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<tr>
<td>It's Lucy Ricardo's. &quot;Aaah, Ricky&quot;, she says.</td>
<td>You stumble upon Bill Gates' stand-up act.</td>
<td>Just an autographed copy of the Kama Sutra.</td>
<td>It's the Will Rogers Highway. Who was Will Rogers, anyway?</td>
<td>It's another robot, more advanced in design than you but strangely immobile.</td>
<td>Leonard Richardson is here, asking people to lick him.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's a stupid mask, fashioned after a boogie.</td>
<td>Your State Farm Insurance(ine) representative!</td>
<td>It's the local draft board.</td>
<td>Seven 6&quot;x4&quot; screws and a piece of plastic.</td>
<td>An 802.11 machine.</td>
<td>One of those stupid &quot;Themes of the Stars&quot; mugs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A skyscraper saying &quot;I'M KITTEN&quot;. It points in no particular direction.</td>
<td>A hammock stretched between a tree and a volleyball pole.</td>
<td>A Texas Instruments calculator.</td>
<td>It's a dark, amorphous blob of matter.</td>
<td>Just a pin cushion.</td>
<td>It's a mighty curious talking about some love and prosperity.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Dear robot, you may have already won our 10 MILLION DOLLAR prize...&quot;</td>
<td>It's just an object.</td>
<td>A mere collection of pixels.</td>
<td>A badly dented high-shot cymbal lies on its side here.</td>
<td>A marijuana brownie.</td>
<td>A gosh Chuckie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daily Hunger conditioner from Australia.</td>
<td>Just some stuff.</td>
<td>Why are you touching this when you should be finding kitten?</td>
<td>A glorious fan of peacock feathers.</td>
<td>It's some compromising photos of Saber the Elephant.</td>
<td>A copy of the Weekly World News. Watch out for the chambered nautilus!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An automated robot-shaker. It smiles at you.</td>
<td>It's a black hole. Don't fall in!</td>
<td>Just a big brick wall.</td>
<td>You found kitten! No, just kidding.</td>
<td>Heart of Darkness brand pina colada: n/a.</td>
<td>A smoking brand iron shaped like a 14-pin connector.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's a Java applet.</td>
<td>An abandoned used-car lot.</td>
<td>A shameless plug for Osmk: <a href="http://www.osmkn.com/">http://www.osmkn.com/</a></td>
<td>A shameless plug for the UCLA Linux Users Group: <a href="http://linux.ucla.edu">http://linux.ucla.edu</a></td>
<td>A can of Spam Lite.</td>
<td>This is another fine mess you've gotten us into, Wesley.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's screen for &quot;Waiting for Godot&quot;.</td>
<td>This grain elevator towers high above you.</td>
<td>A Mentos wrapper.</td>
<td>It's the constellation Pisces.</td>
<td>It's a fly on the wall. Hi, fly!</td>
<td>This kind of looks like kitten, but it's not.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's a banana! Oh, joy!</td>
<td>A helicopter has crashed here.</td>
<td>Carlos Tarango stands here, doing his best impression of Pat Boone.</td>
<td>A patch of mushrooms grows here.</td>
<td>A patch of grape jelly grows here.</td>
<td>A spindle, and a spindle, and a buckwheat-kneading!</td>
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<td>A geyser sprays water high into the air.</td>
<td>A teapot? What good is a teapot?</td>
<td>You've found the fix! Not that it does you much good in this game.</td>
<td>A Butterfins bar.</td>
<td>One of the few remaining dancing.</td>
<td>Ah, the uniform of a Revolutionary-era minstrelman.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A punch bowl, filled with punch and lemon slices.</td>
<td>It's nothing but a S-thang, baby.</td>
<td>It's ALIVE! AH HA HA HA!</td>
<td>This was no shooting accident!</td>
<td>Wait! This isn't the poker chip! You've been tricked! SARN YOU, REMEZIE!</td>
<td>A lucky rabbit! Get your lucky!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's a perpetual immunity machine.</td>
<td>&quot;On this spot in 1912, Henry Winkler was sick.&quot;</td>
<td>There's nothing here; it's just an optical illusion.</td>
<td>The World's Biggest Throat Ball!</td>
<td>A tribe of cannibals lives here. They eat not-cereals for breakfast, you know.</td>
<td>This appears to be a rather large stack of trashy romance novels.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look out! Exclamation points!</td>
<td>A hard of wild coffee mugs numbers here.</td>
<td>It's a lube bar! How low can you go?</td>
<td>It's the horizon. Now THAT'S weird.</td>
<td>A vase full of artificial flowers is stuck to the floor here.</td>
<td>A large snake bar's your way.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A pair of saloon-style doors swing slowly back and forth here.</td>
<td>It's an ordinary bust of Beethoven, but why is it painted green?</td>
<td>It's TV's terrible voicecracking Grand &quot;Bite me!&quot; tv, he says.</td>
<td>Hey, look, it's war. What is it good for? Absolutely nothing. Say it again.</td>
<td>It's the amazing self-referential thing that's not a kit.</td>
<td>A flabbergasted feather boa. Now you can dress up like Carol Channing!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Sure hope we get some rain soon,&quot; says Farmer Joe.</td>
<td>&quot;How is heh can I wash my neck if it isn't gonna rain no more?&quot; asks Farmer Al.</td>
<td>&quot;T'past's all gone, ma,&quot; weeps Lil' Greg.</td>
<td>This is a large brown bear. Oddly enough, it's currently peeing in the weeds.</td>
<td>This is a large brown bear. Oddly enough, it's currently peeing in the weeds.</td>
<td>This object here appears to be Louis J. Alphonse's bow tie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is the world-famous Chain of Docksteps.</td>
<td>A trash compactor, compacting away.</td>
<td>This toaster-stool is riddled with bullet holes!</td>
<td>It's a hologram of a crashed helicopter.</td>
<td>This is an apocalypse.</td>
<td>This object is like an analogy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A salmon hatchery? I look again. It's merely a single salmon.</td>
<td>It's a rip shot. BOOM-BOOM!</td>
<td>It's creepy and it's spooky, mysterious and spooky. It's also somewhat cute.</td>
<td>This is a Lagrange point. Don't come too close now.</td>
<td>The dirty old spasm somehow the loss of his harmonica.</td>
<td>It's a symbol. You see in it a model for all symbols everywhere.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The object pushes back at you.</td>
<td>A traffic signal. It appears to have been recently vandalized.</td>
<td>&quot;There's no kitchen!&quot; cautions the old crook. You are shocked by her blasphemy.</td>
<td>This is a Lagrange point. Don't come too close now.</td>
<td>Look, it's Fanny the Irishhead</td>
<td>It's a Quaker Oatmeal tube, converted into a drum.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What in blazes is this?</td>
<td>It's the instruction manual for a previous version of this game.</td>
<td>A brain cell. Oddly enough, it seems to be functioning.</td>
<td>Tea and crumpets.</td>
<td>This jokebox has nothing but Cliff Richard albums in it.</td>
<td>It's a Quaker Oatmeal tube, converted into a drum.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is a remote control. Being a robot, you keep a wide berth.</td>
<td>It's a roll of industrial-strength copper wire.</td>
<td>Oh boy! Stuff! Ee, grub.</td>
<td>A puff of dust, where the microchip moses play.</td>
<td>Plenty of nothing.</td>
<td>Look at that, it's the Crabmobile.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"Yes!" says the kit.

