

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 — Demondoom*, 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 SEVEN

*

Tomb of Nightmares

*Illustrated by
John Higgins*



An Armada Original

SECRET DOORS

IMPORTANT NEW RULE

Tomb of Nightmares was first published in the U.K. in Armada in 1986 by Fontana Paperbacks, 8 Graf ton Street, London W1X 3LA.

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This is a particularly tricky GrailQuest. In the Tomb, you are going to have to map carefully if you want to survive. But even careful mapping will not be enough. The Tomb is riddled with secret passages and secret doors.

In some sections, early on in your adventure, you will be reminded to search for secret doors and given a section number where the search may be carried out.

But these reminder sections are not the only ones where you MIGHT find secret doors. Which brings us to the new rule:

To search for a secret door in *any* section, throw one die. Score 4, 5 or 6 and you are entitled to check the secret door table which starts on page 186. Score less than 4 and you have missed any secret door that might be there.

If you *do* miss your secret door roll, you are only entitled to search again if you leave the section and return to it.

This is your adventure. It is up to *you* to remember to search as often as you feel it necessary!

(One-way secret doors *entering* your section will *not* be indicated in the secret door table.)

GOLDRUSH!



I've a nice little job for you ..."

Merlin here.

I've a little job for you. Nothing dangerous. None of that saving the world business. Just a small collection job. I need somebody to collect some money for me. Or more precisely treasure. Well, booty if you want to call it by its proper name. Gems, jewels, trinkets, ingots, ivory scrimshaw, jade miniatures, silver figurines, and gold. Gold, I tell you! Gold! Gold! Gold!

Excuse me, I got carried away. It's what comes of trying to live on a pension. Even a pension from King Arthur, who's pretty generous.

I'll just cast the spell that will bring you back to my Time. King Arthur's Time: Avalon; Camelot; heroic deeds; dragon-slaying (not that you'll be doing any of that, of course); wizards in towers; damsels in distress; the odd ogre or troll.

Stand by for the spell.

Bitter, bitter, toil and tritter?

Mutter, mutter, toil and trutter?

Bongie, bongie, toil and trongie?

This isn't coming out right. I keep feeling there's somebody looking over my shoulder.

1

'Double, double, toil and trouble!' you tell him impatiently as a silent (and more or less painless) explosion inside your head transports you through the centuries to—

'What?'

'The spell you were trying to remember. "Double, double, toil and trouble." It's from Shakespeare, who hasn't been born yet. In a play he hasn't written yet about a Scottish king who doesn't exist yet.'

—what must be the oddest living room you've ever seen. Walls, floor and ceiling are all gently curved to form the interior of a sort of elongated sphere and coloured the most delightful shade of blue. Merlin has always lived in some odd places, but what can this one be?

'A roc egg,' says Merlin, who has obviously been brushing up on his mind-reading. 'Some drunken Arab sailor presented it to King Arthur. Since he hadn't any use for it, he gave it to me. As I was a little short of living space, I moved in.'

Short of living -? To your certain knowledge, the old fool owns a log castle in a forest, a bubble house at the bottom of Glastonbury well, a hollow tree-house, a magic cube house, a philosopher's barrel house and a crystal cave, each one fully furnished and equipped with spell books and alchemist's furnace. He needs another house like he needs rabies.

If the old fool is still reading your mind, he ignores it. 'About this money you're going to collect for me . . .' he says.

'Well, yes, of course, sir,' you say politely. 'I mean, I'm always interested in an adventure: even a dull, boring old adventure like debt collecting.'

'Good!' replies Merlin briskly. 'If you know how to conduct yourself in a GrailQuest - LIFE POINTS, fighting, magic rules and so on - you can turn directly to **3**. If you don't, or need a little brush-up on the rules, I'll fill you in at **2**.'

You heard the man. What section will you go to?

2

'Right,' says Merlin briskly. 'Don't want to waste too much time on rules and regulations, do we? Not when there's action ahead.' He blinks and adds in a hurried afterthought, 'But no danger, of course.' He coughs. 'Anyway, to keep it short, all the rules and regulations are printed on a special detachable card at the back of the book. Detach it now and I'll explain some of the technical terms.'

A grandfather clock in the roc's egg house ticks away a few heartbeats.

'Got it?' Merlin asks. 'Good. The first technical term is LIFE POINTS. You need LIFE POINTS to survive round here. The more the merrier. The card at the back of the book tells you how to calculate your LIFE POINTS. When you're



starting out, you're allowed to roll them up to three times and pick the best total of the three.'

He scrabbles a pair of rimless bifocals from a pocket of his robe and squints at the rest of the card. 'Ah, fighting. Not that you'll be doing any fighting on a safe dull money-collecting adventure like this one. But just in case, the card tells you how to do it. If you get in a fight and the enemy manages to reduce your LIFE POINTS to zero, you're dead. I'm sorry about that, but it happens. (Though not on this extremely safe adventure, of course.)'

He looks up at you and smiles. 'One thing: you'll be carrying your famous magical talking sword, Excalibur Junior, or EJ as he likes to call himself. This means that, in the unlikely event you do get into a fight, you only need to roll a 4 to hit and you do +5 damage, over and above the damage indicated by the dice.'

Merlin scratches his head. I'll be letting you have a bit of magic, just as an amusement, so you'd better read the rules about casting spells. And stick to them. In fact, you'd better read all the rules on the card - bribery, friendly reactions and so on - just in case you might need them. Which you won't, since this is such a routine, humdrum type of adventure.'

He takes off the bifocals with a flourish. 'That's about it. Now troll on to section **3** and we can get the adventure - if you can call it an adventure - started.' He glances around him airily. 'I expect you'll be back in time for tea.'

*This old fool is hiding something. But, for the moment, all you can do is go to **3**.*

3

Merlin smiles ingratiatingly (a sight designed to chill the stoutest heart) and scratches the end of his nose. 'Grott the Hoddle,' he says.

You blink. 'I beg your pardon?'

'Grott the Hoddle,' Merlin repeats. 'He owes me money.'

'Who does?'

'Grott the Hoddle!' Merlin exclaims. 'That's his name! He's Welsh,' he adds as if this explains everything. 'I loaned it to him at a meeting of the Wizards' Guild and now I need it back. Which is where you come in. I want you to collect it.'

'I see,' you say.

'His lair - ' He coughs. 'His home isn't very far from here, so I've taken the liberty of packing your gear for you in advance. No sense in going through all that business about choosing your equipment when this is such a routine adventure: or hardly an adventure at all really - more like a relaxing little interlude.'

He hands you the familiar old battered backpack you have used so often in your adventures. You glance inside to find it contains the following (rather basic) adventuring gear:

Axe	Knife
Blanket	Lantern
Bandages	Rope
Cooking utensils	Sacks (stout canvas, 6 in all)
Container of oil	Saw
Climbing spikes	Tent
Change of clothes	Tinderbox
Change of boots	Waterbag
Food rations	

Right at the bottom is a neat little leather-bound tome with gold block lettering on the cover:

PIP'S COMBINED SPELL BOOK

*(New Edition, revised, enlarged
and signed by the Author)*

'Read it later,' Merlin snaps testily as you begin to thumb through the book. 'If we wait too long the tide will be in.'

Since you are well used to Merlin's nonsensical comments by now, you don't even bother to ask what the tide has to do with anything. Instead you say, 'Why do you think I need magic on this adventure?'

Merlin purses his lips and winks. 'You never know about these things,' he says mysteriously. 'Besides, Grott the Hoddle is a wizard - or more precisely a sorcerer - so it's only courtesy to take along a spell or two.'

'This Grott character,' you frown suspiciously, 'how much money does he actually owe you?'

'Fifty gold pieces,' says Merlin promptly. 'Plus interest, of course.'

'How much does the interest amount to?'

'Just about everything he has,' Merlin tells you cheerfully. 'The loan's been outstanding for quite a long time.'

'Everything he has?' you echo. 'Won't he object to giving you everything he has?'

'Yes,' Merlin agrees. 'I expect he will. But then again he might not. He might think twice about

objecting to Pip the Wizard Basher, Dragon Slayer, Realm Saver, Gateway Closer and Chaos Tamer. You've quite a reputation now, you know. That's why I decided to send you.'

'You mean you want me to *threaten* him?' you ask, appalled, abruptly realising the greedy old Wizard has called you back through time to act as some sort of minder or Mafia hit person.

'Not threaten him exactly,' Merlin says. 'Just. .. lean on him a little. And if that doesn't work, take the money. It's mine by right anyway.' He hesitates, then adds, 'You'll get 10% collector's fees, of course.'

'That's different,' you say. 'I presume this Grott is an *evil* sorcerer?'

'Very,' Merlin nods.

Which leaves you only to collect Excalibur Junior, your amazing talking sword, and read your COMBINED SPELLBOOK (page 179) before slipping on to 4 to get this suspicious adventure under way.

4

'All ready?' asks Merlin cheerfully. 'Excellent. Now let us be off.'

'Us?' you ask in some surprise.

'Yes, of course - us!' Merlin snaps. 'You don't think I'd let you go off on your own, do you? You might get lost. Or worse still, get yourself into

trouble. Can't have that, can we? What we want here is a nice, safe adventure. No troubles, no difficulties, no undue excitement.'

'Psst!'

'What is it, EJ?'

'I think he's gone dulally tap,' EJ whispers.

'No he hasn't,' you whisper back. 'He's just being cunning. All this business about a safe adventure is meant to lull our naturally suspicious natures.'

'You mean it *isn't* going to be a safe adventure?' EJ asks.

'I shouldn't think so.'

After a moment, EJ remarks, 'I wish I'd stayed in bed.'

But Merlin has opened a fragile door in the wall of the roc's egg and is ushering you outside. The egg itself is set at the extreme end of a rocky promontory jutting into what appears to be a rather angry sea. Landward, the promontory narrows dramatically, so that at high tide you could well imagine it would be submerged completely. As it is, breakers crash across it in various places, promising you a thorough soaking if you aren't very careful.

'Follow me!' exclaims Merlin and sets off along the rocky causeway at a furious pace, one hand (and his wizard's staff) held aloft in the manner of a traffic policeman. And while Merlin's magic



Merlin's latest residence - a roc's egg set on a rocky promontory.

frequently goes wrong, this bit of it goes absolutely right for, as you shoulder your pack and follow him, you notice that the crashing waves are now recoiling as if at an invisible barrier.

You reach the mainland, a wilderness of rock and sand, broken by only the occasional twisted shrub. 'Where exactly are we?' you ask curiously.

'Cornwall,' Merlin says. 'I use the egg as a holiday resort. It's quite close to Tintagel, actually: the King's Cornish castle, you appreciate.' He hitches his robe firmly about him, switches his wizard's staff to his left hand and points with his right. 'Now, Pip, that's where you're going.'

You follow the bony finger to discover it is indicating a second promontory jutting into the sea no more than a quarter of a mile away. At the end of this one, bravely set against the waves, is a grey stone tower. Although rocky, the causeway is substantially wider than the one to Merlin's egg and there seems to be a proper little road laid along it.

'And here,' says Merlin, 'is your map.'

'Map?' you protest. 'Why would I need a map? It's just a step or two down the way.'

'Can't be too careful,' Merlin says. 'Now, be off with you!'

'Aren't you coming?'

'Good heavens no! Far more important things to

do. I've got you this fax. You can surely look after yourself from here.'

He glances around nervously and begins to scamper back across the causeway to his roc egg.

'Here, wait a minute!' you call. 'You haven't told me what this Grott character is like! I mean, how will I recognise him when I meet him?'

'He's quite old,' Merlin calls back over his shoulder. 'In fact he's so old some people claim he's been dead for years. But I shouldn't listen to that sort of wild rumour if I were you.'

And that seems to be all the help you're going to get from him in this safe little adventure. The landward end of the promontory leading to the stone tower is only a few minutes' walk to 47. If you want to waste time consulting the map he gave you, you'll find it at 26.

5

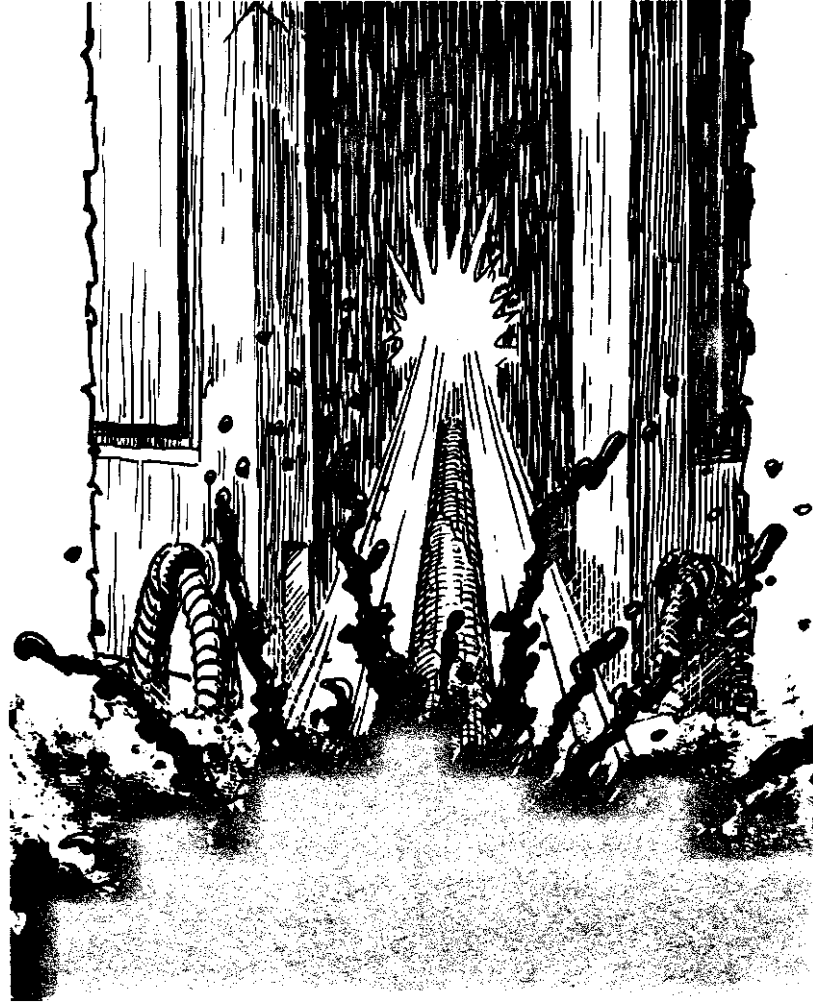
Good grief, you've fallen down a pit!

Roll two dice to discover how many LIFE POINTS you've lost. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, you may climb out of the pit to discover the door you tried to open hasn't opened. This leaves you with the option of trying to open the right-hand door at 10, or both doors simultaneously at 15. Alternatively you can leave the chamber, in which case you have the option of trying another entrance at 7, 17, or 22 or retracing your steps to 47.

6

Kersplattt!

As you touch the handles of the double doors, a viciously barbed spear, propelled by a hidden spring, flashes out to impale you through the solar plexus.



By the time you have managed to rip the weapon from your quivering flesh, you will have lost a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, you have the option of returning to 62 to reconsider the options given there or, if you're feeling really loony tunes, having another try at the double doors at 20.

7

Carefully you enter the passageway, tapping the walls to either side in the hope of discovering a secret door. At one point towards the end of the eastern wall, there is indeed a hollow sound, but try as you might you can find no actual opening. You continue to the dead end facing what seems to be solid rock except that now you are close you can see set into the rock a small lever.

Which you may, of course, feel somewhat tempted to pull. If you do so, turn to 44. If not, you can return to 36 and reconsider your options.

8

You're back outside! Standing by the first entrance to the tomb to be exact.

Which you can explore at 7, if you wish. Alternatively, you can try the second entrance at 17, the third at 22 or the fourth at 51.

9

This forest is even worse close up than it was at a distance. Every tree seems to be overgrown with vines and fungus - and the vines seem to *writhe* slowly when you aren't looking at them directly: a trick of the light, no doubt, or possibly a freak effect of wind.

'You aren't going on, are you?' EJ asks from his scabbard.

'Why do you ask?'

'I don't like the look of this place.'

To be honest, neither do you. But you're actually inside the forest now and nothing has happened, so perhaps it only *looks* funny. The road continues northwards, while a battered signpost pointing eastwards indicates the path to somewhere called Honeysuckle Cottage.

Even now you can return south to 47. If, however, you prefer to continue north, then go to 40. The path to Honeysuckle Cottage leads to 71.

10

Good grief, you've been struck by lightning! Or rather, zapped by a Firefinger lightning bolt attached to the door you just touched. The door itself, however, remains tight shut.

That little effort has cost you 10 LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, you have the option of trying to open the left hand door at 5,

11-13

or both doors simultaneously at 15. Alternatively you can leave the chamber, in which case you have the option of trying another entrance at 7, 17 or 22 or retracing your steps to 47.

11

The gargoyle head grins at you. 'Come in,' it says.

What a funny knocker! If you still want to, you can try the handle at 30. Or try another entrance at 7, 17 or 22. Or go back the way you came to 47.

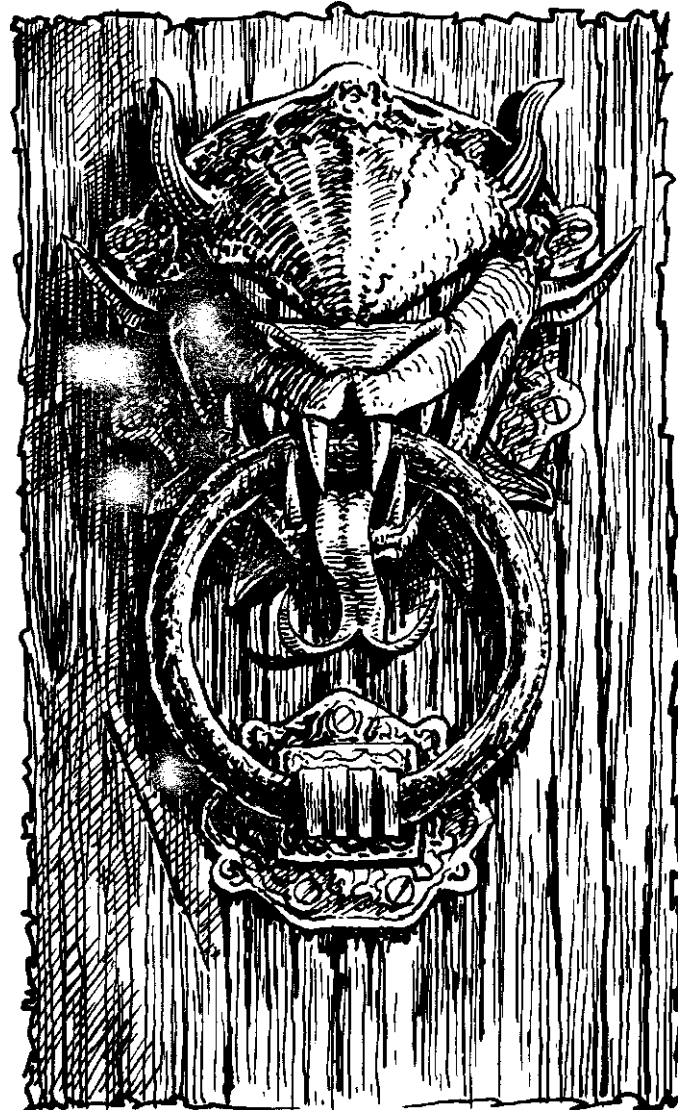
12

Bit of luck there, Pip - you haven't discovered a secret door: you've actually discovered *three!* Two lead into narrow little tunnels, one of which runs southwest, the other southeast. The third gives access to a wider corridor running east.

The southwestern tunnel leads to 53. The southeast leads to 33. The corridor east may be entered at 18.

13

This isn't working out too well. You've been travelling westwards along the neat little road for nearly an hour now and the keep hasn't gotten any nearer. (The good news is it hasn't got any farther either.) You should have reached that place in five minutes at the most. What's happening here?



"Come in!" says the gargoyle head.

14-16

Who knows? But whatever's happening, you'd better decide whether to continue westwards to 77 or turn back to 47.

14

Well, that's it then. Knackered yet again. One dead Pip. A severe case of the galloping rigor mortis.

But don't hang about feeling sorry for yourself. Leap forward before you stiffen completely and roll up your LIFE POINTS again. Once you've done that, you can decide whether to return to the section you just left, or start your adventure again from the beginning. There are pros and cons to both courses, so consider carefully.

Whichever you decide, you must first record your unfortunate demise on the DEATHOMETER (page 185). At the end of your adventure, this will allow you to compare your Adventure Score with those of your friends who are making their feeble attempts to scrape through this adventure with considerably less expertise than yourself.

15

Good grief, the roof's fallen in!

When you finally dig yourself out, you will find you have tunnelled all the way to 14.

16

You're back outside! Standing by the fourth entrance to the tomb to be exact.



Good grief - the roof's fallen in!

Which you can explore at 51, if you wish. Alternatively, you can try the first at 7, second entrance at 17, or the third at 22.

17

The gloomy passageway runs north only a short distance before ending in a door. On the door is a plaque inscribed with the words:

DEATH LURKS BEYOND THIS PORTAL

Which you must admit makes a change from a WELCOME mat. If you feel this message is simply psychological warfare, you can try the door at 62. Alternatively, you are quite free to zip back out and try another entrance (7, 22 or 51) or even retrace your steps completely to 47.

18

The corridor runs eastwards for quite a distance before turning abruptly south and ending in an impressive set of double doors.

