

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. His latest venture includes two superb Horror Classic gamebooks — *Dracula's Castle* and *Curse of Frankenstein*.

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 EIGHT

★

Legion of the Dead

*Illustrated by
John Higgins*



An Armada Original

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in the U.K. in Armada in 1987 by
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THE DEATH OF MERLIN

Pssst!

Oh dear, please listen. Can you hear me? In your head, I mean? While you're reading this, can you hear the words in your head? Can you hear my voice? Only I'm new at this and I don't know if I'm casting the spell right.

I'm here, in the book. Trapped between the pages, sort of. I'm also somewhere else, of course. I live in Avalon. My name is Cody and I'm a sorcerer's apprentice. The sorcerer I'm apprenticed to is the Wizard Merlin.

Or rather *was* the Wizard Merlin. He's dead now. No, don't laugh - it's sad. Very sad.

The whole Realm is in mourning. Well, most of it. They say he fell out of a tree while fogging apples. Killed outright and not a day over ninety-nine. Then the body disappeared in a puff of smoke: a wizard to the last. All they found under the tree was a small cube of plum jelly. Very sad.

So King Arthur has asked *me* to call you.

'By the Holy Beard of Saint Stephen,' he said in his bluff way, 'you'll just have to do the job, Cody. We need Pip more desperately than ever before,' he

said, 'and without Merlin you're the only one who can cast the Net Spell, Cody.'

So here I am. And there you are. And I'm not quite sure I know how to do it. But we'd better hurry. The Legion of the Dead is marching on Avalon.

Better not stand on ceremony if the Legion of the Dead is marching on Avalon. If you know the rules of GrailQuest turn to 1. If not, go to 3.

1

There is a weird noise in your ears, similar in many respects to a swarm of bees, each one playing a tambourine and piccolo. The walls of the room in which you are sitting begin to shimmer, then dissolve. The floor convulses like a tidal wave. Outside your window, tall buildings begin to collapse into rubble. A thunderstorm breaks overhead. You go blind, deaf, mute and very dizzy, which is not the best way to be at the start of an adventure. Voices gibber in your left ear.

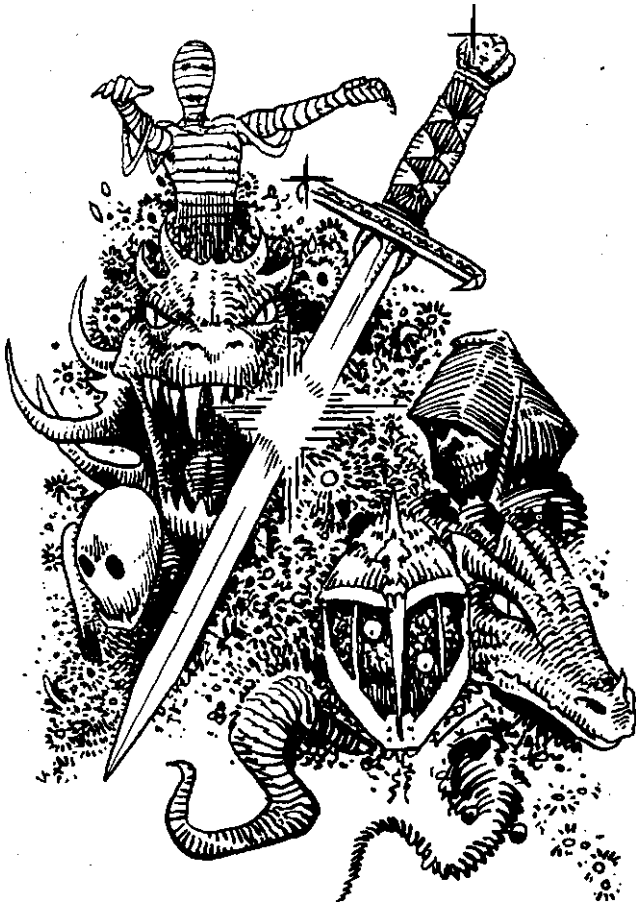
—Would you rather be boiled alive or roasted?—

—Would you rather starve or bleed to death?—

—Would you rather vote Labour or Conservative?—

To your horror, your body begins to melt. Hands, feet, ears and other bits of you fall off with gentle *plops*. The universe rotates and you topple into black unconsciousness ...

You revive in a different place and time (not to mention a totally different body, more sturdy,



though possibly not quite so good-looking than the one you left). Around you are the now-familiar accoutrements of one of Merlin's habitations. Before you, nervously toying with a crystal ball, is a fair-haired young woman of about thirteen.

'Who are you?' you demand, already beginning to feel the adventure blood coursing in your veins.

'Cody,' she says, in the voice of Cody. 'I told you that, clothears. Now collect your gear and get going. You're a magnet for them now, you know.'

'Magnet for who?' you ask. 'Or what?'

'*Them!*' exclaims Cody darkly. She hands you a short sword in an ornate scabbard. 'Take your sword - you'll need it.'

'Here, who are you calling "it"?' complains Excalibur Junior (EJ for short), your world-famous talking sword.

She ignores him. 'Oh please do *hurry!*' she tells you, a little desperately. 'They could be here any minute. Just select your equipment and go!'

'All right, all right,' you tell her, a little put out by her panic, her attitude and her total failure to give you any information. 'Where will I find my equipment?'

'At Section 2!' she yells, pushing you towards the door.

2

You stagger into a second room piled high with weapons and equipment, almost all of it broken and much of the remainder pure junk.

Cody has slammed the door behind you and it sounds as if she is in the process of locking and barring it. 'Here, just a minute—' you call furiously.

But a voice from your side says calmly, 'Leave her be. She's just a bit upset about Merlin and the crisis.'

'Leave her be?' you echo, not at all pleased to note EJ is just as thick as ever. 'Leave her be? She's locking us in, you moron!'

'There's another door over there,' points out your moronic sword, nodding to the far wall. 'It leads outside. I've been fully briefed. If you'll just pick up whatever equipment you need, I'll tell you all about it when we leave.'

Grumpily you examine the equipment. Of the mass of stuff here, the only things left unbroken and in remotely useful shape are:

Artificial Aardvark

Axe

Apple pie

Book

Bolas

Cup [*tin, painted white*])

Crown [*tin, painted gold*])

Draughtboard

Erector set

Easel

Fingerstall

Glass rod

Hacksaw

Iron bar
Jumping bean (*Mexican*)
Jellybaby (*British*)
Koala bear (*stuffed*)
Leather gauntlets
Miniature mounted portrait of King Arthur
Nails (*1 lb bag*)
Orange paint (*1 tin*)
Pear-shaped paperweight
Quantum caterpillar
Rope [*50 foot coil*]
Saw
Tripwire [*almost invisible*]
Vorpal safety pin
Waterskin (*full*)
Wineskin (*full*)
Whiskeyskin (*full*)
Xylophone
Zip fastener (*primitive*)

'These look very odd,' you remark, as much to yourself as anybody else.

'Seems routine enough equipment to me,' says EJ. 'Don't forget you can only carry six items otherwise you can't fight properly.'

'I remember! I remember! What's an artificial aardvark?'

'A sort of clockwork ant-eater,' says EJ. 'You remember, you had one once before - in the Ghastly Kingdom of the Dead, I think.'

'What about a quantum caterpillar?' you ask.

'Search me,' EJ shrugs. 'On adventures like this,

you take whatever you fancy and just hope it comes in useful.'

So select your six items now, list them, then toddle off to 4 where you might just be lucky enough to find out what this is all about. Or you might not.

3

'Listen,' says the voice of Cody (inside your head). 'The thing is, I'm new to this adventuring business myself. Nobody ever taught me the rules either. What I've done is tear a page from one of - (sob!) - Merlin's spell books. I've copied it out very carefully on card and put it into the back of this book. You can cut it out again if you want. Turn to the back and have a look at it now.'

'Now please co-operate,' says the voice of Cody. 'The first thing to do is roll your LIFE POINTS. The card tells you how. When you are starting out, you're allowed to roll them up three times and pick the best score out of that. Afterwards, you can only roll them once. (By afterwards, I mean those unfortunate instances when you get yourself killed and have to re-roll your LIFE POINTS.)'

'Combat,' the voice of Cody goes on nervously. 'You'll have quite a lot of that if I manage to get the Net Spell right. In fact you'll probably have more of that than in any other adventure on account of the argumentative nature of the Legion of the Dead. The card tells you how to fight. I'll tell you how to get dead. You just lose all your LIFE POINTS, that's how. Once your LIFE

POINTS reach zero, you're definitely dead. (Unless otherwise instructed, of course.)

'Oh dear, there's so much to remember,' complains the voice of Cody inside your head. 'Magic. Magic. The card tells you how you go about casting spells, but doesn't tell you what your spells are. Fortunately I remembered to enclose your two spell books. You'll find them near the back of this book headed **Pip's Combined First and Second Spellbooks**.

'Well,' remarks the voice of Cody inside your head, 'I expect I've forgotten something, but if I have that's tough bananas, buster and no complaints from you because I'm doing my best.

'Stand by for the Net Spell!' shouts the voice of Cody inside your head.

. *You can feel it coming on at 1.*

4

'What now?' you ask, feeling a little overburdened and a lot confused.

'Through the door,' EJ tells you. He points. 'That one. The one leading outside. She'll have locked and barred the other one by now.'

Still brutally bewildered, you open the exit door, slam it shut, shoot home the bolts and stand shivering and sweating, your back pressed against it. 'Good grief!' you exclaim. 'That's not Avalon.'

'No, it isn't, is it?' remarks EJ cheerfully.

'It's horrible!' you gasp. 'It's the most horrible place I've ever seen.'



There is some sort of . . . Thing just outside the door

'Yes, isn't it?' says EJ cheerfully. 'Quite awful.'

'There's some sort of... Thing just outside the door.'

'There usually is,' EJ tells you. 'It tries to eat anything that comes through.'

'But that's us!' you exclaim.

EJ nods wisely. 'Well worked out.'

You pull him from his scabbard and begin to withdraw the bolts prior to opening the door again. 'This had better be worthwhile,' you mutter grimly as you leap through the portal to meet the Thing outside.

Which comes equipped with some 20 LIFE POINTS and the sort of fangs which give it +3 on damage scored against you. If the Thing eats you, it will spit the bones to 14. If you survive, you can take a look round at 10.

5

It's a long trudge from where you were to where you're going; and not made any easier by loose shale, rock and the occasional tangle of thorn half hidden in crevices beneath your feet.

'You sure we're going in the right direction?' asks EJ.

'Shut up,' you remark politely, having had enough of EJ's chatter for the time being.

As your destination draws closer, you find it increasingly difficult to breathe until, by the time you have reached the shores of the brimstone

lake, you are not merely sweating like the proverbial pig but wheezing like the proverbial bellows and sick as the proverbial parrot.

If things were bad before, they are a great deal worse now. The lake bubbles and oozes, sending up puffs of the foulest smelling smoke and encasing the whole area in a blanket of foul heat which is almost overwhelming. If this is the result of industrial pollution, it's time the king passed a few hard laws. .

Out on the surface of the lake, reflecting the dull glow of the brimstone is a small metallic row-boat. Chained to the oars is the most beautiful young woman you have ever seen.

'Ahoy, Beautiful Young Woman!' you call, coughing a bit.

'Ahoy, small but sturdy and quite devilishly handsome person,' she calls back. 'Have you come to rescue me?'

'I don't know,' you mutter. 'Have we, EJ?'

'Might as well,' mumbles EJ, who is notoriously cynical about beautiful young women chained up in adventures. 'That boat might come in handy.' He sniffs. 'But I'd watch her.'

You take a small step towards the lake-edge and decide not to chance swimming. 'Ahoy, Beautiful Young Woman, can you sort of row over this way a bit? My faithful sword and I will protect you from attack from any quarter.' You look around bravely. The immediate surroundings are so vile not even a maggot would come near you.

'What a good idea!' the maiden calls and begins to pull for shore.

'I don't like this,' EJ whispers. 'It's too easy.'

'I know,' you whisper back. 'Just be ready for anything.'

'I hope it isn't spiders,' mutters EJ. 'I hate spiders.'

The row-boat beaches and the Beautiful Young Woman stands up. 'Use your sword to break these chains,' she says sweetly. 'Then I shall be free.'

Well, what are you going to do? You can cut her chains at 9 or be a real pig and refuse at 7.

6

'It all started,' EJ begins comfortably, 'when Merlin killed himself eating poisoned plums—'

'Here, just a minute!' you put in. 'I thought he killed himself falling out of an apple tree.'

'Something like that,' EJ shrugs. 'The point is he's dead, not how he did it. Now, having died, this left Avalon without the magical protection of its Wizard Lauriat. There was Cody, of course, but she's only an apprentice and, frankly, the other wizards scattered around the realm just don't have Merlin's experience.'

'Anyway, to cut a long story short about a week after Merlin drowned, a group of king's workmen, doing a quiet spot of repairs on Hadrian's Wall, noticed something quite terrifying: marching down from the north was a horrid army of skeletons and rotting corpses—'

'The Legion of the Dead!' you breathe.

'The Legion of the Dead,' EJ confirms. 'I'd always considered it a myth, but then what does a sword know? The workmen ran, of course, so we don't know what the Legion did next. But we do know it didn't come south because the workmen had time to run all the way to London and the king had time to send scouts north. The upshot was MI5 reported back eventually that the Legion was tramping through the length and breadth of Scotland, razing villages, burning, pillaging and greatly disrupting the Highland Games. Nothing could stand against them, it being extremely difficult to kill a corpse. They were also hard to find: they kept appearing and disappearing. The last news was they were definitely marching south, in the general direction of Avalon.'

'Naturally,' EJ went on, 'the decision was made to call for you: Pip the wicked wizard slayer, dragon basher, gateway closer, voyage—'

'Yes, yes,' you interrupt this litany of titles. 'Please go on.'

'You being the only one likely to survive against the Legion of the Dead,' EJ says cheerfully. 'Cody prepared a Net Spell and a magical doorway to save travelling time and here we are.'

'Here we are where?'

'Scotland,' says EJ.

You look around at the brimstone landscape beneath the roiling sky. 'This is *Scotland*?'

'Unless Cody got it wrong,' EJ nods.

'And I'm expected to tackle the entire Legion of the Dead *single-handed*?'

'Oh no,' says EJ. 'You've got me.'

With a groan, you sit down on a nearby rock and bury your head in your hands. After a minute or so EJ says hesitantly, 'That's not the worst of it. *Merlin's leading the legion.*'

How did you ever get into a mess like this? And more to the point, how are you going to get yourself out? There's a map of your immediate environment at 8 which may help you make up your mind what to do next.

7

'I don't think I will,' you tell her carefully. 'At least not just yet.'

'How absolutely *putrid* of you!' she wails. And to your horror, she leaps from the boat to sink beneath the surface of the lake.

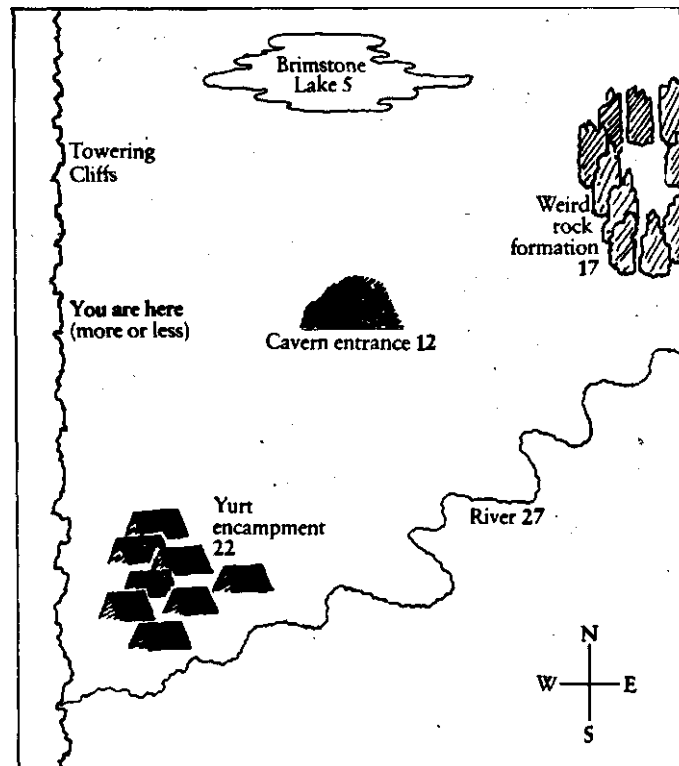
For a moment you stare after her open-mouthed, unable to comprehend what has just happened. Mad thoughts of rescue chase themselves around your head, but another look at the lake quickly dissuades you of that nonsense.

'At least we've got the boat,' says EJ philosophically.

As indeed you have. What's more, it is cunningly made to fold up sufficiently small to pop into your backpack. Better take it and go before any more Beautiful Young Women appear to do something ghastly. 12 will take

you to the cavern entrance, 17 to the weird rock formation, 22 to the encampment and 27 to the river.

8



Now that you seem to be stuck in this miserable place, you look around properly; and while it is no more appealing, a few features you have not really noticed before draw themselves to your attention. The cliffs behind you to the west seem to run north/south forever, effectively blocking your

route in that direction. Eastwards, however, there is a gloomy hole in the hillside which you take to be a cavern entrance. Beyond it, further east, is a weird rock formation: twisted lava spires reaching upwards like lost souls.

To the north, glowing slightly and creating much of the stench that pervades the whole wilderness, is what appears to be a brimstone lake. South lies a broad, slow river tinged yellow and red, while just north of the river you can make out what seem to be the peaks of black tents, forming some sort of encampment. Perhaps fortunately, the Legion of the Dead is nowhere in sight.

North will take you to the brimstone lake at 5. East at 12 leads to the cavern entrance, while you will reach the weird rock formation at 17. If you select south, you may investigate those black tents at 22 or reach the river at 27.

9

Claang!

'You've blunted me!' screams EJ as you bring him down on the chains which shatter instantly.

At once the Beautiful Young Woman is transformed into a short, squat, leathery creature with stubby bat's wings. 'Sucker!' it gibbers. 'Sucker! Sucker! Sucker!'

This former Beautiful Young Woman now has 25 LIFE POINTS, a poison bite and a very mean disposition. She will attack you as soon as she stops gibbering. The poison bite comes into play on a roll of 11 or 12, doubling the

'Sucker!' gibbers the creature



damage scored against you. If she kills you, turn to 14. If you survive, you are free to take the boat, which is cunningly made to fold up sufficiently small to pop into your backpack. Select from 12, which will take you to the cavern entrance, 17 to the weird rock formation, 22 to the encampment and 27 to the river.

10

This place doesn't half pong. At first you thought it was the body of the Thing (which began to rot at a fearsome rate of knots from the minute you killed it) but a moment's investigation quickly convinces you the whole area is polluted with a pervasive stench of brimstone.

And that's not the worst of it. You are standing on a barren, rocky plain. Overhead, bilious red clouds roil and tumble in a sunless sky. Around you, plant life is confined to a few leprous lichens clinging to the rocks and the odd sprig of aconite on the flat ground, lurking ready to poison the unwary grazer. A scattering of fumeroles belch green and white smoke from stygian depths, creating a choking pall which hangs across the desolate landscape like a toxic fog. Behind you, sheer black granite cliffs soar upwards — to infinity it seems.

'Where's the door?' you ask in sudden panic, for there is no sign at all of the door through which you entered this unnerving place.

'It doesn't exist here,' EJ tells you. 'At least not the way it does on the other side. Strickly one-way. Or rather not strictly one way at all: you can pass through it either way, but you can only open it from the other side.'

'How do we get back?' you ask.

'A good question,' EJ tells you.

'Maybe you'd better tell me what all this is about,' you sigh.

Which EJ will be delighted to do at 6.

11

You move closer and the muttering sound grows louder. Not your imagination, then, but quite obviously some freak effect of wind cutting through the weird shapes.



Distorted shapes lurk within the rock formation

You reach one of them, a rock contorted into a form similar to a giant dwarf (or possibly a dwarven giant) armed with sword and shield. It grins at you evilly, but since this is impossible, you conclude what you saw must have been a trick of the light.

*Nonetheless, are you prepared to **touch** one of these odd shapes at **13**? If not, you can always try to go east of the formation at **15** or simply return to your map at **8** and select another destination.*

12

'That's strange,' remarks EJ as you reach the cavern entrance.

'What is?' you ask.

'I could have sworn back there that this wasn't really a cavern entrance, but just a picture of one cunningly painted on rock. Seems all right now, though.'

'You've got funny eyesight, EJ,' you tell him severely. Although now he's mentioned it, the cavern entrance does look a bit odd to you, as if it wasn't an entrance at all, but rather a picture of an entrance cunningly painted on a towering rock.

'Yes I expect you're right,' says EJ. 'Are we going into the cavern?'

*You're welcome to try going in at **16**, although it really does look more and more like a cunning painting. So you might like to poke it a bit with EJ at **18**; or, perhaps better still, ignore*

*it altogether and look for another destination from the map at **8**.*

13

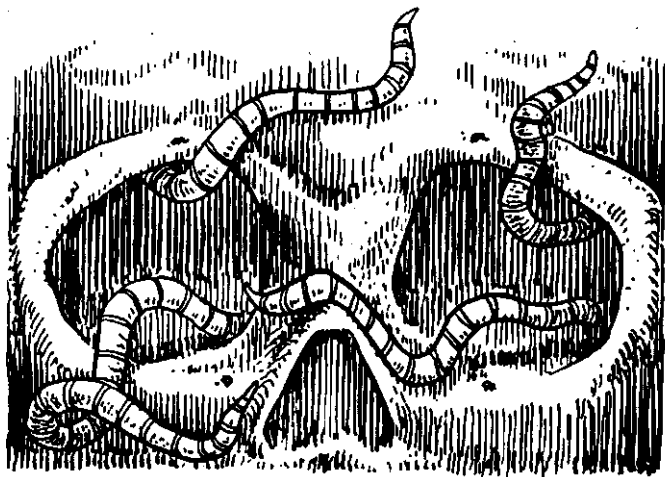
Murmuring something intelligent about igneous basalt, you reach out to chip a sample from the rock shape. It leaps at you with a ferocious war-cry. (You aren't really surprised, are you?).

*Since, fortunately, you were using EJ (rather to his annoyance) to try to chip off the rock sample, you automatically get in the first blow. Beyond that, there is very little good news. The giant rock dwarf (or dwarven rock giant) has no fewer than 30 LIFE POINTS. He strikes successfully on a throw of 5 or better, does +2 damage by reason of his great strength and uses his shield to such good effect that 2 points will be deducted from any damage you score against him. He is, however, a bit stiff which means he requires 8 or better to hit you every third combat round. If old basalt bonce murders you, turn to **14**. If you survive, you might like to decide whether to try to go east of the formation at **15** or return to the map at **8** and select a new destination.*

14

Strewth, you've done it again! You're completely finished - caput! Stuck your head in a monster's mouth. Leaped gaily into a pit. Piggied poison. Drowned. Fried. Suffocated. Whatever.

In any event, you are definitely one late Pip. Dead as Dracula and not half as mobile. Close



your eyes, cross your arms on your chest, look pale and say nothing.

When you get tired of behaving like a twit, open your eyes, uncross your arms and reroll your LIFE POINTS. Then set out refreshed on your adventure again, starting either right at the beginning or at the section where you were slaughtered, whichever you prefer.

But before you go, don't forget to make your mark on the DEATHOMETER at the back of the book otherwise you won't be able to calculate your adventure status at the end.

15

Beyond the rock formation, the barren plain stretches eastwards, but not very far. A vast chasm cuts across it like a sabre scar on the face of a giant, too wide to jump and, so far as you can tell from here, almost incredibly deep.

Behind you, to the west, lies that weird rock formation and from this angle you notice it forms a rough ring with a very narrow opening giving access to the centre.

If you want to keep going east, you will have to take a closer look at that chasm at 19. Should you decide instead to see what's in the centre of the rock formation (which will involve squeezing through that narrow opening, you may do so at 24. If you prefer to find out what touching the rocks involves before squeezing anywhere, you can try your luck at 13. Alternatively, you can always return to the map at 8 and select a new destination.

16

Thud!

Zzzzzzst

'Ouch!'

The last sound was EJ (or possibly your good self) exclaiming in some surprise as you walk smack into a cunning painting of a cavern entrance on a large rock.

The experience removes 5 LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If you survive, you have a very interesting choice at 23.

17

Even at a distance, the rock formation looked weird. Close up, it looks more weird still. Obviously there was a seepage of lava here at one time, since that's the only way rocks could get

into such grotesque and twisted shapes. But the odd thing is, all the shapes look like people - soldiers mostly — caught, frozen and petrified in the act of suffering, as if some ancient army was wiped out here in a sudden, inexplicable cataclysm.

As you draw closer, you are taken by the feeling that these grotesque shapes are actually *watching* you. They can't be, of course, but the feeling is very strong. And as you draw closer, you almost imagine you can hear something, like a very quiet muttering.

*All in your head, of course, but you need to decide now whether you want to risk examining the formation close up at **11**, try to find out what lies to the east of it at **15** or simply select another destination from the map at **8**.*

18

'What have you done to me?' screams EJ thinly; and no wonder, since he has gone completely two-dimensional, like a drawing of a sword!

You stare at him in bewilderment. He is a shadow of his former self.

*You can say that again! Until the effect wears off (and it will take two fights to do so) EJ will require 8 or better to hit and will actually deduct 1 from any damage you score with him. Now you need to decide whether to try to enter this curious cavern at 16 or return to the map at **8** and select a different destination.*

19

You walk bravely to the edge of the chasm and look down. It drops away sheer for about seventeen miles.

A wave of vertigo seizes you and you totter. You step forward, one foot out over that sheer drop, your arms spinning like windmills. You turn, place both feet firmly on the ground again, then begin to fall backwards. With a gargantuan effort you correct your balance and fall forward gratefully on to your knees.

At once the edge of the chasm begins to crumble and fall away. You slide backwards towards the abyss. Your hand clutches at a small sprig of aconite and your slide stops. You hang from the sprig over the edge of the cliff.

The roots of the aconite begin to tear away from the earth, then snap free totally so that you plunge, perhaps six inches, before clutching a rocky spur with both hands and hanging on for dear life.

'I hate this sort of thing!' mutters EJ, drawing the belt of his scabbard a little more tightly around your waist.

A high wind springs up, rocking you alarmingly. Desperately you scramble upwards, your anxious fingers gouging bits out of the solid rock. Just when it seems your aching arms will no longer hold you, you swing your leg upwards and gain purchase with your right knee. You scramble forward and collapse on your face, spread-eagled near the edge but thankfully on firm ground at last.

While you are waiting for your heartbeat to settle, you feel a small tug around your ankle. You turn to discover that a huge tentacle has emerged from the chasm and is winding itself around your leg.

This isn't your lucky day, Pip. You are under attack from a chasm kraken, a sort of gigantic land octopus, mercifully rare, which lurks in chasms like this, waiting for somebody like you. The chasm kraken has 25 LIFE POINTS and will drag you over the edge to your death on 11 or 12, as well as normal combat damage. If you survive this encounter, turn to 25. If not your long fall will end at 14.

20

This is really *gross!* There's a man's head in the pot with an apple in his mouth for decoration. Plus bones. Fancy eating some poor adventurer; they didn't even bother to shave him before cooking either. *Grrrrross!*

'Not really,' remarks the head, which seems to be a bit telepathic. 'I was actually hiding in here rather than being eaten.'

'Really?' you acknowledge politely. 'From whom were you hiding?'

'You haven't been here long or you wouldn't ask that,' says the head. 'Everything in this place is lethal. What you need is the amulet of knar: it will keep you safe from the worst of the nasties.'

'Ah, look—' you mutter hesitantly, '—I have to find the Legion of the Dead and save Avalon, so I



There's a head in the cooking pot!

don't have much time for going off on a quest or anything of that sort—'

'Oh the amulet's quite easy to find. You simply divide 30 by a half, add ten then go to the section number indicated.' With which the head closes its eyes and, to judge from the snores, falls asleep.

*Which leaves you with the option of searching the tents at **26** or returning to **8** to select a new map destination. Unless, of course, you've figured out somewhere better to go in the meantime.*

21

Plop!

You are standing outside the cavern entrance, having reverted rather abruptly to a three dimensional shape again.

*Your stomach turns over, depositing 5 LIFE POINTS on the ground. If this kills you, turn to **14**. If you want to go back into the cave, try **16**. If you are fed up with this shape shifting, find another destination on the map at **8**.*

22

It's the remains of an encampment all right. Not the Legion of the Dead, perhaps, but an encampment of some sort. The tents are all black, made from the skins of some obscure animals - the style of tent they call a yurt in Outer Mongolia.

Could this be Outer Mongolia? It seems unlikely. While the camp seems deserted now, there are

indications of recent habitation, notably a cooking pot over-turned on ashes that are still warm.

*You can have a look inside that cooking pot at **20**. Or search the tents themselves at **26**. Or wander on down to the river at **27**. Or hike back to **8** to select a fresh destination from your map.*

23

Holy Cow! (As Hindu adventurers are wont to remark) Something very odd has happened to you. You mustn't get too worried, but the fact is you've gone two dimensional. You now look like a drawing of an adventurer. (Quite a good drawing, admittedly, but not what you'd call a bass relief.) The good news is that in this form, you can move about the cunning painting of a cave as easily as your three dimensional self could move around a real cave.

*The point is, do you want to move around this two dimensional environment at all? You can, if you wish, risk it at **28**. Or your second option is to slide like a shadow back out from the entrance at **21**.*

24

Cautiously, you begin to squeeze your way into the curious rock formation.

