

Paper Mario: The Thousand-Year Door Lumpy's Tales FAQ

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Paper Mario: The Thousand-Year Door
The Tales of Lumpy
Complete Story
For the Nintedo GameCube
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Table of Contents

- 01. Introduction
- 02. Legal Disclaimer
- 03. Lumpy's Tales
- 04. Credits

01. Introduction

Hello and welcome to my "Lumpy's Tales guide", maybe you read "The Tales of Grifty" by Ivix. This guide is similar to it. In the harbor of Rogueport is a green mouse-like man standing near the "boat-transformation" spot. His name is Lumpy and tells you the story on how he hunted for oil to keep his village from shivering. There are 7 chapters in exciting adventure for "black gold". In his quest he also encounters people Mario had helped or had spoken to. I hope you like it the same as Grifty's stories.

02. Legal Disclaimer

You can mail me at:

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03. Lumpy's Tales

Part 1 The Night Before

I'm finally off tomorrow! I've filled my pack with cheese, and I'm ready to go! my to-do list is crossed off. I owe so much to all of my investors... Not just money! The old get-rich-quick dream...but this is different. I have a reason... See, I owe it to my hometown. It's so cold there, people are constantly shivering. If I find oil and send it there, then people can use it to heat their homes Oil will make me rich and them happy. It seems to be the perfect goal, right? I have always, always... had this dream, since I was very small. Of course, getting rich is a big part of it, too, but who doesn't want money? Money! Money! Cover me with it, please! Hahhhhhhhhhh... Well, enough for tonight...

Part 2 The Buzzar Fiend

Why did it have to turn out like this? I got to Toad Town by boat, then took a train to the foot of Mt. Rugged. Unfortunately, you can only get from Mt. Rugged to Dry Dry Desert on foot. And tragedy waited for me as I slogged faithfully up that winding trail... It was a huge, awful vulture! I had read about it in my travel brochures! This Buzzar accosted all travelers on Mt. Rugged! I hightailed it, but Buzzar had me in its sights I felt a piercing jolt as its claws dug deep into my backpack. After dropping me onto a cliff, Buzzar seemed to forget me and disappear. I let out a sigh of relief, but when I touched my back, I noticed my pack was gone! My pack! In it was all my food and money to start the operation! No! That mangy Buzzar made of with everything of importance to me! All I have left is this journal, a shovel to dig for oil, and my life... But perhaps living is miracle enough...or so I'd like to believe. But now... I can't turn back. I climbed down the mountain to the desert. The Dry Dry Desert sprawls out before me, beckoning dreamers and fools... I am both, and I set out with a heart full of dread...

Part 3 A Helping Hand

I am now in a place called Dry Dry Outpost. Someone pulled me, lifeless and parched, from the merciless desert floor... It was a Koopa with a fine mustache named Kolorado. An angel in a pith helmet... He was a world-traveling adventurer-archaeologist. I told him about Buzzar... And my quest for oil... And my dreams of riches and warmth for my people... After I spoke at length he gave me food and water. I asked him why he should be so kind, and he looked into the distance and said... "Turning one's back on an ambitious dreamer... Invites others to do the same to you, old boy. I just... I just want to believe in every dream this sad old world can muster." This guy, he still chases his own dreams, dusty dreams of archaeology. We stayed up all night discussing each other's dreams. It was great.

Part 4 A Reliable Guide

I am now at a deseert oasis. After Kolorado left, I set out from Dry Dry Outpost to find my digging point. But the desert is so wide... It's impossible to find anything without a guide. I had no idea where I was going, and my head was splitting in the heat. My throat was burning and scratchy... Was I awake? Was I asleep? I heard a voice calling to me from far away... "Hey, are you a nice guy? If you're a nice guy, then give me something nice."

I didn't have the food or water I received from Kolorado. I had nothing.
"Why do you lie here? If you are a nice guy, give me a nice thing, and I will help." I croaked: "All I have is... All I have is my dream..."
When I next awoke, I was at this oasis. "You're awaka!" I heard!
There was a Squeek there in a gray head scarf. "My name is Moustafa.
You had nothing to give, but I got something nice anyway!" I don't know how or why, but it seems I'd been saved by yet another stranger...
"Do you need a guide? If there is somewhere you want to go, I will take you."
"Unbelievable! I've actually found a reliable guide."

Part 5 The Digging Point

We're here! I'm finally at the spot where I'm supposed to dig for oil!
I was told to draw a line from a blue cactus to a cactus-like rock...
I went north a precise distance from the exact determination point...
I ended up here, at a point between Dry Dry Ruins and the oasis...
Moustafa has guided me this far with skill and bravery... He said,
"You are a nice guy. Your dream will come true. Moustafa believes this."
He left then, leaving me to fight this battle on my own! All I have to do is dig here until I find oil. That's all... I stocked up on lemons and limes at the oasis, so I should last a few days. I MUST find that oil!

Part 6 The Long Dig

I am digging...for oil now, and... my hand shakes...as I write these... perhaps final... words... I have been digging... from sunup to sundown...but ...still... no sign of that sweet crude... Maybe... I've just picked... a dry spot...in this cursed spot...in his cursed desert... But...I'm sure this... is where Merluvlee... told me to dig... Yes...I'm sure of it... There's ... no more... food...or water...and even my hopes...have dwindled... to nothing... Ahhh...this is it...my dream... dies here...with me...under these...unforgiving skies... My...dream... My... My...? Wait...no...this is not it...my dream...is of something...else...yes...something else... Dig... Keep...digging... I...must...keep...digging... Arms...move...body...work... find...oil...

Part 7 The Wrap-up

I am now on a boat back to dear rogueport. I did it! I finally struck oil in that dry desert! I have left the day-to-day operation to my men in the field, and now return home. It all came true... Striking it rich... Finding oil... My dream... But...somewhere along the way, this became more than just my dream So many people have helped to make this dream happen. So many...
"You had nothing to give, but I got something nice anyway!" Dear Moustafa...
"I just want to believe in every dream this sad world can muster." Ah, Kolorado... People who lent me money... And gave me food... And showed me the way... So many hands reaching out to help me... I must do something for all of them! That feeling has pushed me even harder... I must share this feeling with the people who helped me as I struggled! I must share these words that I have seared themselves into my heart: Dreams come true.

Thanks to Lumpy himself. Without him, I couldn't have written this text and nobody would know how Lumpy Town got their warmth back. Also where Kolorado comes from along with Moustafa from the first Paper Mario.

CJayC for posting this guide

You for reading this text, the journal of Lumpy.

Intelligent Systems and Nintendo for one of the best games on the GameCube!

- Devon Kerkhove

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