Which you may try to open at 25, although you are, of course, free to return to 62 to reconsider your options there.

19

You're sinking!

Furiously you struggle. Bravely you scream for help. Quickly you sink.

All the way to 14.

20

Kersplattt! (Oh, no!)

As you touch the handles of the double doors, *another* viciously barbed spear, propelled by a hidden spring, flashes out to impale you through the solar plexus.

By the time you have managed to rip the weapon from your quivering flesh and plug what is now turning into a very large hole, you will have lost a second double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, you have the option of returning to 62 to reconsider the options given there, or (gulp!) having another try at the double doors at 32.

21

On closer inspection the portraits turn out not to be giant dwarves at all, but a small selection of Grott the Hoddle's ancestors. Each portrait is identified in a small brass plaque set into the bottom of its frame. The seven are:

Fangthane the Terrible (*Father of Grott*)

Goodie Scratch (*Grandmother of Grott*)

Boris Droopdongle (*Great-Uncle of Grott*)

The Reverend Lancelot Bong (*Good Friend of Grott's Mother*)

Langered Stopes the Third (*Grott's Great-Grandmother*)

Doomdark Moonshine (*Great-Grandfather of Grott*)

Howling Aaron O'Shaughnessey (*Grott's Second Cousin Twice Removed (by undertakers)*)

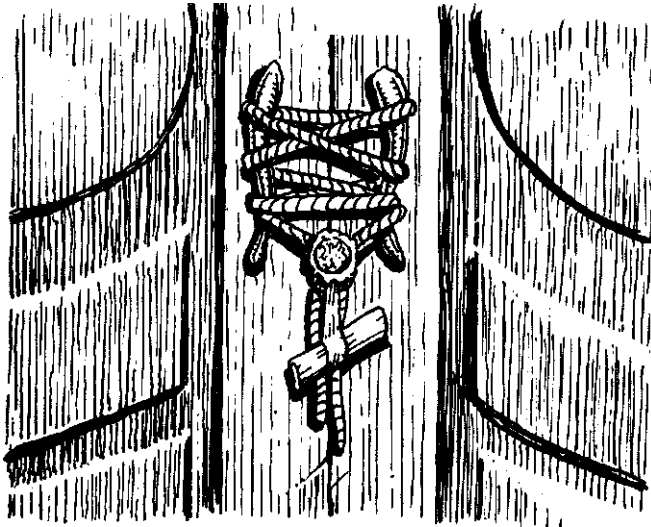
And a right ugly looking bunch they are too.

Now return to 32 in order to select your next option.

22

You step into the open chamber and move cautiously towards the double doors to the north. As you approach, you can see the handles have been roped together and the knots of the ropes sealed with wax which bears the imprint of a mystic insignia. Hanging from the seal is a small, tight roll of parchment. Gently you remove the parchment and unroll it. Written in a spidery hand, not unlike that of Merlin, is the message:

'These doors have been sealed for your safety. To attempt to open them will occasion you grievous



The double doors have been carefully sealed.

bodily harm, perhaps even death. Please proceed back to the entrance in an orderly manner. Signed, Grott the Hoddle.'

Interesting. Does this mean Grott isn't dead after all? If he is as eccentric a wizard as Merlin, he may just like living in odd places. But be that as it may, what are you going to do about the message? If you want to leave, you can still try the other entrances at 7, 17 and 51 (or even retrace your steps to 47). But you definitely have the option of using old EJ to cut the rope, which will allow you to open the double doors with a flourish at 80.

23

You find yourself in a rectangular room which seems to have been lined, floor, walls and ceiling, with some type of blue metal sheeting. An open corridor runs west, while a closed door is set in the middle of the east wall.

The western corridor will take you to 58. If you're interested in the door in the east wall, turn to 43. Or you may, of course, search for secret doors at 72.

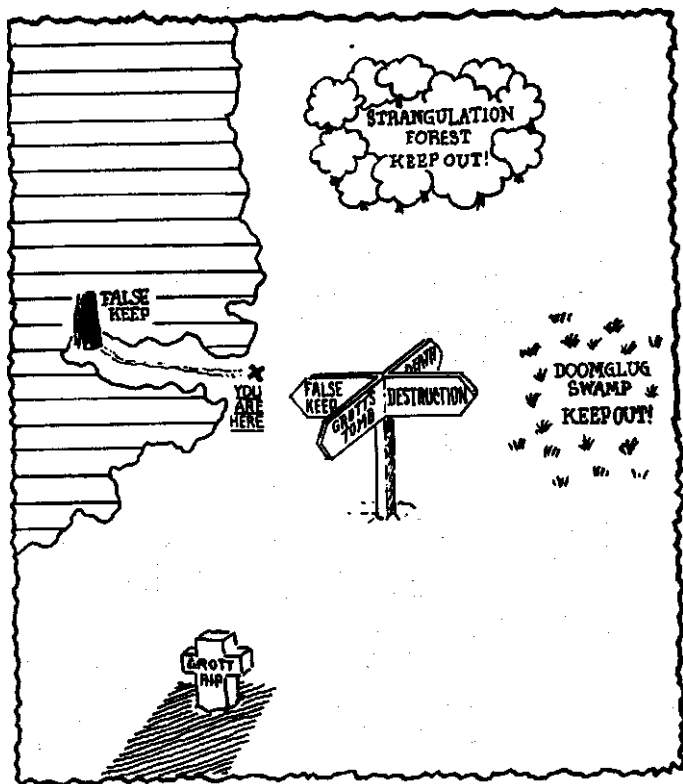
24

Thunk - ouch!

That whimsical decision just cost you 15 LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, you can return to 44 to reconsider your options.

The doors open easily into a large, high-ceilinged chamber, the walls of which slope outwards to the south. In the south wall itself is a single door . . . closed.

But possibly openable at 16, which is your only option here since the doors through which you entered have closed behind you and will not open again.



Hello, none of this is as it should be. According to this map, the keep to the west at the end of the promontory is a false keep (whatever that may mean) while going north or east leads to death and destruction respectively in nasty sounding places like Strangulation Forest and Doomglug Swamp.

But the oddest thing of all is that, according to this document, Grott is dead. Or, if he isn't, he soon will be since they've buried him - his tomb is clearly marked on the map. None of this makes any sense after what Merlin told you, but you're going to have to make a few decisions anyway.

And the place to make them is 47.

These scenes, quite tastefully executed considering the subject matter, indicate an unhealthy obsession with tombs, open graves, rotting corpses and the like. Several are identified by rhyming couplets, of which a typical example reads:

'The grave of Scrat who ate his horse.
He's dead, of course.'

Now return to 32 to select another option.

Funny smell down here, Pip: a mixture of rot and—

And gas!!!

29

Hold your breath quick - no, too late, you've breathed it otherwise you wouldn't have smelled it.

Roll two dice. Score below 7 and the gas gets you, in which case cough your way to 14. Score 7 or better and you may stagger either up to 43 or eastward along the corridor to that door into 66.

29

You've entered a 10' x 10' chamber with a door in its south wall. Leaning nonchalantly against the wall on either side of it are two zombies, legs crossed at the ankles, picking their teeth.

'Going somewhere?' one of them asks you, smiling.

No answer to that, Pip, except maybe to smash his face in. Which you may have to do since both zombies are now attacking with all the ferocity associated with animated corpses (who are generally extremely ill-tempered). Each has 25 LIFE POINTS and hits successfully on 6 or better at +2 damage, zombies being somewhat younger than mummies and consequently a bit fitter. On a successful throw of 12, the zombie concerned will infect you with galloping rot which will drain your LIFE POINTS at the rate of 3 (additional to any dice damage) per combat round or section visited until you take a swig of Healing Potion (which you can't do during combat, of course). If you survive this encounter, turn to 34. If not, turn to 14.



Guarding the exit are two nonchalant zombies.

30

You try the handle and discover the door opens easily, leaving you in a large empty chamber, the east and west walls of which slope inwards as they move north. In the middle of the north wall facing you, you can see a pair of brass-bound double doors, tight shut.

You walk towards them, then hesitate.

As well you might. You have the option of trying to open the left hand door first at 5; trying to open the right hand door first at 10; or trying to open both doors simultaneously at 15. Alternatively, of course, you can throw your hat at the doors (metaphorically speaking) and leave to try another entrance at 7, 17 or 22; or even retrace your steps all the way to 47.

31

What an odd-looking tree. If it is a tree. It's certainly green like a tree. Which, now you come to think of it, is about the only point of resemblance this thing has to a tree. How many trees have you seen with two arms, two legs and teeth? This thing is more like a man, except for the colour. And the tail, of course. Not that a man would move like that, skeetering about on all fours. At the same time—

While you're still trying to work it out, the lizard man attacks with a trilling call peculiar to the species which often brings others of his kind to his aid. Roll one die to find out how

many more come to help him slaughter you. Each, including the original, has 15 LIFE POINTS, strikes successfully on 6 or better and does +3 fang and claw damage. If any throws a double 6 in the course of combat, you're poisoned as well, which drains an additional 3 LIFE POINTS for every round the fight continues. If the lizard men kill you, go to 14. If you survive you can stagger back, bruised and bleeding, to 47.

32

Kersplattt!

That is the sound of the spring trap set behind the double doors, fortunately quite harmless now, since it has run out of spears. You step through and the doors close silently behind you *of their own accord*. You spin round and try desperately to open them, but to no avail: quite obviously you are trapped, perhaps forever, in this - in this—

You turn round to find out exactly where you are trapped forever and discover you have entered a long, dimly-lit gallery running due north-south. Along the right-hand wall are hung seven full-length, life-size portraits of what appear to be giant dwarves. Along the left-hand wall are hung oil paintings of graveyards. To the northern end of the gallery is a dark archway beyond which you cannot see.

And here's an interesting development: lying in the southeast corner is an old sack of the sort

adventurers frequently use when they can't afford a backpack. Inside it is a half bottle of Healing Potion, good for three doses, each of which will restore a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. Somebody's loss is your gain, Pip!

If you want to examine the portraits more closely, turn to 21. If you'd like to browse along the graveyard scenes, go to 27. You may search the right-hand wall for secret doors at 38, or the left-hand wall at 50. Should you feel like taking a closer look at that dark archway, turn to 69.

33

The tunnel runs southeast for only a short distance before ending in a one-way door. As you step through, you find yourself in a large chamber, open to the south, but with double doors set into the wall to the north.

Even a passing glance will tell you that going south will take you outside. If you want to leave, you can still try the other entrances at 7, 17 and 51 (or even retrace your steps to 47). But you also have the option of opening the double doors with a flourish at 80.

34

A search of the zombies reveals little of interest except for a scrap of parchment on one side of which is a Last Will and Testament of somebody whose name has been torn off, while on the other side has been scrawled a few lines of execrable doggerel reading:

'If you should fail
And find yourself out in the rain and hail
It could be
You see
You were on a false trail.'

Interesting rubbish. If you want to retrace your steps you'll have to face the gas at 28. To press on bravely through the door in the south wall, you should turn, sword in hand, to 41.

35

In the pocket of one vampire's cloak you find a full bottle of bright red Healing Potion. (It looks and tastes a bit odd, but works okay: six doses, each restoring a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS.) In the pocket of the other, you discover a silver key.

It strikes you this must be the key to the door in the east wall, but on investigation you discover this door to be unlocked.

If you want to retrace your steps you'll have to face the gas at 28. To press on bravely through the door in the south wall, you should turn, sword in hand, to 55.

36

The road twists and turns alarmingly, sometimes even doubling back on itself until you are hardly sure which direction your steps are taking you. For a time you seem to be travelling south, as you did originally, then, for certain, you turned

eastwards for a while, then southwest, then east again, then northeast.

Fortunately before your confusion gets too great your eagle eye spots a signpost ahead. A single arm points northwards towards a sheer rockface just a little way beyond. And on the arm, in gothic script, is written just two words:

GROTT'S TOMB

Tomb? Surely Grott isn't dead? Because if he is, how are you going to collect Merlin's money? Surely even Merlin wouldn't want to turn you into a grave robber? Although you never know, of course.

Frowning, you move past the signpost towards the cliff face. Sure enough, the mass of rock shows signs of having been worked at some time in the ancient past. Tunnels and passageways have been cut into it. Many of these are now completely blocked by fallen rubble or so overgrown by thorn bushes as to be quite inaccessible. But closer inspection shows four entrances that could actually be entered.

The first is a broad, stone-flagged passageway which, however, reaches an apparent dead end some thirty feet into the rockface.

The second is a narrow, gloomy passageway at the end of which you can just make out a closed door.

The third is wider, almost an open-ended chamber, at the northern end of which closed double doors are clearly visible.



The cliff face shows four entrances.

37-38

The fourth is a single door set into the cliff face itself, tight closed so that there is no means of telling what lies beyond it.

'What are you going to do?' asks EJ curiously.

A good question. There is still an opportunity to retrace your steps, which will ultimately leave you back at 47. But if you wish to find out what this Grott's Tomb business is all about, you can go into the first entrance at 7, the second at 17, the third at 22 or the fourth at 51.

37

That could have been very nasty. In fact, it still is very nasty - since you've slaughtered them, the Screaming Green Mummies smell even worse than they did before.

The good news is, however, that one of them was carrying a jar of Healing Salve which will give you up to 5 applications, each restoring 5 LIFE POINTS.

If you want to make your way back at this stage, you'll have to face the gas at 28. To press on bravely through the door in the east wall, you should turn, sword in hand, to 29.

38

You just got lucky, Pip. Scrabbling behind a portrait of a cross-eyed hunchback (which a small plaque identifies as Doomdark Moonshine, Great-grandfather of Grott) you discover a narrow corridor running east.



39-40

If you're interested in where this corridor leads, turn to 43. If not, you'd better pick another option at 32.

39

If you take time to skin the dragon, you can use the hide to make yourself a dragonskin jacket which will act as -5 on any damage scored against you in any future adventure. It won't be any good to you just now, of course, since tailoring dragonskin is a slow, painstaking job only to be tackled when the present adventure is finished.

Which won't be too long now, by the look of it! Swiftly you race towards the door to the north . . . only to find it locked!

If you happen to be carrying a silver key, turn to 42. If not, you can only retrace your steps, which, unfortunately, means risking the gas at 28.

40

The road narrows and the forest thickens. The light dims and the vines are now writhing even when you look directly at them.

'I think we should go back!' says EJ flatly; and for once you wholeheartedly agree with him.

But when you turn to do so, you find those vine and fungus covered trees have actually moved onto the road behind you. Instinctively your hand drops to EJ, as it always does in times of danger.

41-42

But before you can even draw him from his scabbard, a vine snakes round your neck.

And tightens.

You can catch your breath at 14.

41

You have entered a 10' x 10' chamber with a door in the east wall. Immediately flanking it are two coffins out of which are rising two saturnine gentlemen with large canine teeth. They are dressed in dark suits and cloaks.

Don't suppose you brought the garlic, did you?

Each vampire has 22 LIFE POINTS, strikes on 5 or better and does +3 fanging damage. If either throws a 12, you will temporarily become a vampire yourself for one combat round and attempt to bite yourself in the throat instead of attacking. This contortion will cost you 5 LIFE POINTS. If you survive the encounter, turn to 35. If not, you can always pick the teeth out of your neck at 14.

42

Carefully you insert the silver key in the lock. Carefully you try to turn it.

It won't turn! It's the wrong key!!

You scream in anguish and beat your head violently against the door. Then you pull yourself together and try turning the key the other way.

The door opens . . .

43-45

Allowing you to peer in and view the incredible scene at 64.

43

You are in an east-west (or west-east if you prefer) corridor which ends in stone steps downwards to the east and a door to the west.

You may descend those steps to 28 or open the western door at 23.

44

With a dreadful rumbling noise, a huge stone slab slides from one of the side walls completely sealing off the southern entrance to the corridor.

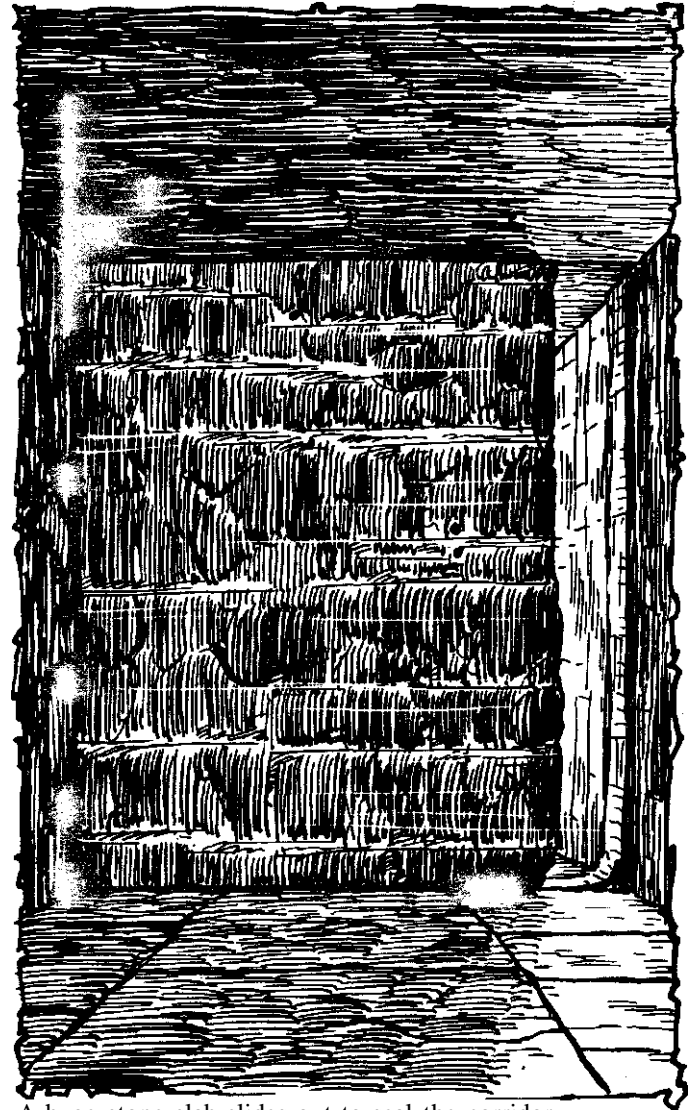
You stand in utter darkness, wondering what to do next.

With limited options, one might add. You might try running at the stone slab with your head, in which case turn to 24. Or waiting patiently to starve, in which case try 14. Or pushing back the lever the way you found it (which EJ considers far too easy a solution) at 68.

45

'What?' says Merlin. 'Back already?' He glances greedily at the golden wheelbarrow and nonchalantly picks up a gold piece which might otherwise have fallen off.

'It was nothing,' you say, grinning. 'Just a dull, boring little routine money-collecting adventure,



A huge stone slab slides out to seal the corridor.

as you predicted. There was one dragon, though, before I found the gold. But I—'

You hesitate suddenly, having caught sight of Merlin's expression as he bites the gold piece to test it. 'What's the matter?' you ask.

'This isn't gold!' screams Merlin. 'It's chocolate, wrapped in foil!' He leaps forward, robes flying, and begins to scabble in the wheelbarrow. 'More chocolate! Jelly babies, painted silver! These gems are really sugar crystals! You've been sold a pup, Pip - this isn't real loot at all! The whole load couldn't be worth more than one and a half gold pieces in Glastonbury Market!' The enormity of the development hits him and he begins to foam at the mouth, partly from distress and partly from an absent-minded instinct which caused him to stuff in several jelly babies. 'Dumkoff!' he shouts, lapsing momentarily into his native Welsh. 'Grott the Hoddle pulled the wool over your eyes!' He begins to wave his hands wildly, muttering terrible spells into his beard.

'Here, what are you doing?' you cry in sudden alarm.

'Sending you back, of course!' shrieks Merlin furiously. 'I want my money!!!'

At which a silent thunderclap carries you back in time and space to 36.

46

The door (which proves to be one-way after it slams shut automatically behind you) opens into a corridor running east-west.

The western aspect ends in a door to 52. To the east, the corridor turns sharply south to end in a door which opens into 25.

47

That didn't take long. You're standing landward of the rocky promontory leading to the greystone keep of Grott the Hoddle. That neat little road you noticed in the distance looks even neater close up: very nicely surfaced for a wilderness place like this. It runs westwards almost dead straight until it reaches the keep itself.

Westwards will take you to 13. Eastwards inland to 56. North sends you up the coast to 65. South brings you down the coast to 36.

48

So far, so good. You're in a gloomy corridor running due north for a short distance before reaching a three-way fork.

The left leg of the fork runs northwest to 54. The right leg runs northeast to 63. The corridor in the middle continues north to 73. If you want to return through the dark archway, turn to 82.

49

You've entered a 10' x 10' chamber with a door in the east wall. Unfortunately that's not all that's in there. Several flagstones have been removed from the middle of the floor and a hole, 6' x 3', dug in the ground beneath. At one end of the hole has been set, of all things, a tombstone so that, if you weren't in an underground chamber, you would swear the hole was meant to be a grave.

An open grave.

But since it can't be an open grave, of course, you take a brave step forward, hesitating only when out of the open grave (deep hole! it's just a deep hole! possibly left by miners) climb two rotting corpses of distinctly bilious green hue. They look at you and scream.

Which may give you some indication of how



The corpses look at you and scream.

terrifying you look these days, or may simply suggest you have encountered a brace of the dreaded screaming green mummies often used by sorcerers to guard precious objects or gold. Each mummy has 25 LIFE POINTS and hits successfully on 5 or better. The hits do dice damage only, but a score of 12 by either mummy indicates a dreaded scream which will mangle your brains and send you deaf to 14. If you survive this encounter, turn to 37. If not, you can recuperate at 14.

