKUP STUFF**

For some team's 8:

