

ANNUAL BOOB CRUISE ISSUE

SCORE[®]

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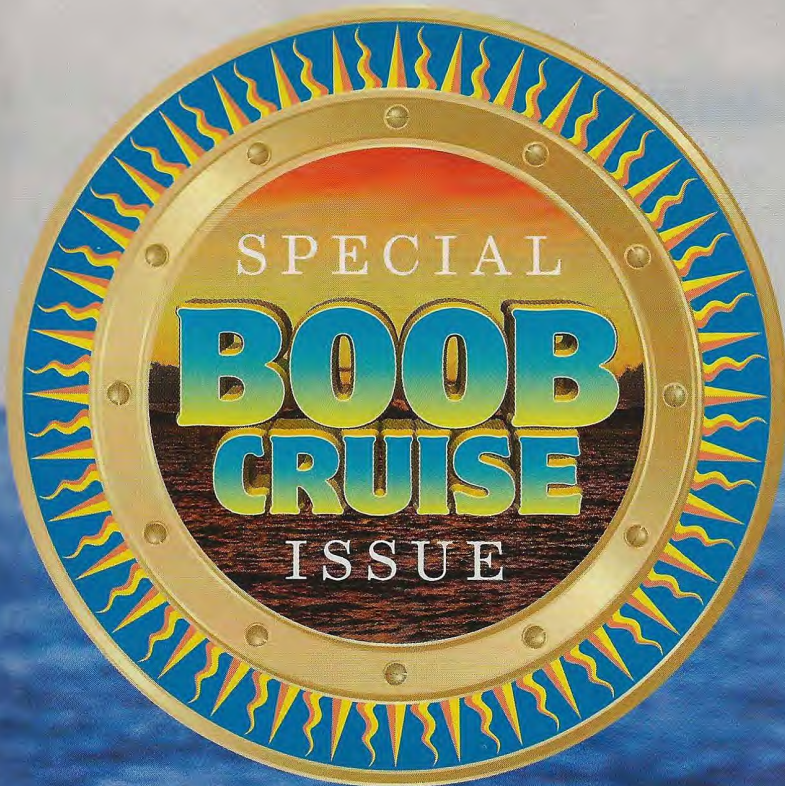
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J.P. ROBINSON *art director*
LISA GABLE *editorial assistant*
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FEATURED CRUISE MODELS

EUROPE DICHAN, *models' coordinator*;
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EDITORIAL

SHIP'S LOG: ELLIOT JAMES
INTERVIEWS: MICHAEL UWATE
WRITERS' QUOTES: MANUEL PILA

CRUISE PHOTOGRAPHERS

JOHN GRAHAM, *director*; DAVE
ANTONY, STEVEN BERLYN, TONY
LASALA, VIV THOMAS, PETER WALL,
photographers; JOHN CHALK, BEN
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THE PARTY THAT NEVER STOPS!

Welcome aboard for SCORE's third Annual special Boob Cruise issue. Our hard working editorial team has done its best (and burned a lot of midnight oil) in an effort to capture all of the excitement, glamour and good times that were Boob Cruise '97. It *wasn't* an easy job, but believe me, reliving the Cruise *was* worth every minute.

When we hatched the concept of the Boob Cruise in the autumn of '92, we had a dream of what the event could be like. We envisioned a nonstop, weeklong party with SCORE's faithful. A chance to photograph, dance and stare to our heart's content at the most beautiful big-bust babes in the world. The opportunity to get up close and personal with the SCORE-girls in a casual, relaxed sort of atmosphere. With Boob Cruise '97, that dream came true.

That's not to say that the first two Cruises were any less. Each had its own personality and offered a unique experience. But the third Boob Cruise had it *all*. The intimacy our readers loved about the first sailing, that delightful sexual tension that characterized the second...both those elements were there. But there was more this time. That extra ingredient we'd been searching for. Perhaps it was the posh amenities of the majestic Star Clipper ship. More likely it was the 21 incredible models—superstars everyone—that made Boob Cruise '97 the best so far.

It always comes down to the girls, doesn't it? We set the stage but the girls are the party. And, like any party, who you invite makes all the difference. That's why we invite only the best of the best to sail with us. That

means popularity *and* personality.

On a sweet and sour note, like any sea voyage, Boob Cruise '97 marked the beginning and end of different journeys for different people. For 18-year-old sensation Linsey Dawn McKenzie, this was her coming out party. A star was born. For Traci Topps, it was her second and final Cruise. Now officially retired from

modeling and dancing, we'll miss Traci's practical jokes (really) and girl-next-door comfort zone. Sana Fey and Fantasia, both on their first Cruise, seized the spotlight. For Danni and Chloe, both three time Cruise superstars, we know your careers are winding down. Thanks for joining us. SaRenna, thanks for being the bundle of fun you are. Heather Hooters and Candee Andees, you were the Cruise sweet-

hearts. In fact, all the girls were!

From my point of view, as a veteran editor, Boob Cruise '97 was like being elected to coach an all-star team comprised of the best models, photographers and editorial talents in the industry. A heartfelt thanks to everyone—and especially to the models and SCORE's readers—who participated.

So, can we top it? No worries, Mon. Even as this issue goes to press, the entire SCORE team is gearing up for Boob Cruise '98. We sail from Antigua on March 28, 1998 and will head north to St. Kitts, St. Maarten and Tortola in the British Virgin Islands. Whether you've been with us on every adventure to date or wish to live the dream for the first time, as the saying goes...You only live once. Won't you join us?—John Fox



**SaRenna Lee and
Editor-In-Chief John Fox
at Boob Cruise '97.**



Just one look at Casey James photographed on God's canvas tells you what **SCORE's Boob Cruise** is all about—a fantasy come to life!

SHIP'S LOG

Boob Beat columnist Elliot James lived the magic of SCORE's Boob Cruise '97. Here's his story...

Prologue: Sunday, April 6, 1997

My clothes are wrinkled and I haven't shaved in two days. Everyone on the plane has a massive sleep debt to pay off. We've just returned from the adventure of a lifetime.

Like all of you, I'd watched the previous cruise videos and read the special editions. I saw in living color how amazing it would be to sail in the company of such spectacular women. Then last December, the telephone call came in that would change my life.

At first, I thought SCORE editor-in-chief John Fox wanted to discuss an upcoming "Boob Beat" column. But no, John was calling to invite me on this third voyage of the Boob Cruise to write "The Ship's Log." In writing it, I tried to give all of you who didn't go a feel of what it was like to actually be there. Because, like everything exceptional in life, this is a tale that needs to be told!

Once upon a time, there lived a race of busty superwomen. With over 100 of their male shipmates, they sailed the lush West Indies on a fantastic voyage.

This is their story...

Saturday, March 29, 1997

Morning brings the arrival of SCORE's Miami staff; John Fox, cruise coordinator Pamela Solano, production manager Keli Townsend, SCORE Group art directors John Hacinli and J.P. Robinson, *Naughty Neighbors* editor Bruce Smith, photographer Peter Wall and plenty of others. We're all gathering at the Colonnade Hotel in Coral Gables, Florida to set off for the

adventure of our lifetimes.

Just as she was on the previous cruises, Europe DiChan, Mistress of the High Seas, will be the model activity coordinator (or "capo di tutti titty"). Of all of the girls, she'll be the busiest. She'll be modeling, emceeing, dancing and working on the daily schedule, which has to stay flexible.

As expected, the arrival of the SCORE-girls at MIA generates excitement. Skycaps pull cameras out of their pockets. How the fuck did these madmen know? They even know some of the girls' names.

Anticipation fills the plane as we take off for the island of Barbados, an independent nation within the British Commonwealth and one of the oldest democracies in the Caribbean. There is also a wicked cigarette situation. This flight allows smoking, but only in the last two rows, so people are playing musical chairs.

Valerie Fields comes back for a cig and has a great joke that must be a hit at clubs. She holds her palm out and says to imagine a pair of dice. Pretend to pick up one die with two fingers and bring it to your forehead. "Does this remind you of the first time you had sex?" asks Valerie. Of course not.

Now Valerie says to return the die to her palm, pick up the other and touch it to your nose. No, it doesn't remind us of first-time sex either.

"Now pick up both and shake them like you're playing craps," she says. You handle the dice as she instructs and you realize you're making the universal motion of jerking off. "Now



Gathering at the Colonnade Hotel in Coral Gables, Florida, it was off to Miami International Airport for a plane ride that was anything but ordinary.



does this remind you of the first time you had sex?" Yes, we've been had.

Night has already fallen when we land in Barbados. We board two buses that wind through Bridgetown to the dock in St. Michaels where the impressive Star Clipper awaits.

We enter the ship's main deck through the starboard side. The party is already in full swing. *SCORE*'s European group is already at the bar hoisting rum punches. There's John Graham and photographers Dave Antony, Viv Thomas and Steven Berlyn with videographers John Chalk and Linsey Honey (aka Ben Dover), and Linsey's lovely wife, the famed Brit porn star and writer Linzi Drew.

The final model contingent is on board and mingling. Linsey Dawn McKenzie is here. She began posing at 16, which is legal in England. She's now a seasoned model at 18 and a giant name both in the U.K. and around the world. She's a stunner. The two other British *SCORE*-girls, Vanessa and Fae, are a sight to behold. Fae had modeled as Katie in *Voluptuous*, with much shorter hair. She has a giggly personality and later in the week, I'll be an eyewitness to the fact that she routinely eats a banana like it's a cock.

Vanessa, a popular babe in *SCORE* and *Voluptuous*, is a very quiet girl, but her body speaks volumes. Although Vanessa doesn't have the extroverted personality of the American "birds," she's still very approachable and there's always much to be said for the quiet, sexy ones.

One of the original *SCORE*-girls, Chloe Vevrier from Germany, talks to Bob from New York, a veteran Boob Cruiser. Chloe has slimmed down since her first appearance in the Jan. '93 *SCORE*, but she's as lovely and sexy as ever and she's still got that gentle "mystical crystal" aura.

Last but never least, is our most hedonistically exotic beauty, the cat-like Angelique from Brazil, here for her second cruise. No one will be on the dance floor more than her. The sight of Angelique instantly tells you that this is the Boob Cruise!

Three squares a day and everywhere you look, naked girls sticking

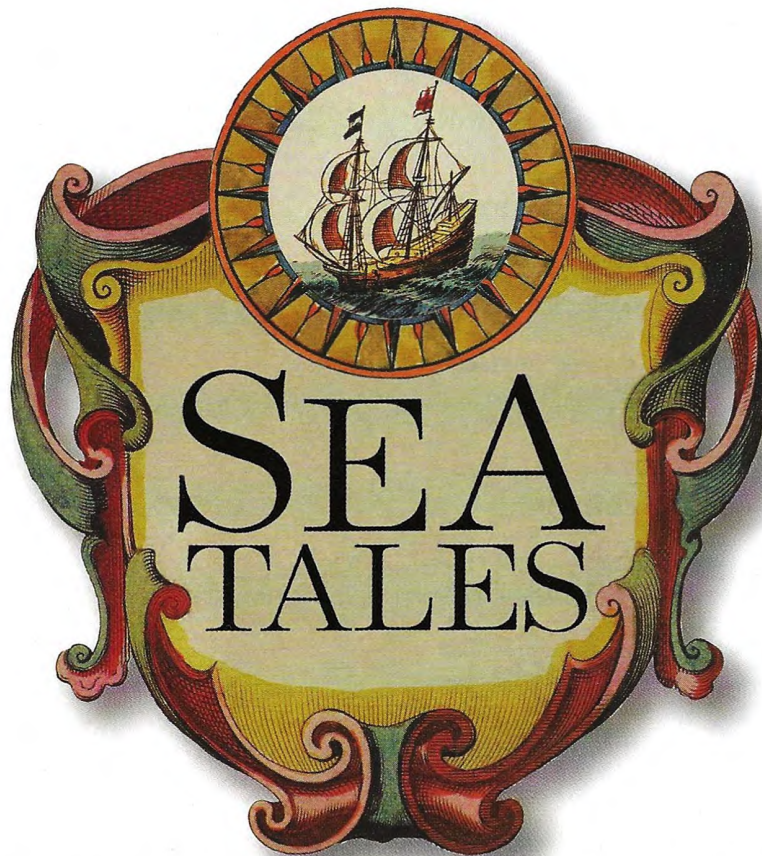
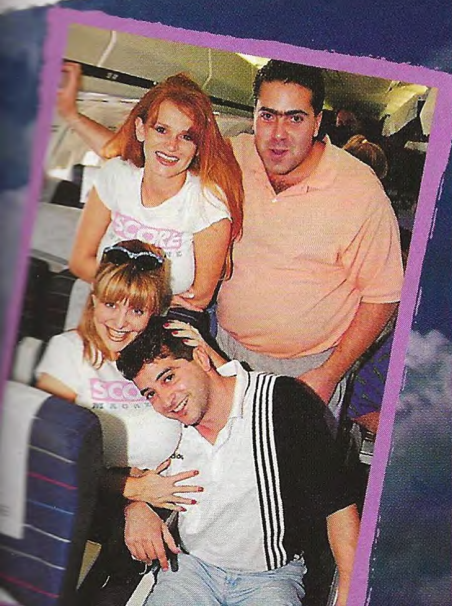
SATURDAY
MARCH 29



Barbados Or Bust!



Plane rides aren't quite the same when the **SCORE**-girls are on board! Whether they're hamming it up like Casey James (opposite page, middle) or sleeping off a night of South Beach partying (this was one of the few times Brittany slept), these busty babes love the camera, and it loves them!



Not everybody could go cruising with **SCORE last April. But, those who did have some stories to tell!**

The Cruise Will Exceed All Of Your Expectations!

Dear **SCORE**:

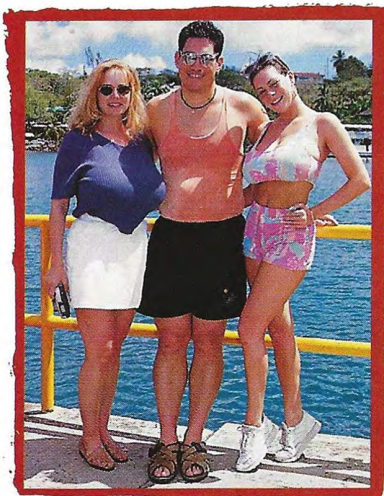
Whew! I'm writing this letter to try and clear the euphoric haze of tropical waters, sumptuous food aboard a four masted brigantine, and 21 gorgeous, big-breasted women. This is twice around for me, the venerable "veteran" status achieved on **SCORE**'s Fantasy Cruise '97 this spring. Yeah, I call it the "Fantasy Cruise" even though pretty much everybody else calls it the "Boob Cruise." Why? Because that's what it is...a fantasy come to life, and I've been fortunate enough to do it twice!

Is it any different the second time? Let's just say that the dynamics of each cruise are so different as to make each cruise a born-again experience of the loveliest kind. If

you've been relegated to merely reading the printed page about this fantasy-come-to-life, I pity your misfortune. Go ahead and envy those of us who have gone...we don't mind. We'll be bragging about it for years to come.

Let me explain what, in my mind, this **SCORE** cruise is really all about. Having flown with most of the girls, passengers and staff from Miami to

Barbados, I just couldn't help but laugh to myself as the best chests in the world rambled up and down the narrow aisles of the plane with stunned passengers and goggle-eyed cruise rookies in equal shock. I saw one gentleman get his head rather forcefully turned toward the window by his irritated wife. Fantasia and Danni Ashe just one row behind me, Heather Hooters across



Two-time Boob Cruiser and letter writer, C.S. from Wisconsin poses with two of his favorites, Traci and Linsey.

Continued on page 70

SHIP'S LOG

the biggest tits in your face. Life can't possibly get any better than this.

Following dinner, the opening ceremonies begin to officially kick off our wild week. Pam introduces the SCORE staff to our assembled group on the main deck. Then emcee Europe brings on the girls. One by one, the models come forward as we cheer.

"Show us your boobs!" is Europe's chant after each intro. They each oblige by lifting their tops and exposing their mighty tits, giving us a taste of things to come. Like "Show me the money," the catch phrase "Show us your boobs" will ring in the mind all week.

Europe then brings on mega-fan cruismate Bob. She dubs him "Bunny Bob." He presents an Easter basket to each of the 21 girls. A randy Easter basket. Each basket holds candy and one vibrating egg (with cord). Bob even includes extra batteries.

Around 11 p.m., the Star Clipper begins to get underway. Here we go, the start of an extraordinary week at sea. We're on our way to Carriacou Island, our first port in the Grenadines.

For a week, we will be a self-contained society with our own special set of dynamics. The girls are our dreams in the flesh. We're in love with all of them. The rest of the world, with its bad news, traffic jams and brutal winter weather, doesn't exist. We'll sail together, eat together, live together.

Overall, the cruismates look like a solid group of cool cats, whatever their financial status and background. There are a ton of Bobs and Johns.

Bob from Austin, Texas was on our BWIA flight and has been counting the minutes until this trip.

Eric, an easygoing Southerner from Kentucky, can't wait to start camcording himself with every girl onboard.

D.J. from Texas is an avid diver and can hardly wait to go down with SCUBA divers Dusty and Danni.

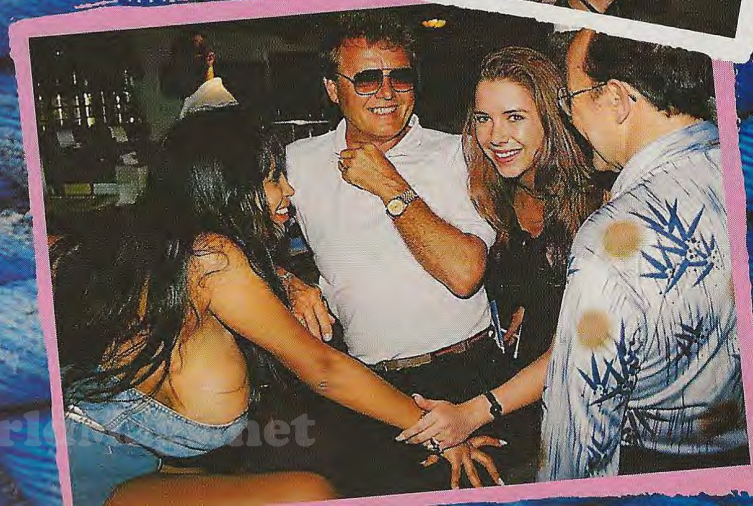
Several guys, like retired military man Ray, are dedicated graduates from the first two cruises.

The cruismates form a multicultural mix, a United Nations of hooter men. Manuel from Mexico speaks little English. It doesn't matter. Boob lovers speak a universal language.

We have a large contingent from



When emcee Europe DiChan yelled out "Show Us Your Boobs!" as each model was introduced, the girls were more than happy to oblige! And some, like SaRenna Lee (left), sport such big harnesses, they need help taking them off. Never fear SaRenna, on the Boob Cruise, an eager passenger is always nearby!





Show us your Boobs!



After all of the introductions and some first-class flashing, it was time for some heavy duty...mingling! "Sleep no more!" quickly becomes the motto for many guys and gals as the ship sets sail, following the moon and stars for our first day in paradise.



Germany, France, Australia, Holland, and a group from Japan. There are Americans of every race and background. Retired men and younger guys just out of college. Corporate big-wigs and blue collar working men. Casual guys, superfans and heavy-duty partiers. Married, divorced, widowed and single. They're all here.

This is much more than a vacation for all of us. Much more than a week-long photo shoot. And much more than a combination of the two. This is an escape to the greatest adventure any man could ever want in his life.

There are two distinct types of cruisemates. First is the non-stop photographer or videographer who just wants to shoot every minute, even when eating and sleeping. By week's end, he'll know exactly how many pubic hairs each girl has.

The second kind of cruisemate is deeply into the total vacation aspect: swimming, snorkeling, socializing, dining, rubbing sunscreen on the bodies of naked busty women, savoring every moment of life on board. They bring cameras too, but appear far more casual about their picture taking.

The two bars fill up after Europe's intros and the drinking and flirting shift into full gear. Sex talk and boob talk will be commonplace all week. No worries about crap like sexism or political correctness here.

Girls and guys dance erotically long into the balmy night. We have one magical week to know these models as real women. They are no longer mere pictorials in *SCORE*. They are real and the reason we are here.

No other publisher in men's mag history, as far as I know, has ever successfully put on an event like *SCORE* has. Even *Playboy's* famous parties were only for a celebrity crowd, not available to the general public.

Every *SCORE*-man should experience the Boob Cruise at least once. Here, you are transported beyond the tired routines of everyday life to a world of fantasies...all come to life.

Subtitle this voyage "Sleep No More." Many will average three hours a night. Some will only get three hours the entire week. The hell with sleep. We can sleep when we get home. 

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SUNDAY
MARCH 30



"Make voyages! Attempt them! There's nothing else!"
—Tennessee Williams

Sunday, March 30, 1997

The dawn of a nude day. Our first day of sailing with an army of super-busty beauties! Everyone's sea legs seem to be kicking in nicely. The sky is overcast but is giving way to bluer skies. Temperature—couldn't ask for better. For roosters, there's a continental breakfast in the piano bar.

Each morning a daily program will be slipped under everybody's cabin door. Scheduling has to stay flexible, so two announcement boards have been set up on the main deck in case of any last-minute changes.

Our daily itinerary includes three basic knock-your-socks-off photographic events:

The *Pro Shoots* on deck or on location for those *SCORE* type pictorials we know and love.

The *Personal Pin-Ups*, averaging four girls daily, in which a *SCORE* staffer takes a photo of a cruismate and model up close and personal with the cruismate's own camera.

The *Passenger Photo Shoots* on deck or on location, in which a model will pose for the cruismates. This shoot is overseen by a *SCORE* staffer who is there to offer advice on poses and make sure everyone gets an equal opportunity for their favorite shots.

And throughout the day and night, Peter Wall and John Graham are shooting hundreds of candid stills (which you're viewing throughout this issue) while Hamilton, Dover and Chalk handle the video chores.

Of course, the cruismates don't stop shooting day or night. The Cannes Film Festival is kindergarten compared to the Fantasy Vacation. You will not see a wider selection of equipment except at a camera convention. Every type of 35mm SLR and point 'n' shoot is here. There are underwater cameras and every kind of camcorder, from VHS to digital. One German cruismate has a real dinosaur, an 8mm movie camera. We even have a shooter with a 3D camera.

The first of the pro shoots is about



Not your average morning at sea! Aerobics anybody? How 'bout breakfast with Chloe, watching Heather get ready for her pro shoot or waking up to Vanessa (left)? Hell, even the mandatory "lifeboat drill" is a memorable experience with women like Barocca (top) donning an extra flotation device!

SHIP'S LOG

to begin with Dave shooting Angelique by the ship's pool on the sun deck, one flight up from the main deck. Cruisemates are already circling as Angelique is made up picture pretty by the makeup artists.

During these shoots, the pros make a few requests of the cruisemates: Don't walk into the frame and don't fire off flash units. This is because the firing of a camera's flash unit triggers the pros' entire umbrella-strobe set-up and interrupts the pace of the shoot.

Actually, just watching the pro shoots is a rare opportunity, as it demonstrates how much labor goes into the actual magazine layouts. The pro shoots are also a study in concentration for the models.

As the pro shoots are going on, the aroma of coffee and scrambled eggs wafts through the dining room, and the first of the morning fitness sessions is taking place on the aft deck.

This daily event with four or five girls every morning is casual. The cruisemates who come aft for this usually don't join in themselves. Between gulps of java and drags on cigarettes, they're too busy having fun camcording the chicks bouncing and bending over in their sexy workout gear. If they could run this on TV, the ratings would be phenomenal!