50

How interesting. A section of the wall has slid back, much like something in a very old (and very bad) horror movie, revealing a westward running corridor.

Westward ho at 67 will take you where the corridor leads. But if you prefer not to explore this corridor just yet, you can always examine the portraits more closely at 21, browse along the graveyard scenes at 27, search the right hand wall for secret doors at 38, or take a closer look at that dark archway at 69.

51

You hesitate. Above the handle of the door is a large wrought iron knocker in the shape of a gargoyle face.

Should you knock at 11 or simply try the handle at 30?

52

You open the door and step forward, boots crunching on the bits of hacked-up bone scattered all over the floor. You are standing in a high-ceilinged, hexagonal chamber with stone-flagged floor and dressed stone-block walls. It is bone dry, musty and silent as the tomb (appropriately enough). There are double doors set into the northern wall.

You can (hopefully) open those double doors at 6. But in a place like this, it might be worth searching for secret passages, which you can do at 12.

53

The secret passage ends in a one-way door which gives you access to a second passage running due north-south. There is daylight filtering in from the south, while to the north the passage stops abruptly at a dead end wall. Set into this wall, however, is a small lever.

Which you may, of course, feel somewhat tempted to pull. If you do so, turn to 44. Should you prefer to find out about the daylight by going south, turn to 8.

54

This is a large (30' x 30') square chamber with a door in the centre of the west wall, another in the northern end of the east wall and two more at the east and western ends of the south wall. The chamber is empty except for a smallish mound of

black, powdery substance in the middle of the floor.

If you want to examine this mound more closely, turn to 70. The door in the west wall opens into 57. You can open the door in the east wall at 61. The eastern door in the south wall leads to 48, while the western door in the same wall will take you to 75.

55

Well, at least it isn't another 10' x 10': this chamber is, in fact, much larger, empty except for what look like a series of giant budgie perches swinging from the ceiling and with a door in the north wall.

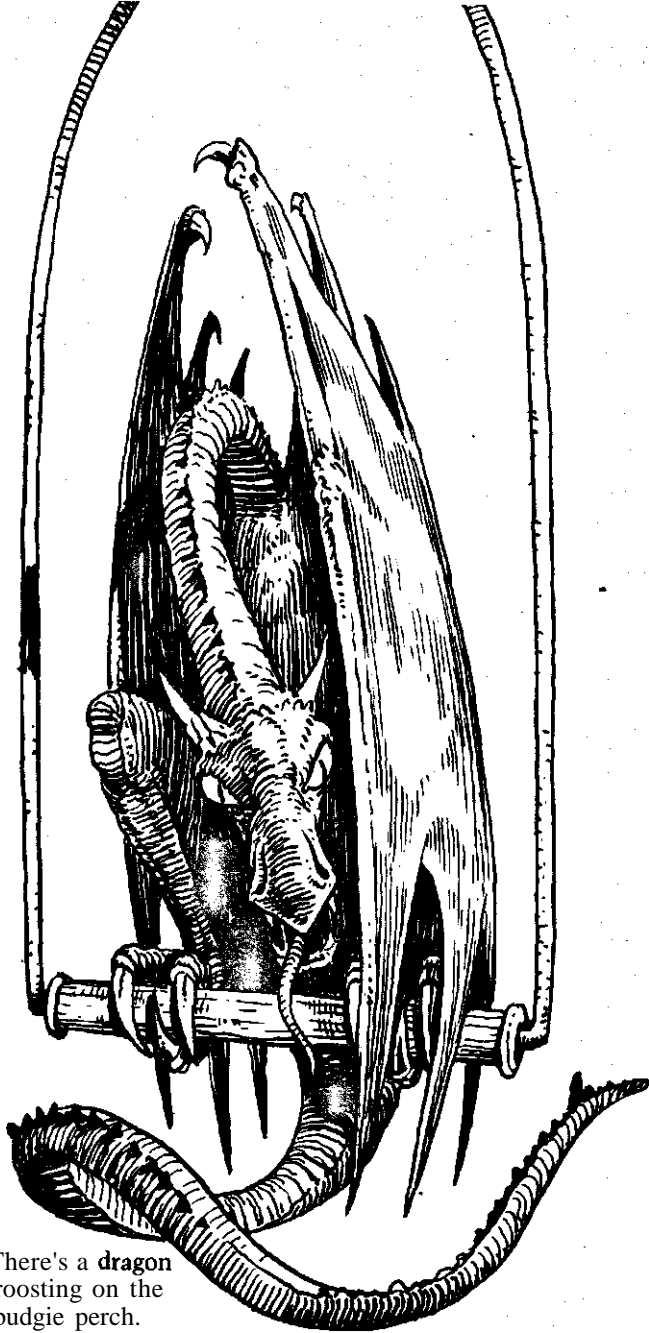
This door rivets your attention instantly, since above it is a prominent notice:

GROTT'S TREASURE ROOM
KEEP OUT!

TRESPASSERS WILL BE EATEN

You've done it, Pip! You've found the Treasure Room! Loot and booty beyond your wildest dreams lie just within that door! Joyfully you rush forward, forgetting to check those damn budgie perches ...

Which is a pity, because there's a dragon roosting on one of them. The creature has 45 LIFE POINTS, strikes on 4 or better and does a terrifying +3 damage. What's worse, it will



There's a **dragon** roosting on the budgie perch.

56-58

*breathe fire on a throw of 10 or better, scoring +10 damage. The chances are you will be heading for **14**, but if you get out of this alive, you may turn to **39**.*

56

Bit squelchy underfoot, but at least it's not a rocky wilderness any more. The vegetation has been quite lush for some time now. Positively tropical, in fact.

Wonder what happened to the road?

*Life is full of unanswered questions, Pip. While you're pondering that one, roll a die. Score 1—3 and go to **19**. Score 4-6 and go to **31**.*

57

The door opens into a corridor running due west and ending in a second door, itself closed but unlocked.

*Which leads into **23**.*

58

You have entered a long, dimly-lit gallery running due north-south. Along the right-hand wall are hung seven full-length, life-size portraits of what appear to be giant dwarves. Along the left-hand wall are hung oil paintings of graveyards. To the northern end of the gallery is a dark archway beyond which you cannot see.

*If you want to examine the portraits more closely, turn to **21**. If you'd like to browse along*

59-61

the graveyard scenes, go to 27. You may search the right-hand wall for secret doors at 38, or the left-hand wall at 50. Should you feel like taking a closer look at that dark archway, turn to 69.

59

This corridor is damp! Unusual in a place like this, but definitely damp. It runs north-south.

And opens into a chamber at 76. Or you can go through the door south to 54.

60

Well, this is quite definitely where the Keep *seemed* to be. You're right at the end of the promontory, surrounded on three sides by that lively sea, but not a sign of a building anywhere, not a hint of the neat little road. You fumble about a bit, just in case invisibility has come into play here, but something the size of the Keep would be hard to miss even if it was invisible. There is only one sane conclusion: the whole thing's mad.

But mad or not, you'd better backtrack to 47 and reconsider your options.

61

Kerthunk!

It's a rotten spear trap, Pip. The minute you opened that door you were transfixed by a spear propelled by a powerful spring. The door itself is a dummy, of course: behind it is the trap mechanism and a solid wall.

62

You stand staring at the spear which is now sticking out of you front and back.

As long as you keep staring you're fine. Once you pull the spear out (which you'll have to do in order to go anywhere) you'll find you have lost TWO double dice rolls of LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, you can turn back to 54 and select another option.

62

Creeeaaaak! The door opens slowly at your touch. You pause to draw EJ while the door itself is open only a crack. Then you bravely fling it fully open and leap forward—

Right into the arms of a skeleton!

Hack! Slash! Cut! Thrust! Stab! Kick! Gouge! With lightning-fast reflexes, you fling yourself into combat mode, sword flashing, dice rattling. Then you lower your sword sheepishly and put away your dice, having suddenly realised this isn't an *animated* skeleton, but just the mortal remains of some previous adventurer long gone to 14. The bones, it appears, had been wired together and hung up behind the door as a frightener.

You step forward, boots crunching on the bits of hacked-up bone scattered all over the floor. You are standing in a high-ceilinged, hexagonal chamber with stone-flagged floor and dressed stone-block walls. It is bone dry, musty and silent as the tomb (appropriately enough). There are double doors set into the northern wall.

You can (hopefully) open those double doors at 6. But in a place like this, it might be worth searching for secret passages, which you can do at 12.

63

The corridor runs northeast for what feels like a very long distance, then turns due east. Just beyond the turning you can see a door. Between you and the door, you can see a lizard.

Which must have been on a very rich diet since it stands nearly four feet high at the shoulder. It's not attacking, so you can certainly retrace your steps safely to 48 and select another option. But if you want to keep on the way you're going, you should know this overgrown brute has 35 LIFE POINTS, and claws at +2 damage. The real problem with the lizard is its tongue, which flicks out on a throw of 3, 6, 9, or 12, holding you immobile for a combat round. If the lizard adds you to its rich diet, go to 14. If you survive, you're free to continue east through the door there to 78.

64

What a breathtaking sight! What an incredible display! What a dazzling cornucopia! You have entered a chamber so stacked with treasure that it almost unhinges your mind. Chests of gold and silver ... caskets of gems ... racks of ivory ... piles of jade ... everywhere you look is booty worth a king's ransom. This is the big one, Pip.



You leap forward into the arms of a skeleton.

There's enough here to keep Merlin happy and give you a small bonus (say a few hundred thousand billion) for living expenses. There's even a solid gold wheelbarrow in one corner to help you carry off the loot.

And best of all, you've won through again. Your skill, courage and intelligence have beaten off every adversary and taken you directly to your destination. All that remains now is to collect up as much as you can shovel into that wheelbarrow and troll back to Merlin's roc egg house.

*To determine the value of the loot you can pack into the golden wheelbarrow, roll two dice ten times and add the results. Now multiply your answer by a million, add 500,000 as the value of the wheelbarrow itself, and your final total is the value of your haul in gold pieces. There is a half-hidden door in the west wall which opens into a narrow tunnel leading directly outside again, from whence you can trundle your wheelbarrow directly to **45** where Merlin is waiting to lavish his gratitude upon your deserving shoulders.*

65

This does not look the most pleasant of districts, Pip. The road north runs into a gloomy forest.

*If you feel like entering a gloomy forest, then by all means continue north to **9**. You may, however, still retrace your steps to **47**.*

66

*Afraid your troubles aren't over yet, Pip. Inhaling that gas cost you **15 LIFE POINTS** lung damage. If this kills you, go to **14**. If not, you can go up to **43** or through the door at **49**.*

67

The corridor runs due west for some distance ...
... before depositing you in **23**.

68

Swiftly you push the lever back to its original position.

'I don't think this is going to do anything,' EJ's voice remarks in the darkness.

*He might be right. But then again, you might get lucky. Throw two dice and note the result. Now throw again. If your second throw scores higher than your first, turn to **74**. If not, go to **86**.*

69

That's odd.

'What's odd?' EJ asks, having possibly taken mind-reading lessons from Merlin.

'Shut up, EJ - I'm trying to think.'

In fact, you're trying not to worry. The archway is still dark, despite the fact that you are holding your lantern right up to it. Something about it

seems to absorb the light. But whatever's happening, you cannot see through the archway.

The question being whether you want to WALK through the archway which you can attempt to do at 48. Alternatively, since there is no-one here to see you chicken out, you can examine the portraits more closely at 21; browse along the graveyard scenes at 27; search the right-hand wall for secret doors at 38, or the left-hand wall at 50.

70

This is pretty grotty stuff, Pip. The mound seems to be composed of the powdered corpses of thousands (maybe millions) of insects.

Grotty or not, an adventurer of your calibre might wish to take the courage in the hands, hold the old nose and search the mound lest it conceal something of importance. If so, you can do so at 79. If not, the door in the west wall opens into 57. You can open the door in the east wall at 61. The eastern door in the south wall leads to 48, while the western door in the same wall will take you to 75.

71

This may have been quite a picturesque little place at one time, but it's a bit of a mess now. The cottage - what remains of it - is situated in an overgrown clearing in the forest. You're going to have to fight your way through a sea of nettles to get to the remains of the cottage, but is it worth

your while? Part of the thatched roof has caved-in, the wooden door is rotted and hanging off its hinges and all the windows are broken.

Still, it's your decision. If you want to hack your way to the ruin, throw two dice to determine how often you're stung by nettles, multiply this by two and deduct the total from your current LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go



The cottage is a bit of a mess

72-74

to **14**. If not, you can search the cottage at **83**. Alternatively, of course, you can backtrack to **9** without risking any nettle stings.

72

Yup, you've found one! Slap bang in the middle of the southern wall of the chamber. It opens into a roomy corridor running due south for 50 feet or so before ending in a closed door.

*Which you may try to open at **46** or ignore by returning to the chamber you just left at **23**.*

73

Bravely you press forward until you fall into a pit.

'Why can't you look where you're going,' grumbles EJ irritatingly, as you crawl out to calculate the damage.

*Which may actually be quite extensive, not to say lethal. The fall itself will cost you a single die roll of LIFE POINTS. The spikes at the bottom will cost you an additional double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. The poison on the spikes will cost you a further double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. If this kills you go to **14**. If not, you will find the corridor beyond the pit is a dead end, leaving you little option other than to crawl back muttering to **48** where you may select another option.*

74

How about that - the slab is sliding back! This must rate as the world's worst trap. All the same,



until you
fall into a pit.

since it never pays to take too many chances, you zip swiftly out of that passage into the bright sunlight and fresh air, breathing a little heavily on account of the relief you feel.

And here, once again, you are faced with four possible entrances to Grott's Tomb:

The first is a broad, stone-flagged passageway which, however, reaches an apparent dead end some thirty feet into the rockface.

The second is a narrow, gloomy passageway at the end of which you can just make out a closed door.

The third is wider, almost an open-ended chamber, at the northern end of which closed double doors are clearly visible.

The fourth is a single door set into the cliff face itself, tight closed so that there is no means of telling what lies beyond it.

There is still an opportunity to retrace your steps, which will ultimately leave you back at 47. But if not, you can go into the first entrance at 7, the second at 17, the third at 22 or the fourth at 51.

75

This empty corridor runs due south with two branch corridors running off to the west and a door in the wall between them. A second door is set into the east wall almost opposite the entrance to the southernmost branch corridor.

This last-mentioned door leads into 85. You

may explore the northernmost corridor west at 100, the southernmost corridor west at 117 or the door between them at 150.

76

No wonder the corridor was damp! This chamber is full of water! There is a doorway directly opposite, but to reach it you're going to have to swim.

You may, of course, simply retrace your steps to 59, but if you fancy your chances as a swimmer, roll two dice. Score 2-4 and go to 81. Score 5-8 and go to 92. Score 9-12 and go to 107.

77

It's gone. Three steps along the westward road and the keep just disappeared! You're looking along a promontory which has nothing whatsoever built upon it. Even that nifty little road you were admiring has vanished.

Maybe it's an illusion to safeguard the place. Merlin did mention that Grott was a member of the Wizard's Union or some such organisation, so maybe he's cast an invisibility spell around his dwelling. If you want to continue west, do so at 60. If you prefer to reconsider the whole thing, you can always backtrack to 47.

78

Remember that lizard you killed to get in here? This must have been where he lived.

79-80

With four of his friends.

Each giant lizard has 35 LIFE POINTS, and claws at +2 damage. The tongues flick out on a throw of 3, 6, 9, or 12, holding you immobile for a combat round. If the lizards kill you, go to 14. If you survive, you can examine the chamber at 84.

79

Oh good grief - you've got caught up on a giant flypaper! No wonder there were so many insect corpses here.

You struggle (buzzing a little) but in vain. Whoever created this flypaper made sure absolutely nothing could get free from it.

Except by going to 14.

80

Thunk!

As you fling back the doors with a flourish, you have just time enough to catch a glimpse of the solid wall beyond before the built-in spring-loaded mechanism launches a spear which impales you directly through the bellybutton (assuming you have one) and protrudes alarmingly out the back for the loss of 20 LIFE POINTS.

Hanging from the end of the spear is a scrap of parchment on which is written the words 'I did warn you. Signed, Grott the Hoddle.'

If this unexpected development kills you, go to

81-82

14. If not, twisting the spear while screaming loudly will remove the weapon from your body, after which you may leave this disastrous chamber, go outside and select another entrance to the tomb at 7, 17 or 51; or even retrace your steps all the way to 47.

81

Call that swimming? It was more a cross between a dog paddle and a flying kangaroo. In any event, you've simply gone around in circles until you came back where you started.

Roll two more dice. Score 2-4 and roll again. Score 5-8 and go to 92. Score 9-12 and go to 107.

82

Something's wrong here. You've stepped in, but you're certainly not stepping out. A rising tone is ringing in your ears. You are beginning to vibrate. The atoms of your body are pulling apart.

Do we need to go on with this? Yes, we do.

Your feet are exploding. Your head is simultaneously expanding and contracting. Your eyes are crossing, your sight is dimming, the world is revolving, the universe exploding—

But all will revert to normal (or as normal as it ever gets) at 14.

Amazing, isn't it, how badly ruined buildings smell. This one pongs to high heaven: a mixture of mildew, crumbling mortar and old socks.

Never being one to keep your hands clean, however, you poke under the remains of a table in what might once have been a living room and there find something that looks like a mouldy old key.

Looks like, but isn't as you discover when you clean it up a bit. It's a key all right, but gold in colour (and perhaps gold in composition), very oddly designed, just the sort of thing that's certain to come in handy in an adventure. Maybe. That's all there is, however, so your only option now is to return to 9 - fortunately without any more hassle from the nettles which have exhausted themselves stinging you when you first crossed the clearing.

It's huge, it's bare and it's full of giant lizard droppings. In short, it's not the sort of place you would select to entertain your friends. There are no doors other than the one through which you entered.

Which allows you only to retrace your steps to 48 or (yuuk!) to search among the lizard droppings in case there's anything of interest hidden here at 112.

Go for your sword, Pip! You have entered a 10' x 10' marble crypt in the centre of which is a bier on which stands a coffin from which rises a deathly pale fanged figure dressed in evening formals and an opera cloak.

You stand, transfixed by terror as the bloodshot eyes of the creature turn slowly towards you. Your knees turn to jelly and your blood turns to ice as it speaks. You turn to flee, but it is too late.

'Is it a ghoul?'

(The creature says)

'Trapped in the crypt for the rest of its days?'

Is it a vampire,

Thirsty and paler,

A cousin of Dracula or Vlad the Impaler?

Is it a ghost?

I don't care to boast,

But it looks dramatic

Like a Rall in the attic

Or an ogre—

By Jove there's

A chance it's a wight;

Although that can't be right.

In fact this slim creature is not what it seemed.

It's the handsome and witty renowned Poetic

Fiend.'

If this dreadful rhyme kills you, go to 14. If you survive, you may converse with the Fiend at 137.

Nothing happens.

'Told you so,' says EJ.

Which is the last words you hear since you are now sealed in the stygian darkness without hope of escape until such time as Death itself enters this fateful chamber and claims you at 14.

A block slides back abruptly with a scrape of stone on stone. You inch forward and peer through. The secret doorway has opened some five feet above the floor of a diamond-shaped chamber, the northern half of which is separated from the south by a network of tightly strung cables. Beyond the cables, in the northernmost point of the chamber, you can just make out a small altar on which rests a massive gemstone, glittering with an inner light.

You drop down, catlike, and cautiously approach the cables. Although stretched tightly, there seems to be enough room to squeeze between them: and if not, it should certainly be easy enough to cut them through using EJ's razor-sharp blade.

So what do you want to do? You may squeeze through at 103. Or cut through at 130. Or ignore the gemstone on the altar altogether by returning, via the secret crawlspace, to 84.

The corridor runs north-south turning east at both the northern and southern extremities.

Going north then turning east will take you to 100. Going south then turning east will take you to 117.

An eerie blue light fills this chamber, flickering and reflecting off marble walls so that you are seized by the sensation of moving underwater, even though the chamber itself is bone dry.

It is also pretty huge, a colonnaded extravaganza that could only be a temple to judge by the murals of devout idiots adorning the east and west walls. These twits, a motley collection of men, women and children, all seem to be bowing and scraping to a deity with the body of a man and the head of a fish. This creature, which will give Robert Redford absolutely no competition at all in terms of looks, holds a small black rod.

You drag your eyes away from the murals and examine the remainder of the temple. At the end of the twin rows of marble pillars hangs a curtain made from fine gauze but nonetheless effectively hiding the northernmost section of the chamber.

Before the curtain sits a small, closed, wooden chest.

If you want to risk drawing back the curtain, the place to go is 99. For a closer look at the murals, turn to 114. The place to examine the

chest is **133**. Or you can always try swimming back in which case you should throw two dice. Score 2-4 and you're right back here. Score 5-8 and you'll swim to **92**. Score 9-12 and you will get back safely, allowing you to retrace your steps to **59**.

90

Steps to the east descend into a square stone chamber, dimly illuminated by the ubiquitous eerie green light. A figure stands in the centre of the chamber and you drop your hand to the hilt of your sword before your eyes adjust sufficiently for you to realise this is no living being but rather a life-size statue in granite.

You move closer to inspect the figure, noting as you do so that there are no exits from this chamber except for the stairs leading to the secret passage and the pit. The chamber itself is granite-flagged and walled, with the ceiling comprising massive interlocking slabs of granite.