"No!" says the kit.

A dodecahedron bars your way.

Mr. Hooper is here, surfing.

It's a big smoking fish.

You have new mail in your post office.

Just a monitor with the blue element burst out.

A pile of coastal plumbing lies here.

It's a rotten old shoe.

It's a hundred-dollar bill.

It's a Dvorak keyboard.

It's a cardboard box full of 8-tracks.

Just a broken hard drive containing the archives of North Park.

A broken automaton sits here, its needle off to one side.

A sign reads: "Do not enter!"

A sign reads: "No robots allowed!"

It's the handheld robot-fishing game, by Tiger.

This particular monstrosity appears to be ENIAC.

This is a tasty-looking banana cream pie.

A submersible model of a hot dog rotates in space here.

Just the empty husk of a locust.

You disturb a murder of crows.

It's a copy of the robotfindskitten EULA.

It's Death.

It's an autographed copy of "Secondary Colors," by Bob Ross.

It is a marijuana thought that appears to have infected and stuck.

It's a DVD of "Crushing Monkey, Hidden Kittens," region encoded for the moon.

It's Kieran Harrington. Damn disgusting.

A non-descript box of crackers.

Carbonated Water, High Fructose Corn Syrup, Catar, Phosphoric Acid, Flavors, Caffeine

"Move along! Nothing to see here?"

It's the embalmed corpse of Vladimir Lenin.

A coupon for one free steakfish at your local family restaurant.

A set of keys to a 2001 Rolls Royce. Worthless.

A preternatural stands here. "Izchak Rabin, ascended."

Someone has written "ad astra!" on the ground here.

A large blue eye floats in midair.

This appears to be a statue of Parvus.

There is an epudent throne here.

It's a squad of Keystone Kops.

This seems to be junk mail addressed to the finder of the Eye of Lenz.

A wondrous and intricate golden amulet. Too bad you have no neck.

The swampy ground around you seems to stink with disease.

An emerald blob of acid. Evocative, metallic, you keep well away.

It's a copy of Knuth with the chapter on Metaresearch algorithms torn out.

A crowd of people, and at the center, a popular misconception.

It's a blind man. When you touch, he exclaims "It's a kitten prospecting robot!"

It's a lost wallet. It's owner didn't have pants, so you discarded it.

This place is called Antarctica. There is no kitten here.

It's a mousetrap, baited with veng.

A book with "burnt pages" in large literary letters across the cover.

A compendium of halflife about metals.

A discredited cosmology, rule of a bygone era.

A hollow voice says "Pligf!"

A knight who says "Either I am an insane knave, or you will find kitten."

A neural net - maybe it's trying to recognize kittens.

A screwdriver.

A statue of a girl holding a goose like the one in Gottingen, Germany.

A tetradracon dated "42 B.C."

A voice booms out "Gnomes, kitten soldiers..."

An eminently forgettable rabid.

Apparently, it's Edmund Burke.

For a moment, you feel something in your hands, but it disappears.

Here is a book about Robert Kennedy.

Hey, robot, leave those lists alone.

Ira hum. Another synthetic a posteriore.

It's Asimov's Laws of Robotics. You feel a strange affinity for them.

It's Bach's Mass in B minor.

It's a bug.

It's a synthetic a priori truth! Emmanuel would be so pleased!

It's the Tiki Room.

Just some old-play by a Czech playwright, and you can't read Czech.
It's Roya Raini.

It's the cruxy exoskeleton of an antaquitid.

A frosted pink party-cake, half eaten.

The ghost of your dance instructor. His face a paper-white mask of evil.

A canister of pressurized whipped cream, sans whipped cream.

A man selling an almavetes.

It is a Cat 5 cable.

It's your favorite game – robotfindskitten

Ed Witten sits here, pondering string theory.

It's a U.S. president.

It's the ASCII Floating Head of Seth David Schoen!

It's Emperor Shaddom the 4th's planet!

It's a bottle of nail polish remover.

This might be the fountain of youth, but you'll never know.

A bag of groceries taken off the shelf before the expiration date.

A book: Feng Shui: Zen the art of randomly arranging items that are not kitten.

A chain hanging from two posts reminds you of the Gateway Arch.

A mathematician calculates the halting probability of a Turing machine.

The innomrsphere seems charged with meaning.

A technical university in Australia.

We wish you a merry kitten, and a happy New Year!

Run away! Run away!

You found nuts! Way to go, robot!

Preoccupation with finding kitten prevents you from investigating further.

It's either a mirror, or another soulless kitten-seeking robot.

A number of short theatrical productions are indexed 1, 2, 3, n.

This tomography is like, hella axial, man!

You can see right through this copy of Erin's "Transparent Society".

It's the phrase "and her", written in ancient Greek.

Fongie sits here, mumbling incomprehensibly about a shark and a pair of waterskiis.

For some reason, it must be kept to 60 lines.