After breakfast comes the one-time lifeboat drill, mandatory on any ship by maritime law. This is no ordinary drill, not with 21 beauties wearing their bulky, orange life jackets over big, bare, mouth-watering breasts.

Heather Hooters silently teeters out on deck with that delightful, mincing walk which will thrill us all week. She's wearing only the vest, skimpy bikini panties and white heels. And sunglasses. It's a surreal moment, as cruisemate Chuck describes it. It will be one of thousands of surreal images during this mind-blowing week.

The drill ends quickly. Captain Rose gives us the poop about the Star Clipper and the safety routines we need to follow to ensure a happy cruise. No one should plug their vibrating egg into the wall socket, sit on the rails or eat glass. Aye, aye, sir.

Before lunch, it's time for Europe and Pam to begin the scavenger hunt



Unsurpassed elegance in a tall-masted clipper

The Star Clipper, as beautiful as the SCORE-girls on board, is a smaller replica of its tall clipper ship ancestors, measuring 360 feet in length and weighing 3,025 gross tons. This is a four-masted ship. The main mast is a staggering 226 feet tall. Fully unfurled, the ship's sails cover 36,000 square feet. There are two pools and a gift shop. The tarped main deck houses an outdoor tropical bar. Behind it, there's an indoor piano bar with white leather couches that match the white piano. A curved staircase leads down into an elegant dining room.

Docked in Barbados, The Star Clipper sails the Windward Islands of the Grenadines, Lower Antilles, off the coast of Venezuela, South America. Subject to weather conditions and the decision of the Captain, we sail to Carriacou Island, Ronde Island, Grenada, Canouan/Union Island, St. Lucia, the Tobago Cays, St. Vincent and then back to Barbados.

Usually, the Star Clipper hosts an older, couples crowd. They've never seen a shipload like us before. That's for damned sure.

ANGELIQUE

"A perfect woman, nobly planned..."
—William Wordsworth



ANGELIQUE'S DIARY:

"What can I say but, 'Thank you SCORE and thank you to all of the passengers.' I had a wonderful time dancing and enjoying everybody's company! If I had a special memory, it would be my late nights dancing and gazing at the stars with all of my new and old friends. I know, my English is not good. But they [passengers] were very understanding and I am appreciative of their patience with me. That week was truly a fantasy for me. I will remember it always."



SEA TALES

"The most sensuous girl. Very nice and natural, with a beautiful face and body. Sensuality in each pose."—J.V., Germany

"I loved the shots I got through the pool windows! Yes, we could watch girls swimming while sitting at the bar! But, what really im-pressed me was her collecting of extra candy to take ashore to give to the local children. A true beauty, inside and out."—R.M.L., Upland, California

SHIP'S LOG

selection. Which means that each girl gets a five-man team that must find or create two things for the scavenger hunt contest on Monday night.

The first object is something that "jiggles." The second is to make the skimpiest pair of panties possible. Each model draws her team from names pulled out of Sana Fey's wide-brimmed green hat.

As a way of identifying their team, the girls give the guys something to wear. For example, Chloe's studs get official German navy caps. One of her guys will wear it proudly all week. Fantasia's crew get the traditional American skipper's cap. Danni's crew get Hard Drive T-shirts. Minka's boys get white garters.

Meanwhile, the ship's sports team begins their prep work for the week's first SCUBA dive. A certified and non-certified diver's meeting is held. Danni and Dusty, both certified divers who own their own equipment, can't wait to go down. If you read last year's Ship's Log, you'll know they're mermaids of the highest caliber.

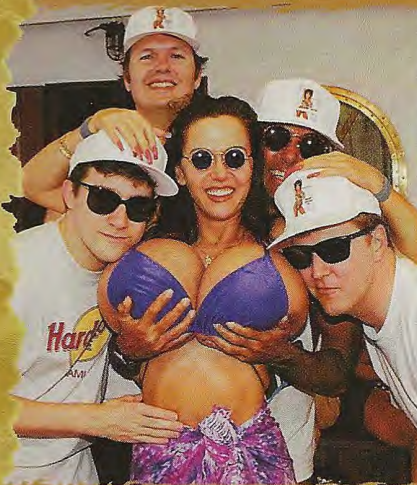
Today is also SCUBA training day for newbies. Heather Hooters signs up for lessons and takes her first class in the aft deck pool under the expert supervision of Okki, the ship's pretty dive master who has logged over 1800 dives. The rest of the girls appear to be more into just casual snorkeling.

And now the first passenger photo shoot begins. It's a sprawling one filled with action, all over the ship. Thar she blows! Get buck naked! In a week of many non-stop, sensational highs, this very first mass eruption of naked, stacked bodies throughout the ship remains one of the most powerful memories for me. It catches me totally off-guard. "Expect the unexpected" is my first lesson on the Boob Cruise.

Europe is nude on the sun deck hanging on to a rope. "Show us some pussy, Europe!" No problem! Fae and Vanessa do a hot tit-to-tit, pussy-to-pussy girl-girl scene, with Vanessa on top. It fires everyone up. Fantasia and Sana Fey do a girl-girl on the main deck that's a real pole stiffener as they explore and play with each other's tits. Their long, long shapely legs, just begging to be licked, make them a natural



CASEY



CASEY'S DIARY:

"What a week! Being my first time on the Boob Cruise, I didn't know what to expect. I had heard stories from other girls who went on the previous cruises about how great it was, but I didn't think it could be that good. You know what? It was better! If you like drinking, dancing, partying and taking as many pictures of naked, busty women as you want, this is the place to be! Thanks to SCORE, the models and especially the guys! You made it a week to remember!"





The Boob Cruise is about two things...hanging out with the bustiest babes on earth, then taking their pictures as they show you every hill and valley their body possesses. Sometimes, they even bring along a friend!

SEA TALES

"The 'belle' of the cruise! This brunette was a blast to be around, and her dance routine with Cookie Connection partner Europe DiChan was something to write home about."—J.M., Santa Clara, California

"What a body! What a girl! I didn't think my camera could get both of her boobs in one picture. But they're both there and my friends can't believe it!"—Name and address withheld

"Two things fill the mind with ever-increasing wonder and awe..."—Immanuel Kant

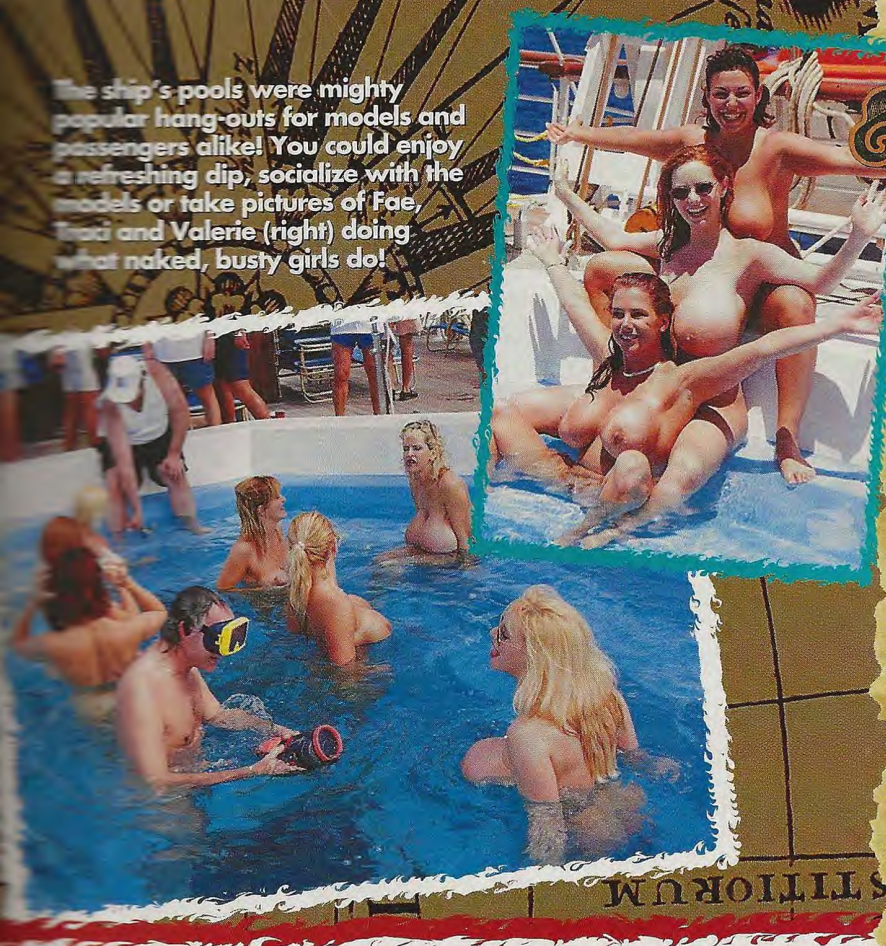


SEA TALES

"Cute like the girl-next-door, particularly if you live next to the Hooters family. Whenever I've seen magazine layouts of Heather, she's always been made up to be seductive and sexy. But, in person she's even more cute and adorable."—D.B., San Antonio, Texas



The ship's pools were mighty popular hang-outs for models and passengers alike! You could enjoy a refreshing dip, socialize with the models or take pictures of Fae, Traci and Valerie (right) doing what naked, busty girls do!



SHIP'S LOG

for a *Leg Sex* pictorial.

Danni and SaRenna go down together in the aft deck pool, their wet bodies glistening in the Caribbean sunshine. Minka and Linsey smooch away as they sit nude along the sun deck pool, where Traci happens to be cradling Valerie, both girls giggling. Dusty poses by one of the ship's four orange launches (or tender, as they're called here), her mega-mega boobs blow you away.

Everywhere I look around the ship, I see naked women with huge tits, spreading their legs, fondling their boobies, sticking their asses in the air, and it's all for us. What a sight the decks must be from the masts, looking down on all of these writhing bodies.

By late afternoon, the Star Clipper luffs its majestic sails off Carriacou Island, which is under Grenadian jurisdiction. We drop anchor about a half mile from the island. The tender, holding about 20 at a time, begins taking us to the beach, running every half hour.

On the beach, a volleyball net is set up and we get some fast-driving action going. The greatest invention in modern sports, topless women's volleyball, would be a natural here but doesn't materialize. Dammit all, Captain!

Sana, Angelique, Vanessa, Traci, Fantasia, Fae, Linsey and Dusty stroll and frolic on the sand and wade in the water. It's another thrilling sight. They're naked or topless. The girls don't mind a little sand in their cleavage as the cameras click non-stop.

We put down our towels and sprawl out or take a plunge in the refreshing turquoise sea. "Iron Man" Helmut, a retired professor from Germany, practices his yoga. These days, this bearded gentleman travels the world seeking adventure. He's found one here.

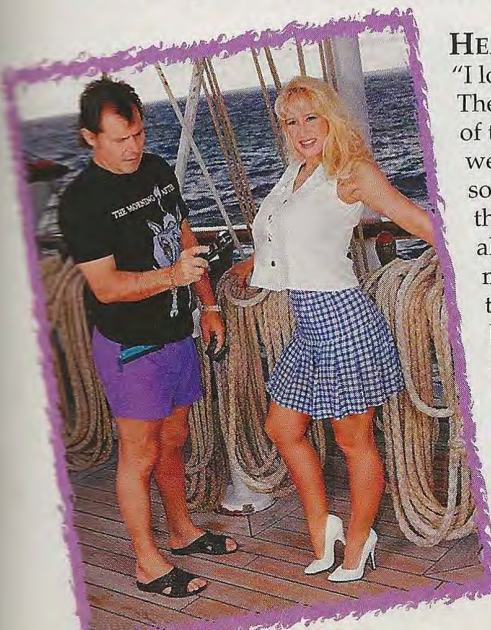
The sports team shows up in their Zodiacs with the Banana boats in tow. Our white-hulled Star Clipper, sails furled, is a spectacular sight from the beach. A competitive tri-athlete, cruise-mate Chuck makes the first of his many swims from ship to shore and back. It's frowned on by the captain, but he's unstoppable. Marvel Comics' character Namor The Sub-Mariner comes to mind.

HEATHER

"Such lips would tempt a saint..."—John Ford

HEATHER'S DIARY:

"I loved it! The cruise was great! The girls were a lot of fun and all of the guys were real cool. They were from all different countries, so it was cool to experience all of the different cultures. Thanks to all of the guys who have written me after the cruise and sent me their photos. You guys are the best! Next time I want to dive more. I learned on this boat in the pool, but next year I want to go into the ocean! Any of you guys who want to go with me next year, get certified and get ready to go down! See ya next cruise!"



SHIP'S LOG

Candee, Europe and Casey arrive for their beach pro shoots by Dave, Tony and Peter. The guys need to shoot fast. The sun is sinking quickly. The girls look stunning. Casey kneels doggie style in the surf. Her incredible breasts are the biggest I've ever seen. She almost looks like one of Java's (he's here too, by the way) computer creations springing out of the pages of *SCORE*.

From out of nowhere, a sailboat with party types appears, moving into the background. They're excited by the girls and are approaching fast. We wave them away. The boaters get the message and don't blow our shots. If we were doing this in outer space, no doubt we'd be waving off fucking Martians in flying saucers.

Darkness is falling fast as the tender ferries us back to the ship. It's time to spruce up and enjoy another gourmet dinner in paradise. Everything is first-class about dining on this ship. Dress is casual for the passengers (except for the Captain's dinner), but the girls usually dress elegantly and sexy for the evening meal!

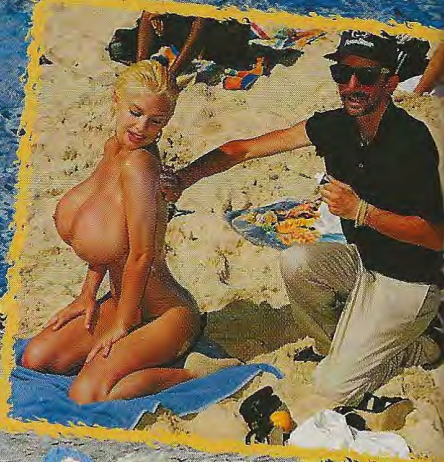
There's never assigned seating in the dining room. The idea is for the girls to rotate and mix with everyone. This way we all get to enjoy the company of the many different lovely ladies as much as possible.

None of the girls "go native," that is to say, dine topless. Born showoffs, they wear wildly sexy clothes and their entrances and exits make every heterosexual male's head torque. It's both dinner and a fashion show, and the girls are the appetizers.

After dinner we can head back to Carriacou for a surfside party. It's pitch black out there but there will be torches to light up the beach. About half decide to just lay low at the bar, having had enough beach for today. In a few hours, everyone's back and the main deck becomes disco central.

Angelique is on the dance floor for nearly every song. Fae goes bouncing up the stairs, her magnificent heart-shaped ass swaying from side to side.

You can take as many pictures as you want on the Boob Cruise, or enjoy a more laid back day and help SaRenna with her tan (right) or keep Dusty occupied while Europe helps a fellow passenger get just the right angle.



EUROPE

"Gentlemen always seem to remember blondes."—Anita Loos

EUROPE'S DIARY:

"Am I ever tired! But I'm smiling, and I always do after I've been on a Boob Cruise! This was number three for me and I have to tell ya—each one keeps getting better and better! For me it's exhilarating! From the minute you get up until you finally go to bed it's a theme park that puts Disney to shame! I'm telling you, if I was a guy who loved partying and the company of big-titted beautiful girls, there is no other substitute for *SCORE's* Boob Cruise!"





SEA TALES

"Europe worked hard to make the trip fun for everyone. Her effort and energy early in the week to get everyone involved in the activities helped to get people to interact and to get to know one another. I hope she knows that her efforts were much appreciated. Europe was great! Oh, did I forget to mention that she's also gorgeous with a stunning body?"

—B.W., Austin, Texas



SHIP'S LOG

Barocca, Minka and Sana Fey shake it up with several cruise-mates. They're hot. Girls and guys sit on benches and tables by the bar, sipping cocktails and wildly flirting.

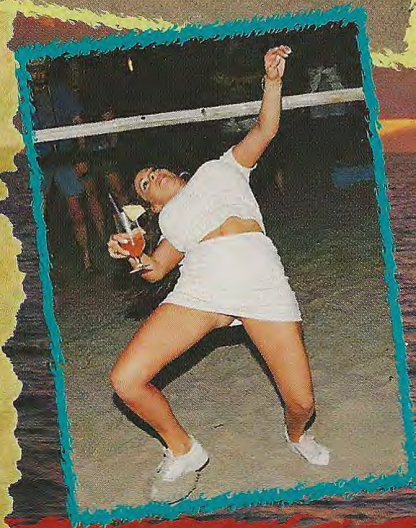
Sweet Nicole Tyler holds court at a table with four of her admirers. They're glued to her every word. Fae goes bouncing down the stairs, on her way to some mysterious rendezvous. Tall and gorgeous Fantasia swings her ass like a pendulum with a cruisemate in the center of the dance floor. Girls give guys impromptu, grinding lap-dances. Most aren't wearing any panties! Linsey Dawn and Valerie Fields are charming everybody they meet. We have the most unique party on the planet going on.

Vanessa is standing between the legs of Warren, who's sitting on a bar stool. With his permanent sunglasses and poker face, he looks like the Terminator. She pulls her top down and raises her skirt, teasingly exposing her firm, velvety flesh while he feels her body up. Camcorder guys nearby are catching all of this.

The piano bar is full, with groups drinking, smoking and talking late into the night. There's something about drinking on a sailing ship. For some reason you don't feel as wasted as you would on land. Your body seems to burn alcohol faster... "I'll have another of these rum things, please."

Girls and guys investigate the quiet, dark areas of the Star Clipper. It's a major blow-out party until bedtime, whenever that is. Some cruisers are still tirelessly blasting away with their camcorders, recording every moment.

No parties I've ever attended in my life, or ever will attend in the future, come even close to the excitement, not to mention the intimacy, of these nightly SCORE superblasts. They seem like the kind of ultra-cool, hypercharged parties that only characters in the movies ever get to go to. It's Superwomen Behaving Wildly Week on a majestic sailing ship in the gorgeous, hypnotic waters of the West Indies. And, best of all, we get to do it again, and again and again...for five more hedonistic days and nights! The week is still young.



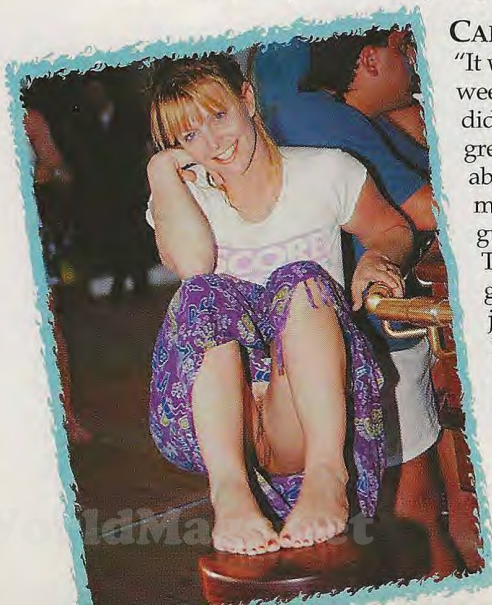
Sunday night, it was time for a wild beach party and a sexy limbo contest! Valerie (left, top) and Linsey (left, bottom) gave it their all. But, nobody could beat the Boob Cruise Limbo Champ, Nicole Tyler (above), shown here celebrating her victory!

CANDEE

"A lovely lady, garmented in light from her own beauty."—Percy Bysshe Shelley

CANDEE'S DIARY:

"It was fabulous—one of the best weeks I've spent in my life! It didn't feel like anything but a great vacation. There was absolutely no stress at all and I met a ton of nice people. Every guy on the Cruise was nice. They were there to have a good time and they did! I was just happy to be a part of it! Hi Luc, David, Dakota, Karl and all of the guys! Write SCORE and get them to do a cruise every week! I'd spend my life going on Boob Cruises, they're that much fun! I can't wait for the next one!"



SEA TALES

"My favorite! Sure, she has a great body, but when you get to know her you realize she's the perfect woman! Candee was the sweetest person on the trip!"

-C.B., Fayetteville, North Carolina

"What can I say? She's so special to me! Thank you Candee for making my life better! I'll never forget you!"

-L.N., Quebec, Canada



SHIP'S LOG

*"Hope springs eternal
in the human breast..."*
—Alexander Pope

Monday, March 31, 1997

We drop anchor at Ronde Island, one of a tiny group of isolated islands between Carriacou and the north shore of Grenada. Chloe, Minka and Erika hit the beach with the pros for the early morning photo shoot. The early bird photographers follow.

The fitness session is aft with Candy, Danni and Heather bending and stretching in their skimpy leotards and driving everyone nuts. The rest of the ship hits the breakfast table for a fuel-up. Late morning brings more passenger and pro shoots.

Mid-afternoon is the time for the girls and guys to tan it up on the sun deck and aft deck. The sun's hot, hotter, hottest, so sunscreen is essential. No one wants to be nuked for the rest of the trip by a vicious burn. No bikinis are needed, as Fantasia, Dusty, Minka, Erika and friends offer their oiled, glistening bodies to the sun, cruisemates by their sides. A periodic dip in the pools is great for a cool down from the heat, and shower hoses by each pool also help.

It's an afternoon of total enjoyment without a care in the world. This feeling of hedonistic liberation goes far beyond just relaxation. With naked **SCORE**-girls bouncing around the ship, it ain't like being in your backyard.

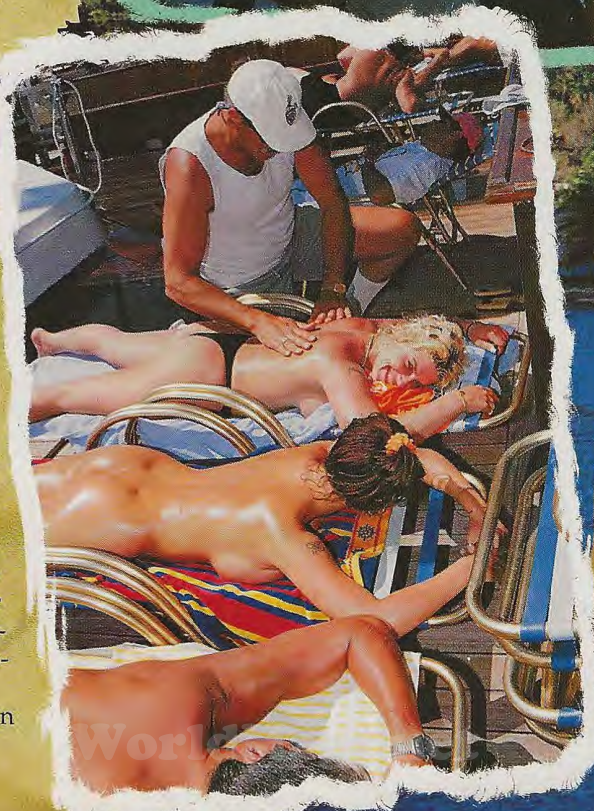
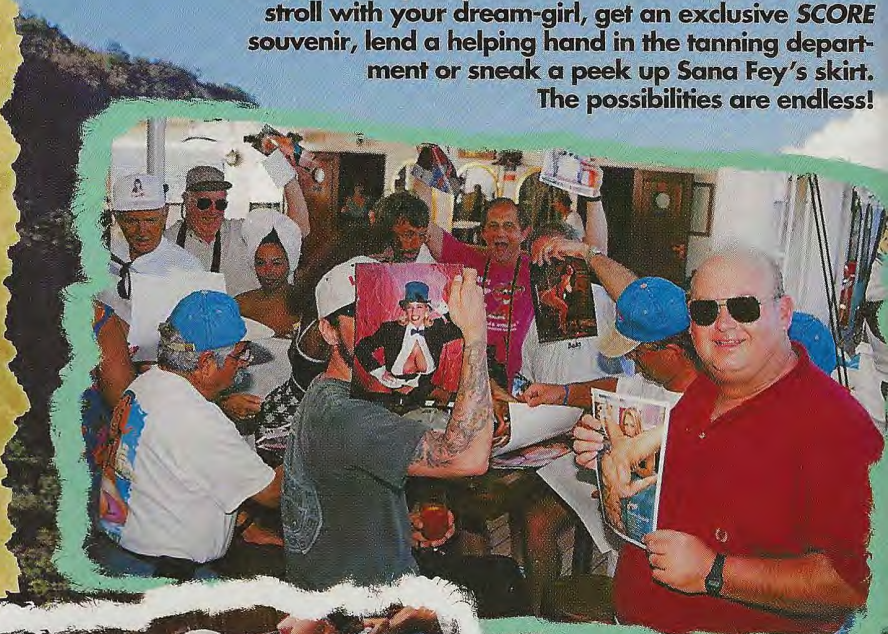
The final tender from Ronde Island returns and is winched up and secured. The Star Clipper lifts anchor. Destination: Grenada. ETA: three hours.