The statue, on closer inspection, is a horror. It crouches, leering, on a granite pedestal, blank eyes staring eerily. It is a statue of a creature that was once a man, but is now little more than a wasted, animated corpse, richly dressed yet somehow exuding evil. On the plinth beneath the sandalled feet is an inscription:

GROTT THE HODDLE

Beneath the inscription is a keyhole; and as you inspect it, you notice something else - the



Illuminated by an eerie green light, a life-size statue in granite.

pedestal on which the statue stands might, with a little effort, be revolved to face the statue in different directions.

'Welcome . . .' says a quiet voice.

You leap back in terror, drawing EJ in a single movement. But nothing else moves. No attack comes. The chamber remains as empty as before.

'I must congratulate you,' the quiet voice continues (and now you can see it is emerging from the mouth of the statue, which seems to be impregnated with some sort of magical recording medium). 'Few have been so clever as to find this room. But the question is not that you have found it, but whether you will ever leave it alive.'

There is a pause, broken only by the pounding of your heart, before the voice continues: 'There are four exits from this chamber: the staircase to the east and three others. To open any of the others, you need merely insert the golden key then turn the statue in the direction you wish to go - north, south or west. But be warned. Those who set foot within my tomb may never return the way they came . . .'

And the voice fades.

*What do you make of all that, Pip? And what's this about a golden key then? If you happen to have one, insert it in the keyhole and turn the statue north to **95**, south to **102** and west to **113** at your choice. If you don't have this mysterious key, you may like to return via the*

*secret passage and the pit to **48** where you may begin your search for it. Or you may, of course, attempt to move the statue without the key, in which case the place to try is **97**.*

91

The gemstone really is very beautiful indeed, emitting the sort of inner radiance you would associate with magic—

'Or a curse!' mutters EJ grimly.

It sits upon a velvet cushion on the altar which is itself a block of highly-polished granite carved with curious designs.

'You look at those designs carefully,' EJ advises.

You bend forward to examine the designs. Close up these are no longer abstract, but writhe and flow magically to form moving pictures of an adventurer holding the gemstone. .. and being bitten time after time by hideous snakes and scorpions!

As you draw back from this disturbing scene, you notice also that the cushion on which the gem rests has been trapped with what must surely be a poison needle.

*If you still want to grab the gem and run, try **101**. Should you prefer to try your skill at disarming that poison needle trap, turn to **98** where, if you succeed, you will be committed to taking the gem. Or you can, of course, ignore the gem completely and return, via the secret crawlspace, to **78**.*

92

Glug . . . glug . . . glug . . .

As you may have guessed, that's the sound of you drowning. Go to 14.

93

The secret passage leads due west to end in a door.

Which opens into 23..

94

Big trouble, Pip. You could tell the moment you opened the secret door since doing so triggered a flash of magical lightning. It did you no harm, but an experienced (not to mention clever, witty and incredibly good-looking) adventurer like yourself would instantly recognise that the flash denoted a very heavy spell in operation.

And as you look around, you can see immediately what it was. In the centre of the smallish chamber you have entered is a granite statue of a demon . . . even now climbing down off its pedestal, stretching magically-animated granite batwings and turning glittering granite eyes in your direction.

This could be the end of one experienced, clever, witty and incredibly good-looking adventurer if you're not very careful, Pip. The animated granite demon has 35 LIFE POINTS, strikes on 4 and scores +4 damage. Worse still, the fact that it is made from granite will deduct 3 from any damage you might score against it. If you survive this nasty punch-up, turn to 104. If not, gather your wits at 14.



A granite statue of a demon...
climbing down off its pedestal.

95

With a slight grinding noise, a section of the northern wall slides back to reveal a wide stone-flagged passageway leading northwards. You step forward into the passage and the section of the wall slides back, effectively blocking your retreat.

With a fatalistic shrug, you loosen EJ in his scabbard ready for action and begin to move off north to meet your destiny.

Which at this precise moment involves rolling two dice. Score 7 or more and turn to 105. Score less than 7 and turn to 115.

96

You have entered a narrow crawlspace, dark and dusty, leading north. Cautiously, you edge your way forward, hoping you won't meet anything since it is too cramped in here even to draw EJ.

'I don't think we should have come in here,' EJ remarks. 'It's just the sort of place you'd meet a giant spider.'

'Shut up, EJ,' you tell him impatiently, not at all impressed by his obsession with spiders, giant or otherwise.

'Mark my words,' says EJ. 'You turn that corner up ahead and you'll be straight into the ravenous maw of a giant spider.'

'Will you shut up! I've enough problems without you rabbiting on about spiders and so forth.'

'You'll see,' mutters EJ.

You turn the corner and come face to face with - no, not a giant spider but a dead end!

Which means the best you can hope for is to crawl all the way back again (with EJ going on about spiders) until you reach 84.

97

To your utter surprise, the statue moves quite easily. You find that only a small effort is needed to make it face in any direction you wish. Maybe this business about the golden key was a whole big bluff.

Or maybe it wasn't. As you move the statue the ceiling caves in, burying you under tons of granite slabs which you can dig out from under at 14.

98

Throw two dice to determine the cunning of whoever set the poison needle and make a note of the result. Now throw two dice on your own behalf. If your throw is higher, you've disarmed the trap and may take the gem at 106. If your throw is lower, you're in a bit of bother which you can find out all about at 116.

99

Oh good grief! Standing immediately behind the curtain is a huge creature with the body of a man and the head of a fish. It carries a short black rod.

You (gulp!) step back. 'Hi,' you say, smiling and waving (with your left hand, your right hand

100-101

creeping nonchalantly towards EJ). 'Sorry to disturb you, sir. I'll just be getting back now ...'

The creature raises the black rod and points it in your direction.

'Now there's no need to be hasty,' you begin reasonably. 'I mean, I just happened to be passing and I haven't really done you any harm, have I, so we might as well—'

A wave of blue-black light erupts from the rod. Frantically you hurl yourself to one side.

*And may even succeed in avoiding it. Throw one die. Score 1-3 and go to **108**. Score 4-6 and go to **118**.*

100

The short corridor runs east-west, forming a T-junction with a north-south corridor to the east, while turning due south to the west.

*You can enter the north-south corridor at 75, or turn into the southern corridor to the west by going to **88**.*

101

You snatch the gem.

Ping!

You drop the gem and suck your finger, which has just been penetrated by a poison needle.

Not that sucking it will do a lot of good since the poison is even now creeping up your arm and seizing your heart in a chilling, vice-like



102-103

grip which will not ease until you reach the murky depths of 14.

102

With a slight grinding noise, a section of the southern wall slides back to reveal a wide stone-flagged passageway leading southwards. You step forward into the passage and the section of the wall slides back, effectively blocking your retreat.

With a fatalistic shrug, you loosen EJ in his scabbard ready for action and begin to move off north to meet your destiny.

Which at this precise moment involves rolling two dice. Score 7 or more and turn to 109. Score less than 7 and turn to 119.

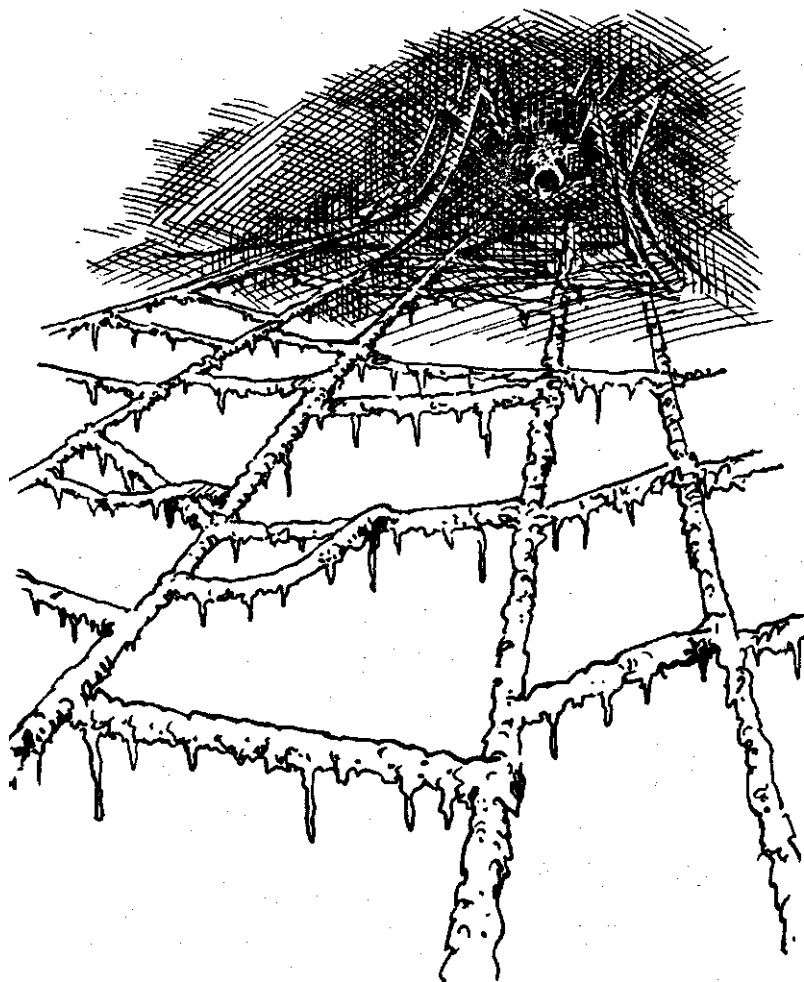
103

You're stuck!

The minute you touched the cables, you stuck fast to them. The glue with which they are covered is quite the strongest you have ever experienced. (Smelly too.) As you struggle furiously to free yourself, you feel a vibration on the cables, apparently originating in the gloom high above your head.

'Oh - oh,' remarks EJ and contorts in your hand to point upwards.

You follow his indication and discover a giant spider is walking purposefully along the cables, a hungry glint in her bloodshot eyes.



A giant spider is walking purposefully towards you.

That brute looks like a real shortcut to 14, Pip, but at least you can put up some sort of fight. The Spider has 55 LIFE POINTS and tears +3 lumps out of your LIFE POINTS on a throw of 5 or better. To make matters a great deal worse,

*your trapped position and EJ's well-known terror of spiders combine to ensure you need a full 6 or better to hit and score only +1 damage. Finally, just in case you thought you were getting off really easy, the Spider will inject you with a paralysing poison on a throw of 12: this holds you immobile sufficiently long for her to eat your head off, a circumstance which means **14** for sure. If you survive this nasty encounter, turn to **124**. If not, you know where to go.*

104

You pick your way over lumps of shattered granite to examine what seems to be an empty chamber without exits other than the one you entered. Then a sudden inspiration strikes you and you examine the stone-flagged floor.

Sure enough, directly under where the granite demon statue stood before you turned it into gravel is a trapdoor! You fling it open enthusiastically to discover a flight of narrow stone steps descending into darkness.

*You can descend those steps at **120** or, if you wish, return to the Fish Temple through the secret door where you have the following options: If you want to risk drawing back the curtain, the place to go is **99**. For a closer look at the murals, turn to **114**. The place to examine the chest is **133**. Or you can always try swimming back in which case you should throw two dice. Score 2-4 and you're right back*

*here. Score 5-8 and you'll swim to **92**. Score 9-12 and you will get back safely, allowing you to retrace your steps to **59**.*

105

Yipes! Rolling down the corridor towards you is a giant fireball!

You recognise it instantly, of course. This is exactly the sort of magical fireball you have used before in various adventures. It never misses and scores a straight 75 points of damage.

*If this kills you (and it's difficult to see how it wouldn't) go to **14**. If you have somehow been sneaky enough to fortify yourself against fireballs, you may continue on to **115**.*

106

What a magnificent sensation! Like a healing potion, only more so. Mystical green energy floods your body. You feel fitter, more full of life, stronger, healthier, more wide awake. Colours look brighter, sounds seem clearer.

And before you start spouting poetry to the wonders of nature, you should know three things have happened. The first is that you are now immune to poison for the remainder of the present adventure (and any poison which may have been in your system when you picked up the gem is now neutralised); the second is that you have become utterly immune to the effects of magical fireballs; the third is that your skin has turned light green and you have sprouted a

107-108

*Magnum-style moustache (a small enough price to pay for the first two benefits). Now you can return via the secret crawlspace to **84**.*

107

There are, you discover (having managed to swim across), underwater steps which will assist you in reaching the door in the northern wall. They will not, however, assist you very much in opening it since the dampness has caused the wood to swell, jamming it solid.

*You can always try swimming back, I suppose. (Throw two dice. Score 2-4 and you're right back here. Score 5-8 and you'll swim to **92**. Score 9-12 and you will get back safely, allowing you to retrace your steps to **59**.) But if you want to try breaking down the door by brute force and ignorance, then throw two dice one at a time. If your second throw is less than your first, then you are too exhausted to move the door and must try swimming back. If your second throw is greater than the first, then you will find the door crashes back and shatters with sufficient noise to wake the dead... or whatever else might be waiting for you at **89**.*

108

The wave engulfs you, and though you know it can be only light, it feels exactly as if you had been engulfed by a wave of water. Frantically you try to swim out of it...

*But in vain. When you've quite finished drowning, you can turn to **14**.*

109-111**109**

Good grief! A bolt of lightning crackles down the corridor towards you!

*And there may be more where that came from. Throw two dice to determine how many bolts are headed in your direction. (Any throw above 10 counts as only 1, since, as you will instantly recognise, these are magical Firefinger lightning bolts.) For each bolt deduct 10 from your current LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to **14**. If you survive, you may continue on to **119**.*

110

Nope, nothing in here but rubbish - and broken rubbish at that.

*Leave it alone and continue along the corridor at **134**.*

111

*The Crab has 33 LIFE POINTS and nips successfully on 5 or better, causing +1 damage. The heavy shell deducts 4 from any damage scored against it. The bad news is that it will poison you on a throw of 10 or better. Once in your system, the poison deducts 3 LIFE POINTS per combat round additional to any dice damage; and after the fight will continue to deduct 3 LIFE POINTS for each new section visited until you are dead or take three doses of Healing Potion. If this encounter kills you, go to **14**. If you survive, collect your 1,500 gold pieces worth of loot and select your next*

112-113

*option. If you want to risk drawing back the curtain, the place to go is **99**. For a closer look at the murals, turn to **114**. Or you can always try swimming back in which case you should throw two dice. Score 2-4 and you're right back here. Score 5-8 and you'll swim to **92**. Score 9-12 and you will get back safely, allowing you to retrace your steps to **59**.*

112

You really do get the most disgusting ideas into your head at times, Pip. In moments, you are covered in the stuff and ponging to high heaven. Needless to say, there is absolutely nothing to be found in the lizard droppings except more lizard droppings.

*There is one bonus, however: you now smell so dreadful that in your next three fights your enemy will be so overcome by nausea that you can subtract 3 from any damage he may score against you. Now return to **84** and reconsider your options.*

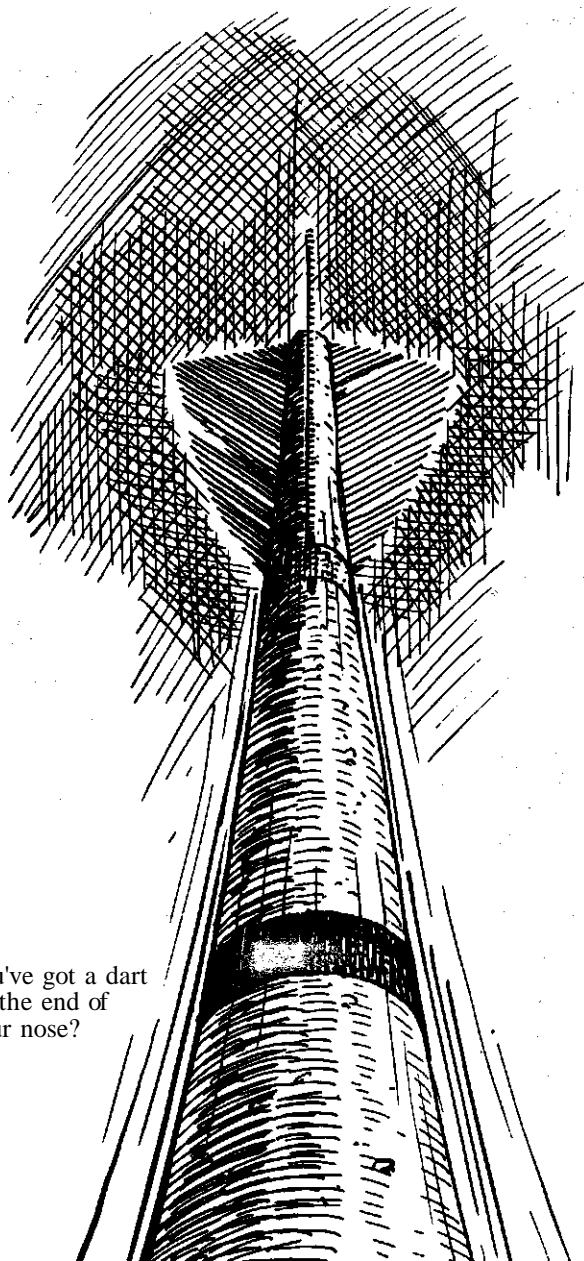
113

Kersplunk!

You've got a dart on the end of your nose!

You pull it out and look at it. It looks exactly like the sort of dart that's generated by a P.A.D. spell.

*And causes the same damage (ie 10). If this kills you, go to **14**. If not, you can continue along the corridor at **121**.*



You've got a dart
on the end of
your nose?

114

Closer examination quickly convinces you that the people in the murals look very frightened and tracing along the sequence of pictures soon tells you why: in one mural, old Fishbonce is pointing his rod at a terrified worshipper. From out the rod is emerging a tidal wave which is about to engulf the hapless human.

*Doubtless all grossly exaggerated, but all the same you would clearly want to avoid the thing with the fish-head. Now stop looking at pictures and go back to **89** to select another option.*

115

Yipes! Rolling down the corridor towards you is a giant fireball!

You recognise it instantly, of course. This is exactly the sort of magical fireball you have used before in various adventures. It never misses and scores a straight 75 points of damage... assuming, of course, the spell was properly cast. Which may not actually be the case with this one since the fireball is even now beginning to splutter and fizzle out.

*There may be some sort of lesson to be learned from that, Pip. But in the interim, you have reached a fork with corridors branching northwest to **123** and northeast to **131**.*

116

Yiiiiik! You've been poisoned! You scream! You howl! You clutch your throat! Liquid fire is pouring through your veins, a searing agony that hurtles towards your heart.

*It will, however, take a little time to get there if you stop making such a fuss. The poison is sufficiently virulent to deduct 10 from your LIFE POINTS each time you enter a new section until you're dead or find a cure. One cure you might actually have handy is THREE doses of Healing Potion, which will work irrespective of dice rolls. If you take the Healing Potion right now, you will lose no LIFE POINTS. If you don't, or prefer to wait before taking it, you will lose 10 LIFE POINTS when you turn to **106** to take the gem.*

117

This corridor runs east-west, joining with a north-south corridor in the east and turning north into another corridor in the west.

*You can enter the western corridor at **88** or the north-south corridor to the east at **75**.*

118

The wave passes over harmlessly a little to your right. You tumble expertly, drawing old EJ with a flourish as you regain your feet and drop into the old familiar fighting stance.

This means war, Fishface! you hiss.

119-120

On which slightly bitter note, the fight is on. Fishface is a tough nut, having a total of 50 LIFE POINTS. He will strike successfully on 5, but score only dice damage. However, a score of 9 or better allows him to use that wicked rod which will kill you outright by drowning. The only good news is that if he hasn't managed to use the rod in the first three combat rounds, he cannot use it thereafter. If Fishface kills you, go to 14. If you survive, there are some pleasant surprises waiting at 125.

119

Good grief! A bolt of lightning crackles down the corridor towards you! You have no chance to jump aside, but just as the bolt arcs towards your chest, it fizzles slightly and drops with a limp plop to the floor.

So someone didn't cast the spell effectively. Interesting. But right now you have another problem altogether: you have reached a fork where a southwestern corridor branches to 138, while a southeastern corridor leads to 144.

120

The steps descend into a narrow, gloomy and extremely damp corridor which runs due south. Some distance along you reach a broken door in the east wall. A quick glance in shows this to be a store room of sorts, but one which has obviously been looted at some time in the distant past. Broken casks, chests, boxes and barrels are strewn about and the whole place smells of rot and damp.



A bolt of lightning crackles down the corridor towards you.

Which doesn't necessarily mean there's nothing of interest in there, of course. If you want to search the room, turn to 110. If not, you can continue along the corridor at 134.

121

An interesting development, since there is no sign whatsoever of anyone ahead who might have been responsible for throwing the dart. In fact, all you can see ahead is a fork, with corridors branching northwest to 156 and southwest to 165.

122

This is interesting, Pip, not to say a little disturbing. The passageway you are in runs west-east . . . and descends towards the west. More to the point, it is filled with a dim but definite (and extremely eerie) green glow, the source of which you cannot immediately discover.

The easternmost end of the passage is sealed by a door leading, via a nasty trap, to a dark corridor which will eventually take you to 48. The westernmost end leads to a flight of narrow stone steps descending into the gloomy depths of 90.

123

The corridor runs northwest for about 50 feet before turning due north and ending in a stout wooden door.

You reach the door and listen, but there is no

sound. Cautiously you try the door. It opens silently, allowing you access to a long but narrow chamber, running east-west. In the northern wall of the chamber are set three doors. Directly in front of each one is a closed coffin.

