

About the Author

J.H. Brennan is one of those peculiar people who seem to be living in several different worlds at once . . . some of which you can enter via the GrailQuest series.

He has always been interested in magic, spells and wizardry, and among his many books has written a number on magic. He is also the author of two Fantasy Role-Playing Games - *Man, Myth & Magic* and *Timeship*, and of four other Solo Fantasy Gamebooks in the '*Sagas of the Demonspawn*': *Book One - Fire* Wolf*, *Book Two -The Crypts of Terror*, *Book Three - Demonspawn*, and *Book Four - Ancient Evil*.

He has used a computer system to help him keep track of this book and others in the series and says that anyone who adventures in them without keeping careful notes of where they've been is asking to be sent to Section 14.

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J.H. Brennan

GRAIL QUEST

BOOK SIX

Realm of Chaos

*Illustrated by
John Higgins*



An Armada Original

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in the U.K. in Armada in 1986 by
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EMERGENCY

Hurry! There's not a moment to waste! Grab your pencil and eraser, some paper and dice and let me get my Net Spell on your head.

What do you mean - who's this? This is Merlin. The *Wizard* Merlin. There's no time for social chit-chat. There's an emergency on.

Somebody has put a curse on Camelot!

If you know the basic rules of GrailQuest adventuring - how to roll your LIFE POINTS, how to fight and so on, turn direct to **2**. If this is your first time, turn to **1**.

1

Just my luck. Not a minute to waste and we have to spend time on the rules. Never mind.

What's going to happen is this: I'm going to cast a Net Spell over your head. It transports the contents and puts them into the head of a young hero in my time. A young hero called Pip, to be exact.

Once you're inside Pip's head, you can do things in my time. Like having adventures and slaying dragons and getting yourself killed.

Life Points

Which brings me to the LIFE POINTS. To function at all in my time, you need LIFE POINTS. To get LIFE POINTS, you roll two dice, then multiply the result by four. The answer is your starting LIFE POINTS. If you don't think you've rolled enough LIFE POINTS (and you're going to need all you can get on this adventure) try again. In fact, you can try three times altogether and pick the best result.

If you've been GrailQuesting before, you may have a few Permanent Life Points to add on: you can take up to 10 of them from a previous adventure.

Combat

Now you've got your LIFE POINTS, I'll tell you about Combat. You'll probably have a lot of combat to get through in this adventure. And you'll fight by using dice.

When you find yourself in a fight with an enemy, the first thing you do is roll two dice for yourself and two for your enemy. Highest roll gets to strike first.

To strike a blow in combat, you will generally have to roll a 6 or better on two dice. But if you're using your magical sword, Excalibur Junior (EJ for short) you need only roll a 4 or better.

Anything you roll *above* the figure you need to hit counts as damage against your enemy and is

subtracted from his LIFE POINTS. Anything your enemy rolls above the figure *he* needs to hit counts as damage against you and is subtracted from *your* LIFE POINTS.

If you're using weapons, which you will be most of the time, you (or your enemy) score additional damage. EJ gives you 5 additional points of damage on every successful hit, for instance.

If you're using armour (and you will be since I've found your old Dragonskin Jacket in a suitcase underneath the bed), the armour deducts from any damage scored against you: and the same goes for your opponent, of course.

This business of adding and deducting damage is important. Because if your LIFE POINTS drop to 5 or less, you fall unconscious, and if they drop to zero or below, you are dead.

Friendly Reaction

Obviously you'll want to avoid some fights. It isn't easy, but it's sometimes possible with a Friendly Reaction. To check for a Friendly Reaction, roll one die once for your opponent and three times for yourself. If you manage to score less on your three rolls than your opponent did on one, you've got a Friendly Reaction and can proceed as if you'd won the fight.

Bribery

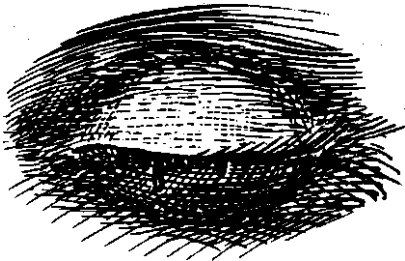
The other way to avoid fights is Bribery, but that's only possible in sections marked like this: *B.

The number of stars before the 'B' lets you know how much you have to offer as a bribe. *B=100 gold pieces; **B=500 gold pieces; ***B=1,000 gold pieces and ****B=10,000 gold pieces.

Of course, offering a Bribe is no guarantee that it will be accepted. You need to roll two dice to determine that. Score 7 or below and your Bribe is refused. Score 8 or more and it's accepted and you can proceed as if you'd won the fight. Either way you lose the money you offered.

Healing

If you can't avoid a fight and aren't killed, the chances are you'll need to restore lost LIFE POINTS. You can do this with a Healing Potion, which has six doses and each dose restores a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. Or you can use a jar of salve. Each jar has five applications and each application gives you back three LIFE POINTS. If you run out of Healing Potions and Salves (and I don't have that many to spare as you'll see in 2) you'll just have to risk SLEEPING to restore LIFE POINTS.



Sleep

You can SLEEP any time during an adventure except when you're actually in combat. To SLEEP you roll one die. If you score a 5 or a 6, you can restore LIFE POINTS equal to rolling two dice. If you score anything else, you have to turn to the Dreamtime. The Dreamtime is bad news usually, so don't say I didn't warn you.

Experience

Incidentally, you can't restore LIFE POINTS to give you more than you started out with. In fact the only way you can add to your starting total is through EXPERIENCE. You gain one EXPERIENCE POINT for every battle won or puzzle solved. Twenty EXPERIENCE POINTS can be traded in for one PERMANENT LIFE POINT, which is then added to your total.

In this adventure you don't have to remember anything about magic because I can't seem to get it to work. That's part of the curse put on Camelot.

Now go to 2.

2

'Avert your eyes - I've no clothes on!'

You avert your eyes, but not so quickly that you fail to see the tall, skinny white-bearded figure stark naked except for boots, long johns, a long-sleeved woolly vest and a pointed hat with stars embroidered all over it. Having averted your eyes,

you find yourself staring at a rough wooden floor which seems to be slightly concave.

You glance around furtively, taking care not to embarrass the Wizard Merlin by looking at him directly. You are in the oddest room ?, chamber ?, house ? you have ever seen. It is quite vast, but made entirely of wood with curving walls, ceiling and floor, as if you were in a gigantic ...

'Barrel,' says Merlin. 'It's my new home. I got the idea from an old Greek who used to live in one. But mine's bigger: it has to be to hold all my things. I had it specially made by the Court Cooper when there was a Court Cooper.' He hesitates sadly and adds, 'And when there was a court, come to that. Lucky I did. Something in the shape protected me from the Curse. But you don't know about the Curse yet, do you?'

'No, sir,' you say politely, your head reeling a little. Now that you can tear your eyes away from the insides of this gigantic barrel, you realize you are wearing a new and different body, a sturdy handsome carcass dressed in breeches, leggings and tunic, with a neat broadsword belted around your waist.

'Pip's body,' says Merlin, who can obviously read minds. 'If you haven't occupied it before, you'll soon get used to it. But I'd better tell you about the Curse. Or rather show you. In which case, I'd better get you kitted out.'

'Kitted out?' you ask, wondering why he is wandering around in his underwear.



Merlin - stark naked but for boots,
long johns, vest and hat.

'Because the Curse rotted my robe,' Merlin snaps.

'I thought you said the barrel protected you from it,' you protest.

'Only when I'm inside. The robe was hanging on the line to dry. Fortunately I still have my hat or I wouldn't have been able to cast the Net Spell to bring you here. But we won't worry about that. There's no time to lose. Have a look at this inventory.' With which he hands you a scroll on which has been scrawled the following items:

Axe

Ant Farm

Boots

Cobweb spray

Fishing rod

Glitter powder

Hammer

Handkerchief

Knife

Mallet

Rope [50' coil]

Rations (*week's supply*)

Razor

Salt (*1lb pack*)

Saw

Slide trombone

Spikes

Stake (*wooden, suitable for Vampires*)

Talking Head (*brass*)

Toothbrush

Twine (*200' ball*)

'Now the thing is,' says Merlin, 'you'll only be able to take six. Anything over that rots.'

'But you haven't told me what's going on!' you protest. 'How can I decide what to take when I don't know what to expect?'

'It doesn't matter,' says Merlin. 'The situation is so desperate anything could come in handy. Or there again, anything might be useless. You just take what you fancy, up to six items.'

And having made your decision on the basis of E.S.P., you can troll off to **10** for the next bit of nonsense.

3

Splash!

*Now you're in the water, it seems a good time to find out if you can swim. Roll one die. Score 4 or better and go to **40**.*

*Score less than 4 and turn to **28**.*

4

Feeling rather pleased with yourself, you use your key to unlock the stockyard and step inside.

*Only to find it empty as the Marketmaster predicted. You can always search it thoroughly at **11**. Or save time by returning to your map and selecting a new destination.*

5

It's the village well.

Generally, the women come here in the early mornings to draw water and exchange news. But there are no women about now; nor men either, come to that. This is normally the very heart of village activity, and now (thanks to the Curse, presumably) it's as silent as the tomb.

You walk to the stone wall and peer over into the well-shaft itself. Thirty-eight feet deep, dug by hand and stone-lined by some patient mason in days long before you were born. You can't see the water surface, of course - that's too far down.

But you can see ...

Yes, quite definitely, there are steps cut into the stonework! How odd nobody noticed them before. They look, if not exactly brand new, at least fairly recently cut.

Who on earth would want to cut steps into a well? And where do they lead?

You can always try to find out by climbing down those steps at 64. But they look a bit slippery and dangerous, so you may prefer to return to your map and select a different destination.

6

Swimming mightily, you drag the huge corpse of the Loch Duckpond Monster to the edge for examination. It is an awful-looking creature, slimy and scaly and quite terrifying even now it's dead.

And since there's not much the outside of a

monster can tell you, you may decide to do a quick postmortem by cutting it open at 39. Or you may not, in which case turn to 16.

7

Now this is very odd, Pip. You've reached the Gatehouse which guards the main road into Glastonbury. They call it the Gatehouse because there used to be a wall around the village in the bad old days before King Arthur brought a bit of law and order to Avalon. The wall is long gone now, but the Gatehouse remains and you know from past experience there should be a token guard here (by the name of Sam).

Sam is not a serious guard, of course, just a colourful old gent in funny out-of-date clothes carrying an ornamental sword and spear - a bit of tradition, preserved by the Village Council.

The thing is - no Sam. And no other guard either. The Gatehouse is silent, cold and very empty.

Better select your next destination from your map.



INFORMATION

EMAN.....

SSERDDA.....

.....

.....

.....

NOITAPUCCO.....

LM XLNKOVGRLM LU GSRH ULIN HZB
 'TLYYOVKOFMP' ZOLFW ZMW GFIM GL
 GSRIGVVM.

Well, you wanted to fill out the form ...

9

The bull mastiff, who will answer either to Clarence or to Rufus (or even to Spot, for that matter) has 25 LIFE POINTS, fangs successfully on 5 and tears bits out of people at +4 damage, which makes him a formidable fighter. He will accompany you on your adventure and, if requested, will attack anything on your behalf with the exception of Mr Acton himself, which is only understandable. He will not, however, fight to the death by choice, but will stop when he reaches 5 LIFE POINTS and leave the rest of the hassle to you. (If you fail to heal him above 5 LIFE POINTS he won't fight at all. And of course, he runs the risk of being killed in a fight whether he wants to stop or not.)

Whistle him to heel now and return to 70 to decide where you and he will go next.

10

'Now pass me a blanket from the bed,' Merlin instructs you.

You pass him the blanket without comment and he wraps it around his bony frame in the manner of a badly tailored Roman toga. 'Now,' he says, 'follow me.'

You follow him out of a door in the side of the barrel. At once you realize something is dreadfully wrong.

The barrel, you now see, is set at the bottom of Cadbury Hill on the edge of the sweeping grainfields which march across the landscape to Glastonbury Village. But though the sun is shining and harvest time must be near, the sweeping grainfields are bare: parched earth cracking in great slabs of crazy paving with not a plant in sight. And beyond them, Glastonbury lies enshrouded in a dense grey fog, squatting like a sullen toad over the entire village but extending not a single inch beyond.

And as if this was not bad enough, as your eyes move upwards over Cadbury Hill to the proud Castle Camelot which crowns the peak, you see King Arthur's brave Keep has been transformed into a looming fungoid mass, barely recognizable as the seat of the glittering Court.

You swing round to Merlin with mounting alarm. 'What's happened here?' you gasp.

He shakes his head. It's the Curse, I tell you - the Curse on Camelot!

'Yes, yes,' you say impatiently, 'but who laid the Curse and what has it done and why didn't somebody stop it and what can be done about it and who -'

He holds up a skinny hand. 'Patience. Everybody's been asking me the same thing and I don't have all the answers. But if you zip across to **22**, I'll tell you everything I know.'

So what are you waiting for?

11

You search thoroughly and find absolutely nothing of any interest whatsoever.

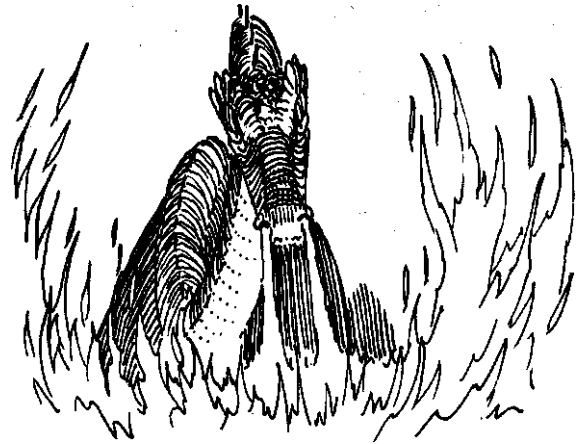
Isn't this irritating? Return to your map before you lose your temper.

12

A flash of light so brilliant that it blinds you, a puff of smoke so acrid that it chokes you, a crash of thunder so loud that it deafens you, a surge of energy so strong that it leaves you speechless, all for a second.

You are in a right mess for a short time (deaf, dumb, blind and choking), but fortunately the light fades, the smoke clears, the noise stops and the energy forms itself into an eighteen feet long scaly green creature breathing fire down its nose.

For an adventurer of your experience, it can only be one thing: an alchemical Green Dragon!



Careful, Pip, this brute will have your throat out as quick as look at you. Green Dragons have 40 LIFE POINTS and very bad breath which will do you 10 points of damage on any successful hit. They also have an interesting bit of magic which allows them, on a throw of 12, to transmute you into solid gold (which is a very spectacular way to get killed). The point about this particular Green Dragon is that you can call it up only three times in all, this time being one of them, and if you're lucky it will fight on your behalf during battle combat each time you call it. But you do have to be lucky. Roll one die and make a note of your score. Now roll again and if you fail to roll higher the second time than the first, then the brute will attack you right now and fight to the death. If, however, you manage to roll higher the second time, you can set it on anything that happens to be hassling you just now.

Right: now you've finished playing with dragons, you should return to the section you just left and get on with some serious adventuring.

13

As you pronounce the mystic word, your surroundings abruptly disappear and you find yourself standing on a lonely road. Distantly, to the south-east, you can see a collection of fog-enshrouded buildings, while to the north-west, the road seems to enter a marsh or swamp, out of which towers a peculiarly rounded hill.

South-east takes you to 34 while following the road north-west will get you to 32.

14

Well, that's it, isn't it? Killed stone dead by something or other. But there's no need to stay



that way. Just grab your dice, reroll your LIFE POINTS and you can get back into your adventure faster than it takes you to say *antidisestablishmentarianism* (which is supposed to be the longest word in the English language, incidentally).

What's more, you don't have to go back to the beginning, unless you particularly want to, but only to the start of the particular sequence where you were killed. If, for example, you were slaughtered in Glastonbury Village, you can restart back there. If you were killed in the Castle, you can begin again at the Castle. This saves a lot of time and may even be a help to you in the long run since it gives you a second chance to investigate things you may have missed first time around.

15

Climbing up the side of a Town Hall isn't easy. Roll two dice. Score under 6 and go to 19.

Score 6 or more and turn to 27.

16

'Here!' exclaims a sharp voice behind you. 'What have you done with Flipper!'

You spin round, sword at the ready to defend yourself, but find you are facing nothing more threatening than Honest Albert, the town's second-hand cart salesman. He is a small, dapper man, dressed in a woollen tunic which is falling apart because of the Curse.

'Flipper?' you ask, puzzled.

'My goldfish,' he says, gesturing towards the monster you have dragged out of the duckpond.

You turn to look at the corpse. 'That's a *goldfish*?'

'Of course it is!' says Honest Albert shrilly. 'At least it was. It grew a bit after the Curse started. Did you kill it?'

'Well, yes ...' you admit, sheepishly. 'I mean, it was going to -'

But Honest Albert isn't interested. 'You shall be avenged, Flipper!' he cries dramatically and, drawing a wicked club from beneath his jacket, flings himself upon you.

This will not be a fight to the death, Pip, since Albeit isn't a murderer, only a lunatic - and even then only a lunatic because of the Curse. If he brings your LIFE POINTS below 15, he will leave with honour satisfied. If you bring his LIFE POINTS to 15, he will run off screaming abuse. Either way, you still have the opportunity of cutting open the goldfish at 39 or returning to your map to find a new destination.

17

It should be a familiar road to Camelot since you've climbed this hill often enough in the past, usually in triumph after slaughtering something particularly beastly and saving the realm yet again.



Welcome back to Camelot, Pip. (That moat smells foul!)

But while it should be familiar, it isn't. The great broad highway which meandered up the hill is now so rutted and potted and caved in that it is scarcely more than a goat track. The avenue trees, planted as ornamentation by Green Thumb Mog, King Arthur's head gardener, are wilted, diseased and in many cases even fallen. And the land below, once so beautiful a vista, is now a sweeping plain of shrub and dried-out marsh.

After this approach, the Castle itself comes as no real surprise. The glittering spires and soaring towers, the proud walls and looming battlements are now covered completely in a thick, oozing leprous skin of dark grey fungus which transforms the entire edifice into something reminiscent of a gigantic squatting toad. There is a distinct chill in the air.

The moat smells foul. Scum and debris float like sullen corpses on the surface. Great slow bubbles erupt from the depths to burst on the surface releasing little greenish fumes. The raised drawbridge exhibits signs of dryrot and the closed portcullis has fallen prey to rust. There are no guards on the walls and a silent stillness hangs over everything like a funereal shroud.

Welcome back to Camelot, Pip. But how do you propose to get in? You might, perhaps, attempt to swim the moat at 26.

Or bravely announce your arrival at 43.

Or maybe even write it all off as a bad idea and make for Glastonbury at 34.

18

Glastonbury Nick is the westernmost building on your map, carefully left unnumbered since only an idiot would want to go there. It looks awful from the outside and considerably worse from within. Constable Grimes pushes you into a narrow cell, slams shut the door and throws away the key.

'Your trial's set for February 31,' he says.

You listen disconsolately to his receding footsteps, then turn to explore your cell. It is 10' x 10', devoid of windows, with stone floor and walls. The only other occupant is a rat.

You could starve to death here very easily, Pip, although there is always the possibility of eating the rat. You can attack this creature at 29.

Or try to talk to it at 52.

Or simply sit still and do nothing until hunger carries you off to 14.

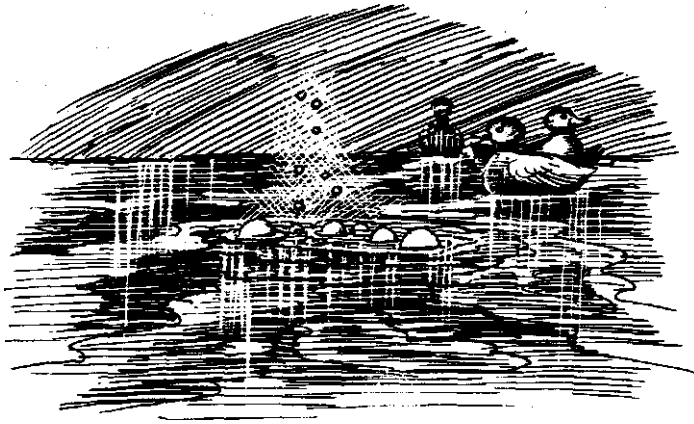
19

You've fallen on your head.

You may find an aspirin at 14.

20

You are standing on the edge of the village duckpond, a scummy little stretch of water sometimes used for throwing bullies into. There are three ducks on it at the moment, swimming backwards for some reason. Near the middle you



can see bubbles rising as if somebody had fallen in and was drowning.

If you want to investigate those bubbles, you're going to have to get your feet wet... all the way up to your head! But if that's what you want, you may leap into the pond at 3.

If you prefer to stay dry, you can always pass the time by feeding the ducks at 63 or selecting a new destination from your map.

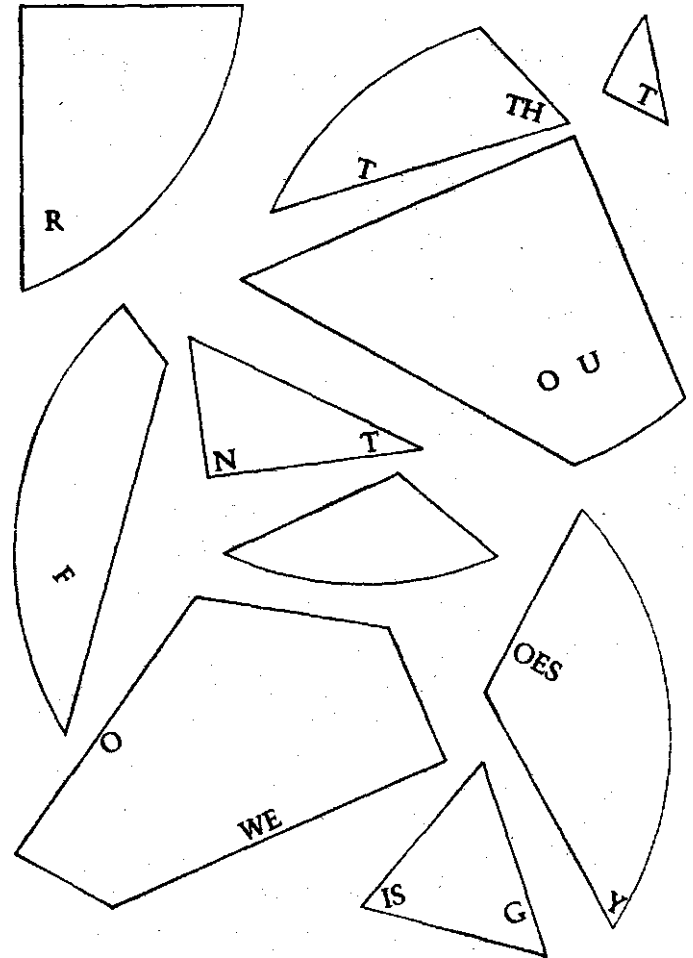
21

You scabble round in the pile of straw in the corner and discover . . .

A portable hole!

By George, Pip, this is a find and no mistake! All you need do is make it up as per the instructions,

then go to the section number shown in order to get out!



Cut out and assemble pieces to form a complete circle. Then proceed to the section number shown.

22
THE CURSE

It came about in this fashion.

For many months since the return of Excalibur, peace and plenty returned to the Realm of Avalon. It was one of those golden times when trade booms, corn grows high, brigands, robbers, bandits and burglars all fade into semi-retirement and it only rains at night, after midnight. Even dragons were few and far between (the result of a dry August the year before, according to the Old Residenters, of whom one coined an expression 'We've never had it so good' which became something of a catch-phrase).