Late afternoon brings the first of the autograph signings. It takes place in the air-conditioned elegance of the piano bar. Each of the four girls has a table at which she can sign in comfort. Europe, Linsey, Brittany and SaRenna are first up. There's plenty of time for them to intimately chat with everyone who wants something autographed or some fan club info.

This is Linsey's first signing in



Whether you're on the beach or aboard ship, there's plenty to do on the Boob Cruise. Take a stroll with your dream-girl, get an exclusive **SCORE** souvenir, lend a helping hand in the tanning department or sneak a peek up Sana Fey's skirt. The possibilities are endless!



MONDAY
MARCH 31



Photos are a big part of the Boob Cruise and everybody can take all the pictures they want or make their own home movies. But, ask those who have gone, and many will tell you that the highlight of their fantasy vacation is the mingling-whether you take a dip with Angelique (above), dance with Minka (left) or brown-down with Erika and SaRenna (above, center), by week's end you'll get up close and personal with all of the girls like you never thought possible!

SHIP'S LOG

the west. Back in London, she would do autographs nightly after her performance at Chippendale's. After her cover debut in the Dec. '96 *SCORE*, she's now a powerhouse on this side of the Pond too.

SaRenna and Europe are stars and they have their power-fans who want their never-to-be-worn Fantasy Vacation '97 shirts signed to commemorate this event. This is SaRenna's second cruise and Europe's third. Their presence on the ship is powerful at all times.

Brittany is the only cruise model who's a West Coast superporn star, with over 100 video credits. Yet, as I mentioned, her down-to-earth personality is far different from the snarly actress-type-from-hardcore-L.A. a lot of people expect. Brittany's a charmer. Throughout the week, her distinctive laugh lets us know exactly where she is, like a beacon. I find it sexy. What's this called, a laugh fetish?

"Stand up and bend over," says Brittany, usually her partner's line in her videos. She writes, "Thanks for the wild sex on the beach!" when she autographs the passenger's shirts. The cruisemates love it, and her.

Besides the T-shirt, the guys carry all sorts of items in their fan portfolios. Some bring copies of *SCORE* to these signings so the girls can sign the covers. Several have cut out the girl's pictorial pages and inserted them into albums or glued them onto paper boards. Several guys want their heads or asses autographed. All are obliged.

The fans talk about *SCORE* while they wait to sit down with their dream babes. They like the fact that the mag has a back cover, instead of an ad. At newsstands, browsers often shove a mag back on the rack reversed. With a back cover, they say they know immediately that it's *SCORE*, no matter how it's plopped on the newsstand rack.

As this signing wraps up, Keli is in the library handing out color press proofs from previous *SCORE* issues. A proof sheet is a page on heavy paper that's inspected for changes and OK'd by *SCORE*'s editorial team before each issue goes to press.

Some of these one-of-a-kind images



No, those aren't basketballs under her shirt. We sail to some of the most majestic islands on earth, but few things are more photogenic than women like Casey James (left) and her favorite blouse! And, the answer to the age-old question, "What are you wearing underneath that dress?" is...nothing! Sana Fey and Valerie Fields (below) are living proof of that!



"Uncorseted, her friendly bust gives promise of...bliss."—T.S. Eliot

CHLOE'S DIARY:

"I'm sad to say, but this may have been my last Boob Cruise! My studies are too much for me to take off next spring! But, I will always have the memories of three wonderful Boob Cruises spent with great friends. Thank you *SCORE*, for allowing me to be part of those adventures and giving me the opportunity to share some special moments with all of you—especially passengers. If it weren't for your [passengers'] kindness, I would not have had much fun. Thank you, boys, for everything."



SEA TALES

"An intellectual treat. I was lucky to spend many hours in philosophical conversation with her that I'll never forget!"

—J.B., Glen Ellyn, Illinois

"When I saw Chloe in her Hawaii-native dress, I thought I was going to need an oxygen mask!" —M.U., Germany



CHLOE

SHIP'S LOG

date back to the first issue. Now collectors' items, hundreds of them are snapped up in a few minutes. Keli passes them out to anybody with an open hand and scores of appreciative guys scurry away admiring these prized collectibles.

The Personal Pin-Ups hour with Nicole, Casey and SaRenna begins. I'm the designated shooter for Casey. Not every model likes her tits touched, but Casey knows every boob trick in the handbook and probably should own stock in Polaroid.

The pin-up she's doing along the port rail of the sun deck has the cruise-mate behind her, lifting up her massive tits with both hands for the shot. They're hot to handle, those megaboobs, but she's a good teacher!

Casey gingerly guides everyone's hands with her hands through lift-up and downstroke to get them in perfect shooting position. It's a handy lesson for every boobman who loves to get a Polaroid at a club. Treat all tits of any size like precious puppies, and they will be good to you.

The Pin-Up sessions always end with some solo posing after everyone has gotten their pictures with the model. Casey now sits lengthwise on the rail, the polished teakwood between her beautiful tawny legs. She launches into a really funny running commentary. "Fanboy" Ted from Texas is her target. Behind the camcorder seemingly grafted to Ted's eye, he eats up every word.

Sunset nears. Time for us to have a rum punch and watch the yellow ball go to sleep, a tradition here as it is in Hawaii. With an army of large-breasted cuties by your side, a man needs nothing else.

It's seven p.m. and night has fallen by the time we anchor off Grenada. The tender is ready to take people to the dock, but there are few takers. The



Even dinner is a photo opportunity on the Boob Cruise, and the girls never fail to amaze. Yes, you can even bring your cameras to the dining room for some special memories to relive for years to come. No rules! Just right!



"Over her warm cheek and rising bosom move the bloom of young desire..."—Thomas Gray



ERIKA'S DIARY:

"Honestly, I was a little worried before the cruise because I didn't know what to expect. But, once I was on the boat I stopped worrying! I had a great time. The guys were so cool. I made a lot of friends and I had a great time rolling around on my belly in the pool! I put suntan oil on my belly and my boobs. The boat was moving and I slid everywhere! SaRenna and I oil-wrestled. Where else can you do that but on the Boob Cruise? The whole week was a blast!"

A full-page photograph of a blonde woman, Erika, posing on the deck of a boat. She is nude, wearing a white swim cap with pink sunglasses perched on top. She is holding onto a rope with her right hand and has her left foot on the wooden steering wheel. The background shows the boat's structure and a glimpse of the water.

ERIKA

SEA TALES

"Great poser and a lot of fun. That girl really knows how to party and if you ask anybody on the cruise, she doesn't do it by herself!"

-J.H., Bronx, New York

"I got a kick out of her, SaRenna and Linsey 'partying' together late night! Honestly, some of the hottest photos I got were late night with Erika right in the middle! I'd submit them to SCORE for a pictorial, but they're way too explicit! Now that's what I call hot stuff!"

-J.R., Sarasota, Florida

SHIP'S LOG

ship's spacious dining room and delicious meal prove a lot more popular.

After dinner, the Grenadian steel drum band Angel's Harp comes aboard and gets the dance floor pumping for a couple of hours. Then Europe announces the scavenger hunt contest is about to begin. We assemble around the raised wooden platform on the aft deck, eager for the show.

Fox, Graham, cruise mate Gary and I are the judges. As in an athletic contest, after each effort we will hold up one of five cards, from one, the lowest score, to five, the highest.

The girls don't offer to lick the judges in exchange for a high score. Hey, what kind of contest is this?

The girls and their team members have hilarious examples of things that "jiggle." One popular "jiggly" is a water or gel-filled condom secured by a string around a lovely neck. One guy wears a bra with grapefruits in them under his dress shirt. Boy, does he get a low score, although it's very funny.

The skimpiest panties range from dental floss to one long human hair. Wow! All are worthy efforts indeed.

For something jiggly, three of Linsey's guys leap on stage and dance like maniacs, wearing mops on their heads and stuffed bras. The audience explodes. For skimpy briefs, Linsey exposes painted-on panties, a reminder of her exquisite, body-painted physique on the cover of the December '96 *SCORE*. The highest score goes to Linsey Dawn and her team, but everyone had a blast.

Cruise mate "Dakota" from Georgia, one of Minka's guys, said that when Minka's team assembled in her cabin to get her ready for the contest, somehow the cabin's monitored smoke detector went off while they were in the middle of "prepping" Minka. Within seconds, crew-members raced

Batting leadoff in the most uninhibited gentlemen's club in the world was Brittany Andrews! Best of all, no tipping is allowed! And we don't have any of those rules about "no touching" either. If the girl says "go ahead," be our guest! And, as you can see, Brit is hardly the shy type!



Showtime!

"Unbelievable!" is how many **SCORE**-men described Busty Dusty when she appeared on the dance floor wearing one of her gargantuan bras! A true showstopper, experiencing Dusty doing her thing in the intimate surroundings of the Boob Cruise was the highlight for many on board-passengers and models alike! "She was incredible!" said Fantasia. "I was dying to see Dusty dance and she was everything I thought she'd be and then some!"



SHIP'S LOG

to Minka's cabin with fire extinguishers at the ready.

They burst in to find the guys huddled around a naked Minka, who had a gel-filled condom hanging between her huge, tanned tits and another condom roped around her waist, the bloated rubber hanging between her legs. The fire team was more than startled. Sure, they've seen odd things working on a cruise ship before, but nothing like this.

Then it's the moment we've all been waiting for, the first of the week's striptease shows.

DJ Tony will handle the girls' CDs on his sound system while Europe will emcee the show. The SCORE videographers are ready and so are we. "Show us your pussies!"

Brittany Andrews is first up with a steamy Dominatrix Without Mercy show. Steven Berlyn is her volunteer. The audience is howling in the wind. Brittany gives Steve the works, which John Fox has mentioned we can't describe here in more detail because of foreign censors. Oh well, you have to sacrifice a little for worldwide pleasure. But, trust me on this one, Brittany didn't sacrifice a thing or hold back one iota, giving everybody with a camera and without more than an eyeful of her lovely pussy and puckered asshole winking in the moonlight.

Next up is the stunningly beautiful Barocca, dressed in an Indian princess headpiece and feathered train. So that's what she carried in a red bag on the plane. Barocca picks up steam, flinging off her outfit and letting us see every inch of her sleek, busty body.

She calls for three studs to clamber on deck. There is no shortage of volunteers. "Fanboy" Ted scrambles up, leaving his camcorder behind. I grab it and start shooting. He'll be able to see himself with Barocca when he reviews the videotape. This may be one of the greatest moments of Ted's life as Barocca straddles him and has her

Smooth and seductive, Sana Fey performed a classical striptease, which was long on sensuality and, of course, audience participation. Yes, future cruisesmates, everybody lends a hand, in addition to other, more vital body parts, on SCORE's Boob Cruise!



MINKA

"He came to ask what he had found, that was so large, and smooth and round."—Robert Southey



MINKA'S DIARY:

"The cruise was great and everybody was so nice! The ship was wonderful—very romantic—and the beaches and islands were gorgeous. And, I loved the food! It was very good and I could eat all day! I can eat three steaks, two lobsters at one time, so I loved this cruise! I remember the first night, the waiter brought me a plate. When I was finished, he brought me another, then another. From that night on, he knew I wasn't a lightweight. I think I ate the whole boat!"

SEA TALES

"Absolutely the very best! Funny, friendly, always available and in photo shoots, wow! Let's just say she was really into it!"—J.O., Brantford, Ontario, Canada

"Oh me, oh my! I've seen her videos and thought I'd seen it all! But no, this girl surprised everybody...and they were good surprises!"—T.L., Los Angeles, California



SHIP'S LOG

way with him.

Red-tressed Sana Fey is introduced next, a trim sex bomb in a white two-piece which she takes off to a roar from our group. She does a pure striptease, nice and slow, and it's clear why a *SCORE* reader contacted the office immediately when she lapdanced him in a San Diego club. "You gotta get this girl!" he told the *SCORE* guys and the rest, as they say, is history.

Sana's an absolute knockout, exuding sex from every pore. She leaps off the page in her pictorials. In real life, you just can't take your eyes off of her. Always cheerful and lively, she's non-stop fun. "Strip for us, baby."

Standing straight up and using her feet like a slingshot, Sana whips her tiny panties into the crowd, hitting a cruise-mate right in the face. It's both funny and erotic. Her panties must smell like the sweetest flowers. "Show us the pussy." And she does. Yeah, baby, *this* is the greatest show on earth!

The showstopper is Dusty. She makes her entrance with her popular naval show, bouncing around the platform to the Village People tune, "In The Navy." Her uniform starts to fly off until her incredible boobs and pussy are on full display. She slays the cheering audience, demonstrating once again why she's a "bonerfide" superstar and one of the most popular performers on the dance circuit.

The show over, we all head back to the tropical bar for our ritual superblast. The dance floor fills up and beautiful *SCORE* babes in sexy outfits sway the night away with beaming cruisemates under tropical night skies.

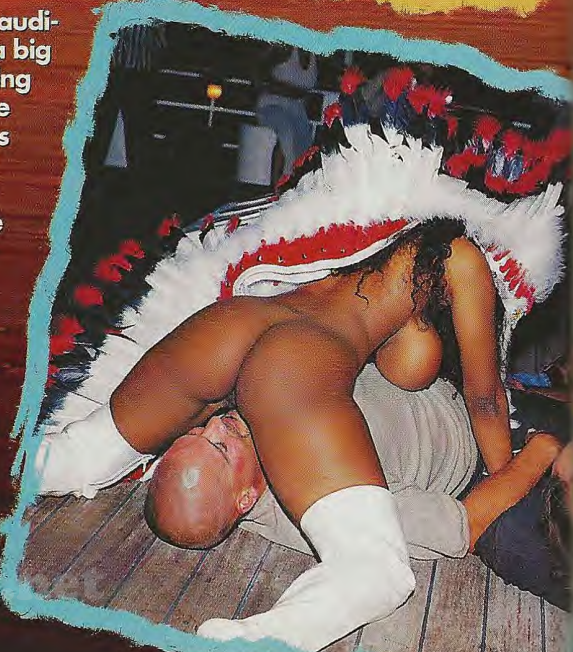
Around one a.m., we hardly notice when the Star Clipper hoists anchor and sets sail for Canouan Island. Our lusty, busty partying continues all through the night.



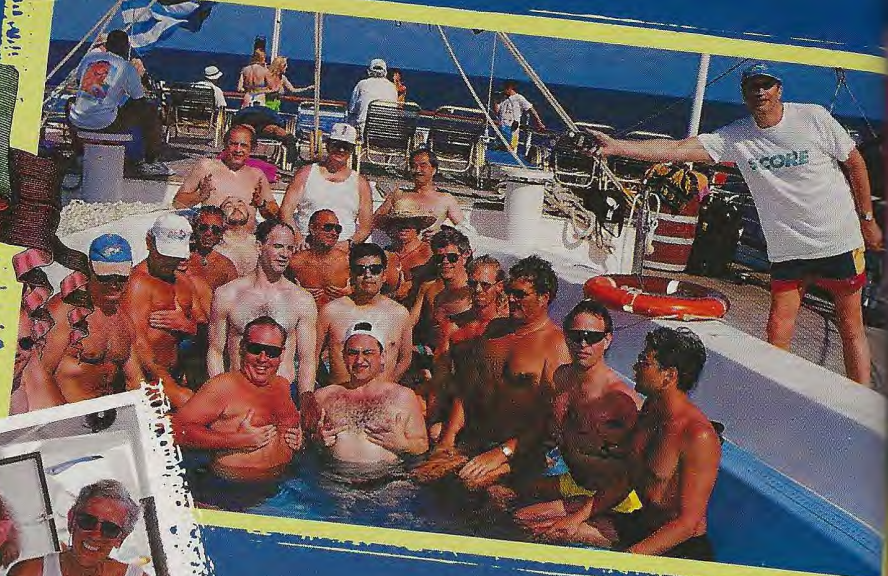
After Sana was finished giving everybody an eye and lensful of her many orifices, she went on to fully explain *SCORE*'s Nov. '96 coverline—"Why redheads love anal?" as explicitly as she could. Then, it was time to rock and roll with the Brazilian Bombshell... Barocca!



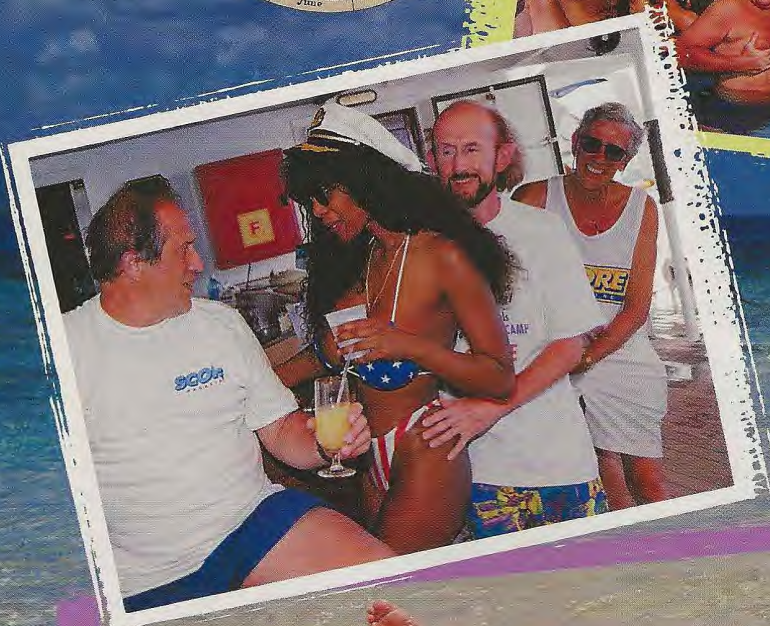
Did we mention that audience participation is a big part of *SCORE*'s floating gentlemen's club? The proof is in the pictures and in the mouths of several *SCORE*-men! Yep, Barocca isn't the shy-type either, and her show was perhaps the hottest (next to Minka's) of Fantasy Cruise '97. Suffice it to say that everyone gets a front row seat for the exotic dancing on the Boob Cruise, so come prepared to lend a hand.



TUESDAY
APRIL 1



There weren't any fools on this April 1st! Just boob men looking for a good time, and girls willing to oblige. After some passengers helped with the pro cover shoot on deck (above), it was off to the beach for an impromptu girl-girl with Fantasia and Sana Fey (below), a passenger-only photo session with Chloe (bottom, left), or a peek up SaRenna's lovely bum!



SCORE MODEL DIRECTORY

Updates, new models, new fan clubs? If you have an update you'd like to share with your fellow readers, send those to the SCORECard and we'll post them as soon as we receive them. And, if you're a new or old model, changing or starting a fan club, and would like to see your name listed here, send us the info. It's absolutely free, and you'll quickly find out something we already know...**SCORE** readers make the best fans! See ya next month!

ALEXIS LOVE P.O. Box 491205, Los Angeles, California 90049
ALYSSA ALPS 6666 Odana Road, Suite 217, Madison, Wisconsin 53719
ANGEL EYES P.O. Box 897, Greensburg, Pennsylvania 15601
ANGELIQUE 6433 Topanga Canyon Boulevard, Box 348, Warner Center, California 91303
BAROCCA 8491 W. Sunset Blvd., #273, West Hollywood, CA 90069
BETTY BOOBS P.O. Box 118, Seymour, Indiana 47274
BRITTANY ANDREWS 2840 Broadway, Suite 320, New York, NY 10025, 1-800-790-6732
BUSTY DUSTY P.O. Box 23388, Seattle, Washington 98102
CANDEE ANDES P.O. Box 1171, Northhampton, Massachusetts 01061
CHLOE VEVRIER 520 Washington Blvd, #445, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292
DIXIE BUBBLES 554 Kings Highway, Suite G, Shreveport, Louisiana 71104
DANNI ASHE 520 Washington Blvd, #445, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292
ERIKA EVEREST P.O. Box 1261, Boca Raton, Florida 33429-1261
EUROPE DICHAN P.O. Box 770347, Lakewood, Ohio 44107
FANTASIA 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 273, Beverly Hills, California 90211
HEATHER HOOTERS 536 Romance Rd, Suite 901, Portage, Michigan 49002
HONEY HILLS P.O. Box 320665, Tampa, Florida 33679
HUNTER LOVE 4570 Van Nuys Blvd., #156, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403
J.R. CARRINGTON 200 Main Street, #104-377, Huntington Beach, CA 92648
KAREN TYLER 69 Trinity Place, #G5, Albany, New York 12202
LINSEY DAWN MCKENZIE P.O. Box 300, 10 Suffolk House, George Street, Croydon, England CRO-1PE
LULU DEVINE P.O. Box 16375, Tampa, Florida 33687
MELODY FOXXE P.O. Box 16587 Worcester, Massachusetts 01601
MINKA P.O. Box 15432, Alexandria, Virginia 22309
NICOLE TYLER P.O. Box 118, Bath, Pennsylvania 18014-0118
NIKKI KNOCKERS P.O. Box 152, LeSueur, Minnesota 56058
PANDORA PEAKS P.O. Box 941113, Atlanta, Georgia 30341
PLENTY UPTOPP 11767 South Dixie Highway, Suite 298, Miami, Florida 33176
RACHEL ROCKETTS P.O. Box 963, Dearborn Heights, Michigan 48127
ROCKI ROADS P.O. Box 285163, Boston, Massachusetts, 02128-5163
ROXY RIDER 21755 Ventura Boulevard, P.O. Box 169, Woodland Hills, California 91364
SANA FEY P.O. Box 892680, Temecula, California 92589-2680; <http://www.sanafey.com>
SARENNA LEE 520 Washington Blvd, #445, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292
SHAYNE FAWNTANNA P.O. Box 26051, Akron, Ohio 44319; 1-800-383-2394 (Box # 163573)
SKYE BLUE AND SUMMER CUMMINGS 419 N. Larchmont Blvd., #69, Los Angeles, CA 90004
SUMMER LEIGH P.O. Box 310, Moorpark, California 93020
TANYA DANIELLE 2554 Lincoln Blvd., #130, Marina Del Rey, California 90291
TIANNA THOMAS P.O. Box 132, Whitewater, Wisconsin 53190
TRACI TOPPS 520 Washington Blvd, #445, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292
VALERIE FIELDS P.O. Box 1352, Minnetonka, Minnesota 55345
WENDY WHOPPERS WOW Entertainment, 1933 E. Dublin-Granville Road, #121, Columbus, OH 43229





SHIP'S LOG

"I remember the beauty and majesty of the ships, and the magic of the sea."
—H.W. Longfellow

Tuesday, April 1, 1997

Seven a.m. The ship anchors off Canouan Island. This is an extra-special morning in a week of special mornings. The SCORE team is going to go for the vital Fantasy Vacation edition cover photograph.