You edge forward suspiciously and as you do so, your movement seems to trigger a spell of some description, for there is the familiar blue lightning flash of magic before a soft voice speaks from the air above your head:

'Welcome, you grot-faced little puny, if I may say so without giving offence. Here is an opportunity to test that pea-sized brain of yours. Before you are three coffins. They are numbered 1, 2 and 3 in case you can't count them. Now, you cross-eyed ugly, grovelling worm—'

(This creep is really rude: it will be a pleasure to hack him into stock cubes when you finally meet up face to face.)

'—your problem is to Find the Lady, or in this case Find the Lady Vampire. Two of the coffins are empty and thus the doors they guard may be opened safely. The third contains Draculina, as nasty a piece of work as ever drained a jugular. In order to assist you, let me give you this clue: the coffin in which Draculina rests is numbered with the first digit of her age, which is half that of her brother Dracula who is himself twenty-five times double the age of their cousin, Babyfang, who was one last birthday. Choose wisely, Birdbrain!'

The door behind coffin 1 leads to 140; that

124-125

behind coffin 2 leads to 148; and that behind coffin 3 leads to 154. Good luck on your choice.

124

'That was very nasty, Pip,' remarks EJ (who you would swear was sweating if you didn't know that was impossible).

'Yes,' you mutter grimly, your eyes fastened greedily on the altar with its massive gemstone now within your reach. You step over the massive corpse of the giant spider and move forward.

'Here,' says EJ, 'are you sure it's all right to take that gem? I mean, it's on an altar . . .'

'What's that got to do with anything?' you ask him testily.

'Well, it could be cursed. Or under the protection of the Elder Gods, which is much the same thing. Or magically protected. Or trapped. Or—'

He may have a point, even though he does tend to run on a bit. If you want to examine the altar and gem carefully before touching either, go to 91. If you want to grab the gem and run, try 101. Or you can, of course, ignore the gem completely and return, via the secret crawlspace, to 78.

125

This is pretty sick-making, Pip. The moment you napped off the last of his LIFE POINTS, Fishface disintegrated into a smelly pool of disgusting



The creature disintegrates into a pool of disgusting slime.

slime. But sick-making or not, you brave the slime to pick up that black rod which, on a score of 9 or better, will allow you to kill any human or humanoid enemy outright by drowning.... but only in the first three combat rounds.

You look around and discover that there is an altar behind the curtain, above which is a coral statuette of Fishface himself labelled:

FIN SQUANDRAGO, GOD OF COD

That statuette looks quite valuable - about 500 gold pieces at a rough guess. If you want to take it, turn to 135. If not, you can now try swimming back in which case you should throw two dice. Score 2-4 and you're right back here. Score 5-8 and you'll swim to 92. Score 9-12 and you will get back safely, allowing you to retrace your steps to 59.

126

To compose a proper Death Ode, you must create a brand new poem in which the first two lines rhyme with each other and the second two lines rhyme with each other, as in the following (terrible) example drawn from the Collected Works of the Poetic Fiend: Oxford University Press, 1985.

Death Ode

by

The Poetic Fiend

Death to Grott

May he rot

*Until the coff -
in carries him off.*

Write your poem down and keep it with you for the remainder of your adventure until you encounter Grott the Hoddle, at which point read it aloud before engaging in any spells or combat. Now better get back out to the corridor at 75 before all this poetry sends you completely batty.

127

The secret passage runs due south for a comparatively short distance before ending in what appears at first to be a blank wall. Since it makes no sense to have a secret passage leading nowhere, you search diligently and discover set into the west wall a panel of three buttons, one red, one green and one amber. (Rather like traffic lights really.) Beneath the buttons is a small, neatly-lettered notice stating:

IT IS DANGEROUS TO PRESS THE WRONG BUTTON

That which traditionally denotes peril denotes peril.
That which traditionally denotes safety denotes peril.
Select wrongly at your peril.

Mmm. If you want to press the red button go to 136. If you want to push the amber button, go to 145. If you want to push the green button, go to 157. If you want to throw your hat at the whole thing, zip back along the secret passage to 78.

128

The Fiend goes pale (well, paler) with fury. 'I wouldn't offer that to the present Poet Laureate!' he screams, leaping swiftly forward to fang you in the throat.

Which, as you probably know, inflicts a fatal wound on anything smaller than a dinosaur. Go to 14.

129

As you open the door, there is a brief flash which blinds you temporarily. You stagger forward, rubbing your eyes . . .

And open them again at 23.

130

You're stuck! At least EJ is.

The minute he touched the cables, he stuck fast to them. The glue with which they are covered is quite the strongest you have ever experienced. As you struggle furiously to free your sword, you feel a vibration on the cables apparently originating in the gloom high above your head.

'Help,' remarks EJ and contorts in your hand to point upwards.

You follow his indication and discover a giant spider is walking purposefully along the cables, a hungry glint in her bloodshot eyes.

That brute looks like a real shortcut to 14, Pip, but at least you can put up some sort of fight.



*The spider has 55 LIFE POINTS and tears +3 lumps out of your LIFE POINTS on a throw of 5 or better. To make matters a great deal worse, EJ's trapped position and well-known terror of spiders combine to ensure you need a full 6 or better to hit and score dice damage. Finally, just in case you thought you were getting off really easy, the spider will inject you with a paralysing poison on a throw of 12: this holds you immobile sufficiently long for her to eat your head off, a circumstance which means **14** for sure. If you survive this nasty encounter, turn to **124**. If not, you know where to go.*

131

The corridor runs northeast for some fifty feet, ending in an open shaft. You approach this carefully, well aware by now how dangerous this whole place can be. The shaft is circular, some 10 feet in diameter, and runs upwards and downwards from the level you are on. Although you look in both directions, you can see nothing: each time the shaft simply disappears into darkness. You can, however, hear something: a low sighing noise like wind through a tunnel. And unless you are very much mistaken, you can smell something as well: a faint whiff of the old familiar ozone scent of magic.

*The thing is, will you chance entering this shaft? If you want to leap in gaily without a care in the world, turn to **142**. If you still have your rope, you might try to climb down at **149**.*

*Or you can, of course, backtrack to **115** and try another direction.*

132

'How very flattering of you to ask!' the Fiend exclaims, blushing with delight. 'How much were you thinking of paying me?'

*In point of fact, you hadn't been thinking of paying him anything, but better not mention that in view of the Fiend's notorious temper. If you want to offer him 10 gold pieces, go to **128**; if 100 gold pieces go to **139**; if 500 gold pieces go to **155**. If you genuinely have no money to offer, or are offering everything you have, however little, go to **166**.*

133

There's money in here! Gold and silver both, along with a whole collection of seashells and pearls. All in all this must be worth 1,500 gold pieces in good honest loot.

Provided you can get past the crab that's guarding it...

*You can tackle the crab at **111**. If you want to risk drawing back the curtain, the place to go is **99**. For a closer look at the murals, turn to **114**. Or you can always try swimming back in which case you should throw two dice. Score 2-4 and you're right back here. Score 5-8 and you'll swim to **92**. Score 9-12 and you will get back safely, allowing you to retrace your steps to **59**.*

134

The corridor continues southwards, with the smell of damp and rot growing stronger. You notice patches of blue-green mould on the left-hand (eastern) wall and as you continue along, these patches become larger and more frequent until eventually the entire eastern wall is covered in the stuff. Perhaps fifty feet ahead is another broken door - to the west this time. A quick glance in shows this to be a storeroom of sorts, but one which has obviously been looted at some time in the distant past. Broken casks, chests, boxes and barrels are strewn about and the whole place smells of rot and damp.

Which still doesn't mean it isn't worth searching. Which you can do at 146. Or you might like to scrape a bit of the blue-green mould off the eastern wall for closer examination at 158. Or then again you can simply continue south at 167.

135

Greedily you snatch the coral statuette.

Zapppp!!!

Gnnang-gnaang-ggnannnggg!!!

Something dreadful is happening to you, Pip.

Gnnannng-gnaanngg-ggnaanngg!!!!

Your whole body is convulsing in agony. Your head feels as though it will momentarily explode. Horrid tearing sounds fill the air as your skin stretches and rips.



The whole nasty process will absorb a painful 15 LIFE POINTS before it's finished. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, a glance in any mirror will confirm you've just grown gills on your neck and a fin in the middle of your back. While definitely no asset to your marriage prospects, this unsightly development has its good points. It means you can no longer drown in this adventure, whatever the dice say, which allows you to backtrack safely to 59. Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately) you will revert back to normal at the end of the adventure.

136

Zizzst!

Go to 14.

137

You bow quickly. 'What a pleasure,' you say cynically, 'to meet once again with the Poet Laureate of the Dungeon, the Minstrel of the Wilderness, the Knight Rhymer of Avalon, the—'

'Desist!' exclaims the Fiend, not at all displeased. 'You will turn my noble head with the eloquence of your flattery.'

Which was, of course, the point, although you can hardly tell him that. In past adventures, the Fiend was often helpful if buttered up sufficiently. Since he seems friendly enough at this juncture, you venture to say, 'Sir Fiend, my master, Merlin, has charged me to seek out a fellow necromancer by

the name of Grott the Hoddle, this being a personage who owes him fifty golden pieces. Merlin has assured me Grott is alive, but the only indication I have of him is this tomb which clearly suggests to me he must be dead. Can you, in your almost infinite wisdom, throw any light on the puzzle?'

The Fiend smiles broadly, half blinding you with his pearly fangs. 'Indeed I can,' he exclaims. 'For no more than several hours ago I was engaged in the composition of an heroic ode in iambic pentameters dedicated to this very mystery. Let me read it to you . . .'

With which he extracts a piece of parchment from his voluminous cloak, squints at it briefly, then declaims:

When Grott he was a little lad
His interest turned to all things bad
And so it was in later years
He turned out worse than most had feared
Becoming something of a witch,
Then later changing to a Lych.
His enemies, so it is said,
Thought him alive, yet saw him dead.

'You see,' says the Fiend, 'it's all perfectly simple when you have the explanation.'

'What's a Lych?' you ask curiously, never having heard the term before.

A creature - usually a warlock, wizard, sorcerer, magician or something of that ilk - who uses foul magic to sustain himself beyond the term of his

natural life,' the Fiend tells you. 'Consequently he becomes something quite similar to a zombie, animated corpse, or similar undead - except, of course, that he's never managed to die in the first place. This makes him extremely dangerous.'

'And Grott the Hoddle is dangerous?' you ask, with a sinking feeling you already know the answer.

'Lethal,' replies the Fiend. 'Unless you are able to recite a four-line Death Ode when you meet him, none of your magic will work and you will fight at —3 on any damage you might score against him. If I were you, I would take a little time right this very minute to compose and learn a Death Ode in advance.'

Which sounds like good advice. But should you compose the Ode yourself at 126 or ask the Fiend to do it for you at 132?

138

The passageway runs southwest for less than thirty feet before you notice something odd: a slab of red sandstone has been set into the floor of the corridor immediately ahead. The slab itself is wide enough to stretch the width of the corridor so that had you not noticed it, you would certainly have walked over it. Fortunately you can, if you wish, jump over the slab fairly easily.

But do you want to? If you decide to jump across the slab, turn to 147. If you want to risk walking on it, go to 159.

139

'A workmanlike offer,' remarks the Fiend. 'For that, I shall compose the first two poetic lines, leaving you to complete the work yourself. Now, let me see . . .'

He begins to pace backwards and forwards, in search of inspiration, then as the Muse seizes him, extemporises grandly:

'Death Ode

by

Pip and the Poetic Fiend

(Not necessarily in order of talent or importance)

One should not coddle
Grott the Hoddle

.....
.....

'There,' he says. 'You finish it off.'

So finish the poem, write it down and keep it with you for the remainder of your adventure until you encounter Grott the Hoddle, at which point read it aloud before engaging in any spells or combat. Now better get back out to the corridor at 75 before all this poetry sends you completely batty.

140

As you move towards the door, the coffin lid abruptly crashes open to reveal. . .

Nothing! An empty coffin.

141-142

Which allows you to open the door safely and enter the chamber at 129.

141

Good grief, it's a garlic store! No wonder Draculina was so anxious to prevent your coming in here! Strings of garlic onions hang down from the rafters to form a sort of garlic bead curtain which makes it next to impossible to see very far into the room. Not that that worries you, of course, since with so much garlic about the chances of being attacked by a vampire are precisely zilch.

Which is more than you can say for your chances of being attacked by a werewolf. The creature is leaping for your throat before you can say Jack Robinson (although why you would want to say that is a mystery). The werewolf has 25 LIFE POINTS, fangs for +3 damage and absorbs -2 on any damage scored against it unless you happen to be fighting with a silver sword. If the wolf kills you, go to 14. If you kill the wolf, turn to 151.

142

What a funny thing to do.

But let's see if you've got away with it. Throw two dice. Score 7 or more and float up to 152. Score less and you'll drop like a stone to 14.



Not a vampire in sight in the garlic store. However . . .

143

You have entered an east-west running corridor which ends in a secret door at the western end and what seems to be a natural cave entrance to the east.

West through the secret door takes you to 78. To have a closer look at that cave, go east to 153.

144

Ever have one of those days when absolutely nothing goes right, Pip? Coming down the corridor towards you is a group of wandering vampires!

Throw one die to discover how many are in the group. Each one has 20 LIFE POINTS, fangs on 5 and does +2 damage (not to mention paralyzing you for three combat rounds on a throw of 12). If you slaughter the vampires (or happen to be carrying a special clove of Golden Garlic from which they will flee as if from the plague) turn to 160. If not, turn reluctantly to 14.

145

A section of the wall slides back to reveal a one-way door.

Which will take you direct to 23.

146

Nope, nothing in here but rubbish - and broken rubbish at that.

Leave it alone and continue along the corridor at 167.

147

You leap nimbly over the inlaid sandstone slab, landing firmly on the granite flagstone beyond.

Which tilts to drop you into a pit for the loss of 15 LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If it doesn't, you will certainly have further opportunities of getting killed as you continue along this passageway at 161.

148

As you move towards the door, the coffin lid abruptly crashes open to reveal. . .

A slim, pale, very beautiful lady with straight black hair, a low-cut gown and (gulp!) eye-teeth that reach half way down to her ankles.

'Kissie-kissie!' she says, teasingly.

This is Draculina for sure and you're going to have to get past her if you want to open that door (or just survive, come to that). Draculina has 40 LIFE POINTS, hits on 4 and drains your LIFE POINTS in a most peculiar manner: once she manages to hit successfully, you will lose 3 LIFE POINTS for every combat round additional to dice damage, including those rounds when you strike back and those rounds when she misses you altogether. If you survive, you may open your chosen door at 141. If not, you'll find some sticking plasters for your throat at 14.

149

Even with your rope you find you can't get all the way down to the bottom. You hang there in the shaft, trying to make your mind up what to do (which is not at all easy in these circumstances). You may, of course, be quite close to the bottom. The trouble is, you can't see more than a few yards down.

If you want to risk letting go the rope and jumping, turn to 162. Or you can, of course, climb back up the rope, backtrack to 115 and try another direction.

150

Bats, Pip! Thousands of them! This is a real nightmare. They're flying all over the room like a swarm of bees. Most of them are trying to avoid you, admittedly, but there are several vampire bats amongst them which are trying to have you for lunch.

Roll two dice to determine how many vampire bats are sucking at your LIFE POINTS. Each one has only 5 LIFE POINTS, but it will strike successfully on 4 and drain 3 LIFE POINTS per combat round (irrespective of what the dice might indicate) until you kill it. If these little horrors leave you an empty husk, go to 14. If you beat them off, you may beat a hasty retreat to 75.



Bats fly through the room like a swarm of bees

151

You're not out of the woods yet, Pip. The body of the wolf is changing - elongating, twisting, shuddering and distorting until it changes into a rather hairy and very squat thug of a man who launches himself upon you, growling furiously.

This refugee from a B movie also has 25 LIFE POINTS, fangs for +3 damage and absorbs -2 on any damage scored against it unless you happen to be fighting with a silver sword. If he kills you, go to 14. If you kill him, turn to 163.

152

Stone the crows (to use a quaint old Avalonian expression) you're floating! Levitating to be more precise. Zipping upwards like a rocket (or, more accurately, a hot air balloon) heading for ...

Cluunk!

That was the sound of your poor old noddle striking the top of the levitation shaft and losing a full 10 LIFE POINTS in the process. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, you can step out of the shaft at a higher and more interesting level at 164.

153

This is definitely something different. Everywhere else in Grott's grotty tomb was decidedly manmade - chambers, rooms, corridors, passageways, floors, walls, ceilings and the like - but this vast cavern is entirely natural, a tortured

limestone formation full of the sort of nooks, crannies, ledges and so on that you would normally only find in the den of a dragon or something of that ilk.

You move forward, attracted by a curious ruddy glow to the eastern end of the cavern. The light seems to be coming from a pit of some sort. As you start towards it, your eye catches a notice scrawled on a piece of wood and jammed in a crevice between two rocks. The notice says:



Go back (one), Bold Adventurer!

You may continue towards the pit at 168 or, if the notice has upset you that much, backtrack to 78.

154

As you move towards the door, the coffin lid abruptly crashes open to reveal. . .

155-156

Nothing! An empty coffin.

Which allows you to open the door safely and enter the chamber at 129.

155

'A generous offer,' remarks the Fiend. 'For which I shall compose the finest Death Ode the world has ever heard. Now, let me see ...'

He begins to pace backwards and forwards, in search of inspiration, then as the Muse seizes him, extemporises grandly:

'Death Ode

by

The Poetic Fiend

One should not coddle

Grott the Hoddle

But rather bonk him

On the noddle!'

Write down this short but expensive poem and keep it with you for the remainder of your adventure until you encounter Grott the Hoddle, at which point read it aloud before engaging in any spells or combat. Now better get back out to the corridor at 75 before all this poetry sends you completely batty.

156

The corridor runs northwest for no more than fifty feet before ending abruptly in the most remarkable and disturbing device you have ever seen. A cage-door of iron bars blocks your way



forward - not, possibly, that you would be all that keen to go forward in any case since beyond the bars you can quite clearly see a nightmare creature somewhat resembling a hairy octopus with poison fangs and horn-rimmed spectacles.

To one side (the right, if you want to be strictly accurate) before you reach the bars is a gleaming metal box with no fewer than seventeen levers poking out of it, below which is a bank of buttons and below which again is a series of wildly flashing lights. Squatting beside this contraption is an elderly Punk Nerd (a species not uncommon in tombs) tastefully dressed in a studded leather jacket, Black Watch tartan ankle-length kilt and banana boots.

'Hello,' he says, grinning and wiping his nose with the back of his hand. 'Got your toll money ready?'

Toll money? This sounds ominous.

'Stand aside, Punk Nerd!' you exclaim grandly, 'for I am Pip the Adventurer Bold, known as Dragonslayer, Wizardbasher, Realmsaver and sundry other titles, and if I wish to pass, no creepy weirdo in yellow wellies is about to stop me.'

'Bravely said,' remarks the Punk Nerd, not at all put out. 'But I won't be the one to stop you. Unless you have a Hellfire Halfpenny to put in the slot, this machine won't work. And if the machine don't work, nothing raises the bars on Fido's cage. And until the bars go up, there's no way through. Mark you,' he adds thoughtfully, 'even when the bars are up, you still have the problem of Fido.'

The hairy octopus thing jumps up and down a little in excited agreement.

*What are you going to do about this then? There is certainly a coin slot visible in the metal box and if you happen to have a Hellfire Halfpenny, you might like to try inserting it at **169**. Of course the Punk Nerd might be bluffing, in which case you could try pulling a few levers at **184**, testing the bars at **194**, or attacking the Nerd at **176**.*

157

Boom!

*Go to **14**.*

158

You scrape a bit of the blue-green mould off the eastern wall and, in a moment of temporary insanity, place it on your tongue.

At once the mould runs riot in your mouth, writhing, squirming and making funny little squeaky noises.

Not to mention restoring a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS if you happen to be short of your maximum. The mould is intelligent penicillin, a very rare species which will now automatically restore a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS at the end of every fight you get yourself into. (But only one restoration per fight and none at all for LIFE POINT losses occasioned by falls, traps or other silliness.)

159-160

Now you can decide whether to search the junk room at **146** or simply continue south at **167**.

159

Yipes! You've fallen down a pit. The sandstone slab was on some sort of pivot so that when you stepped on it, down you went.

*Losing 10 LIFE POINTS from the awkward landing to add injury to insult. If this kills you, go to **14**. If not, you might be interested in investigating that trapdoor in the bottom of the pit at **170**, or climbing out and continuing on your way at **161**.*

160

In the movies when you kill a vampire, it crumbles into dust leaving nothing but a huge signet ring. In this place, it just lies there, cluttering up the floor. The whole place is littered with vampire corpses at the moment, sprawled untidily and twitching so that—

Twitching? You killed those vampires stone-cold dead. Not a LIFE POINT left between them. So what's this about twitching?

One of the Vampires isn't just twitching, it's staggering to its feet. And turning towards you . . .

*If you run like mad right now, you'll find yourself back at **90**. If you're prepared to face this undead Undead, which has already survived your best efforts once, you have my blessing as you turn to **171**.*



You've fallen down a pit!

161

The passageway you have been following ends in a stout wooden door which stands slightly ajar as most doors do in tombs since the majority of their inhabitants aren't going anywhere.

You push it further open and peer into a low-ceilinged chamber with no indication of an exit. The smell tells you at once there is a Troll in here, even before you spot the creature itself seated on a metal-bound wooden chest, cleaning its rotten nails with a crystal dagger.