The brave Knights of the Table Round, with few dragons to slay and almost no wrongs to right, spent much of their time jousting, to the intense enjoyment of the peasantry who had free tickets to these events and thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle of aristocrats falling off horses and breaking the odd arm or rib.

King Arthur, relieved of the onerous burden of State problems, had more free time too and spent it fishing. Only the Wizard Merlin and the Court Cooper, a squat little man named Harold, were at all busy - and that only because the Welsh Wizard's fearsome eccentricity had occasioned him to commission the creation of a gigantic barrel in which he proposed to live like Socrates. (Or was it Plato?)

What exactly happened to change this idyllic

situation remains a shade obscure. There was much speculation after the event, of course. Midwife Hardacre of Glastonbury had a story of a Piper commissioned by the Village Council to rid the Town Hall of black beetles and never paid. Farmer Albert, a man as famed for his flights of fancy as for the turf he smoked in his clay pipe, maintained the fault lay with his arch enemy, the Blacksmith Abraham who was so drunk one night that he stumbled into a Holy Well, thus committing an unconscious act of desecration. Petronicus Ambilicus, the old Roman Alchemist who still plied his trade in Glastonbury, reckoned it was a seasonal thing, connected in some mysterious way with the position of the Planet Mercury.

More serious theories, put forward by the Archbishop of Canterbury, suggested the disturbance of a Great Wurm in Cornwall or possibly the activity of witches in Wales.

But the simple fact was that no-one really knew. Everyone went to sleep one evening (before midnight to avoid the rain) in a Realm that was all green and golden and sunny and peaceful; and woke up the following morning to a nightmare of blight, pestilence, gloom and corruption.

The first thing they noticed was that the dawn sun had taken on a greenish tinge. And while that died down a little over the morning, there was still the smog that had fallen over Glastonbury, the pollution in the water supply, the total disappearance of every Knight in Avalon, the

fungus attack on Camelot Castle, the death of all grain crops, the sickening of pigs and cattle, the drying of the soil, the potholes and molehills which erupted like boils along all main roads, the way gold started to rust and linen to rot and the mildew that appeared nearly everywhere.

It was, said the Old Residenters wisely, a Curse. And for once, nobody disagreed with them. The problem, of course, was what to do about it.

The first deputation went to Camelot, but quickly found it was impossible to enter the Castle, let alone communicate with King Arthur or the members of his Court.

The second deputation went to Merlin's barrel, but was denied entrance on the grounds that the Wizard had nothing to wear. It was an excuse that the members of the deputation appreciated since they too had lost much of their clothing.

After that, the people settled down to suffering, as people usually do in the face of mysterious adversity. Except for Merlin himself, of course, who did what he always did when there was too much trouble abroad for normal human beings to handle. Merlin cast a Net Spell to capture the greatest hero in the known universe, a young person, with sufficient skill, courage, talent, common sense, good looks and self-confidence to animate the body of Pip.

Those who knew about the spell were greatly relieved. The situation needed a hero -

particularly one stupid enough to risk his life and limb to sort things out.

Now read on at 50.

23

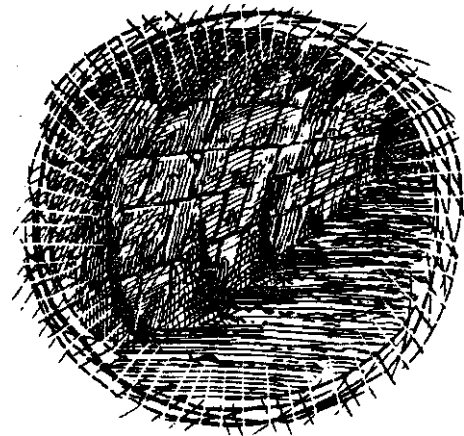
Nope, nothing much of interest here. Still, it pays to be thorough.

Now return to your map and select a new destination.

24

The hole opens into a tunnel which runs deep underground.

And emerges eventually at 34.



25

Stand aside, Brothers!' you warn, drawing old EJ. Otherwise I shall hack you into holy stock cubes!

But the monks smile at you benignly. 'If you kill us, good sir, the hand of the Almighty will surely strike you down stone dead with a bolt of lightning, while we, on the other hand, are perfectly at liberty to batter you all the way to 14 since Right is on our side.'

This is a troublesome position to be in, if you believe that ecclesiastical rubbish. Should you still wish to fight them, turn to 31. But you still have the option of backing off and going to another numbered section of your map.

26

The moat water has all the fresh consistency of thick pea soup and a certain corrosive quality which brings your skin out in a rash before you've gone three yards. Even old EJ, your faithful talking sword, is moved to protest.

'Glug ... glug ...'

'Shut up, EJ!'

Despite all this unpleasantness, you swim strongly for the castle wall. But while you swim strongly, you don't seem to be getting any closer.

'Glug ... glug ... we're not getting ... glug ... any closer.'

'Shut up, EJ!'

All the same, he's right. After fifteen minutes, you're still up to your neck in this foul liquid and still only a few yards from the bank where you first leapt in.

After a time, you turn around and swim back to the bank. 'That was the stupidest idea you ever had!' you tell EJ shortly as you drag yourself back out.

Which may be true (although it probably isn't) but doesn't get you into the castle. You may, however, bravely announce your arrival at 43 or abandon this attempt and head for Glastonbury at 34.

27

Using your very finest climbing techniques, fine-honed by a lifetime of stealing from orchards, you reach a dizzying ten feet before a voice behind you says, 'Hello, hello, hello - what's going on here, then?'

You look round (still clinging to the wall) to find yourself staring at Grimes, the village constable. Much of his uniform has rotted because of the Curse, but his helmet and truncheon remain intact.

'Good sir' you cry, with commendable presence of mind, 'I am Pip the Adventurer, under warrant from the Wizard Merlin to save the realm from the Curse of Kran and I am presently engaged in seeking out clues to the identity and whereabouts of the evildoer!'

'Tell it to the Beak,' says Grimes, grimly dragging you down from the wall.

And marching you off to 18.

28

You sink like a stone all the way to 14.

29

'Take that, you mangy rodent!!' you cry bravely, drawing old EJ and launching yourself upon the rat.

Which, like most rats, is tougher than it looks, having 33 LIFE POINTS and a poisonous bite. If the little perisher scores even a single hit on you, you will automatically lose 5 LIFE POINTS (additional to any dice damage) every combat round thereafter until either you or the rat is dead. Should you survive this deadly encounter, you will discover something rather interesting at 21.

If not, you will find nothing at all interesting at 14.



30

A familiar enough sight, Pip, since your adoptive father, Freeman John, used to bring you here on the back of his cart when you were a child. Those were the days when he came to sell farm produce in Glastonbury Market, for this is the market square.

It's empty now, which is odd, considering the time of day. You would normally expect to find *somebody* hanging around, even if it was only a tinker mending pots or a beggar trying to extract a few pennies from the passers-by. But now there is only the empty square with the well (marked 5 on your map) at the centre.

The Curse, it seems, has been very bad for business.

Now you'd better try to find yourself a more interesting destination.

31

You hurl yourself forward and the fight is on!

Each monk has 20 LIFE POINTS and while unarmed will strike successfully on a throw of 5 or better and do +3 damage with bare hands on account of their martial training. They will surrender abjectly if you manage to bring their LIFE POINTS below 5, and you can then turn to 48: but should you accidentally kill even one of them, you will be struck down by a bolt of lightning and must go to 14. (If they kill you in their turn, you must also go to 14.)

As you follow the road it narrows, roughens, then peters out completely, leaving you to pick your way very carefully through the squishy ground of a great marsh.

This is the sort of place that could suck you in and drown you very easily, but since you are an experienced adventurer, you test each step before you take it and proceed slowly, carefully, towards the curiously rounded mound of Glastonbury Tor.

'I wish you wouldn't do that,' EJ complains bitterly.

'Do what?' you ask.

'Use me to test the ground ahead before taking each step. I'm getting very wet. If you keep this up much longer, I'll catch my death of cold. Or rust.'

'Button your lip,' you tell him severely, having better things to do than listen to a sword complaining.

'You'll regret it,' he warns.

And in the event he is right for a change. With the foothills of the Great Tor less than a hundred yards away, you prod EJ into the marsh before you to test the ground and -

Eeeeeaaaaarrrrrrrh!

There erupts from the sodden ground a nightmare creature more than fifty feet long, leprous lime-green, slimy, heavily fanged and very very angry. It towers above you like a serpent preparing to



The Guardian Wurm rears up before you.

strike, luminous green eyes glaring at you horridly.

'Eeeeeeeaaaarrrrrrrrrh!' it says again.

It seems you may have disturbed the Guardian Wyrm, the monstrous creature whose coils guard the only safe route to the Tor. Worse still, it has reared up with old EJ firmly clamped between its front teeth, leaving you swordless. Since the Wyrm is known to have 1,000 LIFE POINTS and strikes on a roll of 1 or better with +50 damage, you can tell right away you are in big trouble. A moment's thought will remind you that the only man ever to defeat the Guardian Wyrm was Uther Pendragon, King Arthur's father, and even he only managed it with the aid of a magical Mirrored Shield. If you happen to have this marvellous artifact with you, you may take your chances with the Wyrm at 55.

If not, you can save yourself a lot of pain by going direct to 14.

33

A vague touch of *deja vu* here, as the Gauls like to say.

You are now at a sort of tridentine fork, with the tunnel running northwards, two branch tunnels driving off to the north-west and north-east and a passage running south.

This could get even more confusing, Pip, so keep your wits about you. North takes you to

44; north-west to **49;** north-east to **53;** south to **36.**

34

The road to Glastonbury, once such a pleasant journey, is now a disaster area, with the fog-shrouded destination holding no great appeal either. You reach the outskirts of the village eventually and step reluctantly into the mist. It is not so thick as it seems from the outside, so you can see perfectly well where you are going, but it is damp and chill, making an adventurer's life (which was never a bowl of cherries to begin with) even more difficult.

But difficult or not, you should brace yourself to study the map of Glastonbury on page 202 which will indicate the areas you may explore.

35

'Well, Sir Rat,' you say, 'it looks like we're stuck here.'

'Don't be ridiculous,' remarks the rat. 'You don't think they jailed me for stealing cheese, do you?'

You hide your astonishment rather well, but are unable to reply on account of the fact that your jaw has dropped open.

'Rats get into cells through holes,' says the rat. 'We can both get out the same way.'

'Get out through a rat-hole?' you ask blankly. 'You might, but I'm a bit big for that.'

'Don't get stroppy until you see the hole. It's under that pile of straw.'

Which you can examine at 21.

36

It isn't a cave at all - more like a tunnel of some sort. And once you've gone more than a few feet, it starts to descend quite sharply. Maybe this leads into the Castle after all, some sort of subterranean entrance that comes up through the hill.

Or there again, maybe it's a crypt full of vampires. You never know with places like this.

But it's a bit too late to be worrying now. You're well into the tunnel and, in any case, now facing a sort of tridentine fork, with the tunnel continuing northwards, but two branch tunnels driving off to the north-west and north-east.

This could get a bit confusing, Pip, so keep your wits about you. North takes you to 33; north-west to 41; north-east to 46.

37

This is crazy! You're in a room at the bottom of the well! A room of sorts, that is: it's a sort of gigantic bubble really, but it has been furnished with a bed, an easy chair, several leather-bound books, a gozalow (which gozalow the bed), a wardrobe, an alchemist's furnace, a -

Wait a minute - an alchemist's furnace? There's only one soul in the whole of Avalon who would



It isn't a cave at all - more like a tunnel of some sort.

take the trouble of installing an alchemist's furnace! Quickly you grab one of the leather-bound books. Sure enough, there is the familiar spidery writing on the title page: 'This tome belongs to Merlin.' You've found another of Merlin's blasted houses! He has them all over the place in the most eccentric situations.

Quickly you flick through the remaining books in the hope that they might contain useful spells, but they turn out to be utter rubbish - a work on astronomy which proves the sun goes round the earth backwards every seven years, two adventure game books about some idiot called Fire*Wolf, a book on stock-breeding, a book of crossword puzzles and a fisherman's handbook.

Throwing the volumes aside in disgust, you make to go back to the steps when a thought strikes you and you look inside the alchemical furnace. A green stone lies half hidden in the dead ashes.

It could be something ghastly, of course, since Merlin concocts the most appalling artifacts sometimes, but you may, if you wish, take the stone at 56. Or you can leave it alone and climb out of the well to seek a new destination from your map.

38

The smell of incense and the sonorous sound of Gregorian chanting which emanates from this great colonnaded building would give you the hint (if you didn't know already) that you have reached Glastonbury Abbey. A brace of burly tonsured monks stand guard on the entrance.



Looks as though you'll have to hack your way past these two burly monks.

'Good brothers,' you cry. 'Pray permit me entrance!'

'Kiss off!' they reply piously, in unison.

This Church Militant business (which you may have learned about during your adventure in the GATEWAY OF DOOM) is a real pain in the vestry. It looks as though you will have to hack your way past these two fellows if you want to gain entrance to the Abbey. You may challenge them, if you so decide, at 25, or return to your map and seek out a safer destination.

39

'Here, you're not going to use me on that thing, are you?' asks EJ in alarm, having guessed you are about to cut up the monster.

'I used you to kill it,' you point out reasonably.

'Yes, but that's my job,' EJ says. 'Cutting up dead things is very *infra dig* for a sword.'

'Do be quiet' you tell him, abandoning reasonableness. And with one swing of your protesting sword, you lay open the monster. Inside it is a collection of the most amazing rubbish - old horse shoes, rusting daggers, bits of armour, leather boots and so forth, all that remains, presumably, of the people (and horses) it has eaten.

Rummaging through, you come across a bottle with a piece of parchment inside. Even through the glass you can read the writing on the parchment. It says simply: 'There's a secret

entrance to Camelot at 60.'

Interesting information if it's true. You can turn to 60 to find out, or alternatively keep the parchment for later and continue investigating Glastonbury from your map.

40

Swimming like a fish (or duck, if you prefer) you make your way with lightning speed to the spot where the bubbles are emerging, wondering the while what is causing them. But before you actually reach the bubbles, you find out the hard way.

Emerging out of the water is a long, scaly head, attached to a long, equally scaly neck, which in turn is attached to a long, scaly body just visible beneath the surface of the pond.

Congratulations! You have just solved the mystery of the origin of the Loch Ness Monster! But right now, you'd better decide what to do about it. Big though it is, the creature is not fully grown (there being less room in Glastonbury duckpond than in Loch Ness) but it still sports 30 LIFE POINTS and can savage you at +5 damage on a throw of 6 or better. If it savages you successfully, turn to the dreaded 14.

If, however, you savage it, 6 would be a better destination.

41

The tunnel ends in a blank wall to the north-west, while leading south-east to 36.

Now this is a building you have never needed to enter before since the loot you have collected during your various adventures has left you reasonably well off. But you know what it is, of course, as does everybody in Glastonbury — the town Almshouse, established in a benevolent moment by King Arthur himself, officially opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the one spot where the poor and needy can go for a handout now and then.

As usual, the doors are locked and barred and the windows tight shuttered.

You walk past the various signs (NO ADMITTANCE . . . KEEP OUT . . . TRESPASSERS PROSECUTED . . . BEWARE OF THE DOG . . . PRIVATE . . . STAFF ONLY . . . and so on) to the main door. You knock.

After a while, you knock again. And again.

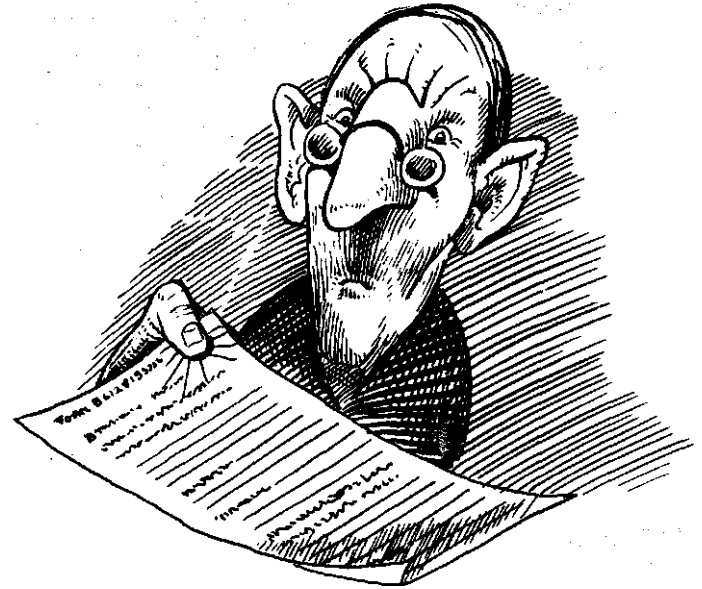
Losing patience, you kick the door, which falls inwards with a resounding crash.

'That's Government property!' a shrill voice exclaims. 'There will be forms to fill out!'

You are looking into a neat office, furnished with a neat desk, behind which sits a neat Nerd, wearing the traditional white spats of his race. Something about him looks painfully familiar.

'Excuse me,' you say, 'but haven't we met somewhere before?'

'Perhaps we have, perhaps we haven't!' says the



Nerd sharply. 'That depends on whether you've visited the Ghastly Kingdom of the Dead - I used to run the Treasure Room there until some silly little hero looted it and lost me my job. Fortunately there's always employment for someone with a head for figures. Now, what do you want - I'm very busy.'

'I was wondering if you could give me any information about the Curse on Avalon,' you tell him.

'Fill in this form,' snaps the Nerd, pushing a piece of parchment towards you.

If you want to waste time on red tape, turn to 8.

If you would prefer to beat the information out

of the Nerd (assuming he has it) turn to 13.

If you feel this place is a complete dead loss, turn to your map and select a new destination.

43

'Ho there!' you call, hands placed firmly on your hips, a small (but extremely handsome and impressive) figure dwarfed by the towering fungoid edifice. 'Ho there!' you call again. 'This is Pip the Dragonslayer and Hero of Avalon seeking entrance to the Court of Camelot as is my right as servant and friend to the great King Arthur.'

From deep within the castle, something giggles evilly.

Which, as you will discover if you hang around long enough is the only answer you are going to get. And that would seem to reduce your options to swimming the moat at 26 or hightailing it off to Glastonbury at 34.

44

A crossroads - how exciting. Tunnels lead north, south, west and east.

North leads to 57; south to 33; west to 65; east to 71.

45

You have fallen down the well and broken your neck. Well, nearly. You fell down all right - those steps were extremely slippery - but the surface of the water broke your fall rather than your neck and while you have lost 5 LIFE POINTS due to

shock, you should be able to get yourself together sufficiently to examine the environment at 37.

46

The tunnel ends in a blank wall to the north-east while leading south-west to 36.

47

You've had to cross a ploughed field to get to this building, Pip, which isn't surprising since it's Acton's Farm. And there, mangling his worzels round the back is Bartholomew Acton himself, as crabby an old boot as ever set foot in a silage pit.

'Good morrow, Mr Acton,' you call cheerfully, having met him a few times in the Glastonbury market with your adoptive father, Freeman John.

'Oh ahr,' he replies, reaching for a nearby pitchfork and whistling three short blasts between his teeth.

'I was wondering - ' you begin. But you're cut short by the yelping approach of the Hound of the Actons, a bull mastiff of fearsome proportions, even now skidding at full tilt around a corner of the barn.

'Get 'e abacko my yard, young 'un, ere Oi sets moi varmint to scrubbling yer fruttock!' warns Mr Acton, a charming piece of dialect which you suspect means he wishes you to leave his property at once.

The mastiff, a creature only marginally smaller than a drayhorse, with luminous red eyes and

rabid fangs, crouches quivering a few feet from your throat, waiting expectantly for whatever signal his crabby old master might be about to give.

There is no doubt the Curse has left people very edgy around here, Pip. If you stick around, it looks as though you'll have a fight on your hands, not only with this slavering mastiff but with the old codger himself and his nasty pitchfork. If you want to follow through on this interesting situation, turn to 70. If not, smile politely and backtrack quickly to your map where you can look for less irascible company.

48

The two hangdog monks escort you through the main entrance of the Abbey, across a cloistered courtyard and through a sturdy oakwood door. Beyond it lies a waiting room.

'If your Honour would care to rest yourself here a moment,' says one, rubbing the bruises on his head, 'we will fetch the Abbot.'

And it is only a moment, for the Abbot bustles in almost at once. 'Thank Heavens you're here,' he exclaims with a brief upwards glance. 'I thought Merlin would never get you. Not that I approve of his methods, of course - magic and so forth: very naughty. But these are desperate times as you see and a curse is a curse.'

'If you're so glad to see me, why didn't you instruct your rotten monks to let me in?' you ask petulantly.

'I had to be sure it was the real hero Pip. Only Pip could defeat those two. Now to business. I have been doing a little investigation of my own and it seems to me you'll not find the source of the Curse in this world at all, but in another - '

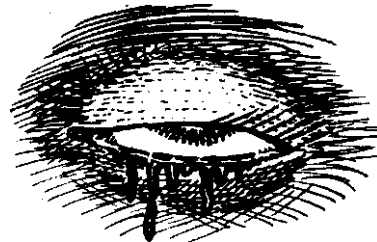
Not the Ghastly Kingdom of the Dead again!' you groan.

Good heavens no!' exclaims the Abbot. 'Somewhere much less pleasant than that! Or at least more confusing. I'm speaking of the fabled Astral Plane. It's where all the best curses start out in my experience. My limited experience, of course.'

How do I get to this Astral Plane?' you ask, bristling with courage and excitement.

You don't,' says the Abbot. 'Or at least not right away. The only entrance I know of is at the top of Glastonbury Tor, but to reach that you have to cross the Great Marsh and get past the Guardian Wurm. To do that you need Pendragon's Mirrored Shield and for that you need to find the secret way into Camelot.'

I don't suppose you know the secret way into Camelot?' you ask.



The Abbot nods excitedly. 'As a matter of fact I do.' He glances over his shoulder, gestures you to come closer, bends over and whispers in your ear: 'Go to **60**!'

*Which may or may not be good advice. You may go to **60** right away, or explore some more of Glastonbury if you wish.*

49

You have entered a small, open chamber. A corridor runs south-east and another due south.

*The south-eastern corridor leads to **33**: due south to **59**.*

50

'So here you are,' said Merlin. 'All shipshape and Bristol fashion. Keen and enthusiastic' He glances up at the sky briefly. 'Looks like rain, but it won't. It never rains now when you want it to: only when you don't and it doesn't do any good. Never mind - you'll soon sort it out.'

'But I don't know who laid the Curse!' you wail.

'Neither do I,' admits Merlin frankly. 'Shortly after the whole thing happened, a thunderstone fell in Glastonbury Village Square with an inscription on it which read: *Revenge is Sweet - signed Kran the Terrible*. There was a lot of excitement when that happened. People started talking about the Curse of Kran.'

'But then all we have to do is find this Kran,' you exclaim.

'What do you mean - *we*?' Merlin asks testily. But before you can answer, he adds, 'You'll find it's not as simple as all that. Whoever laid the Curse would have to be a wizard, sorcerer or witch; and they're all registered, you know. Union rules. You can't practise magic unless you're registered.'

'Then,' you interrupt, 'we just have to look at the records.'

'I've done all that!' snaps Merlin. 'There's no such person as Kran. At least, there's no such name registered anyway. It's my belief that Kran is a nom de guerre. So to find Kran, you're going to have to find out who Kran really is. Then you're going to have to kill him. Or her.' He pauses thoughtfully. 'Or it,' he adds.

'Where do I start?'

'That's up to you,' says Merlin. 'It's your adventure. I can't possibly come with you, since I'd risk being arrested for indecent exposure. But if I could come with you, I'd suggest you start with a visit to Glastonbury. Or a run at Castle Camelot. Those are the two places where the Curse lies thickest, so there might be some clues to pick up.'

*Which seems as good advice as any. You can troll up Cadbury Hill to the Castle at **17**, or visit Glastonbury at **34**.*

51

You knock.

'Go away!' calls a voice from deep inside this house. 'Go on - go away!'



The door opens a fraction and one beady eye peers out.

You knock again, politely.

The door opens a fraction and one beady eye peers out. 'Go away - Oh, it's you, young Pip. I thought it might be the Wizard Kran.'

'No sir, it's not,' you say, recognizing the Market-master, Bernard Gruikback.

'No, I can see that now. I suppose you want the key to the stockyard? Not that it'll do you any good since the stockyard's empty. Part of the Curse, you know. Still, there's nothing else here but the key and you're welcome to it if you want it.'

Take the useless key if you want it and return to your map.

52

'Good morrow, Rat,' you say politely, feeling foolish.

The rat looks at you blankly.

'What are you in for then, little fellow?' you ask, this being the sort of conversation suited to two convicts in a 10' x 10' cell.

The rat looks at you blankly.

Are you going to spend the rest of this adventure talking to a rat? You can continue the inane conversation at 35 or, if you are feeling aggressive, attack the little brute at 29. Or you can starve quietly and peacefully to death at 14.

53

The tunnel ends in a blank wall to the north-east. South-west leads to **33**.

54

There's a turn-up - you've reached the Town Hall, which is usually a hive of bustling activity, but now it's closed down, locked up and plastered with notices saying 'Go Away'.

There is no doubt at all but that the Curse has made the good folk of Glastonbury very odd indeed. But what are you going to do about the Town Hall, which might well contain records of assistance to you?

You walk around the building, trying the various side doors, but like the main door, all are locked. Most of the windows are boarded up as well, except for a small one on the second floor.

*Are you going to try to climb up to that window? If so, turn to **15**. If not, you can creep away to your map and select a new destination.*

55

Swifter than a speeding arrow, the monstrous Wyrms strike towards you, its huge mouth wide open to devour you, its tummy rumbling in horrid anticipation of the tasty little morsel you undoubtedly represent.

But swifter still, you whip out the Great Mirrored Shield of Uther Pendragon and set it between your frail frame and the attacking monster.

At once the Wyrms halt its insane downward plunge. The green eyes widen in horror at the reflection in the shield.

'Yaaaaarrrrgh!' it roars. Old EJ drops from its mouth and falls to plunge, blade first, into the ground.

You press the shield forward slightly.

'Aaaarrrrgh!' shrieks the Wyrms, backing off a bit.

Gaining confidence, you take a step.

'Waaaaaaaah!' cries the Wyrms.

You make a sudden lunge.

'Yeeeeeeeeek!' screams the Wyrms, turning tail and diving like a submarine into the marshy soil.

Cautiously you peer around the shield. All is still. All is peaceful. The Wyrms has gone. With a sigh of relief, you set down the shield.

'Gotcha!' yells the Wyrms, emerging out of the ground immediately behind you and fastening its great fangs on your ankle.

*If the shock of this surprise attack kills you, go to **14**.*

*Otherwise you might like to admire the scenery at **76**.*

56

'Don't touch it!' a voice hisses urgently, if somewhat muffled by a scabbard. It is, of course, your talking sword EJ.

'Why not?' you hiss back.

I think it's cursed!' EJ tells you.

'Why do you think that?'

'It's green, isn't it? Green stones are always cursed. Once you touch it, you will never be able to put it down until you're dead - perhaps not even then. And it may drain your LIFE POINTS or give you boils or transport you instantly into some ghastly place, or call up some horrendous monster, or ...'

'Oh, shut up, EJ - I need to think!'

Take all the time you need. And take the green stone, if you still want it, by turning to 73. But if you've changed your mind, you can still climb the steps and find a new destination on your map.



57

You have reached a small, open chamber with exit passages running north and south. On one wall of the chamber (the east wall to be exact) is a small lever with a neatly enscribed notice reading:

PULL LEVER TO TELEPORT

What an interesting find. If you pull the lever you will be instantly transported to 41.

If you leave it alone, you can take the northern passage to 86 or go south to 44.

58

This place is familiar enough from your previous visits to Glastonbury: it's the stockyard ... and it's locked.

If you happen to have a key to the stockyard, turn to 4. If not, you'll have to return to your map and find a new destination.

59

The tunnel angles north and east. At the junction, your eagle eye spots the entrance to a secret crawlspace running north-east.

North will take you to 49, east to 80, while the crawlspace runs north-east to 36.

60

This is an odd route to the Castle, well away from the triumphal road leading up the hill to the main entrance. In fact for a while you half convince

yourself you have been misdirected, since the path (for it's no more than a path) twists and turns and seems, at times, to be taking you in completely the opposite direction.

At one point, your way passes through a small wood where the birds are coughing in the treetops as a result of the Curse, then drops into a dell, emerges across some wasteland and eventually reaches ...

This isn't the Castle! It's nowhere near the Castle! You are facing the entrance to a deep, dark cave!

If you want to enter and risk getting totally lost, turn to 36.

Or you can go back to Glastonbury at 34.

Or take the familiar road to the Castle at 17.

61

You have entered a small open chamber. Passages lead south, north, north-west and east. On one wall (the west wall to be exact) there is a lever and a neat little notice which reads:

PUSH LEVER UP OR DOWN TO TELEPORT

How intriguing. If you push the lever up, you will teleport to 57.

If you push it down, you will teleport to 71.

If you leave it alone, you may go south to 80, north to 101, north-west to 97 or east to 90.



You are facing the entrance to a deep, dark cave.

62

By George, the Curse has certainly affected this place and no mistake. You are standing outside the Abbey House, which is the residence of the monks when they aren't leaping around the Abbey itself. Or at least *was* the residence of the monks, since it's now a pile of rubble, rotted, mildewed and fallen down.

The Abbey itself, at **38**, looks okay though.

Now select a new destination from your map.

63

The ducks look suitably grateful.

*Now stop messing about with ducks when you've a kingdom to save. Return to **20** and decide what to do from there.*

64

*Climbing down, are you? Better check to make sure you don't slip and break your neck. Roll two dice. Score 4 or below and go to **45**.*

*Score 5 or more and turn to **37**.*

65

The tunnel, which runs east/west ends in a blank wall to the west and a crossroads to the east at **44**.

66

*Roll two dice to determine how many LIFE POINTS you have lost falling down this stupid pit. If the result kills you, go to **14**.*

*If not, you can climb back up to **86** and proceed from there.*

67

This is the village cattle-pen — the communal one they use when there's a livestock market on. Your nose will tell you it hasn't been cleaned out lately.

*If you can stand the pong, you can search the pen (which is currently empty of cattle) at **23**. Or you can return to your map and select a new destination.*

68

You find yourself in a dimly-lit corridor running due north/south. The cell with its open door lies to the east, while a second corridor runs westwards, its entrance facing the cell door.

*South will take you to **91**, north to **75**, west to **100** and east to **95**.*

69

*Roll two dice to determine how many LIFE POINTS you have lost falling down this stupid pit. If the result kills you, go to **14**.*

*If not, you can climb back up to **83** and proceed from there.*

70

'Bain't ee gone yet?' asks old Mr Acton, scowling fiercely.

'Grrrr!' remarks the mastiff, his luminous red eyes locked on to your own.

'Can't we discuss this reasonably, Mr Acton?' you ask, a little desperately. 'I'm really only here to -' Once again you are cut short, not by a whistle or a word this time, but by the sudden lunge forward of the bull mastiff...

.. . which places two front paws on your shoulder and licks your face!

'Blow Oi down!' exclaims Old Acton, moving forward to peer short-sightedly into your newly-washed features, 'If it bain't Freeman John's young' un, Pip.'

'Yes,' you say eagerly, now the old fool seems to have recognized you, 'Pip, sir.'

'Oh ahr,' Acton agrees. 'Lucky Clarence knew 'ee or he'd have had yer gizzard out for sure. You'll be here about the Curse, belike?'

'Ahr - I mean yes,' you agree. 'Merlin has asked me to look into it.'

'Bad business,' Mr Acton nods, casting a weather-eye skywards and prodding a nearby gosling with the toe of his boot. 'Blights the land and withers the crops and leaves the good folks wi' their clothes rotted. It be the Wizard Kran, they says, the Old Residenters, but who be he, I asks you, eh? Who be he that comes from nowhere to scrubble decent folks and suchlike.'

'And more importantly, where be he?' you put in, that being the mainstay of your mission at this stage.

'Where?' echoes Old Acton. 'Why, hiding out on



'Not gone yet?' asks Acton, scowling.

Glastonbury Tor, strap me for a mangy varmint else. Place hasn't been the same since the Curse started.'

'I suspected as much,' you tell him. 'But how can I get to the Tor?'

'Ye can't,' says Acton. 'Not without Pendragon's Mirrored Shield which lies in Castle Camelot. Why don't ee take Rufus, here, and go there?' he suggests.

'Rufus? I thought his name was Clarence?'

'Like as not you're right,' Acton agrees. 'But that don't answer my question.'

Nor does it, but any response you might make at this stage is a bit complicated. First off, if you're fed up with trying to understand the old fool's accent, you can always repair to your map and pick a new destination. If, however, you think the Castle might be a good idea and haven't been there before in this adventure, you should turn to 17.

If you have been there, but fancy a return trip, turn instead to 60.

Either way, you'd better decide whether or not to take the mutt with you. If you feel the savage face-licking Rufus/Clarence might be a useful companion, turn first to 9. If not, go direct to your chosen destination without him.

71

The tunnel, which runs east/west ends in a blank wall to the east and a crossroads to the west at 44.

72

Roll two dice to determine how many LIFE POINTS you have lost falling down this stupid pit. If the result kills you, go to 14.

If not, you can climb back up to 90 and proceed from there.

73

Your hand (shaking a little) closes on the green stone.

'Yeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaach!'

'Do be quiet, EJ!' you tell him firmly since, in fact, nothing very much has happened beyond a slight magical tingle from the stone.

'Is it cursed?' he gasps.

'No, of course it isn't' you assure him.

And you may even be right, although you will never know until you decide to rub the stone. You can do that right now, if you wish, by turning to 12. But before you go rushing off, you should consider the possibility that you can only use the magic in it once and it might be wasted at this point.

Your other possibility is to keep the stone (without rubbing it) AND ONLY TURN TO 12 WHEN YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO USE IT... although in that case you should make a note of the section number you were in so you can return to it easily. Meanwhile, climb the steps and look for a new destination on the map.

74

Roll two dice to determine how many LIFE POINTS you have lost falling down this stupid pit. If the result kills you, go to 14.

If not, you can climb back up to 101 and proceed from there.

75

The north/south corridor ends north in a block of six securely-bolted cell doors running east/west.

This is interesting. You may follow the corridor south to 68 or open one, or all, of the cell doors since the bolts are on the outside and the block is unguarded. If you decide to open the cell doors, consult the following table:

Cell 1 - go to 89	Cell 4 - go to 117
Cell 2 - go to 98	Cell 5 - go to 126
Cell 3 - go to 108	Cell 6 - go to 139



76

Savagely you jerk your leg free from the Wyrms grip, skinning your ankle to a cost of 5 LIFE POINTS in the process. (If this kills you, go to 14.) Swiftly, you grab EJ, who has spent the last few moments quivering blade first in the ground. Bravely you turn to face the dreaded Wyrms.

Which has, however, lost an awful lot of LIFE POINTS already on account of seeing its reflection in the shield. It has, in fact, only 40 LIFE POINTS left and is so weakened it can only bite at +2 damage, while needing 6 or better to bite at all. Should the weakened Wyrms still manage to slaughter you, go to 14.

Should you be victorious, turn to 92.

77

The passage runs south-east to 97 and forks north-west to 83, north-east to 93.

78

You step across the prostrate body of the Famous Torturer of Camelot, carefully using his head as a stepping-stone and approach the Iron Maiden. Pitiful groans still emerge from within, which is probably a good sign since it suggests whoever's in there is still alive.

The Famous Torturer was obviously a man with a sense of humour despite his leather apron, since he has given the Iron Maiden a whimsical name: FRED A. You know this because it is engraved on a brass plaque set into the door of the device. The actual words read:

Hi! I'm an Iron Maiden. My name is Freda.

'Stop reading stupid notices and get me out of here!' calls a hollow voice from within.

But as you reach forward to open the lid of the cabinet, you suddenly realise this is easier said than done. It has been firmly secured by a combination lock!

'Get me out! Get me out!' shrieks the voice from within.

You ignore it and bend forward to examine the lock, which is numbered 1 to 9. Your experience tells you it must be a simple two-figure combination to release the lock. But which two figures? And in what order?

When (if) you discover the two figures which will open FREDA the Iron Maiden, add 100 to them and turn to the section number this indicates. If you fail to figure it out, your only option is to return upstairs to 91.

79

There's a pulsating horrorem in here! One of the most dangerous natural elements in the known universe - a living gemstone that, when squeezed in just the right way, will first pulsate, then explode with ferocious power to destroy absolutely everything within a 10' radius.

This one has certainly been squeezed, since it's pulsating at this very moment.

But will it explode? Roll one die. Score below 5 and turn to 87.

Score 5 or 6 and turn to 94.

80

The tunnel angles north to 61 and west to 59.

81

Nasty! It's a torture chamber! The dull red glow you saw is coming from a charcoal brazier, which has various branding irons and metal pincers stuck into it and already red hot. Chains and manacles hang from the walls. There is a cabinet full of thumbscrews, cat o' nine tails, whips, clubs, canes and a vicious canister of itching powder. In the centre of the chamber is a rack for increasing people's height alarmingly and over by the east wall is an Iron Maiden, closed and bolted.

It is the Iron Maiden which attracts your immediate attention. This unpleasant device is a sort of upright coffin with huge sharp spikes on the lid, facing inwards. Anyone put in the Iron Maiden will normally prefer to leave the door open since, if it shuts, the spikes reduce LIFE POINTS at a fearsome rate of knots and usually send the occupant swiftly to 14. Which, by the sound of the groans emerging from within, is precisely what this particular Iron Maiden is doing right now.

Standing before the Iron Maiden, chuckling evilly to himself, is a muscular individual in a leather apron and hood-mask with, fortunately, his back turned towards you.

82-84

Since King Arthur was never one for torture, you might conclude that this whole depressing business is a pretty new addition to Camelot, possibly as a result of the Curse. But new or not, you will have to make a decision on what to do about the poor twit groaning in the Iron Maiden.

You can leap bravely towards the Iron Maiden (and the giggling, hooded muscle man) at 96, or creep quietly back up the steps to 91.

82

Stairs going up, Pip! This is always an exciting find. (And sometimes even as dangerous as stairs going down.)

If you want to climb those stairs, turn to 102.

If not, you can return via the guardroom (where you will have no further hassle from the fungus-bonces) to 68.

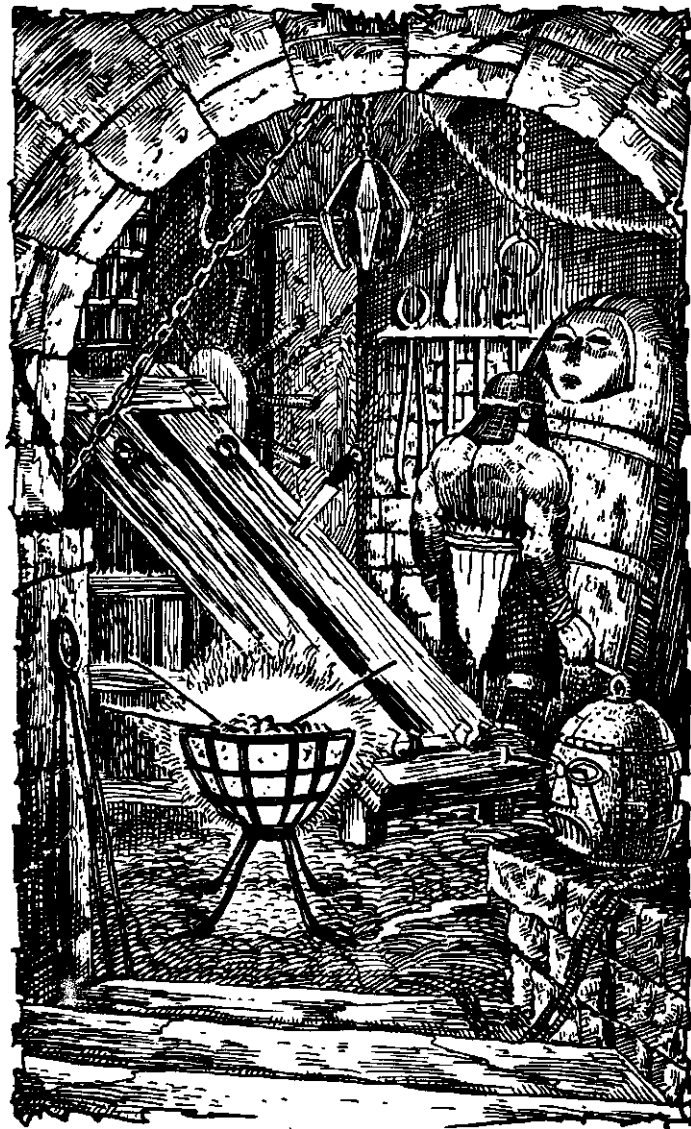
83

The passage runs south-east to 77 and ends in a blank wall to the north-west.

There is, however, a pit trap along here. Roll one die. Score 3 or more and you avoid it successfully. Score below three and you'd better fall to 69.

84

Each Fungoid Zombie has a horrifying 22 LIFE POINTS, strikes successfully on 6, scores +3 damage and will strangle you to death on a



You step down into a most gruesome Torture Chamber.

natural throw of 12. if you survive this mess, turn to 105.

If not, catch your breath at 14.

85

Nope, not quick enough. Now you're going to have to fight the Fungoid Zombies after all. The good news is you only have to turn back one section to do so - at 84.

86

The passage reaches a dead end to the north, while to the south it opens into a small chamber at 57.

There is, however, a pit trap along here. Roll one die. Score 3 or more and you avoid it successfully. Score below three and you'd better fall to 66.

87

Boom!

Can't say you weren't warned. Go to 14.

88

Roll two dice to determine how many LIFE POINTS you have lost falling down this stupid pit. If the result kills you, go to 14.

If not, you can climb back up to 93 and proceed from there.

Or alternatively, you may take the secret passage from the bottom of the pit to 95.

89

The cell door swings back creakily as you release the bolt. You stare into the confines of a 10' x 10' dungeon in which lurks . . .

.. . three Fungoid Zombies! You have never seen such hideous creatures, Pip. Zombies are bad enough, but FUNGOID Zombies . . . The mould holds together the bits that would normally have fallen off and gives them extra strength in any fight. They do not, however, move any faster than ordinary Zombies, so there's a chance you might be able to slam the door shut again if you want to avoid a fight. If you DON'T want to avoid a fight (and there's no accounting for taste) go direct to 84.

If you want to try slamming the door, roll one die. Score 4 or more and go to 103.

Score less than 4 and go to 85.

90

The passage ends in a blank wall to the east, while opening into a smaller chamber to the west at 61.

There is, however, a pit trap along here. Roll one die. Score 3 or more and you avoid it successfully.

Score below three and you'd better fall to 72.

91

The corridor runs north/south, ending in a flight of gloomy stone steps at its southern end. The steps lead downwards into darkness, broken by

just the barest flicker of dull red light somewhere below.

Taking the steps down will lead you to 81.

Following the corridor north will take you to 68.

92

No sooner have you lopped off the final LIFE POINT than the Wyrm begins to rot, creating a pong thick enough to cut with a knife and spread on mouldy bread.

You step back, choking, but fortunately a wind springs up, carrying away the smell. With the Wyrm now fallen to pieces, you can see three partly digested leather pouches on the ground. With one bound you scoop them up.



'Yuuch!' complains EJ. 'I hope you're going to wash your hands after handling that lot.'

But you ignore him, since an adventurer often has to do grotty things no ordinary squeamish mortal would face up to. You open the first pouch and discover therein . . . *Two vials of Healing Potion!* Each vial contains six healing doses, each dose will restore a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS.

Quickly you open the second pouch and discover . . . *Twenty gemstones each worth 1,000 gold pieces!*

Half mad with excitement now, you reach for the third pouch . . .

Wait up a minute, Pip. You know what it's like on these adventures. The minute things are going really well something always comes up to zap you. Do you really want to open the third pouch? If so, turn to 79.

If not, you proceed with your healing potions and gems to Glastonbury Tor at 99.

93

The passage runs south-west to 77 and ends in a blank wall to the north-east.

There is, however, a pit trap along here. Roll one die. Score 3 or more and you avoid it successfully. Score below three and you'd better fall to 88.

94

Fizzle . . .

*Well, it looks as though it's settled down again and stopped pulsating, which means it's safe enough for the moment. You can leave it here if you wish, or take it with you to use as a fearful weapon. The only problem with using it as a weapon is that you must throw one die. Score below 5 and the rotten thing will blow up in your face, taking you direct to **14**.*

Score 5 or 6 and it will zap absolutely anything you're facing.

*Now, with or without the horrorgem, you may toddle off towards Glastonbury Tor at **99**.*

95

The secret passage emerges through a sliding panel into a dank stone cell, dimly-lit by a grey glow filtering through a high slit window. There is a pile of filthy straw in one corner and the broken remains of a clay bowl in the other. Apart from this, the cell is empty. It seems obvious you have found your way into Camelot dungeons, the network of tunnels and cells used to house those who have incurred the displeasure of the King. Once thrown into a cell like this, you could remain forever, or until you rot, whichever was the sooner. Fortunately, however, the door of this cell is lying open.

*Which means you can zip through it quickly to **68** or take time to search it at **104**.*

96

Not unexpectedly, he has stopped giggling and is

turning towards you, a vicious chain-mace dangling from his right hand.

What have we here?' he asks rhetorically. 'A fresh young adventurer come to give Old Boris a little entertainment, eh? A brave little hero who wants to make his name by hacking up the famous Hooded Torturer of Camelot? A foolish individual seeking to rescue the hapless victim of the dreaded Iron Maiden, what? A - yipes!'

*That last remark arose because the old wind-bag talked so much you managed to get in the first blow with EJ, neatly removing 7 of his LIFE POINTS. Even so, it's not going to be a particularly easy fight. Boris the Famous Torturer of Camelot has 30 LIFE POINTS (minus the 7 you've already lopped off) and hits on 5 or better with that lethal mace which does +5 damage - every bit as much as EJ himself. If you survive this encounter, you may open the Iron Maiden at **78**.*

*If not, you may open your eyes at **14**.*

97

The passage runs south-east to **61** and north-west to **77**.

98

The cell door swings back creakily as you release the bolt. You stare into the confines of a 10' x 10' dungeon in which lurks ...

Nothing at all! What an anticlimax! And what sort of idiot bars an empty cell. Frantically you

search it, but your first impression was correct. There is nothing here at all (if you don't count three crumbs of mouldy cheese in the corner, so far gone even the rats won't touch it). Better return to 75 to select another option.

99

You reach the foot of the Tor to find a winding path leading upwards. From this vantage point you can see the Tor itself is crowned with a ring of standing stones surrounding what appears to be a small wooden building.

You follow the path which twists and turns through the broken remains of what was obviously a stone-built maze at one time, but is now little more than a ruined trace of its former glory. Eventually you reach the summit, and another decision.

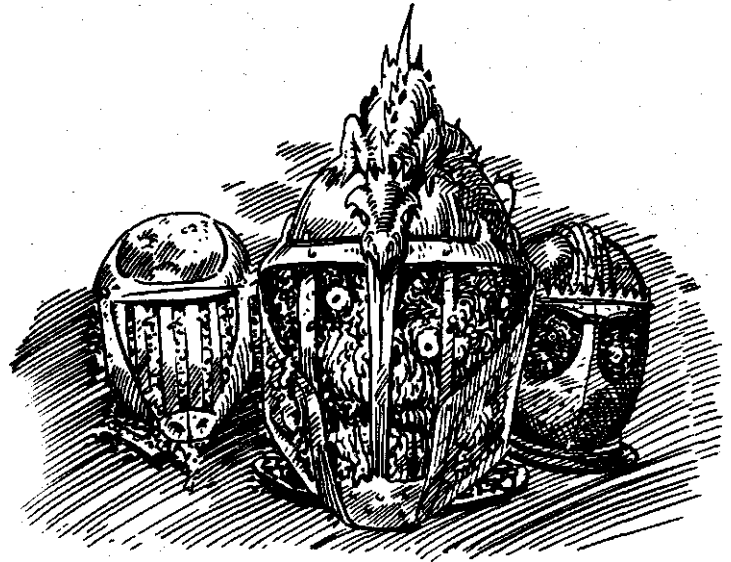
Will you investigate the standing stones at 121?

Or the wooden building at 150?

100***B

Trouble! The corridor runs west into a guardroom (and east to 68) housing three of the most unpleasant-looking guards you have ever seen. They were obviously men at one time, but the Curse seems to have gotten to them so that they are now all covered in fungus, like the castle itself. This does absolutely nothing to improve their appearance.

Or their temper, come to that, since they have leapt forward to attack you furiously. You may,



however, bribe one or more of them at 1,000 gold pieces each (assuming you have the loot and they accept) in which case they will let you run back to 68 (but will NOT let you go west beyond the guardroom).

If you can't or don't want to bribe, you will need to know each fungoid guard has 25 LIFE POINTS, strikes on 5 or better and does +3 damage with his rusty sword.

If you manage to kill all three guards, you may return to 68 if you wish, or move west to 82.

101

The passage reaches a dead end to the north, while opening into a small chamber to the south at 61.

There is, however, a pit trap along here. Roll

one die. Score 3 or more and you avoid it successfully. Score below three and you'd better fall to 74.

102

The stairs emerge into an open hallway, empty of anything nasty (or anything nice for that matter) and with exits north, south, west and east.

The northern exit leads to 128; the south to 136; the west to 145; the east to 100.

103

By George, that was quick thinking! The door slams shut in their hideous faces.

Which means you can go back to 75 and select another option.

104

Nope, nothing here of use to man or beast.

Now you can zip out to 68 with a clear conscience.

105

Zombies don't half pong after you've killed them, Pip. (To be honest, they don't half pong even *before* you've killed them, but that's another story.)

If you can stand the smell, you can search the Zombies at 130. If not, return to 75 and select another option.

106

That's a relief - it's empty. At least empty of

anything nasty that moves. There is an ebony wand lying in one corner, presumably dropped by the thing that ran through you.

You approach it with mounting excitement, having seen a picture of a similar wand in one of Merlin's magic books. Unless you are very much mistaken, that's a Healing Wand!

It's a Healing Wand all right. You place one end of it against your temple, press the little brass stud in the base and zip, you've gotten back a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. Unfortunately, as you examine this particular wand more carefully, you can see it is faulty. Each time you use it, you will have to make a single die roll first. Score 1,2,3,4, or 5 and the wand will function exactly as described. Score 6 and it will blow your head off. Interesting find, if you have the bottle to use it.

Take your wand and return to 75 to select a fresh option.

107

That's torn it! As you step into the mist, the stones suddenly begin to revolve as if they were set on a giant turntable. As you watch they move faster and faster, blending into a blur so that you seem to be surrounded by a circular wall. You try to step back out of the mist, but cannot: it moves with you now and thickens, so that you can no longer see the revolving stones.

You are finding it difficult to breathe and your limbs begin to feel as heavy as lead. You no longer

want to Move out of the mist: any movement now is just too much effort. You feel your eyes drooping. This is ridiculous - you are starting to fall asleep! Good grief, a trip to the Dreamtime is the last thing you need at the moment. Nevertheless, you are definitely wilting, finding it harder and harder to keep from nodding off.

You sit down on the cold ground, the better to think and discover you simply cannot fight this force any longer. The prospect of a nice long kip fills your horizons. You lie down, ignoring the chill, and cradle your head on your arm. Your eyes close finally and . . .

And just as the suspense becomes unbearable, you find you have to turn to 141.

108

There's a corpse in here. Some poor felon thrown into the cell and left to die of starvation or cold, or perhaps assassinated in the dead of night by a hooded figure with feral eyes, armed with a slim, silent blade.

Brr!

The body is clutching a piece of parchment with something scrawled across it. If you want to read what it says, turn to 114; otherwise go to 75 and select a new option.

109

The Great Hairy Thing was guarding several small ceramic urns, stoppered and sealed with wax. These are just the sort of things you would



The corpse is clutching something in its rotted hand.

110-112

expect to contain djinn (well, little djinn) but when you break the seal, the only thing that comes out is the healthy smell of healing potion.

Nice one, Pip. You now have half a dozen healing potions, each capable of restoring a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. Take them with you when you return to 75 to select a new option.

110

The corridor runs due west and eventually turns south. About half way along, there is a branch corridor also running south.

If you wish to remain on the corridor you've entered, turning south at the end, go to 171.

Should you prefer to take the branch corridor south, go to 163.

111

This short corridor runs east/west, forming T-junctions with north/south running corridors at both its ends.

The corridor at the western junction may be reached as 171.

The other north/south corridor is at 163.

112

Hope this isn't a foolhardy decision, Pip. Throw two dice. Score 6 or better and go to 142.

Score less than 6 and turn to 123.

113-116

113

The corridor runs east/west, forming a T-junction at its western end with another corridor and ending in a gloomy flight of stone steps leading downwards at its eastern end.

You can go west to the T corridor at 128. But if you want to risk those gloomy steps, turn to 175.

114

The writing on the parchment is in a code of some sort. It reads:

NEETRUOFOTENOG

Well, that was very edifying if you could make anything out of it. Maybe you should return to 75 and select another option.

115

You drop down almost five feet into a chamber so small it is really little more than a cupboard, but a narrow flight of stone steps leads upwards from the south eastern corner. Since there is nowhere else to go, you climb these steps (which are very shallow and seem to go on forever) until you reach a trapdoor above you. You unfasten the fixings of the door and climb up into a corridor. The trap door slams securely shut behind you.

Leaving you stuck, it seems, at 75.

116

As you approach the right hand moggie, it stands up, stretches lazily and hands you a printed card. On it are the words:

117-118

I AM OBLIGED TO INFORM YOU THAT I AM TRAINED IN KARATE AND MY HANDS AND FEET ARE REGISTERED WITH THE AUTHORITIES AS DANGEROUS WEAPONS.

Signed

Right Hand Felix Terribilis

Are you sure you want to tackle a trained Karate Kat? If so, turn to 135.

If you've changed your mind, you can always try something else at 180.

117

As you begin to open the cell door, a black shape, vaguely batlike, but the size of a man, bursts out and passes completely through you before flapping up the corridor to disappear into the darkness, cackling wildly.

This experience has done you no good at all. The shape has absorbed 15 of your precious LIFE POINTS en passant, without even giving you a chance at a fair fight. (If this loss kills you, go to 14.)

Assuming you're still standing, one wonders if it's a good idea to enter this cell, since the thing that got out might have had company in there. However, if you wish to enter the cell, (which is very dark) you can do so at 106.

If not, return to 75 and select another option.

118

You open your eyes not, as you might well have expected, at the dreaded 14, but in a stately



A black shape, vaguely bat-like, passes right through you.

chamber all too familiar to you from your visits to the castle in happier days. The pill was very obviously a magical teleportation pill, for you are standing near the entrance doors of the Camelot Throne Room, where King Arthur was wont to give public audiences before the Curse was cast upon the land.

The place is, frankly, in a bit of a mess. The Golden Throne of Avalon still stands to the north, but the marble floor is covered in dust with a liberal scattering of chicken bones as if someone had brought in a horde of messy friends for dinner. The tapestries which once adorned the walls are ripped and torn, with several of them pulled down completely. All four doors of the chamber are slightly ajar and several of the lamps in the wall niches have been pulled down and broken.

But at least you know where you are!

Up to a point. The plan on page 204 shows the parts of the Castle with which you are familiar as a visitor, but there are several doors you have never been through so you haven't the slightest notion where they lead. Working from this plan, you have the option of entering the areas shown by turning to the relevant section number. But you must proceed logically. You can't, for example, jump straight from the throne room to, say, the Courtyard without first visiting the Waiting Room and the Guardroom.

Good grief! There's a two-headed dog in here!

Great ugly brute it is too, with eyes like saucers and savage fangs. Fortunately it is securely chained to a metal spike driven into the centre of the floor. A little beyond the brute is a wooden chest, possibly choc-a-bloc with treasure, or perhaps even containing the Mirror Shield of Uther Pendragon.

The problem being, of course, whether you're noseey enough to risk the dog in order to find out what's in that chest. If not, you can always step back out into **163**.

But if you want to make a move towards the chest, turn to **191**.

You are standing on soft turf, around which rises a glittering golden dome. But before you can spend too much time admiring it, your attention is taken by a crouching creature no more than ten feet away, shaped for all the world like a four-legged giant spider with the face of a cat. Each leg ends in a large claw.

'Craw-craw!' remarks the creature... and scuttles towards you.

What we have here, Pip, is a Crawman (you can tell by its distinctive call). It's slow, having only one strike for every two of yours, but it has 40 LIFE POINTS and natural body armour which deducts 4 from every successful blow against it. If the Crawman kills you, go to **14**.

If you survive the encounter, things get complicated.

*If you arrived at this sphere direct, or as a Pathwalker with no further abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.*

*If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path south-west to **125** or south-east to **133**. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.*

*If you arrived at this sphere as a Pathwalker and have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk south-west to **125** or south-east to **133**, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.*



121

You approach cautiously, having learned in the past to be very careful about standing stones (which always seem to produce magical effects, not all of them particularly safe or pleasant). These stones form a circle about nine feet in diameter and, sure enough, there is a mild blue glow within the circle, like a cloud of faintly luminous mist. Apart from this, the place seems quite deserted.

*Are you going to risk entering that mist, Pip? You can do so at **107**.*

*But if you'd prefer to have a look inside that wooden building, you'll find the door at **150**.*

122

You are standing on a paved platform some 50 feet square to the north of which towers a giant granite throne on which is seated a six feet tall, purple-robed stick insect. Its head turns slowly to regard you with multifaceted eyes.

Reach not for your puny sword!' it tells you in imposing tones. 'For I am the Pondifilous Maximus and immune to earthly weapons!'

'Who are you calling puny?' EJ hisses.

Do you know anything about the Curse that was cast on Camelot?' you ask bravely.

But the Pondifilous Maximus ignores you. 'To leave this place, you must solve a puzzle which has perplexed the great minds of the universe for

centuries. Failure means instant death. Are you ready?'

If you want to try to solve the puzzle which has perplexed the great minds of the universe for centuries, turn to 173.

If you fancy your chances of slaughtering this long thin idiot whatever he says about being immune to earthly weapons, you can start a fight at 201.

123

How fascinating. One of the Zombies is carrying an empty cotton reel, a short bit of candle, a box of dead matches and a steel knitting needle. Another has an elastic band.

That's the good news. The bad news is that you have definitely picked up a bad case of Fungoid Rot: there are red, white and blue spots breaking out on the back of your hand (a sure sign) and your left ear has turned a bright luminous green.

Which means you will now automatically lose one PERMANANT LIFE POINT every time you have a fight for the remainder of this adventure. (If you lose ALL your permanent LIFE POINTS you will henceforth lose one ordinary LIFE POINT at the start of each fight.) Maybe you'd be better off not searching the third Zombie - but if you insist, you can do so at 153.

Otherwise, turn to 75 and select a new option.

124

You have entered a crystal dome in which shrubs, bushes, grasses and a great many ferns grow in lush profusion. It looks for all the world like a giant version of one of those ornamental gardens under glass they used to (or rather will) make up in Victorian times. Except this one is a lot bigger and the growth has run a bit wild.

With nothing better to do, you poke about a bit in the bushes with the tip of EJ until you disturb a long-tailed Kootbraker, instantly recognizable from the illustrations in Merlin's spell books.

It embraces you fondly, as is Kootbraker instinct and custom, crushing your face to its furry bosom and purring, its long ears waving with delight.

Very nice, but if you don't do something fast, you're dead. The trouble with Kootbrakers is they don't know their own strength, so that the embrace will grow stronger and stronger until your skull caves in. Since nobody can bring themselves to attack a Kootbraker, your best bet is to try to break the stranglehold, which requires nothing more lethal than matching your strength against that of the friendly monster. Roll two dice for yourself, then roll again for the Kootbraker. If your roll is lower than that of Old Kootie, then you can only catch your breath at 14. If higher, however, you will survive the embrace without injury.

If you do survive the encounter, things get complicated.

If you arrived at this sphere direct, or as a

*Pathwalker with no further abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the key in **162**. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalker abilities for TWO sections.*

*If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path south-east to **138** or (more or less) east to **133**. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.*

*If you arrived at this sphere as a Pathwalker and have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk south-east to **138** or east to **133**, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.*

125

This place gets more and more bizarre. As you stepped from the path into the sphere you found yourself standing on what appears at first glance (or second glance, come to that) to be the surface of an asteroid floating in Space. A winding path stretches out before you, leading over the near horizon of the asteroid, while to your left is the dark opening of a shaft or tunnel leading into the body of the asteroid itself.

Apart from this, you are also aware of two Pathwalker Paths leading north-east and south-east.

*Interesting choice. The winding path over the horizon will take you to **144**. The tunnel travels downwards to **152**. You may take either route*



The sphere turns into an asteroid floating in space.

or throw two dice to visit another sphere.

*If you still have Pathwalker abilities left, you have the further option of Pathwalking north-east to **120** or south-east to **146**.*

126

As you open the door of the cell, there is a sudden explosion of light inside. You leap back, falling into your familiar karate killer fighting stance, EJ at the ready, but the light fades almost at once to comfortable proportions and you see within the cell a stately figure, dark-haired, dark-eyed, scarlet-robed and wearing a tall, pointed hat. He stares at you piercingly. 'I assume you are Pip?'

'Yes,' you admit, taken aback. 'But who are you?'

'The Wizard Kran,' says the stately figure.

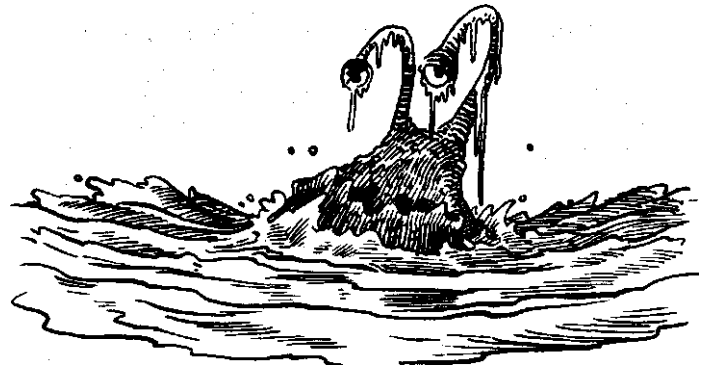
*Holy Cow - you've found him! The wicked wizard who put the Curse on Camelot. Skulking in a cell to boot. Who'd have thought of looking for him here? But what are you going to do about it? If you decide to hurl yourself upon him, EJ hacking furiously, turn to **160**.*

*If you'd prefer a bit of a chat, try **167**.*

127

Yuuch! The floor of this dome is swimming in slime! You take a step forward and slip, only just maintaining your balance. The stuff smells a bit too, making this exactly the sort of place you'd like to get out of sharpish.

And get out you certainly would, but for the fact



that something is rising up out of the slime to hassle you: a slug-like creature with dreary eyes set on the end of squelchy stalks. It moves towards you slowly, a toothless mouth opening to digest you.

*Congratulations - you have just encountered a Squand, which is not the most pleasant of Astral Plane inhabitants. Squands are slow movers, so you will get in two attacks for every one it manages; and since they have no teeth or any other armament, this thing will only do you 2 points of damage on a successful strike, whatever the dice show. Furthermore, it needs 6 or better to touch you. As against that, the Squand has a massive 80 LIFE POINTS, so it isn't exactly easy to kill. And it does have the nasty ability of swallowing you whole on a throw of 12, which will, of course, ensure your early demise. If the Squand kills you, go to **14**.*

If you survive the encounter, things get complicated.

*If you arrived at this sphere direct, or as a Pathwalker with no further abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.*

*If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path north-west to **146** or south-east to **181**. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.*

*If you arrived at this sphere as a Pathwalker and have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk north-west to **146** or south-east to **181**, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.*

128

You're in a corridor running north/south. Torches have been set in wall brackets so you can see a long way. There are three openings in the western wall and one towards the northern end of the eastern wall.

*These places can get confusing without a map, Pip. The first opening on the western wall will take you to **148**. The second may be reached at **154**. The third at **110**. If you decide to go via the eastern opening, however, turn to **113**. Or you may continue north on the corridor you're in at **131**.*

129

By the haggis-infested sporan of St Andrew,

you're under attack already. You had only just time to register the fact that you arrived at the edge of a broad, but shallow lake when the Hoopberk came racing across the water on its great long skinny legs, flapping its residual wings and clacking its beak in a most alarming manner.

*The Hoopberk has 35 LIFE POINTS and strikes successfully on 5 for +3 damage, so the hassle might not prove too dangerous for an adventurer of your skill, courage and experience. Unless, of course, it lays an egg. Should you happen to miss three strikes in a row, this will give the Hoopberk time to lay. The egg will hatch instantly to produce a second fully-grown Hoopberk which will add its weight to the attack. If the Hoopberk(s) kill(s) you, go to **14**.*

If you survive the encounter, things get complicated.

*If you arrived at this sphere direct, or as a Pathwalker with no further abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.*

*If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path west to **151** or east to **181**. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.*

If you arrived at this sphere as a Pathwalker

*and have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk west to **151** or east to **181**, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.*

130

Searching Zombies is a dangerous occupation, Pip. There's an excellent chance you might catch the dreaded Fungoid Rot, a disease that eats up PERMANENT LIFE POINTS.

*If you still want to search, turn to **112**. If you'd rather stay healthy, go back to **75** and pick another option.*

131

The corridor runs northwards for quite a distance before ending in a flight of stone steps leading downwards. There are no torches on the walls here and this section of the corridor is very gloomy indeed. From the dark depths at the bottom of the steps, you can hear a peculiar sound, similar in some respects to the *bloop* of bubbles rising from a swamp.

*Not sure I like the sound of that, Pip, but if you want to go down those stairs, you may do so at **195**. Alternatively, you can always backtrack to **128** and select another direction.*

132

'Oh Lor,' moans EJ the instant you step into the glittering sphere, 'there'll be spiders in here! Giant spiders with great hairy legs and bloodshot eyes and poisoned bites and -'

'Quiet, EJ' you tell him firmly, well aware from past experience of his obsession with spiders. All the same, he could be right: the whole area is a mass of webs, although to be fair to your nerves, there isn't a spider in sight. You reach up to brush aside the webs immediately before you.

'Don't touch the webs!' screams EJ. 'That's what attracts the spiders!'

'Nonsense!' you tell him firmly. 'We can't see where we're going if we don't brush aside the webs.'

There'll be trouble if you do!' insists EJ.

'Of course there won't,' you tell him firmly, brushing aside the webs. 'See,' you add, 'not a spider in sight.'

Nor is there. Although brushing aside the webs has revealed a Ratchbacked Mervillion crouched to spring no more than six feet away.

*Mervillions are a breed of astral lizard, distantly related to Brass Dragons. The Ratchbacked variety is particularly deadly on account of its bad breath, which will remove 10 of your precious LIFE POINTS every third combat round whether or not the monster strikes you successfully. Apart from halitosis, the Mervillion strikes on 5, does +3 damage and has 40 LIFE POINTS. If it kills you, go to **14**.*

If you survive the encounter, things get complicated.

If you arrived at this sphere direct, or as a Pathwalker with no further abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.

If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path north-west to **151** or south to **178**. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.

If you arrived at this sphere as a Pathwalker and have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk north-west to **151** or south to **178**, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.

133

The path stops abruptly at a towering gothic gateway, which is, however, slightly ajar.

Never one to miss an opportunity to get into trouble, you slip through into a gloomy stone-lined chamber. You stand for a moment, waiting for your eyes to adjust to the light and gradually make out a brass-bound chest nestling invitingly against the far wall.

It is only when you make a step towards it that you realize there are three Guardian Spooks in here.

This could be good news or bad news depending on whether you happen to be



The path stops at a towering gothic doorway.

carrying a Spook Basher. If you are, three quick cracks and a throw of 6 or better will be all it needs to demolish all three Spooks. If you aren't, you're just going to have to fight them the hard way. Each Spook has 30 LIFE POINTS, strikes successfully on 4 or better and does +3 damage. A throw of 12 by a Spook indicates you're paralysed for a combat round and must miss a hit.

*If the Spooks kill you, go to **14**. If you survive, you may open the chest at **168**.*

134

The door of the dread device swings open, revealing a slim, pale, fanged and badly punctured creature in an evening suit, black cape and white gloves. Red eyes gleaming, he falls forward into your arms, just missing impaling himself on EJ in the process.

'You have slaughtered the Torturer Famous,' he gasps,

'Whose name I believe to be Seamus,

A gross Irish villain

Deserving of killin'

Since he kept me in that thing since Christmas!'

You extricate yourself from this eccentric creature with an inward groan. That dreadful rhyme, if nothing else, would indicate you have once again encountered the incredible Poetic Fiend, notorious throughout the length and breadth of Avalon for composing the worst verse in the known Universe.

'Are you all right, Poetic Fiend?' you ask, indicating the various holes where the spikes of the Iron Maiden had punctured him.

'A small inconvenience, dear friend and rescuer,' he tells you. 'I shall be perfectly all right unless I drink water. Now, since you were kind enough to release me from that ghastly machine, I propose to become your faithful guide, philosopher and friend for the remainder of your adventure, regaling you with heroic odes, composing extempore poems to celebrate your victories, creating vistas of memorial verse to . . .'

It sounds like a death sentence, given the appalling standard of the Fiend's poetry. 'No need!' you tell him hurriedly. 'I'm sure a poet of your talent would be far better served working on an epic of some description: the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, perhaps. For my part, I require neither thanks nor assistance except, perhaps, some indication of where I might find Pendragon's Mirrored Shield.'

At which the Fiend throws his hands up in delight and declaims:

'My friend doth seek the Mirrored Shield

Borne by the great Pendragon.

And I know what he wants it for -

He needs to get up to the Tor

And there, for better or for worse

To put an end to blight and curse!

How fortunate a Fiend like me

Should know where that great shield must be.

Climb steps from here and steps again
 Turn right, then left, then right again
 And enter in the second door
 (Be very careful of the floor)
 Then solve the puzzle of the purse
 Before your situation gets much worse
 And your quest shall not be in vain!"

With which he collapses on the floor in a fit of creative ecstasy.

*Better creep off and leave him to his own devices, Pip, before he threatens to accompany you again. You can get out of the Torture Chamber by retracing your steps to **91** and making your way from there.*

135

'Ah so!' screams the Karate Cat, voicing the ancient Manx war cry. And moving with lightning rapidity, it leaps into the air to deliver a vicious drop-kick to your throat.

*So quickly indeed that it gets first strike, causing 5 points of damage. If this kills you, go to **14**. If not, you should know that the Karate Kat has 50 LIFE POINTS, strikes successfully on 4 or better and does +3 damage.*

*If you survive, you may go directly to the stone arm at **169**. If not, you may go directly (if reluctantly) to **14**.*

136

The corridor runs southwards for perhaps fifty

feet before you notice signs of recent construction work. As you move a little further, you see that the corridor has been carefully blocked using rough stone and mortar while just before the blockage, a chute has been constructed, plunging downwards into darkness. On the wall beside the chute someone has hastily scrawled a series of numbers:

14 5 5 20 18 21 15 6 15 20 19 4 15 12 5 20 21 8 3 19
 9 8 20

*Which might represent technical instructions to the builders or might not. Meanwhile, you have your choice of sliding down the chute to **197** or returning to **102** to select another direction.*

137

There are trees growing within this dome. Not very nice trees, but trees nonetheless, so that as you step forward, it feels like moving into the outskirts of a dark, dank, gloomy and rather threatening forest.

It's difficult to say what it is about the trees that is so unpleasant. They look normal enough (well nearly normal) but something about them .. .

'I don't like these trees,' remarks EJ.

You stop before one (an elm, by the look of it) to examine it more closely. Still you find it difficult to determine what it is that's so ominous.

'I hope you aren't going to touch that tree,' EJ mumbles.

You touch the tree.

'Yipes!' shouts EJ in alarm, adding, 'I warned you!'

So he did; and rightly. Sliding out of the bole of the tree is a grey, wizened creature in a loincloth with feral eyes and exceptionally long, thin arms.

'It's a Ghast!' groans EJ. 'Well, that puts me out of the picture!'

So it does. Weapons of any sort - even magical weapons like old EJ - are absolutely useless against Ghasts. You fight them with your bare hands, hitting on 6 or better and scoring only dice damage. This particular Ghast has 33 LIFE POINTS, hits on 5 and drains LIFE POINTS at the alarming rate of +5. If the Ghast kills you, go to 14.

If you survive the encounter, things get complicated.

If you arrived at this sphere direct, or as a Pathwalker with no further abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in 162. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.

If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path south-east to 198, south to 215 or north north-east to 159. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.

If you arrived at this sphere as a Pathwalker



Sliding out of the tree is a grey wizened creature.

and have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk south-east to **198**, south to **215** or north north-east to **159**, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.

138

What a swiz - or possibly, what a relief — this dome is empty. At least it looks empty.

'I doubt if it's empty,' EJ remarks annoyingly. 'Why don't you look around for a bit?'

But having looked around, you find your first impression was entirely accurate. Nothing here.

*Which leaves you with several alternatives. First, if your Pathwalking abilities have run out, you should throw two dice and go direct to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Unless, of course, you score a 6, 9 or 12, in which case you have generated new Pathwalking abilities for two further sections. If this happens (or if you have Pathwalking abilities left) you may walk north-west to **122**, south-east to **170** or west to **124**.*

139 *B**

Arrrrrrgh!

No wonder they kept that cell door bolted! The great hairy thing bearing down on you like an express train is twice the size of a house, fanged like a dinosaur, muscled like an elephant and has claws like reaping scythes.

All right, that's a bit of an exaggeration, but it's

nasty all the same. Looks like you're into real hassle here.

Or perhaps not, since it's susceptible to Bribery if you happen to have 1,000 gold pieces handy. If not, you're into a lethal punch up with something which has 30 LIFE POINTS and strikes on 5 for +3 damage.

*If this encounter kills you, you probably know your way to **14** by now. If it doesn't, turn to **109**.*

140

You bite a piece of the nearest pumpkin, which promptly bites you back, removing seven LIFE POINTS from your leg.

*If this kills you, go to **14**. If not, return to **180** and try to control your greed.*

141

You are looking down on the scrunched up sleeping figure of a young adventurer, blithely kipping near a ring of standing stones. There is something painfully familiar about the figure and as you look closer, you realize with a horrid shock that it's you\

Have you died? This doesn't look at all like the dreaded **14** (although **141** is close in a peculiar way). You look around and realize you are floating in the air, a very peculiar sensation, although not at all unpleasant. But how did you get up here?

And, perhaps more importantly, how do you propose to get down again?

There is a mist rising from the standing stones. It rolls towards you like a bank of fog.

You examine yourself and find you are much the same as always: same clothes, same equipment, same .. . No, old EJ seems to have changed: his blade has turned golden.

'I say, EJ, I don't suppose you happen to know what's happened to us?' you ask.

'I'm not paid to think,' EJ tells you grumpily. 'But since you've asked my opinion for once, I'd say we've done an astral projection.'

'Astral projection?'

'Merlin used to do it when he was younger. It's when you leave your body and roam about like a ghost. Stupid occupation, if you ask me.'

The rolling mist is nearer.

'But what's the point of it?' you ask.

'Search me,' EJ says, shrugging his cross-piece. 'I'm a sword, not a philosopher. I think Merlin did it because it made him feel high - silly old fool.'

The mist is almost upon you now and to your amazement you notice there is a door in it!

'EJ, can you see anything in that mist?'

'You mean the door? Of course I can see it.'

The mist halts, the door looming directly in front of you.

This is weird. If you want to go through the



You look down from a greater height... at your own body!

door, turn to **162**. If not, the situation will take its course at **188**.

142

How fascinating. One of the Zombies is carrying an empty cotton reel, a short bit of candle, a box of dead matches and a steel knitting needle. Another has an elastic band. The third Zombie is carrying a full set of plans for a Prehistoric Creep Machine! You don't see many of those about nowadays!

*If you turn to page 207 you will find these ingenious plans. What's more, you can use them to make a Prehistoric Creep Machine of your own which might come in handy later in the adventure. Meanwhile, returning to **75** will let you select your next option.*

143

'Now look what you've gotten us into!' screams EJ. 'That must be the dumbest move you've ever made in an adventure!'

And for once you're hard put to disagree, largely on account of the fact that as you stepped into the glittering sphere you found yourself in a gigantic cage, the only other inhabitant of which is a Giant Squackdiddle.

Squackdiddles are so rare many scholars consider them extinct, although country people - particularly in the Lake District - occasionally claim to have seen one (usually eating cattle whole) in the distance. The descriptions which accompany these claims are consistent in insisting the creature is larger than a dragon, more



In the cage with you is a
Giant Squackdiddle.

horrific than a nightmare and almost as badtempered as Farmer Acton's bull.

And you've got one in the cage with you ...

*The Squackdiddle (which is even now lumbering towards you) has a massive 55 LIFE POINTS, needs 8 or better to hit, but delivers a gigantic +10 damage. If it kills you, which does seem very likely, go to **14**.*

If you survive the encounter, things get complicated.

*If you arrived at this sphere direct, or as a Pathwalker with no further abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.*

*If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path northeast to **170** or southeast to **184**. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.*

*If you arrived at this sphere as a Pathwalker and have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk northeast to **170** or southeast to **184**, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.*

144

Somebody's built a house here! It nestles in a crater on the far side of the horizon, a sort of miniature Gothic castle, all towering spires and

fluttering flags. (At least they would be fluttering if there was any breeze here; or air come to that - wonder how you're managing to breathe.) The floor of the crater is covered in a six inch deep layer of dust and since there's no sign of footprints, you might deduce no-one has been here in a very long time... perhaps even centuries.

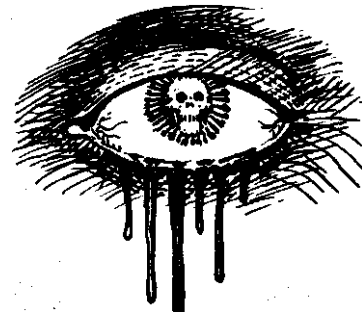
*If, however, you wish to investigate this weird dwelling, turn to **196**. If you think it might be a waste of time, you can always return to **125** and select another option, bearing in mind that following the path over the horizon did NOT use up any Pathwalking abilities you may have.*

145

The corridor runs west for perhaps a hundred feet before ending in a door on which a notice states prominently:

DANGER
KEEP OUT

*You may, of course, ignore this warning by opening the door at **177**. Or you can backtrack to **102**.*



146

Oh wow! This is something else! You have stepped into a glittering translucent sphere where multicoloured filaments weave curtains in the air and light sounds blend into the most delightful music you have ever heard.

You stand transfixed. Soft breezes waft curls of perfume, heady and exotic, to delight you. A light, cool touch pervades your skin, sending shivers of sensation up and down your spine.

You are bombarded by sheer pleasure.

*And it's going to be the death of you if you're not careful! This is just the sort of place where you could stand and starve to death (with a silly grin on your face at that). Roll two dice quickly to discover if you can break this most delightful spell. Score 5 or less and you have just discovered the most pleasant way to reach **14**. Score above 5 and you have found the willpower somehow to make a rational decision.*

*If you have no Pathwalking abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.*

*If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path east to **124**, west to **192**, northwest to **125** or southeast to **127**. In each case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.*

*If you have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk east to **124**, west to **192**, northwest to **125** or southeast to **127**, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.*

147

The purple-robed creature shakes its great head sadly and lifts one skinny hand to point a bony finger in your direction.

'Wrong!' he murmurs, loosing a bolt of silver lightning in your direction.

*Which shocks you directly to **14**.*

148

The corridor runs due west and eventually turns north. But before that happens, you will notice a branch corridor running north as well.

*If you decide to stay on the corridor you're in, turning northwards at the end, go to **171**. If you prefer to explore the branch corridor north, turn to **163**.*

149

You push the door, not bothering to knock since nobody will be at home. It opens easily into a small, marble-tiled reception hall.

You hold your breath and step in.

'Hello!' you call. 'I am a burglar and I have come to rob your rotten home!'

Nothing happens.

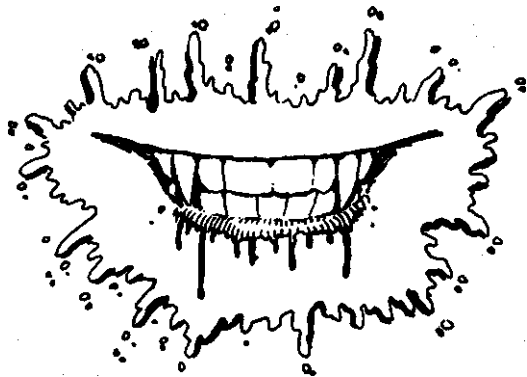
'I am also a vandal,' you call, still louder, 'and I propose to smash up every bit of furniture here!'

Nothing happens.

So much for Merlin Securities Ltd and the possibility of magical protection. There is only one door leading out of the entrance hall (apart from the one you came in through) and you stride purposefully towards it.

You have almost reached it, when there is a gentle tap on your shoulder. You swing round swiftly to find yourself facing the most terrifying vampire it has ever been your misfortune to meet.

'Hello,' he says. 'I'm the butler.' He smiles, grimly. 'Also the Security Officer...'



The Vampire smiles ...

*If you happen to have a wooden stake in your equipment, you can put paid to this johnny on your first successful strike (on 6 or better since you won't be using EJ). Otherwise, you're going to have to fight him to the death - a familiar state for vampires. He has a total of 38 LIFE POINTS, hits successfully on 3 or better and does + damage with his teeth. If he fangs you in the throat (on a throw of 12) you are not only killed instantly and on your way to **14**, but you automatically lose 15 LIFE POINTS from the total of your next incarnation. Vampires are not to be trifled with. If Dracula's cousin kills you, go to **14**. If you survive, turn to **204**.*

150

It's a little church! Nice little place too, wood-built as you've already noticed and far too small to be supported by anything more than a poor congregation. But it's well kept and clean and with none of that mildew and fungus that seems to be crawling all over buildings since the Curse was laid.

You slip through the door and find the inside is just as appealing as the outside. You also find an old man in brown homespun in the process of arranging wild flowers on the altar. He turns at the sound of your entrance and fixes you with a glittering eye.

'It took you long enough,' he says.

'I beg your pardon?'

'Getting here,' he says.

'You mean you were expecting me?'

'Oh yes,' he says. 'I had a vision of the young hero who would lay the Curse and it fits you very nicely. I hope you haven't been taken in by this Wizard Kran nonsense?'

'Wizard Kran?' you echo, not quite getting a grip on this unexpected conversation.

'He's just a conjurer, you know. Couldn't lay a curse on a rotten egg. The real trouble's the Seventh Sister.'

'Seventh Sister?' you ask.

'Seventh Sister,' he repeats. 'Now be off with you: time is running out.'

'But aren't you going to tell me who the Seventh Sister is?'

'No time,' he says, then adds mysteriously, 'Saturn is moving into the Eighth House and Pluto will be forming a trine with Uranus and we all know what that means, don't we?'

'Do we?' you ask, bewildered.

'Yes,' he nods definitely. 'I hope you have your Spook Basher.'

Well, whether you have or whether you haven't, you're not going to get much further talking to this nutter. The thing to do, obviously, is to creep back to 99 before he gets violent.

Cold in here.

The dome above your head is crystalline and the temperature, since you stepped into the glittering sphere, has taken a *distinct* drop. In fact, it's downright freezing.

You move forward, beginning to feel numb. Ice crystals are forming in the air ahead, like a curtain of fine snow, so that it's quite difficult to see where you are going. But your adventurer's luck holds, for you quickly stumble on a platform of worked stone, on which stands a glittering metallic box with three levers set into its lid. A brass plaque on one side identifies the box:

WEATHER MACHINE

Which speaks for itself, except that the instructions, on a second brass plaque beneath the first, don't seem to make all that much sense:

INSTRUCTIONS

WARNING: INCORRECT USE IS DANGEROUS
WARNING: USE ONLY CORRECT LEVER TO
ACTIVATE

WARNING: USE OF WRONG LEVER MAY
PROVE FATAL

NOTICE: ONLY CORRECT LEVER WILL LINK
THESE WORDS:

DEAD ... () ... FORWARD

It's make your mind up time, Pip. If you pull

the left lever, go to 166. If you pull the centre lever go to 187. If you pull the right lever, go to 194.

152

The tunnel descends for about a hundred feet and ends in a short flight of roughly-cut stone steps. Since you've come this far, you descend the steps into a long, narrow chamber. Hanging on a peg in the far wall is one of the most peculiar helmets you have ever seen: made from jet black metal with sparkling lights dancing perpetually in its depths like distant stars on a winter's night.

There is no-one else in the chamber, but between you and the helmet is a beautifully worked life-sized figure made from brass. An inscription on the base informs you:

'ONLY I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO WEAR THE HELM OF MORGREF SAFELY.'

Which may be true, except this brass figure isn't going to tell anybody anything, since some adventurous vandal seems to have removed its head.

There is, of course, no reason why you should take the helm, since you are perfectly free to backtrack to 125 and make your way from there. But if you do want the helm, things are a little more tricky.

First off, if you happen to be carrying a brass head of any sort, you could try setting it on the figure's shoulders at 189. If you don't have a brass head, you could try asking the figure's



Some adventurous vandal seems to have removed the figure's head.

153-155

advice anyway at 207 or simply grab the helm without further ado at 213.

153

The third Zombie is carrying a full set of plans for a Prehistoric Creep Machine! You don't see many of those about nowadays!

If you turn to page 207 you will find these ingenious plans. What's more, you can use them to make a Prehistoric Creep Machine of your own which might come in handy later in the adventure. Meanwhile, returning to 75 will let you select your next option.

154

This corridor runs west until it makes a T-junction with another corridor running north/south. Directly opposite, across this north/south corridor is a door.

If you want a fuller picture of the north/south corridor, turn to 163. If you can live without knowing and want (impatiently) to try that door, go to 180.

155

'Here, where do you think you're going!' howls Head Stanley as you attempt to creep past.

'Let's fang him, Stanley!' growls Head Charles.

And so saying, the two-headed dog launches itself savagely upon you.

The problem is this thing has got 25 LIFE

156

POINTS per head - and you have to zap both heads before it will stop fanging you. Speaking of which, it fangs for +3 damage on a roll of 5 or better, gaining two strikes for your one.

If the mutt kills you, go to 14. If you survive, you can open the chest at 206.

156

Watch your balance, Pip! The second you stepped into this glittering sphere, you found yourself teetering precariously on the edge of a sheer cliff face which drops away into nothingness as far as the eye can see.

A quick look around convinces you that you are, in fact, standing on a tiny plateau (hardly more than 7' x 7') with sheer drops on all sides. Nor are you alone. Crowding the plateau with you is a little old lady armed with a slide trombone.

Get off! she shrieks. There's not room for two of us here! Keep your distance. Come any closer and I'll kill you!

The problem is that the only way off the plateau is past the little old lady, that being the direction in which the paths lie. You step forward to push past her politely and she leaps to attack.

At such close range, that trombone does +7 damage if she manages to blow it successfully, which she will on a throw of 6 or better. The little old lady has 30 LIFE POINTS. But the real problem with this bit of bother is that should you happen to roll a 5 or a 7 it indicates that

you have lost your footing and fallen over the edge to 14. Even if you keep your footing, this crabby ancient may still kill you, in which case go to 14.

If you survive, but your Pathwalking abilities have run out, you should throw two dice and go direct to the section indicated on the Key in 162. Unless, of course, you score a 6, 9 or 12, in which case you have generated new Pathwalking abilities for two further sections. If this happens (or if you have Pathwalking abilities left) you may walk north-west to 133, or south-west to 170.

157

'What's happened here, Your Majesty?' you call, not going back as instructed, but not going forward either.

'We have been trapped by the Curse!' gasps the King. 'If you attempt to rescue us now, you will surely die. Our only hope is for you to go back and try to break the Curse.'

Since even Kings can be wrong, you may still leap in and attempt a rescue at 203. But if you think it wiser to go back you may retrace your steps to 128.

158

'Go with my blessing!' exclaims the purple-robed PM, waving one hand grandly towards your available options.

Which are as follows:

If you arrived at this sphere direct, or as a Pathwalker with no further abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in 162. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.

If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path east to 133 or south-east to 138. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.

If you arrived at this sphere as a Pathwalker and have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk east to 133 or south-east to 138, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.



159

Watch your balance, Pip! The second you stepped into this glittering sphere, you found yourself teetering precariously on the edge of a sheer cliff face which drops away into nothingness as far as the eye can see.

A quick look around convinces you that you are, in fact, standing on a tiny plateau (hardly more than 7' x 7') with sheer drops on all sides. Nor are you alone. Crowding the plateau with you is a little old man armed with a set of bagpipes.

'Get off!' he shrieks. 'There's not room for two of us here! Keep your distance. Come any closer and I'll kill you!'

The problem is that the only way off the plateau is past the little old man, that being the direction in which the paths lie. You step forward to push past him politely and he leaps to attack.

At such close range, the bagpipes do +7 damage if he manages to blow them successfully, which he will on a throw of 6 or better. The little old man has 30 LIFE POINTS. But the real problem with this bit of bother is that should you happen to roll a 5 or a 7 it indicates that you have lost your footing and fallen over the edge to 14. Even if you keep your footing, this crabby ancient may still kill you, in which case go to 14.

If you survive, but your Pathwalking abilities have run out, you should throw two dice and go direct to the section indicated on the Key in

162. *Unless, of course, you score a 6, 9 or 12, in which case you have generated new Pathwalking abilities for two further sections. If this happens (or if you have Pathwalking abilities left) you may walk north-east to 192, south-east to 151, or south south-east to 137.*

160

You hurl yourself upon him, EJ hacking furiously. Kran raises one slim finger and a bolt of purple lightning erupts from the tip, arcs towards you and makes contact with your nose, transforming you instantly into a cube of quivering jelly (plum flavoured).

And they told me you were a sensible adventurer,' Kran sighs sadly.

Wobble off to 14.

161

The purple-robed creature shakes its great head sadly and lifts one skinny hand to point a bony finger in your direction.

Wrong!' he murmurs, loosing a bolt of silver lightning in your direction.

Which shocks you directly to 14.

162

What an incredibly strange environment! You are standing on a vast, flat plain (and a quick glance behind you will be all that's needed to convince you that the door through which you entered has

disappeared, replaced by a towering - and absolutely unclimbable - cliff).

Before you stretches a network of paths, interlinking a series of glittering, misty spheres, the diameter of each one approximately double your own height. High above, a blue sun hangs motionless in a cloudless sky.

You attempt to step forward and fall flat on your face!

But a cunning adventurer like yourself will soon work out how to get around here, although it's quite complicated until you're used to it. First off, look at the picture on page 203 which shows the path network and the spheres (and also tells you you're on the Astral Plane, incidentally). None of the spheres is numbered, but eight of them have letters, with the relevant section numbers given in a Key to the side. To travel on the Astral Plane, you must roll two dice and check the result against the table below:

SCORE	GO TO SPHERE
2	A
3	B
4	C
5	D
6*	PATHWALKER
7	E
8	F



Before you stretches a series of paths interlinking glittering, misty spheres.

9*	PATHWALKER
10	G
11	H
12*	PATHWALKER

As you can see, some scores take you directly to a sphere; and if those are the scores you get, you should turn directly to the section number indicated on the Key. If, however, you score 6, 9 or 12, you develop the abilities of an Astral Pathwalker for two sections. This means that when you arrive in a sphere, you have the option of walking a path to another sphere and, when your business is finished in that sphere, walking one more path to yet another sphere.

Each Pathwalker score allows you to walk only TWO paths. After that you lose your Pathwalking abilities until you manage to score 6, 9 or 12 again.

If the dice direct you to the same sphere twice, you will find that whatever you did there the first time has made no difference: the sphere and anything in it remains absolutely unchanged.

It all sounds very complicated, but roll your dice and see what happens.

163

The corridor runs north/south. It joins a corridor running east/west in T-junctions at both its northern and southern end. Approximately

midway along the eastern wall, a branch corridor runs eastwards. Somewhat nearer the northern end, in the west wall, another branch corridor runs westwards. There are also two doors in the western wall: one opposite the branch corridor to the east, the other a little further south.

*Confusing, isn't it? Should you wish to enter the east/west corridor to the south, turn to **148**. If you prefer to explore the east/west corridor to the north, go to **110**. The branch corridor running eastwards is at **154**. The branch corridor running westwards is at **111**. The northernmost door in the western wall will take you to **189**. The door in the same wall further south leads to **119**.*

If you want to go anywhere else from here you'll have to dig or fly.

164

You can well remember the days when the dignitaries of Avalon would sit in this chamber awaiting audience with the King. Now they would have nowhere to sit - the chairs have all been smashed.

A few spots of the exterior fungus have crept in here, sure sign that the room has not been used since the Curse was laid.

Now return to your plan and decide where to go.

165

As you approach the left hand moggie, it stands

up, stretches lazily and hands you a printed card. On it are the words:

I AM OBLIGED TO INFORM YOU THAT I AM TRAINED IN KARATE AND MY HANDS AND FEET ARE REGISTERED WITH THE AUTHORITIES AS DANGEROUS WEAPONS.

Signed

Left Hand Felix Terribilis

Are you sure you want to tackle a trained Karate Kat? If so, turn to 135.

If you've changed your mind, you can always try something else at 180.

166

The temperature plummets to 1 million degrees below zero, which is, of course, scientifically impossible except on the Astral Plane.

Your blood freezes instantly.

But you can thaw out slowly at 14.

167

'Kran, is it?' you cry. 'The Wicked Wizard who laid the Curse on Avalon? You scurrilous fiend! You monstrous maggot! You terrible tortfeasor! You -'

'I say, steady on,' remarks Kran. 'Anyone would think you hadn't come here to rescue me.'

'Rescue you?' you gasp. 'I came here to slit your gizzard!'

'No, don't be like that!' protests Kran. 'I know I've been getting some terrible publicity lately, but I never dreamed an adventurer of your calibre would be taken in by it.'

'Terrible publicity?' you frown, feeling a bit like Little Sir Echo.

'People have been saying the nastiest things about me,' Kran tells you. 'None of it true, of course. Put down your sword a minute and I'll explain.'

Are you going to fall for this silver-tongued smoothie and put down EJ? If so, turn to 174. If, however, you prefer to hurl yourself upon him, hacking furiously with EJ, turn to 160.

168

It's full of sawdust! Furiously you scabble your way into it like a dog burying a bone, making an unholy mess in the process. But sawdust is all there is.

Disgusted, you turn away, then a thought strikes you and you turn back to examine the chest again. Sure enough, it has a false bottom. Using EJ -

'Here, you're not going to use me as a screwdriver are you?' protests EJ.

—as a screwdriver, you open the secret compartment. And nestling therein is a delicate emerald amulet on a silver chain. Besides it is a parchment scroll which identifies the piece as the Amulet of Sarabanda.

And a valuable find it may be, although the ink



A stone arm is growing out of the wall.

on the parchment has faded so much you can no longer read the magical instructions pertaining to the Amulet. Better decide now whether to wear it, carry it or (unlikely choice knowing you) leave it here.

*If your Pathwalking abilities have run out, you should throw two dice and go direct to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Unless, of course, you score a 6, 9 or 12, in which case you have generated new Pathwalking abilities for two further sections. If this happens (or if you have Pathwalking abilities left) you may walk west to **122**, north-west to **120** or south-east to **156**.*

169

Well, you made it. The stone arm growing out of the wall opens its stone hand as you approach, allowing the purse to fall (with an interesting chink of gold coins) on the floor.

Swiftly you scoop it up. Greedily you rip it open. Delightedly you discover it contains no less than 1,000 bright new gold pieces and a small white pill.

*Undoubtedly you will take the gold, but if you wish to swallow the pill you should turn - now or later - to **183**. Otherwise, make your way back to **163** and continue your exploration.*

170

Spheres within spheres - this one is full of bubbles. Ordinary soap bubbles by the taste of them, but several are filled with green smoke.

Every time you pop one of the smoke-filled bubbles, the smoke sort of explodes like a little volcano: a fascinating thing to watch. Of the remaining bubbles there are a few which are elongated rather than spherical and they float through the air like transparent cigars.

'Excuse me!' says EJ loudly.

'What is it, EJ?' you ask.

'Have you seen what's blowing the bubbles?'

You tear your eyes away from the bubbles and look in the direction he is pointing. To your absolute amazement, you see squatting on a floor cushion a Fire-Eating Nomart.

The creature, which vaguely resembles a six armed Koala Bear dressed as Harlequin, is performing one of those incredible feats of juggling for which the breed is famous: 19 clubs in the air at the same time. Each club is carved with a skull at the top and each one bears a letter or a figure. At times it seems as if the letters on the clubs make up words, but they are moving so fast you can't really make out what the words might be. With a little concentration, however, you do make out all the letters and figures:

TH 9 S I 19 NT 1 US 5 FU 12 CL U 5

'Go in peace,' says the Nomart suddenly, blowing a stream of bubbles from its ears.

Which is the best offer you've had all day and a

nice change from monsters attacking you without provocation.

*If your Pathwalking abilities have run out, you should throw two dice and go direct to the section indicated on the Key. Unless, of course, you score a 6, 9 or 12, in which case you have generated new Pathwalking abilities for two further sections. If this happens (or if you have Pathwalking abilities left) you may walk north-east to **156**, north-west to **138** or south to **143**.*

171

This corridor runs north/south with turnings east at both ends. There is, however a branch corridor, also running east, about 10 feet south of the northern turning.

*This branch corridor may be entered at **111**.
The northern corridor running east is at **110**.
The southern corridor running east is at **148**.*

172

There is a full contingent of twelve King's Guards in here, all of them dead (not to mention a little bit rotted).

Whoever or whatever laid the Curse on Camelot has a lot to answer for.

The double doors south lead, as you remember, into the outer courtyard. You do not know where the other two doors lead.

Now return to your plan and make a decision.

173

'What is the puzzle, Oh Mighty Maximus?' you call grandly, fingering EJ's pommel sneakily in the half hope you might get in a quick stab at some stage.

'The puzzle is this,' intones the purple-robed creature gravely. 'Where can one get a Prehistoric Creep Machine these days?'

You stare at him open-mouthed.

If you happen to have a Prehistoric Creep Machine with you, turn to 158. If you don't, you may just possibly remember which Fungoid Zombie had the plans for one. If you think it was the first Zombie, turn to 147. If you think it was the second Zombie, turn to 161. If you think it was the third Zombie, turn to 182. If you haven't a clue which Zombie, or can't be bothered answering this stupid puzzle, you can always try to kick his teeth in at 201.

174

Hesitantly, never taking your eyes off him, you prop EJ against the cell door. 'All right,' you tell Kran grimly, 'let's hear your story.'

'Not a lot to tell, really,' Kran sighs. 'First of all, I'm not a real wizard - I'm an escapologist. The only bit of genuine magic I know is how to generate a bolt of purple lightning that turns people into plum-flavoured jelly. Everything else is tricks. I do a good vanishing elephant and I specialize in getting out of chains and locked boxes and so on - escapology, as I said.'

'How come you didn't get out of this cell?' you ask suspiciously.

'I said I was an escapologist - I didn't say I was a good one. Most of the locked boxes I get out of have false bottoms and while I'm very good at locks, this cell has an outside bolt: I couldn't handle that in a fit. So I had to stay here until some daring adventurer came along to rescue me.'

'Then you didn't put the Curse on Camelot?'

'I wouldn't know how.'

'Then,' you ask, 'who did?'

Kran glances over his shoulder nervously. 'The Phantom Grunweazel!' he hisses.

At once the air is filled with the sound of a full orchestra playing *Dum da dum dum!*

You leap back into your karate killer stance. 'What was that?'

'Just ignore it,' advises the Wizard Kran. That always happens when you say the dreaded name.'

'The Phantom Grunweazel?' you ask.

Dum da dum dum!

'Yes,' says Kran. It indicates the Phantom Grunweazel-'*Dum da dum dum!*'-is a creature living on the dreaded Astral Plane and anyone who wants to kill it will have to go there to find it.'

Good heavens!' you exclaim. 'But how does a bold adventurer get to the Astral Plane?'

'There's a megalithic gate on the top of Glastonbury Tor. But to get there you have to get past the Great Guardian Wyrms and that means liberating Pendragon's Mirror Shield - quite a complicated process really.'

'Do you know where I can find Pendragon's Mirror Shield?' you ask, getting right to the heart of the matter.

Kran shakes his head. 'No. But I can tell you this: without the Universal Key, you won't be able to open the box where Pendragon hid the Shield.'

Astral Planes, Guardian Wyrms, Mirror Shields and now a Universal Key! This adventure is turning into a monumental tangle and no mistake. You take a deep breath. 'I don't suppose you know where I can find the Universal Key?' you ask.



Kran grins amiably. 'In my pocket,' he says. 'And I shall be delighted to let you have it as a reward for rescuing me!'

*What a pleasant turn of events. Now you've got the Universal Key, all you need is to find the Mirror Shield, defeat the Guardian Wyrms, climb Glastonbury Tor, discover the Megalithic Gateway, travel to the Astral Plane, seek out the Phantom Grunweazel (Dum da dum dum!) and slaughter it to lift the Curse on Camelot. Right now, however, you'd better return to **75** and select another option.*

175

You have entered a narrow corridor with steps leading upwards at the western end and a dead end blank wall to the east.

*Climbing the steps takes you to **113**. Trying to walk through the blank wall will probably take you to hospital with a severe headache, but if you want to search for a secret door in it, you can do so at **186**.*

176

This smallish room is used by King Arthur to robe himself before formal audiences. Two cupboards in the room have been emptied. The wardrobe still contains one ermine cape, but it has been slashed with a dagger.

Behind a panel on the eastern wall you find the semi-secret door Arthur used to reach the corridor leading to his private quarters. But the door has

177-178

jammed and nothing you do will open it.

Which means you can only return to the plan and make another decision.

177

Kerr-ping!

It's a spear trap! There's nothing behind the door but a blank wall into which has been set a cunning spring-loaded mechanism which launches a spear at anybody daft enough to open the door.

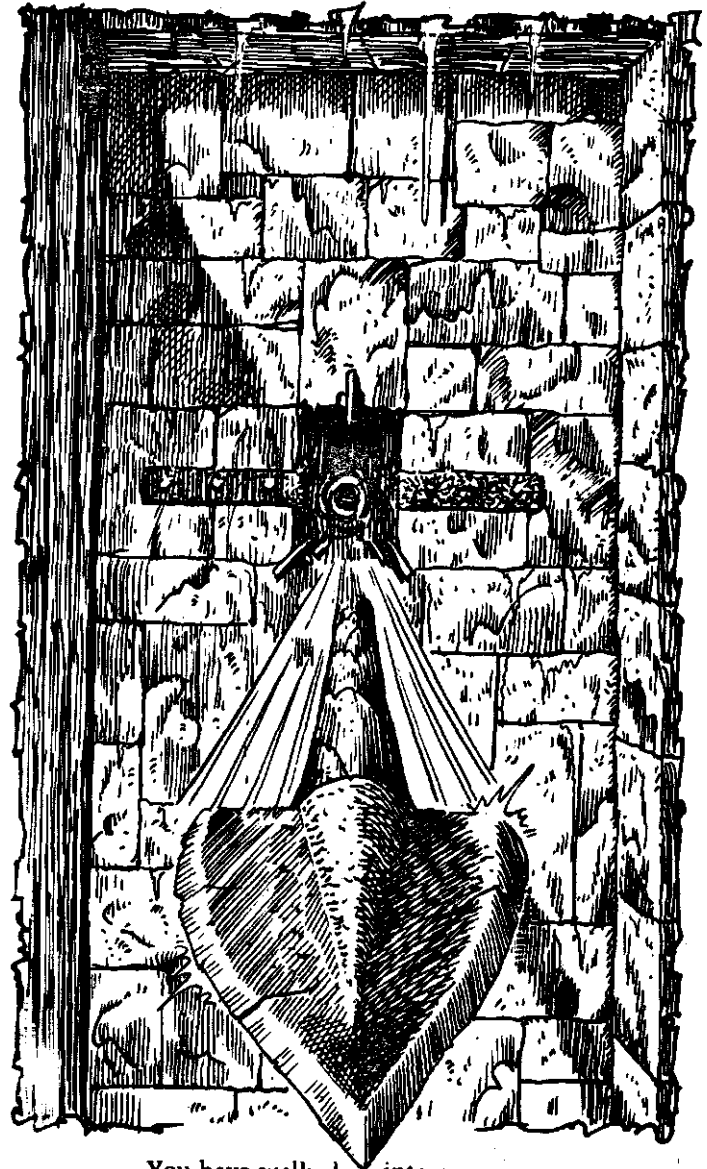
*Which leaves us with the question of whether it skewered you. Roll two dice. Score 7 or better and the spear misses you. Score less and you're hit. In this latter case, roll again and deduct the result from your LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to **14**. If you survive, the only thing you can do is return to **102**.*

178

You are standing on soft turf, around which rises a glittering golden dome. But before you can spend too much time admiring it, your attention is taken by a crouching creature no more than ten feet away, shaped for all the world like a four-legged giant spider with the face of a cat. Each leg ends in a large claw.

'Craw-craw!' remarks the creature... and scuttles towards you.

What we have here, Pip, is a Namwarc (you can tell by its distinctive call). It's slow, having



You have walked into a spear trap.

only one strike for every two of yours, but it has 40 LIFE POINTS and natural body armour which deducts 4 from every successful blow against it. If the Namwarc kills you, go to 14.

If you survive the encounter, things get complicated.

If you arrived at this sphere with no further Pathwalker abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in 162. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.

If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path north to 132, west to 164 or east to 205. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.

If you arrived at this sphere with Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk north to 132, west to 164 or east to 205, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.

179

This area at least hasn't changed. The outer courtyard of Camelot was always grotty and it's just as grotty now. Grass and weeds grow through the cracks in the paving stones and the remains of broken carts are propped against the walls.

But at least you can leave the castle from here if

that's what you want to do, by going through the arch into the tunnel at 199.

Consult your plan to make your decision.

180

What a curious room. (There's a diagram of it on page 205). The floor is marble tiled, with a mosaic border running all the way round. Immediately in front of the door is a row of three giant pumpkins, cut out with grinning faces like Hallowe'en lanterns.



Towards the far end of the room, you can see two massive marble pillars carved in the shape of gigantic question marks. Inlaid into the floor before these pillars is a vast (and ominous) skull and crossbones. Flanking the symbol are two fine examples of the extremely rare long-tailed Manx *Felix Terribilus*, possibly the most dangerous of all the cat family, including sabre-toothed tigers.

Squatting between the pillars, unmindful of **the** fearsome cats, is a cute little bunny, wearing a pink jacket and waving at you in a friendly manner.

But the most interesting thing of all is the stone arm emerging from the far left hand corner wall, for this arm is attached to a stone hand which grasps a large leather purse on which someone has drawn the universally recognizable symbol of the Goldsmith's Guild, indicating that the purse contains a lot of loot.

There is, however, a problem here. If you want to reach the purse, you can make your way through the pillars and past the friendly bunny, but this involves stepping on the inlaid skull and crossbones at 193. If you feel happier avoiding the skull and crossbones, you are forced to try to get past the fearsome Manx cats - the left hand one at 165, or the right hand one at 116. Alternatively, of course, you can forget about the purse and leave the room at 163. You can even try munching one of the pumpkins at 140 if you happen to be feeling peckish.

181

Cold in here.

The dome above your head is crystalline and the temperature, since you stepped into the glittering sphere, has taken a *distinct* drop. In fact, it's downright freezing.

You move forward, beginning to feel numb. Ice crystals are forming in the air ahead, like a curtain of fine snow, so that it's quite difficult to see where you are going. But your adventurer's luck holds, for you quickly stumble on a platform of worked stone, on which stands a glittering

metallic box with three levers set into its lid. A brass plaque on one side identifies the box:

WEATHER MACHINE

Which speaks for itself, except that the instructions, on a second brass plaque beneath the first, don't seem to make all that much sense:

INSTRUCTIONS

WARNING: INCORRECT USE IS DANGEROUS
WARNING: USE ONLY CORRECT LEVER TO
ACTIVATE

WARNING: USE OF WRONG LEVER MAY
PROVE FATAL

NOTICE: ONLY CORRECT LEVER WILL LINK
THESE WORDS:

NONE ... () ...OUT

It's make your mind up time, Pip. If you pull the left lever, go to 209. If you pull the centre lever go to 220. If you pull the right lever, go to 214.

182

'Go with my blessing!' exclaims the purple-robed PM, waving one hand grandly towards your available options.

Which are as follows:

If you arrived at this sphere direct, or as a Pathwalker with no further abilities left, roll two dice. Score anything other than 6, 9 or 12 and go to the section indicated on the Key in

162. Score 6, 9 or 12 and you have Pathwalking abilities for TWO sections.

If you have now become a Pathwalker, you may walk the path east to **133** or south-east to **138**. In either case you will retain your Pathwalker abilities for one further section if you survive the next sphere.

If you arrived at this sphere as a Pathwalker and have Pathwalker abilities left, you may walk east to **133** or south-east to **138**, but you will have NO further Pathwalking abilities left when you arrive.

183

You pop the pill, which fizzes a little in your mouth before you manage to get it down.

'Have you got a headache?' EJ asks curiously.

You ignore him and wait. For a moment nothing happens.

'Feeling better?' EJ asks solicitously.

You open your mouth to tell him to keep quiet but, before you can say anything, your head explodes.

Go to **118**.

184

You have entered a totally desolate environment which seems to stretch out to a barren infinity (a trick of the light, no doubt, but a compelling illusion just the same).



Before you can say anything, your head explodes.

As you start forward, you are gripped by a sudden feeling of depression and thoughts of the dreaded 14 fill your mind.

You feel a movement beside you and discover old EJ is feeling much the same thing, since he seems to be trying to stab himself to death in the pommel.

'Cut that out, EJ!' you order him firmly.

But it's obvious that there's something about this place that can drive you to total despair very easily.

*Better find out if you have the inherent optimism to resist it. Roll two dice. Score 5 or below and you've had it: sink down in despair to **14**. Score 6 or more and you're back on top of the situation.*

*If you have no Pathwalking abilities left, roll two dice and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Unless you score 6, 9 or 12, in which case you have Pathwalking abilities for two further sections and may walk north-east to **143** or south-east to **205**, with abilities left for one further section.*

*If you arrived here with abilities in reserve, walk north-east to **143** or south-east to **205**, but when you arrive you will have NO further abilities left.*

185

Well, just as you remembered - the Camelot

stables. Now full of rotting straw and old manure with not a horse in sight.

You search in the straw, but find nothing. You search the walls, examine the doors and look up at the ceiling, but find nothing.

You search the floor and you find a secret trapdoor.

*Go to **216**.*

186

Diligently you examine the wall, your nose only inches from the stonework.

*Throw under 6 and you can't find any door in the wall; in which case return to **175**. Throw 6 or better and a one-way door opens allowing you direct access to **115**.*

187

It's getting warmer! By Jove, that was a close call. Luckily you are the most intelligent adventurer to stumble into this place since young Bert Einstein in 1903.

Stamp your feet and blow on your hands and then let's get out of here before the machine breaks down.

If you're all out of Pathwalking abilities, roll two dice and go to the section indicated on the Key. Unless you throw 6, 9 or 12, which will generate new Pathwalking abilities for two further sections. If you still have Pathwalking abilities, your immediate options are north-

188-189

*west to 159, north northwest to 202, east to 129
or south-east to 132.*

188

Purposefully, you turn your back on the door.

'Look out!' shouts EJ.

You glance back hurriedly to see that the door has opened and a gigantic hand is emerging. You reach for EJ, but it is already too late.

The gigantic hand grabs you and drags you to 162.

189

You set the brass head (which has been absolutely useless to you so far on this adventure) on to the shoulders of the brass figure.

'Okay, talk!' you growl, slapping its face a few times for encouragement.

'No need for that, M'deario,' says the head in a broad Cornish accent. 'A simple question would have been sufficient.' It hiccoughs, teeters alarmingly, but retains its balance on the shoulders.

'All right,' you say. 'What about this Helm?'

'The only known protection against the Phantom Grunweazel,' remarks the head. 'But lethal to its wearer unless you happen to say 'Bonkers' as you put it on.'

What a find! Protection against the Phantom Grunweazel! Swiftly you race across to don the



A gigantic hand emerges through the open door

Helm (sheepishly muttering 'bonkers' as you do so). Grabbing the Brass Head in case it comes in handy again, you quickly retrace your steps upwards to 125.

190

Well, just as you remembered - the Camelot stables. Now full of rotting straw and old manure with not a horse in sight.

You search in the straw, but find nothing. You search the walls, examine the doors, and look up at the ceiling, but find nothing.

You search the floor and you find nothing.

Go back to your plan for a new destination.

191

You take a step forward.

'Hold it!' says one head of the dog.

'Oh, come on Stanley,' growls the other head. 'Let the adventurer have a look in the chest!'

'Certainly not, Charles,' snaps the first head. 'It's our job to guard it!'

'I don't see why, Stanley — there's nothing valuable inside: no bones, no biscuits, not even a rubber ball to play with.'

'You're far too frivolous, Charles,' snarls Head Stanley. 'All you can think of is eating and playing. Where's your sense of duty?'

'Excuse me ...' you put in hesitantly. Both heads swing back towards you. 'I never met a talking dog before.' You frown. 'Or one with two heads either, for that matter.'

'You must have led a very sheltered existence,' remarks Head Charles.

'Not really,' you reply. 'But since you can talk, I wonder if you would allow me to have a quick look in that chest? I'd hate to have to kill you to get to it.'

Both heads begin to giggle. 'Kill us? You must be joking!' Head Stanley adds, 'We ate a dragon for breakfast!'

'You ate a dragon for breakfast, you greedy pig!' exclaims Head Charles. 'You wouldn't let me get near it!'

'No, I didn't!' exclaims Head Stanley. 'Share and share alike is my motto - you know that!'

I know nothing of the sort! Let me tell you'

Are you going to stand here all day listening to this silly mutt squabble with itself, or are you going to take the opportunity of creeping past and taking a sneaky look in the chest? Unless you want to leave to 163 (which you're perfectly entitled to do) roll two dice. Score 3 or better and go to 200. Score under 3 (which only leaves you with 2) and go to 155.

192

What a swiz - or possibly, what a relief - this dome is empty. At least it looks empty.

I doubt if it's empty,' EJ remarks annoyingly. 'Why don't you look around for a bit.'

But having looked around, you find your first impression was entirely accurate.

Which leaves you with several alternatives. First, if your Pathwalking abilities have run out, you should throw two dice and go direct to the section indicated on the Key in 162. Unless, of course, you score a 6, 9 or 12, in which case you have generated new Pathwalking abilities for two further sections. If this happens (or if you have Pathwalking abilities left) you may walk east to 146, southeast to 202 or southwest to 159.

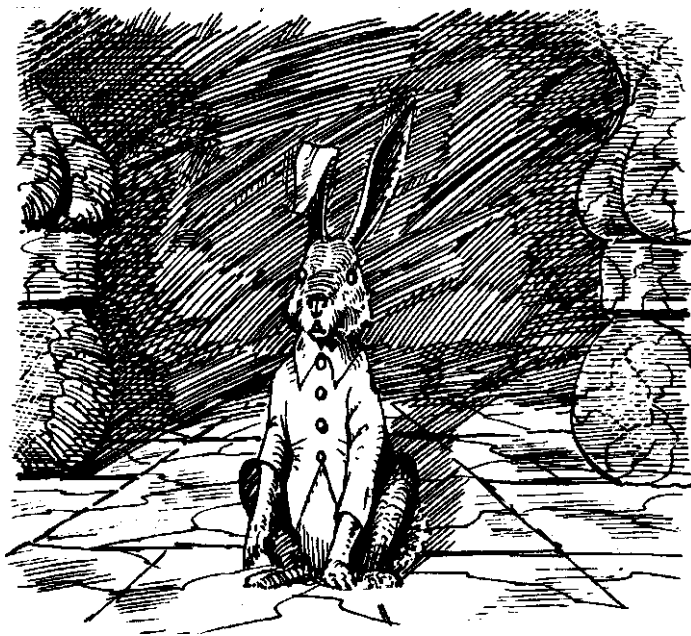
193

That's funny - nothing's happened. You stepped right on to that sinister inlaid skull and crossbones and absolutely nothing happened. You'd imagine there should have been a trap of some sort here - a pit with poisoned stakes or a teleport device or a lava deluge from the ceiling or something of that sort. But the floor's firm and there isn't even a sniff of magic to worry about.

Which makes one wonder why anybody took the trouble of inlaying a skull and crossbones in the floor.

Counting your blessing (which have been pitifully few this adventure to date) you move from the skull to step between the two huge question-mark pillars, holding your breath nervously.

Again nothing happens. Which is odd too, because



in adventures like this there's usually a forcefield set to zap you. But not this time.

Counting your blessings (which seem to have begun to mount up now) you stride through the space between the pillars, pausing only to pat the head of that friendly little bunny.

Which leaps like a mongoose to take you in the throat!

So that's why there was a skull and crossbones. This friendly little brute has to be a Vorpal Bunny, a monster of reassuring appearance but truly terrifying ferocity. The Vorpal Bunny has

194-195

55 LIFE POINTS, strikes successfully on 5 and does +2 damage with those prominent front teeth. This doesn't sound too bad (except for the LIFE POINTS) until you realise that any throw of 6 or 12 by the Vorpal indicates it's ripped your brain out, killing you more or less instantly. If the Vorpal kills you in this or any other way, go to **14**. If you survive, you may proceed to the arm with the purse at **169**.

194

The temperature plummets to 1 million degrees below zero, which is, of course, scientifically impossible except on the Astral Plane.

Your blood freezes instantly.

*But you can thaw out slowly at **14**.*

195

Cautiously you descend the stairs, EJ at the ready. As you do so, the curious *blooping* noise increases and a stifling pong assails your nostrils. You notice the walls of the staircase are covered in the same rotted fungus you saw on the exterior of the castle. Nonetheless, you persevere and as you reach the thirteenth step the fungus begins to glow, casting a pale eerie light.

'Go back!' a voice ahead calls weakly. But weak or not, it sounds familiar.

'Go back!' calls a different voice, equally weak and equally familiar.

'Please go back!' cries a female voice.

'Oui,' adds yet another voice weakly. 'Vous must

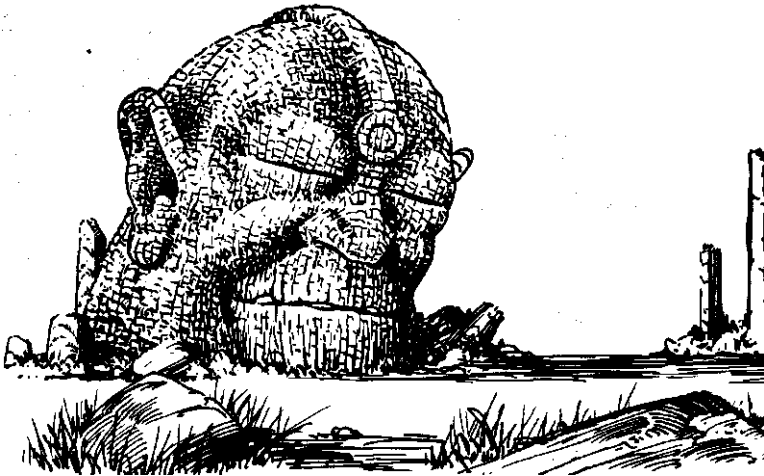


The staircase leads to a pit-like chamber,
half filled with the ____

allez backwards!' And that voice, breaking intermittently into his native French, is absolutely recognisable as belonging to the brave Sir Lancelot du Lac!

Ignoring the advice, you take one more step downwards and suddenly all is revealed. The staircase leads into a pit-like chamber, virtually filled with oozing fungus. And trapped like flies in glue is the entire Company of the Table Round - King Arthur, Queen Guinevere, Lancelot, Pellinore, Galahad, Percival, Mordred and the rest, all up to their necks in fungus and looking in magotty bad order.

One step more and you're into the fungus yourself, Pip. But if you want to plunge in for a lunatic rescue attempt, turn to 203. If you prefer to chicken out (and who would blame you) turn to 157.



Cautiously you walk down the slope of the crater, leaving a clearly discernible trail of footprints in the dust behind you. As you get closer, you can see that the building really has been exquisitely made: a perfect castle, but miniaturised so that it is no larger than a crofter's cottage.

You reach the main gates (which together are no larger than a normal door) and reach up to knock when your eye catches an inscription on the archway above. The inscription reads:

THIS HOUSE BE PROTECTED BY MERLIN
SECURITIES LTD.

(Alarm Systems and Guard Dogs a Speciality.)

It's one of Merlin's stupid houses! He has them all over the place - each one more eccentric than the last! Most of the time he doesn't even get to live in them: certainly he hasn't lived in this one for a very long time by the look of it. But that doesn't matter. What does matter is that he might have stashed away a bit of magic or healing or something else useful.

All the same, you hesitate.

The problem is that protection notice. It's very like Merlin to cast one of his spells over a place like this and even a simple knock on the door might prove lethal. At the same time, even his fresh spells often go wrong and any on this place would have been set years ago, so they might have worn out by now. If you want to

risk it, turn to **149**. If not, you can always return to **125** and select another option, bearing in mind that following the path over the horizon did NOT use up any Pathwalking abilities you may have.

197

Go to **14**.

198

You have entered a totally desolate environment which seems to stretch out to a barren infinity (a trick of the light, no doubt, but a compelling illusion just the same.)

As you start forward, you are gripped by a sudden feeling of depression and thoughts of the dreaded **14** fill your mind.

You feel a movement beside you **and** discover old EJ is feeling much the same thing, since he seems to be trying to stab himself to death in the pommel.

'Cut that out, EJ!' you order him firmly.

But it's obvious that there's something about this place that can drive you to total despair very easily.

*Better find out if you have the inherent optimism to resist it. Roll two dice. Score 5 or below and you've had it: sink down in despair to **14**. Score 6 or more and you're back on top of the situation.*

If you have no Pathwalking abilities left, roll

two dice and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Unless you score 6, 9 or 12, in which case you have Pathwalking abilities for two further sections and may walk north-west to **137** or south-west to **215**, with abilities left for one further section.

*If you arrived here with abilities in reserve, walk north-west to **137** or south-west to **215**, but when you arrive you will have NO further abilities left.*

199

You enter the exit passage with the sudden realization that there are murder holes in the ceiling where the more bad-tempered of Arthur's guards were wont to pour boiling oil and molten lead down on the heads of enemies.

But if the Curse has done one positive thing, it's put a stop to that sort of nonsense (admittedly by putting a stop to the guards as well). Thus you walk safely to the portcullis and, with a little difficulty, lower the drawbridge to let yourself out of the castle.

*Which leaves you with the choice of going to the Tor at **13** or visiting Glastonbury at **34**.*

200

'And what about the day you —'

To the sound of the two-headed dog arguing with itself in the background, you creep quietly into the room and gently open the lid of the chest.

'I did nothing of the sort, Stanley! You, on the other hand -'

There's a skeleton in the chest - and an animated skeleton at that! It raises one skeletal hand and places a bony finger to its lips (or at least to where its lips would be if it had any). 'Shhh!' it whispers.

'What are you doing in there?' you whisper to the skeleton.

'Hiding from that stupid dog - what do you think I'm doing?' hisses the skeleton.

'Is there anything else in there with you?' you ask quietly. 'A mirrored shield, for example?'

'Afraid not,' whispers the skeleton. 'The best I have to offer is a Minor Amulet of Destruction (MAD for short) which adds five points to any damage you score in your first blow of a combat, but doesn't add anything thereafter. It's good for four fights and you're very welcome to it.'

'Thank you,' you say politely to the skeleton, taking the Minor Amulet of Destruction, which seems to be of Roman manufacture. You close the lid of the chest carefully.

And steal away with your amulet to the corridor at 163.

201

'Have at you, Pondifilous!' you roar, leaping forward with your trusty sword, advisor and companion, EJ the Fearless.

The creature leaps aside nimbly and counters with a vicious head butt.

And so the fight is on. Pondifilous Maximus has only 12 LIFE POINTS, but he wasn't joking about being immune to weapons: every time you score a successful hit, the damage is actually ADDED to his LIFE POINTS rather than taken away. Meanwhile PM himself strikes successfully on 5 and does +4 damage. If Pondifilous kills you, go to 14. If you kill. . .

But you can't, can you?

The good news is, however, that despite his weird appearance, PM is quite a good sport and if you succeed in driving his LIFE POINTS up to 30 or more he will call off the fight and let you go at 158.

202

Clunk! The familiar sound of a soft head hitting a hard object. In this case your soft head, although the hard object is an invisible forcefield around this glittering sphere.

If you are wearing the Amulet of Sarabanda, turn to 210.

If you are carrying the Amulet and have Pathwalking abilities left, you may walk north-west to 192 or south-east to 151. If you have the Amulet and are all out of Pathwalking abilities, you should throw two dice and go to the section indicated on the Key in 162, unless the roll generates new Pathwalking abilities.

203-205

If you don't have the Amulet at all, the blow on the head will kill you within eighteen seconds. Wait eighteen seconds, then go to 14.

203

Bravely you leap forward and bravely you sink up to your neck in fungus.

You realize you are trapped.

'Why didn't you go back when I told you!' gasps the King. 'Now we have no-one to rescue us!'

'Fear not, Sire,' you tell him bleakly, 'For I have an ingenious plan.' With which you hold your nose and plunge deep into the suffocating fungus.

Which naturally carries you to the dreaded 14 where you can reincarnate for another, more sensible, attempt.

204

Stepping over the corpse of the vampire you stride purposefully for the door. Flinging it open, you find to your delight you are in one of Merlin's storerooms.

Take your pick of any six more items of equipment (you'll find the list in 2) then make your way back to 125 and decide where to go from there.

205

You are reminded of a quotation from Shakespeare (Twelfth Night to be exact), even though the Bard of Avon has not been born yet. The quotation is, 'for the rain, it raineth ever-day.'



Tramping towards you is a tall, indistinct figure.

It certainly raineth in this sphere: it's coming down in torrents, a steady downpour that has you soaked in seconds and is even at this minute filling up your boots.

Tramping towards you, in sou'wester and rubber overshoes is a tall, indistinct figure carrying what appears to be a crystal ball.

'Can't you find your way anywhere?' he complains as he approaches, waving the crystal ball threateningly. He pauses to wring out his long white beard.

'Merlin!' you exclaim. 'What are you doing here?'

'Getting wet!' says Merlin. 'Now see here - you've taken a wrong turning somewhere. I saw it all in my crystal ball. Just pull yourself together and go somewhere else.'

No arguing with that.

*If you have no Pathwalking abilities left, roll two dice and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**, unless you score 6, 9 or 12 in which case you have Pathwalking abilities for two further sections and may walk north-west to **184** or more or less west to **178**, with abilities left for one further section.*

*If you arrived here with abilities in reserve, walk north-west to **184** or more or less west to **178**, but when you arrive you will have NO further abilities left.*

206

There's a skeleton in the chest - and an animated skeleton at that! It raises one skeletal hand and places a bony finger to its lips (or at least to where its lips would be if it had any). 'Shhh!' it whispers.

'What are you doing in there?' you whisper to the skeleton.

'Hiding from that stupid dog - what do you think I'm doing?' hisses the skeleton.

'You can stop worrying,' you say. 'I've settled its hash. Now is there anything else in there with you - a mirrored shield, for example?'

'Afraid not,' says the skeleton, stretching gratefully. 'The best I have to offer is a Minor Amulet of Destruction (MAD for short) which adds five points to any damage you score in your first blow of a combat, but doesn't add anything thereafter. It's good for four fights and you're very welcome to it.'

'Thank you,' you say politely to the skeleton, taking the Minor Amulet of Destruction, which seems to be of Roman manufacture. You shake hands with the skeleton.

*And steal away with your amulet to the corridor at **163**.*

207

'Mmmfff... mmm... mmfff...' a muffled voice issues faintly from the headless figure.

I beg your pardon?'

'Mmff.'

You move closer. 'I'm afraid I can't hear you.'

'Daeh a tog t'nevah I - gnisirprus ton s'taht,' mumbles the figure.

*Looks as though you're not going to get much sense here. Better return to **152** and review your options.*

208

The door opens into a corridor — one you haven't seen before, having no reason to visit this part of the castle.

You follow it for twenty yards or so, then stop in horror.

The whole ceiling has caved in, blocking the way completely!

*A sorry tribute to the upkeep of Camelot since the Curse was laid. As you have better things to do than try to dig your way through, your best course is to return to the Throne Room at **118** and select another route.*

209

It's getting warmer! By Jove, that was a close call. Luckily you're the most intelligent adventurer to stumble into this place since young Bert Einstein in 1903.

Stamp your feet and blow on your hands and then let's get out of here before the machine breaks down.

*If you're all out of Pathwalking abilities, roll two dice and go to the section indicated on the Key in **162**. Unless you throw 6, 9 or 12, which will generate new Pathwalking abilities for two further sections.*

*If you still have Pathwalking abilities, your immediate options are north-west to **127** or west to **129**.*

210

Fingering your amulet, you step into the glittering sphere ... and into an edifice made of crystalline silver which soars above your head like a Gothic cathedral.

A central aisle between two colonnades of crystal pillars leads to a tapestry curtain which effectively conceals the northern end of this great chamber.

The tapestry itself is interesting, depicting, as it does, a series of adventurers being torn limb from limb by monsters, falling down traps and over cliffs, setting off infernal machines, being melted by magicians, falling foul of fiends and many other alliterative disasters. On the centre panel of the tapestry has been embroidered a single sentence:

WELCOME TO THE CURSE FACTORY

But before you can become too engrossed by this intriguing message, your attention is attracted by the pitter-patter of tiny feet and you look to your left to see seven little girls tripping gaily towards

you. Each is delightfully dressed in floral print, with newly-washed white bobbysox. Their happy, well-scrubbed faces gleam beneath the large pastel pink bows in their hair which almost hide their cute little horns.

Horns?

They begin to circle around you, eyes volpine and watchful.

'Hello, little girls,' you call warily. 'Who are you?'

'The Seven Sisters,' remarks one sweet child, spitting on the floor and wiping her nose with the back of her hand.

The remaining six set to howling like wolves, a spine-chilling sound which sets your teeth on edge.

'I do wish you'd stop that,' you say.

'So do I,' remarks EJ.

The little girls stop howling and begin to dance around you in a circle, like witches, chanting some curious ditty about plague-pits and charnel houses.

'We're going to get you!' one calls.

'And if we don't, our Daddy will!' adds another.

'Now look here -' you begin firmly. But the little girls have already started their attack.

Whatever the Rules of Chivalry may say about fighting little girls, these sisters are going to tear you limb from limb unless you defend



The seven little girls begin to circle round you ____

yourself. Six of the Sisters have 10 LIFE POINTS each, strike on 5 and do +3 damage with those bow-bedecked little horns. The seventh has 20 LIFE POINTS, strikes on 4, does +5 horn damage and will kill you outright on a throw of 12.

If they kill you, turn to 14. If they don't, you may move swiftly to the next section, 211.

211

With the lethal little Sisters out of the way, you run forward and pull back the curtain, EJ at the ready.

Behind it is one of the strangest sights you have ever seen - and perhaps the most disturbing. The entire northern section of the chamber is choc-a-bloc with alchemical equipment: furnaces, retorts, albemics (which, if you didn't know, are bulbous glass vessels) and jars of every shape, size and description. Merlin would be green with envy at this equipment, even though he might not entirely approve of what it is being used for. And this is fairly obvious from the huge variety of books and manuscripts scattered round: 'How to Curse Your Neighbour'... 'Hexes for Beginners'... 'Com blighting and other Experiments'... 'Voyage of Terror'... 'Nasty Spells'... 'The Wizard Ansalom's Magical Vade Mecum'... and so on in great profusion.

No wonder the embroidered notice described this as the Curse Factory. It looks as if every bit of bother anybody's experienced in Avalon over many a long year has originated in this place.

You stare around you, looking for the perpetrator of all this unpleasantness ...

But what you see depends on whether or not you're wearing the Bonkers Helm. If you are, turn to 218. If not, then 219.

212

The door opens into a dusty corridor on which your footsteps echo hollowly as you follow it all the way to an open door.

Through the door you can see the Castle kitchens, with the corpses of no fewer than seventeen cooks collapsed over a pinewood table on which are laid seventeen empty soup plates.

One sniff at those plates tells you the whole story. There is a distinct scent of bitter almonds. Poison soup!

Across the way from this unhappy scene another door leads into a larder, where even the rats have turned their toes up from munching on poisoned bread and cheese.

But since there is no other exit from the kitchens, the only place for you to go is 118 where you can pick a new direction.

213

Swiftly you snatch the Helm from the peg and jam it on your head.

And disappear!

And find yourself mysteriously - minus the Helm - at 143.

214

The temperature plummets to 1 million degrees below zero, which is, of course, scientifically impossible except on the Astral Plane.

Your blood freezes instantly.

But you can thaw out slowly at 14.

215

You are reminded of a quotation from Shakespeare (Twelfth Night, to be exact), even though the Bard of Avon has not been born yet. The quotation is, 'for the rain, it raineth every day.'

It certainly raineth in this sphere: it's coming down in torrents, a steady downpour that has you soaked in seconds and is even at this minute filling up your boots.

Tramping towards you, in sou'wester and rubber overshoes is a tall, indistinct figure carrying what appears to be a crystal ball.

'Can't you find your way anywhere?' he complains as he approaches, waving the crystal ball threateningly. He pauses to wring out his long white beard.

'Merlin!' you exclaim. 'What are you doing here?'

'Getting wet!' says Merlin. 'Now see here - you've taken a wrong turning somewhere. I saw it all in my crystal ball. Just pull yourself together and go somewhere else.'

No arguing with that.

If you have no Pathwalking abilities left, roll two dice and go to the section indicated on the Key in 162. Unless you score 6, 9 or 12, in which case you have Pathwalking abilities for two further sections and may walk north to 137, north-east to 198 or east to 178, with abilities left for one further section.

If you arrived here with abilities in reserve, walk north to 137, north-east to 198 or east to 178, but when you arrive you will have NO further abilities left.



216

A rickety wooden ladder leads downwards into a narrow, stone-flagged tunnel, which runs due north for a time before taking so many twists and turns that you quite lose your sense of direction. Not that it matters, since the only place the tunnel leads is to a stout oakwood door.

You reach for your dice to see if you can pick the lock, but EJ whispers, 'Try it first - it may be open.'

'Don't be sil—' you remark, trying the door to humour him and finding it open.

Beyond the door is a 10' x 10' stone-lined chamber, with a spiral staircase at the far end. Half filling the chamber itself is a collection of the most amazing rubbish - old churns, bits of armour, dusty books, walking sticks, battered chests, broken ornaments... in short, an adventurer's dream.

You set to searching through the rubbish for anything that might be of use and, in under fifteen minutes, you have unearthed what must be the find of a lifetime. Half buried beneath a set of old encyclopaedias (Roman Edition) is a wooden case tagged 'Property of Uther'. Inside, as you throw it open you can see a fearsome adventurer, armed to the teeth and —

No, wait a minute - of course there's no fearsome adventurer in the case: it's your own reflection in a highly polished shield. Property of Uther? This must be it - Pendragon's Mirror Shield!



A rickety wooden ladder leads downwards into a stone-flagged tunnel.

217-218

You seize your booty and race up the spiral staircase and, when the dizziness wears off, find yourself in a corridor which leads, via a secret door in the back of the throne room, to 118.

217

Good grief — it's a pit! Somebody has laid a huge pit trap just beyond the door, right in Arthur's Castle!

And if that isn't shocking enough, the fact is you've just fallen down it.

Roll two dice and subtract the result from your LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If not you can climb back into 172 and select another route from your plan.

218

To the left of a huge furnace stands an easel on which has been placed a scale map of Avalon. Looming over it is a massive porcine figure, tusked head pushed forward from under the cowl of a long black cape, bristled skin bristling with excitement, anger, happiness, rage (it's difficult to say) and one fat hand even now reaching out to stick a pin in the map.

'Halt!' you cry, drawing EJ with a flourish. 'Halt I say! Desist in your evil ways!'

The great tusked head turns slowly towards you, like something from a nightmare. 'Tune!' the creature exclaims. 'Know you not that I am the Phantom Grunweazel (*Dum da dum dum!*), the



It's the Phantom Grunweazel (Dum-da-Dum-Dum!)

same Phantom Grunweazel who placed the dreaded Curse on Avalon and cunningly managed to shift the blame on to that charlatan Kran who wouldn't know a Curse from a sago pudding, but will be blamed for this one just the same?'

'Not while I live!' you warn it.

The Grunweazel grins. 'That might not be very long,' it says.

A prophetic statement. The thing is you don't have to worry about those fearsome tusks since the P. G. never uses them in combat. What you do have to worry about is the Fireballs, which the Grunweazel can hurl on a throw of 6 or better, causing a massive 12 points of damage irrespective of what the dice shows. Fortunately the Bonkers Helm you are wearing will absorb half this damage each time. Unfortunately it won't do anything about the P. G.'s LIFE POINTS which stand at 55, or the fact that its skin is so tough it will act as -3 armour throughout the ensuing combat.

*If the Grunweazel kills you (which can happen even at this late stage of an adventure) go to **14**. If you survive, pull the pins out of the map to lay the Curse and turn to the section headed PIP TRIUMPHANT over the page.*

To the left of a huge furnace stands an easel on which has been placed a scale map of Avalon.

Looming over it is just the barest hint of a broad, near transparent, robed figure.

'Halt!' you cry, drawing EJ with a flourish. 'Halt I say! Desist in your evil ways!'

'Pune!' the creature exclaims. 'Know you not that I am the Phantom Grunweazel, (*Dum da dum dum!*), the same Phantom Grunweazel who placed the dreaded Curse on Avalon and cunningly managed to shift the blame on to that charlatan Kran who wouldn't know a Curse from a sago pudding, but will be blamed for this one just the same?'

'Not while I live!' you warn it.

The Grunweazel giggles. 'That might not be very long,' it says.

A prophetic statement. The thing you have to worry about is the Fireballs, which the Grunweazel can hurl on a throw of 6 or better, causing a massive 12 points of damage irrespective of what the dice shows. The P. G.'s LIFE POINTS stand at 55, and its skin is so tough it will act as -3 armour throughout the ensuing combat. Worse still, since it's nearly invisible, you will need to throw a 6 or better, even with EJ, to hit it.

*If the Grunweazel kills you (which can happen even at this late stage of an adventure) go to **14**. If you survive, pull the pins out of the map to lay the Curse and turn to the section headed PIP TRIUMPHANT on the next page.*

220

The temperature plummets to 1 million degrees below zero, which is, of course, scientifically impossible except on the Astral Plane.

Your blood freezes instantly.

But you can thaw out slowly at 14.

221

Good grief — it's a pit! Somebody has laid a huge pit trap just beyond the door, right in Arthur's Castle!

And if that isn't shocking enough, the fact is you've just fallen down it.

Roll two dice and subtract the result from your LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If not you can climb back into 172 and select another route from your plan.

PIP TRIUMPHANT

The sun rose clean and clear over the rolling hills of Avalon. The first bright rays crept across the land, insinuating themselves into the darker nooks and crannies, stealing over parched fields, illuminating farms and cottages, spotlighting the great battered Castle Camelot on the summit of Cadbury Hill and finally stretching a long finger into the window of a massive barrel which nestled like a giant's plaything in the valley below.

Merlin's eyes opened.

He had been sleeping in his long Johns (all nightshirts having rotted) in the bunk beneath the window. He rose at once, being by nature an early bird, and out of force of habit chanted the ancient Druid spell which summoned him a newly laundered robe.

And the robe appeared!

Merlin stared at it foolishly. None of his magic had worked properly (if at all) since the Curse was laid on Avalon; and had he not been a creature of habit, he would not have bothered with the clothing spell at all. Yet there was the robe, fresh and white and with its mystic symbols glinting mischievously.

Cautiously, Merlin opened the window and waved the robe outside. Usually it took only a moment for the rot to start. But by the time his arm tired, there was not a sign of the familiar mould or fungus.

Frowning, Merlin pulled the robe over his head and went outside. The air smelled fresh.

Glancing upwards at the towering edifice of Camelot Castle on the hilltop, he noticed something odd. The fungus encrustations were dissolving, sliding off the walls into the moat, leaving the towers and battlements as fresh as if they had been newly washed. Slowly, thoughtfully, Merlin went back inside his barrel to emerge moments later carrying a staff. He glanced at the Castle again, then seemed to make up his mind. With more haste than was seemly for a man of his years, he began to climb the hill, using the staff as a walking stick.

Meanwhile, in a gloomy corridor of the Castle itself, the dissolution of the fungus had released King Arthur and his knights. They watched the gluck disappear with expressions of profound astonishment but, since they were pragmatists to a man (and to a woman since Guinevere was there as well), they wasted no time looking for an explanation, but ran up the steps, weapons at the ready, in order to face whatever perils the changed situation might bring.

But there were no perils. The Castle was in a very bad state and there were many skeletons and corpses in its chambers; but nothing threatened

and throughout the building there were many others who had survived as well, trapped like the royal couple and their knights in the magical fungus which had preserved life as well as making it a monumental misery.

Arthur took immediate charge as was his way, organizing work parties to get the place cleaned up, inspection parties to ascertain the extent of the damage, guard parties to man the walls, cook parties to prepare food - and so on in a hive of activity that rivalled the preparations for a royal wedding. When the fundamentals were underway, the King repaired to his Council Chamber in the north tower (the one that housed the Table Round) and called a meeting of the knights to discuss the situation. It had only just convened when a messenger reported the Wizard Merlin was at the outer gate.

'Admit him at once!' ordered the King.

But the messenger looked uncomfortable. 'He won't come in. He says, begging your pardon, Sire, but I'm only repeating what he said, he says you and the Knights of the Table Round should come out and go off with him to Glastonbury Tor.'

'To where?' frowned the King.

'The Tor,' confirmed the messenger. 'That big haunted hump over by -'

'Yes, yes!' said the King brusquely. 'I know the Tor.' He frowned. 'Why on earth would Merlin...?'

Yet he trusted the old Wizard, weird though his

habits might be, and decided, without too much hesitation, to humour him on this occasion.

Thus it was that the company of Knights of Avalon, headed by their King and Queen (for Guinevere insisted on coming to keep the men out of mischief) rode out from Camelot through a countryside that was already turning green to the mysterious Tor which had dominated the landscape around Glastonbury for more years than anybody cared to remember. Merlin, who disliked horses, walked beside the King, levitating occasionally in order to keep up and refusing to answer questions until they had reached the marsh around the Tor.

'Brave Comrades,' called Sir Lancelot, 'Noble Sire - you must permit me to ride ahead in order that I may risk my life in combat with the Guardian Wyrn which is known to bar passage to travellers in these parts!'

'No need,' growled Merlin (adding 'Pompous ass' under his breath). 'The Wyrn's been killed already: we'll have no trouble here.'

'Killed?' echoed King Pellinore. 'It would take an army to put down that brute.'

'Or an exceptional adventurer.. .' murmured Merlin.

And at that point, light suddenly dawned. Not on the Knights of course, or even the King, but on fair Queen Guinevere who often appeared more intelligent than the whole company of the Table Round put together. 'You mean Pip, Wise

Merlin?' she asked.

'I do indeed,' Merlin nodded. 'Look around you. Has not the Curse been lifted? And is there any other in this land with enough skill, courage, strength, speed and intelligence to tackle a job like that.'

'Well, I don't know - ' Sir Lancelot began.

But Merlin cut him short. 'No, of course there's not. Only Pip could have done it.' He pointed dramatically. 'Only that brave person there!'

They followed his gesture with their eyes. A tiny figure could just be made out walking down the spiral path, sword glinting in the sun.

'That's never Pip,' said Sir Lancelot, squinting.

But he was talking to himself. King Arthur at their head, the remaining knights were galloping forward to give this hero a deserved reception.



DREAMTIME

This section is used **ONLY** when you decide to **SLEEP**. If the dice direct you here, follow these rules:

1. You enter the Dreamtime with your **LIFE POINTS** at the exact level they were at when you decided to Sleep.
2. You have no magic, weapons or armour, except those which may be given you in a Dreamtime encounter.
3. You may take nothing back from the Dreamtime.
4. Any **LIFE POINTS** you lose in the Dreamtime must be deducted from your actual **LIFE POINTS**. If you are killed in the Dreamtime, you are really killed and must go direct to the dreaded Section **14**.

Now enter the Dreamtime by throwing two dice and going to the section indicated by your score.

To operate the **DREAMTIME**, throw two dice and check the result below. If you survive, you can then return to the section where you decided to **SLEEP**.

Score Dream

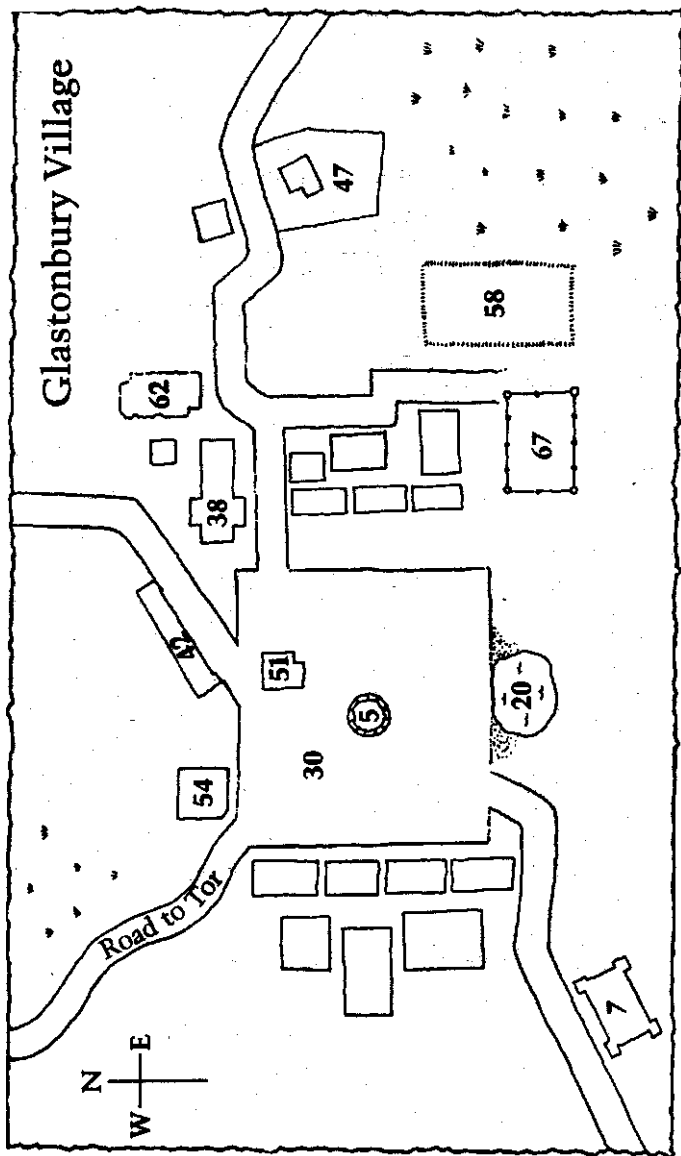
2. You are falling. High above, you can see the cliff edge from which you have fallen. Far below, you can see the jagged rocks on which you are destined to fall. Throw two more dice to find out how many **LIFE POINTS** you will lose when you land. If this kills you, go to **14**. If not, return to the section where you **SLEPT**.
3. A practitioner of Voodoo has made a wax doll in your likeness and is about to bathe it in a vat of healing ointment. Throw one die. Score above 3 and you are entitled to a double dice roll of **LIFE POINTS**. Score 3 or less and the foul mixture actually deducts a double dice roll of **LIFE POINTS**. (If this kills you, go to **14**.)
4. When you fall asleep and start to dream, you dream you have just fallen asleep and started to dream about falling asleep and starting to dream about... Well, you probably get the idea by now. Keep throwing two dice until you score a double 6, which is the only way to break out of this dumb dream: fortunately without loss of **LIFE POINTS**.
5. You have just eaten a dragon's egg (scrambled) and are suffering from indigestion so ferocious that it deducts 10 **LIFE POINTS**. If this kills you, go to **14**. If you survive, however, you will quickly

become so full of dragon power that your (depleted) LIFE POINTS are doubled.

6. You find yourself in a swamp infested with Lizard Men. Each has 10 LIFE POINTS, hits on 6 and does +2 damage. Throw one die to find out how many you will have to fight. If they kill you, go to **14**. Those that you kill may be taken out of the dream to fight for you (until you or they are killed) in your adventure.
7. You have travelled forward in Time to a banquet put on by the Borgia family. Faced with a blue goblet and a red goblet, you must decide on which to drink. Throw one die to make your decision. Score up to 3 and it's the red goblet which is full of curare guaranteed to remove half your LIFE POINTS quick as wink. Score above 3 and you get to drink from the blue goblet full of hemlock which, in this dream if nowhere else, will add half your existing LIFE POINTS to your total.
8. You are trying out a perpetual motion spell given to you by Merlin. It returns you to the start of the DREAMTIME where you must make another roll.
9. Another fine mess you've gotten yourself into. You are trying to dodge three fireballs. Throw one die for each. Score more than 2 and the fireball misses and you may add your score to your LIFE POINTS. Score 1 or 2 and the fireball hits,

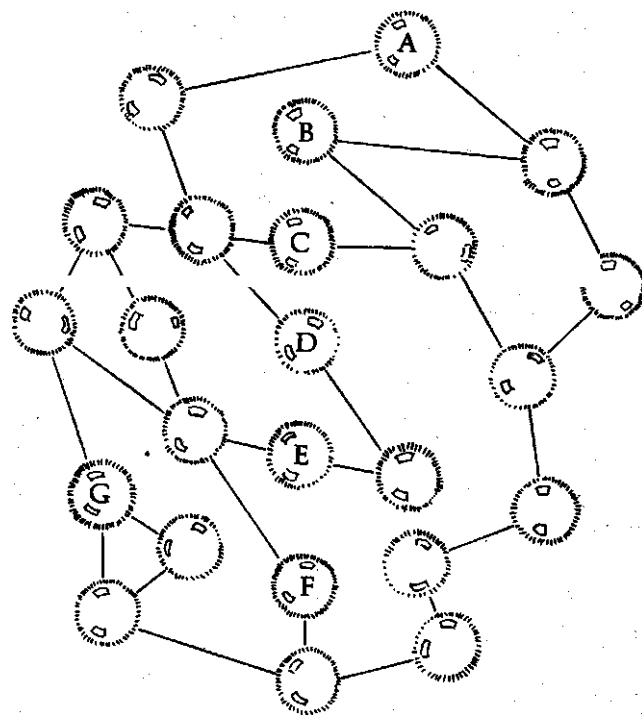
in which case you may go to **14**.

10. Entering a musty cave, you discover a coded scroll which you carefully decipher to find it is a new and unknown spell. Hurriedly you pronounce the mystic word SPIELUNKER . . . and find yourself back in the section where you SLEPT, where you may or may not decide to sleep again.
11. Hacking your way through a fungoid forest, you contact a noxious disease which will drain one LIFE POINT per section you visit in your adventure until you can cure yourself by chewing a warthog's ear.
12. You meet up with a warthog and are smitten by an almost irresistible urge to chew its ear. The creature (which has 22 LIFE POINTS, hits on 5 and does +3 damage) prefers you to leave its ears alone. You may do so by returning to the section where you SLEPT. If you insist on chewing its ear, you must fight to the death first.

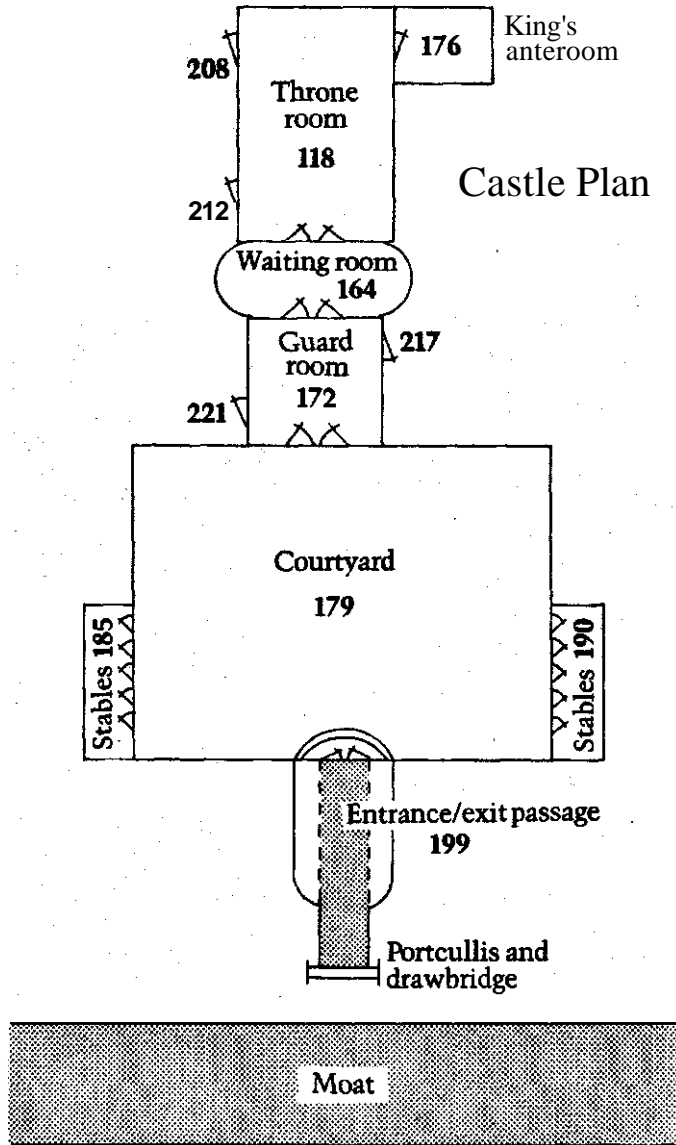


The Astral Plane

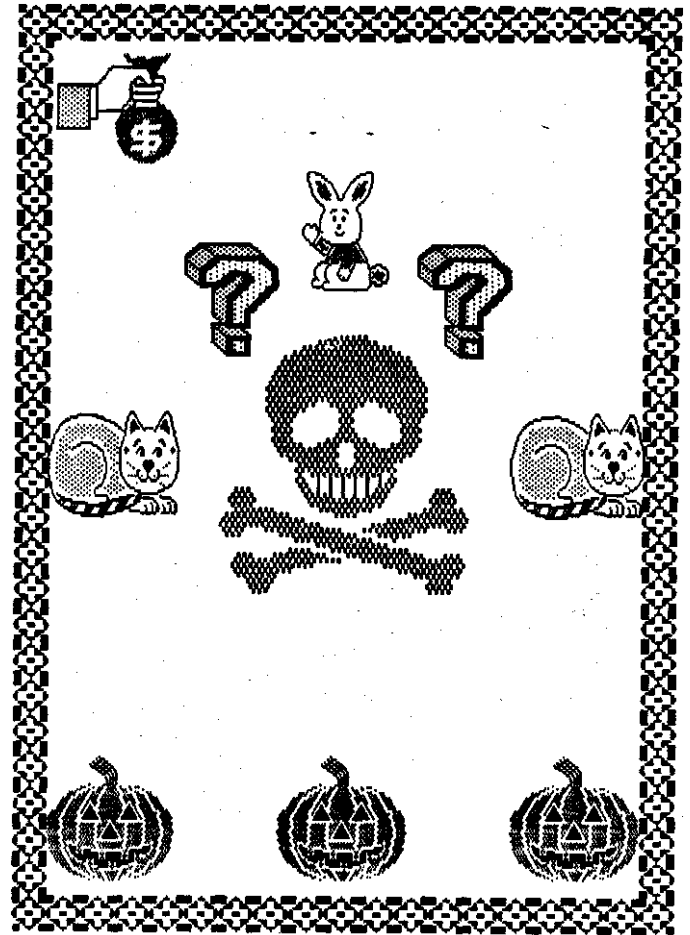
(See Section 162)



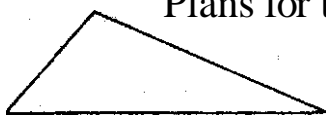
Score	2 = A	Go to 120
	3 = B	Go to 122
	4 = C	Go to 124
	5 = D	Go to 127
	7 = E	Go to 129
	8 = F	Go to 132
	10 = G	Go to 137
	11 = H	Go to 143



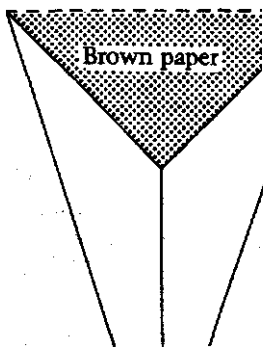
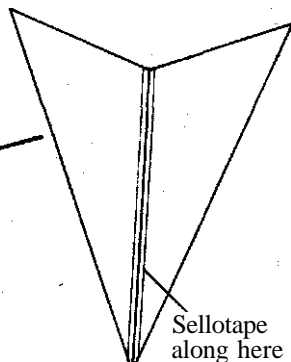
Room at section 180



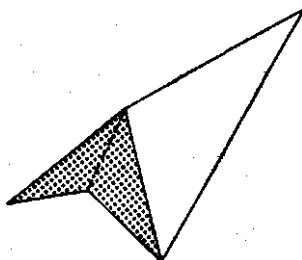
Plans for the Spook Basher



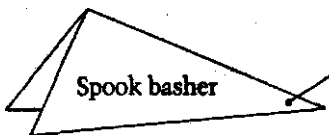
- 1 Cut this shape out of thin cardboard, making the bottom edge about one foot long.
- 2 Repeat instruction 1.
- 3 Put the two pieces together like this and tape them.



- 4 Now cut out a triangle of *strong* brown paper so it will fit here and tape it to the cardboard.



- 5 Crease paper so it folds inwards when you close the two pieces of cardboard together.

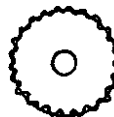


- 6 If you hold it here and chop downwards like an axe, you will make enough noise to demolish the average spook.

Prehistoric Creep Machine



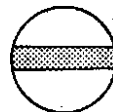
- 1 This is your cotton reel end on.



Cut notches all around the edge (both ends) so it looks like this.



- 2 Cut off the bottom half inch or so from your candle. It's the little bit you want so don't throw it away.

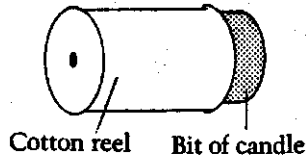


Cut a shallow channel across the bottom so it looks like the head of a screw.

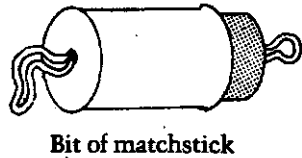


- 3 Use a hot knitting needle to drill a hole through the centre of your bit of candle (where the wick runs through). Make sure it's a *metal* knitting needle. Plastic ones melt. Enlarge the hole so you can thread through your elastic band.

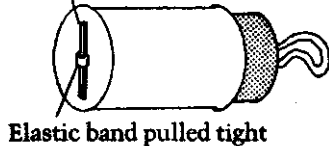
Rules of Combat



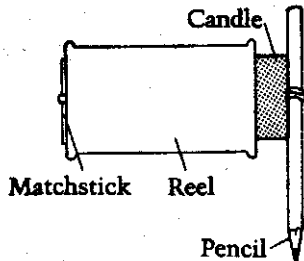
- 4 Put your cotton reel and bit of candle together like this. The end with the channel should face *outwards*.



- 5 Now thread your elastic band through them both.

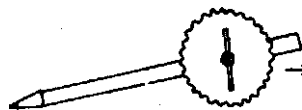


Stick a bit of matchstick through here so you can draw the elastic tight without it pulling through.



- 6 Now stick your pencil through here so it lies along the channel you cut in your bit of candle...

- 7 You'll end up with a contraption that looks like this.



If you wind it up, it will crawl along in this direction.

To Find Your Starting LIFE POINTS

1. Roll two dice and add the scores together.
2. Multiply the result by 4.
3. Add any PERMANENT LIFE POINTS gained in other *Grailquest* adventures.

To Strike an Enemy

1. Roll two dice for yourself and your enemy to see who gets first strike. Highest score strikes first.
2. Roll a 6 or higher on two dice to strike a blow*.

To Damage an Enemy

1. Check how many points you rolled above the number needed to strike.
2. Subtract this from your enemy's LIFE POINTS.

To Knock Out an Enemy

Reduce his LIFE POINTS to 5.

To Kill an Enemy

Reduce his LIFE POINTS to 0.

Your enemies use the same method to attack you, as you roll dice for them.

Armour & Weapons

1. Using weapons increases the damage you score.
2. Using armour subtracts from damage scored against you.
3. * You are permanently equipped with *EJ*: Needs a roll of only 4 on two dice and causes 5 extra damage points. If you have adventured through *The Castle of Darkness* you also have the *Dragonskin jacket*: Deducts 4 from damage done to you.

To Avoid Fights

a) To Test for a Friendly Reaction

Roll one die *once* for your enemy and one die *three* times for yourself. If you score *less* than your enemy, he is friendly. Proceed as if you had won a fight.

b) Bribery

1. *Bribery* is only possible in Sections marked *B. The number of asterisks indicates the amount of Gold

Pieces (or object of equal or higher value) your enemy will accept. *B = 100 GPs. **B = 500 GPs; ***B = 1,000 GPs; ****B = 10,000 GPs.

2. To offer a bribe, roll two dice. If you score 1-7, your bribe is refused. If you score 8-12, proceed as if you have won a fight.
3. Whether or not you are successful, subtract the bribe amount from your gold store.

To Restore Lost LIFE POINTS

1. *Healing Potions*: Each bottle contains six doses. Each dose restores LIFE POINTS equal to rolling two dice.
2. *Salves*: A jar has five applications. Each restores 3 LIFE POINTS.
3. *Sleep*: You can sleep any time except when fighting. Roll *one* die. If you score 1-4, turn to *Dreamtime*. If you score 5 or 6, LIFE POINTS are restored equal to rolling two dice.
4. Other LIFE-restoring methods are given through the adventure.

LIFE POINTS cannot be restored to above your Starting total - except through Experience.

EXPERIENCE POINTS

1. 1 EXPERIENCE POINT is gained for each fight or puzzle won or solved.
2. 20 EXPERIENCE POINTS = 1 PERMANENT LIFE POINT. 10 of these can be taken into future adventures.

Repeat Journeys

On repeat journeys at the adventure, any enemies previously killed remain dead. Any treasure collected is lost unless you are told otherwise.

Quest Journal

PIP'S LIFE POINTS

Starting:

Current:

EXPERIENCE POINTS:

(20 = 1 PERMANENT LIFE POINT)

EQUIPMENT

Healing Potions:

Gold Pieces:

BATTLE SCORES

Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:
Result:	Result:	Result:	Result:
Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:
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Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:
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