Last night after the show, Graham and Fox went over the plans for the cover. It's important that all 21 be shown clearly and in as much detail as possible. At the same time, the cover should show that the girls are on a ship. It's decided that all 21 girls will be shot inside the pool.

The girls have already been notified to be aft at eight a.m. and wearing their favorite bikinis. Each should do her own make-up and hair. To prevent anyone from squinting in the very bright sunlight, everyone will wear sunglasses in the shot.

The deck is set up. First, some Polaroids need to be taken to check the exposure. Graham calls for 21 volunteers to climb into the pool for the tests and they eagerly jump in. The exposures look good. They're going for the cover.

One by one, the girls dip into the pool and are positioned. It's an awesome scene. Twenty-one of the most famous big-bust covermodels of all time in a tiny, blue pool on a yacht floating in the West Indies.

With all due respect to *S.I.*, our girls blow yours away.

Diver down, anybody? Danni and Dusty (right) went deep, while Nicole (above) preferred to stay above water in her own special way. Who's that mystery girl? It turned out to be Fae, who didn't know she was posing for a picture, but still satisfied passenger M.L., who sent in several photos that you're seeing displayed throughout this special issue.

SHIP'S LOG

Okay, models, arms up in the air! Wave to the camera! Pretty smiles! A few more. It's a done deal.

The plan is for this shot to grace *SCORE*'s cover. But, so many spectacular pictures were taken during that magical week last April, to tell you the truth, I have no idea what the cover is going to look like. Whether it's the pool shot or another, it's times like these that I'm glad I'm a writer and not an editor. Whatever the guys at *SCORE* come up with, I trust it will be a great cover.

Now, back to the boobies...and the beach! After the cover shoot, everybody heads to the sand for a passenger photo shoot/hang-out party. It's a terrific spot, not so far from a lush resort. A smattering of tourists have that by-now familiar, puzzled look.

Linsey Dawn, Minka, Candy and Brittany position themselves about 30 feet apart, their backs to the green-blue sea. The midday sun is blazing.

The girls give their men exactly what they want as they pose in the surf. Pure pussy. Each has her own style. Brittany doesn't waste any time shedding her bikini bottom, showing her shooters her gorgeous, spread pussy. She needs absolutely no direction from them as she shows her pink every which way.

After the hour elapses, the girls begin heading back to the ship. Brit's guys plead for more. She keeps going, and going and going. Brittany will do anything for her fans. Finally, we call it a wrap and she heads to a shady spot for a bit of relief, accompanied by a bunch of guys—still shooting.

From the ship, John Fox calls the beach with his radio. He's on the way with a fresh load of models and cruise-mates. The tender hits the surf and they climb down the bow ladder, one mega-boobed beauty after another. Angelique, SaRenna, Sana, Fantasia, Casey and Chloe, enchantingly dressed as a topless Hawaiian hula girl. They gingerly wade ashore.

Even if you've never done it, most guys know what an "autograph" session is. Bring your goodies and the girls will sign away. But, what's a "personal pin-up?" We used to call these "black-mail" photos, and for good reason. Basically it's you, a girl and one risqué photo!



SANA FEY

"What visions have I seen!"—William Shakespeare

SANA FEY'S DIARY:

"You know what the Boob Cruise is all about? Fantasia and I were on the beach one day goofing around. We noticed guys taking our picture so we started to go at it. The crowd got bigger and bigger, and we got hotter and hotter. It wasn't planned or anything, but guys have written me and told me, 'That was so hot! It made my cruise!' Hey, I'm just glad we could oblige! It's those types of moments that make the Boob Cruise special. You can't find that kind of action anywhere else in the world!"



SEA TALES

"A very nice girl. Lots of fun, beautiful, and easy going. All women should be like her!"—B.B.,
Coruopolis, Pennsylvania

"In a word... 'beautiful!' Inside and out! She was a dream to sail with."—Name and
address withheld by
request

"She's so much fun! I didn't know her before the cruise, but we became great friends right off the bat! I imagine that's easy for Sana Fey because she's such a friendly person. Really, a girl couldn't have a better friend."—Fantasia



SHIP'S LOG

Beach towels are spread out. Sana decorates her tits with artistic squirts of sunscreen. This doesn't escape anyone. But then again, nothing will on this voyage. Sana then teasingly smears the white goo evenly over her titties.

Meanwhile, Angelique is already making sultry eyes for her own group of lensmen. She always looks at the camera like it's a lover.

If I sound like I'm placing the girls on pedestals, it's because I am. And believe me, I couldn't build a pedestal high enough to place them on.

The final tender returns at 3:30 p.m. carrying the last of the beach partiers, tired but happy. All aboard, we sail off to the lush beauty of St. Lucia. It's a magnificent, sun-drenched afternoon, nature's gift to happy Boob Cruisers.

With most vacations there's downtime but not on the Boob Cruise. This late afternoon brings pin-up time with Angelique, Barocca, Heather and Fantasia showing off their impressive bows and sterns. What a quartet! The deck fills with cruisemates ready for action. They feel the same way I do. We're going to have our hands full.

Petite, agile and always looking picture perfect, Heather is climbing all over her pin-up guys. Her poses are hot and wild. She wraps her legs around cruisemate Bruno's waist and stretches her torso backward, in a much-appreciated humping position.

Cruisemates' hands are lovingly touching the boobs dreamt of for so long. Wild woman Barocca satisfies everybody in her gold, two-piece outfit that looks radioactive in the sun.

Angelique's pin-ups are finished but the guys can't stop shooting her. She always knows what to do. She raises her right boob to her lips, biting the nipple. The sinking sun gives her and her bosom buddies that warm golden glow known to photographers as "magic time."

Meanwhile, downstairs in the coolness of the piano bar, Sana, Traci and Valerie greet fans and new friends at their T-shirt signing. Sana has been dancing for over two years and started modeling in June of '96.



No worries, mon! Every day on the Boob Cruise is as fast paced or laid back as you want. Document every second with your video camera, or relax with that special someone for a cool drink or a souvenir photo!

FAE

"Her skin is like dusk on the eastern horizon..."—Jean Toomer



FAE'S DIARY:

"I didn't want to come home! I had the best time! The people were so interesting and different. I've talked to a lot of them since I got back and met up with them at different times—in Switzerland, the United States and Canada. The first couple of days were the best because you didn't know what direction to go. The excitement of it all was a bit overwhelming. I would go every week if I could! I'd work there...do anything to be a part of it! I guess you can tell I loved it!"

SEA TALES

"A bundle of joy wrapped up in a temptress' body! If I didn't have 23 years into my marriage, I'd be off to England on the next flight!"—Name and address withheld by request

"Great smile and a genuinely nice person. Everybody liked her a lot."

—A.G., London, England



SHIP'S LOG

"The picture that made me want to model was the picture of SaRenna Lee wearing a sash," Sana reveals, alluding to a picture from Boob Cruise '95. "When SCORE called me about going, I immediately said, 'Yes, yes, yes!'"

Traci, of course, is one of the classic SCORE-girls and her girl-next-door personality has made her a great favorite in the hearts of those who've had the privilege to meet her.

Signing completed, we mellowed with cocktails in the piano bar before supper. After another rich dinner, a load of cruisers and girls shiver their timbers at the bar until showtime.

Midnight nears. The second night of exotic dancing is about to begin. Nicole Tyler is introduced first. She's wearing a shiny Egyptian-style gown and headpiece. Nicole is cute, stacked and sensuous. Did I mention sexy?

All week long, my fellow cruise-mates will repeatedly tell me how "girl-next-door" sweet she is and how impressed they are by her down-home friendliness on the ship.

We can't wait to see this tantalizing wench stripped and they let her know it. "Show us your pussy, Nicole!" She maneuvers on the rolling deck like a surfing champ. By the time her third song rolls around, she's nude and spreading pink. Camera flashes light up the tropical night sky as everyone records the sight for posterity.

Next up is Candee Andes, looking tasty in a nurse's uniform. Candee calls for a volunteer and in a split second she's got one. Both climb into Candee's inflatable toy pool filled with water.

She spritzes some type of blue body paint onto her major boobs then has her loveslave press a white T-shirt against her chest. It's removed and he now has an official Candee Andes imprinted titty shirt.

Emcee Europe is starting to lose her voice. But nothing can stop DiChan, Mistress of the High Seas. She calls on Minka to step up, if you please.

Throughout the cruise, guys were always remarking how Nicole Tyler reminded them of the classic "girl-next-door." Well, this neighbor has some bark and one helluva bite. Anybody who experienced her dancing on deck can vouch for that!



NICOLE

"Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself."—Marcus Aurelius

NICOLE'S DIARY:

"Before the cruise, I told everybody I was going on a 'working' vacation. But, it didn't seem like work at all! It was one long party! From dawn until dusk and way beyond. The guys were great to hang out with, and I want to remind everybody I'm the Boob Cruise Limbo Champ! Even though Valerie ripped my panties down when I went under the bar! See what you missed if you weren't there. If you miss next year, you should kick yourself in the ass! Believe me, you'll regret it!"





SEA TALES

"Great sense of humor. She was a tremendous ice breaker and really put a lot of guys at ease. Nicole has made me a fan for life!"—C.H., Austin, Texas

"Nicole's a dirty, dirty girl...and, believe me, I mean that in a good way!"—B.S., Christchurch, New Zealand

SHIP'S LOG

We get the feeling that Minka will do something way out. We are not wrong. First she has two passengers play with her nipple chains. Then Dakota is hauled on stage. He lies on his back, completely still. Minka places the base of a mini-dildo in his mouth and he holds on tight.

First she kneels and sucks the toy like a cock, then she squats over his face and slowly fucks the plastic dick. Her pussy slides up and down the little shaft while Dakota keeps his head rock steady. Nobody can believe their eyes!

Our last superstar dancer this evening is Valerie Fields. She dances on stage dressed like an old lady complete with an old crone rubber mask. It's a startling sight.

During the second tune, the costume comes off and Valerie gets nekkid then writhes on the deck like a woman possessed by the devil. Yowza! This gorgeous babe is hot!

With heightened sexcitement in the sea air, we connect back at the bars for another *SCORE* blast-off party 'til who knows when. The bartenders crank out the drinks and we suck them down!

On the dance floor, Fantasia gives two cruisemates a big-tit sandwich. A conga line forms. Angelique sambas away. A fancy dancing cruisemate dips Barocca low. Minka jams someone's head between her tits. At the piano bar, Nicole tells three new fans about her upcoming tour.

After two a.m., Peter points out a cruisemate sitting on a bench near the bar. He's sound asleep, still holding his camcorder to his eye. The red light is on. It's still recording. "Only on the Boob Cruise!" says Peter as he heads below to catch a few winks.



Who's that old chick? It's Valerie Fields dressed up as an old crone for the first part of her dramatic and electric three-part dance show. Energetic and explicit (get used to that last phrase when you go on the Boob Cruise!), Valerie let it all hang out and showed everybody on board why she's one of the most popular feature dancers in the world!





Now, Candee Andes didn't stick anything up her pussy but, when she pranced out in her nurse outfit, all of a sudden everybody on board was a doctor! A hot painting session later, and we all needed CPR to recover!

Four feature dancers in one night? Hey, only the best on the Boob Cruise, and one of them is Minka! Yes, boys and girls, that black dot is there for a reason. Can you say "insertion?" Minka can and here's the long and short of what happened. Dildo...passenger...open your mouth wide...hold on tight...Minka's cumming! You get the picture!



SHIP'S LOG

"I like to walk amidst the beautiful things that adorn the world."

—George Santayana

Wednesday, April 2, 1997

The decks are still damp when early risers awaken to find that the Star Clipper is docked in busy Castries, the capital and main port of St. Lucia.

Minka, Europe DiChan, SaRenna Lee, Nicole Tyler and five cruise-mates are stretching the sleep juice out of their veins. The morning fitness session is underway.

Watching the girls gyrate on the exercise deck, a few drowsy-eyed stragglers exercise their elbows by lifting cups of steaming coffee and cigarettes to their lips. Argh! Tiver me shimmers. Ready for a new day!

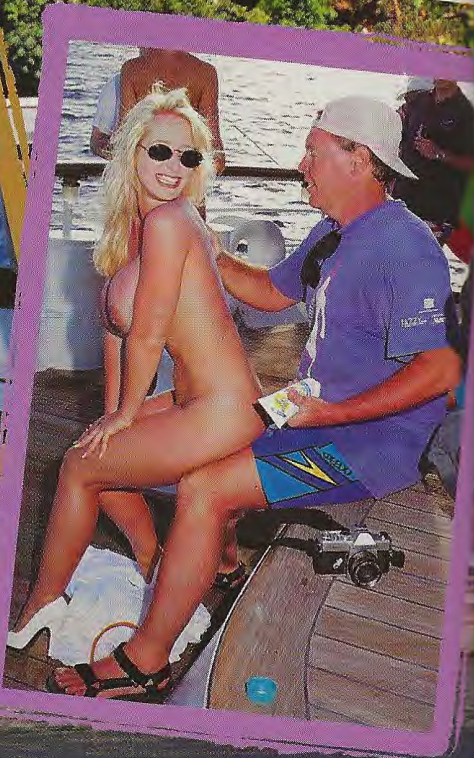
Midway through breakfast, the bell rings for the first tender to shore. Traci is standing totally nude by the empty bar, which hasn't opened yet.

Nothing in this world can compare to waking up and seeing a casually naked woman, especially one like Traci. Looking extra beautiful, she's been made up by Luz and is talking to Dave Antony about her pro shoot that is about to get underway.

The tender ride to Point Seraphine takes five minutes. The early risers, joined by Angelique and Minka, head for some duty-free shopping.

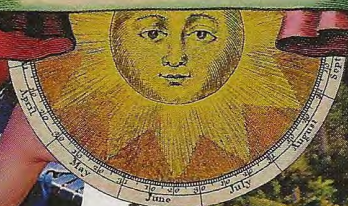
More of us will be tendering in quickly as we have only three hours before the Star Clipper moves on. Nice place to visit, but wouldn't wanna be stranded here.

The duty free area looks like the kind of modern outdoor mall you'd see in Utah. The newsstand sells no men's mags. I pity these poor, unfortunate souls.

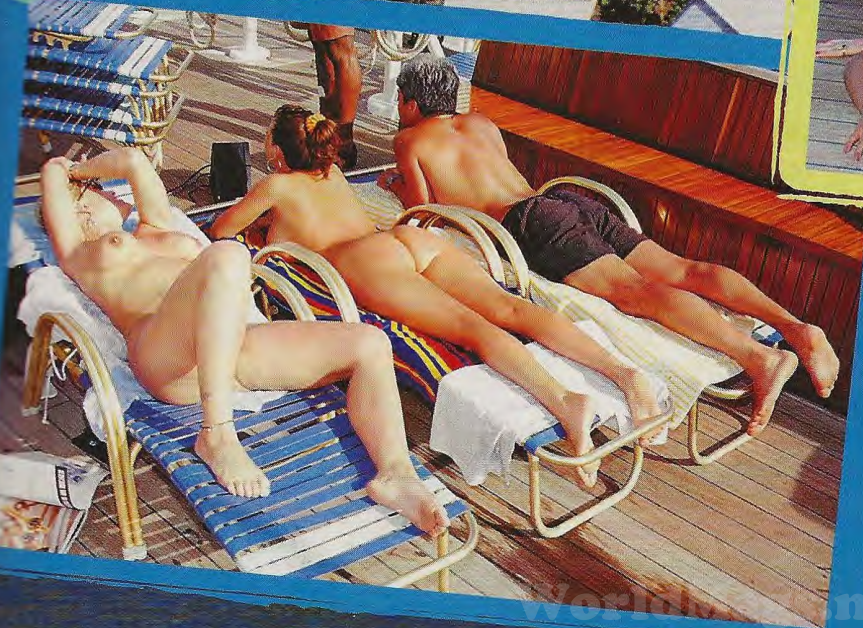
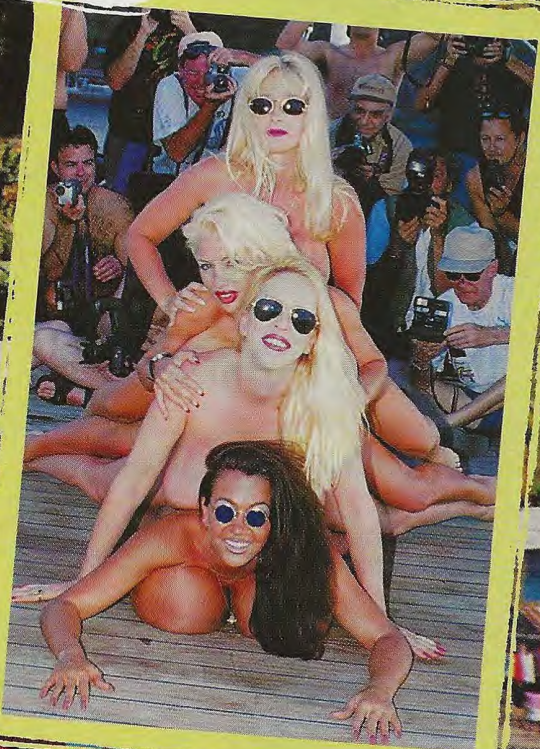


Wake up, sleepy head! It's another day in paradise, and to get your day started there's eggs, bacon and Traci Topps posing for everybody's cameras. Of course, you can brown-down with Chloe (above, left) or Heather (above) and, later in the day, there's chit chat with Fantasia (left) as she signs your Boob Cruise T-shirt.

WEDNESDAY
APRIL 2



The afternoon photo shoots were wild on Wednesday. While Barocca teased and pleased to everybody's delight (left, center), Casey, Europe, SaRenna and Heather (below) got together for an impromptu big-boob pyramid!



When the girls aren't posing in photo shoots, guess what? They're still posing, even if they don't know it! Sights like Linsey (left, center girl) worshipping the sun with a couple of passengers are commonplace. So is somebody sucking on Brittany's toes (all the way at the top). Here it's "Fanboy Ted." But, who knows, next year it could be you!



SEA TALES

**"My future wife!
So damned cute
and adorable
I can't stand it.
In a word, 'Wow!'"**
-D.V.D., Los Angeles,
California

**"Do girls get any
cuter than this? I
don't think so! I've
been to clubs and
I've seen a lot of
dancers less pretty
than Traci who are
stuck-up. But, not
her. She's a down-to-
earth girl who any
guy would be proud
to take home to their
momma!"**-B.S.,
Pompano Beach, Florida

TRACI



Angelique, in a long, red, low-cut dress, pauses to look in store windows. Shopkeepers bolt their counters and rush outside. The locals stare in disbelief.

Mike from Michigan says that one shop owner bemoaned the fact that her husband, a *SCORE* subscriber, is home and missed Minka. She takes a picture with Minka. Her husband will shit his pants when he sees it.

Back on board, Linsey visits the sun deck. It's dead quiet up here except for Casey and cruisesmate Bob, who've been nude sunbathing and are just leaving. Linsey gets naked, rubs oil all over her incredible body and lies down on a lounge.

In seconds, the sun deck is suddenly filled with eight crewmembers polishing brass, varnishing rails and securing ropes. The Captain should be congratulated for his crew's dedication.

Around noon, the Star Clipper sets off for Soufriere Bay, St. Lucia. As the waiters clear away lunch around two p.m., we drop anchor half a mile from shore. Towering palm trees fill the mountainous landscape.

At four p.m. comes a shoot for all of the guys on deck with Erika, Casey, Nicole, Heather and Fae. As a surprise, Europe and SaRenna will be joining in for a boobie bangeroo.

Casey arrives wearing a bikini and blue sunglasses. She exposes those ultra-mega boobs immediately and the shutters start clicking like crickets.

Her bikini bottom flies off and she lifts one leg straight up as she lies on the deck, showing the guys her furry bush, thick pussy lips and ass canal. Stand back and give this woman some spreadin' room, boys!

Next to the platform, Nicole and Fae have joined forces by the ship's pool. Suddenly, it's the Nicole and Fae sex show, lots of hugging, fondling, tonguing and girly feel-up!

Now SaRenna and Europe join Casey and all three girls are naked in a matter of seconds. It becomes one superbob group posedown.

Casey goes doggie and Europe lies down on Casey's back, cupping her boobs and making the V sign with her



Imagine waking up and seeing this lady in red-Angelique. Then, imagine shopping with her. This lucky guy doesn't have to, because he lived it. After a busy day of duty-free shopping or shooting, Valerie (above), why not join Nicole (left) and enjoy a massage from the ship's masseuse?

"All beauty comes from beautiful blood and a beautiful brain." -Walt Whitman



TRACI'S DIARY:

"It's like a big party—a whole different atmosphere than anything club-goers will ever experience. The guys get to just be themselves and so do the girls. What you end up with is a more relaxed atmosphere where everybody has a good time. And the guys were great. From Bunny Bob and his Easter basket-Bob, from what I heard a lot of the girls enjoyed them a lot! But, personally, I liked the chocolate!—to all of the guys who were kind enough to keep me company. You are all special. Thank you for a great week!"

SHIP'S LOG

legs. SaRenna gets on top of them. Wow! This triple-deck-girl sandwich is a wild one. Then Heather joins in and we have a four-girl sandwich.

A silver-bikini'd Erika swings by from the bow. Her click-clacking shoes alert sensitive male ears. The megaboob four-way ends and the lensers now swing their cameras at Erika. In a few minutes, her bikini will be abandoned on the deck.

And now it's time to set sail. The ship leaves Soufriere and sails past the famous landmark of *Anse de Piton* (Twin Peaks). These two mountains, climbing almost 2,700 feet, look exactly like a pair of giant tits, the very symbol of our adventure.

The late afternoon's pin-ups are Linsey Dawn and Valerie at the bow. Wearing her cute skipper's cap, Danni is aft for her pin-ups.

In England, Linsey Dawn is already a star, so she knows exactly how to give guys the royal treatment. When Linsey wears no make-up, her fresh face reminds you of a high school cheerleader or whatever the equivalent in the U.K. is. When she's dressed to kill, she's unbelievable.

Gutsy and athletic, Heather climbs a rope ladder by the port rail on the sun deck. Peter and a swarm of other cameras freeze her actions forever. This is going to be another classic, a great ship shot combined with Heather's super bod and sex appeal.

As the cruise mate shoot concludes, the pro shooters are setting up to tackle Barocca and Brittany for a girl-girl lickfest on the top deck.

The contrast of brown skin against white is a tricky exposure set-up. Scattered groups of cruisemates sit quietly behind the staff, watching the action. One cruise mate has been pressed into service to hold an umbrella from falling over in the breeze.

Barocca's elongated wet tongue is a few millimeters from Brittany's pink volcano. Their bodies are expertly directed into different positions by lensman Tony LaSalla, some with Brittany upside-down on a set of steps. Everybody's jaw is on the floor.

The early evening's T-shirt signing

Whenever it was time for posing, the guys all had a ball with Fantasia (right). As for Heather (above), she was a first-time Boob Cruiser who always seemed eager to please and would do just about anything to give each guy that perfect picture!



"Oh brave new world, that has such people in it!"—William Shakespeare

DUSTY'S DIARY:

"The banana boat was a blast and the diving was the best! I want to say hello to my SCUBA family! We all became buddies and I'll never forget you guys! In fact, all the guys on the cruise were so nice...again, as usual! There was always somebody to dance with, play volleyball with or just hang out with. They make the cruise what it is! A ball! One of the guys even taught me to tango! Like I said, the guys who go on the cruise are the best! The cruise is the best! The whole thing is... what can I say? The best!"