The last time you saw a crystal dagger of that sort was on an island near Greece and the Poetic Fiend was using it to kill things with a single blow. If you're prepared to risk being killed with a single blow, you may fight the Troll at 172. But since the brute isn't attacking, you have the alternative option of backtracking to the fork where a southwestern corridor branches to 138, while a southeastern corridor leads to 144.

162

With some vague thought that you might be dropping into water, you hold your nose and let go of the rope.

Unfortunately your vague thought proves totally inaccurate.

That crunching noise is your bones as you (eventually) reach the bottom of the shaft. You can pull yourself together again at 14.

163

All the hassle with the werewolf has hacked down quite a few of those strings of garlic onions that were hanging down all over the place, allowing you to see a most curious artifact lying among the bits of werewolf strewn over the floor. That artifact is a beautifully-made golden replica of a garlic clove which, needless to say, you promptly add to whatever small accumulation of booty you have already managed to loot.

You can also now see an exit door in the north wall of this chamber, leading to 173. If you don't want to go there, you can always backtrack to the fork with corridors branching northwest to 123 and northeast to 131.

164

You step out of the shaft into blinding sunlight. You blink a few times until your eyes become accustomed to the light, then look around you. You are standing by the side of a winding road.

Which will, if you take it, lead you to 36. If you have any uses of your PIL spell left and want to go back down the shaft, you can leap into the shaft, cast the spell and, if successful, turn to 174. If the spell doesn't work or if you decide you want to leap into the shaft without casting a PIL spell, turn instead to 180.

165

The corridor runs southwest for a distance before turning west. At the corner lounges a lizard, a

curious creature which seems well able to stand on its hind legs and wear a morning suit and bowler hat. As it catches sight of you, it steps forward with one hand (paw?) upraised.

'Halt!' calls the Lounge Lizard with a slightly sibilant inflection. 'It is absolutely forbidden - not to say quite impossible - to pass beyond this point without first surrendering something of very substantial value, namely. . . .' He pauses dramatically, then concludes: '. . . the Vampire's Ring!' He smiles, showing crocodile teeth, and extends the upraised hand (paw?) towards you.

Do you have a vampire's Ring? And if so, are you going to hand it over meekly to the Lounge Lizard at 182? Or would you prefer to retrace your steps to 90 and try some other direction? Or just retrace them to the fork and try northwest at 156? Or are you going to splatter this overgrown iguana all over the walls at 189?

166

'Poverty is no crime,' remarks the Fiend, 'merely a pain in the butt. Please accept the following Death Ode with my compliments. Now, let me see . . .'

He begins to pace backwards and forwards, in search of inspiration, then as the Muse seizes him, extemporises grandly:

Death Ode

by
The Poetic Fiend

Fear not!
For Grott

Will get his comeuppance
And end up slaughtered, not worth tuppence!

Write down this short poem and keep it with you for the remainder of your adventure until you encounter Grott the Hoddle, at which point read it aloud before engaging in any spells or combat. Now better get back out to the corridor at 75 before all this poetry sends you completely batty.

167

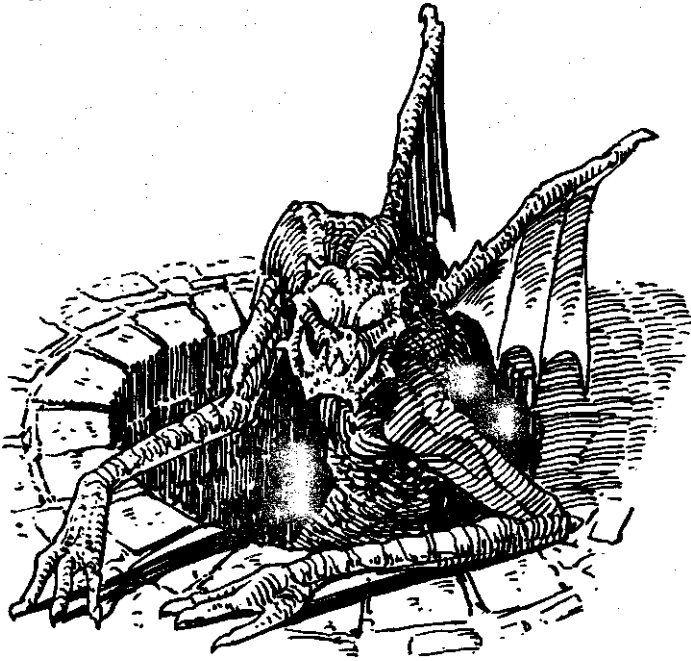
The corridor continues southwards. Perhaps fifty feet ahead is another broken door to the west. A quick glance in shows this too to be a store room of sorts, but one which again has obviously been looted at some time in the distant past. Broken casks, chests, boxes and barrels are strewn about and the whole place smells of rot and damp.

Which still doesn't mean it isn't worth searching. Which you can do at 175. Or then again you can simply continue south at 186.

168

There is something crawling out of that pit, Pip. Something nasty. It's muscular and leathery with batwings and little sharp horns and big sharp teeth.

If you didn't know better, you'd swear it was a demon.



There is something crawling out of that pit...

And that's exactly what it is. This particular Demon has 30 LIFE POINTS, strikes on 5 and does +3 damage. Its skin is so leathery it acts as armour at -2 on damage scored against it. Like most Demons, it dislikes adventurers. If you survive this nasty and are nuts enough to want to, you may peer down the pit at 177. Alternatively, of course, you are free to ignore the pit and backtrack to 78.

169

Swiftly you pop the Hellfire Halfpenny into the

slot (not at all sorry to be rid of it if the truth be told).

At once the bars start to slide upwards into the roof.

'Well, I'm off,' remarks the Punk Nerd, making himself scarce at a great rate of knots.

'Grrr!' says Fido, leaping towards you.

This slot machine business may not be the best idea you ever had, Pip, but you've done it now so there's nothing else but to get on with it. Fido is a lethal haggis of a monster: one of the worst in this whole rotten tomb. He has 30 LIFE POINTS, strikes on 4 and does +1 damage, which doesn't sound too bad until you realise that with all those arms, he gets in two attacks for every one of yours. Fido will do his level best to send you to 14 as quickly as possible, but if you survive this encounter, you may proceed merrily to 178.

170

This is not the easiest trapdoor in the world to open, Pip.

In fact you're going to have to roll dice to do it (or not, as the case may be). Roll one right now to represent your STRENGTH. Remember the result. Now roll another to represent how tightly jammed the trapdoor is. If your first roll is higher than your second, then go to 179. If it isn't, your only option is climbing out and continuing on your way at 161.

171

'Have at you, gruesome creature of the darkling Nightside, hideous denizen of crypts and tombs, foul distortion of—'

You stop in amazement. The Vampire, which was staggering towards you with hunger in its eyes, is toppling down again to crumble into dust leaving only a massive signet ring. That last effort must have been its dying gasp (its undying gasp?).

Ever-hungry for booty, you swiftly swoop down on the ring which, large though it is, is just about right for the third finger of your left hand.

And has the curious property of temporarily turning you into a bat when rubbed three times. Rubbing the ring takes up one combat round in a fight, but once done it means any opponent requires to throw 7 or better to hit you for the remainder of the combat. It also means you won't be able to use EJ, but you can bite successfully on 4 and draw blood at +4 damage, which is nearly as good. Now better stir yourself before any more of those Vampires start to twitch. You can continue on your merry way at 181.

172

'Eeeah-hi!!' you cry, leaping into the room dramatically in your best Samurai manner, flashing EJ above your head so violently that the poor old thing is quite seasick. 'Your doom is upon you, Troll!'

Which may be, or may not. The Troll shouldn't prove all that difficult to knacker, having only 12 LIFE POINTS. He does, however, strike successfully on 6 or better and while he is too puny to cause any additional damage, he doesn't really have to since one successful strike with that crystal dagger will be quite enough to kill you outright. If you are in fact killed outright, go to 14. If you survive, you can drag the Troll's corpse off the chest and find out what's inside at 183.

173

You have entered a metal-lined room with no visible exit. On the northern wall is a lever above which is a neatly engraved notice stating:

PULL

You hesitate. On occasions before when you have pulled a lever like that, the floor has given way or the ceiling has fallen in. You examine the floor carefully, but it is solid as a rock. You reach up with EJ to prod the ceiling, but so far as you can tell it is perfectly sound.

You look back at the lever.

If you decide to pull it, you can find out what happens at 208. If you don't, the only way forward seems to be backwards, so to speak, retracing your steps all the way to the fork with corridors branching northwest to 123 and northeast to 131.

174

Nice move, Pip - you float down light as a feather until you reach the very bottom of the shaft which proves to be a totally uninteresting place but for the bones of previous adventurers who have come down here the hard way. With no other way out, you use up the remaining energy of your PIL spell to levitate back up to the level you were at before you transported to the top.

*At which stage you can continue levitating back to the top and take the road to **36**, or step out at this level and backtrack to the fork with corridors branching northwest to **123** and northeast to **131**.*

175

By Jove (a Roman deity), this one really was worth searching! In amongst all the grot and rubbish you unearth a really neat silver sword!

'What do you want a tarnished old thing like that for?' asks EJ grumpily (doubtless motivated by jealousy).

You ignore him and pop the sword into your booty bag, ready to use should (heaven forbid) EJ get lost, broken, stolen or just plain too garrulous to be endured.

*With your silver sword, you can now troll on happily down the corridor to **186**.*

176

You leap forward aggressively and the Punk Nerd falls down on his back with shock.



"I surrender!" screams the Punk Nerd

'I surrender!' he screams. 'Don't kill me. I surrender! I give in! I give up! I'll sign the confession! Take all my money.'

A little disappointed, you put up your sword.

*That was a bit of an anticlimax, but what are you going to do now? You still have the bars and the slot machine and the hairy octopus thing. If you decide to take the Punk Nerd's money, go to **187**. Alternatively, if you happen to have a Hellfire Halfpenny, you might like to try inserting it at **169**. Or if you haven't, you can still try pulling a few levers at **184**, or testing the bars at **194**.*

177

Strewth, there are more of them! Just like the one you finally managed to slaughter. Wings, horns, muscles . . . They are having a bath in a lava flow (which is what is causing the ruddy glow) and amusing themselves by playing a game of chance using the incredibly rare Hellfire Halfpennies so prized by the older generation of Avalonian adventurers.

*Roll two dice to discover how many demons are down the pit, then think a bit. You obviously can't go down there into the lava flow, but since the pit isn't all that wide, you might be able to jump across it, which you can attempt at **185**. Or you can back off quickly before the demons see you and retrace your*

*steps to **78**. Or, if you're feeling really wild, you might chuck the corpse down in the hope that it will provoke the rest of them to come out of the pit at **190**.*

178

With Fido demolished, it now becomes possible to proceed past that section of the passageway which was pressed into use as his cage and move northwestward until the passage begins to descend quite noticeably. You follow it along until it levels out and opens up abruptly into a long gallery where mirror-lined walls reflect the light of your torch in a sudden explosion which banishes the familiar gloom of the tomb altogether.

'Congratulations,' a voice whispers.

You glance around you, nervously. The last time you entered a mirror-lined room, distorted doppelganger reflections stepped out of the glass to attack you. But this chamber doesn't appear to be doing anything like that (yet). All the same, there is no indication at all as to where that voice is coming from.

'You have done extremely well,' the voice continues, still in that dry whisper. 'If I didn't know you were going to die soon, I would be quite worried.'

'Who are you?' you call, looking around you. But all you can see are reflections of yourself looking round you.

'Who am I? Why, I am Grott, to be sure. Grott the Naughty Hoddle, they call me. Can you smell poison gas?'

You gasp in horror, which was not, perhaps, the wisest possible response.

'No, of course you can't,' Grott whispers, 'because there isn't any in this room. Yet. And even if there was, it would disperse through the open entrance.'

Kerchunk! A great stone block slides across the passageway behind you, blocking the gallery entrance completely.

'Or at least,' Grott's voice continues, 'it would have dispersed.'

'You can't frighten me!' you call, feeling it was time you said something, however silly.

'No indeed, but I can perhaps kill you. Do you notice there are three mirrors on the wall directly ahead of you. In thirty seconds precisely, one will magically spew out the poison gas *for which there is no known antidote!* Your only chance is to cast a PIN spell on the mirror, thus neutralising it and preventing the gas. However, you will have time to cast only one spell, so you had better get your throw and you had better cast it on the right mirror, which is, I might tell you, the most sinister of the three.'

Don't know what he's talking about sinister for - all those three mirrors look exactly the same. But no time for philosophical discussion, Pip.

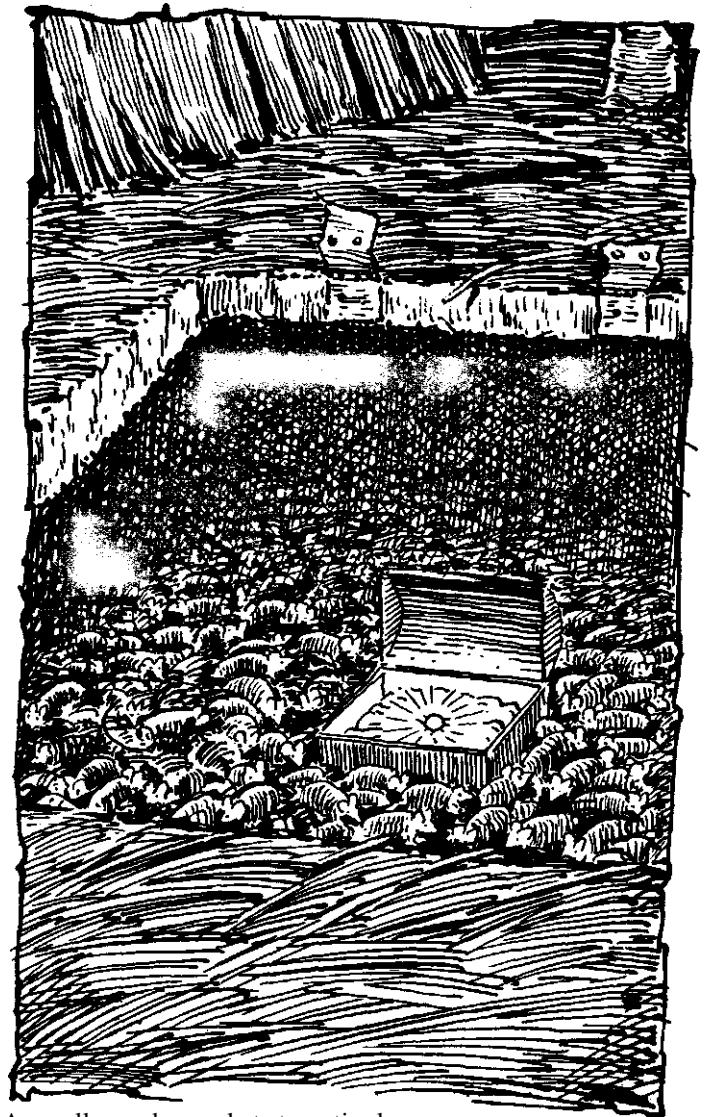


*Better get your PIN spell mobilised. You have one chance to throw it successfully and, incidentally, throw it successfully on the right mirror. Start by casting the spell. If you fail in your spell-casting roll, go gasping to **14**. If you succeed in the spell roll, there's still the problem of hurling the Neutraliser on the correct mirror. If you want to cast it on the left-hand mirror, turn to **188**. If you want to cast it on the middle mirror, go to **200**. If you want to cast it on the right-hand mirror, turn to **210**.*

179

That's done it! With one bulge of your mighty muscles, the trapdoor was ripped bodily off its hinges and flung uselessly aside to splinter against the walls of the pit.

You lean over and peer down. You are looking into a pit beneath the pit into which you have fallen. There are no steps or ladders, but the floor of this second pit is no more than ten feet below you, so you could drop down without too much danger of anything more serious than a couple of broken legs and several cracked ribs. Nestling on the floor is a small wooden casket, temptingly open. On a velvet cushion inside is a single, massive pearl, glowing softly with a bluish light. There is absolutely nothing to stop you leaping nimbly into this second pit and snatching the pearl.



A small wooden casket, temptingly open

180-181

Unless you count the rats, of course. The bottom of the second pit is swarming with them.

Want to drop in at 191? Or, if you have a rope, you could try your hand at lassoing the casket at 201.

180

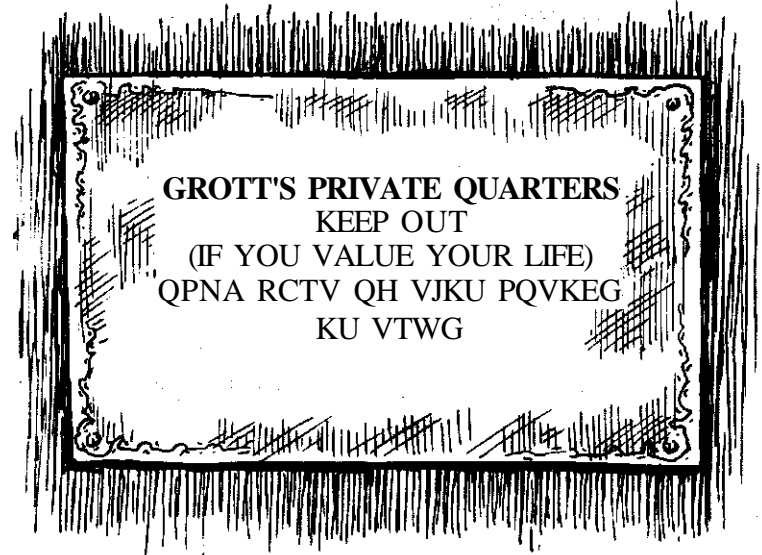
Frankly, this was not one of your most intelligent decisions, Pip.

A thought which you can ponder as you fall screaming horribly all the way to 14.

181

The corridor continues southeast for nearly a hundred and fifty yards during which you notice the side walls are gradually turning red. (For danger? Well, maybe. . .) You take time to examine them, wondering vaguely if they are growing red-hot or anything nasty like that, but the closer look reveals nothing more intimidating than a peculiar graduated paint job, presumably done to tone in tastefully with the bright red door with which the corridor ends.

You stop, momentarily nonplussed, and stand looking at the red door on which is prominently displayed a large notice:



Grott's private quarters, eh? Just the place you've been looking for . . . if you can trust this notice. But whether you can or can't, you are at liberty to try the door at 192. And you are, of course, equally at liberty to backtrack to the fork where you will find a southwestern corridor branches to 138, while a southeastern corridor leads to 144.

182

The Lounge Lizard places the ring between his teeth in the manner of one testing a coin, but obviously does not know his own strength since he immediately scrunches it into powder.

'Here!' you protest, 'that was a very valuable ring!'

'How true,' agrees the Lizard. 'But I am doing you a favour in destroying it.'

'I don't see how,' mutters EJ, who has been listening.

'I don't see how,' you remark glumly (and a little annoyed that EJ said it first since it now sounds as though you were copying him).

'You will when you look around the corner,' the Lizard tells you cheerfully.

He gestures and you peer past him round the corner. Only a few steps further on, two silver pillars flank the sides of the corridor. Between them arcs a sort of miniature lightning flash which climbs up and down the pillars with great crackling sounds and a distinct smell of ozone. It looks exactly like those gizmos the Mad Scientist uses to animate Frankenstein's Monster.

'What is it?' you whisper breathlessly.

'It's one of those gizmos mad scientists use to animate Frankenstein's monster,' the Lizard tells you. 'It reacts with Vampire Ring magic. If you'd walked between those pillars carrying the ring, you'd have been snuffed out for sure.'

'What if I walk between them now without the ring?'

'Good question,' nods the Lizard without, however, attempting to supply a good answer..

But if you want to go on, it seems you're going to have to walk between them at 193. Or would you prefer to retrace your steps to 90 and try some other direction? Or just retrace them to the fork and try northwest at 156?

183

Look at those gems! There must be 2,347 gold pieces worth in here at a very rough guess. Emeralds, rubies, sapphires, diamonds. (None of them very big, admittedly, but what do you expect for slaughtering a puny little Troll.)

And then, of course, there's that lethal crystal knife the Troll was trying to do you mischief with. If you elect to use that instead of EJ at any time—

'Here, just a minute—' EJ mumbles, mind-eavesdropping again and picking up thoughts he doesn't like at all.

—then you will have to throw a 6 to strike, but once you get your roll, you will kill your opponent stone-dead with that one single blow. The bad news is that the crystal knife will shatter on impact, so it's only good for one kill.

Pack away your booty and continue the way you were going at 195.

184

You grasp a lever and pull. Nothing happens.

You grasp another and pull. A Firefinger lightning bolt zips from the lever into your hand, deftly

185-186

removing 10 of your precious LIFE POINTS.

'Don't pull any more levers,' warns the Punk Nerd.

If the loss of LIFE POINTS has killed you, just ignore him and go to 14. If not, you can continue to pull levers at 196 or try testing the bars at 194, or attacking the Nerd at 176.

185

You step back, take a deep breath, limber up for a moment, then run forward with ever-increasing speed and—

—hurl two dice. Score below 6 and go to 197. Score 6 or better and turn to 206.