But not cautiously enough, perhaps. Roll two dice and deduct 2 from your score, then divide the answer by two and round up to the nearest whole number. (Yes, I realize this is

complicated, adventuring is never easy.) The end result is the number of weird shapes you touched in trying to squeeze through. And each one you touched is now launching itself upon you with deadly intent. Each has 10 LIFE POINTS, which isn't bad, but also has the power to kill you outright on a throw of 11 or 12, which is. If you live to tell the tale, tell it at 29. If not, bury yourself at 14.

25

You stagger around in circles for a bit, teetering perilously near the edge of the precipice, but not wanting to start that falling over business again, you pull yourself together and sit down to take stock.

The only good news about the rare Chasm Kraken is that it eats absolutely anything, however ghastly (it tried to eat you, didn't it?). This means there are usually some interesting things to be found in the stomach if you manage to kill one.

Shrugging off EJ's protests, you haul the corpse of the kraken over the edge of the cliff and hack it open with a few swift slashes. Sure enough, the stomach contains a variety of indigestible odds and sods, including a polished ivory cube which gives off the unmistakable aura of magic.

That cube is a real find, Pip. Each of its six sides will restore a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS, although you can use each side only once. Stow it away quickly (unless you want to use it now, of course) and make up your mind where you want to go next. Crossing the chasm east is impossible, but you can try your luck at

squeezing through the gap in the rock formation at 24. Or test out what happens when you touch one of those rocks at 13. Or, perhaps safest of all, return to the map at 8 and select a new destination.

26

This is a sort of dry land *Mary Celeste* situation, Pip. Inside the tents there are clear indications of people - warm sleeping pallets, half-eaten meals and the like — but not a sight nor sound of a single living soul. (Or dead one for that matter.) It's as if the yurts are the remains of a thriving little colony which was wiped out so abruptly that there was no one left to tell the tale.

But speaking of tale-telling, there is one fascinating clue to what might be going on in the shape of a diary you find in one of the tents. Leafing through the pages, you discover it records the life of a young nomadic herdsman from Outer Mongolia—

(Outer Mongolia? Thought those yurts looked Outer Mongolian! But this can't *really* be Outer Mongolia, can it?)

—whose tribe lost their way in a freezing sandstorm and found themselves in this horrid place (which obviously isn't Outer Mongolia, then, although exactly where it is the writer has not the least idea.) The account outlines several dreadful perils faced and overcome, notably a vast octopus which lived in a bottomless chasm and a flatland maze in which some of the tribe's best people were lost forever. Reading it, you cannot quite make up your mind whether it is fact or

fiction: the style is pedestrian, like one recording the most mundane matters, but the content has a distinct flavour of mythology. You turn quickly to the final entry in the hope of discovering a clue to what happened to these people. The last page reads:

'And so, having determined that the only release from this wretched place must lie south of the great river, we have made camp on its banks, none daring to brave the deadly minnows therein, and seek a plan which will allow us safely to cross. All have been charged by our Chief to think on this matter; and all do so as they go about their daily chores.

'There is a noise outside. I shall go to investigate as soon as I complete this section of the record, since it is obvious that - *aaargh klunk splat gurgle!*'

And here the record ends. But what sort of idiot writes down *aaargh klunk splat gurgle!* at the end of a diary when something is obviously trying to murder him?

Relegating this puzzle to the growing list of the World's Great Unsolved Mysteries, you leave the yurt.

But where to! That remark about crossing the river to leave this place sounded interesting and the river itself is very close by — at 27 to be exact. But if you prefer a different location, turn to 8 and consult the map.

27

You are standing on the banks of a very wide, slow-moving river. A low mist obscures the vista of the southern bank so you have no means of telling what lies on the other side. By dint of dropping in a nearby stone, you ascertain that the river is quite shallow - at least near the edge.

Mmm. You might like to try wading across at 30. Or swimming at 34. Or, if you happen to have a boat of any sort, you could sail across at 39. Alternatively, of course, you are quite free to return to the map at 8 and select another destination.

28

What a peculiar sensation this two dimensional business is to be sure. Walking feels like sliding and you have this weird feeling of great weight on top of you, as if you were in a cave (which you are) a million feet underground (which you aren't).

Looking around - which leaves you with the faint sensation of tunnel vision - you can see flat passageways running north, south and east. You can also see what appears to be a drawing of a dragon sliding towards you.

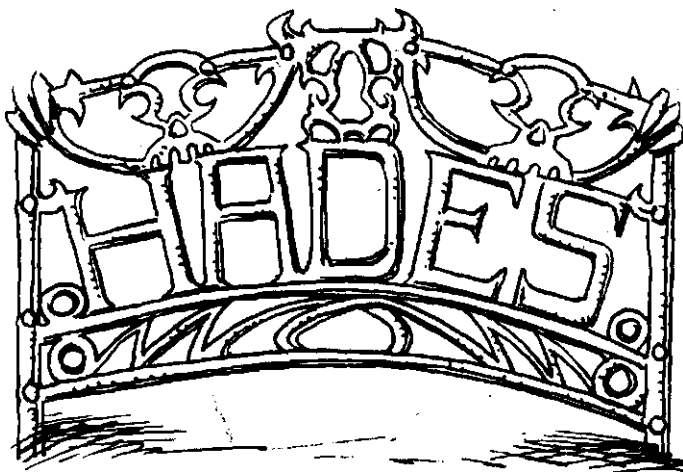
A fairly small dragon, admittedly, the type with stubby wings. But who knows how much damage a drawing of a dragon can do to a drawing of an adventurer! Still, if you want to explore those drawings of passageways, you're going to have to find out by staying to tackle the drawn dragon at 31. Alternatively, of course, you can opt for leaving the cave the way you came by going to 21.

You're through! By George (as British adventurers are wont to say) you've made it into the centre of that weird rock formation. The curious rock shapes are all around you now, writhing and squirming, but they can't get at you.

You stand now in an open space at the centre of which rises a closed gateway with ornamental wrought iron over the top spelling out the single word *Hades*.

Hades? You've found the gate to Hell! And a very peculiar gate it is. You can circle all the way round it and the back is exactly the same as the front, including the wrought iron notice.

But are you prepared to go through it at 37? If not, your only option is to squeeze back through the rock formation at 32.



Splash-splash! (The sound of you wading into the river.)

Slurp-slurp! (The sound of mud gripping your feet so firmly that you can no longer move.)

Munch-munch! (The sound of you being eaten by pirhana.)

Follow your bones to 14.

'Have at you, fearsome drawing of a dragon!' you cry thinly. 'I will hack you into a drawing of several pieces with my trusty drawing of a sword!'

'I wish you wouldn't go on about drawings,' EJ grumbles. 'This has got nothing to do with drawings. It's patently obvious we have entered a different Space/Time Continuum in which multi-dimensional reality is limited by considerations other than those embodied by Einstein's discovery of $E=MC^2$.'

'Shut up, EJ!' you tell him tiredly as you fling yourself sideways at the dragon.

Which has a drawing of 25 LIFE POINTS and teeth so sharp they do you +3 damage. Perhaps fortunately, it will not be able to ignite its methane in two dimensional form, so you don't have to worry about fire-breathing. If the dragon kills you, go to 14. If you survive, you may take your next important choice at 33.

32

Cautiously, you begin to squeeze your way out of the curious rock formation.

But not cautiously enough, perhaps. Roll two dice and deduct 2 from your score, then divide the answer by two and round up to the nearest whole number. (Yes, I know you found this complicated the last time, but it should be easier now you're getting used to it.) The end result is the number of weird shapes you touched in trying to squeeze through. And each one you touched is now launching itself upon you with deadly intent. Each has 10 LIFE POINTS and the power to kill you outright on a throw of 11 or 12. If you get out safely you can seek a new destination from the map at 8. If not, you can seek a new incarnation at 14.

33

With the drawing of a slain dragon curling round the edges, you slide EJ into his drawing of a scabbard and make your decision on where to go.

North to 35, east to 38, south to 40.

34

Your footsteps echo on the run-up before you launch yourself into a dive of almost mind-boggling grace and beauty which carries you out beyond the shallows and into the deeper reaches of the river.

Bravely you strike out for the far shore, your muscles carrying you forward strongly, swiftly.

The water, to your surprise, is quite warm - and growing warmer!

In moments, it is as warm as bathwater, and still growing warmer. You are less than half way across and beginning to panic. Maybe swimming wasn't such a good idea after all.

'Maybe swimming wasn't such a good idea after all,' remarks EJ irritatingly.

On impulse, you turn and swim back. The water continues to get hotter. And hotter.

And hotter.

Carry your boiled remains to 14.

35

Sliding north along the two dimensional passageway, you become suddenly aware of something sliding south towards you. (This is obviously a residue of your old three-dimensional awareness, since you can't actually see anything yet, having become noticeably myopic since you lost your own third dimension.) You slide out EJ in readiness and continue onwards until the approaching *something* suddenly comes into view. At first it looks like a simple line, but quickly resolves itself into a drawing of a salamander, which eyes you warily.

'Where d'you think you're going then, you 'orrible little person?' it asks in a rolling Welsh accent.

You sigh. 'Slide aside,' you tell it, 'else I shall be forced to hack you about a bit with my drawing of an extremely skilful sword.'

'Oh, thanks.' (This from EJ, who sounds rather pleased.)

'No need for violence, Flathead,' remarks the salamander. 'I'm here to help you. If I appear rude and angry, it's only because our team lost on Saturday, look you.'

A drawing of a Welsh rugby nutter, by the sound of it. And a strange one since you don't get too many salamanders on the terraces. But time enough for philosophy when you've gotten the measure of this thing. 'Very well,' you say. 'If you're here to help, help.'

The drawing of the salamander clears its drawing of a Welsh throat. 'Don't trust the Lady of the Lake,' it says, and slides aside to let you pass.

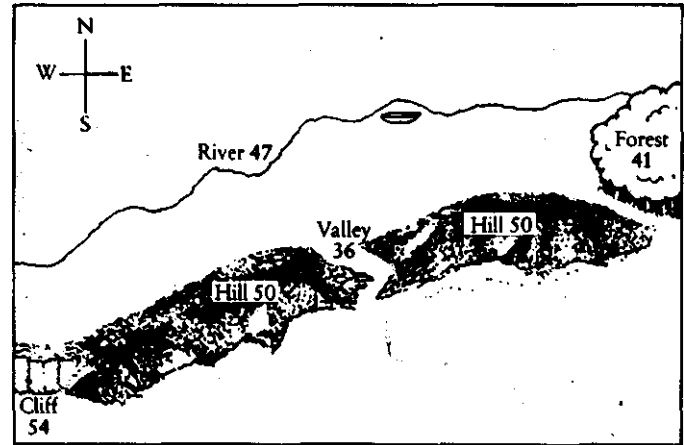
The Lady of the Lake? Wasn't she the one who gave King Arthur his sword Excalibur? And helped you quite a bit in the Castle of Darkness, come to that? Not trust her? You might as well decide to mistrust your granny! You slide cautiously past the salamander, wary of an attack but none comes. You slide onwards and are eventually rewarded by sight of a drawing of a distant light. You slide even more quickly towards it until you reach the tunnel exit; a drawing of a narrow slit which, being two dimensional, you can squeeze through quite easily.

Plop!

You are back in three dimensional form on the side of a hill overlooking a brimstone lake. Behind you is a narrow slit, quite impossible for you to enter.

Your stomach turns over, depositing 5 LIFE POINTS on the ground. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, you can make your way down the slope to the brimstone lake at 5 or trudge backwards to the map at 8 and there select a different destination.

36



Behind you, to the north, lies a broad river, mist rising from it to obscure the terrain on the other side. A boat which might be used to cross it is securely moored on the southern shore. Southwards lie two heather-covered hills with a valley running south between them. To the east is a dense forest, while westward a high cliff would seem to bar the way completely.

If maritime interests run strongly in your family, you may use the boat to cross the river north to 47. If you prefer the look of that forest, you can go east to 41. Climbing either of the

two hills will involve you in a trip to 50. You may inspect the cliff to the west more closely at 54. Or simply cut south through the valley at 59.

37

Heart thumping, you push the massive gate which creaks alarmingly before it swings open with an ominous clang. Despite the fact that you were able to walk all the way around it a moment ago, the scene through the gate is no longer the weird rock formation that surrounds you, but somewhere. . . else. You take a deep breath to steady your thumping heart, place your hand firmly on EJ's hilt and step—

Look here, Pip, do you really want to walk straight into Hades? Most people spend their lives trying to avoid it, you know. If you're absolutely determined, you can take the final step at 45. If not, you can quickly slam the gate shut and squeeze back out of the rock formation at 32.

38

Sliding eastwards along the tunnel, you notice several drawings of bats flying past you to one side, this being the best they can do in a universe which lacks an *up*.

'I say!' calls EJ, who in some of his moods will talk to anything, 'Where does this passage take us out?'

'At the Gate to Hell, if you're not careful,' squeaks one of the more garrulous bats.

Sounds ominous, but having come this far (and not really knowing how to reverse easily in a two dimensional world) you continue onward until a drawing of a tunnel-mouth heralds your arrival at your destination.

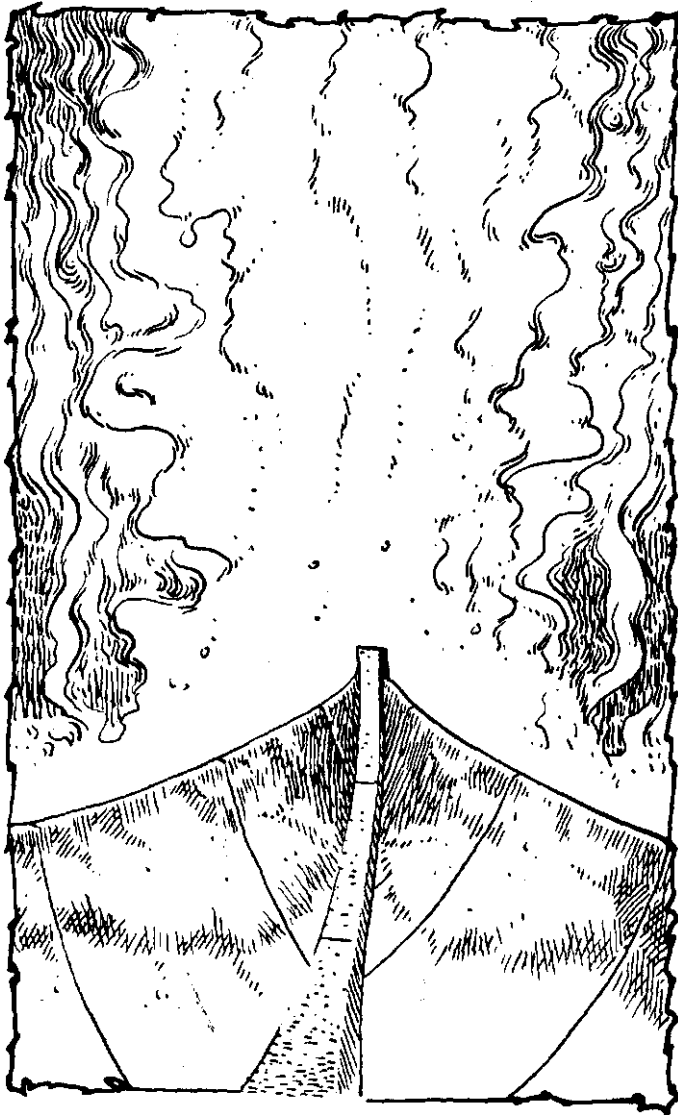
Plop! You squeeze through and return at once to your true three dimensional form, the tunnel entrance now being no more than a dark patch on the ground. Before you, a few hundred yards away, stands a looming rock formation.

Which you may examine at 17 providing you survive the loss of 5 LIFE POINTS which it costs to return to normal. (If you don't survive, turn to 14.) Alternatively, of course, you can trudge back to the map at 8 and select a new destination.

39

The collapsible boat bobs buoyantly on the bosom of the broad river, almost causing you to throw up from excess aliteration. But you don't (fortunately) and soon a strong undertow has carried you out into the middle of the river where you notice steam rising from the surface of the water and experience a distinct jump in temperature.

But a boat designed for a brimstone lake has no difficulty with a little thing like boiling water and carries you obliquely, but safely, to the southern shore. At this point you realize the mist you saw from the northern side was not



As you sail the river, steam begins to rise from the surface of the water

associated with the southern side at all, but actually hung over the centre of the river and is now obscuring the lands to the north. You beach your boat and look around you ...

To discover the scene so ably delineated at 36.

40

You slide southwards for what seems to be an uncommonly long time before reaching an almost impassible barrier which, on closer inspection, turns out to be a large sheet of parchment (which, being two-dimensional, almost blocks the complete passage.)

After a time, you figure out a way through by sliding across the sheet, and in doing so manage to read an interesting message someone has written there. The message reads:

TAOB YB OG, EFIL RUOY EULAV UOY FI

And very difficult it is to make sense of anything read while you are two dimensional since the letters all have the appearance of skyscrapers lying on their side. You do manage to get past, however, and continue south until you reach a narrow opening.

Plop! You squeeze through and return at once to your true three dimensional form, glancing back to discover the exit you took is now no more than a line drawn on the sandy bank of a broad river.

The whole experience has cost you 5 LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, turn to 14. If not, you can have a closer look at that river at 27.

41

You have reached a pine forest: very old, very dense and very, very still, like a giant brooding on what to do with the next individual who walks into his clutches.

There are no real paths here (and certainly no roads) but you can see what appears to be a woodsman's trail — a sort of narrow clearing of the way - leading eastwards into the heart of the forest.

*And also leading to the obvious question of whether you should take the trail into this ominous silence at **48** or return to your map at **36** and select a different option.*

42

It seems to be growing less gloomy and the sounds which disturbed you earlier are now receding somewhat. A little further and you are convinced the trees are thinning out. A little further still and, quite suddenly, you are out of the forest and standing on the bank of a broad, slow river, the far side of which cannot be seen because of a permanent mist.

*Mmm! If you're going to cross this river, you'll have to wade at **30** or swim at **34**. If you want to get back into the forest, your only option is to retrace your steps to **48** and select a different option. Alternatively, you can follow the river westwards, a route which will eventually leave you at **36**.*

43

Clinging like a fly to the cliff face, you realize

abruptly this is a good deal more dangerous than it looks, even if you are only fifteen feet or so above ground level. Dangerous and difficult.

*Now might be a good time to roll two dice to find out if you make it to the cave. Score 5 or better and you can drag yourself to **46**. Score less than 5 and you fall back to **54** with a loss of 7 LIFE POINTS. (Unless this kills you, of course, in which case you will fall all the way to **14**.)*

44

Warily you approach the pool, your hand on EJ's hilt—

'I wish you wouldn't keep doing that, I'm ticklish!'

--your eyes flickering frequently in the direction of the wolf which, however, continues to ignore you. Cautiously you hunker down and cup your hands to scoop up some of the water. Still the wolf does not move. You taste the water and discover to your amazement it has a flavour somewhat similar to cherry cola and a tingle which starts at your stomach and explodes through your body in an effervescence of sheer bliss.

No wonder the wolf ignored you, with all the water it's been glugging, it must be stoned out of its skull by now. . . but very healthy since the water has the property of restoring you to full LIFE POINTS if you were a bit down. If your equipment includes a waterskin, whiskeyskin or wineskin, you can carry away



. A wolf is drinking at the pool

enough of this marvellous elixir to restore you to full LIFE POINTS six times. Now creep off before the wolf gets stroppy and make your way back to 48 to select a new destination.

45

You open your eyes. Before you is a rickety wooden signpost with just two arms. That pointing north is enscribed with the single word: HADES. That pointing south is enscribed with the single word SCOTLAND. You glance north in time to see the mysterious gateway through which you just passed shimmering slightly then disappearing completely. You look back and the signpost (which was on its last legs anyway) crumbles into wood chippings. You shake your head to clear it, utterly bewildered by the thought that you seem actually to have been in Hades *before* you stepped through the gate, then look around you to find out if Scotland (if this really is Scotland) might be any better.

Something you may or may not discover at 36.

46

There's a feline reek about this cave that's faintly disturbing even though you are quite fond of pussycats. But for the moment you ignore it as you look around to get your bearings.

The cave is only about eight feet deep, its floor littered with smallish bones as if some wild animal lived and ate here, but there are two low-roofed and narrow crawlspaces in the back wall of the cave, leading deeper into the cliff.

*The question being whether you want to risk-crawling into either of them. If you want to investigate the left hand crawlspace, turn to **53**. If you want to try the right, turn to **60**. If you prefer to leave them both severely alone, things get complicated. To climb back down, throw two dice. Score 5 or better and you can make your way unharmed to familiar ground at **36**. Score less and you fall for the loss of 7 LIFE POINTS which, if it kills you, will send you to **14**.*

47

A strong undertow carries your boat northwards at a fierce rate of knots, slamming it through the fogbank as if something on the other side was drawing it like a magnet. So quickly is the craft travelling that when it beaches on the other side with a thud, you are flung forward violently on to your head.

*A development which causes you to lose consciousness until such time as you awaken at **8**.*

48

This is not an easy trail to follow, the going underfoot is rutted, the way narrow and twisting and the visibility strictly limited. Perhaps what's worse, the forest is no longer silent, but filled with odd sounds which help you remember what a pack of timber wolves can do to a solitary traveller. But despite increasing nervousness, you persevere bravely until the trail, such as it is, splits abruptly in three.

*Allowing you to turn north to **42**, south to **52**,*

*continue east at **62** or make your way west out of the forest to the familiar territory at **36**.*

49

'Have at you, savage predator!' you cry, launching yourself upon the hapless animal. Which dodges to one side with an eerie howl.

*The wolf you have attacked won't fight back for reasons which may never become clear to you, but that howl will attract some fellow members of his pack who will be only too glad to rip you to pieces. Roll two dice to determine how many wolves you face. Each has 20 LIFE POINTS and fangs at +2 damage. If you are ripped apart, the pack will bury the pieces at **14**. If you survive, you can stagger off to **51**.*

50

Heavy going, these hills. Not that this one is particularly high or particularly steep, but the ground beneath your feet is rocky where it isn't covered by heather and—

'Stop making excuses,' mutters EJ, who likes to practise the mindreading tricks he learned from Merlin, 'you're just out of condition. Too many jam butties and boiled sweets if you ask me.'

Although you haven't asked him, you refuse to rise to the bait and continue onwards, a little breathlessly, until you reach the summit. And well worth the effort it was. Below you stretches a panorama which could turn this whole place into a tourist trap if it was properly publicised.

To the north meanders a broad slow river, its far bank obscured by mist. North eastwards stretches a dense forest concealing what appears to be an ancient castle in a clearing at its heart. Below you, the valley cuts southwards towards a broad plain, but forks south east and south west before reaching it. The south western pass looks safe enough and opens eventually into the plain. The south eastern fork, by contrast, is blocked by landslides less than a mile beyond the junction and even before that point is reached, the route looks very dangerous indeed due to falling rocks.

*There is, however, nothing of very great interest on the summit itself, which means that having tramped all the way up here, you can do nothing more exciting than tramp all the way down again and select a different option from those available at **36**.*

51

Near exhausted by your fight, you fall by the pool and drink thirstily. The water tastes superb (a bit like cherry cola, actually) and has the remarkable property of restoring you to full LIFE POINTS.

*If you have a water, wine or whiskey skin in your equipment, you may carry off six doses of this marvellous healing water, each one of which will bring you back to full LIFE POINTS when taken. Now, since the trail leads no further than this clearing, your only option is to backtrack to **48** and select a different option.*

52

The noises around you grow louder as you follow the trail southwards. But the going becomes slightly easier and you begin to notice an increased number of animal tracks, as if other creatures used this route through the forest quite frequently. Your keen ears catch the sound of running water and after a few minutes you stumble on a brook which feeds into a pool in a small clearing before meandering out into the forest again. Drinking from the pool is a solitary wolf which glances up briefly as you enter the clearing, then goes on drinking.

*This could be a tricky one, Pip. Maybe the easiest option is to head back to **48** and go off in another direction. The trail peters out at this clearing in any case, so the only reason you would want to go forward would be to drink, which you may do at **44** if the wolf doesn't have your throat out. Alternatively, if you feel attack is the best defence then go for the wolf at **49**.*

53

At times like this, you always wonder if it was a good decision to risk crawling head first into a terribly confined space with hardly room to swing a sword.

'I wonder if it's wise crawling in here head first with hardly room to swing me,' remarks EJ annoyingly.

You ignore him and keep crawling until you suddenly catch sight of a pair of luminous green eyes in the darkness ahead.

'Oh good grief!' groans EJ.

And he may have a point, since you are now facing a wildcat with 20 LIFE POINTS and +1 claws. Normally you would have very little trouble, but since you can't use EJ in this confined space you are now fighting the savage little brute with your bare hands, requiring 6 or better to hit and getting no extras on damage. If the wildcat kills you, turn to 4. If you survive, you'll find yourself, a little scratched, at 58.

54

The cliff-face rises sheer above you, too high and dangerous to climb the full way, but with what looks like a cave opening about twenty-five feet above your head. Careful inspection suggests you might manage to reach that cave if you give it your best shot.

You can give it a try at 43, unless you simply want to return to the familiar ground at 36 and select a different option.

55

The pass cuts south again some distance along, then opens into a broad plain. To the south east a herd of wild horses is grazing while progress westward is barred by a line of towering cliffs. Due south, near the horizon, is a glint of water, as though a lake lay that way. Eastwards, you can see the rooftops of a small, rather crude village nestling at the foot of the northern hills.

Almost spoiled for choice here, Pip. You can

head for that village at 61, examine the cliffs more closely at 68, trudge off in pursuit of those horses at 72 or simply walk south in the hope you'll reach the water before you collapse at 77.

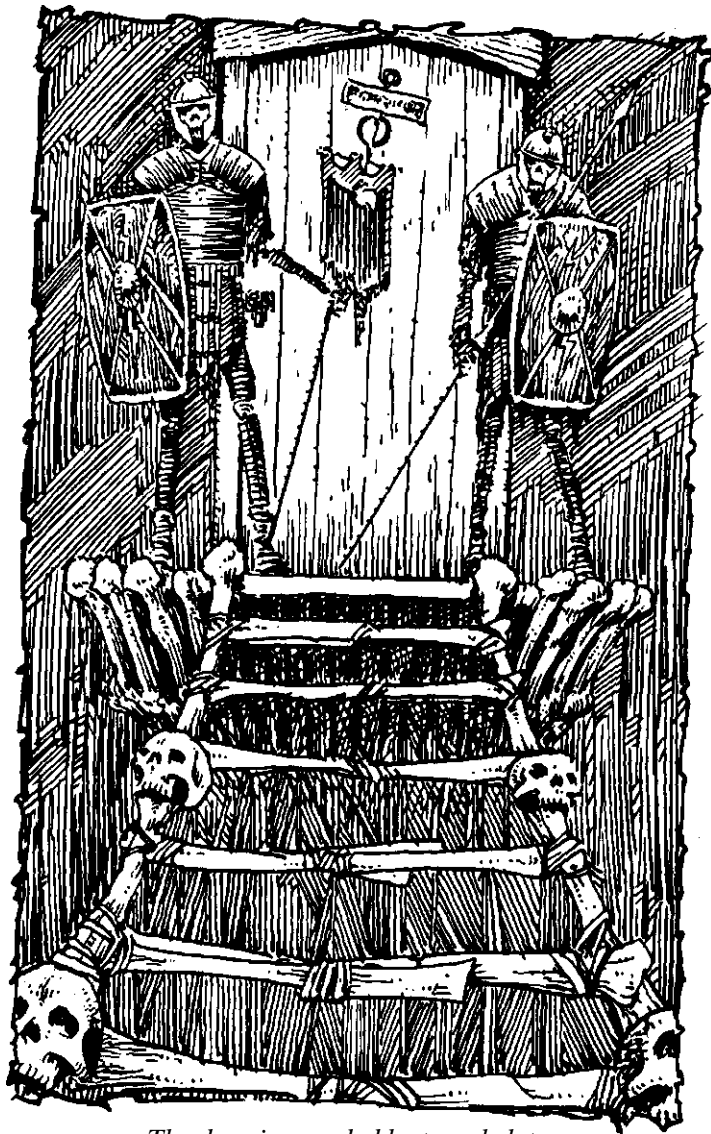
56

Kerunch! Kerunch! Ker - 'ouch!' No two ways about it, Pip - bone makes a rotten building material: your foot has gone right through one of the steps. And with all the noise you're making there's no way you're going to creep up on anyone (or anything) that might be waiting at the top of those steps. But you persevere, as all great adventurers should, until you reach a narrow landing at the end of which is a heavy door, similar in many respects to the one at the other end of the corridor below, but guarded. And guarded by the oddest creatures you have ever seen: two skeletons dressed in Roman armour (somewhat rusty Roman armour) and carrying a battle standard which displays a vulture and the Latin motto:

CAESAR ET SUM JAM FORTE

Above the vulture are ornately embroidered the initials *L.O.D.* which you might be forgiven for thinking could stand for *Legion of the Dead*. Each of these underfed soldiers is armed with a Roman short sword.