DUSTY

SEA TALES

"Fun and funny! This marvelous lady had a great sense of humor and a few aces up her sleeve. Slight problem, though—most of the time she wasn't wearing anything with sleeves!"—J.M., Santa Clara, California

"Awesome! When I first saw Dusty, I started counting my teeth because I knew I'd lose some when my jaw hit the floor! She's a sight to behold, and when you talk to her you find out she's an even better person! She was my favorite."—C.S., Chicago, Illinois



SHIP'S LOG

includes Dusty, Fantasia, Candee and Chloe. Dusty's couch looks like a Dusty's R' Us store. She's got boxer shorts, T-shirts, caps, mouse pads, you name it and Dusty has it.

Chloe's lineup of fans is long for a special reason. Except for the *SCORE* cruises, her appearances have been virtually non-existent since her career began over five years ago. Meeting her, getting her autograph in person, breathing the air around her, is beyond the reach of the men who worship her. Until now! Add to that the fact that Chloe is wearing the sexiest skin-tight dress you've ever seen.

Candee Andees from Massachusetts is a very welcome big-boob arrival at *SCORE*. Always friendly and chatty, she talks to the guys about a comic book she's all excited over, *The Legend of Candee Andes*. The color cover, which is also on her T-shirts, shows her as a space girl, two laser bolts shooting out of her metallic space bra.

Dinner time arrives and once more there's an air of chummy relaxation and camaraderie. The food is great. The girls dress hot. Like the previous nights, we all play musical tables, getting to meet different people.

The girls are really gorgeous tonight in their exotic leisurewear, like pages out of a sexy clothing catalogue. Brittany enters wearing a number that spins dozens of necks. SaRenna... mere words can't do her justice!

After dessert and coffee, the bartenders get busy serving cocktails while we wait for the exotic dancing to begin. Blank tapes are loaded in camcorders as showtime nears.

There are two sea nymphs dancing tonight. First up is Erika Everest, although "Neverest" is more like it this week. Erika looks heart-stopping as usual. Her expressions and especially her eyes always have an intense look. Sleek and stacked, she twirls around the platform, dropping fabric as she does. Faster. Slower. "Show us your pussy." And she does.

Our next feature is the great Sa-Renna Lee. She is a major fan favorite and the guys sincerely love her. Wherever she walks, the sparks fly.

Mike from Michigan says that the only reason he bought *SCORE* in the



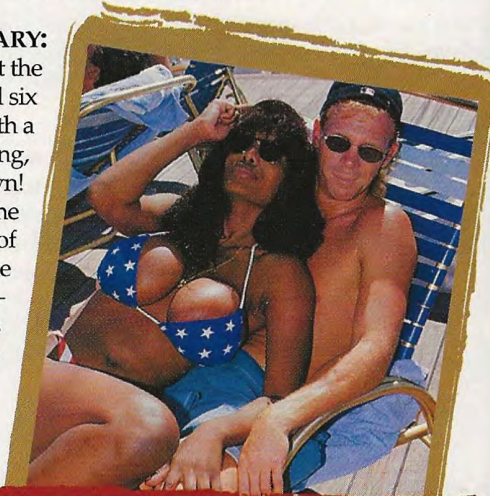
BAROCCA

"She was our angel, the sweet angel of sex."—Norman Mailer

BAROCCA'S DIARY:

"What did I think about the cruise? I love staying up until six in the morning partying with a bunch of horny guys! Drinking, dancing, partying until dawn!

You can't beat that! And, the guys were great! I made a lot of new friends! They made the cruise for me! In fact, everything about the cruise was nice—the weather, food, people, beaches, water...everything! If you haven't ever gone, you have to go."



BRITTANY

"Beauty is momentary in the mind...but in the flesh it is immortal."—Wallace Stevens

BRITTANY'S DIARY:

"I'm going to make this short and sweet...the cruise was the absolute bomb! I thought the second cruise—my first—was the best, but this one topped it. I can hardly wait to see what happens next year! Thanks to all of my foot-lickers and toe-suckers. I'd list all of you for your significant others to read, but there are way too many! Just kidding on that first part! Haaaa! And to all of the guys who stayed up late with me talking shit, I owe ya!"



SEA TALES

"Barocca was the queen of the night! If you were there, you know what I mean!"

-Name and address withheld by request



SEA TALES

"It's tough to compare her with any other woman. Brittany has more orifices than my Nikon has F-stops. She exposes her holes so graphically to the elements and perverts alike! The guys loved her!"

-R.P., San Bruno, California

SHIP'S LOG

Hot Dancing...

first place was because of the famous cover photo of SaRenna shot by Peter Wall for the Dec. '93 issue. And he's been a *SCORE*-man ever since.

SaRenna ends her super sexy dance set to howls of approval from the crowd. They can't get enough of her. Wherever SaRenna has gone during the week, she's been trailed by a horde of men. And she makes time for everyone of us. Whatta great girl!

After the dancing comes the game Europe's been dying to play since the first Boob Cruise—Nude Twister.

Three Twister mats are set up and teams are drawn: Linsey and Fae, Casey and Europe, and Dusty and Danni. They need six volunteers. It's easy pickings.

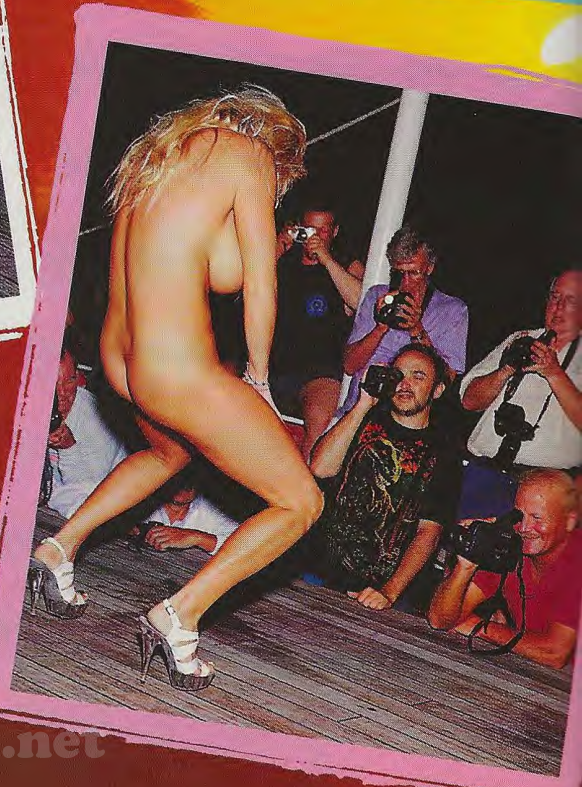
The first game goes to the pretzel-bending team of Europe and Casey. And then the E/C team claims victory in the long second game. In the third game the Dusty/Danni team goes down in 10 minutes. Now it's Europe/Casey versus the Brits. The balance of power shifts as the Europe/Casey team struggles to hang on after a strenuous 25 minutes. One of their guys gets shaky. His balance goes. And, the winners of the last game: the Linsey/Fae group.

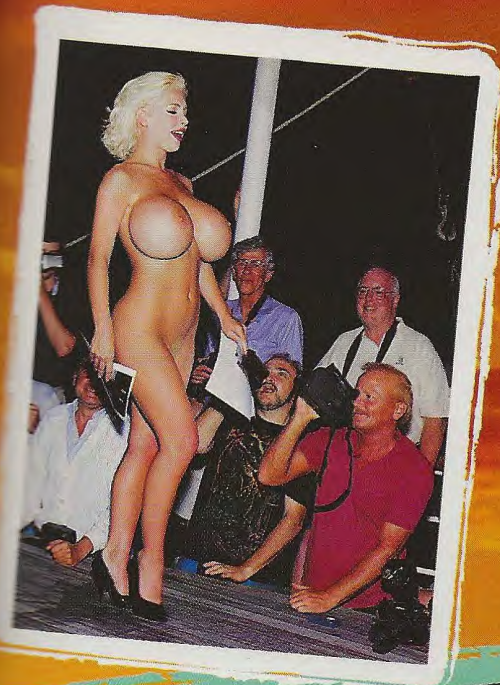
There's action at the bars after the show, but it seems quieter tonight. Fatigue is obviously beginning to set in. Even so, the hardcore party division still circles the bar and keeps the celebration going. The party will go till dawn, but I'm completely pooped.

Before calling it a night, I relax for a few moments on the bow. It's almost pitch black outside. I feel like I'm in outer space. The only sounds are the wind and the sound of the ship slicing through the water. And in the distance, I swear I can hear the faint sound of vibrating eggs.



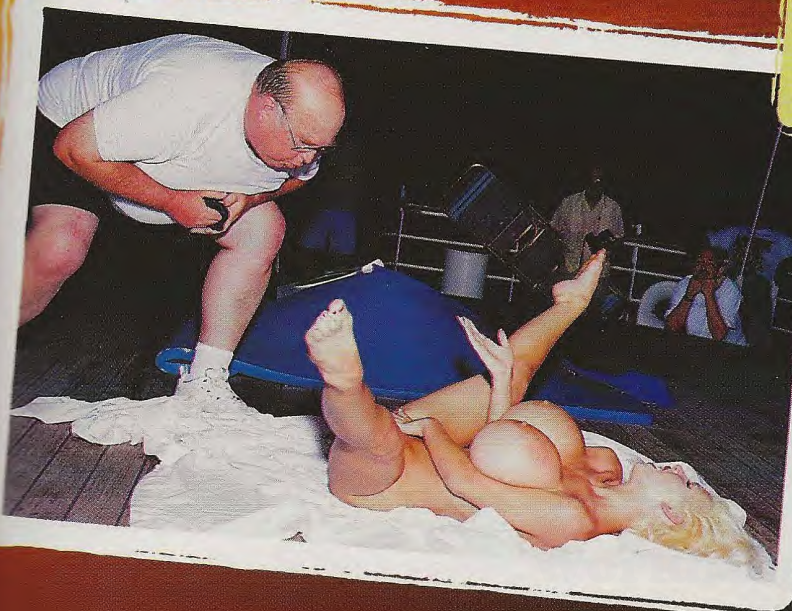
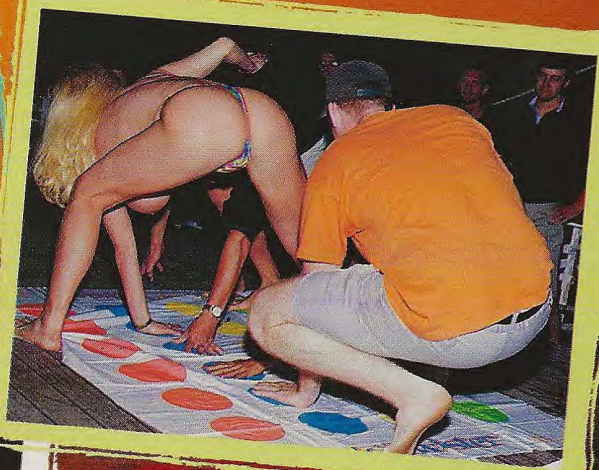
Roommates and good friends, Erika Everest and SaRenna Lee provided the entertainment on Wednesday, and they didn't disappoint. Passionate and explicit...par for the course on the Boob Cruise!





& Nude Twister!

Europe has been trying to play Nude Twister since the first cruise, and she finally succeeded on Boob Cruise '97! Fae and Linsey ended up winning the game, but the guys were the real winners. One look at the action that took place and it's easy to see why! Look for more next year!



SHIP'S LOG

"A thousand fantasies begin to throng into my memory."
—Thomas Milton

Thursday, April 3, 1997

Life's a beach, and then you fry. Another day, another island. The Star Clipper drops anchor in tranquil, coral-studded Tobago Cays, mini-islands sheltered by the famous World's End and Horseshoe Reefs.

Our destination here is Petit Bateau (Little Boat), most southerly of the two main islands. Snorkelers love Tobago Cays. The water is as transparent as glass and the surf as calm as a wading pond.

No one lives on Petit Bateau. This long beach is truly the most idyllic we've visited. The 20 feet of sloping white sand ends in palm trees and thick vegetation. Other tiny, uninhabited islands are only a few hundred yards away.

Before most of us tender into Petit Bateau, Vanessa is pro-photographed knee deep in the water. Wearing only candy-green sunglasses, she looks as much a natural part of this paradise as the palms and pure blue sky.

Vanessa's natural hangers take me back to my teen years in the '70s, when all the mam-mag models had her kind of tits. Lowering my sights a little, I notice that her thighs are just as spectacular. Strong, smooth, and supple. A book could be dedicated to her firm, jutting ass.

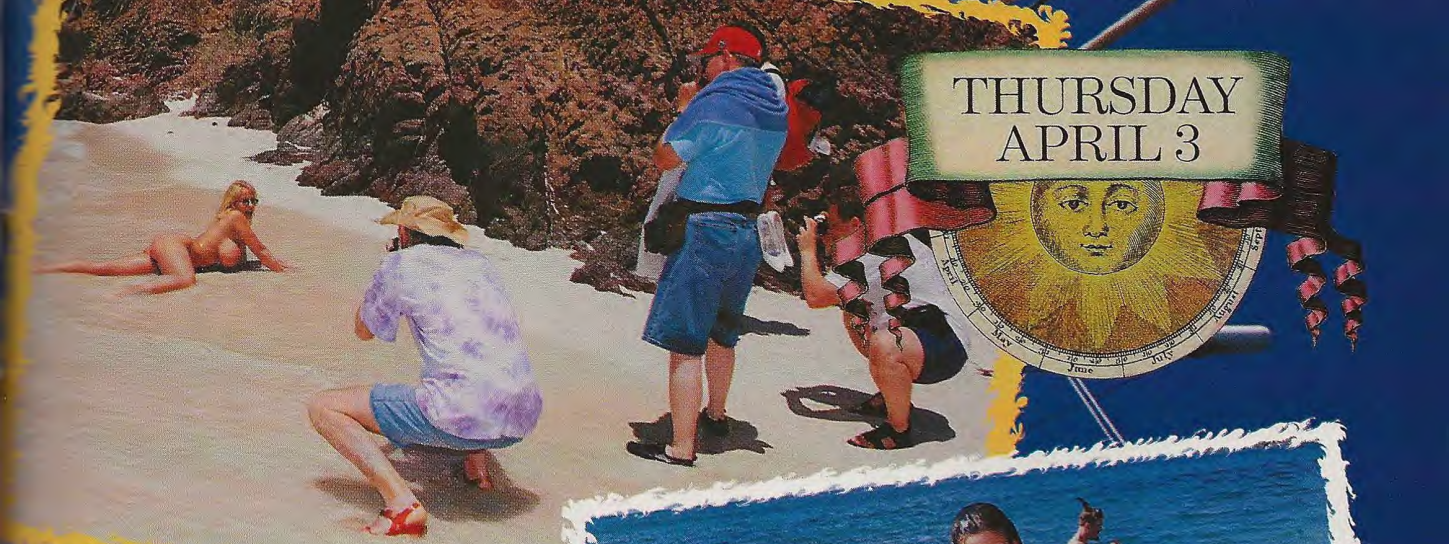
On board the Star Clipper, Fantasia, the tallest model at 5'10", poses on an aft deck staircase. Fantasia's hair was blonde for a long time. It was a pleasant surprise to see her with red hair in Miami.

A group of cruisers watch as photographer Steven Berlyn directs and shoots the leggy Fantasia on the aft deck. What a hot woman she is! And flexible! It's a wrap and she gets ready to catch a tender to Petit Bateau with the other lovelies.

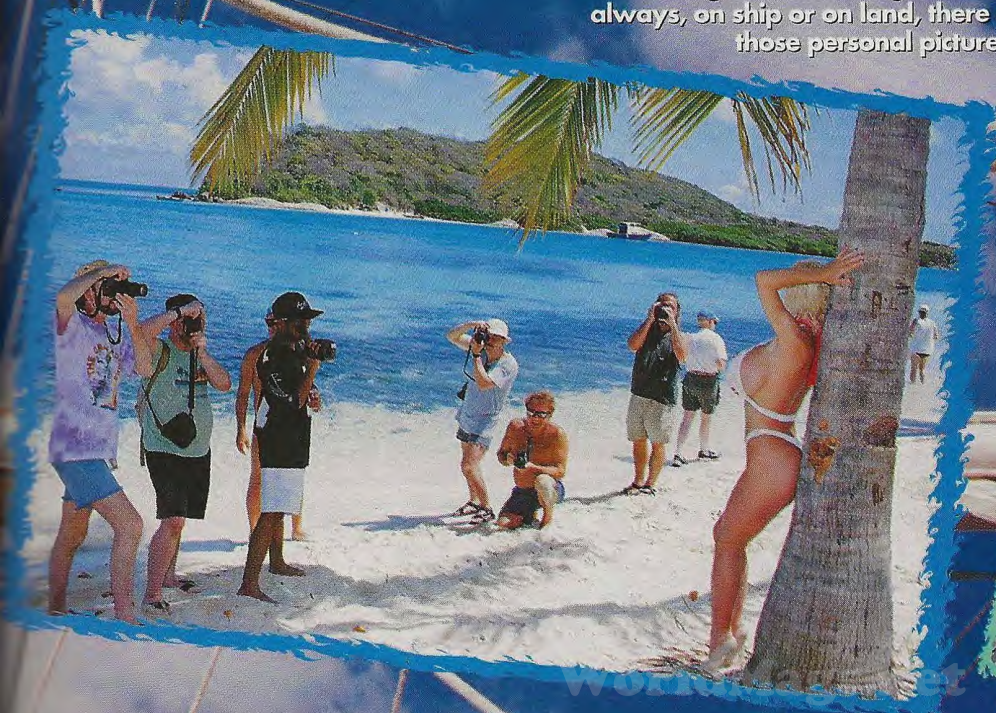


The morning sun brought the SCORE group to the pristine beaches of the Tobago Cays, where everybody went ashore for beach antics and lots of photos. But, first it was sunning and schmoozing on deck and a morning photo shoot with Fantasia (this page, top) who is so hot, she has to cool off any way she can!

THURSDAY
APRIL 3



With its soft, sugary beach and gin clear waters, Tobago Cays was perfect for anything, from photographing SaRenna by her favorite palm tree (below, left), snapping some pictures of Heather playing in the surf (top) or having a whale of a good time with Linsey (above). And, as always, on ship or on land, there are plenty of opportunities for those personal pictures that will make you the envy of every guy at the office.



SHIP'S LOG

Fantasia's been a sweetheart all week. You see her literally everywhere, day and night, and she's a smooth mixer with everyone. Her breathy voice and gentle personality is enchanting and that superstacked rack is a stiffening sight.

As noon approaches, most of us are on the beach or heading for it. The ship's hard working culinary staff has set up a long buffet table in a shady spot under the palms. A separate table is flowing with fruits and cakes.

Fill up a plate and sit next to a naked, pretty lady on your beach towel, big mon. The livin's easy here.

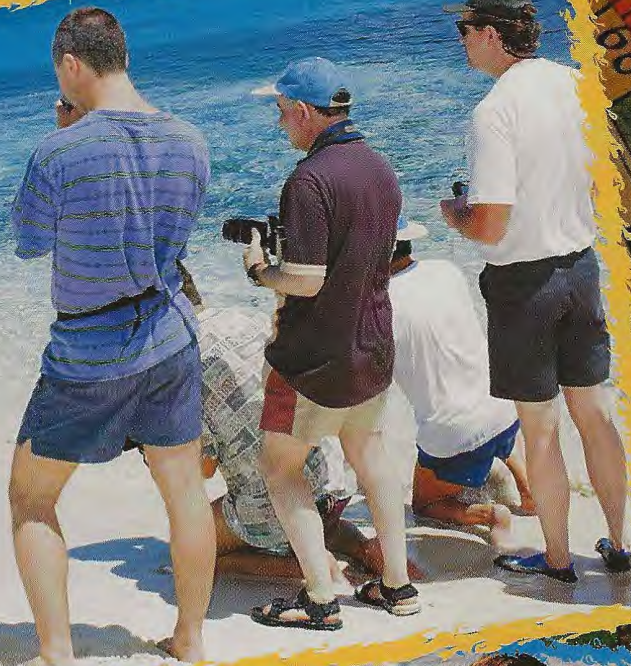
A few puffy clouds are on the horizon of a clear, blue sky. From out of the gentle, green-blue sea, a totally nude SaRenna emerges dripping wet like Botticelli's Venus. Her blond hair slicked back, she dries her face on a towel, then picks up one of her famous red parasols. SaRenna writes *SCORE* in the sand with the tip of her parasol then tosses it aside. Lying on the letters, she rolls over them sensuously, her body picking up a coating of powery sand. Now on her knees, she bends forward, blows the letters a kiss, straightens her back, lifts up one thumb and sweetly says, "Score!"

More of the girls are coming ashore. All of them are going topless, a few fully nude. Even Diana the make-up artist is topless.

You don't necessarily need a palm tree to get some shade on this cruise. Sitting under a *SCORE*-girl's tits will give you all the shade you need.

Yachtsmen in search of solitude say the Tobago Cays get a bit crowded for them. The *SCORE* group is not alone on the beach now. Lots of small crafts are coming in. An old yacht anchors less than one hundred yards from the beach. From half-a-mile away, the Star Clipper dwarfs them all.

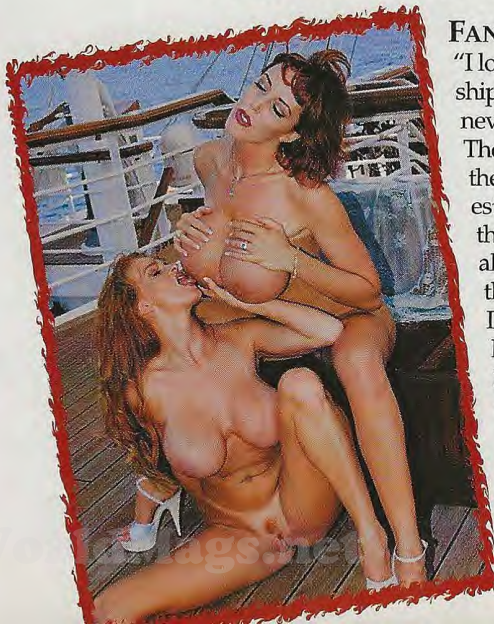
Traci, naked as nature intended except for her cap, sits on her towel and sips a Coke. She talks to a bunch of us about her experiences, both good and not-so-good, as a touring star



Another day, another island, and what *SCORE* editor-in-chief John Fox called "our best day." Having Angelique (above) at your beck and call for a beachside photo session helped make it so. And, so did getting an eyeful of Vanessa's luscious backside (right). But, according to John, no one moment made Thursday stand out. "It was just a perfect day. Relaxing, idyllic...some days in paradise are better than others, and this was one of them!"



"Full nakedness! All joys are due to thee..."—John Donne



FANTASIA'S DIARY:

"I love cruising! And I loved the ship. That was incredible. I've never been on a ship like that! There was so much to love about the cruise. What would my fondest memory be? At night when they would just play music and all of the guys and girls were in the middle of the ship dancing. I tell everybody I meet...you have to go! You get to be with 20 models, we're all walking around nude or topless. If you like dancing, drinking, partying and lots of other pleasures, this is the place to be! You can't beat it!"



FANTASIA

SEA TALES

"Wonderful! I felt like she loved me, as did others! Fantasia's personality was great! And, she had a beautiful body, legs, ass, tits. Every part of her was incredible. Plus she had the best dance show! Whew! That lady can move!"

—B.S., Richmond, Virginia

SHIP'S LOG

while we watch all the naked girls, their boobs bouncing as they stroll along the beach.

As Heather finishes lunch, she says she wants to make scuba diving a part of her future vacation plans. Heather's been inspired by this trip. She completed her pool training on the ship but hasn't been able to go down yet in open water with the group.

Meanwhile, the third scuba dive of the week is underway. It's a 40-minute dive to a depth of 54 feet. Most of the divers spy a lobster the size of a dog hiding within a recess in the fantastic coral reef, and the colors of the fish are electric. Back on the ship for debriefing, the general consensus is that it was their best dive yet.

John Fox tenders in with a new entourage. An hour later, Fox, John Hacinli and staff set up the groovy Banana Boat shot. The Zodiac handlers hook a line onto the Banana. Six girls climb onto it, three on each pontoon.

Hamilton and Graham get into the Z. Switch on. The Zodiac zips the Banana across the water, the wind and water-whipped girls waving and smiling. It's a neat, splashy bit of action, and should look great in the cruise issue and on the Fantasy Vacation video travelogue.

A look through binoculars shows another tender heading our way, filled with more mates and girls. Why, it's Europe, Candy and more of their bosom buddies. The more the merrier. Welcome to Petit Bateau.

Our beach party could go all night, but the ship's timetable has us casting off around five p.m. for the volcanic island of St. Vincent. Farewell to the postcard perfect Tobago Cays.

Late afternoon aboard ship brings a raunchy pin-up session with Candee, Minka, Europe and Brittany.

Europe and Minka pose back to back on the sun deck near the bow. "A 'boob head' pose," Europe calls it, her globes plopped on top of a cruise-mate's head. Some want a



Volleyball with Barocca, anybody? Don't worry, you don't have to be the athletic type to go Boob Cruising. In fact, most of the guys exercised their fingers more than anything, taking as many pictures as they could of Heather (top) and Fae (above).

And here's that big, bad Banana Boat that most of the girls have such fond memories of but won't tell why! Guess those vibrating eggs weren't quite enough, eh girls? Towed around by a Zodiac, the girls had a blast on the biggest thing any of them had ever felt between their legs, and then the guys got their chance. The report from the guys..."It was okay, but what's the big deal?" The girls still aren't talking...just smiling!



SHIP'S LOG

shot of their face under Europe's pussy. Quite a picture to show back home. It'll liven up that usually boring vacation slide show.

Not far away, there's a group on the sun deck looking down. What's going on is that Chloe is lying on her back, cupping her tits. Her eyes closed, Chloe writhes like she's asleep and having a sex dream.

The sun is sinking fast. An officer at the bridge calls attention to the port side. Watch the sun as it disappears into the vast horizon. At the moment the top of the sun drops under the sea, we should see a green flash of light.

This odd phenomenon is caused by the refractive effects of the atmosphere. The emerald burst happens just as he says. Very impressive, though not as impressive to me as Candee and Brittany squeezing their hooters.

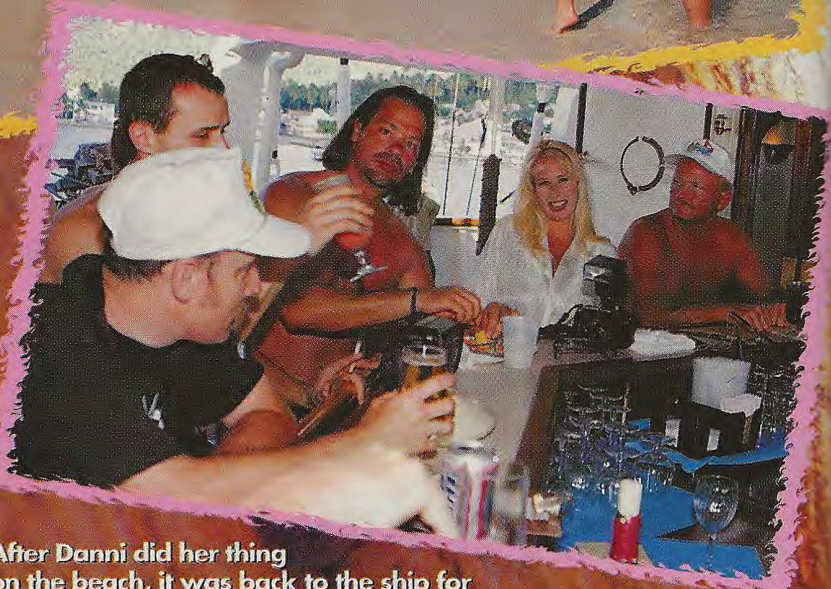
After the T-shirt signing by Heather, Erika, Fae and Nicole, it's time for the dinner that's a ritual on every cruise ship. This would be the Captain's Dinner, of course.

Every woman is dressed to the nines tonight. Many of them make a sensational entrance to the rapidly filling dining room via the piano bar staircase. They pause midway on the stairs for some quick candids. They act like they enjoy being dressed up and they know they are looking hot. Even we hombres are more spruced up tonight.

Some of the girls are sitting at the head of their tables, holding court like the royalty they are. Their companions have their heads frozen in their direction, even as they eat.

The Captain stands at the foot of the stairs, mike in hand, and makes a speech in his accented English. He thanks us all for the "good" atmosphere and attitude we've brought to his ship all week. There's a pause for laughter and applause to his understatement of the century. "Long life to SCORE magazine," is his concluding toast. Here, here!

Waiters bring trays filled with complimentary champagne. At a table with Jake, Vinnie and Joe, we toast SCORE and this cruise with a bottle of red wine. Northeasterners Vinnie and Joe say how especially impressed they've



After Danni did her thing on the beach, it was back to the ship for some boat drinks by the bar with Heather. A cruise virgin, Heather always seemed to be around, night and day, naked or clothed, alone or with a crowd. Count on her for next April's cruise. It wouldn't be the same without her!

"A pretty babe all burning bright did appear." —Robert Southwell



VANESSA'S DIARY:

"The best time! It was grand! To all of my special friends, I miss you! We had a great time, didn't we? Partying on the beach, then late at night—a girl couldn't ask for a better week! I hope to see all of you guys when Fae and I come to the States. I'll be calling you. Stay by your phones and we'll get together, okay? I want to say we'll have as much fun as we did on the Boob Cruise, but I think that's impossible, don't you? It really was a time to remember."

A full-page photograph of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a towel on her head and sunglasses on her forehead, posing nude on a blue beach chair. She is sitting with her legs spread wide, and her hands are resting on her thighs. The background shows a sandy beach with some greenery.

VANESSA

SEA TALES

"My favorite model. Natural, easy to talk to and very cooperative. She takes time to get to know you as a person and lets you do the same to her. A friendly, genuine person. Getting to know girls like Vanessa is what the Boob Cruise is all about!"—L.N., Bellevue, Washington

"Sweet and friendly with a great smile and an incredible, natural figure. She was wonderful!"

—Name and address withheld by request

IdMags.net

SHIP'S LOG

been with Candee. She's easy to talk to, a sweetie, a pleasure to hang with.

There's an empty seat at our table. Erika makes it to the dining room, looking out-of-this-world in a silver minidress. Those legs! Joe, Vinnie and Jake mentally will her to sit down at our table, and she does.

The ship's power conks out and the dining room goes black. A line of waiters march through the dark room, carrying flaming trays. It's another cruise ship custom, the parade of the Baked Alaskas. No one trips.

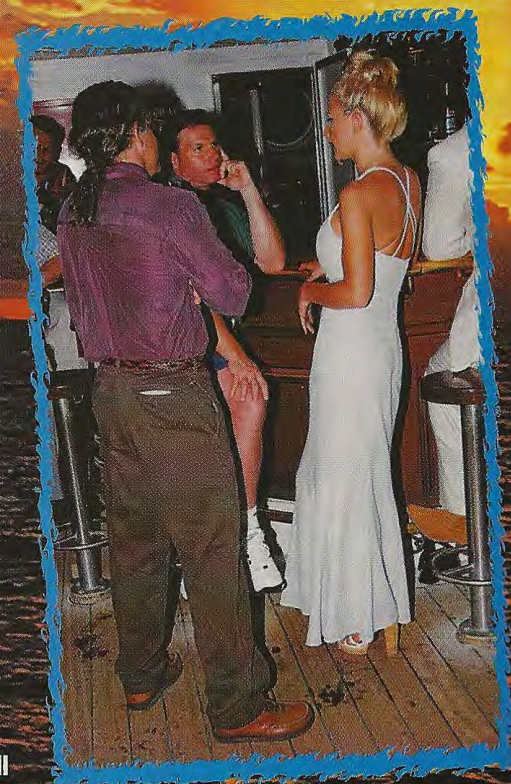
After din-din, we buckle our swashes and head to the bar for a breath of night sea air, a drink, some hanging out and boobie picture-taking. Tonight we'll witness the gyrations of Heather, Fantasia, and Casey and Europe as "The Cookie Connection."

The talent show gets underway an hour later. Dan does a fancy soft shoe, Allen juggles and Warren tells the longest pussy joke ever written. You guys are great, but enough, Mon! Bring on the girls!

Heather is first, bounding onstage wearing a ruffled calypso dress. She's quick moving, all over the platform, a great dancer with expressive hands. Parts of her dress are whipped off to the sexy calypso music until she's fully nude. She polishes the heads of ringsiders with her tits, then takes a pink bottle and squirts white cream all over her boobs, rubbing the goo in until her tits shine in the spotlights. Now on the deck with her legs spread, she squirts the cream on her sparsely furred pussy. Oh, mamma!

Crooking her finger at a random but lucky cruisesmate brings him onstage. He lies on his back. Heather's boobs massage his face. She sits on his crotch and makes bouncy. Goo is poured on his stomach. She tit-rubs it in. For the finale, he rubs cream on her back and ass.

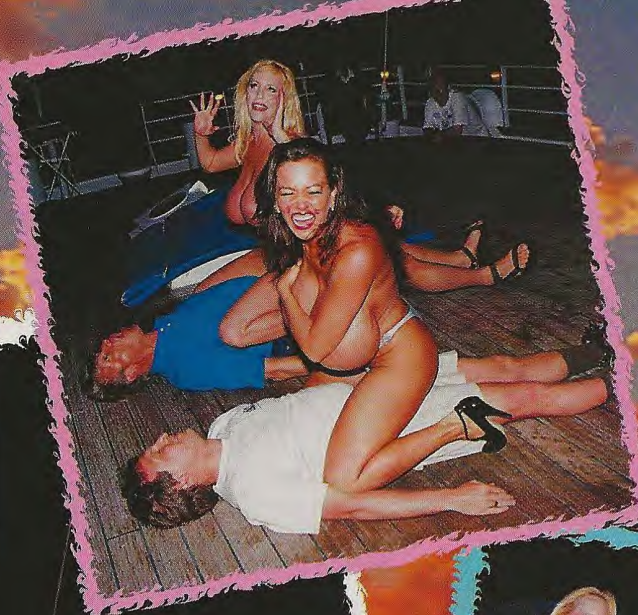
And then it's time for Fantasia, clad in a black vinyl minidress that doesn't cover her G-string. Long gloves end above her elbows. She has a good time with the ringsiders, "busting" their faces and sticking their noses in the crack of her ass.

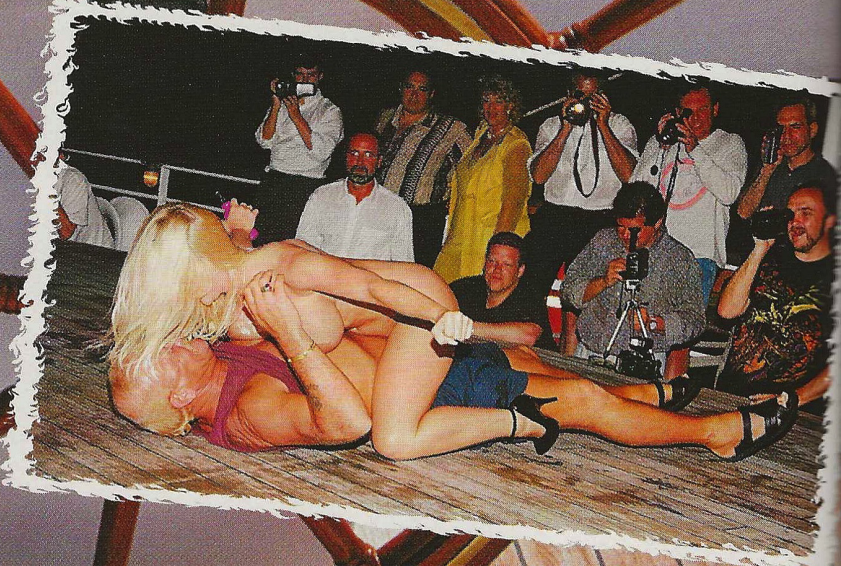


If dining with gorgeous, busty babes dressed to kill sounds like a pretty cool way to spend an evening, Thursday night's Captain's Dinner was the place to be! And, here's a hint for next year's cruisegeers: Don't be shy about asking a model if you can escort her to dinner. It worked for J.R. from San Diego, California (above), and this lucky guy got SaRenna Lee!



From formality to fondling! After dinner, the good clothes came off, and it was back to shorts, T-shirts and...the Cookie Connection! Europe DiChan and Casey James gave everybody aboard ship a good dose of their duo act! Now, if you're the shy type, you can kick back on the ship's rail and take as many pictures as you want. However, if you're the more...ummm...interactive type, here's another hint for next April's cruise: When a gal with really huge breasts asks for volunteers, don't just raise your hand. Run on out there and assume the position! You can thank us later!





Heaven on earth is a hard-on and Heather Hooters. European *SCORE*-man G.W. can vouch for that as he was the lucky guy who got to help Heather with her dance show!

"A blonde to make a bishop kick a hole in a stained glass window."—Raymond Chandler

DANNI'S DIARY:



DANNI

SEA TALES

"The cream of the crop! Hands down the photographers' favorite meal. She loves the lens and the lens loves her. Just point a camera at her and she turns on the charm—just five minutes around her and you want to take her home with you."—M.Y.,
Detroit, Michigan.

SHIP'S LOG

Stripping down, Fantasia lights a candle in a glass jar. A layer of melted wax forms. She raises the jar and her wax show is underway.

To cap off the dancing come Europe and Casey, "The Cookie Connection." They're dressed in matching black hats and short jackets, like private investigators. They dance in perfect harmony with each other.

Moving like tumblers, Europe and Casey do a synchronized, full cartwheel. Bet money that Casey's mega-tits would hinder her acrobatics and you'd lose. Her agility is amazing.

Europe calls for volunteers. The guy next to me puts down his camcorder and rushes in. I grab it and start shooting. There's going to be some fun and games on stage and I don't want him to miss it. SaRenna is the third volunteer to go up.

They get on their knees and are blindfolded. The girls put "grabber" sticks in their hands. You open and close the handle like scissors and jaws on the tip do likewise.

Casey and Europe wet marshmallows and stick them on their big nipples. The sightless volunteers have to snare a marshmallow with their sticks.

The game begins. It's impossible and very funny. The jaws of the grabbers slide around the big tits but they just can't find the marshmallows. Finally, a cruismate snags one. This final stage routine of the cruise made for a lot of laughs. The deck is strewn with dying marshmallows.

Back to the bar for another late night *SCORE* party. It's really the last hurrah. After this blastoff, the parties back home will seem like high school nonsense to all of us. On the aft deck, some girls and passengers talk and cuddle as they recline in the romantic starlight.

Your internal clock adjusts to the ship's. The first day moved at a slower pace. Now we have just one last full day together...tomorrow.



Thursday was the last night of exotic dancing and all of the guys were geared up! Fantasia didn't disappoint! Her wax show was... "hot!" But, if you ask all the guys, it was those up-close-and-personal, mmmm-nice-smell moments that they truly appreciated!



SEX-DIRECT *Personals*

STRAIGHT WOMEN

HOW'S THE WEATHER IN YOUR WORLD?

#4383
Hi, I'm 21yo, 5'5", bl/bl, & 36D. I want a big man, about 6', and 200lbs. Someone who gets respect just because of his size. A "Paul Bunyon" looking man. When he's on top of me, I want to know it. No pointexters, please!

TWAT TUNE-UP!!

#6365
SO bi-sexual woman who craves oral & kinky sex, like myself. Insatiable appetite, so you must be ready to perform for prolonged periods, reach multiple orgasms & have that twat tuned up & raring to go!

WANNA LEARN TOGETHER?

#6959
Attractive w/sexy smile & cute dimples. ISO feminine lady who takes care of her appearance & knows how to use her body. Perhaps we could teach each other new things or learn together. Call anytime.

EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD: MY MOUTH!

#5109
My best asset is definitely my mouth, it perform wonders. Full figured woman, red headed, dark brown eyes & 5'11". ISO a tall, dark, White male to join me at night. We can start with long walks & quiet romantic moments. Then we can enjoy steamy, wet & hot nights, fucking repeatedly.

THR33SOMES, OR MORE SOMES?

#5790
Round firm tits and a dynamite body. Pretty much open to everything wild & kinky. Turned on by oral, anal, massages, bondage & what gets you off. Threesomes or more somes are also a possibility. Give me a call, we will have lots of fun.

I'LL BE YOUR PRIVATE DANCER

#6690
Hard tight body, tiny little waist and very petite. Ex-dancer and would love to strip for you, exclusively. Rimming my back door, oral, toys & massages all work for me. Turning you on turns me on. Must be energetic and somewhat discreet. Cum on and call, I'm waiting.

NOT ON MARS!!!!



#4976
br/bl, 5'1", 116lbs & gorgeous eyes. I would be happy to share a bubble bath with you. I need a guy who will take me for who I am & who is down to earth. P.S. I wet my pants over a guy with shoulder length hair.

A PRIVATE PLACE TO PLAY

Sex-Direct takes you where the action is! Combining sensual user-friendliness with a state-of-the-art voice mail system, Sex-Direct links you with others of similar sexual interests. NO HASSLES! With an engorged national database and new ads from people like you cumming on line everyday Sex-Direct is an active, growing, exciting way to fulfill your basic needs and desires. From heterosexual and bisexual, single women and men to couples and alternative lifestyles Sex-Direct appeals to all genders and desires. Have fun, and play safe!

RESPOND TO ADS, PLACE YOUR OWN AD, BROWSE AROUND OR ENTER A SPECIFIC AREA CODE. ALWAYS NEW ADS!



I'LL MAKE YOU MELT!

#6556
Hi guys, I've got a body that will make you melt. What drives me crazy is anal, oral, straight, sensual m a s s a g e s & t o y s . T w a t t h a t w a r m & r e a d y b a c k d o o r t h a t a l w a y s w e l -



comes delivery. Do you have any new moves, styles or positions we might share together? If so, get in touch.

DEFINITELY SAFE SEX!

#8004
Looking for some phone pals for some hot chat. We can talk dirty to each other & help each other get off, over the phone. Talking about safe sex, it does not get any safer. Give me a call, I would luv to talk to you!

ISO DOMINANT BLACK MALE

#8881
Hey guys, I'm a nice blend of 1/2 Italian & 1/2 Puerto Rican. Dark brown hair, big brown eyes & exquisite body. My ideal man would be dominant, Afro-American, 6'+, 18-20yo, with a gorgeous well equipped body. If this is you, call... I'm waiting.

as someone worshipping my ass with all their equipment. Give me a call and do not let all that talent waste away. I will receive as much as you are willing to give.

1ST WE WILL MEET & GREET!

#8936
Bi sexual lady craving another lady's gentle touch, deep massaging & tantalizing tongue. I'm a bubbly, brunette w/brown eyes. If you like we can meet & greet. Then we will get down to some eating & treating each other, in the way we have become accustomed to. Are you ready?



I'LL BITE YOU SLOW...

#2819
Hair down to my ass, blue eyes that talk to you & a desirable body. I adore sucking dick, I do it slow & bite you before you cum, making you last longer and explode at the end. You never tried anything like it, guaranteed.

YES MY PHONE RINGS ALL THE WAY UPSTAIRS, I'M NOT CRAZY!

#4261
5'1", br/br, olive skin & tight wet coochie. I'm an exhibitionist, who loves phone fucking. So if you are @ the phone booth across the street calling me & looking into my living room as I masturbate, you have succeeded in fulfilling a fantasy. Cool huh? I want a man with long brown hair who make me cum & cum & cum!!!!!!!!!!!!

BE AWARE...CURVES AHEAD

#1678
Hi, I have bl/br eyes, very cute lips & a long, curvy body. I enjoy anal, mutual masturbation, oral, massages. ISO someone

w/same taste, who's not afraid of new adventures.

DIGGIN' A DOUBLE

#5125
Check out my gorgeous green eyes, long black hair & sensual body. This bi-crazy lady wants to find an open minded girl to share wild nights. I dig double penetration & wouldn't mind couples to engage in 3-somes.

WHAT ARE U LOOKING AT, GIRL?

#2506
Very sexy, very erotic & very sensual blonde w/big baby blues. I get into watching & being watched and want to meet someone open minded, who loves the city.



BI WOMEN

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#9178
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SEA TALES

Continued from page 9

the aisle, Valerie Fields a couple of rows ahead—girls everywhere. Sort of a mind-numbing vision, isn't it?

Once we were on the ground, we packed a bus to the ship terminal and walked up the gangplank to a magnificent tall ship, the Star Clipper. I spent as much time greeting other cruise veterans and rookies as I did saying "hello" to my favorite SCORE cruise beauties. "Sing for me, Chuck," says Traci Topps. "Umn, have another rum punch, Traci, and be careful balancing on your stool there," I tease in reply. The tropical bar onboard the ship is manic with calypso music and rapid fire chatter. A glance at my cabin (teakwood and portholes everywhere and a Jacuzzi tub) and an awed glance at the eight-foot-long food buffet has me both thanking and warning John Fox (SCORE's editor-in-chief) at the same time. "You've really raised the bar on accommodations and food, John." "I know," he says with a big grin. "Isn't it great?" I wander down the hallways and Busty Dusty pulls me and another passenger into the doorway of her room. "Check this out," she says. "We've got luggage stacked to the ceiling in this room." And sure enough, at two feature dancers per cabin, they do. Dusty laughs, "God, it's the first night and I've already got two guys in my room!" We shake our heads, grin like idiots, and sidestep back upstairs, somewhat embarrassed.

The next six days become a fluid meditation of wine, women, song and sun as we sail through St. Vincent and the Grenadines in the ides of March. (By the way, thanks John and everybody at SCORE for going to the extra expense to get us out of hurricane season!) Every day presents the SCORE Fantasy Cruise dream: Incredible photograph and video opportunities abound seemingly round the clock, and the firepower brought aboard by the passengers exceeds that of some of the pro photographers shooting for SCORE. It took less than an hour on board the ship for clothes to come off, as Europe DiChan (whom we affectionately call "Herr General" for her organization of the models) leads all the girls in a "Show us your boobs" intro on opening night.

The next day, I flick on the boombox and lay out on the aft deck to soak in the equatorial rays. When I come to a

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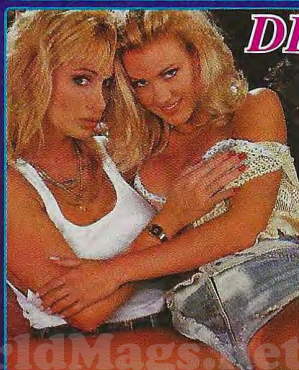
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few minutes later, I'm surrounded by lovely, naked women: Valerie Fields to one side, the youthful Linsey Dawn McKenzie to another. The cruise is loaded with moments like these. As I hammer awkwardly away at the white grand piano one evening, SaRenna Lee lays on the piano in front of me (that girl has serious, ummm, charisma!). It's an overwhelming moment for the recovering Catholic that I am 'cause I'm trying very hard not to look up her dress. But it's impossible not to and, furthermore, SaRenna wants you to! Later that evening, my roomie and I drink champagne with Fae and her megawatt smile and personality until we're all giggling and bubbly. We're not talking minutes of interaction with these girls either—it's more like hours!

Perhaps you're starting to get a fuzzy image of what it must be like. But I'm telling you, this cruise will *always* exceed that. Volleyball on the beach with naked models, poetry and stars with Chloe, getting dragged in a banana boat with the nutty Sana Fey (who thrives on nudity and fun) and Fantasia, spending all night trying to guess who in the hell sang *Love Is In The Air* with Heather Hooters, dancing the rhumba with Angelique, looking through the plexiglass windows from the bar up into the pool at a naked Nicole Tyler (that was worth the price of admission alone!), listening to the cock-stiffening Yorkshire smooth voice of Vanessa in a skin-tight green dress, witnessing the mind-boggling mammaries of Casey James, lusting in great degrees for the exotic-dancing nurse show of Candee Andes, using your audible locator beacon to search out the source of Brittany Andrews' unusual laugh, reveling in the bodily perfections of Erika Everest and, most of all, sharing in the surrealism of it all with your fellow passengers who represent every facet of every industry in every country. Many of us treated ourselves to an Asian massage each day to ease the strain of muscles tired from neck craning and overactive grins. Even the *SCORE* staff onboard, who work every day with pictures of the girls, couldn't contain their smiles and awe...and you know who you are!

We, the passengers, do solemnly thank *SCORE* for providing an homage to the most beautiful big-bust models in the world, an opportunity for the common man to get up close and personal to raw sensuality in the way Hefner's 1960's and 1970's mansion parties never could. The point I'm



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trying to make is that if you've never sailed with us, save your money, go into debt, do whatever possible to join us on the next one! The tall ship sailing in exotic locales provides a wondrous backdrop for memories, photos and video, but the girls are the dessert and the meal all in one.

To you lovely ladies, bless you and your unbelievable bodies and dynamic personalities. Each of you surprise me each and every time, and make me thrilled to be a male voyeur. I think I'll make it three, *SCORE*. See you there!—C.S., Madison, Wisconsin

A Note From Fantasia

Dear *SCORE*:

I want to thank everybody at *SCORE* for inviting me to be a part of the fabulous Boob Cruise with *SCORE*. It was a great adventure. It was also wonderful to finally meet everyone along with the girls. You were all a great pleasure to spend a week with.

Thank you for everything!

I was just in Toronto (Canada) dancing and one of the passengers from the cruise showed up at the club to visit me. What a small world!

Thanks again! You guys are the best! All my love.—Fantasia

Only Death Might Keep Me Away Next Year!

Dear *SCORE*:

Thank you *SCORE* for a wonderful week. I don't want to take up too much of your time, but I wanted to tell you how much I loved the Fantasy Cruise, especially the beach parties and barbecue. How can you make it better? Make it a month long! I'll see you next year. Only my own death *might* keep me away!—E.M., Garden City, New York

Next Year Bring Plenty Of Film! You'll Need It!

Dear *SCORE*:

As I look back upon the Fantasy Cruise, I can't think of anything I didn't like about the cruise except Saturday morning...when it was over!

There were so many things to like about the cruise. I enjoyed all the water sports—diving, snorkeling, banana boat, wind surfing, rolling around on an inflatable whale with Fantasia (is that a water sport?). That's my opinion but, if you ask some of my cruise-mates, they might tell you that they thought I enjoyed chow-time the most.

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BUSTY BABES IN HEAT 8

Three scorching vignettes with none of that filler bullshit that wastes your time!! **Summer Cummings** and **Skye Blue** get down and dirty in a lesbian ass fuck fest with dildos and a kinky face cock strap on so they can eat and fuck pussy at the same time!! Incredible!! **Mesha Lynn** (above) and **Sophie Staxx** also steam up your screen with oodles of raunchy scrumpin'!

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HOLLYWOOD OR BUST

Find out what happens in the gorgeous hills of Hollywood when three boner buddies place an ad seeking actresses with some very large parts!! Answering their call for pleasure are **Kim Chambers** (above), **Roxy Rider**, **Ashley Renee**, **Davia**, and **Mesha Lynn**....they all happily get together for an ass pumpin', pussy squirtin', grand ole orgy fucking good time!!!

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Featuring the mysterious dark haired beauty **Lilli Xene** (above) with **Jay Sweet** in hot girl/girl and threesome action!! Also features **Europe DiChan**, **Jay Milo**, and nobody doesn't like **Sarah Lee**!! It is pure sex from beginning to end featuring the sexiest big titters in the industry.

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Have you heard of **Cindy Fulsom** yet? She's fast becoming the world's most famous big tit superstar, following in the footsteps of her fucksuccessful sister, **Zena**. But are her goods good enough to catapult her out of the voluminous shadow of her big sis? Judge for yourself as Cindy tries her damndest to outfuck her sister's famous legacy. These tits are huge!!

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BUSTY DEBUTANTES #3

We won't waste time with plot description, cuz when you hear this one stars Brazilian bombshell **Angelique** (above), along with Marilyn lookalike **SaRenna Lee**, plus **Rocki Rhodes**, and **Sarah Lee**, you'll be dialing our 800 toll free number faster than you can say gimme some hot poolside girl/girl action and tonsa ballsdeep hardcore with the sexiest, sluttiest, slim and stacked babes in the entire friggin' world!!!

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DUKE OF KNOCKERS #2

Following suit of another one of our award winners, "Duke of Knockers", this saucy sequel features superstars **Busty Brittany** (above), **Leanne Lovelace**, **Honey Moons**, **Letha Weapons**, and **Minka**, all trying to outscREW, outblow, outlick, outfuck each other in an attempt to be the next big tit Duchess of Knockers. Loads of cum, loads of fun!!! Winner of Adult Video News Best Big Bust Specialty Film 1996, you just won't forgive yourself if you miss this flick!!!

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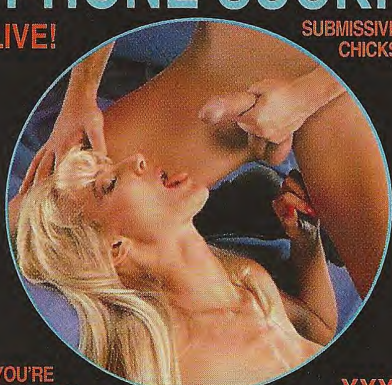
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I was a hearty eater.

The photo opportunities were more than I expected. It was film that was in short supply. I left home with 10 rolls of film and managed to acquire about 15 more during the trip. The ship's store ran out by the second or third day of the cruise.

There was always so much going on that sometimes it was hard to keep track of what was going to be happening next. This isn't exactly a complaint, though. It was nice to discover some unexpected activities going on. The SCORE staff went far beyond the call of duty to try to ensure that everyone had a great time. I appreciate that, in spite of the fact that many of the staff were there primarily to make sure that the magazine continues to have great photo layouts, they seemed to make every effort to make the passengers seem like part of the SCORE Team.

Now, for the two important questions you asked on your survey:

1) How can you make the next cruise better? You can put me and SaRenna Lee in the same cabin!

2) If SCORE does another Cruise, will I go? No doubt about it. I'm just a little worried that this question starts with "if" rather than "when." The Fantasy Cruise was the best investment of time and money I've ever made!—D.B., San Antonio, Texas

The Best Vacation Ever!

Dear SCORE:

You asked for my input on Fantasy Cruise '97, and here it is...The cruise lived up to my expectations. I had plenty of time to mix with the models, talk to them and get to know them as people. I think getting to know the models is the best part of the cruise. It was great being able to relax on the beach with the models. I also liked the shows they did. This gives people who live in areas that the models don't or can't travel to a chance to see their acts.

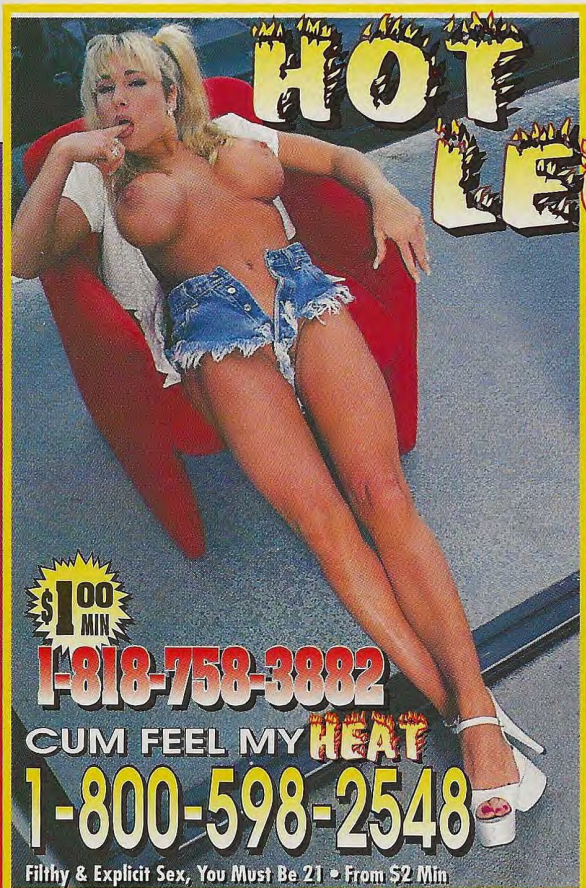
Thanks to all of the girls, especially SaRenna Lee who, in my humble opinion, was the best on the boat! I'll definitely come on another cruise. It was my best vacation ever.—W.P., San Francisco, California

In A Word... "Unbelievable"

Dear SCORE:

I'd like to say a big "Thank you" to SCORE for a fantastic week. There is not a day that I'm not thinking about it. I took terrific photos of beautiful

Continued on page 85



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It's time for the passenger photo contest. Some very skilled photographers join us on the Fantasy Cruise each year, "amateurs" only in the sense that they *choose* to do something besides photography for a living.

This year, first prize and \$300 go to cruismate M.K. of Iserlohm, Germany for capturing this beautiful image (above) of SaRenna Lee in the Tobago Cays. M.K. used a Canon EOS 5 camera, a polarizer filter and Kodak Gold 100 negative film. When notified that he had won first place, M.K. said, "I can't believe it! Put the prize toward next year's cruise." That can be arranged, M.K. Your photograph is a classical pose of a majestic model in an idyllic setting. Simplistic yet elegant. Congratulations...see ya in Antigua where you'll defend your title!

2



PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Second place and \$200 go to R.V.E. of Belgium for his photograph of Angelique, above. The brown-skinned Brazilian beauty against a gin-clear, lagoon backdrop presents a powerful photographic image of a day in paradise. The technical perfection of a tack-sharp transparency combined with the artful composition of this image won the judges' votes.

Finishing out of the money, but in the running, was R.L. of The Netherlands. He used an Olympus IS300 Professional camera body, a 35-180 zoom lens and Ektachrome 100ASA transparency film to single out Fantasia during Tuesday's pro cover shoot, right. A year's subscription to *SCORE* is R.L.'s reward.

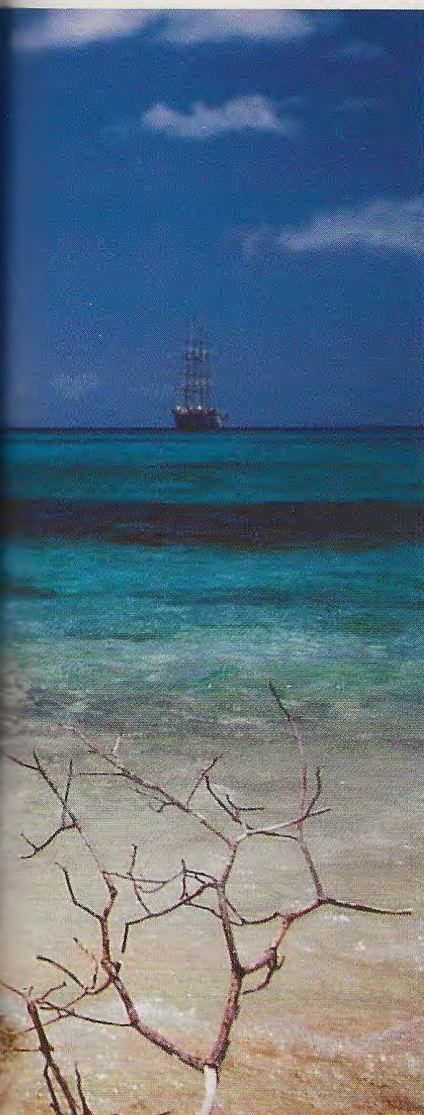
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H.E. of Germany (recently relocated to Portugal—"the California of Europe," he told us) wins third place and \$100 for this "big picture," above, of Linsey Dawn McKenzie. In this technically brilliant print, H.E., a master photographer who won first place in the Fantasy Cruise photo contest the previous two years, captured the essential elements of the Fantasy Cruise—a beautiful girl, a secluded beach, a tropical sea and a majestic sailing ship. *Paradise*. J.O. of Bristol, Tennessee wins a year's subscription to *SCORE* for his image of Minka, left. Dressed for dinner (and sans panties), Minka presented the perfect sunset photo subject.

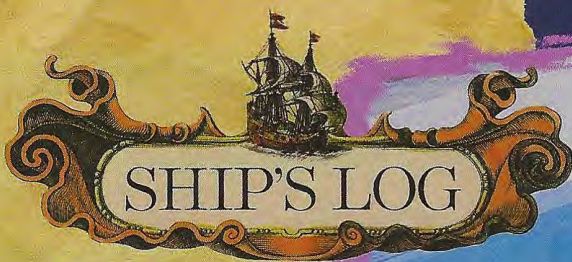
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6

Fifth place and another year's subscription to *SCORE* go to R.L. of The Netherlands for his shot, above, of Brittany Andrews. Sixth place goes to T.G. of the U.K. for his print, left, of Heather Hooters hamming it up in the Star Clipper's rigging. Thirteen big issues of *SCORE* are coming your way too. Congratulations to all and thanks to everyone for contributing.

So, who's the winner of our guess how many rolls of film were shot on Fantasy Cruise '97 contest? B.B. of Pennsylvania, who guessed 5,960. The exact amount was 5,940. Close enough B.B. Your prize? An official *SCORE* overnight bag, the same as the models carried on Boob Cruise '97. Enjoy.



SHIP'S LOG

"Of a good beginning cometh a good end."—John Heywood

Friday, April 4, 1997

The last day of our voyage. Go for all the gusto you can boys, and drink it up. This is it.

Six a.m. The Star Clipper drops anchor in Wallilabo Bay off the volcanic island of St. Vincent.

SaRenna, Traci, Valerie and Linsey face a strenuous morning with a photo expedition to the Falls of Baleine, on the northwestern side of St. Vincent.

Cruisemates and models who also wanted to visit the Falls signed up independently. A local charter service will take them via speed boat to the falls. Otherwise you can just take it easy and relax on the ship.

The deck is quietly busy as the pros gather their gear. We board the tender for more of a hop than a ride to a chartered sport fisherman at idle off the Star Clipper. Linking up, we carefully make the transfer.

The roaring ride to the Falls of Baleine takes around 30 minutes at top speed along the coast, giving us time to clear away our sleepiness. The mountainous scenery and the large homes are spectacular.

Back on board, the Baleine Falls cruisemates and models are picked up by smaller speed boats. That done, the ship moves on to Young Island. Tender rides will also be available to Duvernette Island, a good snorkeling area directly opposite Young Island. There's no shortage of things to do on the Fantasy Cruise, that's for sure.

We approach Baleine, a foreboding place with high cliffs covered by forest. There's no place for our boat to dock, so we anchor off and take a rubber dinghy to shore, four at a time, jump out and then wade through the vigorous surf cameras held high.

On the bow of the boat, Linsey will

Continued on page 89



Our last day! And, everybody was geared up to make it one to remember.

By the way, anybody know whose nipple this is?

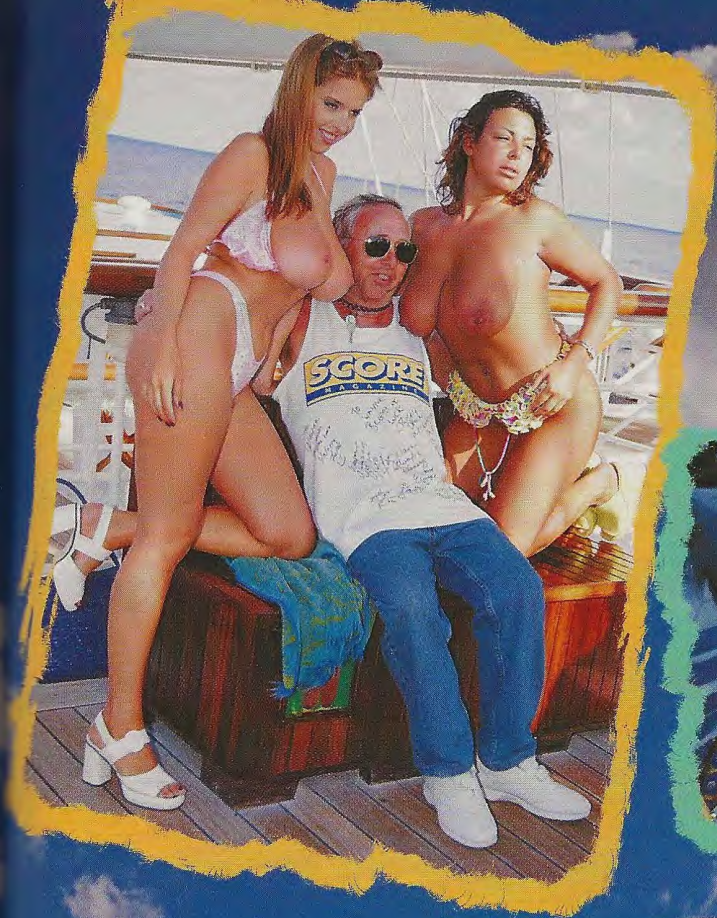
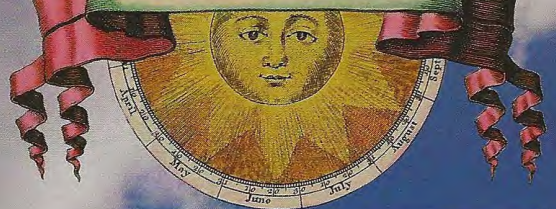
You've seen her throughout this special issue, but we'll give you a hint: It belongs to the pussy on page 94!

And, the first person who writes in and tells us who the girl is gets a free **SCORE**

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FRIDAY
APRIL 4



While much of Friday afternoon was spent relaxing and using up those last few minutes of videotape and rolls of film, many passengers and some models spent the morning hours at The Falls of Baleine on St. Vincent. Easily, the most difficult photo shooting of the week, boats had to be chartered just to get there and, once at the Falls, the landscape was treacherous and foreboding. However, the pictures taken of Traci, SaRenna and Valerie proved to be some of the most memorable, for both passengers and SCORE's own pro lensmen.

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SEA TALES

Continued from page 76

girls. The food, the ship, the islands—everything was unbelievable. Sorry my English is not good enough to write down everything I think about the cruise. But, you can be sure I'll never forget this week in paradise. —M.K., Iserlohn, Germany

I Never Dreamed Such A Fantasy Was Possible!

Dear SCORE:

I wanted to comment on the cruise and the girls but it's not easy, as every time I try to write about the girls, it seems to turn into a love letter each time. Here it goes anyway with some comments on just a few of the girls.

SaRenna Lee: Unbelievable! A perfection of a happy smile and such a luminous complexion all over. I couldn't have imagined a woman this beautiful existed in the world had I not seen her in person. Like a treasured fine porcelain.

Busty Dusty: A natural good nature that pleased everyone too. She gave me her Sudafed on Monday that saved the week for me. Love her for it.

Traci Topps: So cute to see. Makes daydreams so pleasant—like seeing her head on my shoulder (I pull the pillow over the shoulder so it is soft for her) and we talk of happy tomorrows until she sleeps before I do. A baby kiss on her forehead makes a smile flicker on her peaceful composure. My God, I've died and gone to heaven!

Heather Hooters (aka Heather Honey): A delightful lady. I fell madly in love with her. We have no choice in these things, you know. The few times in a life that the magic is there and you know the experience never goes away. I would kill or be killed if there really was a dragon after her!

As for the cruise, I enjoyed everything I let myself do. The name "Fantasy Cruise" is right on the mark. The setting could not have been better. The four-masted clipper ship contributed to this and as guests we were given superb service in all respects.

I was impressed with the models' obvious delight in being admired by all in such a healthy way. You can count on me for next time. The cruise is definitely a once-in-a-lifetime experience that we can do over and over. Thank you for making such a fantasy possible. —K.G., Fairport, New York



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SEPTEMBER '93—Lisa Lipps and Wendy Whoppers in a HOT 12-page spread; Kayla Kleeavage, Crystal Topps, Michelle Willings, Fawn Miller and Roberta Pedon.



NOVEMBER '93—LuLu Devine and Topsy Curvey (dual pictorial and interviews), Alexis Love, Lisa Chest, Chloe Vevrier, Jay Milo, Cathy Patrick and Legend Crystal Starr.



SEPTEMBER '94—Interview and pictorial featuring Pandora Peaks, Tina Cheri, Lilli & Natalia in a girl-girl layout, Magda, Erin Ireland, Shanelle Staxx, Legend Series: Jewel Coley.



MAY '95—Ava Lustra; Michelle Willings & Rhonda Baxter in girl-girl; Casey James interview and pictorial; Winona Lind; Legend Pauline Hickey; Skye Blue and Mimi Miyagi.



JULY '95—Angelique, Lilli Xene pictorial & interview, Bonnie Banks, Special "Nice Ass" pictorial, Tiffany Towers & Tawny Peaks in a special girl-girl pictorial plus Jay Sweet!



MARCH '96—The infamous "Boob Cruise" issue featuring shot-on-location pictorials of all 13 covergirls. All the behind the scenes information. The next best thing to being there.



APRIL '96—Minka and her new, bigger boobs! Taylor Marie's newest pictorial and exclusive interview. Busty Brianna, Brittany Andrews in a hot boy-girl and Topsy Curvey!



MAY '96—Covergirl Colt 45 goes tit to tit with Deena Dooz, Virginia Fuslorn, Alexis Love, Panty Raid pictorial, Alyssa Alps, Jordan St. James, Tina Louise. A guide to anal sex.



JUNE '96—Covergirls Danni Ashe & SaRenna Lee in girl-girl, Asian F-cupper Kellei, Bodacious Babbette, Becky Sunshine, Nikki Knockers, Vanessa and Coree Monroe.



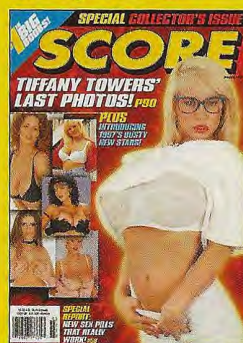
JULY '96—Exclusive interview and pictorial with Pandora Peaks, plus Traci Teezee, Summer Cummings & Skye Blue, Anna Amore, and gorgeous newcummer Cindy Lee.



JAN. '97—Special holiday issue with FREE big bust gift tags! Starring Colt 45, Tawny Peaks, a girl-girl with Brittany Andrews and Lisa Ann, plus three brand new discoveries!



FEB. '97—Covergirl Alyssa Alps' encore, Plenty UpTopp, Devin DeRay, new natural Dawn, English superstar Teresa, Lisa Lipps on-stage and a special guide to body piercing!



MARCH '97—Collector's Issue! Tiffany Towers' last photos! Plus debuts of Jarmilla, Brandi Young, Betty Boobs, new photos of Traci Teezee, Vanessa and Rocki Roads on-stage.



APRIL '97—First photos of exotic superstar Barocca, Dixie Bubbles, Linsey Dawn McKenzie, Candy Andes, plus Alexis Love and girl-girl with the Tylers—Karen and Nicole!

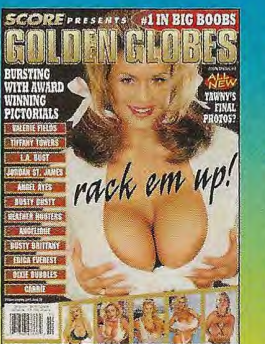


MAY '97—Covergirl Nikki Knockers, Sana Fey getting fucked and Europe's hottest babe Lolo Ferrari. Plus a big bra show and tell with Danni Ashe and three gorgeous SCORE debuts.

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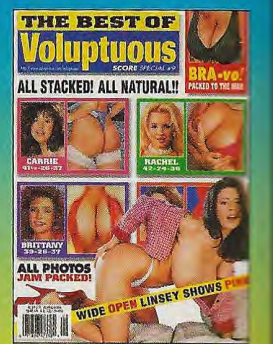
BUSTY COVERGIRLS—A new pictorial of superstar SaRenna Lee, plus Letha Weapons, Tiffany Towers, Tawny Peaks, Angelique, Lilli Xene, Trinity, Minka, Alice & Mandy, more! 100% photos!



GOLDEN GLOBES—Brand New Tawny Peaks, Valerie Fields, Tiffany Towers, L.A. Bust, Angel Ayes, Heather Hooters, Busty Dusty, Angelique, Dixie Bubbles and more!



THE BEST OF VOLUPTUOUS—SCORE SPECIAL #6—Twenty of Voluptuous' best pictorials including Rhonda Baxter, Devon Daniels, Candy Kane, plus a new layout featuring Lisa Miller.



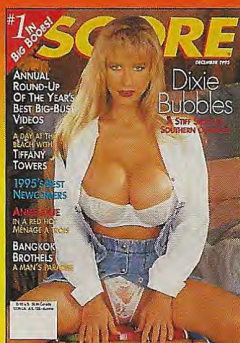
THE BEST OF VOLUPTUOUS—SCORE SPECIAL #9—Sixteen great layouts from previous issues, including Carrie, Rachel Love and new, spread photos of Linsey Dawn McKenzie.



AUGUST '95—Covergirls Ava & Kayla in girl/girl, Letha Weapons, Alice, Andie Stewart, Lisa Lipps, Legends Keisha, Indiana's Bare Ass Bash, Raising Your Stud Status!



NOVEMBER '95—Covergirl Tawny Peaks' first boy-girl, 18-year-old Carrie, Angel Eyes, Europe DiChan in her raunchiest interview ever, Poppy Rae, and Tonisha Mills.



DECEMBER '95—Sexy southern covergirl Dixie Bubbles, Tiffany Towers, Rebecca Winters, Monique, Moving Violations, menage a trois with Angelique and Busty Brittany.



JANUARY '96—Special bikini issue! Angelique, Ava Lustra, Olivia, Jordan St. James, Busty Dusty, Erica Everest interview, Teresa, and hot outtakes of Thunder Boobs!



FEBRUARY '96—Covergirl Heather Hooters, L.A. Bust, Casey James, Lilli Xene, Candy Can Can, Maxine Monroe, Marsha Melons and Victoria Van. Five hot debuts!



AUG. '96—Special Olympic sticker, plus Lisa Lipps, Natalia, Lisa Ann Corpora, Heather Hooters, and a hirsute girl-girl with Chloe and Rocki Roads, where Chloe gets shaved!



SEPT. '96—Girl-girl with Minka and Angelique, Angel Eyes, Fantasia, Bonnie Banks, Miss Nude USA Nicole Tyler, plus a XXX interview and new pictorial of Kayla Kleeavage!



OCT. '96—Covergirl Summer Leigh, Busty Dusty, Rachel Rocketts, interview with Melody Foxxe, 18-year-old Karisha, Vicky Vann, Kascha and Candy Cantaloupes.



NOV. '96—Seven hot debuts! Tianna Thomas, Dawn, Karen Tyler, Madison Moons, Roxy Rider, Samantha and an interview with sexy redhead Sana Fey!



DEC. '96—The unveiling of Linsey Dawn McKenzie, plus newcomers Hunter Love and Leah, J.R. Carrington on-stage, Jesse James, Sally Layd, Jay Sweet and Rocki Roads!



JUNE '97—Traci Topps, The Best Of Lisa Chest, Busty Brianna, Whitney Wonders and Alyssa Alps goes down on Heather Hooters. Plus Nov. '96 Dawn and newcummer Angelica!



JULY '97—Chloe and SaRenna finally get it on! Letha Weapons lost photos, Bambi, Honey Melons, Lisa Lipps plus Tina Cheri on stage. Introducing a new, natural Russian superstar!



AUGUST '97—Busty Dusty, the Scandalous girls, Alana Barbie, Angelique, Katie, newcummer Davia, porn superstar Jenna Jameson on-stage and Ms. Nude Galaxy crowned!



SEPTEMBER '97—Covergirl Sable Holiday's debut, Wendy Whoppers return, the best of L.A. Bust, XXX with Roxy Rider, Heather Hooters on stage plus three more newcummers!



OCTOBER '97—Rocki Roads encore! Plus Shanelle Staxx, Candy Can Can, Jay Sweet, Misty Mountains, a pictorial and interview with Holly Body and featuring a brand new African import!

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SHIP'S LOG

Continued from page 82

be photographed by LaSala. Valerie, SaRenna and Traci will work with Steve Berlyn, Viv Thomas and Peter Wall by the Falls. National Geographic meets SCORE.

All in after several dinghy trips, we explore this famous landmark. Nature has carved out a groove about 400 yards inland that ends with the waterfall cascading off a cliff to form a natural pool. This pool spills over, creating a rushing stream that fizzles out into the sea. It's incredibly beautiful.

Traci's eyes widen like saucers. Bounded by steep cliffs, the ground is covered with rocks of all sizes, as slippery as glass.

The pathway to the falls ends with stone steps to a stone bridge. There are no hand rails. The bridge is three feet wide, 20 feet long and 15 feet high. Cross it to the left side of the stream where a boulder strewn trail takes you to the bottom of the waterfall.

Valerie and Traci pose closer to the shore, the deep blue sea behind them. SaRenna and Viv make their way across the bridge. There's a huge boulder in the middle of the stream.

She's gingerly helped onto the boulder. The hands of Fox and Viv are ready in case of a slip. Crossing the moving water, SaRenna gets to the dry part of the giant rock.

Viv balances precariously on slippery rocks covered by the stream. SCORE's art director J.P. Robinson is in the water to help direct. This is the most difficult shoot of the entire voyage and the SCORE team seems to be relishing the challenge.

The onslaught of water in this jungle covered stone ravine makes it difficult to hear, even from close distance. Viv has to yell and make hand gestures to let SaRenna know the poses that J.P. would like.

Carefully, SaRenna changes her positions on the rock according to instructions. Showing no fear, this beautiful woman has got a lot of courage. "SaRenna's a tropper!" John Fox tells me later. "She'll do anything to get the right shot. That's just one more reason why she's one of the very best." John ain't lying!

Tossing her suit away, she slowly inches into a series of breathtaking nude poses. A cruiser wistfully watching SaRenna compares one of her sensual poses to the Little Mermaid statue

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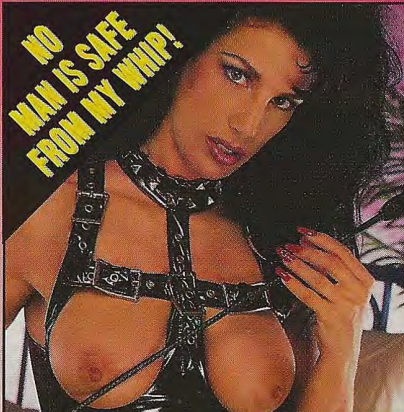
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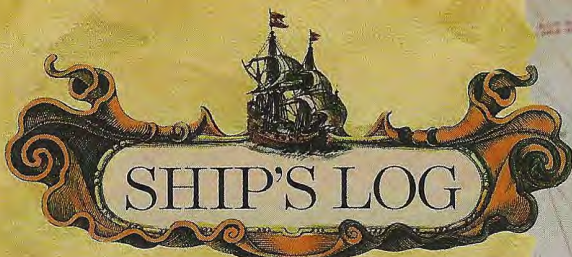
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At The Falls of Baleine, Traci posed in a small waterfall, while SaRenna had to scale boulders and navigate a treacherously slippery pathway to get the picture you see to the right.

of Copenhagen. I agree with him.

While we clamber over jagged rocks like billy goats, the SCUBA group explores the mysterious waterworld of St. Vincent during their fourth, final, and deepest dive. This time they go down 61 feet for 40 minutes. Their visibility is good at 80 feet and they see exotic sea creatures everywhere. The St. Vincent dive also marks the deepest and the best dive Dusty has ever made. During debriefing, it's considered a fantastic dive, the best of the trip.

A band of cruisemates and babes have now made it to Baleine Falls via speed boat. Erika appears on shore and makes the trek inland to take a picturesque dip in the icy pool under the waterfall. Several cruisers eagerly join her. They Tarzan, she Jane. Farther back by shore, Danni is posing in the cold, nipple-erecting water of the stream.

Shooting complete, our boat speeds back to the pier where we'll catch the tender to the Star Clipper. The cruisemates at Baleine also start heading back while sipping 151 proof rum all the way. What a ride!

Along the way, John Fox can't resist some shots of SaRenna sitting nude in the big fishing chair. Those old Miami Beach postcards come to mind. "This shot would make a great ad!" he remarks, and SaRenna's game! She straps on the belt and holds the rod like she's going for marlin. Out of frame, Fox pulls on the fishing hook with a gaff so the rod will bend as if SaRenna's snagged a big one. A little "movie magic." Maybe you saw that shot on the inside cover of last month's *SCORE*! If you didn't, check it out!

Once everybody's aboard the Clipper, we set sail around one p.m. We have a long haul back to Barbados, and regrettably, our separate lives. But we will all carry our private moments of this special time back with us.

The afternoon hours on the Star Clipper, our last, are very leisurely. A



"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"—Christopher Marlowe

SARENNNA'S DIARY:

"I went on this Boob Cruise thinking, 'How can we top the last one?' We did, in more ways than one—21 to be exact! The cruise was incredible, and I want to say to my eight peeping toms... 'Gotcha ya!' Erika, Brittany and I were in our room yacking away, and when I opened the door there were eight guys all huddled around the air vent listening. When they saw me, they all turned around! It was hilarious. Next time, just knock on the door you silly boys! We girls love company! Maybe next year!"



SEA TALES

"What energy. SaRenna was always 'on' and she does that better than anyone else. Under 'gorgeous' the dictionary has her picture!"—B.W., Austin, Texas

"Best on the boat. Beautiful, sexy, great boobs and body, always willing to pose and easy to talk too. I got some great shots of her even with my Polaroid. This girl doesn't take a bad picture!"—W.P., San Francisco, California



SHIP'S LOG

snack table is set up on the main deck. A great time for us to catch some last rays on the sun deck with Erika, snack on some fruit with Fantasia, have cocktails with Sana and Candee or just stare at the sea off the windy bow with Nicole.

Pin-up time with Dusty, Fae and Vanessa begins. Vanessa and Fae pose girl-girl for their pin-up session. Double your pleasure, double your fun, feeling the soft skin of two Brits in the Caribbean sun.

Everyone wants a picture with Dusty. She looks ready to burst with pride from her dive today. It's a great feeling to surpass your limits in everything you do and the Boob Cruise is the place to do that.

The final shirt signing stars Danni, Casey and Angelique. Chloe and Candee are also in the piano bar for extra signings. This is it, the final model event.

I don't want to believe the cruise is wrapping up. I want us all to stay on the ship for another week! From now on, every time I see even one picture of any of these 21 superstars, I'll be transported back to this ship and the wild and sexy times we all enjoyed.

An hour later, it's time for the auction of the Star Clipper's official sailing map. A one-of-a-kind document of our route, a true keepsake, it's been autographed by all of the SCORE girls and by the ship's captain.

The bidding for the map starts with a large one by Bunny Bob. Chuck passes him. Bob bids higher. Chuck raises. The bidding is not by small increments either, but by hundreds of dollars. The crowd goes crazy after each bid. This is not an auction, it's more like a high stakes poker game.

Now the bid is up to \$1,750. Out of nowhere, cruismate John bids a kick-ass \$2,000. The deck roars in one voice. No one can top that. The SCORE cruise map belongs to him.

The money raised at these map auctions goes to a crewman's fund. Captain Rose later says that no auction he's seen has raised this huge a sum. A true testament to the guys on board.

An open bar fires off our farewell SCORE party. It's a good time to start



Why go Boob Cruising?
Here are two good reasons:
1) You can have SaRenna (left) ram her tit in your face while you say 'cheese' for your buddies back home; and 2) You can take a nap on deck, have an erotic dream and wake up to an even better one come true...Linsey (right), bronze and in the buff!

LINSEY

"The body's beauty lives." –Wallace Stevens



LINSEY'S DIARY:

"When I got back to London, my friends all asked, 'What was it like?' I told them, 'It's impossible to describe. You have to experience it to understand.' I loved it. Hanging out with the guys and girls for a week on that marvelous ship—what an incredible trip. I have so many people to thank for all of their kindness, but the list is too long and I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings by not mentioning them. So, I'm going to thank everybody. Passengers, models, staff...all of you were wonderful."

SEA TALES

**"Undoubtedly the #1!
The queen of this cruise!
Fabulous body! The movie
star! Fantastic bosom—a
dream-girl in every sense.
Linsey was very nice and
friendly to talk with.
Wonderful charm! The
most natural, best English
creature I've ever seen!"**
—E.P., Berlin, Germany



SHIP'S LOG

saying our goodbyes to as many as possible. Cocktails and sunset. Many of us may never see each other again.

Our last dinner together has that familiar air of joviality, tinged with a touch of sadness. The heavy-duty photographers still blast away for last minute pictures. They never get tired! And they never run out of film! Girls take their own pictures of the cruisemates for their own albums.

The ship has every inch of sail up. We must really be hauling hull as we skim through the Atlantic to make Barbados on schedule.

It's the right time to also say goodbye to the 22nd SCORE model on this voyage, the Star Clipper herself. Now I know why it's called "she." She was a mystery that first night. But during the week she shared her secrets. I'll miss her.

Saturday, April 5, 1997

Seven a.m. Two buses are waiting to take the SCORE group to the airport for our BWIA flight to Miami. Some cruisemates and models will be staying over in Barbados for a day or so instead of rushing home. Not a bad idea. I have to remember that one for next year!

Our first busload boarded the flight. But we won't. British West Indies Airlines has oversold this flight and it's full. The next flight is tomorrow. Nothing we can do.

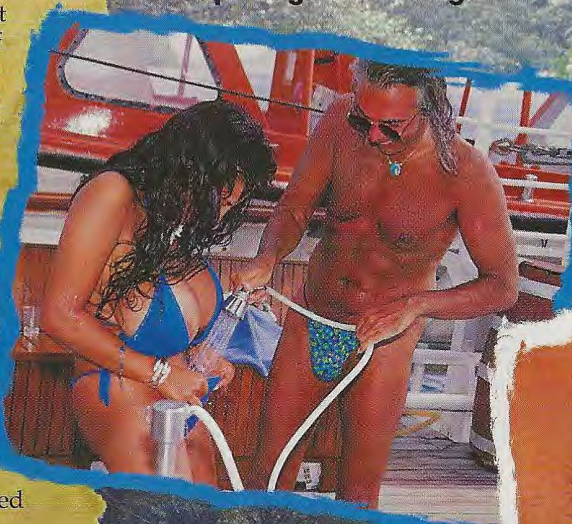
The plane takes off without us.

Danni, Traci and Erika will play the connecting flight game this afternoon. Seating is limited. Erika has a show this week in Ohio and has to get straight home. She'll make it.

BWIA arranges for a van to take Heather, Barocca, Candy, SaRenna, Dusty, Brittany, John Fox, Keli, Bruce Smith, Peter Wall and cruisemates Jim, Fanboy Ted, John H., Dakota, Ray and Allen to the Silver Sands, a cozy, beachside resort a few miles away.

We'll spend the night and catch a van at six a.m. to try again for Miami. In the meantime, a day to unwind, eat lunch courtesy of BWIA and become

If that guy down there looks familiar, it's because wherever there's big boobs, he's there. A three-time Boob Cruiser, B.U. from New York won a spot on Crystal Storm's cruise, was at Honey Melons' birthday bash and here shows Angelique that there's no substitute for experience. On a sad note, the Boob Cruise was Traci Topps' last public appearance and, as Traci tips her cap, we do the same to one of the best people it's been our privilege of knowing.



For those of you flipping through this issue to find who this furry critter and that nip on page 82 belong to, send us a letter to the SCORECard, 4931 S.W. 75 Avenue, Miami, FL 33155. If you guess right, we'll be sending you the brand new 90 minute Boob Cruise video free. If you have no clue, don't worry. You can still get the video! Turn to page 98 for more details!





VALERIE

*"A thing of beauty
is a joy forever..."*

—John Keats

VALERIE'S DIARY:

"It was absolutely fantastic! I got seasick and I still had a blast! Everybody was really friendly, and the fun you have—it's non-stop! One thing I'll always remember is sitting on deck, with a million stars and watching the [Haley Bop] comet. Oh, by the way, which one of you cruise-guys took a picture of your dick with my camera? I got home, developed all my film and there's a picture of somebody's dick! I looked at it and thought, 'Naw! I would have remembered that!' So, whoever it was, write me and fess up! You know, I still can't figure out whose it is! And, to all the guys who got me drunk...thank you and I hope you enjoyed your six a.m. wake-up calls! Ha! I got ya! Overall, this was the best time I have ever had. Any guy—and any model—would absolutely love it!"

SEA TALES

"Please do not take this wrong, but the photos that appear in *SCORE* of this beautiful woman do not do her justice. Valerie is so very pretty that everyone who sees my photos of her remarks. Her body is a delight, her labia jewelry arousing and her face unequaled. Can you tell I liked her? I'm not alone! Everybody did!"—R.L., Upland, California



SHIP'S LOG

landlubbers again.

Peter has photographer's fluid in his veins and can't resist one more beach shoot with SaRenna and Heather. This is a family resort with kids everywhere, so the bikinis stay on.

Dusty and Candee nap in the sun. Barocca goes to town. A tired Brittany stays in bed for the duration. The ever loyal Dakota brings her meals and checks on her well-being.

The vacationers here know that our little troupe, well behaved of course, is a bit "different." They can't take their eyes off Heather, Dusty, SaRenna and Candee. A female American tourist walks over to me and asks a lot of questions about the girls, and, of course, the big boobs. I try to explain as best I can, but she doesn't get it.

Dinner is slow and leisurely. Nobody's taking pictures, there won't be any exotic dancing this night, and there probably won't be any partying. You couldn't ask for better company. They're the best.

Epilog

Sunday, April 6, 1997

Seven-thirty p.m., on a Sunday. I'm the last one of our troupe to leave Miami International Airport.

One by one, everyone made their connecting flights home. The pace at MIA is disorienting. I still feel like I'm on the boat, still weaving.

Waiting in the airport, I find myself staring at blank walls, the people passing by me are mere blurs. I'm in a haze, reminiscing about my recent adventure. I wish I could go back a week in time and relive everything all over again.

My exhilaration and tan from this adventure of a lifetime will fade in time. My memories of our fantastic voyage will never be forgotten.



Your diehard photographers were still at it getting as many pictures as they could Friday night. But, most of the guys and the girls spent the evening relaxing on deck as the ship sailed back to Barbados. What are the guys who go Boob Cruising like? That map Heather is signing (right) was autographed by all of the models and auctioned off to benefit the ship's crew. The winning passengers' bid was the highest of all-time! Truly a testament to the passengers on board. They were a great group and we couldn't have done Boob Cruise '97 without them!



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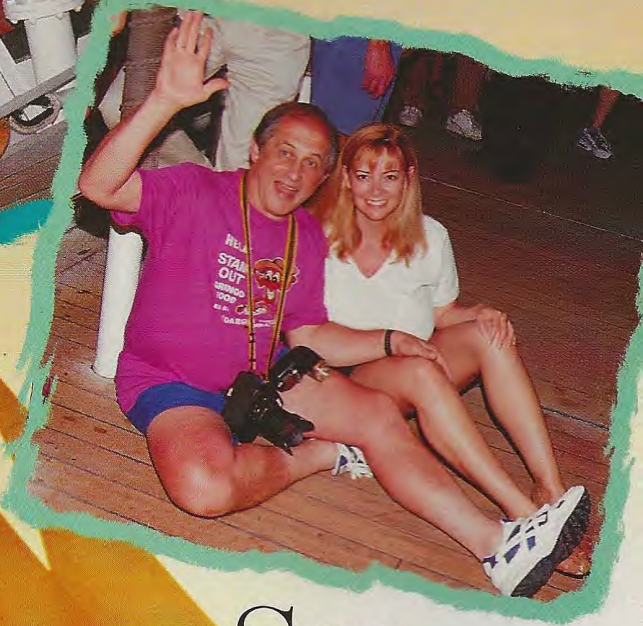
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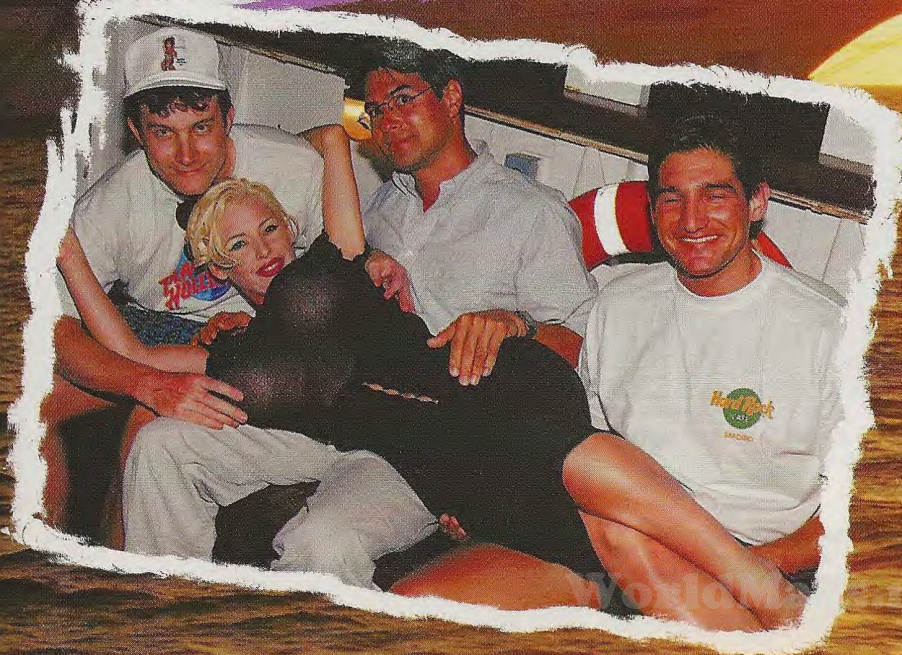
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That's all folks. Another year, another Boob Cruise. Thank you all-models and passengers. You are the best mates a sailing man could ever have! And, as the book closes on another fantasy come true, all that's left to say is, "See you next year!" for another fantasy vacation... Boob Cruise '98!



See
You Next
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