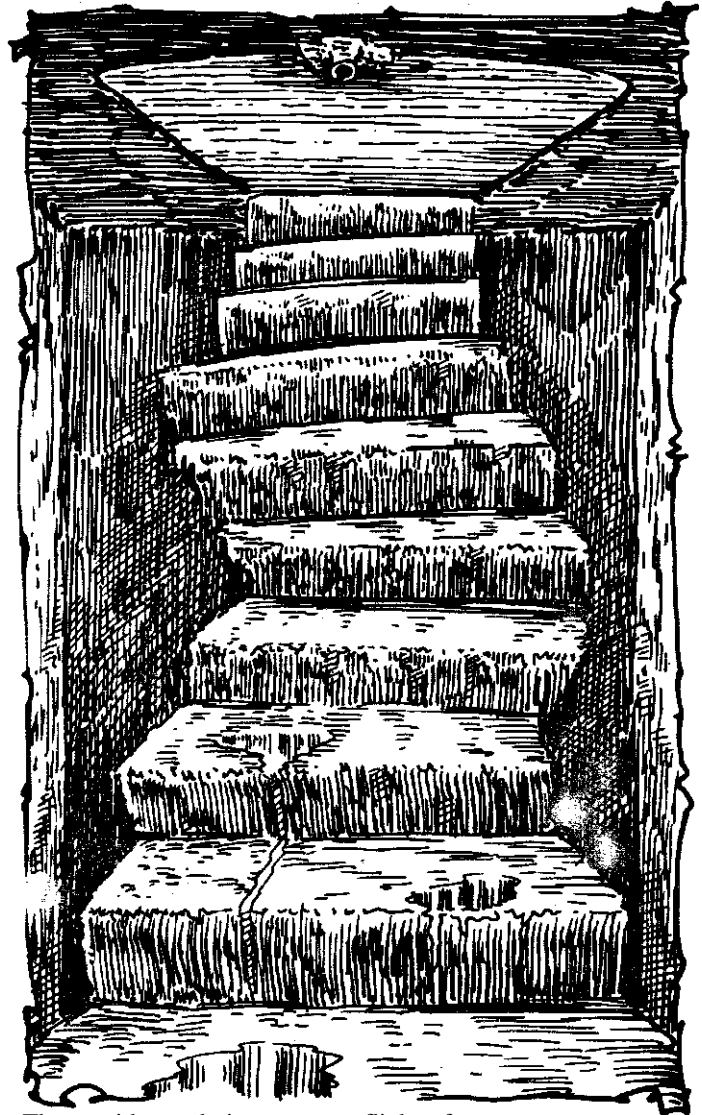
186

The corridor ends eventually in a narrow flight of stone steps leading upwards. You climb them cautiously until your progress is blocked by a trapdoor directly above.

Even more cautiously you open the trapdoor (which has a most ingenious fastening, incidentally) and climb out. The trapdoor slams shut behind you, quite disappearing into the floor and all your scrabbling about will not open it again.

You stand up and look around you . . .

And find yourself at 48.



The corridor ends in a narrow flight of stone steps.

187-188

187

The Nerd is carrying 37/6 in old money (probably stolen from a museum and worth about 5 gold pieces from a generous pawnbroker). Sifting through the copper shows he does not have a Hellfire Halfpenny or any other coin of much interest.

You are about to salt away the remainder when some instinct tells you to examine the silver coinage. Among the usual sorry collection of tanners, bobs and florins, you catch sight of a tiny coin you've never seen before.

'What's that?' you ask the Punk Nerd suspiciously.

'It's a silver threepenny bit!' he tells you anxiously. 'Magic, of course, so under no circumstances should you bite it.'

'Why, what does it do?'

'I don't know - I've never bitten it.'

*Interesting . . . However, you still have the bars and the slot machine and the hairy octopus thing. You might like to try inserting Nerd money in the slot at **198**. Or you can still try pulling a few levers at **184**, or testing the bars at **194**. But if you want to bite the magic threepenny bit, you should turn to **205**.*

188

With the familiar flash and brief ethereal burst of the William Tell Overture which marks the

189-190

working of so much of your magic, the PIN spell limns the left-hand mirror in a halo of blue light.

And the other two mirrors promptly shatter with a deadly hiss of evil-smelling gas.

*Which, however, does you no harm at all beyond spoiling your appetite for the next three sections. There are doors behind each of the two shattered mirrors. That behind the middle mirror leads to **199**. That behind the right-hand mirror leads to **207**.*

189

*The overgrown iguana has a frightening 40 LIFE POINTS, bites on 4 and does +3 damage with those crocodile teeth. If he kills you, go to **14**. If not, best turn to **202**.*

190

One thing about adventuring, Pip: you can never really tell what result a given action will have.

Take your decision to throw the corpse down on the demons, for instance. You'd imagine a smelly great cadaver dropped in the middle of their game would enrage them so much they'd swarm out of their pit like maggots. But no. All you get for your pains is a Hellfire Halfpenny flipped up in a half-hearted attempt to hit you on the nose.

*Grab the Hellfire Halfpenny since you might be able to pawn it sometime as a curio, then figure out what to do next. You might be able to jump across the pit at **185**. Or you can back off and retrace your steps to **78**.*

191-192

191

The rats scream and flee in all directions (how long is it since you've had a bath?) leaving you only to determine if you've hurt yourself in your leap.

Roll two dice. Score under 6 and you're unharmed. Score 6 or more and deduct DOUBLE your score from your current LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, you can see about snaffling that pearl at 203.

192

This isn't Grott's private quarters! This isn't anybody's private quarters. In fact it's not even quarters. There's no room of any sort behind the door, just a red painted corridor which continues the way you were going, no different from—

Well, just a little different from the corridor you have been travelling: this one has a highly-polished floor. A *very* highly-polished floor.

Which is tilting . . .

Your feet slip from under you. The corridor tilts further. Desperately you fight to retain your balance. You are beginning to slide forward down the corridor. Visions of monstrous maws or lava-filled pits crowd your mind. You hurl yourself backwards, hoping against hope to reach the door again . . .

But will you succeed! Throw one die. Score 5 or 6 and you manage to scramble back to the red

193-194

door from which you may retrace your steps all the way to the fork in the corridor where a southwestern corridor branches to 138 while a southeastern corridor leads to 144. Score anything else and turn to 220.

193

Head high, you step between the pillars which promptly zap back any LIFE POINTS you happen to be missing at this juncture.

Beyond them, the corridor runs straight for about fifty yards before ending in a heavy metal door with no sign of either lock or handle.

You approach the door cautiously, having no desire to be zapped to 14 at this late stage of the adventure, but nothing leaps out to leech your LIFE POINTS. Unfortunately the door doesn't open either. Careful examination shows a curious indentation in the metal at about shoulder height, an indentation which features a six-pointed star and would just accept a pewter medallion.

If you happen to be carrying a pewter medallion (especially one with a six-pointed star on it) you can place this in the indentation at 213. If not, your only option is to make your way back to the Statue Chamber, where turning the statue will permit you to go north to 95, south to 102 or west to 113.

194

Zzzzzst! The rotten bars are electrified! And that cost you a painful 15 LIFE POINTS.

195

If this loss kills you, go to 14. Otherwise if you happen to have a Hellfire Halfpenny, you might like to try inserting it at 169. Or try pulling a few levers at 184, or attacking the Nerd at 176.

195

The corridor, which has been running southwest, now turns due south before entering a large open chamber without discernible exits, in the centre of which stands a huge crystalline cube.

A curious humming noise fills the air as you step into the chamber: a humming which increases in intensity as you approach the cube and decreases as you move away from it.

Cautiously you circle this odd artifact (actually wondering if it might be a giant die; but it isn't) and discover that on the southern face, deeply inscribed into the crystalline surface, is the number 90.

Even more cautiously, you take another step closer and, as the humming increases, you suddenly discover where it is coming from. Rising from the top of the crystal cube is a near transparent swarm of crystal bees. They do not attack, but instead engage in some very fancy flying to form a word in midair. The word is: HALT!

You halt, not out of any urge towards obedience, but rather to consider your options.

These appear to be limited by the fact that if

196-198

you want to get any closer to that crystal cube, you will probably have to fight the crystal bees — a situation you may explore at 223. Apart from this, the only other course seems to be to retrace your steps all the way to the fork where a southwestern corridor branches to 138 while a southeastern corridor leads to 144.

196

Arrogantly, you pull another lever.

At once a giant fireball erupts from the machine to engulf you, neatly removing 200 of your LIFE POINTS, many of which you don't even have to begin with.

'Told you so,' says the Punk Nerd irritatingly.

As your crisped remains come to rest at 14.

197

Splat!

Splash!

Fizzle!

Go to 14.

198

No luck: it won't fit. In fact you're very lucky you didn't jam it up completely.

You can still try pulling a few levers at 184, or testing the bars at 194. But if you want to bite the magic threepenny bit, you should turn to 205.

199-202

199

You fling open the door and gasp to find yourself teetering on the very edge of what appears to be a bottomless pit! What a rotten place to put another trap! And without warning too! You must be getting Grott worried.

*Maybe you are and maybe you're not. Meanwhile you're teetering on the edge of doom. Roll two dice quickly. Score 6 or better and you can catch your balance then back off to examine what will hopefully be a less lethal door at **207**. Score anything else and you're over the edge and on your way to **14**.*

200

Ssssssssssss!

*That's the last sound you hear before sinking painfully down gasping at **14**.*

201

*Throw one die. Score 5 or 6 and you have lassoed the casket successfully, in which case you can see about snaffling that lovely pearl at **203**. Score anything less and you topple over into the pit (and the rats!) at **191**.*

202

Stepping over the late Lizard, you turn the corner to find yourself facing twin pillars between which arcs of lightning block the passage completely.

Mmm.

203-204

Maybe you should have chatted up that Lizard before knackerling him.

*But you're stuck with the situation now, which can be resolved only by risking a step between those pillars at **216** or retracing your steps to **90** to examine alternative options.*

203

Your hand closes on the pearl and at once a magnificent sensation of well-being floods your sturdy frame.

*As well it might since the pearl has instantly restored any **LIFE POINTS** you might happen to be missing at this juncture. (And it will do the trick twice more before its power runs out.) Now stow away this nice bit of healing booty and climb out into the passageway at **161** where you will undoubtedly be able to get yourself into more trouble before very long.*

204

By George, that was unexpected: the whole west wall slid back! Slid back to reveal a vast treasure room, three quarters filled with a huge heap of gold and gems, a lifetime's collection which presumably includes the 50 gold pieces owed to Merlin, although that's probably a bit academic now.

Scattered through the heap you can clearly see precious artifacts of every size, shape and description: ivories from Africa, jade figurines

from China, antique porcelain, trinkets, rare woodcarvings and so on. There is even a golden casket, heavily encrusted with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds: worth a king's ransom in its own right, let alone what might be inside such an incredibly expensive container.

'Strewth!' exclaims EJ, although whether he is impressed by all the booty or just taken aback by what is guarding it is difficult to say.

Because here is a creature the like of which you have never seen: a sort of cross between a zombie and a vampire. Or a vampire and a ghoul. Or even a ghoul and a zombie. It looks as if it should have died a thousand years ago, but didn't.

'Get out!' it screams, dark eyes filled with hate.

'I think we've just found Grott the Hoddle,' EJ tells you unnecessarily.

And indeed you have. What's more, you have also just met two of Grott's pet Flying Wyrms, nasty little sharp-toothed creatures which attack first and ask questions afterwards, which is what they are doing now. Each has 15 LIFE POINTS, strikes on 6 and bites for +2 damage. Each is extremely difficult to hit, needing a 7 or better, even when you use EJ. If these little horrors kill you, go to 14. If not, you're going to have to tackle Grott himself who has 25 LIFE POINTS, hits on 5 and scores +3 damage with his dirty fingernails. More disturbing yet, Grott has access to every spell in the first and second Spell Books and will

certainly use any or all of them to make the fight interesting. If Grott kills you, go to 14. If not, turn to 222.

205

Your pearly gnashers crunch down on the threepenny bit which explodes with that familiar silent flash that tells you powerful magic is afoot.

You find yourself in a swirling smoke which clears only slowly to reveal you are now in a completely different environment.

Which you can examine more closely at 23.

206

You've made it! A superb jump! And now you've made it, you can see a narrow fissure in the rock beyond.

Which you can explore at 215.

207

Kerplunk!

The familiar sound of a spear trap. Except that this one doesn't have a spear in it (lucky for you). And when you examine the mechanism carefully, you find a secret door cunningly hidden behind it.

You step through to find yourself in a metal-lined room with a single lever in the far wall, hanging from which is a pewter medallion with a six-pointed star inscribed upon it.

The door behind you slams shut and a moment's

208-210

examination convinces you it is not about to open again. You move forward to the lever, remove the medallion (which is rather well made), take a deep breath and, for want of any better idea, pull the lever.

The room glows briefly.

Looks like another teleport, Pip. Go to 23.

208

You are momentarily blinded by a sudden flash of light, but when you blink things back into focus, you are still in the same metal-lined room.

Or are you?

Better go to 23 to find out.

209

I don't believe this - he's getting up again!

Looks like he had another resurrection spell up his sleeve. Or maybe you can't kill a lych at all. Whatever the situation, he has another 25 LIFE POINTS and is coming at you. (One bright aspect of an otherwise gloomy situation is that his spell power seems to have run out.) If Grott kills you, go to 14. If not, keep your sword handy and move on to 224.

210

Ssssssssssss!

That's the last sound you hear before sinking painfully down gasping at 14.



He's getting up again!

211

This is a small, cupboard-like chamber, empty except for a small casket which contains a tiny chair and equally tiny whip, along with a piece of parchment which is bigger than the two of them put together.

The parchment is headed:

Crystal Bee Training System

Underneath are instructions for using the chair and whip to train crystal bees to do tricks like attacking an enemy. Or leaving you alone.

*Interesting find. Since there is no other way out, you'd better return to **195** and do whatever you have to do there.*

212

Cautiously you approach the crystal cube which sparkles slightly and changes colour depending on what angle you look at it. You reach out to tap one of its surfaces gently.

Zap!

Without the slightest warning or sensation, you find yourself in a familiar chamber, granite-flagged and walled, with a ceiling comprising massive interlocked slabs of granite. In the centre is the lifesize statue of Grott the Hoddle.

*Turning the statue will permit you to go north to **95**, south to **102** or west to **113**.*

213

Oh-oh - you're looking into a terribly familiar metal-lined chamber.

*This thing may teleport you: every other metal-lined chamber seems to. If you want to risk ending up backaways, you may step into the room at **217**. If not, your only other option, unfortunately, is to make your way back to the Statue Chamber, where turning the statue will permit you to go north to **95**, south to **102** or west to **113**.*

214

As the Golden Vampire skeeters up the steps (hissing slightly), you whip out the Golden Garlic and hold it before you very much as the hero does coming up to the end of the Dracula movie when the Count - but never mind that, time is running out.

The Golden Vampire stops.

'Die, Foul Golden Fiend Incarnate!' you scream excitedly, fairly sure the Golden Garlic will wither his carnations. Although, to be absolutely honest, there is no sign yet of his shrivelling up into gold dust, or even backing off.

In fact, he's still coming forward: more slowly, admittedly, but towards you all the same.

'Lemme at him!' hisses EJ, obviously in one of his savage moods.

You prepare to drop the stupid garlic and swing EJ.

The Golden Vampire stops, eyes glazed. He begins to sway slightly, like one entranced.

'Your wish is my command, Oh Mighty One!' he intones slowly.

Holy Cow, you've hypnotised him! What a break! Now you can order this joker to fight for you when you meet up with the Lych or any other nasty.

'How many LIFE POINTS have you got, Vampire Baby?' you ask cheekily.

'None,' says the Golden Vampire hollowly.

'All right, how many DEATH POINTS then if you want to be pedantic'

'Fifty,' says the Golden Vampire.

'And will you fight for me if I tell you to?'

'Your wish is my command, Oh Mighty One.'

Which is about where you came in. Apart from having 50 LIFE/DEATH POINTS, the Golden Vampire fangs successfully on 4 at +3 damage and will rip the jugular out of anything that moves on a throw of 12, killing it instantly. Since it's now completely hypnotised and in your power, Oh Mighty One, you can take this lethal brute with you as you head to 219.

215

The fissure runs deep into the rock face, so narrow at times that you have to turn sideways and



The Golden Vampire begins to sway like one entranced.

breathe out in order to squeeze through. You are just beginning to wonder if it was a mistake coming this way when you see the first faint glow of light ahead. You press on towards it. The light becomes brighter and brighter. You grow excited and press forward so quickly that you disturb some rocks which slip to block the fissure behind you. But you pay little attention. The fissure widens. You leap forward into bright sunlight. You are out! You are out!

Which isn't much to shout about really, however good the sunshine feels after that dark tomb. If you wander around a bit, you will find yourself back at the cliff face with the four entrances. The first may be explored at 7, the second at 17, the third at 22 or the fourth at 51.

216

Head high, you step between the pillars.

Which zap you all the way to 14.

217

Zzzst!

It is a teleport!! What a swiz! After coming all this way, it's brought you right back to twenty thr—. No, it hasn't. This is never 23. You've ended up in another corridor running north-south, except that south, directly behind you, is blocked: a dead end.

It's a corridor that seems a little different from the others you've been in. Well, a lot different,

actually. It's far wider, for one thing; and far higher, and even colder.

Your footsteps echo as you walk along the corridor, a small, lone figure with only one way to go and only your courage for comfort and companionship.

'Here, what about me?' mutters EJ sourly.

And your faithful talking sword, of course. The corridor runs northwards for more than a hundred yards before reaching a wide flight of stone steps running downwards onto a broad platform to one side of which is a tiny wooden door.

But it is not the door which occupies your attention. At the bottom of the steps, rising from an ebony coffin, is a creature such as you have never, ever seen before: a golden-skinned vampire almost seven feet tall. It stares up the steps and smiles then, with spiderlike agility, scuttles upwards in your direction.

The corridor behind you leads nowhere. Your options are simple: face the Golden Vampire or die.

You may die by going directly to 14. (If anybody asks, tell them you had a sudden heart attack.) Facing the Golden Vampire is a bit more complicated. If you happen to be carrying any golden garlic, turn to 214. If not, cast your eyes forward one section to 218.

218

As the Golden Vampire skeeters up the steps (hissing slightly), you whip out old EJ, wondering if you should hold him before you with his pommel forming a cross the way the hero does coming up to the end of the Dracula movie when the Count—

'Don't be stupid!' screams EJ in panic. 'Hit him! Hit him!'

And for once you take EJ's advice, thus gaining first strike in the combat.

Which is maybe just as well. Apart from having 50 LIFE/DEATH POINTS, the Golden Vampire fangs successfully on 4 at +3 damage and will rip the jugular out of anything that moves on a throw of 12, killing it instantly. If you survive this nasty, you can open the little door at 219. If not, you can always review your strategy at 14.

219

You scrunch down to open the little door. It feels stiff, as if it had not been used for centuries, but presents no real problem. As it swings back, you can see (with some disappointment) that it leads to a simple chamber, empty except for a dried-up, ancient skull thrown casually in one corner.

You step through and straighten up, looking around you and discovering there are no exits from this room: it's a simple antechamber of some sort, perhaps used for burial, although there

don't seem to be any bones to go with that skull.

Frowning, you turn to leave again. The small door through which you entered has swung shut. You try to open it and discover, to your surprise, it has jammed.

'Give it a good tug,' EJ advises unnecessarily.

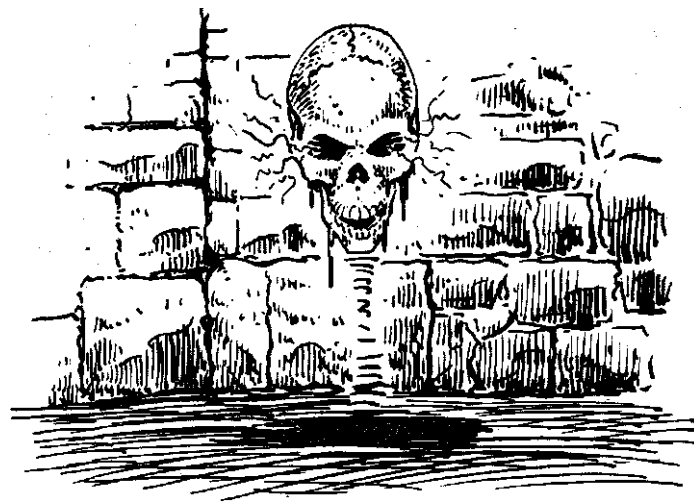
You give it a good tug and the door does not budge.

'Pip...'

'Shut up, EJ!' you tell him crossly, annoyed at the silly door. You tug again, more sharply this time.

'Pip...'

'Will you please shut up! Can't you see I'm busy trying to get this stupid door—'



'Pip!!'

'Oh, what is it, EJ? Can't you—' You turn and your blood runs cold. The skull lying in the corner has risen up and is now floating in midair, staring at you with empty (yet faintly bloodshot) eye sockets.

You could do without this, Pip. That skull is pretty puny in terms of LIFE POINTS, having only 18 of them altogether. But it has an endless collection of Firefinger lightning bolts magically implanted in that empty cranium, ready to discharge through each eye socket alternately. As you know, Firefingers ALWAYS hit whatever the dice roll and always do 10 points of damage. Better roll for first strike now and just make sure to slaughter this nasty fast, because if you don't, it's 14 for sure. If you survive, turn to 221.

220

It's no good - you're still sliding. Sliding faster and faster at that and scrabbling wildly for a grip on something, anything, as you plunge towards a gaping vortex where darkness spins like a whirlpool. For a moment your right hand grips something and your mad plunge slows briefly, but whatever it is pulls loose and you plunge over the edge into that horrid whirling pit...