There is absolutely no need for you to get yourself slaughtered by tackling these two nasties since they will only attack if you attempt to



The door is guarded by two skeletons dressed in Roman armour

*pass through the door they are guarding. If you crunch back down the weird staircase, you can check out the other door at **64** or return via the crawlspace to the cave at **46** and select another option. As against all this sensible stuff, those two definitely look like Dead Legionaires which may justify your tackling them at **71**.*

57

A distinct feeling of apprehension grips you as you walk towards the castle. Not since you visited the Wizard Ansalom in his dark lair (and you can hardly remember how long ago *that* was!) have you come across a building so ominous and disturbing. The whole place somehow manages to look like a human head, and a very ugly one at that. The main entrance is the mouth, so that as you walk closer you get the distinct impression you are about to be swallowed by something horrible.

*Never mind, perhaps you'll give it indigestion. With the moat dried up, you can approach the castle directly into that mouth - sorry, entrance at **65**; or you can skirt around the back to find another way in at **69**. And there is still time to call the whole thing off, backtrack to **48** and select a totally different destination.*

58

Now this is interesting. Beyond the point of your encounter, the crawlspace widens slightly then ends abruptly, but not in a dead end for you are definitely facing a small wooden door decorated with a rather attractive painting of a water-lily.

You push the door, but it does not open, although your hand immediately senses a tingle of magic from the wood. You are looking around for a key (or even a lock!) when your eye alights on a crumpled piece of parchment on the floor of the tunnel. This, it transpires, is a note apparently left by a previous adventurer. The note which may or may not be in English, reads:

'Hoots, Mon. If ye dinna ken how to get through the dure, look at yon water-lily and riddle me this: if it were growing on Loch Topsy and doubled every day until it covered the whole of the lake in sixty days, what day would it have the lake half covered? When ye have the answer, add sixteen to it and the magic of this number will take ye through, och aye.'

*An interesting problem. If you can solve it, turning to the section number you worked out will take you through the door. If you can't, the only thing you can do is to back all the way to **46** and select a different option there.*

59

This may have been a river valley at one time, although the river is now long gone. But it does cut deeply between the surrounding hills and provides an easy route southwards until it reaches a point where the original river must have forked, for you are left with the choice of following two branch valleys south east or south west. You look carefully for clues as to which you should take, but there are none.

*Which leaves you with a straight decision: south west to **55**, south east to **63**.*

60

The crawlspace runs south for a considerable distance, growing consistently narrower and more claustrophobic, then suddenly emerges into a broad east/west corridor the like of which you have never seen before (or wanted to see for that matter!). The entire corridor, walls, floor and ceiling, is constructed from human bones and skulls. To the east, the corridor ends in an iron-clad door. To the west is a staircase of the same bone and skull construction as the corridor.

Not the most cheerful place in the world, Pip,



*and quite possibly not the safest either - some of those bones look fresh! You can always zip back down the crawlspace to **46** and select a different option. But if you want to try that door, you'll find it at **64** and if you insist on climbing that ghastly staircase, you can do so at **56**.*

61

A strange sound assails your ears as you approach closer to the village, a sound not dissimilar to the dying wail of an animated skeleton or the protest of a giant feline with its tail caught in a mangle.

You stop, absently smoothing down your hair which had naturally stood on end, and wait. The sound, which is definitely growing louder (if not exactly any more pleasant) seems to be coming from the direction of the village itself. Suddenly a group of massive, heavily bearded men lurch into view, kilts swishing, sporrans swinging, dirks glinting in the sunlight and bagpipes emitting their animated skeletal wail. The smell of whiskey wafts towards you like a rolling fog.

There are perhaps a dozen of the men, pie-eyed with the liquor but managing nonetheless to stagger more or less in your direction. There is no doubt they have seen you, for those who have not got bagpipes in their mouths are shouting greetings like:

'Braw bricht nicht, MacPip!'

'Hoots mon, MacPip!'

'Dinne ye ken Jock Peel, MacPip?'

And so on, incomprehensibly, through the burr of accent and the slur of liquor. They halt before you, letting the pipes run down and drawing themselves up in a version of military precision that would do justice to the Three Stooges. One steps forward, salutes and falls over before asking you from the ground:

'Is it the MacPip, och aye the noo?'

'You nod, uncertainly, having worked out this Scottish nutter seems to be asking about your identity.

'Is it the Legion you're after the noo?' asks another, still standing.

You nod again.

'Will ye be payin' a visit tae Ochnatoberlochna-burly?'

You stare at him blankly, then realize this must be the name of the village.

*Which doesn't answer his drunken question. Are you going into the village which has sent out this delegation of alcoholics! If so, head for **66**. If not, you can tell them so at **73**.*

62

Just as you are beginning to wonder if the forest goes on for ever, the trail you are following breaks through suddenly into a huge clearing, in the centre of which looms a dark and ancient castle. You stop, abruptly wary. Dark and ancient castles tend to be dangerous places; and this one, hidden as it is in the depths of a forest, looks as if it could

be more dangerous than most. One thing though: it does seem to be uninhabited. It's not simply that there is no sign of guards on the battlements or activity around the drawbridge and portcullis, but the moat has dried up and apart from the tiny trail you followed, there are no roads or paths out of the forest. In short, it has the look of a castle long abandoned.

All the same, do you want to risk approaching closer to the castle at 57. Or would you prefer to backtrack to 48 and select another destination?

63

'Don't like the look of this,' mutters EJ suddenly.

'Look of what?' you ask, although you are feeling a bit uneasy yourself - the walls of this valley have an unstable look about them and there are signs underfoot of frequent landslides.

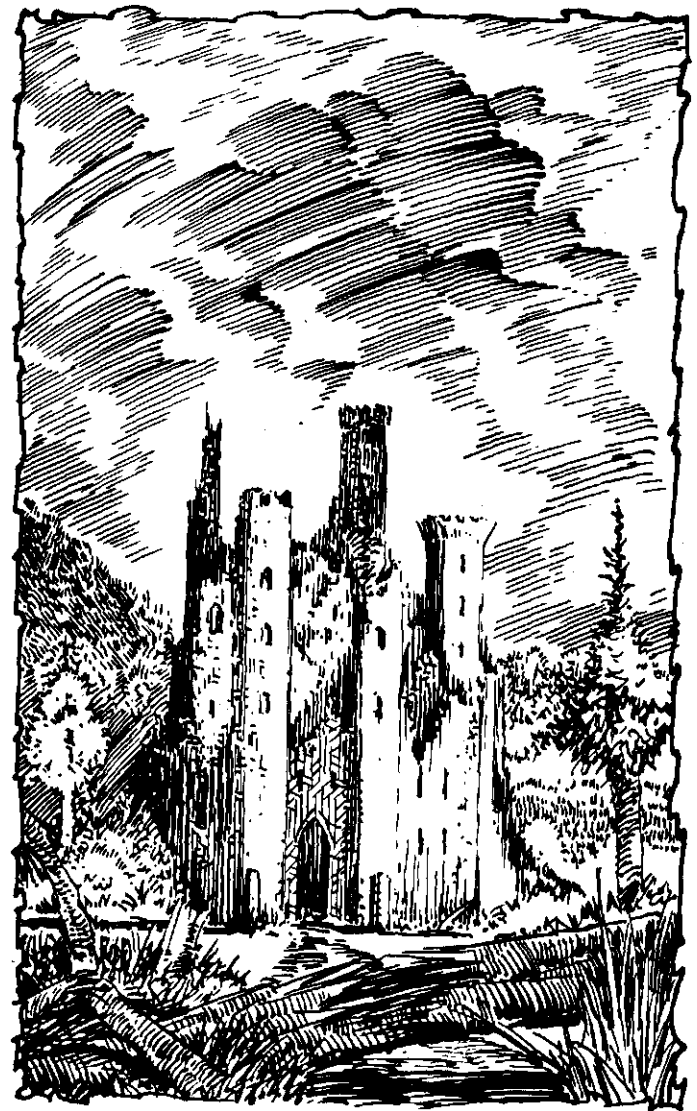
The look of—'

But his words are drowned by a sudden rumbling, like thunder overhead. You look up in time to see an avalanche of earth and rock cascading down on top of you.

Dig yourself out at 14.

64

Crunch... crunch... crunch... crunch... The sound made by your boots on the bones as you walk down the corridor sets your teeth on edge. You reach the door and hesitate. Should you knock?



In the centre of the clearing looms a dark and ancient castle

'Should you heck!' mutters EJ rudely. 'Kick it down and savage anything that comes at you!'

Which may not be bad advice, although the choice is up to you. Knock politely at 67 or kick it in at 74.

65

The drawbridge, moss-covered and rotting here and there, straddles the empty moat. The portcullis is down but broken so that it will not impede your progress when you reach it. You step on to the drawbridge, cautiously skirting the worst of the rotting areas, and move forward, still experiencing that disturbing feeling of walking into a giant's mouth. As you do so, a small sound attracts your attention and you glance downwards to find the moat is now filled with water. Another second and you realize the drawbridge on which you stand is sound again, constructed of new timbers. And the portcullis, no longer broken, has been raised. And guards are standing—

You step back and it all disappears, leaving the castle the same rotting ruin you approached. A forward step and it appears again, a total illusion of the castle in its prime. Back - gone! Forward - reappears. A guard who has been watching this unmilitary two-step sniffs. 'Orl right then, are you coming in or are you going to stand there all day twitching and vanishing?'

A good question. You may commit yourself to entering this weird illusory castle at 76. Or skirt round the back at 69. Or backtrack to safer parts at 48.

66

You draw yourself up to your full height, but still fail to get above the whiskey fumes, and announce 'I shall be visiting Ochnatoberlochnaburry!'

A ragged cheer rises up from those still standing and the delegation mills around tripping over its feet in an attempt to provide you with an escort. In the end you tire of waiting and stride forward boldly, leaving them to follow or not in their own good time. But you have walked no more than a hundred yards when there arises up from behind a hillock one of the most terrifying sights you have ever seen: a bearded giant of a man with fierce eye, knotted muscle and sporrán running badly to mangle. He flexes his biceps and grins, showing teeth that would do justice to a shark. 'Dinna ye ken no mon or lassie passes intae Ochnatoberlochnaburry wi'oot a wrassle wi the MacHoot?' he asks.

By the Hokey Man (as Celtic adventurers are wont to exclaim), now that the name has been mentioned, you can see it is the MacHoot himself, the same champion Pogolfit player who once drove you feet first through the earth and into a series of tunnels which led to the Ghastly Kingdom of the Dead. Now it looks as if this muscle-bound idiot wants another sporting match before you proceed. To engage in wrestling the MacHoot, proceed exactly as you would for combat, except that bringing LIFE POINTS below 10 ends the contest and even bringing them (accidentally) below zero will not cause death. The MacHoot has 35

muscular LIFE POINTS and grapples successfully on 5 or better. Remember you will be fighting without EJ, so you need 6 or better to grapple and get no extra on damage. If you lose this silly contest, you will not be allowed into the village this time but must first examine cliffs at 68, chase horses at 72 or walk south at 77. If you win (and a natural 12 pins your opponent) you may enter the village at 78.

67

You knock.

The door opens at once. A hand reaches out and drags you in before you can catch your breath. A voice whispers urgently in your ear, 'Shhhhhh!' A hand clamps over your mouth. You begin to struggle wildly, but are totally unable to get free. Whatever is holding you is slim, but enormously strong (and smells of cologne).

'No more struggles from you, my dear Pip,' the creature whispers. 'And certainly none of your lip. For only my speed, allows us to take heed of what might otherwise have been a dreadfully dangerous slip!'

Your blood runs cold. Only one monster on the entire planet would introduce himself in execrable rhyme like that. It is obvious you have fallen unwittingly into the pale, well-manicured hands of the Poetic Fiend!

But what are you going to do about it? You could try biting the hand over your mouth at 79. Or try one of your amazing judo throws at

89. Or just stand like an idiot hoping he will let you go again at 99.

68

No question of your climbing these cliffs unfortunately, Pip. They soar upwards so smooth and sheer that an Everest Expedition wouldn't get more than fifteen feet high. Indeed, you notice on the ground near the base several frustrated spiders which have obviously fallen down, so sheer are these cliffs.

But if they effectively bar your way westwards, they are not without interest, for someone has sculpted a hideous, gigantic face into the rock near the top and in a moment of whimsey carved a cartoon-style speak bubble to emerge from its hideously grinning mouth. Within the speak bubble are the words:

DAED EHT FO NOIGEL: NOIRUTNEC TSRIF
DENGIS. ERAD UOY FI WOLLOF.
NOLAVA EKAT DNA EMOH WEN RUO
HSILBATSE OT HTUOS OG EW

Which may make some sense to you, or then again may not. In any case, since you can't get any further westwards, your options now seem to be limited to visiting the village eastwards at 61, chasing the horses at 72 or walking south at 77.

69

The castle looks a lot worse from the back than it does from the front (and it doesn't look too hot from the front either.) As you circle, you can see it

is really no more than a facade, with the rear walls caved into heaps of rat-infested rubble. From this vantage point, the entire ruined interior is open to you . . . and empty!

While there seems no point now in entering this ruined shell, you may still do so at 80. Alternatively, of course, you can complete the circle and go in the front entrance at 65 or just call the whole thing off by backtracking to 48 and selecting a completely different destination.

70

There is a blinding flash of light, a deafening clap of thunder. The sky splits down the middle and the ground beneath your feet turns inside out. A deep masculine voice without apparent point of origin booms: 'Who dares disturb the sleep of Knar?' You reach for EJ in sudden alarm, but he is shivering in his scabbard and won't come out. You shake your head to clear it and discover you are standing on a featureless, well-lighted plain, devoid of vegetation. Striding towards you is a totally bald, club-wielding giant of extremely threatening aspect. Around his neck hangs a crystal pendant which reflects beams of terrifying light.

He halts and stares down at you. 'Another one come to steal my Amulet?' he says.

You shake your head hurriedly. 'Me? Good heavens, no! Wouldn't drea—'

But he isn't listening. 'All the same, you adventurers!' he roars. 'Think just because you've



'You get the amulet over my dead body!' roars the giant

solved some silly puzzle or another it gives you right to steal people blind. Let me tell you it does not.' He removes the pendant from his throat (turning momentarily bright blue in the process) and sets it down carefully behind him. 'If you want that,' he says, 'you get it over my dead body!'

*Which may, of course, be arranged. But do you really want the amulet that much? This bozo is gigantic and it looks as if you're going to have to fight him without EJ, who has chickened out with a vengeance. If you want to go ahead and try, do so at **81**. But you can turn your back on the hassle (and the amulet) by chanting the magic words 'Sorry, wrong section' and returning to **8** to select a new map destination or to a search of the tents at **26**.*

71

'Sub hoc signis vincimus!' scream the skeletons as you launch yourself upon them, voicing a very threatening Latin warcry.

'Get knotted!' you scream back, voicing an equally threatening Saxon one.

With which battle is joined.

*Each skeletal guard comes fully equipped with 30 DEATH POINTS and those rusty little swords will do you +2 damage, but apart from that you don't have a lot to worry about. If the guards kill you, go to **14**. If you survive, you may be able to get through the door they were guarding at **82**.*

72

Using your best and sneakiest hunting techniques, for which you are world famous, you creep across the plain to the herd of wild horses.

Which spots you at once and gallops off with what sounds suspiciously like a giggle of amusement.

*But these arrogant equines may not stay amused for long. Throw two dice at once. Score 2, 3 or 4 and the horse laughs will be deafening since you have no chance at all of getting near the herd and may as well abandon the chase completely in favour of heading for the village at **61**, the cliffs at **68** or simply walking south at **77**. Score 5, 6 or 7 and you get to roll again. Score 8 to 12 and you'll find yourself (a little out of breath) at **83**.*

73

'Ochnatoberlochnaburry?' you remark diplomatically. 'I wouldn't go near that grotty little place in a fit.'

At which the entire kilted contingent fall upon you with hate in their hearts and murder in their eyes, emitting strange cries of 'Insult our puir little Ochnatoberlochnaburry, would ye?'

*You have no chance of fighting this lot in the normal way, but they are so locked out of their skulls by the whiskey, you do actually have some chance of surviving. Throw two dice and score 8 to 12 and you will find yourself, a little bruised, at **84**. Score anything else and you will find yourself, a little dead, at **14**.*

The door falls inwards with a resounding crash and before you can regain your balance, something slim, white and hideous leaps towards you screaming: 'You're making far too much noise in this place. And that is a dreadful disgrace. For if I cannot save you, you will end in your grave you. And that would be a gross loss of face!'

*End in your grave you*⁷. What sort of rhyme is that? As the answer occurs to you, your blood runs cold. Only one creature on the face of this planet could create such dreadful verse: the Poetic Fiend ... who even now has seized you in an iron grip!

You can swiftly bite the hand that holds you at 79, try a cunning judo throw on him at 89 or stand there peacefully like a moron and see what happens at 99.

As you pronounce the magic number, the door shatters explosively. (Some magic can be very violent if you aren't used to it.) You stand dumbfounded. Behind it lies a smallish chamber piled high with more loot than you have ever seen in one place since you stumbled on the treasure house of Grott's Tomb. Gold coins form a massive heap in the centre of the floor, supporting a life-size jade statue of a very fat, cross-eyed and somewhat underdressed Oriental woman who seems to be chewing on a human thighbone. Beside the heap are jewelled artifacts of every description, each one quite possibly worth a king's ransom. In the far corner is a scrap of threadbare



Gold coins support an underdressed jade statue

carpet, obviously chucked away by some previous adventurer in order to lighten his load.'

*A not unimportant consideration since there are limits to the amount of rubbish you can carry on an adventure. You may help yourself to the gold and jewels at **85**. If you prefer to hump away the life-size jade statue, you may do so at **95**. Or you can leave them both in favour of that bit of threadbare carpet at **105**.*

76

You step bravely forward. At once all is noise and bustle. People of every description are moving in and out of the castle: farmers with carts laden with produce, washerwomen carrying baskets of linen, pedlars with trays of gaudy rubbish, piemen smelling of dough and gravy, merchants leading horses pulling carts, swaggering military men exchanging exaggerated stories of dragons killed and maidens rescued, gaily dressed nobles. ...

'Decided to join us then,' nods the guard who spoke to you before. 'Go on in then.'

'Excuse me,' you say politely, since courtesy doesn't cost, 'but where exactly am I?'

'At the Castle of Regnum Piscator,' the guard says civilly enough.

'The Regnum Piscator?' you echo.

'The Fisher King,' translates the guard. 'You'll be quite safe here. Since it doesn't actually exist, you can't get killed in it.'

Which sounds quite good news, really, as you

walk past the open portcullis through an entrance which no longer looks very much like an open mouth and into ...

*And into **86**, actually.*

77

Trudge . . . trudge . . . trudge . . . trudge

This stupid plain looks fit to go on for ever. Certainly the glint of water you saw on the distant horizon isn't getting any nearer. You trudge onwards, mile after exhausting mile, hour after exhausting hour, day after starving day, week after starving week, month after famished month—

*A trip which burns off no fewer than 25 of your precious LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, turn to **14**. If not, you will be infuriated to learn you have somehow managed to return right back where you started from, near the exit of the northern pass. To the south east a herd of wild horses is still grazing at **72**, westward are the towering cliffs of **68**, eastwards a small village nestles at **61** while south you can see a hint of water which, if you're really daft, you can try walking towards at **77**.*

78

'A guid sporting contest!' exclaims the MacHoot, untying his ankles which you have knotted behind his left ear. 'I'll be piping ye in the noo.' With which he produces a monstrous set of bagpipes from his sporran and marches off towards the village, screeching and wailing like a demented haggis.

You follow, a little hesitantly, only to find yourself joined moments later by those of the drunken delegation who are still conscious, each of them singing lustily an extemporaneous ballad to the tune of some hideous Highland reel:

'Oh the heather and the haggis and the grouse upon the moor,
And MacPip has wrassled Hootie in the glen
And the skirlin' and the pipin' at the Loch Ness monster's door
And the hills around are filled wi' marchin' men!'

Blushing crimson with embarrassment, you creep along behind them, *entering the village itself at 106.*

79

Gnash! The sound of you sinking your chompers into the restraining hand.

Yipes! The sound of the Poetic Fiend screaming in agony.

Rip! The sound of the Poetic Fiend tearing your throat out in a fit of pique.

Splat! The sound of you falling to 14.

80

You step inside the castle, carefully picking your way across the rubble heaps. But not quite carefully enough, since the ground beneath your feet gives way abruptly, sending you crashing down into stygian depths.

At a cost of 10 LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to 14. If not, pick yourself up and look around at 87.

81

'Have at you, baldie-bonce!' you scream, launching yourself bravely upon him, utterly determined to tear him apart with your bare hands since your rotten sword has chickened -

'I haven't chickened out!' hisses EJ. 'I'm just having a little rest, that's all.'

- since your rotten sword is having a little rest."

Even with EJ's help, the giant Knar would be difficult to handle. He has fully 50 LIFE POINTS (an impossibility for anyone other than a giant), strikes successfully on 5 and does a massive +4 damage with that huge bonker he's dragging around. Without EJ, you need at least 6 for a successful strike and get no extras on damage. If, as seems virtually certain, Knar kills you, turn to 14. But if your incredible fighting prowess (not to say remarkable luck) wins the day, things may look a little brighter at 88.

82

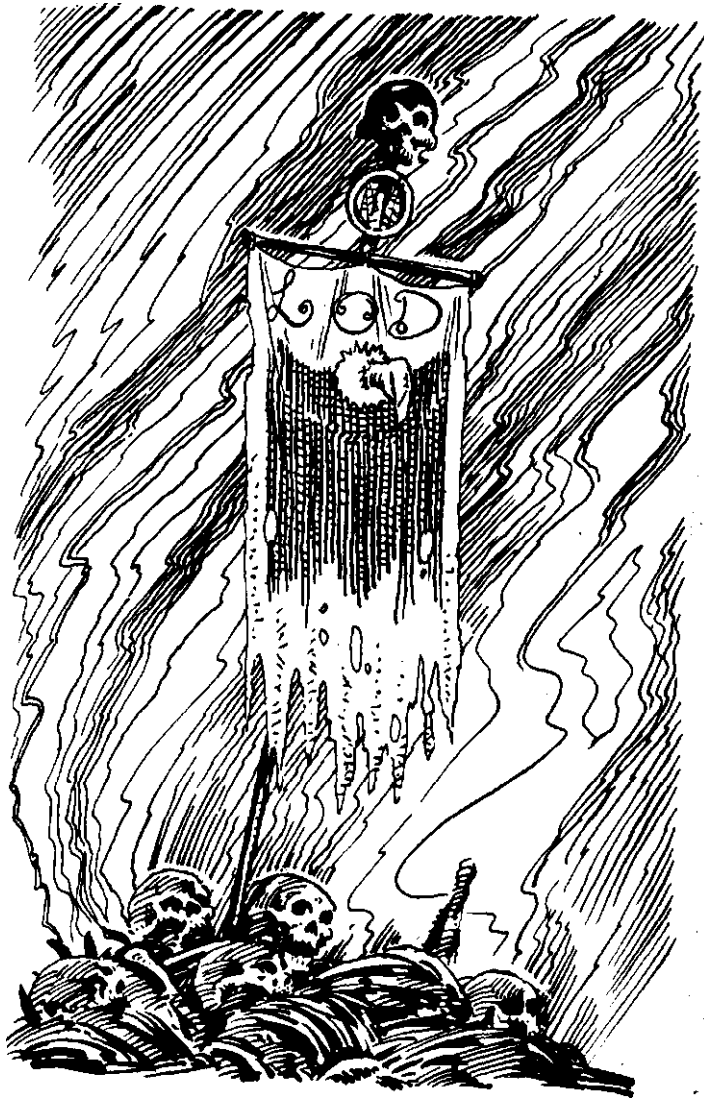
Crunching your way over the heap of bones, you push open the - You turn the handle and push open the - You try to push open -

What a swiz! After hacking up Boney Maroney and Partner, the door is locked!

'No it's not.'

Locked tight shut after all the trouble you went to—

'Not locked.'



to do down the guards and - Did somebody say something?

'Yes!'

You look around you for the source of the little voice (which actually seems as much inside your head as outside it) but can see nothing to explain it.

'It's a magic door,' the voice says, *'you don't push it, you don't pull it, you lift it and you can only do that if you know how much it weighs.'*

'How much does it weigh?' you ask aloud, wondering if you are really only talking to yourself.

'Ten pounds, plus half its weight.' says the little voice.

Seems simple enough. If you multiply the weight in pounds by 10, divide your answer by 2 and go to the section number indicated, you will find yourself magically permitted to pass through the door. Or badly lost, if you have calculated the wrong number.

83

By Gilgamesh! (As Mesopotamian adventurers are wont to remark.) You've caught a horse! It laughed so much at the way you approached that it fell over on its back, kicking its legs in the air, thus allowing you to catch up with it.

'Fair cop,' says the horse, righting itself, but still giggling a little at amusing memories.

'You can talk!' you exclaim in amazement.

'Only English,' says the horse. 'I'm not much of a linguist otherwise.'

'But horses can't talk!' puts in EJ.

'Neither can swords!' snaps the horse. 'So I didn't hear you say anything and you can't hear me telling you I didn't hear you say anything.'

'Excuse me,' you put in before a real hassle can develop between your talking sword and this talking horse, 'but would you mind carrying me somewhere?'

'I can give you a lift south, which is where I was going,' says the horse. 'Otherwise not.'

If you feel like a trip south, you can take up the horse's generous offer at 90. If you prefer to be independent and miserable, you can instead walk south at 77. Alternatively, you can forget about going south for now and head for the village at 61, or examine the cliffs at 68.

84

You pick your way over the heaps of bodies (which aren't actually corpses, since you only survived the fight because most of the Scottish contingent fell down stocious with the liquor) and push aside those few still on their feet (but tottering).

Despite your disdain for the unpronounceable village, you may still change your mind and head in its direction at 66. Alternatively, of course, you may examine the cliffs at 68, chase the horses at 71 or walk south at 77.

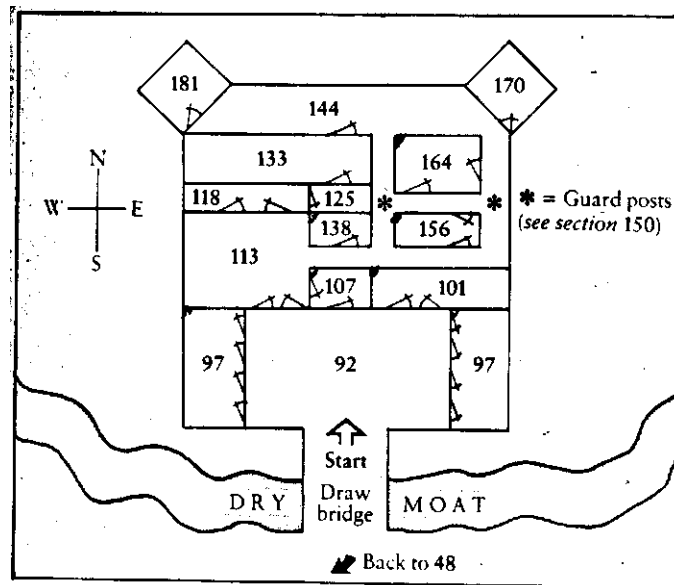
85

Having shovelled coins into every available pocket and container, you stagger out of the treasure chamber and make your way slowly back along the crawlspace to the cave.

Seated on the cave floor, you unburden yourself and begin to count your loot, a task which takes quite a long time on account of your having snaffled no less than 72,344 gold pieces, which is not exactly chickenfeed.

Now you have to decide whether to explore the other crawlspace at 60 or leave the cave at 91.

86



There's your castle, Pip. You start out, oddly enough, at the point marked START. Where

you go after that is up to you. But you must proceed logically. If, for example, you are in 92, you can choose whether to visit 97, 101, 107, or 113, but you can't jump directly to, say, 133. If you have a burning desire to leave the castle and are in a position to return back over the drawbridge, you may retrace your steps to 48.

87

This is not the most appealing place you have ever found yourself, Pip. It's dark and smells of damp and must and rot and ancient pain. You are in a stone walled corridor with a stone flagged floor, much of it covered with mould, fungus and a repulsively leprous moss. The only light comes from the hole in the ceiling where you fell through.

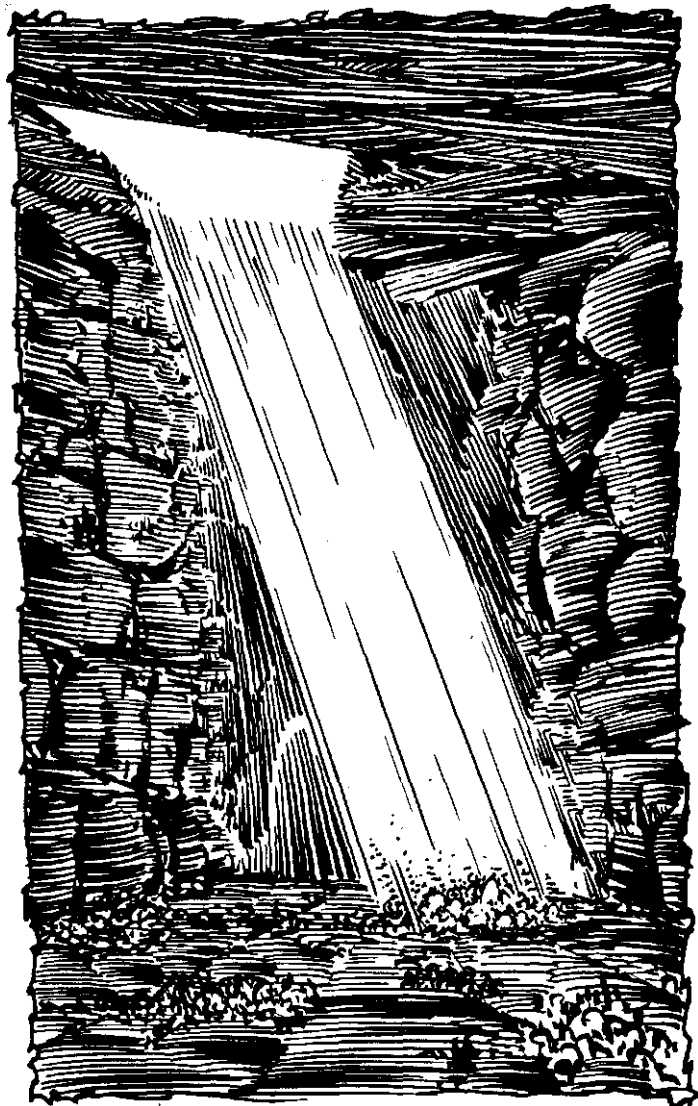
You can climb back out of that hole (if you have any sense at all) and reconsider your options at 57. But if you insist on exploring this small subterranean nightmare (and risking some loathsome disease, as your mother would be the first to tell you) the thing to do is turn to 93.

88

The massive body of Knar dissolves in a silent flash of blue/green light, leaving behind his gigantic bonker, an amazingly large bottle labelled

BEST FRENCH MEDICINAL BRANDY
(Made in Japan)

and that rather attractive amulet he was wearing around his neck.



This is not the most pleasant place you have ever found

You eye the bonker with interest...

'Here, just a minute!' EJ protests.

'I'll bet it wouldn't chicke - wouldn't take a little rest just when I need it most,' you remark innocently.

'No, and it wouldn't talk much either,' snaps EJ sullenly.

But the club is, in any case, far too large for someone of your size to handle, so that you turn, reluctantly, to the brandy and the amulet.

Both of which are very valuable finds. The Japanese-made French brandy is of such a high quality that one slug will immediately restore you to full LIFE POINTS and while Knar has been tipping a bit, there are still four slugs left in the bottle. It has, however, one drawback: one slug is also enough to get you drunk (unless, of course, you are an Irish adventurer) so that you automatically miss every third blow in your next combat. The Amulet of Knar has no such drawbacks. Roll two dice and double the result to determine how many medical charges are left in it. With each charge you may

- * Restore a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS or*
- * Add a further 2 points of damage to anything you might score in a particular combat or*
- * Create a thousand gold pieces to add to your store of booty or*
- * Add or subtract 1 from any dice roll you may make, whichever is the more favourable to you or*
- * Double your chances of a Friendly Reaction*

so that you roll twice for an enemy instead of only once or

- * Increase your chances of knocking out an enemy by raising the KO figure from 5 to 10*

*Wow, some amulet! Now take it back to **20** before you lose it.*

89

Swiftly you drop on one knee, spin on your right foot, reach back with your left hand, bend your left elbow, drop your right shoulder, shift the weight of your body forward, grip the hand on your mouth and use your opponent's superior strength to hurl him through the doorway and almost fifty feet along the corridor.

Unfortunately he was biting your neck at the time and so has taken a hefty chunk of your throat with him.

*Beaten once again, Old Bean
And on your way to dread **14**.*

90

You climb on the horse's back.

'Gee-up,' says EJ wickedly. The horse turns and looks at him for a moment, then takes off south like a bat out of hell. You throw your arms around its neck and just manage to hang on.

In an incredibly short space of time, the talking horse screeches to a halt on the banks of a broad lake.

'This is as far as I go,' it says. 'Everybody off.'

'Where are we, horse,' you ask as you slide down from its back.

The name's Cecil, actually,' says the horse. 'And you're on the northern bank of Loch Ness.'

'Loch Ness?' echoes EJ. 'Isn't that the one that has the—'

'Yes,' says Cecil quickly, 'but don't say the word: that *hem-humph* eats horses whole. Swords too, come to that. And adventurers. So just mind yourself.'

You stare across the gloomy grey waters of Loch Ness wondering, not for the first time, what life is all about. What are you doing here? Where are you going? Where did you come from? Where will it all end?

'I don't suppose you know anything about the Legion of the Dead do you?' you ask Cecil a little desperately.

'Course I do,' says Cecil. 'That smelly lot spent days trying to capture my herd. Didn't manage it, though. Their new headquarters are underground on the other side of the loch. They used to hole up in a cave complex back north a bit, but they shifted down so they could get ready to wipe out Avalon and murder King Arthur and his knights, raze Camelot and chop up the round table for firewood.' He sniffs. 'Of course, the one they're *really* after is some idiot called Pip with a big reputation. What they plan to do to Pip doesn't bear thinking about.'

'Doesn't it?' you ask in alarm.

'No it doesn't,' said Cecil firmly. 'I must be off now.' He rears up on his hind legs and with a cheery 'Hi-Ho, Silver!' gallops off back northwards.

*Leaving you to figure how to get across the lake. If you happen to have a boat with you, you may float it at **94**. If you own a flying carpet, you may prefer to fly across at **103**. If you have neither, or perhaps just feel like a refreshing swim, you can dive in (head first) at **112**.*

91

You begin to climb back down from the cave.

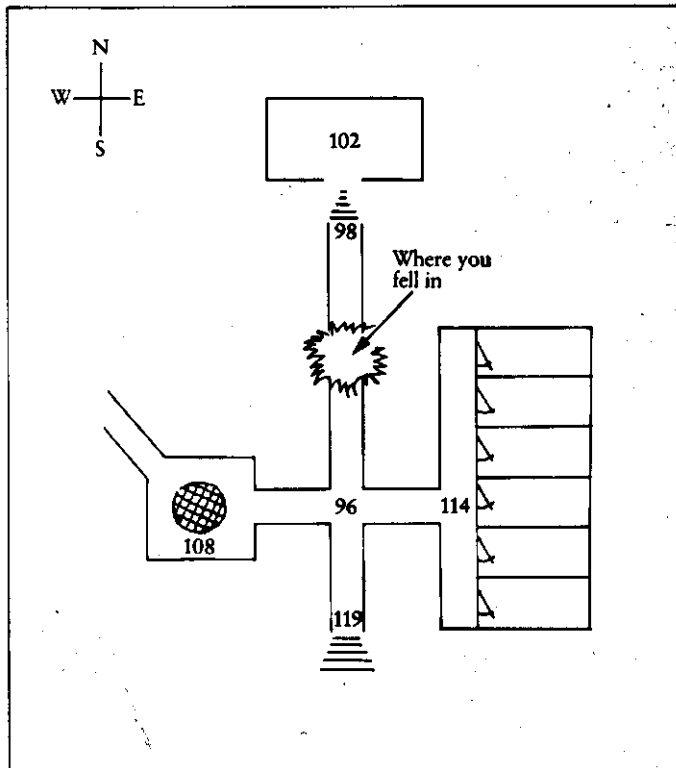
*Which is actually a lot trickier than it sounds since you are now very badly weighed down with gold coins and assorted rubbish. Throw two dice. Score 7 or better and you make your way unharmed to familiar ground at **36**. Score less and you fall for the loss of 15 LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, go to **14**. If not, limp off to **36**.*

92

You have entered a broad, open, cobbled courtyard, so full of horses, ponies, donkeys, carts and people that it looks like Glastonbury Market on a Fair Day. In fact, there is actually a pedlar selling cunning little clockwork monkeys which seem able to climb up nearly anything. Bolted wooden half doors are set into the eastern and western walls of the courtyard while a single door appears between two sets of double doors in the northern wall.

The doors east and west both lead to **97**. The single door north leads to **107**, the double doors to **113** and **101** as you can see from your castle map at **86**. You can take any of these doors, or leave the castle and backtrack to **48**. You can even buy a clockwork monkey at **104** if you have the cash.

93



Now you know where you are (sort of) although that doesn't make it a nicer place.

Looks as though this was the dungeon block beneath the castle at one time. Use the map to explore it, but work properly: you can't, for example, jump direct from your present position to **102** without going first to **98**. And if you find yourself at **119**, you can't reach **108** without first passing through **96**. But doubtless you get the idea.

94

'I don't like this,' mutters EJ as you launch the boat on to the murky waters of the loch.

You ignore him since he tends to get seasick on a duckpond and push off. In moments, a swift current has carried you well out on to the lake.

'I don't like this one bit,' says EJ.

You ignore him, concentrating your whole attention on navigating towards the southern shore.

'Excuse me—'

'Not now, EJ!'

'But I—'

'Not now, EJ!! If you want to throw up, do it over the side.'

'But Pip, there's—'

'Look here, EJ—' You turn in exasperation and find yourself looking nose to nose into the beady eye of the Loch Ness Monster which has reared up like a nightmare immediately behind your boat.

'I tried to warn you,' mutters EJ. 'But would you

listen? Oh, no! It was "Not now, EJ" and "Shut up, EJ" and "Don't bother me, EJ". All it needed was a little courtesy, but could you be bothered to give it? Of course not. You were too busy with your own affairs. And now look at the big mess you gotten us into.'

Kill him later, Pip. Right now you have your hands full with the monster. You can strike the first blow at 109 or try to talk nicely to the brute at 117.

95

What a dumb move! The jade statue has sprung to life, as ugly life-size statues nearly always do in adventures of this type. Good heavens, Pip, were you born yesterday? Nobody in their right mind touches a life-size statue in an adventure if they can possibly help it!

Tut me down!' screams the fat lady, belabouring you about the head and shoulders with the human thighbone she was gnawing. 'Put me down at once, you big bully!'

'Madam,' you begin, 'I assure you—' But it is useless. She will not be assured of anything.

And she will not stop beating you about the head unless you do something fast. You may, of course, fight her to the death at 110. Or run like mad at 120.

96

You have reached a sort of crossroads in the dungeon corridors, with branches leading off north, south, west and east: all of them dark,

fungoid, smelly and distinctly unappealing.

Kersplaang! A T-shaped pit trap opens at your feet, causing you to jump back in alarm. Cautiously you look over the edge. What a vicious trap! In the pit below, stakes rise upwards, mildewed and fungoid and quite certainly poisonous by now. How fortunate you didn't go right in.

However, if you don't do something about this trap, you aren't going to get much further except via the dreaded 14. Hurriedly you look around for something to block the trap. The only thing handy is a curiously-shaped slab which will not block the opening as it is, but might be cut and re-arranged to block it.

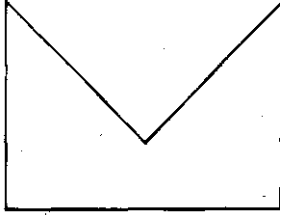
'You're not thinking of using me to cut that thing, are you?' EJ asks suddenly, his mind-reading improving by the day. 'You are, aren't you?'

Well, yes,' you admit. 'But only one little cut. I should be able to do it with one cut.'

'All right,' EJ agrees grumpily. 'But only one cut, otherwise I'm on strike and you'll have to fight all the rest of the monsters in this adventure with your bare hands.'

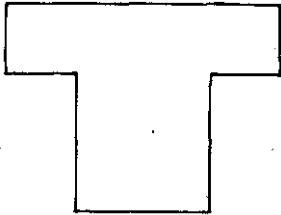
This could be tricky, Pip. If you look at the diagrams overleaf you'll see in diagram A the curiously-shaped slab and in diagram B the shape of the hole you have to fill in order to seal the pit. Trace diagram A on a separate sheet of paper, then cut it out carefully. Then decide where to make your one cut which will allow you to re-arrange the pieces to match the

Diagram A



*Odd shaped slab
that must be cut to
fit with a single cut*

Diagram B



*T-Shaped opening of
pit trap*

*hole. If you manage this with one cut, you can proceed safely to **108, 114, 119, or 98**. If you need more than one cut, you can still proceed, but EJ will be on strike for the remainder of the adventure and you will have to fight everybody with your bare hands-a fate worse than death, although death should not be very long delayed. If you can't figure it out at all, you will eventually starve to death. Wait a couple of weeks then go to **14**.*

97

Horse manure!

No, don't look like that: nobody was being rude.

It's just that you're in the castle stables and the place pongs to high heaven.

'Are you going to chat up a horse?' asks EJ.

'Don't be daft!' you tell him severely *heading back to the map at **86** to select a new destination.*

98

Rickety stairs descend downwards (or ascend upwards, depending which end of them you're at).

*The real point being that to get from one end of those stairs to the other is risky. Unless you're prepared to go back the way you came, you'll need to throw two dice. Score 6 or better and you'll navigate the stairs safely. Score less and they'll throw you for a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. If this loss kills you, go to **14**. If not, continue the way you were going on the map at **93**.*

99

You freeze, the gloved hand still over your mouth.

'Not a word,' the Fiend whispers in your ear. 'For though it is absurd, there may be monsters listening in. Who would have you quick as sight. Before you could even begin to fight.'

You cringe at this appalling doggrel, but the hand comes away from your mouth, which is something. The Fiend smiles at you (a sight to chill the blood) then gestures towards a small cupboard at the back of the chamber.

He obviously wants you to climb into the cupboard. If you think this is going too far, you

can tell him so at **111**. If you're prepared to climb tamely into a cupboard, do so at **121**.

100

The door slides smoothly open to reveal a small barracks; and a deserted barracks at that. What a swiz! You'd imagine a room with two skeleton guards and a magic lock would contain something pretty important: a magical artifact of vast power, several gallons of healing potion or a few million gold pieces at least. But no. What we have here are bunks for sleeping, a wooden table for communal eating, a few rickety chairs, a number of wooden lockers (most of them open and obviously empty) a chest full of old boots and a rusty sword with a badly cracked blade.

*If you want to waste time searching this place thoroughly, you may do so at **115**. Otherwise, you may find yourself better employed checking the downstairs door at **64** or even returning via the crawlspace to the cave at **46**.*

101

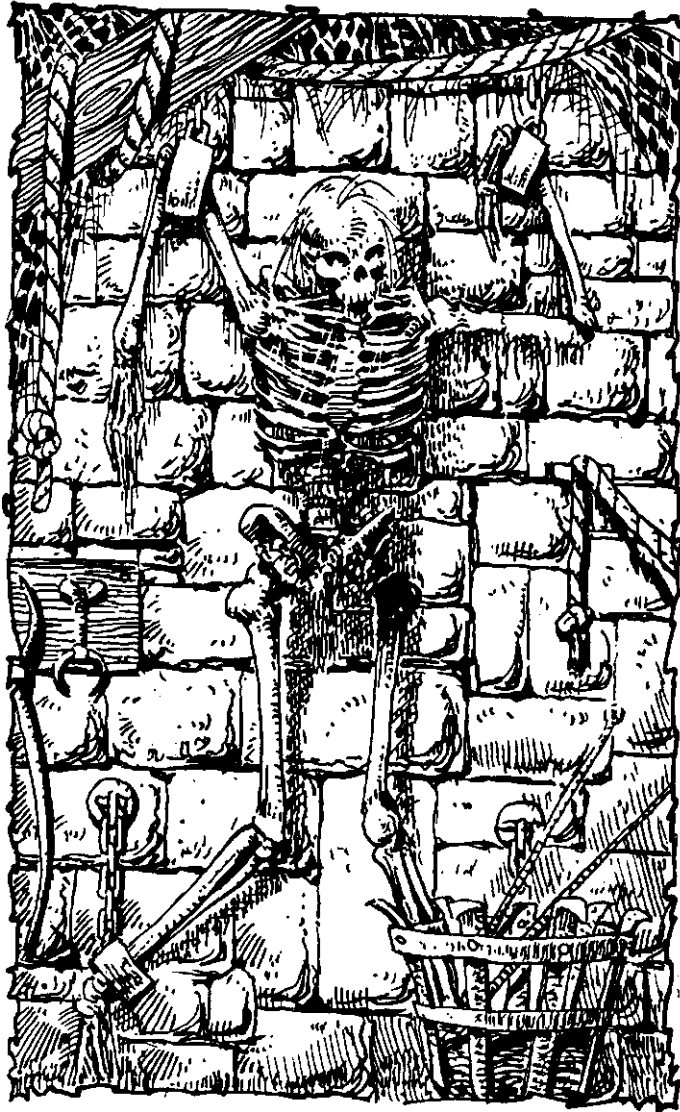
It's a hay store. Food for the horses, probably.

*You can search it at **116** or return to the map at **86** to select a different destination.*

102

Lucky this is a *ruined* castle or you would have stumbled into something very unpleasant indeed. The iron-bound door at the bottom of the steps hangs open, a little askew on its hinges, revealing the remnants of a full-scale torture chamber.





'If you hang around to cut me down, the spooks will get you,' remarks the skeleton

You recognize it instantly, having (unfortunately) seen this sort of thing before in your adventures. There are the thumbscrews and there the rack. There the Iron Maiden. There the brazier, now unlit and cold. Most of the instruments have either rusted or rotted", indicating it as a long time since the chamber was used. The skeleton of some poor unfortunate still hangs in fetters from one wall.

You step inside and look around well aware, hardened adventurer that you are, that clues and useful objects may be discovered in the most unlikely places.

'I wouldn't hang around here if I were you,' a rough voice remarks behind you.

You spin round, your hand dropping to the hilt of your sword. But there is no one about. 'Where are you?' you call.

'Right in front of you, Mush. Hanging up on this wretched wall like some sort of picture.'

It's the skeleton! You leap back in alarm. 'Keep away from me!' you warn it gravely.

'Don't be daft,' says the skeleton. 'What am I going to do to you with me hands and feet fettered and me muscles in the state they're in? I was just giving you a bit of friendly advice, that's all. The place is haunted.'

'Haunted?'

'Yes, haunted. The Haunted Torture Chamber. Good name for a bad book, that. You get offside before the spooks appear.'

'But what about you?'

'Oh, they don't bother me that much any more. You get philosophical about a lot of things when your body rots down to the bones. Beside which, these chains won't hold me much longer. A few more hundred years and they'll have rusted right through and I can rattle off home to the missus and the kids - what's left of them.'

'I wouldn't think of it!' you cry. 'I'll cut you down now with my trusty sword!' (And for once EJ doesn't even protest, having obviously been very moved by the skeleton's story.)

'If you hang around to cut me down, the spooks will get you for sure,' the skeleton shrugs.

*What are you going to do about this mess? You can try cutting down the skeleton at **122** or cut down on your risks by backtracking via the map at **93**.*

103

'Oh no!' moans EJ, turning green as the carpet soars up and out over the threatening waters of Loch Ness. Below you, a monstrous head on a long, sinuous neck raises out of the water and snaps at you, but in vain, since you are flying too high to be reached.

'Whee!' you exclaim as the carpet swoops and soars, turning EJ even greener. But before his upset can turn to something really serious (like rust) the carpet drops down gently on the southern shore of the lake.

*Leaving you facing the rather chilling sight at **123**.*

104

'Excuse me, sir,' you put in politely, 'but how much for a clockwork monkey?'

'How much you got?' asks the pedlar, a gypsy by his eye, looking you up and down.

'Not a great deal,' you lie. 'A few groats is all that stands between me and a pauper's grave.'

'Me too,' says the pedlar. 'Which is why I have to charge 1000 gold pieces each for these monkeys.'

*A grand in gold for a grotty monkey! And not even a real one at that! You'd expect a couple of gorillas for a thousand gold pieces. Still, if you have it and are prepared to pay it, go to **124**. If you haven't and aren't, go to **86** (remembering you are in the castle courtyard at 92) and select a new destination.*

105

You reach for the grotty piece of carpet, intending perhaps to roll up a little gold in it, and something absolutely dreadful happens. As your hands touch the material, a flash of bright green light erupts, filling the chamber momentarily and turning every last gold piece into slag.

You stare about you, stunned. All that lovely gold gone. What's left wouldn't even be worth tuppence to a coal merchant. Although there is still the life-size jade statue, which might be quite valuable if you—

The jade statue crumbled into dust.

—had any way to glue together particles of dust. Weeping, you begin to bang your head violently against a nearby wall.

The carpet streaks from your hand and insinuates itself between your head and the wall.

You stop banging and stare at it incredulously. •;

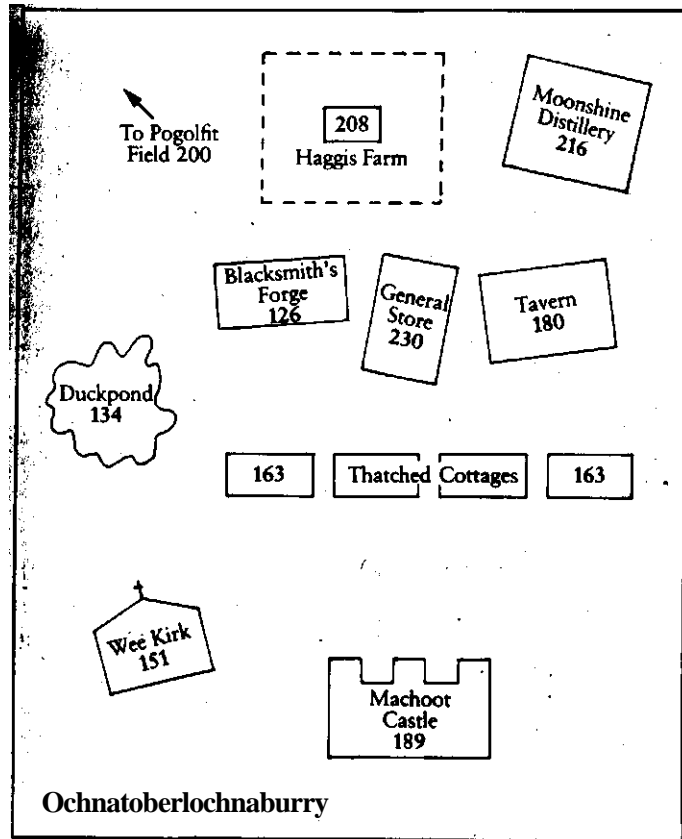
'That's a flying carpet, Pip!' says EJ in amazement.

'I think you're right,' you nod, staring at the levitating carpet.

As indeed he is. The carpet if sat upon will do the whole Arabian Nights bit and fly you places which might otherwise be difficult or dangerous to get to. A fascinating and potentially useful find (and one you should use when the time comes to leave this cave complex you're exploring.) Meanwhile you should now backtrack to the cave at 46 and select another option.

106

This is the worst laid out village you have ever seen, it looks as though the planners were drunk, which they probably were. Since you have made it here more or less in one piece, you are free to explore anywhere shown on the map. Should you wish to leave, you may examine the cliffs at 68, chase the wild horses at 72 or walk south at 77.



107

'Evening. Or is it morning?' A wrinkled little man seated at a table eating bread and cheese looks up as you open the door.

'Excuse me,' you say, it being obvious you have stumbled into somebody's private quarters.

'Think nothing of it,' says the little man. 'Have you got a horse?'

well, no . . .'

'Then you don't need me,' says the little man cheerfully. 'I'm the groom. Lots of visitors come barging in here thinking it's the throne room, but it isn't. The throne room's next door. At least the waiting room is, which is as far as you'll get until they go through the red tape. Like a bit of cheese?'

'No thank you,' you say hurriedly, backing away;; from this friendly groom and closing the door behind you.

And returning to 86, as it happens, to select a new destination.

108

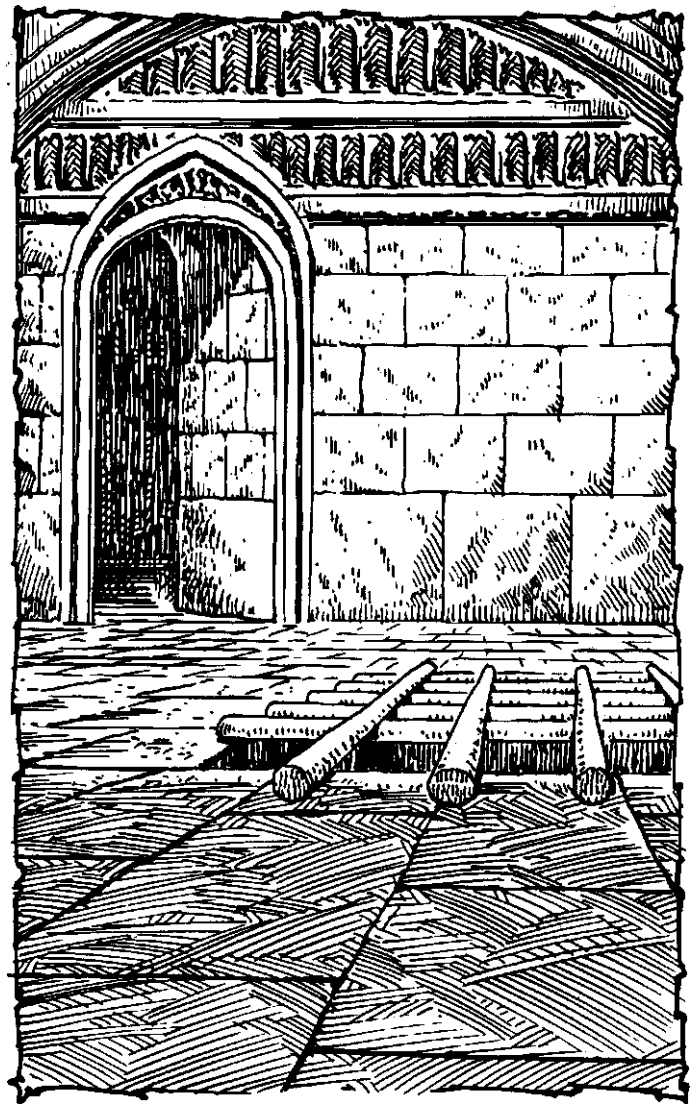
You have entered a fairly large chamber, 30' x 30' at least, with a passageway leading out north westward and a huge pit in the middle of the floor covered over with a grille of iron bars.

You may examine that barred pit more closely at 127, take the north west passage at 135 or go due east to 96.

109

Slash! goes EJ (driven by your strong right arm) as you strike out at the monstrous creature.

Which has 50 LIFE POINTS, needs only 4 to strike you successfully and does +3 damage on every bite. A formidable opponent since the only good news is that you have gotten in the first blow. If Nessie kills you, sink to 14. Survival will find you at 128.



In the centre of the chamber is a covered pit

110

'Have at you, fat madam!' you scream politely, launching yourself upon her.

'Have at me nothing!' she screams back, revealing for the first time remarkably long and pointed canine teeth.

More trouble by the looks of things, Pip. This fat animated jade cannibal statue seems to be a fat animated jade cannibal statue of a vampire. If you happen to have a jade carving of a clove of garlic, you can zap her instantly. Failing that, you are into a straight fight and a tricky one. The Jade Vampire has 30 LIFE POINTS, strikes successfully on 5 and does +1 damage with that lethal thighbone. But all this is the least of your problems since, if she manages to hit you successfully three times in succession, her vampiric talents come into play and you will lose 2 LIFE POINTS for every new section visited hereafter until the end of the adventure of your death, whichever is the sooner. If you survive this mess (in whatever state of health) turn to 129. If not, at least you won't lose any more LIFE POINTS at 14.

111

'I'm not getting in there!' you whisper.

'Yes you are!' hisses the Poetic Fiend.

'No I'm not!' you hiss back.

With which the Fiend, who is notoriously impatient with long arguments, slings you back into the corridor and slams the door.

Which leaves you back at 64, reconsidering your options.

112

Splaaash - zip!

The sound of you diving into Loch Ness and beginning to swim across those murky waters as if somebody had tied an outboard motor to your bum.

But fast though you are, you are not, it seems, quite fast enough, for somewhere near the centre of the lake you become aware that something is swimming alongside you to the left. You turn and find yourself nose to nose, eyeball to eyeball, with the Loch Ness Monster, which is raised up out of the water like all your worst nightmares.

If you're really quick, you can have a hack at it with old EJ at 109. But if you're feeling benevolent (and stupid) you can always try talking to it at 117.

113

You have entered an enclosed courtyard, smaller than the open courtyard within the main gate and with substantially fewer people about. There are double doors in both the northern and southern walls, a corridor leading east, with a door just south of it in the eastern wall.

As you stare around you with the typically blank expression adopted by adventurers when they haven't yet decided where to go, you are approached by a bustling greybeard, not unlike Merlin in many ways.

'Are you here for an audience with the King?' he asks sharply.

Well are you? A positive answer takes you to 130. Otherwise you may select any relevant destination from the map at 86.

114

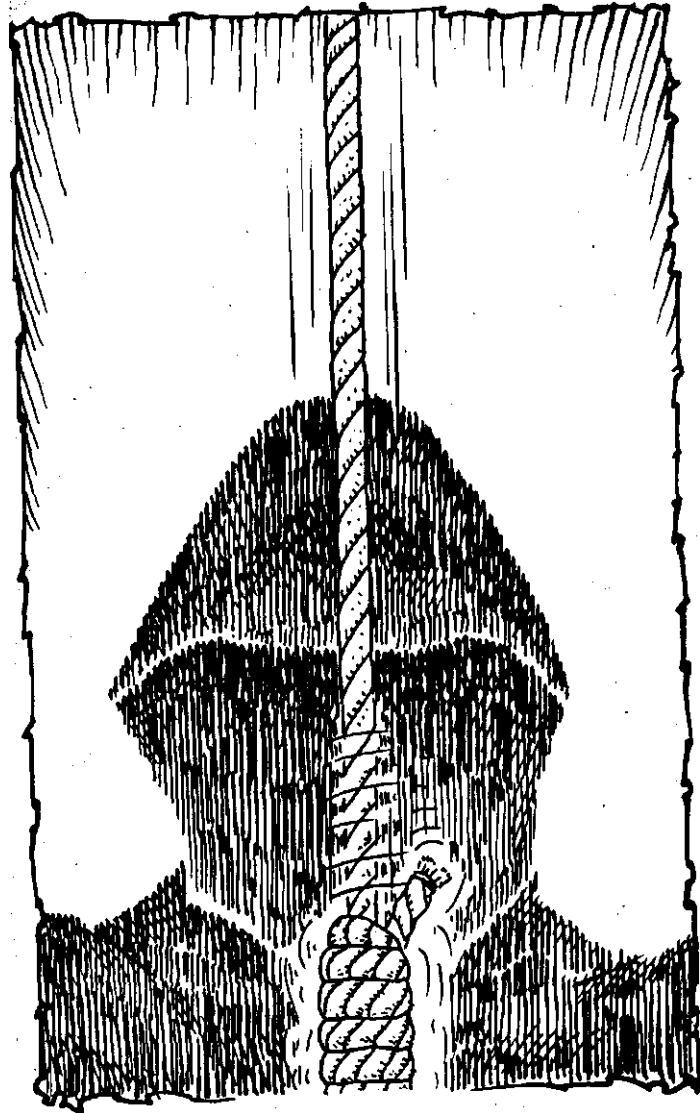
You stand in a north/south passage off which open no fewer than six stout doors, each with a small barred window set in at head height. A quick investigation of these windows shows each cell beyond in darkness, so that you have no way of knowing whether or not they are occupied.

*The doors are, however, easy enough to open from this side, so that you can soon find out. For convenience, label the northmost cell 'A', the next down 'B' and so on up to 'F'. To open each door proceed as follows: **A** go to 131; **B** go to 136; **C** go to 141; **D** go to 147; **E** go to 153; **F** go to 160. Alternatively, of course, you can use your map at 93 to return the way you came.*

115

Goodness gracious me! (as Indian adventurers are wont to remark) it always pays to search thoroughly, doesn't it, Pip? Here you were, half-thinking you might just throw your hat at it and go home and you have unearthed in one of the closed lockers a copy of the marching orders for the Legion of the Dead! And a kosher copy too, since it is sealed and stamped with the official vulture insignia and Legion motto:

BRUTUS ET ERAT



What an amazingly fortuitous find! Hurriedly you rip open the document, only to discover the rotten scribe has written it in code!

GBMMFO DPNSBEFT! JO QSFQBSBUJPO GPS
PVS BTTBVMU PO BUBMPO, XF NVTU NBSDI
TPVUI BOE FTUBCMJTI OFX IFBERVBSUFST
CFZPOE MPVHI OFTT. UIF FOUSBODF XJMM
EF NBHJDBMMZ HVBSEFE, CVU UIF
QBTTXPSE XJMM CF MFGU XJUI UIF MPVHI
OFTT NPOTUFS XIP XJMM CF JOTUSVDUFE
UP HJWF JU UP OP-POF FYDFQU JO SFUVSO
GPS POF PG XJEPX XPCCMZ'T DIPDPMBUF
EPVHIOVUT. UIVT XF XJMM TBGFHVBSE PVS
OFX IFBERVBSUFST GSPN BUUBDL CZ
TUSBOHFST XIJMF QFSOJUJUH FBTZ
FOUSZ CZ UBSEZ MFHJPOBJSFT.

You stare at the paper with sinking heart, not because the coding really worries you (since you are an adventurer whose intelligence and perception is matched only by your wit, charm, good looks and supreme fighting skill) but because of the signature at the bottom of the sheet. The spidery handwriting is unmistakable. The Legion orders are signed by. . .

General Merlin!

If the shock of this revelation kills you, go to 14. If not, you may wish to check the downstairs door at 64 or return via the crawlspace to the cave at 46.

116

Sacred Blue, Pip! (as French adventurers are wont to remark) It never pays to waste time searching

thoroughly, does it. There is lots of hay here, but nothing else.

So the only thing you can do is pull the straw out of your hair and return to 86 to select a new destination from the map.

117

'Oh, hello,' you say politely. 'Did you know some people actually think you're a myth? Not me, of course. I always believed you were a genuine monster. Well, not monster exactly, not monster at all really - a genuine Plesiosaurus, that's what I thought, an antediluvian survival, you might say, waiting to be discovered by Sir Peter—'

'Where's my doughnut?' asks the monster.

You stare at this overgrown lizard in amazement. 'Where's your what?'

'My doughnut!' exclaims the monster irritably. 'I shan't give you the password without my doughnut.'

Doughnut? Password? If you happen to have a doughnut about your person, go to 132. If not, this twitty monster seems perfectly willing to let you go on your way unmolested to 123.

118

There are quite a few people in here, mostly seated on wooden chairs arranged around the walls. Bustling officials in black tights carrying black rods (the officials, not the tights) scurry hither and yon.

'Take a seat,' says one, approaching you. He gestures. 'Right over there at **137**.'

*Or alternatively, select any available section from your map at **86**.*

119

There is daylight at the top of these stairs, no doubt about it. Even here at the bottom you can see daylight. But you can also see that the stairs themselves are in a very poor state of repair and might well be dangerous.

*The point being are you going to climb them at **139**, or return to your map at **93** and go somewhere else —like back the way you came.*

120

Boom! That's the noise you make breaking the sound barrier as you zip away from the bad-tempered fat jade animation.

Craack! The noise of the roof beginning to crumble, having been weakened by the vibrations.

Screech! The noise of the fat lady being buried under tons of rubble.

Sob! The noise of a bold adventurer who has just realized all the gold has been buried as well.

*But count yourself lucky you aren't buried with it and backtrack to the cave at **46** to select another option.*

121

With a distinct feeling you are making a complete fool of yourself, you climb into the cupboard. The

Fiend climbs in after you and closes the door.

'There!' he breathes, 'That's better! Far less chance of being overheard.'

'Overheard by whom?' you ask grammatically.

'LODIS,' mutters the Fiend darkly.

'Who's Lodis?'

Legion of the Dead Intelligence Service. Spooks mainly. They're very good at spying. But they can't get in here on account of the spell I've written on the wall.' He points. Written on the wall are the mystic words:

EMOH OG SKOOPS

'Very impressive,' you admit. 'But now you've got me in here, what was it you wanted?'

'Only to be of assistance,' the Poetic Fiend tells you effusively. 'You and I go back a long way, after all. I have composed a special Battle Ode specific to this adventure: would you like to hear it?'

*Or would you prefer to boil yourself in tar then eat your own feet off? But perhaps you'd better listen to the rubbish at **140**, although if you can't stand the thought of another of the Fiend's unimaginably bad poems, you are free to pronounce the magic spell EM EES T'NAC UOY and slip from the cupboard and the room, leaving you to climb the ghastly staircase at **56** or wriggle back down the crawlspace to **46** where you may select another option.*

122

With one bound you are at the skeleton's side. With one slash you have severed the fetters and shattered the chains—

'Ouch!' mutters EJ, who is never very happy about cutting through metal, even rusty metal.

At once, a horrifying wailing assails your ears.

'Told you, din I?' says the skeleton. 'Blasted place is swarming with ghosts!'

He may be right. Roll two dice to determine how many ghosts have appeared in the haunted Torture Chamber. Each one has 10 LIFE POINTS and will frighten you badly, but do no actual damage, on a throw of six or better. On a throw of 11 or 12, however, a Ghost's chill hand will pluck out your heart - a sure ticket to 14. If you survive the fight turn to 142.

123

This has to be one of the most sinister sights you have ever seen, Pip. (And you've certainly seen some sinister sights in your day, haven't you?) A corpse propped upright by means of a pole up the back of its jacket, points stiffly towards a skull-shaped opening in a nearby cliff-face. Around the neck of the corpse hangs a crudely lettered notice stating

THIS WAY →

Above the skull-shaped opening is a rotting battle standard featuring a vulture in heroic pose,



This is one of the most sinister sights you have ever seen

underneath which appears the dreaded motto of the Legion of the Dead

CAESAR SIC IN OMNIBUS

Brrr! But what are you going to do about it? Since it seems a bit pointless to go home for tea at this late stage of the proceedings, you can dive into that sinister entrance at 143. Or, if you want to put it off just a little longer, you can see what's on the back of that notice around the corpse's neck at 152.

124

'Done!' you exclaim.

'You certainly have been,' mutters the gypsy, handing over a monkey which shins up your arm in a grinding of clockwork and perches on your shoulder.

The purchase may yet turn out to be a bit of a bargain, Pip. Despite the pedlar's cynical remark, this is a useful chimp. If you manage to wind it up (which requires a throw of 4 or better and loses you any chance you had of gaining first strike in a combat) its antics will so fascinate your opponent that he/she/it will automatically miss every second blow whatever the dice indicate. One danger, though, is that your opponent may throw a 12, which shatters the monkey and renders it useless. Now back you go with the monkey to 92 and select a different option.

125

There are seventeen people in this chamber. (Count them.) Sixteen of them are seated primly in their Sunday best, staring straight ahead, on wooden chairs arranged along one wall. The seventeenth, a neat nerd in frock coat, spats and spectacles, is fussily getting things organized, as members of the breed usually do. 'Sit!' he orders you brusquely, indicating an empty chair with the point of his quill pen. 'Sit! Sit! Sit!'

What's it going to be, Fido? You can follow the nerd's order at 145, leave through the western door to 118 or head for the northern door at 154.

126

Clang . . . clang . . . clang!

The distinctive smell of sweaty horse and burning charcoal overlaid with the acrid tang of metal would tell you, if nothing else did, that you were in a blacksmith's forge. Not that you need telling, since you have only to look around you. The smith, a bearded giant of a man named Smith, is fashioning an armoured kilt and sporran on his anvil. Beside him, cooling, is a matching tartan breastplate fashioned in the figure-hugging Roman style.

'Guid day,' nods the smith. 'Is it a horse that needs shod or a weapon you'll be wanting?'

'Neither, brave smith,' you say politely. 'I have no horse and I already own the finest sword in Avalon—'

'That's very nice of you,' EJ beams, appreciating that you seldom give him credit for being anything other than an idiot.

'Shut up, EJ - I'm talking.' To the blacksmith you say, 'What really interests me is information on the Legion of the Dead.'

Smith the smith pales visibly, but is so strong he does not faint. He raises two fingers of his left hand in the traditional sign to ward off the evil eye and mutters, 'I dinna ken nothing about the de'il's legion, the noo, nor any hereabouts except the Widow Wobbly. But I ken this: ye'll be needin a suit of guid armour if ye're tacklin' them boys.'

Which is actually quite true (if you understand him.) 'How much is that suit of armour you're making?' you ask.

'It's nay for sale,' says the smith. 'But I vowed I would gi' it free to the first wan who could defeat me in a test of strength or answer my riddle.'

*A freebie suit of armour, Pip? That would be worth having, even if it does look a bit silly. But are you going to tackle this muscle-bound haggis-basher in a test of brute strength at **146** or trust your brains to answer his riddle at **155**.*

127

You approach the pit and look down carefully. In the stygian depths of the pit below are four emaciated old men. They look up at once and begin to call to you excitedly.

'All right, all right, I'll get you out,' you call back.

No you won't,' a voice whispers in your ear.

You jump up in alarm from your kneeling position, but you are not under attack. In fact, there is no indication of anyone with you in the chamber.

'It's a tongue spell,' EJ remarks from his scabbard. 'I used to see Merlin using them. You can always tell by the Oxford accent.'

'What's a tongue spell?' you ask curiously.

It's just a message magically left by somebody. You get them on chests saying **KEEP OFF** when somebody touches the lock. That sort of thing. I expect you'll get the whole message if you try to open the grille.'

You reach down and try to open the grille.

'I'm afraid it won't open until we know who is guilty,' the voice says in its Oxford accent.

'How do we find that out?' you ask, wondering, incidentally, who would lock up the four men knowing three of them were innocent.

'Ask them,' says the voice. 'Their names are Albert, Ben, Barney and Marmaduke.'

'Will they tell me?'

'I expect they'll lie through their teeth,' says the voice.

From below you, Albert shouts, 'Ben did it!'

Ben chirps in at once, 'Marmaduke did it!'

Barney sniffs sorrowfully. 'I didn't do it,' he says.

Marmaduke says firmly, 'Ben lied when he said I did it.'

'Thought so,' says the voice of the tongue spell. 'Only one of those statements was true. Still, that should allow you to sort out which one did it.'

*Possibly. If you think Ben did it, turn to **148**. If you think Barney did it, turn to **157**. If you think Marmaduke did it, turn to **165**. If you think Albert did it, turn to **176**. Of course you can always leave the silly old sops to rot, in which case check your map at **93** and select a new destination.*

128

That was some battle, Pip! But at least in all the excitement you've found your way to shore. And would you believe, looking back across the gloomy waters of the lake, you catch a brief glimpse of the head and neck of *another* monster. The loch must be crawling with them.

You turn back, then freeze in horror.

*And no wonder, as you'll discover at **123**.*

129

As you hacked away the final, fatal LIFE POINT, the fat jade female cannibal vampire turned back to an inert statue and shattered into conveniently carried parts.

Worth 20,000 gold pieces of anybody's money, the price of jade being what it is these days. Since you're now too loaded up to carry any

*more, your only option now is to backtrack to **46** and select a new option.*

130

'I'm afraid there's a bit of a queue,' remarks the old man. 'But if you slip over to **125** the palace nerd will tell you what to do. It's very important that you do as he tells you, incidentally, otherwise you could be in *big* trouble.'

*If you've changed your mind about an audience, you can still return to your map at **86** and select any relevant destination.*

131

You withdraw the bolt and fling the door wide. But before you can enter, it slams shut again.

Frowning, you check the bolt and fling the door open wide. It slams shut again.

You open it more carefully this time, examining the hinges and lintel for hidden springs. You lick a finger and hold it up to test wind direction in case there are any hidden drafts. Satisfied that the door slamming was nothing but coincidence, you fling it wide. It slams shut.

*Look here, Pip, are you going to spend the entire adventure opening this door and waiting for it to slam shut again? If so, turn to **149**. If not, turn to **114** and select another option.*

132

You produce the doughnut with a flourish, thanking your lucky stars you didn't succumb to

the temptation of eating it. The monster peers at the offering short-sightedly.

Is that chocolate or cream?' it asks suspiciously.

Well, which is it? If you're offering this saurian gourmet a chocolate doughnut, leap to 158; if cream, turn to 171.

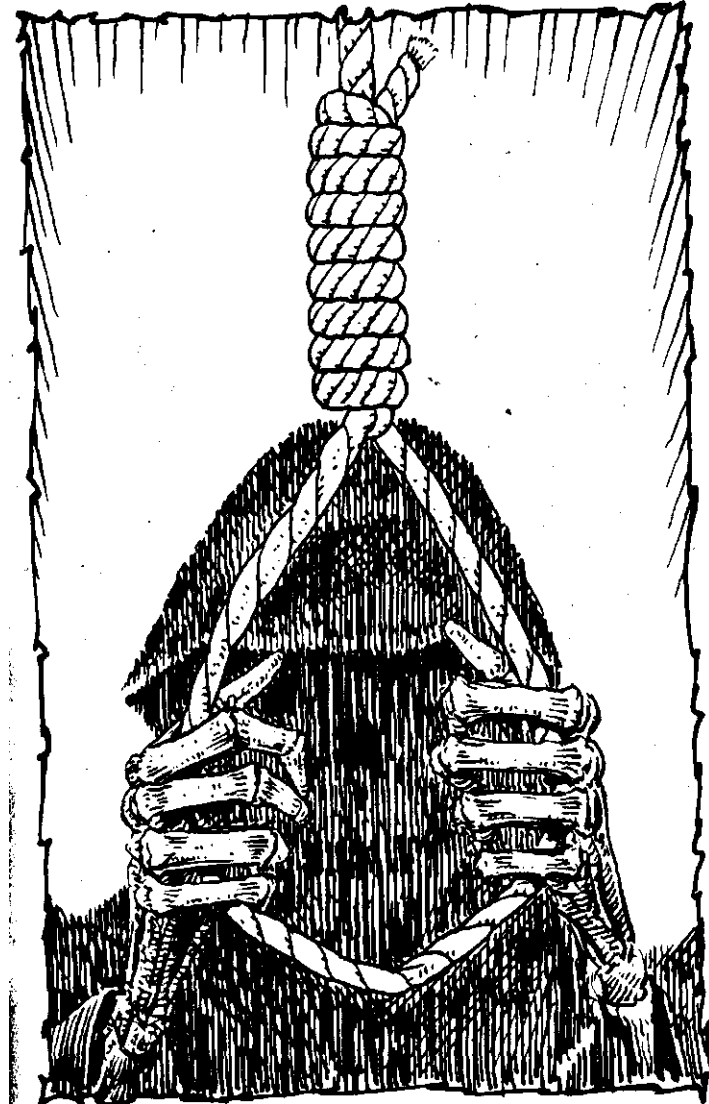
133

All conversation stops abruptly as you walk into this chamber. All heads turn in your direction. (And quite impressive heads some of them are since they belong to courtiers as richly dressed and handsome as any from King Arthur's Court at Camelot.) You glance around, one hand cautiously on the hilt of your sword—

'I wish you wouldn't keep doing that,' EJ mutters. 'It tickles something awful.'

—and discover you have entered what must be the official Audience Chamber of this weird castle. A crimson carpet of exceptional quality runs the length of the room, carrying the eye (and eventually the feet in all probability) towards a dais on which is set a massive gilt throne. Seated on this throne is a slim, dark man of middle years, handsome in his own way as King Arthur, but with a distant, brooding air about him. He turns towards you, dark eyes a little sorrowful, and beckons you to approach.

As if drawn by a magnet, you find your feet carrying you along the crimson carpet until you are at the foot of the throne. A robed greybeard, whose pointed hat bears the clear insignia of a



World Class Wizard, strikes the ground once with the heel of his rod, creating sparks and an incredible booming sound. 'Pray silence for the Fisher King and the Great Adventurer Pip!'

How on earth did he know your name? And who's the Fisher King? Come to think of it, what are you doing in this set-up anyway when you should be racing around saving Avalon from the clutches of the Legion of the Dead?

'There is no need for you to speak, Adventurer,' says the Fisher King gravely. 'Your mission is known to us and it is in the nature of the curse placed upon us that we must assist you.'

Curse? What curse?

'This great castle and all within it have existed for centuries,' says the Fisher King. 'Here nothing changes, nothing ages. We are locked for eternity within these walls, condemned never to see the real world beyond, never to feel the cool breeze on our faces or smell the scent of new mown hay. Here we remain, cursed by the Wicked Wizard Ansalom until such time as the bravest and most skilful of all adventurers slays the malfeator and thus releases us from the magical bondage. Until that day—'

'Here, wait a minute,' you put in. 'I finished off the wicked wizard Ansalom years ago.'

Stunned silence fills the audience chamber. 'Ansalom is dead?' breathes the Fisher King.

'As a doornail,' you tell him. 'Mind you, I had a hard time with his savage chickens, but apart

from that it was a bit of a doddle. My very first adventure in Avalon, you appreciate, so I wasn't all that experienced, but—'

But your words are drowned out by the sudden burst of cheering as the sorrowful king leaps from his throne and commences to dance a little jig. A thunderclap splits open the castle walls, allowing sunshine to penetrate for the first time in generations. The king and his courtiers are growing strangely transparent, as if they were fading from the unnatural existence Ansalom had imposed upon them. 'Goodbye, Pip!' calls the King. 'Goodbye and ta-ta!'

'Here, don't go—' you shout after the fading figure, realizing that while it's all very well to have inadvertently laid a curse, there doesn't seem to be a lot in it for you this time. But it is useless. The figure fades to nothingness and the castle itself crumbles into dust around you, leaving you standing in the forest clearing with just a few large stones to mark the castle site.

'What a swiz!' you mutter humpily to EJ. 'Is there no gratitude left in Avalon?'

'This isn't Avalon, this is Scotland,' EJ reminds you irritatingly. 'Maybe they do things differently up here.'

You ignore him and turn to go when suddenly a ray of golden light emerges from the forest to illuminate a tiny casket half-hidden in the grass. You pick it up as the ray vanishes and note that the lid is adorned with the same crest you noticed on the back of the Fisher King's throne (rather like

the astrological Sign of Pisces, now you come to think of it). You open the casket carefully and are almost blinded by the brilliance of a diamond as large as a duckegg sat on a velvet cushion. Tucked behind the diamond is a folded parchment. You take this out, unfold it and read (and for once it isn't in code):

'Brave Warrior,
You who saved us from the curse of Ansalom deserve the greatest treasure of our realm. Thus we bequeath you the Sunstone, a diamond of almost unimaginable worth and mystical power. Do with it as you will. Sell it and you shall receive 100,000,000 gold pieces, the largest fortune ever accumulated by any GrailQuest adventurer. Crush it in your right hand and it will at once destroy any number of opponents facing you. Crush it in your left hand and it will donate to you 20 PERMANENT LIFE POINTS, the greatest bonus ever earned in Avalon. But should you decide to preserve it against the day you meet the Legion of the Dead, you may find it will grant you your deepest wish. Choose wisely, Pip, and may the gods go with you!'

It is signed *Regnum Piscator*.

Phew! Heavy stuff! After you've made your decision, you should return to 48 and select a new direction.

134

There's a ducking stool here, a sort of seesaw with a chair at one end which they used to immerse people accused of witchcraft. And a smelly

immersion it would be, judging by the amount of scum, slime and weed on the duckpond.

'I wonder when this was last used?' you ask EJ casually.

'Day before yesterday,' says a cheerful voice behind you.

You turn to find yourself facing a plump, elderly, grey-haired woman in a yellow apron. She is carrying a covered tray from which emerges the most delightful aroma of freshly-baked doughnuts. She smiles. 'It was me they ducked, as a matter of fact.'

'You're not a witch, are you?'

'Lord bless you no!' she exclaims, shivering with laughter. 'Old Widow Wobbly a witch? What gave you that idea?'

'The stool, Ma'am,' you tell her. 'It's the sort they use to duck witches.'

'It may be, but they don't know about educated stuff like that up here. They use it on common criminals and the like.'

'But you're not a common criminal, surely?'

'That's what I told them, but they wouldn't listen. Once you're accused of anything here, you have to prove your innocence on the stool. Village law. So they ducked me and I didn't drown, so I must be innocent, mustn't I?'

'Well, yes .. .' you say unsurely. 'What happened that they accused you?'

'Thirty-eight of the villagers, a herd of cattle and a carthorse all dropped dead from poison. They said it was my doughnuts.' She removes the cover from her tray to reveal six chocolate and six cream doughnuts. 'Want one?' she asks.

Well, do you! You can munch a doughnut at 162, politely refuse at 169 or take one for later at 177.

135

The passage runs north west for several hundred yards before ending abruptly in a heap of rubble.

Which you can search at 159 or ignore by backtracking to 108.

136

You withdraw the bolt and fling open the cell door.

Aaaaaaarrgh!!!! A striped creature looking for all the world like a cross between a tiger and an orang-utan hurls itself towards you in passible imitation of an express train, clawed hands outstretched and lips drawn back to reveal the sharpest fangs you have ever seen. (And you have seen some sharp fangs in your day, believe me.)

The point is, do you plan to embrace this orang-utiger like a long lost brother at 161 or fight it mindlessly at 166.

137

You sit, not altogether patiently, for a quarter of an hour before the harassed official returns to you.



You find yourself faced with an orang-utiger

'Take this,' he says, handing you a purse containing 1,000 gold pieces.

'What's this for?' you ask in amazement.

'It's a bribe,' says the official. 'To get you into the next room faster.'

You look at the purse, then back at this idiot. 'But shouldn't I be bribing *you!*' you ask.

He blinks. 'Don't confuse me now,' he says. 'Just be off with you!'

What a funny man! Proceed at once to the next room at 125. (Or, if you are feeling as eccentric as he is, return south through the double doors to 113.)

138

You have just entered the largest loo you have ever seen, and a very impressive loo at that. The entire chamber is lined with pink veined marble. A sunken pool with a shark in it is set in the middle of the floor. Vast potted palms decorate each corner with monkeys chattering in their upper reaches. To the north, the loo seat is built into a huge gold (or at least gilt) throne.

A pool with a shark in it! This place gets more bizarre by the minute. If you have to use the loo, please close the door and do so quietly at 167. If not, select a fresh destination from your map at 86.

139

Bravely (stupidly?) you leap onto the rickety steps ...

While simultaneously throwing two dice. Any score above 5 and you climb the stairs successfully to 168. Score 5 or below and you crash right through them at a cost of 7 LIFE POINTS. If this kills you, turn to 14. If not, you may either roll again and take your chances, or return the way you came to 96.

140

The Fiend grips his right lapel with his right hand, throws back his head in heroic pose and declaims:

Caesar et sum jam forte

Brutus et erat

Caesar sic in omnibus

Brutus sic in at

Thus read the mottos dreaded

Of the Legion of the Deaded

Which with greater confidence you can now face

Since I have composed this ode just in case

I came across you

In this adventure or at the zoo

And you were feeling blue

Or frightened to be in this region

For fear of the dreaded Legion!

'Marvellous!' you exclaim. 'Wonderful!' you cry, beginning to applaud.

I haven't finished yet,' the Fiend says coolly.

'Sorry.'

The Fiend returns to his heroic pose and continues to declaim:

But now your worries are few

For I have composed this magical protective epic

ode for you
And if you can discern it
All you have to do is learn it
And by chanting it at the enemy
You'll nearly be sure to beat him any day
For when you come right down to it
This incredibly magic poetry can save your life
although it doesn't make you any harder to hit!

It is, without a doubt, the worse poem ever composed by man, beast or Fiend. It is so bad that when he stops speaking you can actually hear the cockroaches throwing up in crevices in the walls.

'That was awesome,' you tell him breathlessly, your eyes alight with the phony glow of admiration. 'Such style, such panache, such depth, such feeling, such a masterly command of metaphor and metre such brilliance, such poetic genius, such—'

'Rubbish,' mutters EJ, but fortunately the Fiend doesn't hear him.

'You're too kind,' murmurs the Fiend modestly. 'But don't forget what I said about memorizing the poem. It really is magic. If you can recite it perfectly by the time you meet up with the Legion of the Dead you will be absolutely immune to any magic which might otherwise kill you outright. I'm afraid it doesn't do anything about combat damage or even magic which takes off just some of your LIFE POINTS, but any magic which would otherwise kill you outright won't do that any more.'

*What a marvellous gift from the good old Poetic Fiend! Thank him nicely, take a copy of the ghastly poem and memorize it quickly before you meet up with the Legion of the Dead. Meanwhile you'd better say farewell to the Fiend, get out of the cupboard and the chamber and decide whether you want to zip back down the crawlspace to **46** where you can select a different destination, or climb the ghastly skull-and-bone staircase at **56**.*

141

You shoot back the bolts and fling open the door of the cell - which is empty.

What sort of idiot would carefully bolt the door to any empty cell? But there's no doubt its empty; and tapping the walls doesn't even get you a secret door.

*Better return, mumbling darkly, to **114**.*

142

'By George!' exclaims the skeleton, betraying British origins, 'That was some fight!'

'You weren't much help,' you mutter dourly.

'No,' admits the skeleton, 'but I will be from now on.'

You may or may not be delighted to learn the skeleton will now rattle along with you as your grim companion until he is killed in a fight or the adventure ends. He has a healthy 30 LIFE POINTS despite his anorexia, hits successfully on 5 or better and does +2 damage with a

Torturer's Mace he has picked up. If he loses LIFE POINTS, you can heal him exactly as you might heal yourself and he will accept your orders about when to fight and how long to stay in. Now off you go via your map at 93. Your new companion will rattle along just behind your left shoulder like a reminder of doom.

143

You step inside the mouth of the skull-shaped opening (not without a certain degree of trepidation) and find yourself within a perfectly square stone-lined chamber. Glancing back, you find another of those vulture standards rotting above the entrance, this one with the motto:

BRUTUS SIC IN AT

Turning back, you carefully examine the chamber, the floor of which is strewn with the skulls and bones of previous adventurers (not all of them human by the shapes of some of those skulls).

Near the centre of the room is a life-like black statue of a corpse seated nonchalantly on a giant skull and admiring itself in a polished black hand mirror. Beneath the statue is the inscription:

I WOULDN'T GO ANY FURTHER IF
I WERE YOU, WHICH I'M NOT

Beyond the statue to the south is an open exit corridor. In the centre of both western and eastern walls is set a door. A notice on the western door states simply:

KEEP



Near the centre of the room is a life-like statue of a corpse

On the eastern door a similar notice reads:

OUT!

In an unusual upsurge of good sense, you turn to leave ... only to discover that a massive stone slab has dropped down silently, sealing the entrance and trapping you for ever in this horrible—

You pull yourself together sternly. 'Chin up, EJ!' you exclaim. 'Faint heart never won fair monster.' And so saying, you step forward bravely to meet your Destiny.

Which, when you get all this heroic bullshine out of your system comes down to a choice between the open corridor south at 172, the western door at 178 or the eastern door at 184. Or if you really feel like asking for trouble, you can examine that life-like (life-like?) statue of a corpse at 192.

144

Hot here. This whole area of the castle is glass-walled and filled with potted plants like some huge conservatory. Vines hang down from the ceiling and creepers trail across the floor.

It was quite easy getting in here, all things considered, but getting out could be tougher. Roll one die. Score 5 or better and you can proceed safely to any relevant section shown on your map at 86. Score less than 5 and you must throw again. Score 3 or less in this second throw and you're into a hassle with a Strangler Vine. Score 4 or more and you're into a hassle

with a Crawling Creeper. Strangler Vines have 25 LIFE POINTS, do 5 damage each combat round whatever the dice says, except for a throw of 12 on which they send you directly to 14. Crawling Creepers have only 20 LIFE POINTS and cannot kill you however hard they try, but they will so weaken you that you will score only half damage shown on the dice during the next number of combats equal to the number of rounds it took you to kill the Crawling Creeper. Is that clear? If not, rewrite it so that it makes sense to you.

145

You sit with growing impatience for nearly three hours while others in the room are shown one by one through the northern door. Eventually the spatted nerd bustles towards you.

'I assume you have my bribe ready,' he says sharply.

'Bribe?' you echo.

'A thousand gold pieces,' snaps the nerd.

If you have 1,000 gold pieces you want to get rid of, you can use them to bribe the nerd at 173. If you prefer to tell him to go contort himself, you may do so at 154.

146

'I will match you, Sir Smith,' you tell him grandly, 'muscle for muscle, sinew for sinew, marrow for marrow, bone for - ouch!'

Your last remark is occasioned by the fact that the smith has bonked you on the top of the head with his fist.

Removing 5 PSEUDO LIFE POINTS in the process. The test of strength is very similar to actual combat, except that you can't use EJ and consequently need 6 or better to hit and score only dice damage with no plusses. Further, since only PSEUDO LIFE POINTS are being hacked away, nobody gets killed, even when they're brought down to zero, which wins the contest. The bad news is that Smith the smith starts out with a muscle-flexing total of 45 LIFE POINTS. If you win the contest, turn to 174. If not, you'd better skulk off to your village map at 106 and find something easier to tackle.

147

You withdraw the bolts and fling back the door to reveal.. an empty cell! Why would anybody want to bolt an empty cell?

Why indeed? Maybe you should search it at 175. Or, if you prefer not to waste your valuable time, turn to 114 and select a different option..

148

You reach down and tug at the grille which remains as firmly in place as before.

'I'm afraid your logic must have been faulty,' remarks the Oxford accent. From below, the four old prisoners begin to hurl abuse at you for your stupidity.

Fortunately you don't have to take this sort of harassment from anybody. You can simply

check your map at 93 and select a new destination.

149

You take a deep breath and fling the door open again. At once it slams back shut.

Another try at 179? Or would you prefer to call it quits at 114 where you can select a different option?

150

'Halt, who goes there? Not that it matters since we have orders not to let anybody past. Except the king, of course. And the courtiers and suchlike gentry of which you are definitely not one.'

It seems you have encountered a guard post, staffed by two burly sergeants-at-arms, each armed with a pike and dressed in chain mail.

If you want to visit any section on the map which lies past these two, you are going to have to engage in a spot of bother. Each guard has 20 LIFE POINTS, strikes successfully on 5 and does +3 damage with that pike. Worse still, the chain mail deducts 2 points from any damage you might score against him. This won't be a contest to the death, except by accident. If the guards can halve your present LIFE POINTS, they will sling you all the way back to the courtyard at 92. If, however, you can halve each of theirs, you may proceed beyond them to any relevant section shown on the map at 86.

151

It's the village church - or kirk, as they're likely to call it in these parts. It is situated picturesquely in its own graveyard and the main door lies ajar.

You might like to disturb a few animated corpses by investigating the graveyard at 182 or you can enter the kirk itself at 191.

152

Holding your breath against the heavy pong of the corpse, you turn the notice around. On the back are written the words:

← THAT WAY

So much for messing around with stupid notices. Put your best foot forward, Pip, and see what's what in the Legion of the Dead HQ at 143.

153

You slide back the bolts and fling open the door.

'What kept you?' a quavering voice demands from the darkness inside. 'You imagine I have time to hang around in here all day while you mess about adventuring?' A little old lady steps out, tastefully dressed in tweeds and shawl and carrying a gamp. 'You were supposed to get here fast, you know. Fast! Right at the start, to be exact: not half way through. I was a beautiful young princess when this started out, you know. All ready to have my father award half the kingdom to the adventurer' who rescued me. And look at the mess you've made of things.' She pokes you painfully with the ferrule of the gamp. 'Castle fallen to ruin,



You approach the village kirk, with its own graveyard

dungeon hasn't been cleaned in years. . . .' She stomps off up the corridor, still muttering to herself.

'Here, wait a minute—' you call, having finally gotten yourself together. But it is too late: the little old lady has gone.

*Leaving you to return to **114** and select a different option.*

154

'How dare you!' screams the nerd in sudden fury. He begins to jump up and down on the spot, spats flashing evilly, in the timeless war challenge of his breed.

*There is no avoiding a fight here, Pip, since not even a Friendly Reaction will stop a nerd once his wardance has started. This nerd has 25 LIFE POINTS and strikes successfully on 5. Watch out for his spats, though: if he ever manages to throw a seven during combat, they will temporarily blind you so that you miss your next three consecutive hits whatever the dice might indicate. If the nerd kills you, go to **14**. If you survive, select an appropriate destination from **86**.*

155

'Let's hear your riddle,' you nod wisely.

Smith the smith grins at you. 'It's maths,' he says, 'and very tricky. If a farmer had a flock of one hundred sheep and all but seventy-four of them strayed away, how many would he have left?'

Try to avoid using your pocket calculator on this one, Pip. When you have the answer, add the original hundred to it and go to the section number indicated. If you're right, you'll win the armour. If you're not, you'll be utterly lost.

156

Did anybody ever tell you to knock before you entered?' asks a peevish voice which you quickly perceive belongs to an elderly man with no trousers on.

'I'm sorry,' you apologize, withdrawing hastily. 'I was just exploring.'

Well explore somewhere else!' snaps the trouserless man. 'This is a dressing room!'

*Blushing a little, you can return to **86** and select some other relevant destination.*

157

You reach down and tug. At once the grille comes away, leaving the pit open. 'Well done!' remarks the Oxford accent admiringly. 'Do you know, you're the first adventurer to get that right in more than fifteen years!'

'Ra! Ra! Ra!' cheer the four old codgers in the pit, wasting no time in climbing out. Three scamper off, but the fourth, who introduces himself as Albert, stops briefly beside you.

'The lads and me took up a bit of a collection years ago as a sort of reward, like, for whoever might rescue us. I've been holding it ever since. 'Fraid it's not much, but it's the best we could do.'

He hands you something wrapped in an absolutely filthy germ-ridden handkerchief. 'It's yours now,' he says proudly before zipping off after his cellmates.

*By the look of that hankie, he could be giving you a dose of malaria but if you want to risk the germs, turn to **183**. If not, seek a new destination from your map at **93**.*

158

The Loch Ness Monster sniffs suspiciously at the doughnut, then breaks into a beaming smile (a sight to chill the blood and no mistake.) 'That's a good class of doughnut!' it exclaims delightedly. 'My favourite, actually.' With which it swallows the doughnut whole, far too quickly to taste it, belches alarmingly then reaches forward and, before you can do anything to stop it, takes your head in its mouth.

'Help!' you scream, a somewhat muffled cry on account of the position of your head.

But the monster refrains from chewing and instead carries you at high speed across the loch to deposit you gently on the southern shore. It turns away and spits a little on account of your hair-oil, then remarks, 'The password's *Googlie-Bong* in case you're ever asked. *Googlie-Bong Two Twenty* to be exact.' With which he holds his nose with one clawed flipper and dives beneath the surface of the murky waters.

*Leaving you to look around you, not without some trepidation, at **123**.*



159

Messy job that: you're now so covered in mortar dust so that you look like a mobile statue. And not a lot to show for your pains either, except for a small purse of 20 silver pieces worth in total about two gold unless—

Here, wait a minute, one of these silver pieces is a bit peculiar — it looks absolutely ordinary, but every time you toss it, it comes down tails.

Which means you shouldn't have too much trouble winning next time you gamble on the toss of a coin. Stow away your coin and backtrack to 108.

160

You slide back the bolts and fling the cell door open.

Splash! A wall of water almost bowls you over as a wave comes crashing out of the cell to form a wide pool on the passage floor.

'Bit damp in there, isn't it?' remarks EJ.

A massive frog, some five feet high, hops out of the cell and bounds off to freedom with not so much as a backwards glance.

Lucky you didn't have to fight that brute, which looked as though it could have swallowed you whole. There is, however, one small problem (which your mother may actually have mentioned to you at one time) — the danger of catching your death of cold. Return to 114 to select another option, but for

the next three sections visited, throw one die. If you score above 3 in any of these throws, you'll develop a real streamer for the next ten sections. This weakens you so much that you'll need to deduct two from any damage you may score during a fight.

161

What a dumb decision! *Nobody* embraces an orang-utiger and gets away with it. The brute is even now ripping your head off and—

No it's not - it's purring! How strange, usually these things will tear you limb from limb as quick as look at you. But this one's definitely purring. Cautiously you stroke the striped head without, however, having your fingers bitten off. The monster twists to have its ears tickled.

'What a handsome fellow,' you murmur patronisingly. 'What a beautiful boy you are then.' (*Purrr!*) 'Who's pretty?' (*Purr!*) 'Are you going to come home with old Pip then?' (*Purr-purr!*)

Looks as though you've gotten yourself a new pet, Pip - and a pretty lethal one at that. Orangutigers are totally unpredictable (this one should be eating your liver by now) but you can be fairly sure he will stick with you till death you do part. He will NOT fight to your orders, but a throw of 10 or better at the start of a hassle indicates he will join in of his own accord. He has 30 LIFE POINTS, hits of 4 and does +3 damage. He is also quite hard to hit because of his incredible speed, so that

*you should add one to the figure an opponent usually needs to hit something. Now take this purring loon back to **114**, give him a saucer of milk and decide what you want to do next.*

162

Eeeaaaagh!

You clutch your throat in alarm, then realize the strangled scream actually came from EJ who has just discovered a little spider crawling up his scabbard.

'Shut up, EJ,' you tell him severely. 'You frightened the life out of me, I thought I was poisoned.' But in fact the doughnut tastes delicious with not a hint of cyanide or arsenic. 'Thank you very much, Ma'am,' you say politely to Widow Wobbly, who beams **back** at you like a summer sunrise.

'My,' she says, 'it's nice to find a young person who appreciates my baking. You just have one more for the road: chocolate or cream, but you can't have both on account of I needs them.'

*It's all sweetness and light at the duckpond this morning, Pip. Pick your doughnut, chocolate or cream, and write it down in your inventory if you don't plan to munch it right away. Now bid the nice lady good day and return to **106** to select another destination.*

163

What a picturesque bit of the village this is - thatched cottages, their straw roofs golden in the sunshine, their walls bedecked with honeysuckle,

their gardens redolent with heather, their occupants drunk as skunks on the moonshine being manufactured in a makeshift still behind the nearest of them.

*Since so very few of the occupants can stand upright, there will be nobody to stop you sampling that moonshine for yourself at **185**, although if you have any sense at all you'll leave it alone and return to **106** to select a less alcoholic destination.*

164

What an opulent bedchamber! Four poster bed with velvet drapes ... a solid gold po underneath it... a half-open wardrobe filled with ermine-trimmed robes . . . chocolate bon-bons in a massive dish - this is definitely a king's bedchamber. You step inside the door and—

Bonk! 'Ouch!'

That was the sound of your being battered about the cranium by a blunt instrument wielded by a very pretty young woman in a ridiculously short tunic and purple tights. Embroidered across the front of the tunic are the words:

EXCALIBUR JUNIOR FAN CLUB

'Trespasser!' shrieks this juvenile harridan, belabouring you further. 'You stay out of Daddy's room!'

A violent princess by the sound of it. But the point is, what are you going to do about her? Even now she has managed to batter 5 of your precious LIFE POINTS into mush. (If this kills

you, go to **14**.) You can attack her viciously (in self defence, of course) at 186, try to talk sense into her at **195** or simply beat a hasty retreat to **86** where you can hurriedly select another destination.

165

You reach down and tug at the grille which remains as firmly in place as before.

'I'm afraid your logic must have been faulty,' remarks the Oxford accent. From below, the four old prisoners begin to burl abuse at you for your stupidity.

*Fortunately you don't have to take that sort of harassment from anybody. You can simply check your map at **93** and select a new destination.*

166

If this were outdoors, your sword would flash bravely in the sun as you throw yourself upon the orang-utiger. As it's not, it doesn't, but the fight is none the worse for that.

*The orang-utiger is a worthy (and quite possibly lethal) opponent. He has 30 LIFE POINTS, hits of 4 and does +3 damage. He is also quite hard to hit because of his incredible speed, so that you should add one to the figure you usually need to hit something. If the orangutiger kills you, go to **14**. If not, dump the body back in the cell and return to **114** where you can decide what to do next.*



'Trespasser!' she shrieks. 'Get out of Daddy's room!'

167

Tinkle tinkle tinkle . . .

*You really should remember to go before you come out on an adventure, Pip. However, now you're feeling better you can return to **86** and select a new destination.*

168

Daylight! And the air has never tasted so fresh! You have emerged from the remains of an entrance now almost completely overgrown and hidden by brush and shrub, some distance from the castle.

*In or around **57** actually, where you can turn now and decide on your next move.*

169

You hesitate momentarily, seeking the most diplomatic way of politely refusing the proffered gift. Eventually, after very careful consideration you say, 'I wouldn't touch one of your doughnuts with a forty-foot pole if you bribed me with gold dust, you fat, smelly old—'

'It's like that, is it?' remarks the Widow Wobbly grimly, carefully setting aside her tray, removing her apron, then launching herself at your teeth in a vicious karate drop-kick.

*Which clips off 8 of your LIFE POINTS right away. (If this kills you, go to **14**.) Although unarmed, the fat smelly old woman is, as you may have guessed, a black belt tenth dan, whose hands and feet are more lethal than her poison doughnuts. She needs only 4 to strike*

*successfully and does +2 damage. Perhaps fortunately, she has no more than 25 LIFE POINTS. If the Widow kills you, you may collect up your broken bits at **14**. If you survive, throw her in the duckpond and return to **106** to select another destination.*

170

Peering through the half-open door, you can see you stand at the bottom of a spiral staircase winding upwards into a tall tower. Its walls are faced with a very curious stone, so light in colour it almost looks like marble, but set with tiny crystalline fragments which dance and sparkle with an inner light, turning the whole thing into a bright fairyland.

*You can climb the steps at **187** or return to your map at **86**.*

171

The Loch Ness Monster turns green (a colour which rather suits it actually). Its huge eyes cross and for a moment it looks as though it is going to be sick all over you.

'I can't stand cream doughnuts!' it screams. 'They rattle my liver!' With which it flings itself upon you.

*Is there no end to fighting! Apparently not when you give cream doughnuts to the Loch Ness Monster. (The things you get up to, Pip, never cease to amaze the universe.) Draw EJ and hurry to defend yourself at **109**.*

You trudge down the corridor (which is very chill, incidentally) for some fifty yards, at which point you encounter a guarded crossroads. Passages run due north, south, west and east with, at their point of intersection, a small sentry box in which stands (or possibly is propped) a most curious creature, wrapped from head to foot in what appear to be metallic bandages. You peer at it closely, noting that it is not breathing and wondering if it is alive at all; and if it is, what on earth it can be.

'I'm an armoured mummy,' the thing whispers in your ear as you press against its chest vainly listening for a heartbeat.

You leap back in alarm.

'I'm invincible and indestructable,' the armoured mummy tells you. 'I could rule the universe if it wasn't for one thing.'

'What's that?' you ask, feeling like a straight man in a comedy act.

'I can't move.' The armoured mummy sighs darkly, then adds, 'Doesn't matter, I can stop *you* going any further, which is some pleasure in life. Or death, depending how you look at, it.' It coughs, a racking sound which probably gives a clue to what killed it in the first place. 'Unless you have the password, of course.'

If you have the password, turn to 188. If not, you might like to back your chances of fighting your way past the mummy at 194. Alternatively, you can always backtrack to the

entrance chamber where your options are to examine the corpse statue at 192, take the western door at 178 or the eastern door at 184.

As the nerd pockets the gold, his attitude changes instantly from one of arrogance to grovelling servility. 'Thank you,' he says. 'Thank you, thank you, thank you. You have no idea how few bribes I get in this job, let alone a generous bribe like this. But, of course, I expected nothing less from such an obviously aristocratic person as yourself. I took one look at your handsome features, noting the flight of intelligence in your steely eyes and I said myself, "nerd, I said—"'

You let him ramble on for a while since you enjoy a bit of cringe, but eventually you wave him to silence with an imperious gesture of your small finger. 'Shut up, puny face,' you tell him kindly. 'I wish to be on my way.'

'Of course, of course,' the nerd agrees. 'Off you go to 133. But a word in your well formed and extremely functional ear: keep the casket!'

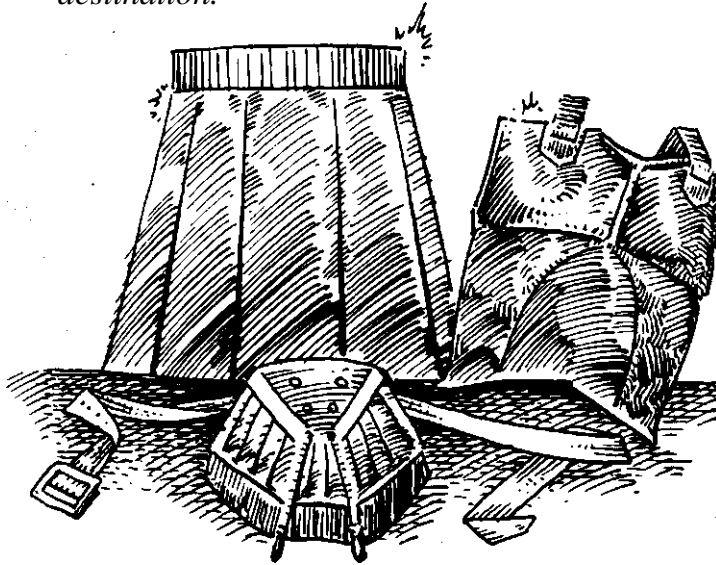
'Keep the what?' you frown.

But it is really too late for questions, since he is already ushering you into the chamber at 133.

'By the Holy Haggis of Saint Handrew!' gasps the smith. 'You're stronger than you look. Still, many a mickle makes a muckle as they say in Chicago. Here's your armour and guid luck to ye!'

You're going to look a bit weird in an armoured

*breastplate, kilt and sporran, but the outfit has its compensations. Notably that it will absorb the first 3 points of any damage scored against you while you're wearing it. Since this includes magical damage, even a death spell will leave you with 3 LIFE POINTS. Now kit yourself out and swagger off to **106** to select another destination.*



You are presented with an armoured breast plate, kilt and sporran

175

Nope, you've wasted your valuable time: it's still empty.

*So now will you turn to **114** and select a different option?*

176

You reach down and tug the grille which remains as firmly seated as before.

'I'm afraid your logic must have been faulty,' remarks the Oxford accent. From below, the four old prisoners begin to hurl abuse at you for your stupidity.

*Fortunately you don't have to take that sort of harassment from anybody. You can simply check your map at **93** and select a new destination.*

177

'You're' too kind,' you murmur, selecting your doughnut. 'This looks absolutely delicious, but since I have but recently stuffed myself stupid with potato crisps and jelly babies, I think I should save this for later, otherwise I might find myself developing a slight weight problem.'

Widow Wobbly, who has visibly developed a slight weight problem of her own, obviously identifies completely with your attitude and beams at you like sunshine as you take your leave.

*And your doughnut. Note down whether you picked chocolate or cream then bound lithely off to **106** there to select a different destination.*

178

You step through the door, which opened easily. (Perhaps fortunately, since, if you had stepped through it while it remained closed, you would have done yourself a fearful injury.) Beyond it is a

smallish 15 x 10' chamber without visible exit. Reclining in a hammock slung from the ceiling timbers is an orc with a pointed head.

Instinctively you reach for EJ, but the orc waves a languid hand in your direction. 'Oh come now,' he says, 'can't we be civilized about this? Must we leap instantly into attack mode on no better basis than a difference in creed, colour or racial characteristics? Admittedly I am an orc and you are a human—' He hesitates. 'You **are** human, aren't you?'

'Yes, of course,' you assure him grumpily.

'But why should that necessarily make us enemies?' asks the orc. 'Where is the logic in such a stance? Now if we were to abandon these tired old prejudices, might it not be that I could aid you by indicating a secret escape route from this complex - assuming, of course that you need one.'

'You may be ugly, but you're obviously not stupid,' you tell him. 'And what you say makes a great deal of sense. How can you help me?'

'As I said, by pointing out a secret exit from this place. Its discovery requires only a little logic. The clue to the exit lies in the fact that several years ago the ten stonemasons who were building this complex happened to be walking abroad on a windy day when all their hats blew off. A hatless apprentice ran to retrieve them and handed each mason back a hat without, however, stopping to inquire whose was which. The problem which intrigued the stonemasons was calculating the probability that exactly nine (and only nine) of them out of ten should get back his own hat.

Some said it was 9 to 1, some 10 to 1, some 90 to 1 and so on. When a mason named Einstone finally confirmed the actual probability, they were all so pleased they built it into this place as a secret exit. You simply add 190 to the probability and off you go.'

*Sounds simple. Or possibly not. Make sure you've worked out the probability correctly otherwise adding 190 will get you well and truly lost if you want to leave by the secret exit. Of course you may not want to leave at all, in which case you may examine the corpse statue at **192**, take the eastern door at **184** or the southern corridor at **172**.*

179

It's slammed shut again! This is infuriating!

*Are you stubborn enough to try again at **193**? Or would you prefer to return to **114** to select a different option?*

180

This is by far the largest building in the village, dwarving castle, kirk and just about everything else in the locality. Which may explain why so many of the inhabitants are pie-eyed most of the time, since this is a tavern. It has a notice on the door which reads:

CLOSED

*By order of the Ochnatoberlochnaburry
Temperance Society our motto:
'Down with Demon Drink!'*

From within, the sounds of revelry and song are shaking the walls, while the reek of whiskey is peeling the paint on the window frames.

*Some closure. If you want to go in for a scoop, you can do so at **196**. If not, you can always go to **106** and select a different destination. (If you want to join the Ochnatoberlochnaburly Temperance Society, they're having a recruiting drive at **201**.)*

181

This does not look the most appealing part of the castle, Pip, a dark, gloomy, spiral staircase giving entrance into a dark, gloomy tower. The sort of place you might expect to find witches or demons or monsters or at very least man-eating slime molds and poisonous fungus dripping from the ceiling.

*Or then again, it might just be a cunning camouflage on the most important treasure in the entire adventure. You may find out by entering the Dark Tower at **197**. Or you can play safe and select a different destination at **86**.*

182

Odd, isn't it, how jolly graveyards can be? Probably something to do with the humour on the headstones. You walk along the silent rows, inspecting and giggling at the epitaphs.

You are just bending over to inspect one that reads: 'All things considered, I'd rather be in Philadelphia', when a chill hand falls upon your shoulder. You spin round, drawing EJ in a single

motion which sends him into a lethal arc to cut the head off the Vampire which has—

'I was wondering if you were planning to come to Evening Service?'

Hurriedly you cease swinging EJ like a lunatic and smile at the little man who is obviously the verger. Or the vicar. Or something to do with the kirk. 'I'm afraid I can't, good sir,' you say politely, 'for I am fearfully busy this evening saving the Realm and so forth.'

But he isn't listening. Something behind you has caught his attention, for his eyes widen in amazement and alarm. 'Good gracious, what's that?' he exclaims. You swing round to meet the new danger and he leaps upon you, fangs seeking your jugular.

*A vampire verger (or possibly a vampire vicar) and sneaky with it! Resign yourself to the fact that he has the first strike by reason of surprise and take some comfort in the second fact he has only 20 LIFE POINTS and needs 6 for a successful hit. The bad news is that if he manages to strike you successfully three times running (but not counting his surprise attack) he will drain every drop of blood from your veins, fold up the rest of your body neatly and post it to **14**. Should you survive this awful danger, you may find **198** a little more congenial.*

183

Good grief, there's a giant germ inside the hankie! It's about the size of a rat, but looks like something that escaped from an electron microscope. It's

frankly a good few years since you saw anything so menacing.

The germ looks up at you and salutes. 'What are your orders?' it asks crisply.

'Orders?' you echo.

'Say the word and I'll leap on anybody you name, making them so sick and feeble, any damage they would normally do to you is halved.'

What a useful germ!

'The only thing is,' mutters the germ darkly, 'some people have a natural immunity, so you must throw two dice at the start of an encounter to determine the state of play. Score anything above 8 and I'll have them. Incidentally, I can't be killed or even cured since penicillin hasn't been invented yet, so you've got me for the rest of this adventure.'

What the giant germ didn't mention is that there's a small chance (score 2 when you're making the check roll) that you'll catch the illness rather than your opponent, in which case you'll only do half damage in the fight. Now wrap the ghastly thing up in the filthy hankie and seek a new destination at 93.

184

There's nothing behind this door but a blank wall and what looks like... yes, it's definitely the remains of a spear trap, and a lethal looking one at that! Fortunately some other poor adventurer took the brunt of the spear (and presumably staggered off with it still stuck through him) since

Inside the grotty handkerchief is a giant germ



all that's left is the spring loaded mechanism which would have hurled it into your quivering flesh.

Close shave that, Pip. Close the door carefully and decide whether you want to leave by the southern corridor at 172, examine the statue at 192 or risk the western door at 178.

185

Glug. Ping!

You're not going to like this, Pip, but you've just gone blind. (A well known effect of moonshine.) You can fumble your way to 106 and even manage, by touch, to select a different destination, but any fights you get into will be difficult since you will only manage to hit every THIRD roll, whatever the dice might say. This unhappy situation will last until the blindness wears off, which won't happen until you score a double 6 on two dice—and you're only permitted one check roll every time you leave a section.

186

You leap into the attack, eyes blazing, sword swinging—

'Here, just a minute!' protests EJ. 'You can't expect me to fight her, she's one of my fans! It says so on her tunic!'

One of his fans? She must be the only fan he's got. But be that as it may, you seem to have a bit of a mutiny on your hands. You can continue attacking the princess without EJ at

199, try to reason with your stupid sword at 209, try to reason with the stupid princess at 195 or throw your hat at the whole thing and leap back out of the room to 86 where you are free to select a less troublesome destination.

187

Cautiously (since you can never judge by superficial appearances on an adventure) you climb the winding staircase of the Light Tower. It brings you eventually into a sunlit upper chamber, filled with the scent of roses.

Although the tower did not seem all that high, you can see from the window clear across the forest, the plain and southwards over a broad lake. On the far side of this, a vulture flag is clearly discernible and beneath the bird of ill omen is one of the four Legion of the Dead mottos:

CAESAR SIC IN OMNIBUS

You turn from this interesting view to examine the room itself. It seems to have been used for some sort of astronomical or astrological observations and calculations, for it contains an astrolabe, a telescope and various books and charts. Something about the handwriting on one of the charts attracts your attention immediately and when you go to investigate, your suspicions are immediately confirmed. You are looking at the horoscope of Merlin, apparently calculated by the wizard himself. And although you are no astrologer, you do not have to be, for the notes which accompany the birth chart are clear enough in their prediction of Merlin's unfortunate death.

Wiping away a nostalgic tear, you turn the page and discover something very strange: the predictions continue even after the time when Merlin was supposed to be stowed away safely in 14. Fascinated, you settle down to read this section carefully:

'The greatest danger,' state the notes in Merlin's hand, 'will come shortly after my demise, of course, when the stars ordain I shall join the Legion. (And being a natural leader, I may even have to take command of it.) Be this as it may, unless I am to remain in this unfortunate state forever, I shall have to rely on Pip to mount a rescue bid. Thus I shall leave detailed instructions in the chest in the corner to ensure everything goes smoothly.'

Chest in the—? You look around and sure enough there it is! In a frenzy of excitement you rush across and fling it open, unmindful of poison needles and other traps.

The chest is empty!

*Isn't that typical? It looks as though the old fool forgot to leave your instructions. Well, no use worrying about that now. Since there's nothing more for you here, you may as well descend the stairs to **86** and select a new destination.*

188

As you move past the armoured mummy, it leans forward to whisper in your ear:

'Add seven to the number given with the password and go directly to that section.'

Hope you can remember the number, Pip, otherwise you could be in real trouble getting any further.

189

What an odd place! It's a castle all right, but sort of miniature. Or unfinished or something. It's not that it's small, exactly, but it only seems to run to one room, with battlements and turrets, moat and drawbridge all surrounding that single chamber, as if the owners had more pretensions than building money. The whole thing looks like a giant version of the sort of sandcastle a lunatic might build.

And talking of lunatics, one seems to be approaching you across the drawbridge now: a statuesque woman in warrior's kilt and sporran carrying a set of fur-lined bagpipes. She stops before you, and squeezes the bag. At once the pipes announce in a wailing tone: 'Guid day to ye, Stranger. Welcome tae Castle MacHoot.'

'Why thank you,' you reply, actually quite intrigued.

'Dinna ye mention it,' wail the pipes as the woman gives them another squeeze. 'May I introduce Mrs MacHoot, Laird of the Castle.' The chanter twists to point at the woman.

'Laird of the castle?' you frown. 'I should have thought the MacHoot himself would be Laird of the castle.'

'Sexist swine!' screams Mrs MacHoot, whirling the bagpipes around her head threateningly. 'That husband of mine isn't fit to be Laird of a tapioca pudding!'

'Calm yoursel, Maggie!' wail the pipes, which have obviously been through all this before. 'And dinna use me as a weapon, I'm nay built for it.'

But the plea comes too late, for Mrs MacHoot is already belabouring you violently with her protesting bagpipes.

*If you have any sense you'll get back to **106** and select a new destination as fast as your buckling legs will carry you. But if you're feeling thuggy, you can always try fighting back at **202**.*

190

By Jove, you've done it! You're out of that dreadful complex and standing on the shores of Loch Ness!

*There's nothing to stop you going back in again at **123**, but you might equally well decide to trudge back to the map at **36** or even (if you are feeling really mad) the map at **8**.*

191

You push open the door and step into a cool interior dappled with the light from stained glass windows. Distantly, an organ begins to play with heart-tugging sweetness. You step forward, then stop warily as you catch sight of a figure walking towards you, nattily dressed in dog-collar and kilt and sporting the most amazing brace of haloes you have ever seen: one floating above his head,

the other above his sporran. He stops and smiles at you benignly. 'Welcome,' he says softly in a melodious voice.

You clear your throat. 'Are you a saint, good sir?' you ask, eyeing the haloes.

'Indeed I am, Pip,' he replies kindly. 'One has to be to run a church in this village.' He levitates absent-mindedly, then sinks down to earth, exuding the sweet scent of sanctity. 'Since I doubt you will have time to attend evensong, let me give you my blessing and a word of advice.' He reaches out and places his right hand on your head. It glows briefly (the hand, not your head) and you feel the immediate restoration of your LIFE POINTS to their maximum capacity. 'My advice is this,' says the saintly cleric, 'Keep out of the graveyard.'

*Good advice to anybody, Pip, but for the moment, since you're not expected at evensong, you might like to slip back to **106** and select a different destination.*

192

This really is one of the ugliest, most unappealing statues it has ever been your misfortune to inspect closely. Chiselled into the granite plinth are the words:

OUR FOUNDER

You kick the monstrosity, half hoping it might spring to life and give you a bit of excitement, but it just squats there ugly.

Not just a dead statue, but a dead loss as well. You now have the choice of investigating the

open corridor to the south at 172, the western door at 178 or the eastern door at 184.

193

You concentrate hard, then open it again. For a moment you think you've done it - then the door slams shut!

You can stop this nonsense once and for all by moving to 114. But if you absolutely insist on trying again, you can do so at 149.

194

You hurl yourself upon the armoured mummy, sword flashing, head butting, feet karate kicking, mouth biting, fingers scratching and ears wiggling a little with blood-lust and excitement.

Unfortunately none of it does any good since the armoured mummy was telling the truth when it claimed to be invincible and indestructible. When you pause for breath, it reaches out one armoured finger and flicks you almost idly.

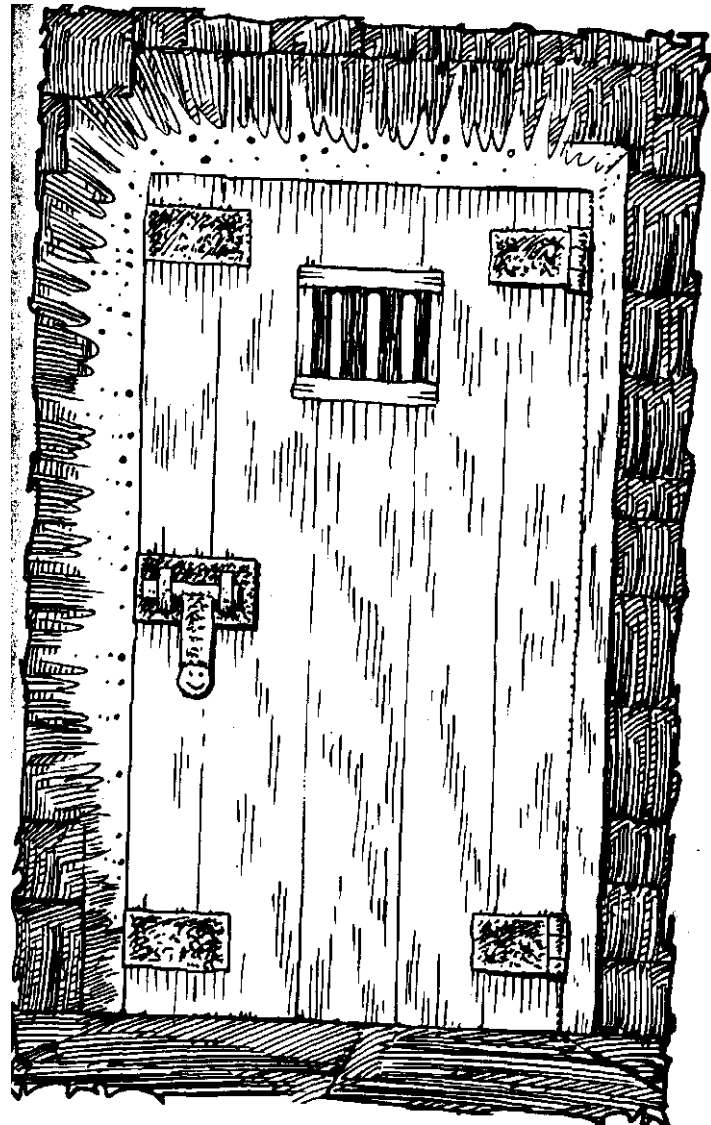
All the way to 14.

195

'Look here, can't we discuss this like civilized people?' you ask breathlessly as you attempt to dodge the blunt instrument.

'Trespasser!' screams the pretty young woman again, continuing to belabour you.

'Leave this to me,' whispers EJ, pushing himself up out of his scabbard and glowing slightly. To the young woman he says, 'How do you do, young



The door slams shut of its own accord

Madam. You may not have immediately recognized me, but I am the world famous sword, Excalibur Junior.'

The young woman stops, doubtless taken aback by a talking sword. 'Who?'

'Excalibur Junior,' EJ repeats. He coughs modestly. 'You seem to be a member of my fan club to judge by your tunic'

'I borrowed this tunic from my stupid sister!' exclaims the young woman, returning to the attack. 'You get out of Daddy's room.'

'I think she's mad,' says EJ, hurriedly dragging you back out through the door.

Which leaves you only with the option of returning to your map at 86 and selecting a different destination.

196

Roll out the barrell—

Another little drink—

You tak the high road and I'll tak—

Bonnie Charlie's goon awa—

We all live in a yellow subma—

The strains of a dozen different traditional Scottish ballads assail your ears as you enter the crowded tavern, stepping over prostrate bodies and shouldering your way through the press of tightly-packed whisky drinkers towards the bar.

*Doon yon bonnie banks and yon bonnie—
Scotland the braw—*

'I'll have a small lemonade,' you tell the barman (a massive fellow whose beard looks as if it has seen better days).

'Ye'll have a ball o' malt and like it!' growls the barman, slamming a full bottle of Scotch and an empty glass down on the counter in front of you.

'I'll have a ball of malt,' you nod, not wishing to appear impolite. You pour yourself a measure and toss it back the way the hero does in Western movies (in *bad* Western movies, that is.) You pick yourself up off the floor and prop yourself more or less upright against the bar. Your head describes a 360 degree circle and vibrates slightly before coming to rest. The huge barman leans across so that his nose is very close to yours. 'Will ye no ha' another?' he asks.

'I think I may have had enough,' you gasp.

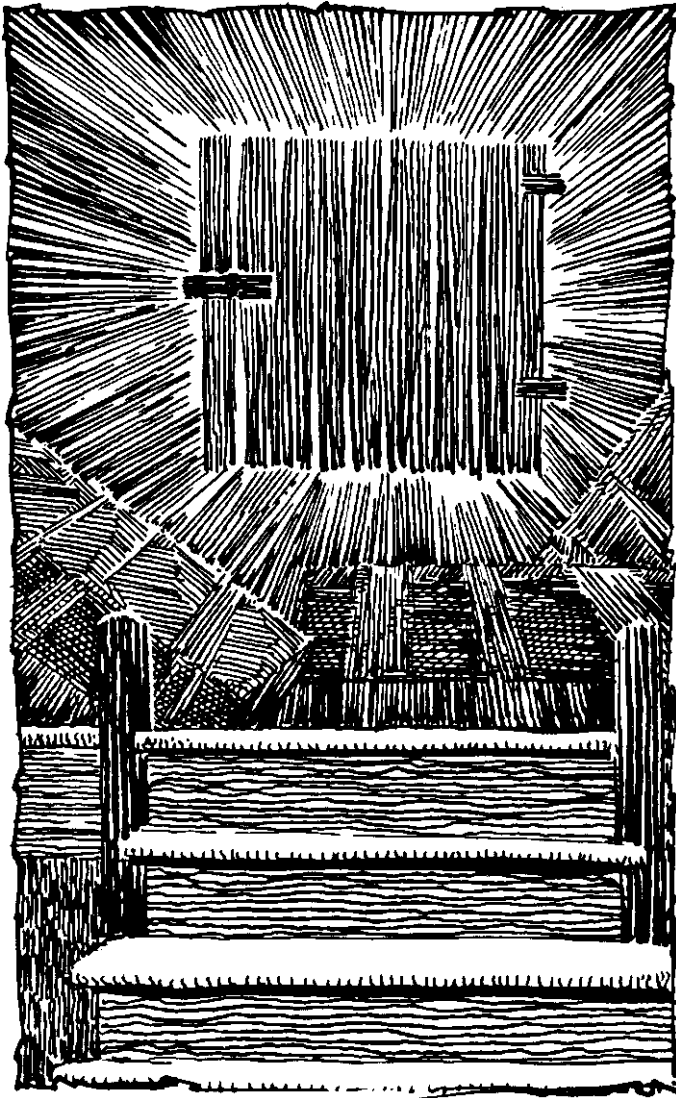
'In here it's drink or fight, the noo,' grins the barman.

Trust you to get into a mess like this. If you want to continue drinking, you may do so at 203. If you prefer to fight while you're still able, you should turn instead to 207.

197

You climb the darkly twisting staircase with considerable trepidation, but arrive intact in a gloomy upper chamber where the only light filters through small chinks in the bolted wooden shutters.

Cautiously you move inwards, knocking your shins against a clutter of junk which half fills the



The only light in the dark chamber filters through tightly bolted shutters

chamber. In the dim light you seem to be surrounded by large crates of some description.

*Do you reckon you should examine them more closely at **204** or throw some light on the subject by opening the shutters at **210**?*

198

His dog-collar has fallen off in the scrap and is now lying beside the small heap of dry dust all vampires fall into when you finally put paid to them.

You pick it up (the dog-collar, not the dust) and examine it carefully. On the inside you find embroidered the words:

**STOLEN FROM THE REAL VICAR
WHO WISHES THE WEARER NO ILL WILL**

So this fiend stole the collar from the real vicar. Cautiously you try the collar on for size, having always fancied yourself as a member of the Cloth. At once it snaps round your throat like a vice.

A cursed collar! So much for not bearing the wearer any ill will. You scabble at this lethal instrument of the Church's wrath, but are quite unable to release it. The collar tightens alarmingly and your face turns an engaging shade of blue.

*Having vanquished a vampire, will you succumb to a collar? Only time and the dice will tell. Throw two of them (dice, not time) and take note of the result. Score above 4 and go to **205**. Score 4 or below and turn to **211**.*

Swiftly you fling aside EJ (who describes an arc in the air and drops to embed himself point first in a wooden table, vibrating slightly) and leap towards the pretty young woman who is armed, you now notice, with a very large blue Chinese vase of the Ming dynasty. (A blunter instrument than which it is difficult to find.)

She dodges aside. 'Don't think I'll go easy on you just because you've disarmed yourself!' she screams. 'I intend to use my vase.'

'I don't care about your blue Ming vase!' you shout back, wondering why EJ suddenly begins to giggle. But as you hurl yourself upon her, your foot catches on the edge of the carpet and you lunge over the bedside table to come to rest with your head in the golden po, which, perhaps fortunately, was empty until your head entered it.

You twist like a cat and regain your feet, but are unable to get the thing off your head. The young woman races forwards and hacks you viciously on the shin, being unable to belabour your head with her vase. You hop backwards on one leg, howling in pain and accidentally trap yourself in the king's wardrobe with the door jammed shut.

'Come out!' screams the girl in fury. 'Chicken! Chicken!'

Through the wardrobe door, you hear EJ ask, 'Are you really a member of my Fan Club?'

This has turned into a real fiasco, Pip. The only sensible thing to do is break out at a run, grab EJ and dash like mad for 86.

This looks familiar, nervously familiar! Three swords stuck in the ground like cricket stumps ... a thick net... a spiked iron ball. . . and over there under the tree, half-covered with a piece of canvas, a club with a nail through it, several padded jackets and metal helmets. It all adds up to only one thing: Pogolfit, the most terrifying team sport known to humanity, now outlawed in Avalon as cruel and unusual punishment, but still played with great enthusiasm in Scotland (who were the League leaders last year and seem to be well in the punning for the Cup just now).

Fortunately there doesn't seem to be anybody—

'Will ye be havin' a wee game then?'

The voice, just behind your right ear, nearly makes you jump out of your skin. You spin round to find yourself staring into the grinning face of an elderly umpire, several hats perched one atop the other on his head, leading a sturdy pony. Behind him, straggling out like a barbarian army, are two Scottish pogolfit teams, their sporrans jam-packed with collapsible cabers. They are looking towards you expectantly ... and hungrily ...

The last time you played Pogolfit, you ended up driven into the ground feet first like a human stake. But as always the choice is up to you. The Pogolfit game will start at 206; otherwise you may politely refuse the invitation and select a new destination from your map at 106.

201

Pushing your way through an enthusiastic band playing *Shall We Gather at the River*, you find yourself standing before a scrubbed pine table behind which a young woman in dark blue uniform is trying to cope with a pile of forms. She looks up at you sharply. 'Yes?'

'I want to join the Ochnatoberlochnaburly Temperance Society,' you tell her.

'Do you drink whiskey?'

You shake your head. 'No.'

'Gin? Wine? Beer? Schnaps? Poteen? Moonshine? Hooch? Bols? Mead? Sack? Ale? Metheglin? Melomel? Vermouth? Cider? Cyser? Pyement? Porter? Stout? Vodka? Water? Rum? Strega? Fermented mare's—'

'Water?' you ask. 'Did you say water?'

The young woman looks up at you. 'Yes, I did. I didn't mean to say it, but I did. I'm under considerable strain, you know. It can happen to anyone, a little mistake like that. But you don't know what it's like being secretary of the Temperance Society in a place like this. They're all mad, you know, those that aren't drunk. And then there are all these forms to fill in.' She takes the forms and throws them up in the air so that they scatter like snowflakes. 'That's what I think of them,' she cries. 'That's what I think of their stupid forms!' She hands you a small metallic card engraved with a broken bottle ensignia. 'There you are! Just take it and leave me alone!'

'What is it?' you ask.

'Your membership card!' she screams. 'Carry it at all times and don't touch alcohol otherwise it will explode and blow your stupid head off!!!!'

Charming. You pocket the card and sidle off to 106 before she has a complete nervous breakdown.

202

This is a dreadful mistake, Pip. Even if those bagpipes aren't built as a weapon, they've started to fight back in self defence. And with the muscular Mrs MacHoot savaging your right leg it's like being in the ring simultaneously with an all-in wrestler and an octopus. More to the point, they both move so fast you haven't been able to lay a finger on them yet.

'I surrender!' shouts EJ, who knows when he's beaten even if you don't. 'I give in. Pax. Hand me a white flag and I'll wave it. Don't hit me. Spare us. I am your slave. You win. All I have is—'

'Pull yourself together, EJ!' you hiss angrily. All the same, he has a point, especially now Mrs MacHoot and her bagpipes have ceased the attack in face of this craven display.

'Let that be a lesson to you,' mutters Mrs MacHoot grimly. 'Never hit a defenceless set of bagpipes when its back is turned.'

You close your eyes and pray for patience (and possibly another sword) but having gained the upper hand, Mrs MacHoot is now wreathed in smiles and dragging you into that bizarre one-roomed castle.

'Sit yoursel doon,' she says, 'and I'll mak ye a cup of tae. If ye dinna drink it the noo, it will revive your LIFE POINTS to full capacity one time, or restore a double dice roll three times.'

'Aye,' wheezes the bagpipes, 'and be sure tae feed the ducks (metaphorically speaking) before you leave the village, itherwise ye'll miss the chance of getting something ye'll stand in dire need of later, dinna ye ken?'

'How do you know?' you ask the bagpipes curiously.

'I was Old Moore's bagpipes at one time and before that I piped for Nostradamus.'

*Healing potion in the form of tea and advice from a set of predictive bagpipes? Some adventures are definitely a lot odder than others. Better get back to **106** before this one goes completely nuts.*

203

You knock back yet another ball of malt and soon the barman begins to look like Paul Newman. After one more ball of malt, for medicinal purposes, you are now so healthy you can hardly stand. Your head begins to revolve on your shoulders, spinning like the beacon of a lighthouse. It is very hot in the tavern and your fellow revellers press round you like a cheerful lynch mob when, mercifully, unconsciousness intervenes.

*You come to clutching a brace of dice. Roll them now to discover where you are when you wake up. Score 2-4 and go to **189**. Score 5-7*



You knock back another ball of malt and the barman starts to look like Paul Newman

and go to **200**. Score 8-10 and go to **151**. Score 11 or 12 and you'll actually find yourself in the mountain pass at **55**.

204

They're not crates - they're coffins!

Now, pay close attention, Pip. What you do in a situation like this is hold your breath and slowly, very slowly and very carefully, begin to back away, one step at a time. Don't take your eyes off the coffins and don't make any noise. Just creep away a little at a time until you reach - Too late, they're opening.

*You guessed it, Pip, it's vampires. Saturnine individuals in Moss Bros opera cloaks and luminous fangs. Throw one die and divide your score by two to determine how many you're facing. (No, you can't fight half a vampire, so round it up to the nearest whole number if your calculation ends in a fraction.) Each has 25 LIFE POINTS, scores on 6 and does dice damage only except for a double six which indicates he's drained every drop of blood from your body, leaving you a dried out husk at **14**. Should you survive this gratuitous dose of Transylvanian horror, you should make your way to **212**.*

205

Just as you are sinking to your knees with the world growing dim around you, the collar suddenly eases, allowing you to take in a few gasps of breath. But you still can't get it off. It remains in position like something welded from metal.

*Which is possibly just as well since you will now benefit from the Protection of the Anointed for the remainder of the adventure. Should you wish to invoke it, throw two dice before a specific combat. If you score 10, 11 or 12, the enemy you are facing will refuse to fight on the grounds that you are an Anglican vicar and you are then free to proceed as if you had survived the fight. Very handy. Now off you go to **151** and make up your mind what you want to do next.*

206

'Ye'll be goin' in to bat then,' suggests the umpire slyly.

You nod. Pogolfit is such a disaster area that you might as well die batting as bowling.

'Guid,' says the umpire, then adds, as if in afterthought, 'we're playing Australian rules.'

Australian rules? What are Australian rules? Pogolfit was brutally lethal enough without changing the rules. You open your mouth to protest, but it is, alas, too late. Already you are being pushed in front of those three swords and handed the club with the nail through it.

'Walk on!' calls the umpire cheerfully. At once *both* teams produce monstrously large collapsible cabers from their sporrans and begin to thunder towards you *en masse* like a mobile forest.

'Hey wait a minute!' you call in sudden panic. 'I can't take on both teams!'

'You can under Australian rules!' calls the

umpire, racing for the safety of the overhanging tree.

You turn to run (or beat a strategic retreat, as you might prefer to phrase it) but already the cabers are arching into the air to fall like a flight of giant arrows on to your unprotected head. For an instant the sky darkens. You raise your club in a lunatic attempt to defend yourself, then the cabers descend like Doomsday and a blinding flash of pain is followed by total blackness.

But not, however, the blackness of 14. Indeed you are two hundred times removed from that dreaded section at 214.

207

Leaning forward at a peculiar angle, you punch the barman on the nose. He responds by throwing a bottle at your head. The missile misses (perhaps fortunately) and strikes a beefy Highlander on the back of his florid neck.

The Highlander emits a ferocious roar, similar in many respects to the mating call of the wild giant Aberdeen haggis in August, and, obviously deciding he was attacked by the man next to him thumps that worthy on the top of the head.

The man next to the Highlander, a black-eyed itinerant with a crafty look and a hidden dagger, is thrown backwards across a poker table at which an important game is in progress. The players, four moon-faced murderers from the Isle of Skye, leap up so suddenly that the table is hurled into a barber shop quartet engaged in singing *Nelly MacDean*.

At once total chaos erupts throughout the tavern so that in seconds it resembles nothing more than a brawl in a Wild West saloon. Heads are being broken, men flung through mirrors, windows smashed, tables splintered, swords and knives flashed, while over to the left, the comic relief is crawling along on all fours, miraculously being missed by everything that is being thrown at him.

Now look what you've done, Pip. Better get offside before this worsens. Slip out the back door to 106 and select a safer destination.

208

The smell that emerges from the open pen, combined with that peculiar singing which grates the nerves and set the teeth on edge, would tell you if nothing else did that you have entered a haggis farm.

'Do you know, I've never seen a live haggis,' EJ remarks.

'And you don't want to,' you tell him soberly. 'Apart from dragons and ferrets, they're probably the most frightening creatures humanity will ever see. Frightening and dangerous. You will note,' you tell him, pointing, 'the thickness of the logs which make up the stockade which pens these creatures. You will notice the double thickness of rope with which the logs are bound. You will notice the height of the stockade itself, for it is well known your average haggis can jump seven times the length of its outstretched arms upwards. You will notice the broken bottles set into the top of the stockade wall. You will notice

the deep ditch which surrounds the whole, capable of being flooded at a moment's notice should even one of the dreaded creatures escape. You will notice—'

'But hasn't it got a flimsy lock,' remarks EJ, obviously tiring of your fascinating lecture. He twists in your hand—

'Don't poke the lock!' you scream.

—and pokes the lock. Which pings open.

Immediately the gateway of the stockade slams back as if under the impact of some truly superhuman force and three jet black overstuffed haggi crash through, snouts snuffling, heads swinging hither and thither, barbed tails thrashing.

Two of these monsters race northwards for the freedom of the highlands. The third, regrettably, sights its glinting little piggy eyes on you, paws the ground for a second, then hurls itself in the air in the typical charge of the maddened haggis.

You're going to have difficulty cutting this one into bite-sized pieces, Pip. The haggis has fully 40 LIFE POINTS, hits on 5 or better and manages a staggering +6 damage. Fortunately, apart from the leap, it moves quite slowly, and consequently you will get in two strikes for every one it manages. It will, however, roll on you successfully on a throw of 12, killing you outright. Should you succumb to this brute, proceed as always to 14. Should you survive, you will find your troubles are only starting at 213.

209

'Now see here, EJ,' you begin in your most reasonable tone.

'No,' snaps EJ. 'Shan't.' He twists so that his back is to you and pouts, both actions so difficult for a sword that you can see at once how serious he is about this whole thing.

'I doubt she's a fan,' you tell him quietly. 'I'd say she borrowed that tunic from her sister or something.'

'You're just jealous,' EJ tells you bitterly. 'You're just jealous because I get all the fan mail. You'd get nowhere in these adventures without me, you know.' He leaps from your hand and sticks himself into the floor uselessly. You try to tug him out, but he is stuck fast, presumably using the same trick his senior namesake used to stay in the stone until King Arthur came along.

So much for sweet reason. You're stuck with attacking the princess at 199, reasoning with her at 195 or returning to 86 to select a less troublesome destination.

210

Sunlight floods the room as you throw open the shutters; and as it does you are surrounded by the most hideous screams you have ever heard. You spin round, but the screaming stops as abruptly as it began. The chamber you have entered has obviously not been disturbed for months, perhaps even years. And no wonder: those dim shapes you mistook for crates are now revealed as coffins.

You move forward to inspect them. It is the work of only moments to remove the lids (which oddly enough are hinged and the hinges well oiled) but there is nothing inside any of them except heaps of dust and the occasional large signet ring.

You take a last look round, wondering where on earth (or Beyond, heh-heh) the screaming came from. But the mystery remains.

*Irritating when you don't know what's going on, isn't? Never mind, you're probably better off not knowing. Off you go to **86** and select a different destination. Unless, of course, you want to try on one of those dusty signet rings at **215**.*

211

Your eyes are crossing and your breath is coming in pants (short pants at that, very frayed around the edges). Furiously your hands scrabble at your throat, trying to release the demonic collar.

'Psst!'

Your surroundings are dimming. Blood pounds in your head. There is a red haze—

'Psst!'

—before your eyes. Your throat feels as if it were on fire. There is a dreadful weakness creeping up your—

'Psssssssssssst!!!!'

'Oh, what is it, EJ?' you ask in irritation, now that the stupid sword has completely ruined your lovely death scene.

'Why don't you use me to hack at it?' EJ asks reasonably.

'Are you out of your tiny metal mind?' you ask him. 'It's round my *throat!* If I start hacking at it, I might hack myself to pieces!'

'You might,' EJ agrees. 'But if you don't take the chance, it's **14** for sure.'

Which actually makes sense of a sort, especially now the blood supply to your brain is so severely interrupted. Without more ado, you grab EJ and swing him at your neck.

*I wouldn't have believed this if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, Pip. Of all the daft things you've done in your adventures, trying to decapitate yourself with your own sword must be the daftest. Throw two dice exactly as you'd do in combat. If you score a hit on the collar (5 or better) turn to **217**. If not, try **222**.*

212

Those things (those Things) don't half make a noise don't they Pip? Talk about your actual blood-curdling screams. Although it's sweet music at a time like this.

You stride to the shutters and fling them open, allowing the sudden burst of sunlight to convert the vampiric corpses into hygienic heaps of dust, set off occasionally by the inevitable large signet ring.

*Which you may try on (a signet ring, not a heap of dust) at **215**. If you really want to try on a heap of dust (although why you should*

suddenly start being silly is anybody's guess) you may do so at 218.

213

'What are you doing to my haggis, look you, saucepan bach?' an angry voice demands as you stagger back half dead from the fray.

Panting, you turn to find yourself being glared at by a small dark-haired man with a leek in his sporran and bits of coal strung from the hem of his kilt to prevent it blowing up in the wind. A compatriot of Merlin's by his accent. But what is a Welshman doing here in Scotland?

It is a mystery you have little chance to solve. Enraged by what you have done to his haggis, the misplaced miner flings himself upon you, drawing the leek from his sporran and belabouring you in a most alarming manner.

*Although you might be forgiven for assuming a leek won't do you much harm, you would, in this instance be wrong (and quite possibly **dead** wrong.) The leek in use by this enraged Welsh haggis farmer is a magical vegetable weapon which requires a massive 9 or better to score a hit, but having hit achieves triple dice damage and gives you such dreadful indigestion that you will be unable to strike successfully or cast spells for two combat rounds. If you are leeked to death in this unusual encounter, turn swiftly to 14. On the slim chance that you may survive, 219 remains open.*

214

You awaken slowly, with a fearsome headache. You are lying on a floor of a limestone cavern. Sunlight



In one corner is a monstrous egg

filters through a large hole in the roof, around which are ranged a number of bearded but anxious faces.

'Are ye all right the noo?' one calls down.

You look around you. Several of the collapsible cabers have fallen into the cavern with you and have come through with such force that three of them are actually embedded in the rock. Every bone in your body aches.

'Ye scored a four!' calls down one of the watching faces encouragingly.

You push yourself painfully to your feet (to the sound of a ragged cheer from above) and, holding your head lest it fall off altogether, take a look around the cavern in the hope of finding an exit.

There is none—

'We'll mak a rope oot of were kilts and pull you oot!' calls down an anxious face. 'Dinna fache yoursel about that!'

—but there is a huge egg, larger actually than you are, in one corner, it's shell slightly cracked by one of the fallen cabers.

*The question being whether you accept the offer of the kilt rope at **221** or investigate that monstrous egg at **224**.*

215

You slip the huge signet ring on your finger. At once it shrinks to fit (and fits so well that you will never be able to remove it until death, or at

least until your finger drops off) and begins to glow with a weird green light.

You begin to feel most peculiar.

*As well you might, since you are in the process of changing into a bat. If this disturbs you, turn to **223**. If not, proceed to **226**.*

216

The building is surrounded by a fog of whiskey fumes so potent that you are on your knees and swimming by the time you reach the door. Even EJ is beginning to look distinctly the worse for wear.

'Hic!' he says from the depths of his scabbard. As you reach the doorway, a bleary-eyed watchman steps forward to block your way. 'Nay anither step me bonny!' he says grimly. 'This commercial enterprise is private property and we dinna hold wi' Excise or the like.'

'I'm no frae the Excise,' you tell him, a little slurred and quite definitely picking up his amazing accent. But he declines to move.

*Which means if you want to get into this commercial enterprise you're going to have to fight him at **225**. But you may, of course, simply stagger back to **106** and select a less inebriating destination.*

217

Like a vision of doom, EJ's razor edge descends upon your throat, neatly slitting off the

constricting collar without, however, as much as grazing your tender skin.

Can't complain about that as an outcome. Now it's safely on the ground, you can kick the collar to death and return to the kirk at 151 or, indeed, all the way back to 106 to select a totally different destination.

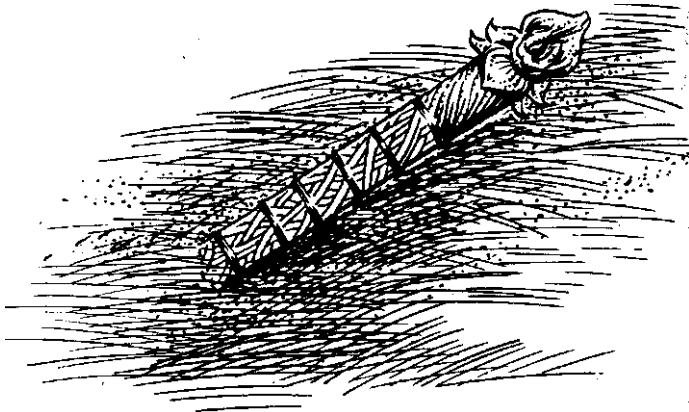
218

You (yuukkk!) plunge your hand into the heap of dust which, so short a time ago was a living?), breathing vampire and with a philosophical cry of 'Sic transit gloria mundi!' you rummage about a bit.

Nothing.

You (gulp!) move on to the next pile and repeat the process.

Still nothing.



Your questing fingers close upon a short staff

You (gag!) pass on to a third and, feeling more like a ghoul with every passing moment, plunge your hand in again. This must have been a particularly large vampire, since there is so much dust your arm sinks in to the elbow. But your patience (not to mention your cast iron stomach) is rewarded. Within the dust your questing fingers close upon a short staff of some description. You draw it out, clean it off and find to your amazement you are holding a beautifully constructed Lotus Wand!

Vampires, it seems, will swallow anything, Pip. The Lotus Wand, so called because one end has been worked into the likeness of a lovely lotus flower, is decorated along the shaft with several coloured bands. What the wand does depends on which band you are holding when you pronounce the secret word which activates the wand. Unfortunately you have no indication what the secret word might be.. . yet. All the same, you may as well take note of the powers of the wand in case you are ever in a position to use it. Held by the GOLD band, it will cure any wound or ailment, returning you to full LIFE POINTS. Held by the BLUE band, it will surround you with an Armour of Light which acts like armour to deduct 3 points of any damage scored against you. Held by the RED band, it adds 2 points to any damage you score against an opponent. Held by the GREEN band, it automatically guarantees a Friendly Reaction from any creature where a Friendly Reaction is possible. Held by the SILVER band, it makes you terribly good looking for three

sections. You should also throw one die to discover how many times you may use the wand during the current adventure. Now off you go to **86**, select a new destination and keep your eyes peeled for the secret word that activates the Lotus Wand.

219

That was some going, Pip. There's not an adventurer in the country who could have gotten through that mess in as good a shape as you are. But then, of course, there are very few adventurers in the country with your courage, stamina, skill, intelligence, luck and sheer good looks.

*But since despite all this you're sometimes a bit forgetful, maybe I should remind you to take the leek (which is a valuable vegetable weapon) with you when you return to **106** to select a different destination.*

220

Nice try, but this isn't where you want to go, believe me. You are in a rather smelly limbo section, totally surrounded by man-eating dinosaurs. Unless you want to end up as a dino dinner, you'd better get back to the section you just came from and decide on a more sensible course of action.

221

You avert your eyes in horror as the men above remove their kilts. But in a moment a voice calls down shakily, 'We're ready the noo!' You look up again to discover they have tied the garments corner, to corner to create a rope which stretches from the hole in the ceiling almost to your feet.

'Grab hold of that!' calls a voice from above. 'And look sharp about it: there's a Highland wind up here that's fair chill enough to wither your uxters when you're caught without your kilt!'

Not wishing your rescuers to suffer withered uxters, you swing swiftly on to the makeshift rope and begin to climb.

*But will the knots hold? Throw two dice. Score 7 or more and climb successfully to **228**. Score anything else and you fall, deducting your actual score from your current LIFE POINTS by way of damage. If this kills you, turn to **14**. If not, you will have to try the climb again.*

222

Like a vision of doom, EJ's razor edge descends upon your throat, neatly slitting off the constricting collar and just as neatly slicing off your head.

The world revolves and bounces alarmingly as you experience a weird sensation of falling before your vision dims.

'Sorry about that,' mutters EJ's all too familiar voice.

*As you sink headless to the gloomy depths of **14**.*

Swiftly, before the ~~223~~ metamorphosis is complete, you grab your trusty friend and sword, the great Excalibur Junior and, gritting your teeth against the agony, swing the blade in a shimmering arc to cut off the ring!

*And a goodly portion of your finger. So much so, in fact, that you will henceforth score 1 less than the damage shown by the dice in any future hassle. At least until such time as you die and grow yourself another body. Now off you go to **86** and select a new destination before you do yourself any more damage.*

224

There's something in. that egg!

The sounds are quite distinctive. Something within the egg is trying to get out. Something huge is hatching. You watch, half paralysed, as cracks begin to craze the surface.

*You could be in big trouble if you stay half paralysed, Pip. There's still time to climb the kilt rope at **221**. But if you don't move fast, you're condemned to find out what happens at **229**.*

225

'Get out of my way, varlet!' you cry, lurching to your feet and swinging EJ wildly.

*Very wildly. You are now so drunk you will miss two out of every three throws in the fight. The watchman has 25 LIFE POINTS and a +2 club concealed up his kilt. If you survive go to **231**. If not, try **14**.*

226

You flap around blindly for a bit until you discover that whistling restores your sight completely. With that small panic over, you begin to evaluate your new status.

*Which actually isn't bad, especially since you can reverse it and become human again simply by pronouncing the magic word NAMTAB. As a bat, you cannot, of course, use EJ so you require the normal 6 to hit an opponent. But since you are also a vampire bat, a throw of 10, 11 or 12 will totally drain your opponent of LIFE POINTS leaving him dead and floppy. Furthermore, being small, dark and winged, you are far harder to hit and can cheerfully add 2 to the number an opponent normally requires to strike you. How often you can change into a bat during the course of this adventure depends on the number of charges left in the vampire ring. Throw one die to determine this. Now flutter off to **86** and fly to your next destination.*

227

The armoured mummy grunts. 'You're right. Which is a pity, since I was quite looking forward to killing you, that being my mean and nasty nature.' It waves a bandaged hand vaguely. 'You can go on now.'

A thought strikes you and you clear your throat politely. 'Excuse me,' you say, 'but I've always wondered why mummies wear so many bandages. Can you tell me?'

'In my case,' says the armoured mummy, 'I cut myself shaving.'

Boom-Boom! Now come away before you contact some noxious disease. Having pronounced the password properly, you are

now fully entitled to take the southern corridor to 232, the northern corridor back to 143, the western corridor to—

'Oh no you're not!' exclaims the armoured mummy grimly. 'I said you could go on, that's all. Which means go on south to 232. And I suppose I can permit you to return north back the way you came. But don't start talking about going east or west. Did I say you could go east or west?'

'No,' you admit. 'But—'

'See?' says the mummy. 'You admit I didn't say you could go east or west, yet there you were calmly considering going east or west. That's typical of your average adventurer nowadays. Give an inch and they take a mile. Now, you can go south to 232 right now if you like, with no trouble from me, but you go east or west over my dead body.'

Which might actually be arranged at 234 if you decide to fight the invincible armoured mummy. Otherwise, as the Thing says, your options are limited to 232 or back to 143.

228

As you emerge above ground, a ragged cheer rises from the gathered throng and the old umpire wanders vaguely across to slap your back and tell you the four you scored has won the match. (The rules of Pogolfit become more obscure the more often you play it.)

With this news, both teams produce bagpipes and march off in perfect formation, wailing and skirling and generally terrifying the livestock.

You look around you at the empty Pogolfit field, now with a huge hole just in front of the three swords, and wonder at the futility of it all.

As well you might since after all that bother, all you have for your pains is a thumping headache and the option to return to 106 to select a different destination.

229

A portion of the egg breaks away and a huge ugly head emerges.

Another portion falls to the floor of the cave and a monstrous claw breaks free.

The egg breaks in two, and massive wings stretch out. From above, screams herald the abrupt disappearance of the watching figures. You step back, alarmed and awed, your hand scrabbling for the comfort of EJ's pommel. It's a dragon, of course, but the largest and most peculiarly coloured dragon you have ever seen. Even now, just out of its egg, it is bigger than the most monstrous of the mature dragons you encountered in the Den of Dragons as a near novice adventurer. And its eyes, the eyes which are now locked on to your own, are orbs of solid gold!

A small plume of green fire curls from the gold-eyed dragon's mouth. The huge head stretches towards you and the creature speaks

'Momma!' it says.

Which is just about all you need, a giant baby fire-breathing gold-eyed dragon dumb enough

to imagine you are its mother! All the same, the situation has its compensations. The creature will fly you out of this cavern and even fight on your behalf for the next seven combats. (It is still quite weak and inexperienced, requiring 6 or better to make contact and doing only dice damage. As against that, it is virtually indestructible, being blessed at birth with 7,000 LIFE POINTS.) Now climb on its back, hold your breath and before you know it you'll be at **233**.

230

The store, when you reach it, is barred and shuttered. You stand staring up at the nameplate (GENERAL STORE AND BAKERY Prop. W. Wobbly) and wondering why you bother to check out obvious dead-loss areas like this.

Pressing your nose against the glass, you can see it contains a great many bolts of tweed, spare parts for several brands of bagpipes, stone jars for the maturation of whiskey and, at the back, trays of bread and cakes.

A notice pinned to the door states:

GONE TO FEED THE DUCKS.
BACK SOON.

It is unsigned.

*Well, that's been a real ball of fire, Pip. Just the sort of boring old section that gives adventuring a bad name. Never mind, you may find somewhere more interesting via the map at **106**.*



A great gold head emerges from the egg

231

The watchman isn't dead, despite appearances: he's so pickled in alcohol you'd have to beat his liver down with a stick. The trouble is you've now breathed in so much of the fumes you aren't much better.

Pulling yourself together as best you can, you stride forward bravely.

And find yourself at 106.

232

Even as you walk down the corridor you are aware of a horrid *wrongness* about the place, like a wedding ceremony being performed by undertakers. The air, though dry, is sultry and thick, the way air gets just before a thunderstorm. There is a smell of decay about, a sweet corruption similar to the effect of a rat crawling into your boot to die. At the same time, on the outer edges of your perception, you can just hear hints of discordant music, as if a choir of bats were tunelessly humming the *Anvil Chorus*.

None of this does much for your nerves, but you press on. Powdery mould begins to form on the flagstones beneath your feet, the sort that eats its way through leather sandals given half a chance and groans dramatically when you tread on it. There is a quiet, but persistent, gibbering from the wall on your right, as if a small group of politicians had been immured for talking too much. The left hand wall is silent, but weeps incessantly and occasionally bleeds.

Look here, are you absolutely SURE you want

to keep going south? The option is still open to you at 235, of course, but now you can see what it's like, you might like to reconsider your options at 227.

233

You emerge from the hole in a flurry of mighty wings, just in time to see the two Pogolfit teams disappearing over the far horizon in a stampede which threatens to flatten everything in its path.

The golden-eyed dragon settles by the tree and waits for, you to dismount. You do so, wondering if it will ever learn to talk — a definite possibility in your opinion since it looks fearfully intelligent and has certainly learned to fly only seconds after being born.

'Dragonlore,' says the dragon, as if reading your mind.

'Pardon?'

'I'll learn to speak Dragonlore,' says the dragon. 'That's my native tongue. I'll never be able to speak English: it's far too difficult.'

'But you're speaking English now,' you protest. 'You're speaking English even while you tell me you will eventually learn the language of Dragonlore.'

The dragon looks at you silently as if you were an idiot.

Maybe you'd better get off to 106 and select another destination before this conversation slips over the edge of reality completely.

Splat!

The sound of the invincible armoured mummy swatting you to mincemeat.

Well, that didn't take long, Pip. Chalk it up to experience and claw your way back from 14.

235

The corridor opens abruptly into a massive chamber constructed from stone blocks not one of which could weigh much less than seven tons. A high, vaulted ceiling soars away into gloom, supported by a collonade of massive granite pillars.

Leaning against each pillar is a skeleton (not all of them human remains either) while between them, ranged row on row, is the weirdest army you have ever seen: soldiers dressed in a vast assortment of rusty armour and carrying ancient weapons, every last man jack of them long dead. Your eyes widen with amazement as they sweep across this vast array of upright corpses. Here are ranks of mummies, here zombies, here vampires, here ghouls. Here are the Roman dead, the Ancient Britons, the Gauls, the Huns. Here are the bodies of tribesmen who fought mammoth in the Ice Age. And here—

A chill crawls up your spine. For here are faces you recognize at once. The mad eyes of the black-bearded Wizard Ansalom . . . the porcine features of the Phantom Grunweasel (dum-da-dum-dum). . . the hideous visog of the Maths Teacher from the Ghastly Kingdom . . . Face after

face, creature after creature, enemy after enemy: the scores upon scores whom you have met and vanquished, all ranged against you now, grinning inanely, as they prepare to wreak terrible revenge on—

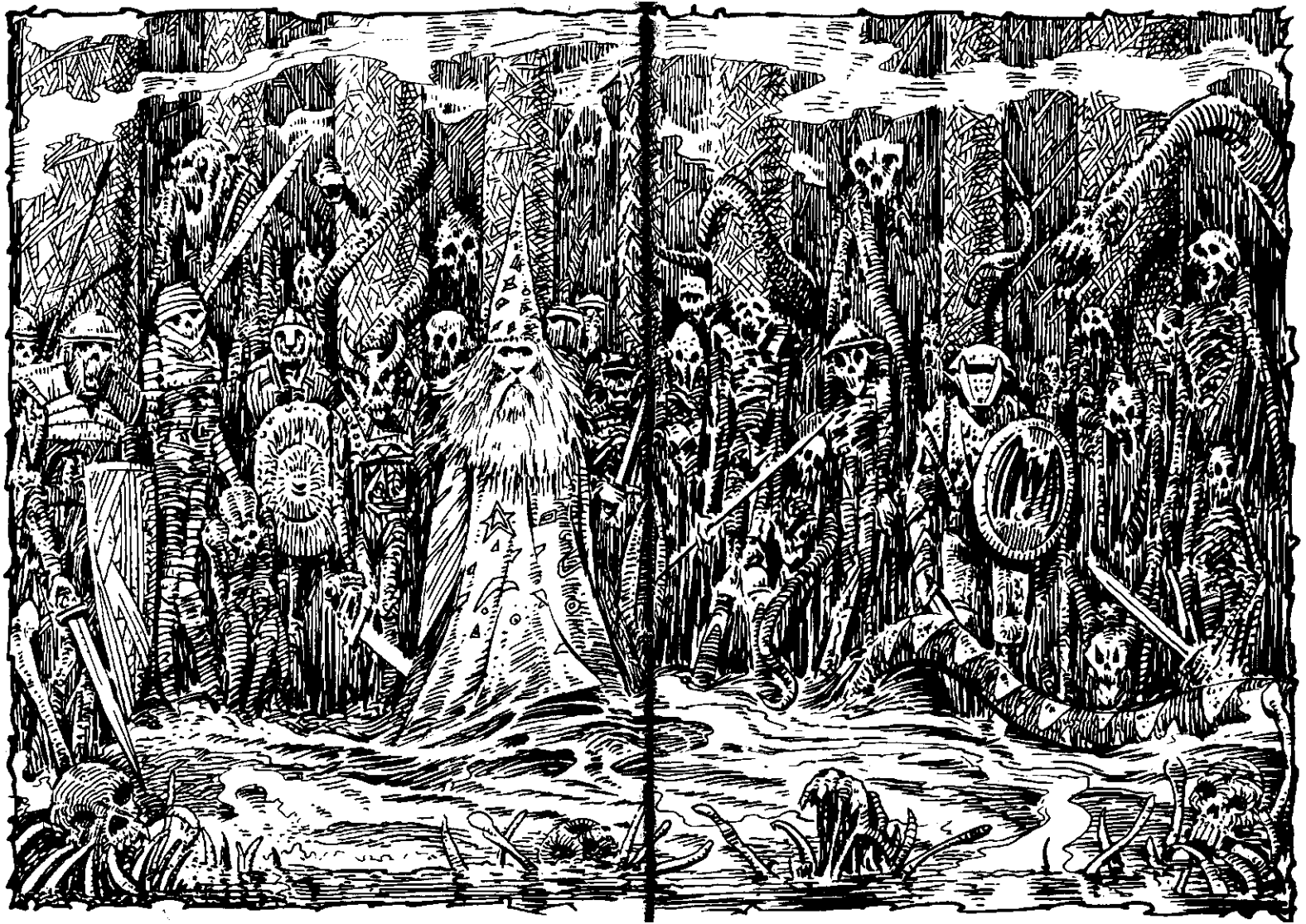
Here, wait a minute, they're not moving! They're standing rank on rank in a massive army, but standing immobile, eyes sightlessly" staring straight ahead and not so much as a whisker twitching.

'Of course there's not a whisker twitching!' snaps a familiar voice as Merlin steps out from behind a pillar. 'They're dead, aren't they. Can't go leaping about all over the place when you're dead can you? It isn't done. No. No indeed.'

You take a pace backwards. 'But you're dead too!' you protest. 'You broke your neck falling out of an apple tree.'

'Yes, I know,' says Merlin. 'But it's different when you're a wizard. Now, I'm glad you came, Pip. I was just about to cast the spell to animate this lot and send them marching into Avalon. Now you're here, you can lead them. I'll make you a Major. No - a Colonel. You deserve it, what with all the hacking and slaying you've done.'

'Send them into Aval—' you begin in amazement. Then you notice Merlin's eyes, which look like something out of a 1950s B movie about aliens who take over human bodies. They are 98 per cent white, very round and staring. There is no doubt about it, your old friend and mentor, direct cause of seven of your very best adventures, has gone



A chill crawls up your spine as you face the Legion of the Dead .

over to the Bad Guys. Admittedly with the excuse of being dead, but unless his eyes deceive you, gone over just the same.

'Excuse me,' says EJ.

'Not now, EJ, can't you see I'm wrestling with the greatest emotional decision of my entire career.'

'Don't be daft,' remarks EJ. 'There's no decision at all. Either you kill him or cure him. He's far too dangerous like that to be left alone.' He coughs. 'And while I'm at it, I might as well tell the word that activates the lotus wand is *hollyhocks*.'

You stare at him, possibly wondering what on earth he is babbling about. But the situation is too desperate for anything but essential questions.

'I'd prefer to cure him, if I knew how,' you say.

EJ shrugs. 'A sunstone should do it, provided you can hit him with it right between the eyes. But I can't remember if you picked one up on this adventure.'

Well, did you? If you did and wish to use it now, turn to 237. If you didn't, then all you can do is fight at 236.

236

With a hideous war cry, you leap towards the Thing that once was Merlin.

He glances up, makes a circular motion with his left hand, and EJ's blade ties itself in a granny knot.

'Ouch!' exclaims EJ. But you have no time for sympathy. Throwing aside your useless sword—

'Who's useless?' demands EJ, untying himself and lunging swiftly back in the direction of your hand.

—You hurl yourself forward in a devastating karate drop kick which, however, Merlin sidesteps without too much trouble, leaving you to land rather heavily on your rear end.

As you pick yourself up, you see two shafts of leprous green light emerge from Merlin's funny eyes. You tumble to avoid them, but it is too late. The light catches you and you freeze, like a fly trapped in amber. You can feel your body begin to fizzle round the edges, as if he had turned you to lemonade. Then, with a devastating (but silent) explosion, you plunge abruptly into darkness.

Emerging at 14. No, wait a minute, this doesn't look like 14 at all. Although it's a pretty fearsome place: a gloomy castle shaped almost like a skull. About which you'll possibly learn more at 57.

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With a movement so deft and nimble that the eye can scarcely follow it, you snatch the sunstone from your backpack and hurl it directly at the Wizard Merlin.

He screams in terror as the stone arcs towards him and attempts to dodge aside. But the gem is imbued with a will of its own and twists in the air to embed itself right between those two weird eyes. It sparkles for a moment, then vanishes completely.

'What?' asks Merlin vaguely, the evil expression fading from his features. 'Where? How? When?

Who? Never mind that last question, I can see who. It's Pip, isn't it? Yes, of course it is. Yes. Yes, indeed. I've been dead, haven't I? Slaughtered and caput. Locked in **14** with the key thrown away. But now I'm rescued, that's it, isn't it? What a lark! What did you use? A sunstone, I'll be bound. Or possibly the gallstone of a purple giant, that would do the trick as well. Although, of course—'

'Never mind about that now, Merlin!' you scream at him in sudden panic. 'We have to get out of here!'

Indeed you do, throughout the vast chamber, the dread army of vampires, zombies, ghouls, mummies and various other unsavoury types of rotting corpse has begun to stir, animated by the power discharge of the sunstone. Dead eyes (worse looking even than Merlin's when he was weird) are turning in your direction. Dead fingers are raising to point at you. Dead feet are beginning to shuffle in your direction. Dead — but you get the general idea.

You dive successfully for the exit, dragging Merlin behind you. As you leave, the horrid creatures freeze once more into immobility.

Phew! Close call that. But at least it leaves you ready to move on to the section headed 'Pip Triumphant'.

PIP TRIUMPHANT

'It's no good!' exclaimed Sir Lancelot, who panicked easily despite his reputation. He wrung his hands fiercely and walked up and down with tight, small steps in agitation. 'We still don't have enough!'

On the jousting fields of Camelot rank upon rank of armed and armoured men were drawn up in battle order. Pikes and pennants stretched without end to the far horizon like a vast angry sea. Sunshine glinted on metal. Huge brown patches of cavalry stood out among the infantry, bobbing and ducking in time to the snorting of the massive warhorses. It was the largest, most formidable army ever raised in Avalon. And still the brave Sir Lancelot did not think it was enough.

King Arthur sighed and turned to the tiny female with the pointed hat seated on the pony by his side. 'What do you think, Cody?'

Cody shrugged. She looked very tired and a great deal older than her actual age. 'He may be right, Your Majesty. It's no ordinary invasion. The Legion of the Dead is full of dead soldiers as the name implies, and that makes them very difficult to kill. Then there's Merlin—'

The King sighed. 'Ah, Merlin.' His eyes clouded.

'Do you really think he's turned against us?'

'No doubt about it,' Cody said. 'At least to all intents and purposes. He isn't the old Merlin any more, of course. Getting killed changes you.'

'Yes, I suppose so,' murmured the King. 'So we're up against all Merlin's magic as well?'

'I'm afraid so,' Cody nodded.

King Arthur sighed. 'Better move the men out,' he told Sir Lancelot. 'It may not be enough, but it's the most we've got.'

'I could ride back to my native France for reinforcements,' Lancelot offered.

But the King shook his head. 'No time. All the signs are that the Legion of the Dead is about to march. Once that happens, they'll be here in a week. It would take you much longer than that to bring men back from France.'

'I suppose so,' Lancelot admitted glumly.

As the last ranks of the huge army marched from Camelot to take their places on the field of battle, King Arthur took Cody aside. 'What of Pip?' he asked her in a confidential whisper.

'Pip?' she asked. 'Dead and joined the Legion, I imagine. It's been far too long for a successful mission.'

King Arthur shivered. 'So we will have to fight Pip as well as Merlin! Now surely Avalon is doomed!' He wheeled his charger and was setting off to join

his men when a sudden commotion up ahead caused him to pause.

'Doomed!' called a voice, as if echoing the King's last word. 'We are doomed, all doomed!' A man ran past him, then another. King Arthur frowned. More and more men streamed past, eyes wide with terror. The ground began to shake and a noise like distant thunder filled the air. Arthur's horse began to plunge nervously, but it was a well trained beast and he calmed it quickly. But up ahead, the huge army which had so recently marched out of Camelot was now returning; and returning in full rout, fleeing an unseen enemy as if pursued by a horde of demons.

'Stop!' ordered the King. But he might as well have tried to halt the tide. The cream of Avalon's fighting men streamed past him in a terrified stampede, even sweeping along the brave Knights of the Table Round, who were unable to control their mounts in the midst of the general stampede.

'What's the matter?' roared the King.

'What's the matter?' shouted back one terrified foot soldier. 'We agreed to fight the Legion of the Dead, but nobody told us we'd have to face anything as dangerous as this!'

'As dangerous as what?' asked Arthur desperately. But it was too late. The man had already fled.

Setting his jaw grimly, good King Arthur wheeled his horse around and drove it steadily through the retreating mob. If danger threatened Avalon he would defend his realm or die trying. In minutes,

so swiftly was the routed army retreating, he was clear of the fleeing soldiers and alone (except for Cody who had quietly followed him) on the road to the field of battle. 'What do you think it is?' he asked her grimly.

'Something pretty dangerous to frighten an entire army like that,' said Cody sagely. 'We'll soon know. Whatever it is is coming round the corner.'

King Arthur reined in and drew his great broadsword Excalibur. He too could hear the sound of steps approaching around the corner.

And suddenly the adversary appeared - a tall, thin man in wizard's robes and a smaller, handsome figure in warrior's gear.

King Arthur remained immobile for a moment, thunderstruck. Then he threw back his head in joy. 'It's Pip and Merlin!' he exclaimed unnecessarily to Cody. His face lit with a massive smile. 'That's what frightened off my entire army!'

And Cody, her eyes fastened on the greatest warrior who ever strode the plains of Avalon, nodded and said quietly, 'As well it might, Your Majesty. As well it might!'

PIP'S COMBINED FIRST AND SECOND 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.

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

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.

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

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 they 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

Fireball
(continued)

an enemy to cause him 75 points of damage. This spell gives you only *two* Fireballs, one for each hand. Once cast 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.

DREAMTIME

To activate the Dreamtime, throw two dice then check below to find out what sort of mess your score has got you into.

2. Your pet chihuahua (a vicious little brute which once played for a South American soccer team) has eaten a surfeit of marrowbone jelly and grown large as an elephant. It now insists on being taken for a walk. Throw two dice to determine whether you will survive this experience. You don't if you score 4 or less and if so go to **14**. Score 5 or more and the exercise will restore 10 LIFE POINTS.

3. You attend a barn dance partnered by an ambulatory stick of giant rhubarb. Your partner, who is demon good at the rhumba, wins a spot prize of 700 gold pieces. Half of this is yours to take back from the Dreamtime.

4. You find yourself suffering from insomnia and must roll again.

5. You are being pursued across a vast plain by a flock of savage chickens. Despite your best efforts, you are unable to outrun them. (Maybe you should take a little more aerobic exercise.) As the flock catches up with you, a number of the

chickens peck off a single LIFE POINT from your precious store. Throw two dice to discover how many LIFE POINTS you have lost. If this kills you, go to **14**.

6. On a special Quest for the Lost Land of Lyonesse, you take a wrong turning, end up in Tibet and discover the mythical Fountain of Youth (frozen solid due to the cold.) Although you are already quite young enough and thus cannot benefit from rejuvenation, you discover that munching an icicle from the Fountain restores you to full LIFE POINTS and makes you even more good looking than you were before.

7. The Phantom Grunweasel (dum-da-dum-dum) whom you defeated decisively several adventures ago is now the focus of a new and strange religious cult, the followers of which have sworn to get you. Now that you are sleeping peacefully, a number of Astral Ninjas are climbing the wall to your bedroom. Throw a die. If you score 4 or more, they fall and break their necks, allowing you to turn over and go back to sleep. Score less and they reach your room. Now throw again to discover how many Ninjas you are facing. Each has 15 LIFE POINTS, strikes on 4 or better and does +3 damage. If you are killed by the Ninjas, go to **14**. If you survive, you may add 5 LIFE POINTS to your current total for every Ninja you defeated.

8. You are a pawn on a giant chessboard and have just been moved to King 4 where you are menaced by a Black Bishop. Whether you receive a bashing or a blessing depends on the result of

your next roll (1 die). If 4 or more, you will be blessed with a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. If 3 or less, you will be bashed for the loss of a double dice roll of LIFE POINTS. (If this kills you, go to **14**.)

9. You discover a new dye which turns your face bright red. Go back, red-faced, to the section where you SLEPT. (This has one benefit: you look so strange now that you are assured of the first strike against any enemy until the dye wears off in five sections.)

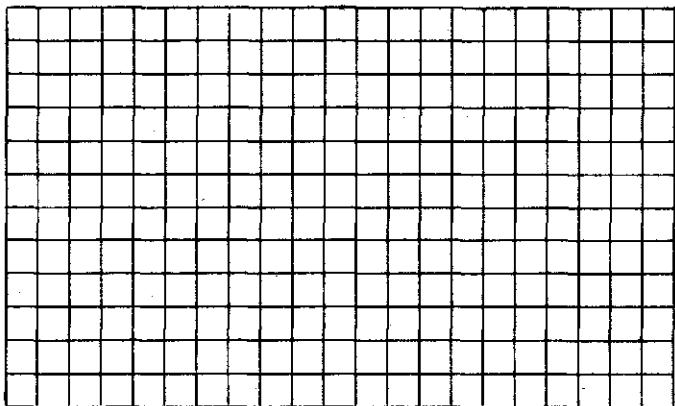
10. You have shrunk to a very small size and fallen into a bowl of alphabet soup. Throw two dice to determine whether or not you can swim. Score less than 8 and you drown at **14**. Score 8 or better and you not only survive, but the nourishment of the alphabet soup ensures you are restored to full LIFE POINTS when you awake.

11. Caught out in a thunderstorm, you realize suddenly that it is raining pennies from heaven. You decide not to bother writing a song about this weird meteorological phenomenon and grab the loot instead (as any sensible adventurer would.) When you awake, you will find the equivalent of 500 gold pieces in copper under your pillow.

12. For want of anything better to do, you have joined a Roman Legion. The rigorous basic training toughens you so much that you have an immediate restoration of 10 LIFE POINTS, but more importantly, opponents will now score 1 less than the dice damage shown against you for the remainder of the adventure.

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

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. * *EJ*: 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:
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Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:	Enemy: Section: Enemy LIFE POINTS:
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