To drop gently through the ceiling of a metal-lined chamber with a piece of red-painted stone in your hand, ripped out of the corridor wall in your panic. You pick yourself up and look around at 23.

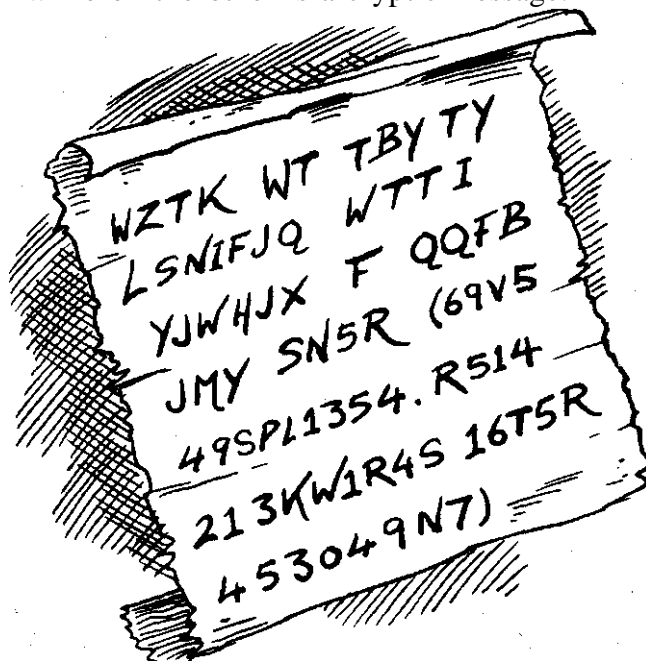
221

You stare down, shaking slightly, at the shattered fragments of the ghastly skull, noting with professional interest that it was animated by means of a magical scroll, which has now fallen on the floor.

Curiously you pick it up and read it. On one side is the animation spell, similar in many respects to the one Merlin used to give EJ his powers of speech—

'Rubbish,' mutters EJ.

—while on the other is a cryptic message.



The wise adventurer will decode brackets first.

*The hassle with the ghastly skull seems to have perked you up a bit, since the jammed door now opens easily, allowing you to retrace your steps to the statue room where you can go north to **95**, south to **102** or west to **113**.*

222

Eagerly you step across the prostrate corpse to get a closer look at that unbelievable hoard of gold and gems.

'Look out!' screams EJ.

You spin round to find Grott has resurrected himself and is flinging himself upon you.

*The resurrection gives Grott 25 more LIFE POINTS and allows him fighting abilities and spell usage as before. If he kills you this time, go to **14**. If you manage to put him out of his final misery, turn to **209**.*

223

You step forward bravely. The bees break formation, mill around a bit, then reform into the face of a very crabby fanged schoolteacher.

*If, however, you happen to have a crystal bee training kit on your person you can safely ignore this threat (and any other the bees might make) and proceed directly to **212**. But if not, you're going to have to fight in a very peculiar way. First, roll two dice and double the result to determine how many bees will actually attack you. Each attacker will definitely sting*

*you (no need to roll dice) but only once. Each - sting will cost you 2 LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to **14**. If you survive, the remaining bees won't hassle you while you examine the crystal cube at **212**.*

224

'Sit on him!' EJ advises. 'Maybe that'll keep him down.'

But this time Grott stays knackered. Even poking him in ticklish places doesn't get a stir.

'Let's loot this place,' EJ remarks triumphantly. 'See what's inside the jewel chest.'

'OK,' you agree, nothing loath, since there is a tunnel to the north clearly marked SECRET EXIT and several platinum wheelbarrows to help you shift the loot.

You lift the chest down from the top of the heap -and carefully throw back the lid. Inside is a glistening gold and diamond heart shining with the unmistakable lustre of potent magic. You stare at it entranced.

'What is it?' asks EJ.

'I don't know,' you whisper. 'I've never seen anything like it before in my life. I just don't know what it might be . . .'

But there is, I suppose, a possibility you might find out by using the Secret Exit to reach the section headed PIP TRIUMPHANT.

PIP TRIUMPHANT

They walked together in the growing twilight, heads together, lost in conversation. They made a strangely contrasting pair, these two men. Both were tall, but one was muscular, broad-shouldered, with brownish-red hair and beard, every inch a warrior. . . and every inch a king. The other was thin to the point of emaciation, dressed in white, flowing robes that matched his white, flowing beard and wearing perched atop his head a pointed hat on which was embroidered crescents, stars and mystic symbols of various descriptions.

'But is success possible?' asked the King.

'If it is possible at all, then Pip will succeed,' replied the Wizard.

King Arthur nodded dourly. He had been against the adventure from the very beginning; and as a fundamentally honest man he had been against the idea that Pip should be deceived. Yet Merlin had claimed it necessary.

'The problem,' Merlin had said when the matter was first discussed, 'is that the Heart of Avalon is magic. If you set out to look for it, you will never find it. It may only be discovered by someone who is searching for something entirely different, by someone who has not the slightest thought of

finding the Heart.' He had sniffed and added, 'Ideally, by someone who hasn't even heard of the Heart of Avalon.'

'How does this Grott character come to have it?' the King had asked then.

And Merlin, scratching at his beard, had replied sourly. 'Stole it, of course. But he didn't set out to steal it: that would have been quite impossible. He was after something else altogether: the sacred long johns of John the Baptist, a valuable religious relic believed to be in the possession of the Archbishop of Canterbury. These are heavy magical matters, Your Majesty. The spell that was sent out to filch the long johns was diverted by their aura of sanctity and landed instead on the Heart of Avalon. A dreadful business and a dreadfully dangerous business. I doubt if Grott knows what he has, but if he ever finds out, he will undoubtedly use the Heart to depose you and take control of the entire realm himself. It hardly bears thinking about.'

Thus it had been decided to try to get the Heart of Avalon back before Grott found out quite how powerful a magical artifact he had stolen. And on the basis of past experience, there was only one warrior in the realm with sufficient courage, ingenuity and sheer dumb luck to do the job - Pip.

'I'll say Grott owes me money,' Merlin told the King. 'That one's fool enough to believe anything.'

But now that Pip had disappeared into the



Merlin and the King walk together solemnly.

nightmare confines of Grott's magically-protected tomb, the good King Arthur was having serious second thoughts. 'We should have said something, Merl. Given some hint...'

'I do wish you wouldn't call me that,' Merlin said.

'There's nobody listening.'

'Even so. Anyway, what hint could we have given that wouldn't have given the whole game away? Remember: it's no good looking for the Heart of Avalon - you only find it if you're looking for something else. In this case, Pip is looking for loot and booty and adventure, greedy little haggis, so there's an excellent chance the Heart will be rescued entirely by accident.'

Behind them loomed the overpowering greystone bulk of Tintagel, King Arthur's Cornish Keep. Since the air was growing chill, they turned back towards it now, as if by prior agreement.

'It's been a long time . . .' King Arthur murmured.

'It's a very difficult adventure,' Merlin replied.

'All the same . . .'

'Perhaps we should sit vigil in the castle chapel,' Merlin suggested.

'Why there?' asked the King.

'Because a secret passageway from Grott's tomb has its exit directly underneath the altarstone.'

The King stopped, appalled. 'Are you serious?'

Merlin nodded vaguely.

'But we must block it off! We must—'

'Calm yourself, dear Majesty. It has been magically locked for years: against Grott, that is. Anyone else can pass through it without problem.'

Thus these two old friends walked together in the growing dusk into the great Keep of Tintagel and made their way through the rush-strewn corridors to the castle chapel and there, amidst the smell of incense and the flickering glow of candles, they sat silent and waited.

And waited . . .

'Is it possible,' the King asked eventually, 'that Grott may have won?'

Merlin shrugged philosophically. 'All things are possible, great king, although I would remind you that Pip has a fearsome right hook when aroused.'

They lapsed into silence again; and waited.

'Is it possible,' asked the King, 'that Pip might have been killed?'

'All things are possible,' Merlin replied, 'and that particular thing is actually quite likely, but let us not forget the magical rerolling of the LIFE POINTS.'

Midnight came and went and still they waited.

*

Meanwhile, somewhere in the bowels of the earth, you were having your own problems. Having taken the corridor marked EXIT you quickly discovered it should actually have been marked GROTT'S REVENGE since it led directly into a maze as difficult and tangled as a plate of spaghetti; a maze in which you were soon well and truly lost.

Nor was it an empty maze. As you followed what little homing instinct remained with you, nasty little sounds assailed your ears, clearly indicating that monsters lurked around each bend (although, to be fair, you didn't actually *see* any) ready to make a meal of you given half a chance.

It was in this nervous state - bravely pushing a platinum wheelbarrow on which were piled artifacts of every description, gold, gems and, most important of all, that curious casket you found - clenching EJ firmly between your teeth that you came at last to a narrow passageway leading upwards.

You followed this route hopefully, since it was the first passage that did not actually descend, but it stopped abruptly, blocked by a massive stone slab.

'You'll never get through that,' EJ remarked.

'Grr glot wu shuf yo fiz!' you replied, it being difficult to talk with your mouth full of sword. And having put EJ in his place, you proceeded to use the mystic technique beloved of all



'You'll never get past that..'

adventurers when faced with massive stone slabs. You kicked it.

*

The altarstone in the Tintagel Chapel slid to one side with a grinding of hidden gears.

Merlin, who had nodded off, snapped fully awake. 'Pip?' he called. 'Is that you, Pip?'

And an excited voice from the depths of the newly-revealed tunnel called back, 'I've got your fifty gold pieces, Merlin . . . and a funny sort of jewelled heart thing in a casket.'

Pip's Combined Spell Book

RULES OF MAGIC

Every spell you try to cast will cost you 3 LIFE POINTS *whether it works or not!*

No spell can be thrown more than *three* times in any adventure. Once thrown it is used up whether successful or not.

No spell works at all unless you score 7 or more with a throw of two dice.

Spell

**Pip's Armour of
Nearly Impenetrable
Coruscation**
(P.A.N.I.C. for short)

**Pip's Outlandish
Wallop**
(P.O.W. for short)

Effect

Throws a shimmering, spinning wall of light around the user. This light acts exactly like plate armour, subtracting 4 points from any damage scored against the user. What's more, this effect is *additional* to any deductions made for actual armour, dragonskin jacket, etc.

Adds +10 to the damage caused by the next blow delivered by the user. This is additional to damage shown by dice and weapon damage.

Spell

Pip's Instant Levity and Laughter
(P.I.L.L. for short)

Effect

Causes the user's opponent to fall about laughing so heartily that he/she/it misses three consecutive turns during combat.

Pip's Attacking Dart
(P.A.D. for short)

Allows user to launch a magical dart against an enemy out of combat range. The dart never misses provided the spell is properly cast and causes 10 damage points. An enemy so attacked cannot immediately strike back unless he has some long-distance weapon such as a bow or spear.

Pip's Immunity to Poison
(P.I.P. for short, oddly enough)

If cast *before* poison is taken, the spell renders the user immune to its effects whatever results are shown by the dice. The spell DOES NOT WORK if cast *after* the poison is taken. It comes in useful when the user wishes to sample some unknown substance that might be dangerous.

Pip's Instant Neutraliser
(P.I.N. for short)

The use of this spell counteracts the effect of one (only) spell placed on an *object* (not a person or living creature). It is useful for opening magically locked chests, doors, etc.

Spell

Pip's Immense Rapid Repeater
(Pi R Squared, for short)

Effect

During combat, the spell enables the user to move twice as fast as usual, enabling him/her to get in TWO blows in succession each time his/her turn comes round throughout a given combat.

Very Special Spell

INVISIBILITY
(I.N.V.I.S.I.B.I.L.I.T.Y. for short)

This very special spell may only be used ONCE per adventure at a cost of 15 LIFE POINTS ... and even then only in certain sections of the adventure. (The sections where Invisibility is possible are labelled as such, so don't waste LIFE POINTS trying it anywhere else.) The effect of the spell is to render the user totally invisible.

Firefinger

This causes a bolt of lightning to emerge from your finger and zap 10 LIFE POINTS from an enemy. This spell gives you ten Firefinger Bolts in all. Once cast successfully, the spell may not be used again. *

Fireball

Creates a giant fireball in the palm of your hand which you can then hurl at an enemy to cause him 75 points of damage. This spell gives you only *two* Fireballs, one for each hand. Once cast

*Spell**Effect*

successfully, the spell may not be used again. *

*But you can keep any Lightning Bolt or Fireball you don't use right away and use it later.

Pip's Patent Lock Picker
(P.L.O.P. for short)

Will pick one lock per section on a throw of 6 or better on two dice.

Pip's Incredible Duncher
(P.I.D. for short)

Causes the appearance of a magical cap which, when worn, will shrink Pip to a height of six inches, thus allowing passage through tiny spaces. Size reverts to normal in next section.

Pip's Amazing Legume Spell
(P.A.L.S. for short)

Gives an automatic Friendly Reaction from any attacking vegetable.

Pip's Instant Levitation
(P.I.L. for short, but not to be confused with the standard P.I.L.L. spell)

Allows Pip to levitate, but only three times per adventure. If used indoors it will lead to banging the head on the ceiling, with concussion and loss of half current LIFE POINTS.

Spell

Pip's Obliging Power Sword
(P.O.P.S. for short)

Effect

Allows Pip to alter EJ's power. When applied, it will DOUBLE the damage caused by EJ on the next throw, but HALF the damage caused on the roll after that. The spell must be used BEFORE rolling to determine a hit.

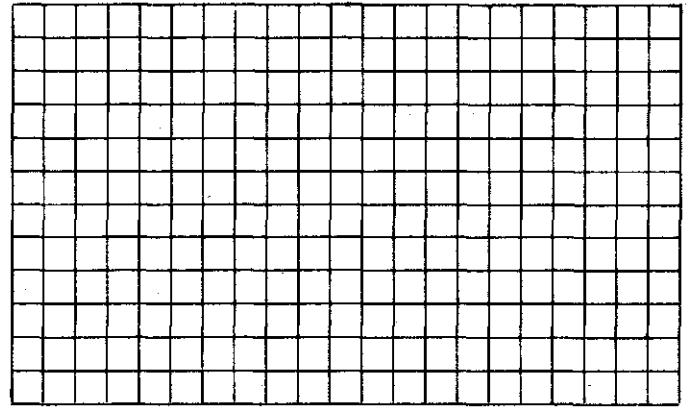
EXTREMELY IMPORTANT NOTE:

Except for INVISIBILITY, any spell you have can be used in *any* section of your adventure. It is up to you to keep a note on your Quest Journal of what spells you have used up and what spells you still carry.

It is also up to you to remember to use them!

DEATHOMETER

Block out one box each time you are killed.



Deathrate = Total number of boxes blocked in.
Adventure Score 1,000 minus DEATHRATE.

Adventure Rating

1,000	Adventurer Lord
995 - 999	Adventurer Knight
990 - 994	Master Adventurer
985 - 989	Senior Adventurer
980 - 984	Adventurer Novice
975 - 979	Bungling Nincompoop

SECRET DOORS

1 NSD	29 NSD	57 NSD	85 NSD
2 NSD	30 NSD	58 NSD	86 NSD
3 NSD	31 NSD	59 NSD	87 NSD
4 NSD	32 NSD	60 NSD	88 WW93
5 NSD	33 NSD	61 NSD	89 EW94
6 NSD	34 NSD	62 NSD	90 NSD
7 NSD	35 NSD	63 NSD	91 NSD
8 NSD	36 NSD	64 NSD	92 NSD
9 NSD	37 NSD	65 NSD	93 NSD
10 NSD	38 NSD	66 NSD	94 NSD
11 NSD	39 NSD	67 NSD	95 NSD
12 NSD	40 NSD	68 NSD	96 NW87
13 NSD	41 NSD	69 NSD	97 NSD
14 NSD	42 NSD	70 NSD	98 NSD
15 NSD	43 NSD	71 NSD	99 NSD
16 NSD	44 NSD	72 NSD	100 NSD
17 NSD	45 NSD	73 ww	101 NSD
18 NSD	46 NSD	74 NSD ¹²²⁽⁰⁾	102 NSD
19 NSD	47 NSD	75 NSD	103 NSD
20 NSD	48 NSD	76 NSD	104 NSD
21 NSD	49 NSD	77 NSD	105 NSD
22 NSD	50 NSD	78 NSD	106 NSD
23 NSD	51 NSD	79 NSD	107 NSD
24 NSD	52 NSD	80 NSD	108 NSD
25 NSD	53 NSD	81 NSD	109 NSD
26 NSD	54 NW59	82 NSD	110 NSD
27 NSD	55 NSD	83 NSD	111 NSD
28 NSD	56 NSD	84 NSD NW96 SW127 EW143	112 NSD

113 NSD	141 NSD	169 NSD	197 NSD
114 NSD	142 NSD	170 NSD	198 NSD
115 NSD	143 NSD	171 NSD	199 NSD
116 NSD	144 NSD	172 NSD	200 NSD
117 NSD	145 NSD	173 NSD	201 NSD
118 NSD	146 NSD	174 NSD	202 NSD
119 NSD	147 NSD	175 NSD	203 NSD
120 NSD	148 NSD	176 NSD	204 NSD
121 NSD	149 NSD	177 NSD	205 NSD
122 NSD	150 NSD	178 NSD	206 NSD
123 NSD	151 NSD	179 NSD	207 NSD
124 NSD	152 NSD	180 NSD	208 NSD
125 NSD	153 NSD	181 NSD	209 NSD
126 NSD	154 NSD	182 NSD	210 NSD
127 NSD	155 NSD	183 NSD	211 NSD
128 NSD	156 NSD	184 NSD	212 NSD
129 NSD	157 NSD	185 NSD	213 NSD
130 NSD	158 NSD	186 NSD	214 NSD
131 NSD	159 NSD	187 NSD	215 NSD
132 NSD	160 NSD	188 NSD	216 NSD
133 NSD	161 NSD	189 NSD	217 NSD
134 NSD	162 NSD	190 NSD	218 NSD
135 NSD	163 NSD	191 NSD	219 NSD
136 NSD	164 NSD	192 NSD	220 NSD
137 NSD	165 NSD	193 NSD	221 NSD
138 NSD	166 NSD	194 NSD	222 NSD
139 NSD	167 NSD	195 WW211	223 NSD
140 NSD	168 NSD	196 NSD	224 NSD

DREAMTIME

Throw two dice and read the Dreamtime results from the table below. If you survive, return to the section where you decided to SLEEP.

2. You have found the fabulous Lost Treasure of Llandudno and lost one LIFE POINT in the process from undue excitement. If this kills you, go to **14**. If not, you will awake with 100 gold pieces from the fabulous Lost Treasure clutched in your hot little hand.
3. A heavy meal of cheese crisps, onion rings and tomato ketchup at bedtime gives you a sinking feeling which carries you to the molten centre of the earth. Roll one die. Score less than four and you continue to sink, emerging in China where you awaken no worse for wear. Score 4 or better and you stick in the centre of the earth, which is a very direct route to **14**.
4. Swinging through the branches of a lush jungle, you discover a cluster of hitherto unknown fruit. Throw one die to determine how many fruit there are in the cluster. Each fruit you eat will restore a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS.
5. Trapped in an octagon by an enraged Rubic Cube, you must fight for your life without the aid of EJ. The cube has 25 LIFE POINTS, hits on 5 or better and does +2 damage on account of its intellectual capacity. You hit on 6 and do dice damage only. If the encounter kills you, go to **14**. If not, return to the section where you SLEPT.
6. Having accidentally put your feet on backwards, you are now attempting to escape from a giant manticore by running into its mouth. Throw two dice and double your score to determine how many LIFE POINTS you lose in this mess. If it kills you, go to **14**.
7. You visit a hermit's cave in a desperate attempt to solve the Mystery of the Mystic Banana. While engaged in a yoga headstand, all your money falls out of your pockets. When you awake, half your current gold will be gone.
8. A faulty wand creates a magical counter resonance when you are casting a spell. Throw two dice. Score above 6 and add the result to your current LIFE POINTS. Score 6 or less and deduct the result from your current LIFE POINTS. (If this kills you, go to **143**).
9. For a bet you try to eat a 50' length of rope. Needless to say, this makes you very ill. When you awaken, you will lose 1 LIFE POINT per new section visited until such time as you can take a healing potion.

10. You open an iron-bound chest to find a brass bottle inside. When you remove the stopper, green smoke solidifies into a three-dimensional holographic technicolor (R) image of yourself so realistic that it will last until your next combat when it will so confuse your opponent that he will miss every second strike whatever the dice indicate.
11. Lost in a warren of underground caverns, you discover a glittering gem which you realise will restore your missing LIFE POINTS in a single coruscation of glittering energy. The problem is getting it out of the maze. Throw two dice. Score 2-4 and roll again. Score 5-8 and remain lost in the maze forever (or at least until you stumble into 14). Score 9-12 and the gem restores your LIFE POINTS.
12. You dream you are dreaming. Roll again to determine where you end up in the Dreamtime.

Rules of Combat

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 now 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.

Attack Magic

1. Each spell thrown costs 3 LIFE POINTS whether or not it is successful.
2. No spell can be thrown more than three times during an adventure. Once thrown it is used up whether or not it has been successful.
3. A 7 or higher must be thrown for a spell to work. For details of spells see Combined Spell Book page 179).

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 2-7, 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. *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.
2. 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

In this adventure, enemies previously killed do *not* remain dead in repeat journeys, but they have only *half* the LIFE POINTS they had in your first encounter. Any items collected are 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:
Result:	Result:	Result:	Result:
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:
Result:	Result:	Result:	Result: