



**RIDERS OF**  
**THE**  
**STORM**

**This book is (C) 2004 Philip Sadler**

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form, electronic or mechanical, including reproduction on the Internet, without the express permission of the author. A single copy of this book may be printed out for personal use only.

Emails to: [philip.sadler3@ntlworld.com](mailto:philip.sadler3@ntlworld.com)



## About this Book

Hey there! It's your old pal Phil Sadler here again! The book you are now reading is the first and only sequel to my only previous Fighting Fantasy adventure – Hellfire. If you have read that you will at least have an idea of what to expect during this book. If you haven't read it you may want to rush off and do so now because, although it's not essential for this new adventure, it will certainly make certain things a little clearer).

*This is a sequel to a horror book, so is it still horror in itself?*

It is more chiller really in that, rather than bombard the reader with constant buckets of blood, I sought to be rather more subtle with the 'nasty' bits. I did this because I had the sneaking suspicion that people could have grown used to the gore during my first book and may have become almost immune to its 'shocks'. That's not to say that this book can't get gory now and again, it's just that this time I wanted to go for the more unsettling aspects of certain matters rather than out and out blood and guts.

*This new aspect may help to explain the strange change of scene?*

Yes, possibly. This new book is set in a forest – not an underground labyrinth! This is *not* because I was inspired by Forest of Doom! Despite the fact that I am sure you are now all thinking I was. Well, it may have had the odd bit of influence, just like every other FF book. However, the real reason for setting it in a forest is twofold: firstly, seeing as how the first book was set in a dark underground place I wanted to do the opposite for the sequel and set it in a bright over ground place. Secondly, I wanted to see if I could take one of the most beautiful settings I could think of and still fill it with very nasty things.

*Ok, we believe you, but what of the difficulty level? Is it as ball-breakingly tough as the first one?*

I doubt it. Those of you who have already experienced Hellfire will know that, unlike certain books I could mention, it did not owe its difficulty to powerful monsters, preferring instead to hit the reader with puzzles, riddles and devious traps. This new book follows a similar vein, but only in that I have still refused to fall into the old trap of just creating ridiculously overpowered enemies and calling the adventure 'difficult' because of them. That's more or less where the similarity (in terms of adventure construction) ends, though. I say that because I am now well aware that it's perfectly possible to create a quest that, powerful enemies or not, can still prove too difficult for most! So, whilst the aforementioned puzzles, riddles and traps still do exist, they are no longer as prevalent or as complex as they were before. I have, instead, concentrated on making a more 'free flowing' game, with less instant deaths, less essential items to collect and a less linear route through.

*Surely if there's less instant deaths then the adventure may run the risk of becoming too easy?*

Not at all, especially if it's constructed correctly. I mean, sure, there aren't as many 'death passages' as before, but they're still there, as are dangerous enemies, tricks, traps and red herrings. Oh, and one last point on this 'deaths' subject: you may, now and again, come across a situation that ends in a particularly 'heavy' loss. The reason for these is not to merely annoy the reader, but to actually avoid having to put an 'Your adventure ends here' message at that point. What this means is, rather than just killing the reader outright, he or she at least has a chance to continue, albeit somewhat the worse for wear. Having said that, there's at least one of these places where you still gain an item...

*Sounds pretty good. I noticed that you mentioned enemies just then, fancy telling us a few things about the foes that populate this adventure?*

Alright then, but first, going back to Hellfire for a moment and regarding its creation and placement of creatures, I must be honest and say I was delighted to populate it with old enemies I myself had faced in other books I had read and loved. Now, despite the fact that the creatures were placed fairly well and their stats were not too overpowering, I now can't help thinking that a lot of the combat suffered from the fact that it was still just like most FF combat – not very interesting. OK, sure, there were new enemies with new abilities within its pages, but they were pretty few and far between. This is a pity when, let's face it, the FF combat system was never very good in the first place and could even be accused of being a bit dull if one was faced with too many foes in too quick a succession.

*Riders of the Storm is not like that?*

No, it's not. Firstly, just like Hellfire, it still features the Deadlock option and, secondly, it now features an Instant Death skill (read the 'Battles' and 'Instant Death' sections to learn about these abilities). Not only that, but just about every fight with every foe features creatures with some unusual skill or ability that breaks from the norm: there are creatures that can damage your luck or your skill or even your initial values. There are others who can grow more powerful during a fight or weaken you just by being in your presence. And there are still others who can alter their stats during combat or even take some of yours and add it to theirs! There are many other weird fights that put a new twist on the norm and I hope you'll enjoy finding and experiencing them.

*The new creatures sound interesting, but are there any old favourites?*

There most certainly are! Witness the Messenger of Death, Hell Demon, Gangees and a good few others.

*I look forward to meeting them (I think), but what of item collection before I even get that far? Will I still need a shopping list?*

No, you will not. In Hellfire, for instance, you needed a veritable hoard of items to complete it. That wouldn't have been so bad in itself if it weren't for the fact that a lot of these items were only known to have been needed right at the end of the book, resulting in death and failure if you didn't have every last one of them! Now, I know that it wasn't quite as bad as I've just made it sound (there were clues throughout the book and, I'm sure, that certain patterns could have been spotted by a astute reader) but, nevertheless, it's just possible that I still went over the top in some respects.

*This book is not like that?*

It certainly isn't. There are still items to collect though, that's for sure, but there are no longer as many and they are no longer as essential. In fact, a lot of the time, you will have the choice whether to go for an item or not (whether it be it guarded by a foe or a trap or the answer to a puzzle or what ever). Quite simply, a lot of artefacts will be useful to you, but few are absolutely vital.

*So, it's not all that linear then?*

No, well not as much as the previous book or most of the other Fighting Fantasy adventures. You have to understand though that this is a game *book* and not a fully-fledged tabletop board game. There's only so much you can do.

*Less linear than the first book you wrote though?*

Yes, definitely less. Back to Hellfire again then and let us regard its linearity. Ok, it probably wasn't as linear as most, but it's possible that more could have been done. 'Riders' is certainly a bit of a different beast in that respect. You can definitely try new routes and new paths, without always missing something essential. This should make fresh attempts at the adventure feel just that bit different from the last. Also, just like Hellfire, there are quite a few 'toss of the die' moments where something good may be awarded or something bad may be avoided. These too will help keep the game alive.

*Talking of keeping things 'alive', are there any new rules?*

There sure are. I have already noted the changes in combat and referred you to the appropriate rules section, but I haven't mentioned everything. Firstly, Healing Potions have been replaced Health Potions. These will restore your stamina by 1 die rather than the usual 4 points and you will start the each adventure with a random amount of these (see 'Stamina'). Secondly, you will now have a random special item at the start of each adventure, you will also have a Help Ring and a new kind of potion (see 'Equipment, Special Items, Help Rings and Potions'). The new potions are of particular note in that, rather than just restoring a statistic to its initial value, it will now involve rolling a certain amount of dice to determine how many points you reclaim. There is also a way to try get

a friend to help you (see 'Background'). All these things will do their part to keep each new adventure fresh.

*You certainly seem to talk a lot more than you used to?*

I guess my style has changed. I mean, I now write in 'proper' paragraphs and implement speech correctly. It must be all those books I've been reading! This may explain how this book, despite being almost 100 references shorter than my first, actually has a much higher page count! Talking of pages, this document is 'paged' correctly for printing.

*Interesting. You talked of reading books; did anyone you read influence you whilst writing this one?*

Steve Jackson (too many to mention)  
Ian Livingstone (too many to mention)  
Mark Smith and Jamie Thomson (Way of the Tiger)  
Joe Dever (Lone Wolf)  
Keith Martin (Vault/Revenge of the Vampire, Night Dragon)  
Jim Bambra and Steven Hand (Dead of Night)  
HP Lovecraft (Cthulhu mythos)  
EA Poe (too many to mention)  
Robert Jordan (Wheel of Time)  
Clive Barker (Books of blood)  
And many others, but I'd be here all day if I mentioned them all...

*Phew, that's a lot of people. Exactly how long did it take you to write this thing?*

A bloody long time. In fact, a bloody, bloody long time. I started writing it years ago, right after I finished Hellfire. Unfortunately, I made the mistake of starting up without any sort of map (although I did have a few notes), and the lack of said map made things very difficult for a very long time. Not only that, but it was an even longer time before I even knew *what* I wanted to make a map of. I mean, I knew it was of an island and I knew there were certain foes I wanted to place and certain events I wanted to create, but it took a long time before it all started to hang together and actually start to make sense.

*So it was more difficult to write than the first?*

You bet your bottom it was. It was tougher to write by a factor of about ten. I think the first mistake I made was, quite simply, that I started it far too soon after I ended the first one and had almost no ideas left! I mean, where as the first book was a culmination of about 15 years of reading FF, the second was more akin to 15 minutes and I had almost nothing left to give. So I put the book to one side for a very long time until I actually got some semblance of ideas together. Even then it proved difficult. I think this was due to a couple of reasons, the first of which was that I wrote Hellfire assuming that it had at least some small *chance* of being published. I wrote the sequel knowing full well it never had



any. Secondly, I think (like I've already said) that my style has now changed and I have begun to find game books somewhat more restrictive than I used to.

*So that's why this book is the 'first and only sequel' to Hellfire?*

Absolutely! I'm now one of a very small group of amateurs who have written two of these things and I have no intention of writing a third.

*Is it at least set up for the possibility of a sequel though?*

Absolutely not. This is the final FF book I intend to write and I didn't want to leave any loose ends. To put things more simply, there could never be a sequel because everything is resolved right here in this book.

*OK, OK don't bite my head off.*

Calm down, I won't! Oh, a couple more things before I go: if you think you find any bugs or want to contact me for some other reason, just send an email to the following address - [philip.sadler3@ntlworld.com](mailto:philip.sadler3@ntlworld.com). Finally, this book does not end at paragraph 400, but somewhere else. I did this to hopefully stop people from being tempted to read it before they got that far. Right that's it I have nothing more to say, apart from this: I just hope that someone, somewhere enjoys this book because it took me one heck of a long time to write it!

*This book is dedicated to the memories of HP Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe*

## **RIDERS OF THE STORM**

The Void, The Nothing, Oblivion; that endless sea of emptiness they call “The worst horror of all.” And YOU had endured it for *years*. Mercifully, you went insane within the first few months and were only vaguely aware of your tremendous torment for the rest of your stay. However, unbeknown to you, YOU were about to become the first person ever to break out of that limitless place of torture that you could well have suffered till the end of time, alone for eternity ...

Now YOU want revenge.

Two dice, a pencil and an eraser are all you need to embark on this deadly adventure, which comes complete with its own elaborate combat system and a score sheet to record your progress. Innumerable dangers lie ahead and your success is anything but certain. It's up to YOU to decide which routes to follow, which dangers to risk and which foes to fight. Can you take revenge on he who wronged you?

*Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks*

- |                                    |                                   |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN | 31. BATTLEBLADE WARRIOR           |
| 2. THE CITADEL OF CHAOS            | 32. SLAVES OF THE ABYSS           |
| 3. THE FOREST OF DOOM              | 33. SKY LORD                      |
| 4. STARSHIP TRAVELLER              | 34. STEALER OF SOULS              |
| 5. CITY OF THIEVES                 | 35. DAGGERS OF DARKNESS           |
| 6. DEATHTRAP DUNGEON               | 36. ARMIES OF DEATH               |
| 7. ISLAND OF THE LIZARD KING       | 37. PORTAL OF EVIL                |
| 8. SCORPION SWAMP                  | 38. VAULT OF THE VAMPIRE          |
| 9. CAVERNS OF THE SNOW WITCH       | 39. FANGS OF FURY                 |
| 10. HOUSE OF HELL                  | 40. DEAD OF NIGHT                 |
| 11. TALISMAN OF DEATH              | 41. MASTER OF CHAOS               |
| 12. SPACE ASSASSIN                 | 42. BLACK VEIN PROPHECY           |
| 13. FREEWAY FIGHTER                | 43. THE KEEP OF THE LICH-LORD     |
| 14. TEMPLE OF TERROR               | 44. LEGEND OF THE SHADOW WARRIORS |
| 15. THE RINGS OF KETHER            | 45. SPECTRAL STALKERS             |
| 16. SEAS OF BLOOD                  | 46. TOWER OF DESTRUCTION          |
| 17. APPOINTMENT WITH F.E.A.R.      | 47. THE CRIMSON TIDE              |
| 18. REBEL PLANET                   | 48. MOONRUNNER                    |
| 19. DEMONS OF THE DEEP             | 49. SIEGE OF SARDETH              |
| 20. SWORD OF THE SAMURAI           | 50. RETURN TO FIRETOP MOUNTAIN    |
| 21. TRIAL OF CHAMPIONS             | 51. ISLAND OF THE UNDEAD          |
| 22. ROBOT COMMANDO                 | 52. NIGHT DRAGON                  |
| 23. MASKS OF MAYHEM                | 53. SPELLBREAKER                  |
| 24. CREATURE OF HAVOC              | 54. LEGEND OF ZAGOR               |
| 25. BENEATH NIGHTMARE CASTLE       | 55. DEATHMOOR                     |
| 26. CRYPT OF THE SORCERER          | 56. KNIGHTS OF DOOM               |
| 27. STAR STRIDER                   | 57. MAGE HUNTER                   |
| 28. PHANTOMS OF FEAR               | 58. REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE        |
| 29. MIDNIGHT ROGUE                 | 59. CURSE OF THE MUMMY            |
| 30. CHASMS OF MALICE               | 60. HELLFIRE ;o)                  |

Steve Jackson's SORCERY!

- |                             |                       |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS     | 3. THE SEVEN SERPENTS |
| 2. KARE – CITYPORT OF TRAPS | 4. THE CROWN OF KINGS |

FIGHTING FANTASY – The Introductory Roll-playing Game  
THE RIDDLING REAVER – Four Thrilling Adventures

**RIDERS OF THE STORM**

**By Phil Sadler**

## **CONTENTS**

INTRODUCTION

RULES

BACKGROUND

RIDERS OF THE STORM

## INTRODUCTION

You are about to partake in a true test of courage, in fact, *the* Test of Courage. Triumph and you will be given the chance to fulfil your destiny, fail and you may well face a grisly fate. But before you take part in this quest, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to work out your initial scores. On the pages to come is an *Adventure Sheet*, which you may use to record details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

## **Skill, Stamina and Luck**

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, all your scores will change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores, except on those very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally fortunate a person you are.

## **Battles**

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some situations you may be given special options, allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty Encounter box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions that are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice for yourself, add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours is, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, the round is a draw: proceed to step 6.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below). Proceed to step 7.



5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below). Proceed to step 7.

6. You and your opponent are now in deadlock! To see who wins the Attack Round you may toss a coin and, whilst it is in mid-air, call “Heads” or “Tails”. If you call correctly: proceed to step 4. If you call incorrectly: proceed to step 5. You may, if you don’t have a coin to hand, choose to toss a die instead and call “odds” or “evens,” then follow the same rules above.

7. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die your adventure ends and you must start all over again by creating a new character.

### **Instant Death**

During your previous adventure you fought many courageous battles and had learned much in the art of powerful swordplay; you can now put this new-found knowledge to good use in this adventure. If, during the course of a battle, you *roll a double six* when calculating your Attack Strength then (regardless of your enemy’s Attack Strength in that round) you have dealt your opponent such a mighty blow that you have killed him outright! If this happens then you have won that particular battle and do not have to resolve the rest of the fight. It is worth noting, however, that this skill may not work on every foe; you will be told of the (rare) occasions that this is so.

### **Escaping**

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, your opponent automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice! Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

### **Fighting More Than One Opponent**

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one person or creature in combat and will have to fight them all at the same time! When you find yourself fighting multiple opponents, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you roll the dice for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent’s is, in this instance you will not inflict any damage; you can regard it as if you have parried an

incoming blow. If your Attack Strength is lower than your adversary's is, however, you will be wounded in the normal way.

## **Luck**

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could either be Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will be in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalised.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realise that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

### *Using Luck in Battles*

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have just wounded or to minimise the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent, and you deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now only score 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat you may *Test your Luck* to try and minimise the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (i.e. a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA). Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

## More About Your Attributes

### *Skill*

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give you instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure, you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Expertise (see later) will restore SKILL points equal to the roll of one die. You may drink this potion at any time, except when engaged in a battle.

### *Stamina*

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds received through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls; and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero or below, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

There will be occasions when you will be told to *Test your Stamina*. The procedure for this is a little different from the procedures required when *Testing your Luck* or *Testing your Skill*; and is as follows: roll four dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current STAMINA score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current STAMINA score, you have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your STAMINA each time you *Test your Stamina*.

You can restore lost STAMINA by drinking Health Potions. To determine how many you will start this adventure with you should two dice and add 6 to the result. You must keep track of how many potions you have left by filling in the details in the Health Potions box

of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you drink a potion you may restore STAMINA points equal to the roll of one die, but remember to deduct 1 potion from your Health Potions box. You may stop and drink any number of Health Potions (as many as you have left in fact) at any time except when engaged in a battle or, of course, when you have run out. Your STAMINA score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Endurance (see later) will restore STAMINA points equal to the roll of four dice. You may drink this potion at any time, except when engaged in a battle.

### *Luck*

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or created your own luck by some other action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Charm (see later) will restore LUCK points equal to the roll of one die and increase your *initial* LUCK by 1 point. You may drink this potion at any time, except when engaged in a battle.

### *Special Note*

There will be times during your adventure when you will come across an unusually dangerous situation and your SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK will be tested to the full; for example you may be instructed to *Test your Skill*, ‘adding 2 to the number rolled’. This simply means that when you roll the dice you must add 2 to the total; so if you had rolled a 1 and a 3, for example, your modified total would be 6 (1 + 3 + 2 = 6). You then compare this outcome with your current SKILL score to discover whether or not you have succeeded in the test.

## **Equipment, Special Items, Help Rings and Potions**

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in chain mail armour. You have a backpack to hold your Health Potions and any other items you may come across.

You will begin your quest with a random Special Item. To determine which of these items you will be presented with you must first roll a die and then consult the following table:

- 1: Spell of Endurance – roll a die and add the result to your *initial* STAMINA.
- 2: Extra Health Potions – roll a die and add the result to your Health Potions.
- 3: Super Health Potions – each time you quaff a Health Potion you will regain the full six STAMINA points (instead of the usual die’s worth).

- 4: Holy blessing – from now on, when ever you *test your luck, Skill or Stamina*, you may deduct a point from the total rolled; so if (for instance) you roll an 8 on a test, you have actually rolled a 7, and so on.
- 5: Spell of Fortune – you may have two successful LUCK rolls whenever you choose; these LUCK rolls do not have to be used together and you may have them on separate occasions, but you must still deduct a LUCK point with each roll!
- 6: Magical Double-Headed Coin – always win a drawn Attack Round!

This Special Item (what ever it is) is given to you with a hopeful smile; use it well.

You will also start your quest with a random magical Help Ring; these priceless artefacts each contain the spirit of a long-dead warrior who will help you once in one fight, before they depart to Valhalla. To determine which of these rings you will take with you on the adventure ahead you must first roll a die and then consult the following table:

1: PIXIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
2: GNOME	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6
3: MOUNTAIN ELF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8
4: DWARF	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7
5: NEANDATHAL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9
6: WOOD ELF	SKILL 10	STAMINA 8

You may call upon the ring's warrior *once*, but only *before* a battle, not during. He will then fight against your chosen foe, forcing your enemies to do battle with it before they can reach you. You may not fight with the summoned creature, neither may you heal it in anyway or use your LUCK to influence the battle help it. This is because you have to use all your concentration to use the ring in the first place. If the creature dies whilst fighting the chosen enemy then you must step in and finish the battle yourself. If the creature survives it will quickly disappear to the spirit plane, as will the ring. Use this treasure well and it will serve you well.

In addition, you may also take one bottle of a magical potion that will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

- A Potion of Expertise – restores SKILL points equal to the roll of one die
- A Potion of Endurance – restores STAMINA points equal to the roll of four dice
- A Potion of Charm – restores LUCK points equal to the roll of one die, and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK (before LUCK is restored)

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a battle).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *two* measures; i.e. the characteristic may be affected *twice* during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up your potion's doses.

Remember that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely.

### **Secret Refs**

When attempting the adventure you must remember that this book is devious beyond belief! If ever you come to a point in the quest that seems impossible to pass beyond, you may require a Secret Ref to help you. Secret Refs are paragraph numbers that can only be reached if you have acquired special knowledge of their existence, and how do you go about finding that knowledge? Play the book and look for it!

### **Hints**

There is one *true* way through this adventure and it will take you several attempts to find it (and then some!). Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure or other useful items; many merely contain traps and monsters that you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild-goose chase' passages and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

It will be realised that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through *fairly* easily.

Good luck on your adventure but remember, real heroes don't cheat!

## ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL

*Initial Skill=*

STAMINA

*Initial Stamina=*

LUCK

*Initial Luck=*

MAGICAL POTION:

HEALTH POTIONS:

HELP RING:

WEAPONS:

ARMOUR:

JEWELS:

GOLD:

KEYS:

OTHER EQUIPMENT:

NOTES:



## MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

*Skill=*  
*Stamina=*

## **BACKGROUND**

In your previous – now legendary – quest, you had traversed a truly deadly dungeon, where you had beat its traps, bested its guardians and then finally overcame that most loathsome Demon they called The Trinitour, he who watched over the unholy place. You were one of only a handful of lone warriors who had attempted to find and slay the once mythical creature. You had to at least try for, if you had failed, as they had failed, the entire country would have become his and he would have had it plunged deep into the festering heart of chaos. However ... you were double-crossed. It seems the Trinitour was a mere puppet, played by far more sinister hands, or claws, for that which had controlled him was a Night Demon – a Prince of hell. So, when you struck your final deathblow and the Trinitour fell, the Night Demon then revealed its presence and consigned you to oblivion, where it thought you would remain until the end of time. It was wrong. As you could feel the endless void begin to take you, you took a final desperate oath of defiance, “I swear vengeance on you Demon!” But all you heard as you disappeared from the earthly plain was a mocking laughter...

You screamed and screamed, but no one heard you – a point of colour in a sea of nothing, endless nothing. So you floated around in the void and prayed to your God, but no help came; perhaps even a God couldn't hear the cries of the damned? You cried and cried, for days and weeks on end: nothing. After a few months of this hellish torture you went insane and could only babble incessantly for the next few years: insanity being your only escape from the inescapable. Or was it?

They had searched for you for a long time, since you beat the Trinitour; they didn't even know where you were: heaven or hell. After a year of searching the three powerful Wizards decided you must be in the worst place of all; the void, the nothing – oblivion. They looked into this place with the power of their old minds, and they looked and

looked, and almost gave up, but they still found you. You were floating around in endless nothing as usual, dribbling and muttering nonsense to yourself, when two huge eyes spotted you and a great hand – as big as a whale – reached in and grabbed you...

You awake from your madness several weeks later and suddenly realised you were somewhere different, somewhere where colour existed, where sound existed, where smell existed. You sit up on the soft bed and gaze in wonder at the warm, brightly-lit room about you, at first you think it must be a dream, you had many of those in the void, only to wake up and find yourself utterly alone. The room seems real enough though, small and cosy, with sunlight seeping in through the windows and birds singing in the leafy trees outside. You got up and prayed to God that this was real, you walk over to a window and open it, letting in a wonderful mixture of odours.

“I see you’re back with us then,” says a friendly voice from behind you.

You look back and find an old man standing there smiling at you. He has a long white beard and wears a multicoloured cloak and a conical hat. “I didn’t think Wizards dressed like that anymore,” you say.

“Like what?” asks the Wizard.

“Oh, er, nothing. Where’s am I?” you reply.

“I’m afraid I could not tell you, suffice to say you are somewhere safe.”

You look bemused and ask, “Where’s all my gear?”

The bearded man says, “I’m afraid that it has all been lost for some time.”

You look somewhat dismayed.

“But don’t worry – we shall kit you out.” Says the Wizard quickly, doing his best to sound upbeat.

Then you say, “I thought you were a dream, I thought I’d wake up any moment.”

The old man’s face becomes concerned as he puts a frail hand on your shoulder and says with a voice full of pity, “You, Warrior, have endured that which no one should and have every right to feel the way you do.”

You feel like crying but just manage to stem the tears, although your voice breaks a little when you ask, “What am I doing here? I mean ... how did I get here? Why did you help me?”

The old Wizard grips your shoulder tightly and says, “First meet my two friends, then you shall learn all my friend.”

So you met with all three Wizards and talked with them of your quest, of the Trinitour, of the Night Demon, of oblivion and of countless other subjects, and you did learn all...

“So let me get this straight,” you say with a look of befuddlement, “you rescued me from the void because you think I might be the ... er ... ‘Chosen One’?” The three old Wizards, all looking, sounding and acting almost exactly the same, smile and nod at you. “I might be the one ‘Spoke of in prophecy?’ the one ‘Destined to slay the Night Demon?’ and ‘Free the lost souls of Hell?’”

The first Wizard you met says with a grin, “Oh yes my friend, you may well be the one.”

You pause for a moment, before laughing for the first time in years and saying, “Give me a break!”

The three old men laugh with you, before the second one you met says, “Glad to see you haven’t lost your sense of humour Warrior!”

You stop laughing for a moment and say, “I have a name you know, only I seem to have forgotten it for now.”

The Wizards smirk at this, then the third one you met says, “But that is your name my friend, that is what you are now known as throughout the world.”

You look astonished and blurt out, “I’m known as ‘Warrior’? Now *that’s* what I like to hear!” So you carry on talking with your three friends for quite some time...

“You *what?*” you say with a gasp.

“Yes,” says the second Wizard, “He is here too.”

You look shocked, to say the very least, and shout, “The *Trinitour* is here with us? He’s here with us because *you* rescued him?”

The third Wizard speaks in answer, “Of course we rescued him, how are you going to complete your test without him?”

You look positively stunned, not to mention utterly furious, but you just manage to say through clenched teeth, “Why ... in ... the ... name ... of ... all ... that’s ... holy ... would I want *his* help? And what ‘Test’?”

The first Wizard looks stern when answering your questions, “He’s part of the legend too you know and, you must remember, his every action was directly controlled by the Night Demon – he was just another pawn in the game. As for the test, we shall discuss that later.”

You look bewildered and state angrily, “How the hell did you get him here any way? I thought I killed him!”

To which the second Wizard answers, “You killed his body, not his soul, and we found his soul floating in the void, just like you.”

The anger suddenly fades from your face to be replaced by a look that could almost be understanding, “You mean, the Night Demon damned him as well – its own creation?”

“Indeed we do,” they say as one, “but now you must rest, and soon you can meet him.” Then, before you can say anything else, you find yourself teleported back into your room, feeling very tired...

The Trinitour greets you courteously, getting up from his great stone chair to tower several feet above you and offering you one of his four clawed red hands, you refuse. The Demon doesn’t seem remotely fazed or offended and merely points to another smaller wooden chair in the middle of his bare room. You eye the chair with suspicion and say with a frown, “Another of your pathetic traps Demon?”

Which brings a toothy smile to all three of his horned heads, “Not at all!” says the middle one, “And even if I wanted it to be I doubt it could be.”

You sit down in the chair and ask, “What do you mean?” To which he replies, “I have lost most of my powers now old foe, in fact, all I really am now is just a tall mutant.”

You raise an eyebrow at the Trinitour’s admittance and inquire, “And just, may I ask, where are your powers now?”

The Demon looks briefly angry, but checks himself and answers, “The Night Demon stripped me of them before it sent me into the Nothing...” The Demon looks sad.

“How long were you in the Nothing for?” you ask. “As long as you.” He replies, then all three of his heads drop and he seems to go into some sort of trance.

The three Wizards suddenly teleport in between you two old enemies and the second states, “He is wounded my friend, not physically but [holds his heart] in other ways. Come, you shall visit him again later...”

You suddenly realise that the Demon really doesn’t seem wounded physically – he seems in perfect health! “Now just wait a moment...” you say in confusion, “didn’t I cut his head off? Or at least one of them...?”

The Wizard’s look uncomfortable and the third one answers nervously, “Your reputation for violence is, if anything, understated.”

Then the second Wizard speaks, “His *soul* was sent into the abyss, just as yours was. We built him a new body, just as we built you a new one.”

You look startled and shout, “New body? What the hell happened to my old one?”

“You don’t want to know.”

“I don’t want to know?”

“No you don’t. Now please stop arguing.”

Time passes and you busy yourself with sword practise until, “I suppose you’ve heard all about this have you?” you say angrily as you kick open the door to the Trinitour’s room after having not seen him for a few days.

He looks up at you and says with a tinge of sadness, “You mean the ‘Test of Courage’?”

“Of course I do!” you shout in reply.

“I’ll do my very best to help you,” says the Demon.

You fold your arms and say mockingly, “And who says I want *your* help?”

The Trinitour’s three heads stare sadly at you and the middle one says, “Without my help you may not be able to complete the test.”

“And supposing I take my chances?” you state.

“Then you may well fail and miss out on your opportunity to deal with the Night Demon and consign *it* to the Nothing.”

Your face, stance and tone of voice change completely, “Let’s get some more training done then Triny...”

Yes, it seems the three Wizards want to make absolutely sure you are the ‘Chosen One’, just in case they’re wasting their time. After all, they are talking about giving you the power to destroy a Demon Prince – something that has never been done before. You must prove to them that you are worthy of their help by completing the ‘Test of Courage’: a deadly journey through a giant forest comprising of trickery, chaos and worse. This test takes place on this very island, indeed it encompasses the whole of the southern half of the sizeable land mass, miles and miles. The first Wizard had led you up to ‘The Gate’: a shimmering mystic portal set between two great old trees. He had then told you of the many choices of paths that the gate led to, but warned you, ‘Stepping of the path means naught but slow death, and perhaps worse,’ you shudder at the memory. However, that

was many weeks ago and you and your former enemy the Demon renegade Trinitour are almost ready...

Late one night the first Wizard visits you in your room and says, "You may call upon the Trinitour but *four* times and no more."

You look at him and inquire, "When?"

"That is up to you," answers the Wizard.

"How do I call him?" you inquire again.

"Just say 'Help' and, if he can, he will appear and do your bidding."

To attempt to summon the Trinitour (and you may only try *four* times per adventure and no more). Simply deduct 18 from the reference number you wish to call him on but, if he doesn't appear (the reference won't make sense), then you must *still* lose one of your four calls. Examples:

You call him on ref 237 and end up on ref 219.

Or...

You call him on ref 164 and end up on ref 146. And so on.

Remember that you may only call upon him a maximum of *four* times per adventure, no more. Good luck with your choices.

The three Wizards find you both in the centre of the island right by 'The Gate'; you practising your sword play, the Trinitour lifting great rocks. "It is time," says the third Wizard, "you are both ready."

You and the Ex-Demon both look at each other and say as one, "As we'll ever be."

The Wizards smile and the second one says, "Then it is time to open the gate."

But just as he begins to chant the dispel magic spell, you say, "You never did tell me – just what is the object of this 'Test'?"

To which the first Wizard answers with a smile, "Why, to survive it of course..."

Turn to **1**, if you're ready.

## 1

The air is warm, crisp and clean and full of the most wonderful of fragrances. Sunlight streams down through the treetops above you and forms like golden puddles on the forest floor. Many-coloured birds flit about you, filling your ears with their heartening songs. Everywhere you look, beauty is to be found – the calm before the storm?

You take a look behind you but there is no sign of the Gate; then a sudden commotion from somewhere within the trees in front of you causes the birds to become frightened and fly up and away into the cloudless blue sky. A split-second later and you make out the outline of the thing that scared them; a small square-shaped creature supported by four stubby legs, and it's approaching you fast. You draw your faithful sword without even thinking, more a reflex action than anything. Then the creature bursts through the thick undergrowth and stops in front of you, where it sits down and seems to look into your eyes. This creature is supposed to be mythical and God only knows how it ever came to exist in the first place: it is a Dice Creature. It is white and roughly dog sized, but completely square, it has no face to speak of but seems to know where you are. Its six sides each have a number of large dots on them – one through too six.

You re-sheath your sword and ask uncertainly, "Er, hello ... can I be of some service to you?"

The creature stands up and replies telepathically in a high-pitched voice, "It is more a question of how I may help you my friend."

You feel a little foolish when replying, "In what way?"

In answer to this question the Dice creature approaches you and sits down right in front of you, "Way?" he says, "By throwing me of coarse!"

You almost laugh at this statement when asking, “Why on *earth* would I want to throw you?” and this makes the creature laugh.

“Because if I land with my number one facing up I shall bless you!”

It seems the strange little creature isn’t going to go away until you do as he asks. You gently pick him up and make ready to hurl him, “Are you sure I won’t hurt you?” you ask.

“Oh don’t worry about me, just chuck me away from you.”

So, you do as he asks and throw him though the air, sending him crashing into the ground and rolling along, complete with all manner of “Ouch’s!” and “Oof’s!” Roll a die. If the number you roll is a 1, turn to **200**. If it is any other number, turn to **37**.

## 2

“How amusing,” says the voice, “your chosen curse is one of bad karma.”

You feel sick at these words and wonder what they mean. From now on when ever you *Test your Luck, Skill or Stamina*, you must add 1 to the number rolled. Turn to **149**.

## 3

The only thing left of the Blood Zombie is an awful memory. A quick search of its repulsive body reveals nothing at all. You angrily wipe your sword clean on some grass before leaving the way you came, to sickened to try climbing the tree anymore. “What was the point of that?” you say with a frown. Will you now head northwards (turn to **24**) or northwestwards (turn to **290**).

## 4

Add 1 *LUCK* point. The Hell Demon gives one last hideous roar, before dropping to its knees ... dead.

Good.

Knowing that the kris knife would offer you little defence against the other denizens of this unholy place, you replace it in your backpack, grab your sword and walk on. Lose 2 points from your *STAMINA*.

After an uneventful few miles (where the trees slowly start to burst into life once more) you happen across a large oak tree growing right in the middle of the path still-eastern track and reaching upwards like some giant finger pointing at the sky. The tree in question is very old indeed and is riddled with holes and covered in fungus. You’re just wondering if any of the fungi is edible when one of the many holes scarring the tree begins to bleed! A most disturbing sight you muse. What will you do:

Eat some of the fungus?

Turn to **230**

Reach into the bleeding hole?

Turn

to **328**

Ignore both these possible actions and leave this place?

Turn to

**261**

## 5



Deduct 2 points of *STAMINA*. You enter an ancient graveyard, ringed in on all sides by tall iron railings. All around you lay cracked and broken headstones; each one of them covered in ivy. Some of the graves are open and a horrible stench wafts out. It is unusually cold here. Then you spot a figure walking towards you. The figure in question resembles a very tall man of slim build, one who is entirely devoid of hair. He dresses in black clothes and wears a flowing cloak of a rich purple colour. He is also has red skin! The strange man then bids you to come closer. You refuse. He quickly becomes uncontrollably angry and rushes at you where, in the blink of an eye, he picks you right up off the ground.

VAMPIRE-IST

SKILL 9

STAMINA 7

The Vampire-ist, for that's what this man is, has a particularly nasty trick up his sleeve – the ability to grow more powerful with each hit he makes! To wit: every time he makes a successful hit on you, you must (as well as deducting the usual *STAMINA* points) add 1 point to his own *STAMINA* score! Should you become the victor, turn to **78**. Alternatively, you may wish to *escape* southeast – as any other exits are now blocked – (turn to **10**).

## 6

The Mutant is finished. But its treachery may yet be. For a curious poison was imbedded within the nails it had driven into its hands. To find out how this has affected you, you must consult the following table:

You were hit once:	Deduct 1 <i>initial</i> <i>STAMINA</i> point
You were hit twice	Deduct 1 <i>LUCK</i> point
You were hit three times:	Deduct 1 <i>SKILL</i> point
You were hit four or more times:	You drop down dead!

You are infuriated with the monster's unfair tactics and kick its lifeless body. Then you search its disgusting corpse, as well as the clearing, but the single thing you find (under a small pile of rocks) is what can only be described as a glass eye! You now have little choice but to return to the crossroads in bewilderment. Turn to **119**.

## 7

Again you shout at them, "Tell me what it is you want!"

More laughter greets your ears as the Gangees continue to swirl about in front of you, “Fool!” they hiss, “It is of too low intelligence to speak with the likes of us!”

Then there is a bright flash and you find yourself back on the deck of the ship staring once again at the open hatchway and listening to the now familiar laughter drifting up from its depths. You curse the Gangees and turn your back on their domain. Turn to **76**.

## 8

You walk on once more, as unknown paths close soundlessly around you, and notice a figure in the distance, silhouetted by the now setting sun. You walk uncertainly towards him, overshadowed by some branches ahead that almost give the impression that you’re walking through a deliberate archway. It’s when you get a little closer to the figure that you notice he has 4 arms and 3 horned-heads: the Trinitour!

He is standing on a small, windy hill, surrounded by red flowers. He has his arms crossed and his heads bowed.

You run towards the Demon and look up at him with a smile and say, “Hello again big man!”

But the Trinitour greets you in a much more unhappy manner and with a distinctly worried look on his faces, “Greetings Warrior, I’m afraid I have some bad news.” The smile leaves your face and you bid him continue. “The Wizards have decreed that I must fight you.”

A look of disbelief mixed with no little fear clouds your features, “What the hell do they mean by that?” you blurt out.

“It’s not as bad as it sounds,” continues the Trinitour, “You need only hit me once and, what’s more I will pull my punches so as not to hurt you too much.”

You shrug your shoulders and retort, “How the hell am I supposed to hit *you* even once?”

The Demon sighs and replies, “You are forgetting my friend, I am not the great warrior I once was.”

He then looks to the ground, refusing to meet your stare. “Well, that’s it then!” you say angrily, “Let’s get on with it and give those old fools some amusement shall we?”

The great red-skinned giant raises his heads a little and states, “We have no choice, what must be... must be.”

You draw your sword and eye the Demon; he brings his gaze to yours and extends his claws, “Just like old times...” he says without a single hint of humour.

“And you remember what happened then?” you reply with a wicked smile playing on your lips.

A few moments pass as you circle each other, looking from a distance like an adult versus a child. Then the Trinitour attacks.

## THE TRINITOUR

## SKILL 13

No stamina score is given because you only have to hit him once and, if you roll 2 sixes, don’t worry because although you’ll still hit him you won’t kill him, but you will win the combat! What’s more, his blows will only do you 1 point of STAMINA damage (this

is because he is deliberately not fighting at full strength). As soon as you hit him, turn to **228**.

## 9

You put the whistle to your lips and blow a great lung-full of air through it, no sound comes out though and you think you are lost, but just as the Elemental reaches out for you with a fist almost as big as your body, something happens. You back away from your enemy and notice a strange fog-like substance seeping through the ground at your feet, you step further away from the spot and allow the Elemental to step onto it.

The great being looks down at its own size 27 feet and begins to laugh when it sees the mist rise up and surround it, "Do you hope to stop me with petty party tricks?" he booms.

The mist has no effect on this enemy and you *are* lost. The Elemental grabs your shoulders and begins to squeeze; your death is slow and far from pleasant...

## 10

Deduct 2 points of *STAMINA*. Your new walk takes you down through a valley strewn with thousands of leaves, and you find yourself almost having to swim through them. Above you, dozens of healthy trees shed yet more of their unwanted foliage, sending down a shower of leaves like some colourful rainfall. A small plume of smoke to your left catches your attention. You turn to find, almost hidden amongst the shadows, a rather run-down old hut. It squats amidst a mass of shrubbery and has a multitude of creepers climbing over it.

You scratch your chin and try to decide what to make of this new discovery, when the hut's door is unexpectedly thrown open and out pops a very small and very old man. The little old man is dressed in clothes of both green and brown and hobbles towards you as best he can on an aged walking stick. His face sports a rather large and very red nose, resting on this nose are the largest pair of spectacles you have ever thought possible, whilst underneath said nose grows a moustache so long that it almost touches the ground. He also has the bushiest eyebrows known to man, but the top of his head is completely bald!

The funny little man has soon hobbled his way right next to you, where he looks up and states rather angrily, "You're late!"

You look down at him and enquire, "For what?"

This makes the old man rap you in the shin with his stick, 'You're late and you don't even know what for?'

You rub your bruised shin and shrug your shoulders.

The little man points at you and states, "You're a disgrace! Nothing short of a disgrace!"

You sigh, place your hands on your hips and reply, "Alright, what have I done wrong now?"

The old man slaps himself in the face and answers through somewhat gritted teeth, "No one's told you have they?"

You shake your head.

"No one's told you why you're here.

You scratch your chin and state, "No, sorry."

The little man then continues with a little more understanding, “You have to face my bodyguard.”

You quickly become more anxious and listen carefully.

“Yes, that’s it and he’s right behind you.”

You notice a shadow cast beside you and a puff of steam coming from over your shoulder. You turn round slowly, with your eyes wide open. A creature, half-man, half-bull and well over seven foot tall, steps confidently forward and stares down at you. The thickly muscled Minitour Champion you now face is dressed in spiky golden armour and wields a great two-headed axe. He holds a round spiked shield whose edge is surrounded by spearheads. You look on with a mixture of fear and awe, but then this look changes to one of disgust as your gaze drops to the Minitour’s waist, where a row of shrunken heads hang from a belt. The huge mutant flexes his arms and blows a further puff of steam from his nostrils. Your hand drops to your sword-hilt and you make ready to defend yourself.

“Not so fast,” says the old man, “I may still offer you some help.”

You turn towards him slightly and nod, your eyes wider than ever.

“OK,” continues the little man, “Do you possess an unknown spell?” If you do, turn to **231**. If you do not, turn instead to **94**.

## 11

The Dice Creature has landed in a clump of (previously hidden!) stinging nettles. He jumps out and rolls about on the forest floor.

You try not to laugh.

He gets up and says breathlessly, “Bad luck my friend – not this time.” Before he goes he turns and says, “I have heard that someone is out to double-cross you, but I don’t know whom.”

You thank him and watch him waddle off back through the corn and into the distance. Turn to **114**.

## 12

In the blink of an eye you have the earplugs rammed in your ears and your hands clasped firmly over them. But will it be enough? Well, that depends upon your will to fight, not in the conventional sense though. The hypnotic melody bombarding you is getting louder, until it starts to, slowly but surely, seep through your earplugs and enter your mind. You stamp your feet and start to yell – anything to block out the witch’s song. *Test your Luck*, adding 1 to the number rolled. If you test successfully, turn to **46**. If you test unsuccessfully, turn to **207**.

### 13

“East.” You say to yourself as you pass through the trees.

A few steps later you discover a tiny clearing with an exit north (turn to **352**) and Northwest (turn to **243**). The little clearing you stand in is ringed by red roses and has an unlocked chest at one side, partly hidden by the shadows. The chest is roughly the size of a baby and is painted black. Do you wish to open it? If so, turn to **52**

### 14

Your northerly choice offers a short, straight path that soon leads you to a sparkling pool, fed by a narrow stream, trickling from the forest’s lush depths. You gaze at the pool and notice a few tiny fish swimming about in its clear shallows. The water looks good though, and you are rather thirsty. Will you take a quick sip? Turn to **66**. Or will you just ignore your thirst and walk back to the junction instead? Turn to **388**.

### 15

Deduct a point from your STAMINA score.

“East,” you say as you push on, noticing that the trail soon starts to bend southwards.

A mere heartbeat later and you have made a most unusual discovery: a small hole in the ground with a sign saying, ‘Brave or foolhardy?’ stuck into the earth next to it. You approach the hole with care and stare into the darkness within it, but can see, or hear, nothing. You make a quick examination of it: it’s not very wide, barely big enough to incorporate your arm; its doesn’t seem very deep either. So, there you stand for a while, as a light wind whips up around you and causes a few leaves to be dislodged from their homes and flutter past. What will you do:

- |  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| Reach into the hole?                       | Turn to <b>198</b> |
| Put your sword in (if you still have one)? | Turn to <b>62</b>  |
| Ignore it and press on southwards?         | Turn to <b>399</b> |

### 16

Lose a point from your STAMINA score. The way begins to narrow, until there’s just enough room for you to walk it. And walk it you do, following its rapid twists and turns and, noting with interest, that each of these new turns the trees around you become ever denser and more tightly packed together, almost like a living wall. The ground is littered with innumerable twigs, each one as dry as a bone and making everyone of your footsteps end with a ‘snap’ or a ‘crack.’

You carry on and round a very sharp bend only to instantly stop in your tracks. There is someone on the path ahead of you, no more than 20 or so yards away.

You gaze at the figure in question and make a quick mental summery of his appearance. He is about 6 and a half foot tall, medium to heavy build, dressed in spiky black armour (that mysterious magical energies swirl and crackle around) and carries a huge double-headed war axe whose razor-sharp edge drips with a glowing green liquid of some description. It's lucky that he has his back turned to you! You frown and realise that this man must be some sort of Warrior of Chaos - a Champion perhaps or maybe even a Battlelord? You wonder if you could, perhaps, sneak up and surprise him? But your brow furrows as your gaze drops to the path between you; riddled with bone-dry twigs. *Test your Luck*, adding 2 to the roll if you are not wearing any Elven boots, or deducting 4 from the very same roll if you are wearing some. If you are successful, turn to **199**. If you are unsuccessful, turn to **395**.

### 17

You head west into the smoke. It smells strange, not quite right. You turn a corner and discover its source. You are in a dead-end that, even on this warm day, still manages to remain cold. In front of you sits an old man, warming his frail hands on a small fire. He has a thin green cloak wrapped around him but there is no sign of a weapon.

He notices your presence and says, "My name is Treygard. I'm not looking for any trouble and I don't know any information, so you may as well just leave me alone."

What will you do:

- |                                   |                    |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| Press him for information anyway? | Turn               |
| to <b>176</b>                     |                    |
| Ignore him and leave?             | Turn to <b>119</b> |
| Attack him?                       | Turn to <b>232</b> |

### 18

The thing falls to the ground and stops moving. You wait a few moments to get your breath but, in those few short seconds, you may well of made a grave mistake. There is movement from within the mist ahead of you, and the movement is being made by what seems to be a human male! You look back to the fallen body of your previous foe – but it is not there. Then you look up to find the cannibal-thing approaching you again! There is

a moment's pause as you fight to overcome the shock, then you draw your sword and combat it a second time.

SLEEPWALKER  
STAMINA 14

SKILL 7

Beware, for this creature carries a dangerous poison in its nails and teeth and if it lands five or more hits upon you (discounting the hits it may have already scored the last time you fought it), you must deduct a *SKILL* point after the fight! Should you defeat it again, turn to **86**. Alternatively, if you wish to *escape*, you may do so by turning to **380**.

## 19

The Night Demon's left head surveys the corpses at your feet, whilst the right head looks at you and says in an uninterested tone, "Anyone could have beaten those pathetic scum. Now, prepare yourself for a real challenge."

You are about to answer when the Demon's left head raises its eyes and states in a matter of fact tone, "You must face hell before you face us."

You brace yourself, expecting any minute to face an abysmal abomination from some terrible domain. However, the thing that does materialise between you and the Night Demon is the very opposite of what you expected. For standing barefoot in front of you, wearing a white dress, is the seemingly innocent form of a child. The girl in question has very long dark hair; so long that it obscures her face completely. You wonder for what reason she elects to keep her face hidden.

"Not what you thought it would be?" asks the right head in a relishing tone.

You continue to stare at the girl in front of you, but direct your reply to your horrific questioner, "I'm almost beyond surprises now, Demon."

It sneers and suggests, "Come now, human, there is always time for one to be surprised, it's what keeps things interesting." Then the left head looks at the girl and says in a bored tone, "Deal with him, Aramas."

The girl takes a step closer and you could swear the air becomes charged with feelings of rage and hatred. Then you are assaulted by unseen blows, raining down on you from every angle. The girl is clearly using some powerful form of psychic attack. You stare at her, willing yourself to attack her, knowing full well she is far from human. Meanwhile the psychic attack continues, hitting you from all sides and bringing you to your knees; and it does all this without drawing blood, or even raising the slightest bruise. The Night Demon starts to laugh when it sees you on your knees, trying to ward off the invisible attack.

You have had enough!

You quickly leap to your feet and draw your sword, all in one blur of motion. Then you lash out at the girl's arm, inflicting a terrible wound. She doesn't even flinch. You grit your teeth, force yourself to ignore the psychic battering and lash out again and again at the girl. A few seconds is all it takes to reduce her to a bloody mess, yet not once did she attempt to defend herself. You shake your head, to try and shake off the mental assault you are still being subjected to. Then you notice something. Her wounds are beginning to

close up. You stare open mouthed at this sight, and watch in disgust at how quickly her skin begins to re-knit itself over gaping, bloody holes.

“I hope you are enjoying yourself?” enquire both the heads simultaneously, smiling heartily.

What will you do now:

Continue the fight?	Turn to <b>144</b>
Grab her?	Turn to <b>49</b>
Ignore her and advance on the Night Demon?	Turn to <b>197</b>

## 20

The Trinitour reappears and rips the Gonchog from your head, forcing you to cry out in pain, “Sorry.” States the Demon, “But it would have killed you had it remained.”

Reduce your Attack Strength by 3 points, as you are now back to your normal self. You sit on the floor and look up at the small hill, but the Miks have gone, they have kept their word. Add 1 LUCK point. You turn to thank the Trinitour, but he has gone too. You rise unsteadily to your feet, take a deep breath, and walk on. Turn to **214**.

## 21

You grit your teeth and ignore the tremendous pressure Stalker is exhorting on your arms and your skull, even succeeding in pushing *his* arm back slightly. This seems to surprise him and he loses concentration and relaxes his grip, allowing you to fight your way free and drop to the ground.

You roll to your feet and draw your sword in an instant. Stalker seems unmoved.

Impudent peasant, you feel him say.

You frown, forgetting your pain for a moment, the leap and strike in one single motion – but your sword passes straight through him!

Stalker laughs.

You feel fear well up inside you but force yourself to ignore it, hoping instead that what just happened was nothing more than an illusion or, perhaps, some psychic trickery. So, with that in mind, you quickly whip your blade through the air and attempt to cut the creature in two – but your sword passes through him once again.

Stalker shakes his head and crosses his arms.

You have one last attempt at striking the being in front of you and lunge out at his heart, only to find your blade passes through him yet again, as if he were a ghost.

Stalker then quickly throws out an arm and knocks you off your feet, leaving you sprawling on the dirt.

You look up at him in surprise and say, “Then I shall fight you hand to hand.”

He looks down at you and you notice that his broad shoulders are shaking slightly – he is laughing at you!

You plunge your sword back into its scabbard and leap at him, but he shoots out an arm and grabs you by the throat and throws you back onto the dirt as though you were nothing. He seems far too strong to fight with mere fists.

Enough of these childish games, you feel him say. And now it is time for you to pay for what you have done to my brothers.



Then pain explodes through your entire body as though it were being held and crushed by some monstrous unseen hand. You try to cry out in pain, but the breath is squeezed from your lungs, and the only thing that escapes your lips is a pathetic gasp. Then the invisible torment increases as you find yourself being lifted off through the ground and floating through the air towards Stalker, your face level with the black hood that covers his. You suddenly realise just how much like an executioner he looks. Now you begin spinning through around at a dizzying speed, crushed all the time by the unseen force, barely able to breathe let alone cry out.

I must admit that I have a grudging respect for you, you feel Stalker say as the world rushes by. As you have provided me with a great deal of entertainment every time I've watched you.

*Watched you? What does he mean by that?*

Even when the times I have met you, you conducted yourself with a certain decorum, he continues.

*Met you? That's impossible, it must be.*

I hope you found the information I gave you of some small use, he asks, it was the least I could offer considering how hopeless your quest always was.

Information? He must be playing with you. You try to focus on the spinning image of the hooded creature, trying to figure out if he is laughing at you again. He does not seem to be.

He seems to notice the look of disbelief as it crosses your pained face. Come now, adventurer, he says with a hint of surprise in his voice. You surely must have guessed by now that we have met before.

The constricting pain suddenly leaves your body and the world stops spinning.

I just hate the fault of killing you without first enlightening your somewhat unintelligent mind, he suggests as he places his hands behind his back.

A sigh leaves your lips as you realise you can breathe properly once more. You can now focus more clearly on the hood that hides the creature's face, and are surprised to see subtle movement under the black material, but not just where the mouth should be.

Stalker continues. I greeted you at the start of your adventure when you found me warming myself by my fire.

*Treygard? It can't be true, it just can't be!*

I also told the Messenger of Death the best places to hide its letters and laughed every time you found one.

A frown breaks out on your face and you automatically draw your sword.

Stalker takes no notice and continues.

I was with you when you met my brother Sleepwalker and it was I who made you walk round in circles, confusing you so much that you really did believe that you met and killed him.

*I did kill him! You say inwardly. He is dead and you are just trying to trick me again!*

I was the one who cursed you.

You feel rage consume you and spit at Stalker's feet.

He ignores you and continues. I even tried to offer you some help in your pitiful quest by even going so far as to tell you about my brothers and myself in the first place.

*The old man? No! No!*

Stalker sees the anger and disbelief increase on your face, warping your features with rage and shock. He slaps you across your face and laughs once more. I walked with you through the Tunnels of the Dead. I believe you may of felt my presence? He then says, as if to add insult to injury.

Then the terrible constricting pain consumes you for a second time, worse than before. You can hardly breathe.

Stalker crosses his arms and shrugs his heavy shoulders. Thanks for the sport, you feel him say, like a master might say to his slave.

You start to spin again, as pain explodes through you, sending sparks flitting across your eyes and a terrible feeling of sickness to grip your stomach.

*Wait a moment*, you suddenly find yourself thinking, trying as best you can to ignore the pain crushing you. *If he really was the old storyteller – then I touched him with my sword!*

The world continues to zoom past, faster and faster, and each time it does the fleeting image of the hooded figure passes quicker and quicker until it's just a black blur.

*I touched him with my sword!*

Laughter booms in your ears.

*I did, I know I did!*

The world spins at break-neck speed, pain threatens to tear you apart, laughter echoes all around you.

*If I could make contact with him then, I must be able to now!*

The whole world starts to darken as the pain becomes too much to bare and you start to lose consciousness, whilst trying all the time to ignore the pain and gather your thoughts for one last attempt at Stalker's destruction. All the while Stalker's booming laughter mocks and taunts you.

*Test your Luck, Test your Skill and Test your Stamina.* If you succeed in all three tests, turn to **299**. If you fail one of the tests, turn to **397**. If you fail two of the tests, turn to **169**. Lastly, if you fail in all three of the tests, turn instead to **192**.

## 22

You unleash a mighty blow with your ever-faithful sword and strike at the light in wide arc. Instantly, there is a flash of light followed by a powerful explosion which lifts you ten feet off the ground and throws you though the air and at the trees behind you. Roll 3 dice and subtract the total from your *STAMINA*. If you are still alive you awake a short while latter, bruised, bloodied and battered. You groan and rise groggily from the ground, cursing the light that still flows in front of you. Will you now throw an item into it? Turn to **386**. Or will you walk through it after all? Turn to **168**.

## 23

You rip the glass eye from your pack and desperately hold it above you, but all that happens is that the eye winks at you and disappears! Then the Elemental roars down towards you leaving you just enough time to draw your sword. Turn to **41**.

## 24

The air becomes colder the further you traverse this pathway, not only that, but a dead silence hangs all around you. You walk on for a while with your arms wrapped about you, but it soon becomes bitterly cold. A while later, after having followed the path for some time, you happen across the entrance to an underground cave. You walk up to its lip and stare into the darkness below; this cave seems to be the apparent source of the cold you have been subjected to. You call out into it, but all you hear is the twisted echo of your own voice, so you drop a few stones in and watch them tumble away into the gloom, but nothing happens.

Eventually, after having plucked up enough courage, you walk into the caves oppressive darkness. You continue down the tunnel with your arms outstretched in front of you, till you find yourself in a cavern, dimly lit by a narrow opening in its roof.

You look left, nothing, you look right and “What the hell?” you shout.

Because there, squatting at the back of the cave, bathed in the eerie light, is a truly vast statue of a Demon. The figure looks much like a fat man with a ram’s head and seems to be carved from ice. It is very life-like. You stand aghast in front of the evil thing and decide on your next decision:

Investigate it further?

Turn to **325**

Return to the meadow and walk northwest instead  
to **290**

Turn

## 25

You only have to think of drawing your sword when the Gnome throws some sort of magic at it, causing the blade to buckle and twist. Deduct 1 *SKILL* point. You look up but the Gnome has gone. You spit at the ground and curse your foolhardiness. After you straighten out your sword as best you can, you decide on your next choice of direction. Will you head west? Turn to **309**. Or will you turn back and head north instead? Turn to **8**.

## 26

Still holding your breath, you have a desperate revelation that a Basilisk can be killed if it catches sight of itself in a mirror. Do you own a mirror shield? If so, turn to **120**. If not, turn to **393**.

## 27

You walk on untroubled, wondering if you’ve missed anything. Turn to **38**.

## 28

You head safely through the western exit when, “Good day to you!” says a cheerful voice from somewhere in front of you.

You look around you but all you find are a few rather large toadstools squatting amongst the trees and flowers.

“I said good day to you!” repeats the voice from behind you, causing you to whirl round, but find nothing there. “How rude!” continues the voice angrily, “I think I shall curse you.”

Your eyes widen and you shout, “No!” but silence is your only answer.

“Don’t worry,” continues the voice, “I would have cursed you no matter what!” Then, whatever it is, bursts out laughing. It quickly stops though and says in a sadistic tone “Let’s find out how good you are!” Roll a die, consult the following table and make a note of the curse that effects you:

If you roll a 1	Turn to <b>108</b>
If you roll a 2	Turn to <b>57</b>
If you roll a 3	Turn to <b>166</b>
If you roll a 4	Turn to <b>258</b>
If you roll a 5	Turn to <b>2</b>
If you roll a 6	Turn to <b>375</b>

## 29

You step into the quiet depths of the murky lake and begin to wade out further, but it’s not easy, the lakebed is choked with weeds and they almost seem to be trying to drag you under. Still, you battle on regardless. After a short time you manage to break free of the weeds and start to swim even further out into deeper waters. You are some way from the bank when you feel something brush past your legs; something very big. This causes you to adopt an expression of horror and start to swim madly back to shore. You make surprisingly good progress, till a huge tentacle suddenly shoots from the water in front of you, then quickly wraps itself around your waist and drags you under. *Test your Stamina* but, because of the extreme strength of the unseen menace, you must test with 5 dice, not 4. If you test successfully, turn to **324**. If you test unsuccessfully, turn instead to **246**.

## 30

“All seems lost....” You say to yourself in a shaky voice, but one somehow dawning with realisation.

“Suma 30!” you then scream at the top of your lungs.

And, instantly, the shimmering image of the golden man appears between you and the Air Elemental, which can’t help but ram into him. You duck as they both tumble off the tree and down through the clouds to the ground far below. You lay for a while, with your hands clasped over your head and your eyes tightly shut.

When, at last, you are sure you are safe, you open your eyes and are pleasantly shocked to find yourself back down on the forest floor and on the path! You look some distance behind you and notice the great tree still shooting up to the heavens. You have completed

yet another test! You force a smile and follow the path east, wondering at the fate of the brave Suma. Turn to **312**.

### 31

There is a hideous scream as the Soul Master vanishes in a puff of foul-smelling smoke. You have successfully vanquished one of the islands most deadly of foes. Add 1 LUCK point. Good work. You frown and spit though - when will this end? After a deep breath you decide to wander on and quickly reach a fork in the path, where you may head either west (turn to **227**), or northeast (turn to **73**).

### 32

Although your hands are shaking with fear, you force yourself to kneel and examine the body, all the while aware of something moving silently in the mist behind you. The body, despite your guessing otherwise, is not that of a corpse, mainly because it is still snoring! The man laying at your feet and dozing peacefully, is quite tall, attractive and his head is bald. He is dressed in rags and seems blissfully unaware of the terrible danger that is sneaking soundlessly towards him. What will you do:

Defend him from the mutant?	Turn to <b>390</b>
Shout to try and wake him?	Turn to <b>112</b>
Try to shake him from his slumber?	Turn

to **205**

### 33

There is now a Health Potion resting atop the little hill! You grab it quickly and deposit it carefully within your backpack. Then you walk on with a subtle smile. A little later and the path splits. You may take either the northern one (turn to **300**) or the northwestern one (turn to **133**).

### 34

You ignore the old man's fear and strike at him with your sword – but the blade just bounces off him! Louis smiles at you. So this time you aim an almighty blow at his neck – but it has no effect! Louis laughs. You continue to aim your sword at him, your blade level with his heart – if he has one – and ask fearfully, “Who are you?”

Louis Fur gives you a puzzled look then a grin, “Who am I?” he answers, “Allow me to show you!”

Then he grows very tall and muscular, his skin becomes black, and his head sprouts a pair of vicious curved horns – he is a Hell Demon! No earthly weapon can harm this creature: do you possess a kris knife? If so, turn to **354**. If not, turn to **279**.

### 35

Somehow, despite the clamour raging about you, you manage to keep your footing and cross the plank safely. Once on the other side you turn back to the pit and the poor creatures it contains. You make the sign of the cross.

Some time later you happen across a split in the track leading both north and northwest. However, before you can decide on your new course of action – a silver gale horn falls out of mid-air and lands at your feet! The horn in question is a beautifully carved musical instrument, decorated by a myriad of Titan's Gods. It also, rather strangely, has the word 'Wind' carved into one side. You place the horn in your pack and walk onwards, feeling surer of yourself. Which direction will you head now though: north (turn to **282**) or northwest (turn to **201**)?

### 36

The gigantic form of the Tarantula comes crashing down; shaking the ground for a thousand yards as it does so. You watch with disgust as a river of blood oozes from the many rips and tears in the giant insect's flesh. But your disgust turns to horror as you notice the blood is flowing unnaturally, like it had a life of its own. Then you realise why it had been flowing so strangely: there were dips and rivets already in place in the ground! You almost feel like laughing. However, when the blood has at last settled your expression changes from relief to sheer terror as, before you at your feet, the blood has filled tiny valleys and dips, and has clearly formed the letter 'A'. Note that you have seen this letter. Your heart leaps and you lurch back in fear, knowing that you have been bested by the awful Messenger of Death yet again. Deduct 3 STAMINA points due to fear.

You slump against a tree, shaking a little. Time passes as you get your breath back and find yourself able to continue. On you then walk, past the bloated form of the incredibly sized insect and its equally impressive web. After a time you find yourself free of its shadowy web-encrusted domain and soon come across a junction heading north, east and west. This new junction is much the same as any other, apart from the fact that there are a few spots of blood in the grass and on the trees around you. You shiver and examine your choice of directions.

The northern root disappears into the distance and is thickly lined with bushes that sway slightly in a gentle breeze. The eastern option would lead you through on a tiny track, barely discernible because it's so completely overgrown with weeds and thickly criss-crossed with numberless branches. Lastly, the western direction cuts a neat, straight path, ending in a gloomy dead end. Which way will you now head: north (turn to **226**), east (turn to **229**) or west (turn to **89**)?

### 37

“Bad luck my friend,” says the Dice Creature sadly, as he struggles to get up and dust himself down. “I can’t give you a reward but I may still help you; the Wizard’s threat about not straying from the path was no empty one, they meant exactly what they said – leaving the path spells certain death.”

You thank your new-found friend for his advice.

He replies, “There is no need to thank me good warrior. And now I must be on my way, I wish you great luck on the adventure ahead.” Then he turns and heads back into the thick undergrowth from whence he came.

You wish him well and study your options. Turn to **119**.

### 38

You feel the forest move about you, as though its paths were changing. Anyway, this latest path takes you to the foot of a quite an unimaginably huge tree. Firstly, the thing boasts quite incredible girth – at least a 100 feet in circumference – it also possesses the most extraordinary height, stretching right up to the heavens as far as the eye can see. A worrying thought hits you: the path continues to the base of the tree, but does not continue on the other side, where there is merely thick wall of trees... are you expected to climb this thing? Apparently so. You reach the base of the great giant and gaze up in wonder at its thousands of branches and millions of leaves, steeling yourself for this new, silent challenge. Luckily, the tree has plenty of natural hand-holds and shouldn’t prove too much of a challenge to climb, discounting the facts that it will take an age to do so, and one slip will spell death.

So you begin your climb, higher and higher, right up into the heart of the tree, all the while ignoring the dizzying drop below you. Still further you climb, your eyes fixed on the tree, and taking no notice of the birds that flit past you or the occasional small tree-dweller that scuttles away from your noisy ascent.

A good half-hour passes before you finally reach the top sit amidst the leafy canopy. A spectacular view is on offer here, in all directions: oceans, fields, forests and rivers. You are on top of the world, but where to now? There is quite simply nothing else up here. Then you feel a slight gust of wind and could have sworn it carried a distant laughter with it. Then you see it, shooting towards you, some great humanoid, surrounded in clouds and seemingly possessing the ability to fly! Then your heart sinks as you realise, with a feeling of creeping dread, what the thing now roaring towards you is: an Air Elemental, one of the most fearsome and most dangerous beings in existence. You stand up and draw your sword, knowing full well that it would not offer the slightest danger to the magical creature now streaming towards at break-neck speed, almost deafening you with its unearthly roars. You bravely stand your ground though, after all, what other choice do you have? You know full well, however, that all is lost...

### 39

If light is the enemy of darkness then surely this torch must be the enemy of shadow? This you think to yourself as it is pulled from your pack and brandished at the Stealer, making it stop in its tracks. Then, without warning, it quickly moves towards you a second time.

SHADOW STEALER  
STAMINA 5

SKILL 12

However, the torch proves to be unwieldy as a weapon and, because of this, you may only cause 1 point of STAMINA damage when fighting with it and, what's more, you may not use LUCK to increase this damage. If you kill it, turn to **223** (and add a LUCK point for good measure)!

### 40

Lose a point from your STAMINA score. East it is then. On you walk, trying your best to forget your encounter with the awful Basilisk, when you notice a statue just off the path to your right. The stone carving seems to depict some sort of Demon, or maybe even the Devil himself. An incredibly tall and bestial thing it is, replete with horns, tail, claws, wings and fangs. You feel sick just looking at it, sick and scared. You can't stop yourself from staring at it though, can't tear your eyes away, can't stop feeling ill and can't stop the fear, the terror, the horror. You collapse.

After some moments you start to stir awake and notice how hot you are feeling. You open your eyes and your heart is instantly filled with the most dreadful of fear. You are in hell. There is a vast cavern here that stretches away into the darkness all around you, lit only by pockets of raging fire. Within the fire, writhing in agony and emitting truly terrible screams, are the damned. Those poor souls have long since been forgotten by any man or God. There are bones everywhere, they litter the floor, adorn the walls and hang from the ceiling high above you. There is blood here too, everywhere, all around you, it covers everything as it drips from timeless stalagmites and forms into puddles on the floor. There is torture going on all around you. People are screaming as they are being torn apart by nameless abominations, crying for mercy as the flesh is ripped from their bones by ageless Demons, and pleading for salvation as unseen things move under their skin, eating them from the inside out.

You let out a great, long cry that echoes for miles about you. But this just causes several hideous tentacled things to notice you and begin to close in. You lie down on the floor, clasp your head with your hands and again you let out a long cry that rebounds



countless times off the rocky walls around you. The tentacled monstrosities still slope silently towards you, until they encircle you completely. These things, which no man could truly describe and fully hope to hold onto his sanity, are nothing but shapeless, horned lumps of pulsating flesh. Once more you let out a terrible cry, a sound so horrible yet moving that even the other damned notice you, and momentarily forget their own endless torment. But this doesn't stop the tentacled things from reaching out for your flesh...

It is over. You open your eyes and sit up. You are drenched in sweat and visibly shaking, but you are back in the forest, bathed by warm sunlight and serenaded by bird song. Was it a dream? Or were you really there? You may never truly know, but one thing's for sure: you have had your sanity tested to the very limit. Roll 2 dice and deduct the total from your *SKILL* score. You get up and look about you. The statue is nowhere to be seen. You take a deep breath and walk on, but soon hit a dead end. Now you must turn back and either head west (turn to **347**) or northwest (turn to **180**).

#### 41

You hold your sword above your head and prepare to somehow defend yourself. An unwise action. The Elemental is immune to all weapons, even enchanted ones. It comes crashing down on top of you, dragging you far under the water, where it envelopes you in its cold arms and watches in glee as you drown...

#### 42

A chunk of the green and red fungus is soon plucked from the bark of the tree and placed tentatively within your mouth. It tastes wonderful! You feel wonderful! Add a *LUCK* point and a die of *STAMINA* for consuming some of this magical substance. You are just considering trying some more fungus when every species upon the tree completely disappears! Obviously you were only meant to try one type and won't get a say in the matter. What will you do now? Reach into the bleeding hole? Turn to **328**. Or just forget the whole thing and leave? Turn to **261**.

#### 43

The Wood Demon has been all but dismembered. You step past its corpse and head still further into its depressing land; the pathway then leads northeast and back through a gap in the forest wall. Turn to **150**.

#### 44

A few moments of digging reveal a magnificent golden axe! Its thick haft is long and perfectly straight, its curving blade large and deadly sharp and, not only this, but (despite its obvious strength) it feels light as a feather! You wrench it from the ground and hold it up with pride. Then you suddenly feel nervous and wonder if you have offended the Gods yet again... but nothing happens! You clasp the axe with joy and think to yourself that, just perhaps, it will make up for the terrible shock you have just endured. So, prize in hand, you wander back the way you've come where you may return to the junction and head east, turn to **229**. Or, if you wish, you may risk the Suma's golden path that now lays to the southeast, turn to **281**.

**45**

You stand there resolutely, but can't help shaking. You can feel the thing sneak up behind you, even smelling its blood. Then you cry out at a searing pain that arches across your back! Deduct 4 *STAMINA* points. You whirl round and face the seemingly inescapable form of the awful Sleepwalker. It stands there in front of you, shadowy and silent, with its veins glistening in the mist. You start to turn away from it, but it shoots a bloody arm out and clutches your shoulder. Turn to **241**.

**46**

At last the ship sails past the Siren's island and beyond the reach of their hypnosis. You fall to your knees and clasp your face with shaking hands; you have escaped almost certain death, but your sanity has been severely tested. Deduct 4 *STAMINA* points and turn to **211**.

**47**

The spell is read out so fast that your mouth has difficulty keeping up. Then you are invisible! Your spirits rise and you edge closer to the Elemental, then they sink as you realise the bridge is too narrow to sneak past and, anyway, you dare not get all that close to begin with.

The Elemental speaks, "You have chosen... poorly." He then edges a little closer to you, burning you slightly with his heat, "Don't worry, I'm going to kill you as quickly as possible."

You drop to your knees and open your mouth as if to say something, but it is too late. The Elemental raises his arms and then points them at you, causing a massive torrent of flame to shoot from his fingers, engulfing you utterly. You are instantly vaporised...

**48**

You clench your fists and fight the urge to run. Some time later you find yourself in a very large cave filled with dead bodies: all frightened to death. What ever did this could be close and it's going to take an awesome effort of courage to quench your fear and continue. *Test your stamina*. If possess a Facemask of Concentration you may test with just 2 dice. If you do not possess this object, you must perform the test with no less than 5 dice. If you test successfully, turn to **277**. If you test unsuccessfully, turn to **107**.

**49**

You throw your sword to the ground and grab the girl, but are instantly thrown back, as though you had just been subjected to a tremendous electric shock. Deduct 4 points of *STAMINA*. You stagger over to your sword and pick it back up, all the time feeling the awful

invisible attack battering at your body. The Night Demon smiles at you. What will you do now:

- |  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| Continue your attack?                                      | Turn to <b>144</b> |
| Ignore the girl and advance on the Night Demon?            | Turn to <b>197</b> |
| Try to part her hair with your sword and look at her face? | Turn to <b>83</b>  |

### 50

“Oh well done!” says the Dice Creature sounding sarcastic for a moment. You stare bemused at him and ask, “What’s my reward this time?” To which the creature laughs out loud and states mockingly, “There isn’t one!” You feel very strange and even a little fearful when asking, “Why?” But your only answer is more laughter. The creature then walks right up to you and sneeringly states, “Remember I told you that someone was trying to double-cross you?” Your mouth drops open. “Well...” he continues, “It’s me!” You feel very empty and just stare at him. “I suppose you want to know why?” he says mockingly. Your expression is blank but you nod in agreement. “Well, it’s none of your business!” he then begins to laugh out loud again, as the scene around you fades away and is replaced by an unfamiliar one. Turn to **345**.

### 51

You are not fast enough to avoid the spell and are helpless as a streak of gold shoots towards you and blasts you off your feet. You get up feeling close to death; realising that it was no ordinary spell of pain that hit you, but something far worse. Lose a die of *initial* STAMINA. You now have time to drink a Potion if you have one. You turn back, feeling rage consume you, then rush headlong at the Demon before it has time for another spell but not before he re-heals itself back up to 30 points of STAMINA (if it was below in the first place). *Instant death* will not work here.

#### NIGHT DEMON

#### SKILL 7

#### STAMINA 30

- |    |                                |   |
|----|--------------------------------|---|
| 2  | It casts a Health Drain spell: | deduct an <i>initial</i> STAMINA point          |
| 3  | It trips you with its tail:    | deduct 1 STAMINA point                          |
| 4  | It bites you:                  | deduct 2 STAMINA points                         |
| 5  | It smashes you into a tree:    | deduct 3 STAMINA points                         |
| 6  | It misses you:                 | gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a<br>potion! |
| 7  | It misses you:                 | gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a<br>potion! |
| 8  | It casts a Rejuvenate spell:   | it regains 3 STAMINA points                     |
| 9  | It casts a Fireball spell:     | deduct a die of STAMINA                         |
| 10 | It casts a Misfortune spell:   | deduct a LUCK point                             |
| 11 | It casts a Curse spell:        | deduct an <i>initial</i> LUCK point             |

12 It casts a Weakness spell:

deduct a SKILL point

Because its two heads can think independently of each other, the Night Demon gains extraordinary reflexes, allowing it to attack twice per round. To take this into account you must, each time it wins an attack round (and inflicts the usual 2 points of STAMINA damage) roll 2 further dice and consult the table above. This will show you how the Demon uses its 'extra' attacks each round. The moment you reduce its STAMINA to 20, turn to **85**.

### 52

You peer cautiously over the rim of your shield and carefully open the chest's lid at arm's length. The moment you do a gust of wind sails out and whips past. You shudder as you could have sworn you heard laughter. But then you feel wonderful: add 1 SKILL and 1 LUCK point! You happily examine the chest's contents and discover 2 Heath Potions! You smile to yourself and thank the Gods. Where will you head next: north (turn to **352**) or northwest (turn to **243**)? Or you may backtrack to where you met the Dice Creature and head northwest from that point instead, if you haven't (turn to **301**.)

### 53

The Demon Twin falls to the ground with its throat cut and stomach torn open. Add 1 LUCK point.

"Well done," says the calm voice of the unseen Suma, "The Gods are now fully satisfied that you are worthy of my help and may have a further reward."

A golden tooth appears at your feet. Then a new golden path opens up in front of you, leading to the south. You try not to look too angry when you reluctantly start to follow it. Turn to **392**.

### 54

It only takes a small effort to force the dead man's fingers from the object he once held in life. When you have fully prized his fingers open and made a cursory examination of the object, you discover it to be some sort of effigy of a Devil-like creature, carved from human flesh! You wrench your eyes away from the hellish object, but not quick enough to save you from its hidden curse. Deduct 1 SKILL point. You get up and kick the horrid thing into the undergrowth, before spitting at the remains of Sleepwalker. Then, at last, you turn to leave this terrible place. Turn to **91**.

### 55

The Basilisk throws itself at you and you meet it head-on in battle, but because you are fighting it blindfold, you must deduct 2 points from your SKILL for this fight *only*.

BASALISK

SKILL 7

STAMINA 6

Should you defeat it, turn to **305**.

### 56

You dodge deftly to one side; easily evading the chaotic item, “Impressive,” says a surprised voice from somewhere nearby. Regain the LUCK point you just spent.

Then you realise you are alone once more. You continue to swipe and slice at the grass in front of you, till you’ve cut a path through to a northern exit, turn to **101**.

### 57

“Most intriguing,” says the voice, “the curse I have chosen shall be bad fortune.”

Your legs turn to jelly upon hearing these words, then you feel dejected and forgotten. Deduct 1 *initial* LUCK point. Turn to **149**.

### 58

Your torture stops the very moment the Creature falls. Impressive. Add 1 LUCK point for the creature’s defeat. You stare hatefully at the thing’s body and note with grim interest that it now just resembles a big man, one entirely devoid of darkness. You stagger over to the nearest tree and slump down next to it, safe in the knowledge that you have bested a foe that few others could of done. You look at the Creature’s corpse and spit; then you fall into a restless sleep.

You dream of shadows coming to life, the Trinitour laughing at you and of blood, blood everywhere.

You awake with a start, your body soaked in sweat. Then you notice something placed at your feet: a fine pair of chain mail gauntlets with ‘Magic Disruption’ scrawled on them! You put the gloves on and notice movement in the trees around you, so decide to make a quick withdrawal. Which way will you head though: back past the Fairies and east? Turn to **88**. Or will you try west instead? Turn to **165**.

### 59

The mournful call of the gulls soon begins to fade as you head back into the forest. You walk on through the trees, and everything becomes quiet again. Too quiet. You’re just beginning to wonder at the unusual lack of noise when, just ahead of you, you notice a door standing in the middle of the path!

You walk up to it and find it to be a battered old thing, hung on rusty hinges: no one has opened it in a long time. Just then, something begins to happen to the rotten planks of wood that make up the strangely placed door – they are warping and buckling! You stand and stare as an ancient face begins to form, one with deep wrinkles, sunken eyes and a toothless mouth.

The thing speaks to you in a voice that sounds like the creaking of trees. “As you can tell, Warrior, there is more than enough space to walk around this door, but I wouldn’t advise that.”

You look bemused and ask; “May I ask, why not?”

“No, you may not.” Comes the emotionless reply. “Now, as I was saying, you may ignore this door and walk around it, or, you may heed my advice and walk through it.” The face’s dark eyes look at you, boring into your mind. “However, I must ask you for a small fee, should you wish to pass through.”

“What fee?” you ask in a curious tone.

“A golden tooth. I can accept nothing else.”

It would seem you have a duo of choices. Will you take the face’s advice, give it a golden tooth (if you have one) and walk through the door? Turn to **295**. Or, will you ignore the strange creature’s words and just walk around the door? Turn to **81**.

## 60

You hold your shield up and point it at the behemoth you now face. Then it suddenly grows dark, so dark in fact that you can see absolutely *nothing*. You can still hear though: footsteps, deep cries of anguish and a terrible ripping sound as the Elemental beings to tear you limb from limb...

## 61

You hand the golden tooth over to the grumpy Gnome.

He snatches it from your hand and sneers at you, then thrusts a piece of paper into your face, “Take it!” he says irritably. Before you can do so, however, the Gnome’s sneer widens and he states, “That is a very powerful spell and will no doubt save you miserable life. So, because of this and because I don’t want to make your worthless mission any easier, I have let a friend of mine have it before you. I hope you don’t mind.” Then he disappears.

You stare wide-eyed in confusion for a few moments then make a quick study of your new spell. It’s some time before you realise you haven’t a clue what it is or how to activate it! You turn it over and feel your heart leap into your throat, because there written on the back of the spell as plain as day, is the letter ‘T’! Note that you have seen this letter. You feel tears well up in your eyes and notice that your hands are shaking. Deduct 4 STAMINA points due to fear. Then your sadness turns to anger and you throw the unknown spell into your backpack and decide hatefully on your next choice of direction. Shall you head west? Turn to **309**. Or shall you turn back for the junction and head north? Turn to **8**.

## 62

You unsheathe your sword and place its tip cautiously into the dark hole at your feet. A faint sound can then be heard, almost as if someone had just sighed. Then the hole slowly closes, forcing you to pull your sword back out. Deduct 1 LUCK point. You shrug your shoulders and walk on. The path soon bends southwards, (turn to **399**).

### 63

You just manage to hold on to your sword. The Ice Demon then shifts its weight and attacks. Destroy it.

ICE DEMON

SKILL 7

STAMINA 9

This enemy also has the ability to breathe a jet of chilling air at its opponents. To account for this you must (at the start of every round) roll a dice and, if the number rolled is a 1 or a 2, you must lose 1 extra point of STAMINA damage (regardless of who actually won the attack round). If you should overcome this deadly creature, turn to **93**.

### 64

With the utmost care you manage to safely cross the riddled ground and avoid every one of the holes. When you are a little way beyond the clearing, you breathe a deep sigh of relief and head off back up the path and into the forest. Turn to **101**.

### 65

Lose a point from your STAMINA score. You head northeast and follow the trail as it winds on like a silent snake. Above you the red sky is beginning to darken slightly, causing the trees around you to cast great shadows across the path.

Time passes and the trail leads you to the brink of an underground passage that disappears downwards into the earth. When peer into its depths you can see at once that it leads into a dingy tunnel that heads some way into the darkness, before veering sharply to the right.

You scratch your chin and wonder what to make of this new discovery, when you hear a man's soft voice calling from the darkness, "These are the Tunnels of the Dead and they contain the worst fear of all."

You jump slightly on hearing the voice and call out, "What is this fear?" but there is no answer, so you ask, "Where do they lead?" but your only reply is silence. You peer once more into the blackness and start to feel very afraid. Then you shake off your fear, pluck up your courage and make ready to enter.

However, before you do, the voice rings out once more, "There will be no need for weapons in here." Then it is silent. If you wish to heed the advice and leave your weapons here you may do so, but must deduct 2 points from your SKILL score until you regain them. Alternatively, you may choose to ignore the advice and enter the tunnels armed. When you have made your decision, turn to **332** to continue your journey.

### 66

You get down onto your belly and take a cautious sip, hmm... not bad! You decide to have a good long draught. When finished you arise to find what looks like a small green ring laying at your feet, but before you can even think of taking a closer look you suddenly find yourself feeling terribly sick. You drop to your knees and start to hack and cough so violently that you fear for your life. You decide that there's only one course of action open to you: drink some of your Health Potions until you feel better. Roll a die and deduct the number rolled from your remaining Health Potions, but do not regain any STAMINA points for those you do quaff. If you don't have enough potions to equal or better the number rolled, turn to **271**. If you do, read on ... your Health Potions have the desired effect: nullifying the poison within you and ending your terrible pain. You have had a lucky escape. You get up, grab the ring and notice that it has the words, 'Poison Resistance' written on it! You turn to leave anyway, but not before you curse the hellish pool. Turn to **177** (to walk back to the junction and head west).

### 67

"What?" exclaims Louis, "Do you mean to insult me?"

You give a shrug of your shoulders.

The aged man looks incensed and rages, "I shall give you one last chance to show a bit of respect for your elders!" He offers you his hand a second time.

What will you do:

Apologise and shake his hand after all?

Turn to **82**

Ignore his ranting and turn your back on him?

Turn to **296**

Attack him?

Turn to **167**

### 68

Watcher lies in a mangled heap at your feet. You sit for a while and study the strange being's corpse, then you notice its shield. You get up and pick it off the floor; it is so polished that you could use it for a mirror! It is also extremely well made: add 1 LUCK point. You may take this 'mirror' shield with you if you wish. It is now time to leave this place, so you search for an exit and quickly find the only 2 choices that presents themselves to you are a trio of shockingly overgrown paths heading northwest (turn to **302**) west (turn to **133**) and east (turn to **216**).

### 69



The Basalisk jumps at your throat, forcing you to do wild battle with it but, because you are having to try and fight whilst keeping your eyes closed (thus resisting the temptation to open them), you must deduct 3 SKILL points for this fight *only*.

BASALISK

SKILL 7

STAMINA 6

Should you overcome the odds, add 1 LUCK point and turn proudly to **305**.

### 70

The Stone Warrior's head has been hewn from its shoulders. An excellent victory my friend. Have 1 LUCK point! After a short rest, you turn your attention back to the remaining pots and are startled to find another statue standing on the pedestal! Turn to **329**. You should choose a pot you have not chosen before.

### 71

“What is it doing? Let us see!” say the Gangees excitedly.

You present them with all your gold and unseen hands quickly snatch it from you.

“Gold!” say the Gangees; “It has made us rich! We must thank it!”

There is a flash of bright light and the ghostly creatures are gone, leaving you alone in the hold, which is now illuminated. Then you notice an object lying at your feet. You stoop down and scoop it up, only to find it to be a spell of some description, going by the fact that it is an old piece of paper covered in unreadable runes. There is also a single word written on the back ‘Giant’. You pocket the spell and make a quick search of the hold, but find nothing. You turn to leave but feel a strange sensation surrounding you as you do so. Add 2 SKILL points and 4 points of STAMINA! Maybe the Gangees decided to help you a second time? You climb back up on deck and smile inwardly. Turn to **76**.

### 72

You trip and stumble your way through a northern exit and, the moment you pass through it, you find yourself no more confused than usual, although you still get the feeling that the sensation could return at any time. You look about and find yourself in a heavily grassed dell, the grass itself growing taller than you. You start to hack and push your way through the stuff when an evil laughter rings out from somewhere close. You whirl round and round, trying to locate the source of the gnawing cackle, but the only thing you do locate is a small beetle-like object – a Bad Luck Charm – flying through the air towards

you. *Test your luck.* If you test successfully, turn to **56**. If you test unsuccessfully, turn to **106**.

### 73

Lose a point from your *STAMINA* score. You walk on down this new northeastern path and notice that the air is thick with insects. There must be a lot of dead flesh around to attract so many of them. You shudder at the thought and walk on. The insect's buzzing is soon unbearably loud though, until they almost seem to be shouting at you. You ignore them and continue, till you meet a most unusual sight: a thick beam of light, filled with laughing faces is blocking the path ahead. How will you deal with this situation:

- |   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| Walk straight through the light?              | Turn to <b>168</b> |
| Try to strike it with your sword?             | Turn to <b>22</b>  |
| Throw an item into it (choose which one now)? | Turn to <b>386</b> |

### 74

You trudge on down the muddy path. A while later and you can make out something shimmering in the distance – a lake. You walk on until you reach its shore. The expanse of water is huge and seemingly endless, for it reaches right to the horizon, but it is calm and welcoming and glitters in the sun. Now you see something in the distance, some sort of small craft, and it's floating towards you. When it reaches you, you see that it has no one on board. You are just deciding whether or not you trust the boat when you think you catch sight of a disturbance in the middle of the lake, but what ever it was is gone in an instant. This makes you forget your suspicions about the vessel and positively jump into it. It then starts to sail out into the water, all by itself!

All is well until half way across when a huge shadow passes underneath your craft. You leap to your feet and draw your sword, but before you can take any action, the boat lurches violently and you are thrown through the air and into the water. You try to remain calm and start to swim back for your vessel but the water begins to bubble and froth turbulently around you; the thing – what ever it is – must be right below you. You throw caution to the wind and swim like mad for your boat, before you get there however the craft is dragged under. You freeze and desperately look for some sort of salvation. As you wait, treading water, your craft- or what's left of it – is suddenly brought back up to the surface and is followed by a massive torrent of water that leaps high into the air.

However, rather than just letting gravity take effect and falling back down, the water remains in an upright position and forms itself into the shape of a gargantuan man – a Water Elemental! This is one of the most dangerous foes on the planet so, whatever you intend to do, do it fast.

If you wish to use an item you possess from your backpack, you must choose from one of the following:

An Empty pouch (if you have one)? Turn to **115**

A Glass eye (if you have one)? Turn to **23**

A Carved stick man (if you have one)? Turn to **138**

Or, if you possess none of the above, will you attempt to do battle with the creature? Turn to **41**.

### 75

Lose a point from your *STAMINA* score. You walk on and ponder the various bits of advice that you've received during your journey, but can't seem to make sense of all of it; so you just press on once more. The further you venture this way the more the path rises then flattens out to lead you onto level ground again. The trees here soon begin to thin out, until you aren't so much in a lush forest as a barren plain. This is indeed true, as the only things around you now are a few clumps of dried grass and the odd bush, not to mention a large crocodile-like creature slinking towards you from the distance! You are just about to examine it more closely when you wrench your eyes away in horror – the creature is a Basalisk and it's gaze can turn living things to stone! Do you possess a blindfold? If so, turn to **285**. If not, turn to **183**.

### 76

The ship continues its silent journey peacefully. A while later you make out a rocky island veering up on your left, and on closer inspection there appears to be people on it. You walk over to the left handrail and regard the island approaching you with suspicion. As the ship continues its voyage it veers slightly off course and starts to near the island and its people: it seems you are going to sail right past them. As the ship gets closer to the small landmass you discover it to be populated by a few dark-haired women and, when you are near enough to make out their beautiful faces, the women smile mischievously at you and start to sing a haunting melody. You stand transfixed for a while, listening to their stunning voices, when you suddenly find yourself compelled to leave the relative safety of the ship and join them. Then, like someone waking from a deep sleep, you slowly begin to realise what's happening and force yourself to ignore them, because they are Sirens: a strange race of malevolent women possessing magical voices that can enchant sailors to become their slaves! You turn around to find the doors to the lower deck have been shut and bolted... you have to act fast – but what will you do:

Tie yourself to the ship's mast (only if you have some rope)?	Turn to <b>276</b>
Wear some earplugs (only if you have a pair)?	Turn to <b>12</b>
Use some rope <i>and</i> a pair of earplugs (only if you own both)?	Turn to <b>103</b>
Stick your fingers in your ears?	Turn to <b>188</b>

**77**

The black skies surge furiously above you, the fire around you rages higher and the wind screams ever louder in your ears. You collapse to the floor and are surprised to see the Night Demon do the same. Evidently it was a great strain on it in its weakened form. But it is you who is by far the more hurt. Deduct a STAMINA point at the start of each new round of combat. You both struggle to your feet and stagger towards each other for the final conflict. Thunder rolls loudly above you as you walk towards each other, as if the whole world was cheering this most mighty of battles. Beware though the Demon has re-healed itself back up to 10 points of STAMINA (if it was below that level in the first place). *Instant death* will not work here.

NIGHT DEMON	SKILL 7	STAMINA
10		
2	It casts a Health Drain spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> STAMINA point
3	It trips you with its tail:	deduct 1 STAMINA point
4	It bites you:	deduct 2 STAMINA points
5	It smashes you into a tree:	deduct 3 STAMINA points
6	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a
	potion!	
7	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a
	potion!	
8	It casts a Rejuvenate spell:	it regains 3 STAMINA points
9	It casts a Fireball spell:	deduct a die of STAMINA
10	It casts a Misfortune spell:	deduct a LUCK point
11	It casts a Curse spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> LUCK point
12	It casts a Weakness spell:	deduct a SKILL point

Because its two heads can think independently of each other, the Night Demon gains extraordinary reflexes, allowing it to attack twice per round. To take this into account you must, each time it wins an attack round (and inflicts the usual 2 points of STAMINA damage) roll 2 further dice and consult the table above. This will show you how the Demon uses its 'extra' attacks each round. If you win, turn to **321**.

**78**

At last the Vampire-ist falls. He lays there for a short while, breathing as best he can, then he slowly closes his eyes and stops moving. You pause only momentarily then, for some unknown reason, decide to busy yourself making a quick search of his clothes. A few seconds pass and you soon turn up a pair of golden teeth and a Health Potion. Then you

get to your feet and make haste to leave this depressing place, walking quickly southeast (turn to **10**).

### 79

You take hold of the first pot, crack it open, and instantly feel good. Add 1 LUCK point – perhaps you have uncovered a spell of some kind? Either way, you're glad you chose the pot you did! What now: Leave? Turn to **119**, or risk taking another pot? Turn to **217**.

### 80

Bad luck! You are so busy watching the bees that you don't notice a root protruding from the ground – right up to the point where you trip over it and fall to the ground. There is a whirlwind of movement and a wash of buzzing noises as the bees instantly attack you. Your body erupts in pain as a dozen tiny needles sink in, then sting and poison you. Deduct 1 SKILL point. You shout in fear and swat at them as best you can, then you run as fast you can, and you don't stop until you reach the next junction. You soon reach it: a boring little split in the path leading you on towards the north (turn to **359**) or tempting you west instead (turn to **193**).

### 81

You go to walk around the door and the face suddenly looks slightly sad.

“So be it.” It murmurs, then slowly begins to fade away until the door is just a door again.

You swallow and grip your sword. *There's no turning back now.* On you tread, around the door and on down the path, waiting for something terrible to happen. Nothing seems to though. However, unknown to you, all the golden teeth you once possessed have just been spirited away from you! You walk on, beginning to relax, oblivious of your loss.

After a small time, the birds begin to sing again and are soon followed by the reassuring hum of insects and a gentle breeze as it blows through the grass.

The path now splits in two, allowing you to venture either northeast (turn to **235**) or east (turn to **316**). After you make your choice the trees shifts soundlessly behind you, sealing your exit.

### 82

Shaking the hand of Louis Fur is the last thing you'll ever do. He grins evilly the moment your hand touches his, then he proceeds to clasp it agonisingly tightly. You cry out in pain and tell him to let go, but all that happens is that he squeezes your hand even tighter, till you feel your fingers being crushed and hear the bones begin to crack. You scream in pain, draw your sword with your free hand, and proceed to hack at him, but this just makes him laugh because your sword has no effect. Then a terrible transformation takes place as he grows incredibly tall and muscular, then his skin turns black and horns sprout from his head – he is a Hell Demon; and he's just ripped you apart...

### 83

You ignore the pain and quickly place your sword tip on the girl's head then start to part her hair from her face. She doesn't try to stop you. When the Night Demon notices what you are doing it looks positively delighted. Will you assume he's bluffing and carry on (turn to **97**). Or will you stop and try something else:

Continue your attack?	Turn to <b>144</b>
Ignore the girl and advance on the Night Demon?	Turn to <b>197</b>
Try to grab the girl?	Turn to <b>49</b>

### 84

“Oh bad luck.” Says the Dice Creature almost sarcastically.  
You look both puzzled and sound desperate when asking, “What now old friend?”  
To which the Creature laughs and says, “Remember I told you that someone was trying to double-cross you?”  
You stare open-mouthed at him with a sudden look of realisation on your face.  
“Well...” he continues, “It's me!”  
For a moment you strangely feel like laughing, but instead say, “What? Why?”  
To which he sneeringly states, “That's no concern of yours my *friend!*” He then starts laughing, as everything fades away to be replaced by an unfamiliar scene. Turn to **345**.

### 85

Once again you find you have hurt the Demon Prince, and once again its roars of pain echo through the hills. You now have time to take a Potion. The grass around you is now well ablaze, leaving you both encircled in a ring of fire. The dark skies above you boil and churn, whilst angry clouds form strange and mighty shapes – as if the Gods themselves were present and watching. This time, however, you are determined not to be caught off guard and make ready to throw yourself at the Demon. But it is you who is surprised yet again as it launches itself at you faster than the eye can follow, then grabs you by the throat, lifts you three feet off the ground and laughs in your face as it starts to strangle you. *Test your Stamina*. If you are successful, turn to **99**. If you are unsuccessful, turn to **381**.

### 86

The cannibal-thing lies gutted at your feet and, this time, you don't take your eyes from it. But, as you stand there with your gaze fixed on the mutant's corpse, you get the horrible feeling that something is closing in on you. Then you catch a flicker of movement from within the mist! You can guess who it is. What will you do: ignore the movement and stand where you are? Turn to **45**. Ignore the corpse instead and face the thing once more? Turn to **241**.

## 87

You walk north for some time, treading the well-trodden path with a slight feeling of fear beginning to grip your stomach. After a few twists and turns, you've had little more to do than admire the ever-tranquil trees around you. Then you notice, a little way ahead, that the sunlight falling through the trees above looks somehow unnatural, almost dream-like. You get nearer the stretch of pathway that contains the strange light and make a further discovery; it falls *exactly* down the centre of the path and forms an almost perfect line, like it had been deliberately placed there. You try throwing a few nearby twigs in, but nothing happens, so you place the tip of your sword in, but to no avail. What will you do: walk through it? Turn to **373**. Walk around it? Turn to **365**.

## 88

This eastern path leads you round a sharp bend and right up to a worrying sight: a criss-cross of trip-wires set at knee height and fixed into dark holes in dozens of trees and extending for quite some meters onwards. You think of cutting them down, when you notice several arrowheads protruding from the undergrowth and watch with dismay as each of them follows your every tentative step. You think of hacking at the arrows themselves but, each time you near one of them with that very intention, they all sink back into the trees and, it is only when you step away from them that they again take up their positions. There seems no other choice. You must, as best you can, make your way carefully past this new menace. *Test your Skill*. If you test successfully, turn to **376**. If, instead, you test unsuccessfully, then turn instead to **187**.

## 89

A few steps later and you find yourself in the dark surroundings of the dead end. It's here, at your feet, that you notice an unusual strip of red cloth, just long enough to tie round one's forehead. It's unusual because it has, at its centre, a small circle of metal, perforated with countless microscopic holes. You pick it up and turn it over in your hands. Then a thought hits you: perhaps the cloth is some type of filter for dusty air? After all, it's about the right size to tie around one's mouth. You place the gag in your pocket, pleased with your find and unaware of the subtle glow of magic now dancing along its length.

You look at the wall of silent trees gathered around you, listening to the creaking of their ancient boughs. Something doesn't feel right. You can't quite put your finger on it but something is definitely wrong. Then the stunning realisation hits you - the trees are subtly moving of their own accord, trying even now to trap you! Not only this but you could now swear there were faint definitions of men and women carved onto their bark, almost seeming alive with the movement and trying to mouth silent screams.

You bolt from the area, smashing your way through clawing branches and manage to escape in the nick of time. You run back to the junction and arrive safely, but terribly shaken. Deduct 1 SKILL point.

When you have composed yourself you decide to quickly leave this place heading past the fallen Tarantula and turning either north (turn to **226**) or east along the overgrown path (turn instead to **229**).

### 90

The God-Headed Hydra gives one last great cry before it falls to the ground with a deafening crash. Did you let the Gonchog attach itself to you? Turn to **20** if you did. Turn to **164** if you didn't.

### 91

You're just getting ready to finally leave this area when, "Congratulations." Says a voice behind you. Slowly, keeping one hand on Sleepwalker's punctured throat, you turn your head and eye the speaker of the voice. He is a tall man with long dark hair and golden skin! He seems unarmed, and smiles at you knowingly. What action will you take:

Attack him?	Turn to <b>314</b>
Speak with him?	Turn to <b>353</b>
Run back to the junction and head east?	Turn to <b>229</b>

### 92

Past the awful quicksand and on northeastwards, you quickly come across a small clearing with a single exit to the west and a rather strange sight at its centre. This is because, in front of you, suspended above a large pot of boiling oil, is a rather nondescript rope. It is hanging onto a branch above by the slimmest of threads and the slightest movement may send it falling into the bubbling oil below. If you wish to try and take the rope, you must first *Test your Skill* and if successful, turn to **294**. If unsuccessful, turn to **317**. Or, alternatively, you may just forget about it and head west, turn to **95**.

### 93

At last the monstrous Ice Demon falls, its body hitting the ground with an earth shaking 'Thump!' You look at your former foe's carcass whilst trying to catch your breath and are just in time to witness it shatter into a thousand tiny icicles. Well done. Now you decide you are safe enough to investigate the thing's lair closer. You walk around the darkened cavern for a while, hoping for some priceless treasure or other, what you find instead is an ordinary looking pouch, an empty pouch. You kick the wall in anger and make ready to



leave, but the section of wall you have just kicked has creaked open, spilling warm light into the cavern. You can't resist but investigate. You step through and find yourself on a small, windy plain, with a pathway heading north. Turn to **182**.

#### 94

“Oh dear...” says the little man sadly, “you are on your own.”

The Minitour gives a bestial roar that echoes through the valley. Then he attacks.

MINITOUR CHAMPION

SKILL 11

STAMINA 9

If you beat it, add 1 LUCK point and turn to **212**.

#### 95

The path snakes on through the trees, while the occasional butterfly flutters past and a few small creatures dart away from your footsteps, frightened by your approach. Then everything goes very quiet. There is no wind, no crickets and no bird song. A familiar voice suddenly booms all around you, but it is not the Trinitour's, it is something else you have once faced, and thought defeated. The voice you now hear is deep, gruff and resonating with evil. It is the Night Horror.

A white glow catches the corner of your eye and you spin round to find him standing there, this heavily built, hump-backed mutant sporting orange skin and just the one eye. He is dressed in the drabest of grey clothes and wields a silver rod with a glowing white jewel at its tip.

The man-height monster laughs at your shocked expression and gloats, “I knew we'd meet again little puppy, I just knew we would!”

You stare wide-eyed at the Horror and say in a voice full of disbelief, “It can't be you ... I banished you!”

This makes the Night Horror laugh heartily, “Indeed you did child, you banished me to *here!*” he points to the ground at his feet and grins evilly. The Horror begins to walk towards you and booms, “I've been here a long time thanks to you and now, although weakened, I shall have my revenge!”

You start to shake and back off.

“I've dreamt about this moment you insignificant insect,” he continues, “dreamt of the things I'm going to do to you when you no longer have the strength to fight.” He backs you up against the forest wall and watches with delightful, sadistic glee as your shaking body begins to pour with sweat. “Oh yes,” he hisses, “Your death will enter the annals of history as the slowest most painful yet.” He then grips his silver rod with both hands and a look of pure hatred crosses his face, his eye then widens and he roars into your face, “Defend yourself, coward!”

NIGHT HORROR

SKILL 7

STAMINA 8

This foe fights with a magical life-draining rod and, whenever he hits you, you must lose 1 SKILL point as well as suffer the noted STAMINA loss. Worse still, because of his powerful undead flesh there is a chance that you may fail to wound him even if you strike

him! To indicate this you must, every time you win an attack round, roll a die and consult its value. If you roll between 1 and 2, your blow will not have harmed the thing's supernatural flesh, but if you roll between 3 and 6, you will wound it in the normal way. All is not lost though, because the Night Horror's banishment has wounded him to such an extent that his blows will only inflict 1 point of STAMINA damage, instead of the usual 2. Should you overcome him, turn proudly to **222**.

## 96

You continue to walk idly on, not really looking for danger, which is a pity. You take another step and suddenly find yourself falling through air, and landing on a pile of skeletons. You arise groggily and look about yourself in horror: you are in a very deep pit with smooth unclimbable sides, you bend your gaze upwards to find some sort of mutant gazing down at you from over the lip of the pit.

It is dressed in nothing more than a loin cloth. Its skin is a sickening yellow in colour and hangs of its body in folds. It has hooves instead of feet, rusty nails instead of fingers and a mass of writhing tentacles instead of a face.

You start to open your mouth to say something, anything, but too late – the monster is starting to drag a large circular piece of stone over the surface of the hole. You scream as you realise you are being buried alive, but the Golem takes no notice and continues with its fell task. A moment later and the lid has blotted out all sunlight and all hope of escape, you stumble about in your tomb, screaming for mercy, but the only things likely to hear you are the other poor souls who died in here before you. You will soon be joining them...

## 97

You force yourself to ignore the pain once more, electing instead to just sneer at the Night Demon, whom you are sure is bluffing. So, as quickly as you can, you part the girl's long, matted hair ... and stares straight into hell. When, in those few moments before your mind snaps, and you are actually looking into the wretched, twisted mass of burnt flesh and bloodied bone that makes up one of the true faces of chaos, you could of sworn that even the Night Demon had turned away. Then you collapse to the ground and die; your unseeing eyes still fixed on that that silent, Godless face....

## 98

You pull the dagger from your belt and brandish threateningly it in front of you: The Earth Elemental takes no notice and continues to stagger painfully towards you. When it is no more than arm's reach away from you, you strike. The dagger easily enters the monster's chest, causing it to roar so loudly that you are temporarily deafened – you have

hurt it once more! The Elemental then stops walking and starts to stiffen, till it can barely move – it has become freezing cold! And you know what happens when something hot becomes something cold, don't you? It shrinks. The giant creature opens its mouth as if to scream, but no sound comes out. Great cracks start to appear all over its body, these cracks open, wider and wider, till the Elemental literally falls to pieces. Now all you look upon is a large pile of splintered rocks – the most dangerous foe on the planet is no more! Gain a die's worth of LUCK! You are about to move on when you notice 3 Health Potions lying amongst the rocks. Take them if you wish. Turn to **210**.

## 99

With your last ounce of strength, you break free and even manage to push the Demon back a few steps. Now you must continue your fight but beware, the Demon has re-healed itself back up to 10 points of STAMINA (if it was below that in the first place). *Instant death* will not work here but will instantly drop its STAMINA to 10 and send you to **394**.

NIGHT DEMON

SKILL 7

STAMINA 20

2	It casts a Health Drain spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> STAMINA point
3	It trips you with its tail:	deduct 1 STAMINA point
4	It bites you:	deduct 2 STAMINA points
5	It smashes you into a tree:	deduct 3 STAMINA points
6	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a
	potion!	
7	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a
	potion!	
8	It casts a Rejuvenate spell:	it regains 3 STAMINA points
9	It casts a Fireball spell:	deduct a die of STAMINA
10	It casts a Misfortune spell:	deduct a LUCK point
11	It casts a Curse spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> LUCK point
12	It casts a Weakness spell:	deduct a SKILL point

Because its two heads can think independently of each other, the Night Demon gains extraordinary reflexes, allowing it to attack twice per round. To take this into account you must, each time it wins an attack round (and inflicts the usual 2 points of STAMINA damage) roll 2 further dice and consult the table above. This will show you how the Demon uses its 'extra' attacks each round. The moment you have reduced its STAMINA to 10, turn to **394**.

“Glad I can be of some service!” booms the Trinitour as he appears from nowhere. You look at him and say, “You almost frightened me to death!” to which he knowingly replies, “And it wouldn’t be the first time!”

You can’t help but grin at him.

“What seems to be the trouble?” he asks.

“I can find no way what so ever of crossing this infernal ravine and I’m sure there’s something of use in that hole.” You reply, pointing beyond the chasm.

“Then allow me!” laughs the ex-demon, before picking you up and holding you high above his head.

“Now just wait a moment!” you say worriedly.

“Waiting’s for losers!” jokes the Trinitour as he hurls you across the gaping rift with embarrassing ease.

You land heavily and jump to your feet, “I suppose you think that’s funny big man?” you say loudly.

“Actually I do!” responds the Trinitour with huge, toothy grins.

You stand and glare at him, not giving the old Devil the satisfaction of seeing you lose your temper, “I kicked you into the ground once Triny, don’t make me do it again.” You say matter-of-factly.

“OK, OK, I’m sorry I really am.” He replies, trying not to laugh. Then he (and the ravine!) start to fade away, but he says quickly, “Forget the jokes and do well, I’m counting on you. Oh ... and *don’t* call me ‘Triny’.”

Then he’s gone and you are alone once more. A rudimentary examination of the hole turns up a magnificently carved ivory flute imbedded with countless rubies and emeralds! It also appears to have the word ‘Sun’ written on it. Add 2 LUCK points for this fortunate find. You pocket your find and may either head east (turn to **243**) or backtrack to where you met the Dice Creature and head northeast (turn to **352**) or east (turn to **13**), if you haven’t already.

## 101

You haven’t gone far at all when you start to feel the awful dizziness well up within you again. It’s when you enter another clearing that bares an uncanny resemblance to the last, what with its trio of exits and the tree at its centre. This time, however, the tree is tall and strong. Then the sensation fully takes hold of you, making your head swim and your legs turn to jelly. You close your eyes once more and try your best to stagger through this place, but which of its three exits will you leave by? Roll a die and consult its value. If you roll either a 1 or a 2, turn to **358**. If you roll either a 3 or a 4, turn to **163**. Lastly, if you roll either a 5 or a 6, turn to **215**.

### 102

You carefully reach out and give the man's armour the lightest of touches with your gloves, this causes its magic to slowly and quietly fizzle out of existence. He doesn't even notice! So you take this opportunity to inflict a terrible wound across his back. The man roars in pain, whirls round and attacks you with his war-axe.

CHAOS BATTLELORD (WOUNDED)

SKILL 9

STAMINA 6

The *first* time he hits you, take a note of this reference number and turn to **344**. If you best him, turn to **283**.

### 103

Within the blink of an eye you have tied yourself to the ship's mast and rammed the earplugs into your ears. The Sirens increase the volume of their song and it starts to seep its way through your earplugs; you waste no time in tying the ropes even tighter, then quickly clasping your hands over your ears. The ship sails slowly on and the singing gets even louder. You close your eyes and try to withstand the gnawing urge to remove your earplugs. But it's no good. You suddenly rip them from your ears and let the beauty of the song hypnotise you further. You then begin to tug like a madman at the ropes that bind you, so desperate are you to get to the Sirens. Then it is over. The ship has now sailed out of ear-shot of the haunting melody, breaking the hypnosis. Your arms fall by your sides and you close your eyes for a while, safe at last. Turn to **211**.

### 104

You scoop the old sword from your backpack and gaze at the word 'Fire' that's chiselled into one side of its blade. Nothing happens. Then something does - the sword's blade bursts into flames! Shadow Stealer stops in its tracks and appears hesitant for a moment, but then it steps towards you with renewed vigour, although you can't help thinking that you have it scared. Destroy this thing.

SHADOW STEALER  
STAMINA 5

SKILL 12

Because light is the enemy of darkness, this weapon will cause greater than usual damage to this foe: every time you wound it, deduct 3 points from its STAMINA score. So, were you to strike it, then decide to use LUCK (and were successful) it would be possible to kill it in one hit. However, the fire sword will be useless after this fight and you must continue using your old sword in the normal way. If you overcome this enemy, turn to **223**.

### 105

The Dice Creature tries to remain dignified when saying, “Not this time old friend.”

You giggle quietly then ask, “I don’t suppose you have any more advice for me?”

To which he answers, “Indeed I do; about the one who’s double-crossing you, I heard he’s laughing at you.”

You suddenly look stern, then thank the Dice Creature and watch as he waddles back off up the path, turning only once to wish you luck. You wave to him and walk off the other way with renewed determination, coupled with more than a sprinkling of uncertainty. Turn to **16**, to head west.

### 106

Your attempt to evade the Bad Luck Charm has failed. You throw the thing off you in revulsion, then bolt through the grass and happen across a northern exit, turn to **101**.

Unbeknown to you though, one of your Health Potions has just fallen from your pack and spilt on the ground. The laughter increases as you leave...

### 107

It’s no good. The fear becomes too much for you and you drop to your knees, gasping for breath, which isn’t easy when you’re having a heart attack, a *fatal* heart attack...

### 108

“How interesting,” says the voice, “the curse I have chosen is one of permanent weakness.”

Sweat breaks out on your forehead, then you instantly feel weaker than a few moments ago. Deduct a die of *initial* STAMINA. Turn to **149**.

### 109

Your battle with the Luck Devil is over. Regain 1 LUCK point. You stand for a while, then kick its corpse and take in your surroundings; the roses seem to have stopped bleeding.

You smile a little and find you have two choices of exit: a dry northern one (turn to **209**) and a muddy eastern one (turn to **74**).

### 110

The Dice Creature rolls along the floor, eventually ending up on his bottom.

He struggles to his feet and says sadly, “Bad luck my friend, but I can still impart with some advice for you; never look hell in the face.”

You look somewhat puzzled but still thank him for his rather strange advice never the less.

Then he wishes you farewell and leaves, walking off into the distance behind you. You take this moment to study your surroundings. Turn to **123**.

### 111

Your eyes widen in horror as you realise you don't have the means to stop the thing you now face. You drop your sword, bow your head and start to say a short prayer. The Elemental continues to stagger towards you, shaking the ground and filling the valley with deafening cries that echo all around you. Then it is so close to you that you can feel the terrible heat it brings and you will soon feel the even more terrible pain that it will cause you...

### 112

Taking a deep breath and filling your lungs with air, you lit rip with a huge shout at the man – but nothing happens! He just continues snoring! You are about to try again, when you notice a shadow cast over you and feel the presence of the cannibal-thing right behind you. Turn to **45**.

### 113

Lose 2 points from your current *STAMINA* and, because the Death Spell is now working its way to your heart, you must deduct a further point from your *initial STAMINA*. The further you head east the less firm the ground becomes, until you start sinking in a little with each slushy step. You strain your eyes and look into the distance. The trees thin out there, to be replaced by moss, slime and mud pools; it seems you are going to be heading straight through a marsh. On you go then, squelching through the ever-softer ground under foot. After a while of this, you being to sink in up to your knees, whilst surrounded by clouds of swamp flies and serenaded by countless noisy frogs and toads. Still you trudge on though, sloshing and slopping through the now waist-high muddy grime, which is also beginning to assail you with several unwelcome odours. You clasp a hand over your mouth, and swat at some flies with the other; then you notice that your hands have several leeches attached to them and fling them off in revulsion. When will this end?

After yet more slushy walking through the stinking swamp and being constantly bothered by swarms of flies and hoards of leeches, you come across a large slime-covered boulder resting in a particularly deep part of the filthy waters. It seems a likely resting-place. You sit on an edge in the shallowest part for quite a while with your hands clasped about your face to stop most of the flies from crawling on it.

The rock moves.

You leap up and run back a few steps, watching the thing in wide-eyed horror.

The rock moves again.

Your heart beats faster.

Then, without warning, the rock-thing suddenly lifts itself from the water and starts sprouting heads from its 'body.' This is no rock – this is a Hydra! Your mouth drops open as it rears above you and produces yet more heads from the hidden depths about it; eight in all! At last the Hydra is complete and each one of its heads begins to hiss loudly at you. You think of escape, but you couldn't possibly run through the thick swamp mud that

surrounds you. So, you can only shake and watch as the vast and powerful Hydra begins to move towards you, its huge scaly body causing immense ripples to circle out from it as it does so. It's then, in your darkest hour, that a sudden thought lights your mind: you have heard stories of the 'Children of the Hydra' which concern the teeth of its victims (which Hydras, for some reason, never ingest). Of these teeth, there is a legend that would suggest that if someone, of good heart, could throw them to the floor if they ever encountered a creature such as this, then its victims would rise up and do battle with it once more! If you possess any golden teeth, turn to **334**. If you do not, turn to **313**.

#### 114

After a time you finally break free of the cornfield and soon make your way back onto the more familiar forest-track. The tree's branches seem to reach out to you as you pass by them. You shake of the feeling of paranoia and walk on.

Presently, you pass between a pair of giant haggard old willows; their great trunks as thick and as knotted as the most ancient of giant's waists, and their vast drooping branches hang heavy with a tangled mass of leaves that resemble unkempt hair. You could swear they were watching you. You pass quickly between them and discover that, just after them, the track separates and offers no less than *four* new choices of direction. Which one will you take though:

North?	Turn to <b>243</b>
East?	Turn to <b>13</b>
Northeast?	Turn to <b>352</b>
Northwest?	Turn to <b>301</b>

#### 115

You struggle with your pack and find the pouch, then you pull it out just as the Elemental comes crashing down on top of you but, instead of smashing you into the water, it is swallowed up completely by the little object! This must be a pouch of unlimited contents! You raise your sword in glee and point it tauntingly at the enchanted object. You have had a very lucky escape; in fact, you must be the luckiest person alive! Add 2 LUCK points. Now you start to swim for the other bank, watching all the while for danger, but nothing happens. Eventually, you cross the lake entirely and step out onto the muddy shore, you then turn back to the huge expanse of water behind you and grin proudly. It seems you have overcome yet another deadly guardian of this place, perhaps the deadliest of all? You sit for a while, contemplating your incredible escape. Then get up; wipe a tear from your eye and head off down the pathway and into the east. Turn to **315**.

#### 116

A chunk of the orange fungus is soon ripped of the tree and crammed in your mouth, more's the pity. It seems to change your mood, making you feel timid and unsure of yourself. Deduct 1 LUCK point for this curse. You decide you do not want to try any more fungus and resolve to either search the bleeding hole (turn to **328**) or just leave this evil place (turn to **261**).



### 117

There is now a trio of Health Potions resting atop the little hill! You grab them all quickly and deposit them carefully within your backpack. Then you walk on with a large smile. A little later and the path splits. You may take either the northern one (turn to **300**) or the northwestern one (turn to **133**).

### 118

The battered body of the Fiend falls back into the abyss that spawned it, roaring terribly as it disappears into the eternal darkness below. You slump to the ground, shaking from your encounter and trying your best to gasp for breath. Time passes and you stand once more, but you ignore the ravine in front of you, because there's no way you'd ever even try to jump it. So, you head east, turn to **243**. Alternatively, you may decide to head back to where you met the Dice Creature and walk northeast (turn to **352**) or east (turn to **13**) from there if you haven't already.

### 119

You have a total of four paths: one to the south, one to the east, one to the west and the last to the north. The southern one is barely visible and so heavily overgrown that it appears much darker than its rivals do. The northern option stretches some way ahead of you, down a sun-streaked and well-used path. Looking west, you find a smoky choice of direction; perhaps someone has lit a fire that way? Your final option is broken pathway to the east, passing through thick weeds and brambles. Which direction will you travel? You should choose an option you have not chosen before:

South (overgrown)?	Turn to <b>307</b>
North (well-used)?	Turn to <b>87</b>
West (smoky)?	Turn to <b>17</b>
East (broken)?	Turn to <b>256</b>
Or ... will you ignore all you have heard and head off the pathway?	Turn to <b>389</b>

### 120

The mirror shield will be extremely difficult to use whilst holding your breath and not fully knowing where the Basilisk is, but at least try your best. *Test your Skill* adding 1 to the number rolled. If you are successful, turn to **139**. If you are unsuccessful, you fail to use the shield in time and must turn to **393**.

### 121

The path leads you out of this part of the forest and onto a grassy hill, where it separates into two and takes you through a flower-filled meadow then back into the forest once more. Above you, several golden birds chase each other across the sky. You take a moment or two to breathe the fresh air and savour the view. The paths here lead both north and northwest, which way will you try though:

North?	Turn to <b>24</b>
Northwest?	Turn to <b>290</b>

### 122

You crack open the second pot and watch in amazement as a tiny man jumps from the remains and shouts at you, “Just what on earth do you think you’re doing destroying my home you clumsy fool?” Then he mumbles some indecipherable words and points at you, causing a large rock to appear out of nowhere and land on your head. Lose 3 STAMINA points. “How do you like *that*?” asks the tiny man before he disappears with a bang and an explosion of light.

You didn’t like it at all. Rubbing your bruised head you decide to make a quick choice. Leave and head back to the clearing? Turn to **119**. Risk taking another pot? Turn to **217**.

### 123

You turn your head this way and that and discover a couple of paths leading off through the trees around you; they are west (turn to **220**) and northwest (turn to **208**). They are both remarkably similar.

### 124

You make good progress, despite the fury raging all around you, but make the mistake of taking your eyes off the plank and, although you try your best to regain your balance, fall headlong into the mutant horrors screaming below you in the pit. You land heavily, momentarily knocking some of the air out of you, but not enough to stop you from regaining your feet and freeing your sword. You yell in fright as a torrent of filthy abominations hurl themselves at you, biting and clawing. You fight well, despite dozens of claws and hundreds of rotten teeth ripping the flesh from your bones. The insane crowd surges at you from all sides and knocks you to the floor once more.

Some leagues away a few birds flit away from their branches, frightened by a terrible scream that echoes for miles through the forest...

### 125

A fourth head has just appeared and the Hydra has rejuvenated a second time! This new head has wrinkled skin and a furious expression; it causes the earth below you to shake with tremendous force, throwing you around as though you were nothing (lose 5 STAMINA points). The odds are becoming ridiculous. But ... the Hydra, perhaps a little too sure of victory, hesitates, giving you ample opportunity to heal yourself by any means that you currently possess. Then you launch yourself at the humongous fiend before it has a chance to grow anymore powerful. Fight on once more. Instant Death will no longer work as normal.

GOD-HEADED HYDRA

SKILL 12

STAMINA 12

If you somehow overcome this awesome creature, turn to **90**.

### 126

It is now at least an hour later and you are both worn out and dismayed at your near-total lack of progress. You decide to turn back, but you can't. The path you spent so long hacking through is no longer there, indeed, it's as if it had never even existed in the first place. Then an unnatural fear takes you, as you get the feeling that you are far from alone. You turn and start to hack madly at the undergrowth, all the while aware of a stomach-churning stench that encroaches all around you. Fear turns to terror when horrible moans begin to fill the air, and terror turns to sheer horror when you see dead bodies rise up everywhere, both near and far.

The dead speak in one voice when they say, "We too ignored the advice given to us and now you must join us, forever."

And as the rotting corpses approach ever closer, you fall to your knees and start to weep ... till you awake from your nightmare and find yourself back on the path you left! Still, your strength and courage have both been drained. Lose 2 SKILL points and 4 points of STAMINA. Return to **119** and choose another option, but you may not leave the path ever again.

### 127

Rather than risk facing the madness creeping behind you, you throw yourself into the darkness ahead of you, running as fast as you possibly can and forgetting all about caution, which is a great pity. You zoom along in the blackness, bumping into the odd wall here and there and not giving the slightest damn about any injuries. Then you trip over something metal and scream as a pair of steel jaws come crashing down on your leg, tearing through flesh and biting on bone. You lay there in agony, struggling in vain to free your mangled leg from the rusty man-trap, being sure all the while that if there is anything in here with you, it has heard you and knows where you are, and that you're hurt. You suddenly realise that the fear you felt before is now very close; and there's no escape – it's probably right round the corner, but by now you have been driven mad with terror and bite your tongue from your head, hoping to bleed to death before it finds you...

### 128

Still shaken by your encounter with the awful Messenger of Death, you make your way onwards, past towering trees and buzzing insects. A few steps later and you happen across a turning to the east: do you wish to take this new direction? Turn to **242**. If not, you may continue onwards, turn to **121**.

### 129

There is a great cheer as the faces change their expressions back to happy ones, “You are braver than we had dared expected!” some of them assure you, “You may pass through unhindered.” Then you feel much, much stronger: add 2 dice of STAMINA!

You smile broadly and thank the strange faces, before quickly following the path once more (turn to 75).

### 130

Lose 2 points from your current STAMINA and a further point from your *initial* STAMINA. You walk for some time, alert for danger all the while. A brisk walk later and you find yourself walking towards a little grassy clearing and, sitting in the clearing, are three small creatures with large bald heads. Each wears a loincloth and holds a thin ‘stiletto’ dagger. They chatter to each other until they notice you. The three little figures smile malevolently as you approach their abode, one of them points at you and whispers something to the other two, who both laugh.

You stand in front of them with your arms crossed and a stern expression on your face, “Who are you and what do you want?” you ask firmly.

“We are Mik, and what we want is none of your concern.” Replies the nearest creature in a rather jovial manor.

You look at him and ask, “Then you have no objection to my passing?”

To which the Miks laugh and reply as one, “Oh but we *do!*”

You try to remain outwardly calm when asking a second time, “Then what do you want?”

The Miks look at each other gleefully before replying, “You.”

Your sword is drawn in an instant, but the Miks merely continue to look at you, before the furthest one says, “Your sword is on fire.”

You look down to find your sword swallowed in flames, you wince and drop it.

The three small creatures grin wickedly at you and ask, “With what will you defend yourself now?”

You raise your fists and say, “These.”

The middle Mik looks at your hands and says playfully, “But your hands are bleeding.”

You look down and, sure enough, your hands are dripping with blood. You start and let out a shocked gasp.

“We are growing bored with these games, human. Now, are you going to part with some wondrous treasure for us, or does your pain continue?”

You look at the Mik who spoke to you and ask, “Treasure? You want a tribute? Then why didn’t you say so in the first place?”

“Where’s the fun in that?” is the mocking reply. “And anyway,” continue the Miks, “the tribute we are after may not be to your liking.”

Your skin chills at this statement, before you ask, “What is it you are after?” The Miks smile wickedly and reply, “Your blood.”

You think of running, but how far would you get unarmed?

Then the nearest creature speaks to you again, “We have a friend we wish you to fight human; win and we shall let you pass peacefully, lose and you can rot in hell.”

Then something starts to appear in front of you, something far from human. You stare in horror as a massive snake-like creature begins to materialise – one that it has a vast human head, complete with long, ragged hair and wild eyes! When at last the thing has finalised itself, it rears up in front of you and strikes out – almost swallowing you whole.

The Miks laugh. Then the furthest one says, “You had better defend yourself human,” and gestures at your dropped sword.

You look down to find it smoking, but not burning. You pick it up and make ready to parry this creature known as a God-Headed Hydra, but as you stand there *another* head appears. This second head is hairless and has large bulbous eyes. You are now facing a two-headed serpent. The thing strikes out at you a second time, before the new head issues forth a torrent of water that knocks you from your feet (lose 1 STAMINA point).

You get to your feet just as the creature strikes at you a third time, but then something far better happens – the Trinitour appears! He stands between you and the bemused Hydra,

“My friend,” he states, “this thing is an illusion!”

You look at him in joy and shout, “Then I have nothing to fear?”

To which the Trinitour answers fearfully, “No, you have everything to fear - the Miks powers of illusion are second to none! You must fight this thing because, real or not, it has the power to destroy you!”

You look back at the Hydra just as the first head blows a gale of wind at you, knocking you into a nearby tree (lose 2 STAMINA points). Then you cry, “I can’t fight the Gods themselves!”

To which the Trinitour shouts back, “I know, but there is another way!” He points at a large, bony spider-like creature that’s just appeared at your feet and yells, “That is a Gonchog – it will gift you the strength to fight this thing!”

Then the middle Mik laughs out loud and says happily, “It is the Demon that is the illusion – the Gonchog will kill you.”

You look at your friend (or at least the image of him) and practically scream, “I don’t know who to trust!”

To which he yells back, “The choice is yours old friend; let the Gonchog attach itself to you, it’s the only way!”

Then he is gone and you look back at the Hydra, which rears up right above you and then comes crashing Down on top of you – nearly crushing you with its bulk (lose 3 STAMINA points). The Miks laugh out loud. Who will you trust? What will you do? Let the Gonchog attach itself to you? Turn to **361**. Forget about it and face the Hydra? Turn to **244**.

### 131

No sooner have you started walking this new track that it rapidly starts to sweep to the south. You walk on, listening to buzzing insects and watching some flowers sway. After a few moments you are forced to stop abruptly. In front of you, gaping like some festering wound, is jagged rift in the earth. Sweat breaks out on your forehead as you edge closer, only to discover that, to your relief, there is just enough room to edge round it. However,

you also notice an old rope ladder fixed to one side of the rift and descending into the quiet blackness below. You peer into the darkness at your feet but can not see anything. You can't help get the feeling though, that something is seeing you. You drop a stone in and hear it clatter to a stop some meters below, but nothing seems to have been disturbed by the noise. You may, if you wish, try to overcome your fear and descend the ladder into the rift (turn to **323**) or decide against it and head down a dusty path, heading south (turn to **193**).

### 132

You are start shaking a little when you take the western exit; but is it because of the cold, or fear? Either way, you make your way onwards, forging down this new path, kicking leaves out of your way and doing your best to avoid overhanging branches. After an undetermined amount of time you make your way into largish bare clearing with a single exit West and the blue sky rolling past above. Actually, this clearing isn't as bare as you once thought, because sitting on a large toadstool in a corner and looking rather annoyed, is a small bearded, long-haired man, dressed in clothes of green and brown – a Gnome!

These creatures can be unpredictable and are known to be competent spell casters. "I'm here to make a trade with you!" he says gruffly.

You look him up and down and reply, "What are you interested in, friend?"

The Gnome frowns and states, "I'm no friend of yours! But anyway, if you give me a golden tooth I'll give you a spell."

You eye the Gnome carefully and ask, "What type of spell?" The Gnome frowns even more and responds, "None of your stinking business! Now, do you wish to trade or not?" It seems you have several choices:

- |                             |                    |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| Make the trade?             | Turn to <b>61</b>  |
| Attack the Gnome?           | Turn to <b>25</b>  |
| Leave and head West?        | Turn to <b>309</b> |
| Turn back, then head North? | Turn to <b>8</b>   |

### 133

After you make your way through your chosen path you find yourself in a tiny clearing with a single, rather muddy, exit north. In the midst of this clearing stands a large stone cross, moss-covered and weather beaten. You shake your head a little at the state of the crucifix and start to wipe some of the moss off it. After a little while you have the cross looking a little more presentable and turn to leave, but not before the Gods secretly smile on you (regain a LUCK point, a SKILL point and a die worth of STAMINA). The muddy northern path is still your only choice of exit, turn to **302**.

### 134

Making well and truly sure that the last of the mix-up mushrooms are spat out, you make your way North. As the path winds on, you begin to notice an unusual amount of butterflies fluttering about you – until the air is almost choked with thousands of the colourful, delicate little things! You walk on slowly, trying not to knock any from the air or step on those that have chose to sit on the ground. A soothing feeling comes over you, as if something were looking out for you. Then a strange happens: the butterflies suddenly swirl from the path then return seconds later and their collective mass drops several Health Potions by your feet! To find out how many land without being smashed, roll a die and add that amount to your Health Potion total! You marvel at this occurrence but the only thing you can think of doing in response is mouthing the word ‘Thank you’ then pushing on. After a fashion the track swings around and leads you down a warm path-heading southwest, turn to **131**.

### 135

“Bad luck Warrior.” Says the Dice Creature in a rather pained voice, “But, as ever, I still have some advice for you: remember I told you that someone was trying to double-cross you?”

You answer in the positive.

“Well,” continues the Creature, “I’ve heard it’s someone you’ve already met, so be careful.”

You thank him for his information and add, “See you next time my friend.”

The Dice Creature wishes you well and returns to the flowerbed, where he lies down and goes to sleep. Turn to **388**.

### 136

Fighting a Basilisk is always dangerous, but fighting it without either a blindfold, a gag or a mirror is downright suicidal. This, you will soon find out...

### 137

You have stepped through into another multi-exit clearing. This one is much the same as the last, except that it has a mere sapling at its centre. Then the dizzying sensation hits you yet again, making you feel utterly confused. Roll a dice. If you roll either a 1 or a 2, turn to **364**. If you roll either a 3 or a 4, turn to **148**. If you roll either a 5 or a 6, turn to **304**.

### 138

You wrench the stick-man from your pack and hold it defiantly up at the awesome Elemental you now face, but the only thing that happens is that the stick man bursts out laughing then falls to pieces! Then the Elemental rockets down towards you leaving you no other choice but to draw your sword. Turn to **41**.

### 139

The fabulous mirror shield is raised in a flash and a wicked smile plays on your lips as you hear a terrified hiss followed by the sound of stones scraping together. Then there is silence and your only company is a warm breeze. You risk opening your eyes slightly – the Basilisk has turned to stone! It is now nothing more than a life-like statue! You raise your sword to the sunset sky, in victory. Turn to **305**.

### 140

It is foolish to try and fight a creature made of stone, but if you must...

STONE WARRIOR  
STAMINA 7

SKILL 10

Because the Warrior's rocky hide is so tough, your blows will cause it only 1 STAMINA point of damage (3 with a successful LUCK roll). If you win, turn to **70**. If you wish to *escape* (and you may only do this after the second round or later), turn to **119**.

### 141

No sooner have you readied your sword, then the chest – and the tooth – explode, sending dozens of jagged shards of glass in every direction. Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You leave in agony and head west, Turn to **240**.

### 142

You turn your back on the Gangees but they quickly swirl about you, “It’s very brave isn’t it?” they say in shocked whispers. “Very brave indeed ... we must reward it! We have no choice!”

Then there is a bright flash and you find yourself alone in the now illuminated hold with a piece of paper at your feet. You bend down and scoop it up; it is covered in meaningless writings and strange symbols. You turn it over and discover the word ‘Displace’ has been written on the back. This must be a spell. You now make a quick but fruitless search of the hold, then turn to leave. Before you do so, however, you feel very different: regain 3 SKILL points and 4 points of STAMINA! Did the Gangees help you a second time? You smile and make your way back up on deck. Turn to **76**.

### 143

Not pausing even a single moment, you bolt off into the fog and run straight into the silent form of Sleepwalker! You stand still, frozen to the spot in terror, gazing at its repulsive face as it glistens in the mist. Then the mutant tilts its dark head to look down at you, reaches out with its fleshless arms and pushes you to the ground! You are shaking with fear, but somehow manage to scramble back to your feet. You start to turn away, but it grips your arm, leaving a bloody handprint on your sleeve. Turn to **241**.



## 144

You spit at the ground, ignore the pain, and launch yourself with increased ferocity at the girl. In mere moments you have once again reduced her to a wrecked and wretched form, standing in a pool of her own blood. You must rest a little though and, even as you think those thoughts, you feel your scalp crawl as you notice her cuts and gouges stop pouring blood and start to close up yet again. The psychic assault continues. Lose 1 LUCK point. A different tact is obviously required here. Will you attempt to grab her? Turn to **49**. Or will you just ignore her and advance on the Night Demon instead? Turn to **197**.

## 145

You head over to the entrance and notice some rickety old stairs descending into the blackness below, you also notice that the darkness surrounding them looks somehow *too* dark; after all, it's a bright enough day and surely a little light would make its way down there?

After standing there a while you pluck up the courage to enter this new forbidding place and carefully step down the stairs, wincing at the loud creaking sounds they make with each of your tentative steps. You reach the bottom and stand on the lower deck with your sword to your right and your shield to your left, then you jump out of your skin as the doors above slam shut with ferocious force, leaving you in total darkness.

You stand trembling for a while, keeping your shield close to your face whilst slashing your sword blindly about you. Then your fear increases as two loud voices laugh in your ears, you whirl round and madly hack at the air around you, but the laughter just increases till it threatens to split your skull apart. You clasp your ears and close your eyes, perhaps hoping this is all just some terrible nightmare. The laughter soon stops though and you reopen your eyes, turn and make ready to run up back the stairs, hoping to smash your way through them, but the only thing you smash is your face into the lower portion of the mast. You curse in a shaky voice and reach up to caress your broken and bleeding nose.

Then something really nasty happens: two bright white faces suddenly appear floating in the air before you, they are vaguely human but so contorted with glee and menace that they appear demonic. The sight of the ghostly apparitions makes you sick with terror. Lose a SKILL point and 2 points of STAMINA. You feel faint and stagger back into the ship's hull, knocking yourself out as you do so.

You awake shortly and are immensely relieved to find yourself back on the deck in one piece and apparently unharmed. You rise slowly and rub your sore head, then you look back to the lower decks entrance and find yourself again feeling sickened to find it wide open once more and devilish laughter floating up from its depths below. You stand firm and lean against the ship's mast and wait, but nothing happens. You have been fortunate, for most do not live to tell of a meeting with the Gangees. Add 1 LUCK point. What will you do now though: risk another clash with the Gangees? Turn to **292**. Forget about them and just wait where you are? Turn to **76**.

#### 146

Blood streams down your face and forms a pool below your feet. Stalker increases the pressure on your arm until, slowly but inexorably, your strength begins to fade. And when, at last, it does, the world turns red...

#### 147

You take this opportunity to inflict terrible wound across the back of the Chaos-Man, this makes him roar in pain, whirl round and attack you with his war-axe. Now you must fight him, but because he is still partially protected by the magic within his armour, your blows will cause him 1 point of STAMINA damage less than usual.

CHAOS BATTLELORD (WOUNDED)

SKILL 9

STAMINA 6

The *first* time you are wounded, make a note of the number of this reference and turn to **344**. If you best him, turn to **283**.

#### 148

You have light-headedly found your through a northern exit and into a disused and overgrown graveyard. Here the dizzy feeling leaves you, for now, to be replaced by another: fear. You stand motionless in the field of old tombs and listen intently for any signs of danger, but the only thing that greets your ears is a deathly silence. You draw your sword and scan the graveyard with care. You seem to be alone. You swallow some of your fear and walk further amongst the dead. A few dozen steps into the graveyard and the only things you've had to contend with are a few weeds that have tried their best to trip you. Later, you make out two tall trees in the distance, both standing in front of a high iron fence and looking somewhat like silent giants, except that they are both long dead. Just as you pass under the trees and spy an open gate set in the north quadrant of the

fence; a noise makes you look up – something dark is hurtling towards you! You roll to one side and leap to your feet, as does the giant black Spider you now face. The huge, disgusting insect clicks its mandibles and follows you with its many eyes, then it strikes out at you. Fight it. You can't outrun it after all...

The spider puts on an incredible burst of speed, so much so that you run the risk of being bowled over. Roll a die: if you roll between a 1 and a 4, fight on. If, on the other hand, you roll either a 5 or a 6 then the spider attacks so fast that it knocks you off your feet and forces you to fight from the ground. If this happens you will be at a distinct disadvantage and must deduct a point from your Attack Strength *for this fight only*.

GIANT SPIDER

SKILL 9

STAMINA 6

If you slay the over-sized insect, turn to **157**.

## 149

You regain your composure and shout a brave taunt at your invisible torturer, "Is that the best you can do?" There is a moment's pause before you are answered in a bored tone, "No, it isn't."

Your mouth drops open at these words.

"I can also cast a several powerful spells," continues the voice, "one of which is the Death spell."

Your heart leaps in your throat and your body begins to pour with sweat.

"I'm sure you have heard of such a thing?" enquires the voice.

"I have..." you reply with a voice on the verge of breaking.

"Good." Replies the voice in a matter-of-fact tone, "Then you may have a chance of getting rid of it."

There is a sound of whispering, followed by a bright light.

"It is done." The voice states, "Good luck."

You suddenly feel dizzy and drop to your knees, but manage to struggle up. You feel different though, as though something were inside of you, waiting. "Coward!" you shout, but there is no reply, and there is no need for one – you have been afflicted by one of the most feared spells known and already are starting to weaken.

You do your best to stand up straight and hide your fear, but it is obvious to anyone that you are now slowly dying. Lose a point from your STAMINA score. Your only hope then, is to complete your quest before the Death spell finishes you. You struggle in vain

to hold back the tears and quickly notice that this area has but a single exit, west. Turn to **318** and remember, time is of the essence now.

### 150

You suddenly find yourself entirely clear-headed and able to think perfectly straight again. You stand bathed in sunlight, and take a deep breath of fresh air.

Then, “Good day to you.” Says a familiar high-pitched voice.

You smile and turn around to see the Dice Creature sitting under a tree on a big pile of leaves.

“Hello again.” You say cheerfully.

“I hope your quest is going well.” He responds.

“All the better for seeing you my friend!” you reply.

“Thank you Warrior, and now I must ask you if you would be so good as to throw me again, preferably somewhere soft this time.”

You grin at the funny little thing, before picking him up and hurling him as gently as you can. Roll a dice. If you roll a 2, turn to **275**. If you roll any other number, turn to **110**.

### 151

The kris knife glints as it is drawn from your pack, but the monster takes no notice! It continues to silently close in on you until it is standing right in front of your face. Sweat breaks out on your forehead. The knife glints a second time as you aim a swipe at your darkened foe – but the weapon just sails clean through it! Then, in moment too fast to fully describe, the Stealer grabs you and everything goes dark. There are screams all around you. White faces sporting horrified expressions flit past. It is then that you realise what has happened: you have been trapped within the creature that killed you. A great and horrible cry echoes for miles around the forest, and it takes you several seconds to notice that it is you who emitted it. Tears begin to stream down your whitened face, as you now know for sure, that you have been damned...

### 152

You place the flute against your lips and empty your lungs into it: nothing happens, at first. Then a shrill note can be heard dancing on the air, louder and louder it becomes, till even the Earth Elemental looks disturbed. Then a bright light appears around your giant foe, a light so utterly dazzling that you are forced to close your eyes and even turn your head away. Behind you the Elemental is beginning to smoke, making it look very confused, then there is a great roar as something causes the awesome creature immense pain. You risk opening your eyes a little, then turning you head gradually: the light is

nearly gone but the Elemental is glowing red-hot! It gives an achingly loud cry and begins to lumber towards you; it seems you have hurt it, but not enough, you will need to try something else – why you still have the chance. You have no time to rummage through your backpack; so you'll have to use something that you already hold or wear, but what will you use:

A ring with 'Time' written on it (if you have it)?	Turn to <b>337</b>
A helm with 'Heat' written on it (if you own it)?	Turn to <b>267</b>
A dagger with 'Cold' written on it (if you possess it)?	Turn to <b>98</b>
A shield with 'Dark' written on it (if you've found it)?	Turn to <b>60</b>
None of the above (start praying)?	Turn to <b>111</b>

### 153

Once fully beyond the reach of the arrow-trap, you start to relax. However, just a few yards later, you start to notice the movement of tiny yellow things crawling on the holly bushes. A closer examination of said things proves them to be a group of Puss Bees: an aggressive species of insect that is also poisonous. You start to walk slowly past them, trying not to make any sudden movements, but they are defiantly taking an interest in your presence. *Test your Luck*. If you are lucky, turn to **298**. If you are unlucky, you must instead turn to **80**.

### 154

Add 1 LUCK point. The Dai-Oni collapses at your feet but, just before it dies, it gives you one last look of utter, fearless hatred. You don't know why but you decide to search its corpse and locate a pair of golden teeth and 2 Health Potions! Now, you must exit this place, but which direction will you choose? Will you head east (turn to **5**) or southeast (turn to **355**).

### 155

You walk west and head off down a sunny track surrounded by brambles and riddled with countless squashed berries. However, you have taken no more than a score of steps when the area starts to get unnaturally dark, as though something were obscuring the sun. You look up expectantly, but find the bright orange orb above you is still free from any passing obstruction. That doesn't stop it from getting even darker though, and colder. You press on determinedly, ignoring the subtle fear starting to tug at the edge of your mind.

It gets darker still and freezing cold for good measure, not only that but you could swear you could hear a distant laughter, warped and mocking. A few dozen steps later and it's as though you were walking through this stretch of forest in the dead of night.

It's about now that you seem to catch *things* flitting out of the corner of your eye, but too quick to warrant identification.

The path becomes darker, the air colder, the laughter louder and the *things* more numerous – you are not sure how much more of this you can take. Is your current SKILL 10 or above? If it is, turn to **306**. If it is 9 or below, you must turn instead to **247**.

### 156

The gag will be difficult to locate whilst trying to keep your eyes closed. *Test your Luck* adding 2 to the number rolled. If you test successfully, turn to **366**. If you test unsuccessfully, turn to **327**.

### 157

The Giant Spider lies on its back with its eyes closed, twitching its legs pathetically. You stride purposefully past the bulbous hulk and head north towards the only exit but, as you are walking through it, a mocking laughter rings out all around you giving the impression that you may not be done here. You leave anyway. Turn to **150**.

### 158

You find the chest unlocked and soon have its lid open. Inside, shrouded in the strange purple gas, is a small silver dagger, which you may take if you wish. Then the gas inside instantly billows out and engulfs you, making you shout in shock. You run from the area and head back through the dust-field and head northeast but, before you do, you may add 1 SKILL point for the power of the strange gas that you've just inhaled! Now you may turn back to the junction and head either north (turn to **180**) or northwest (turn to **16**).

### 159

Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Your continuing journey east takes you out of the woods and through the centre of a vast and barren plain, as quiet and deserted as the most forgotten of friends. You walk on through this empty land, your eyes continuously searching for any signs of life, but there's nothing here, you are quite alone.

An hour or so passes and you have still not encountered any living thing, but you do succeed in making yourself a little tired, so you decide to stop for a much-needed rest. However, the moment you do stop, you fancy you hear distant footsteps approaching you from behind. You turn back and look hard for anything moving, but find nothing there. The footsteps can still be heard though, and they're definitely getting closer. This is unnerving – you can certainly hear something walking from the direction you look, and they near with every passing moment yet, although you can see for miles, there is no one there! So, although tired, you decide to push on and hope to shake off what ever it is behind you. The moment you resume your journey, the footsteps stop! Whatever it is must have already given up on you! You walk briskly on for another fifteen or so minutes, just to make sure though.

So, quarter of an hour later, you again stop for a well-earned rest. However, the moment you do so, you hear the footsteps again, just as close as they were before! You stare back down the track and feel your heartbeat faster as the thing keeps walking closer, but is simply not there! There is nothing there at all! Not even footprints, or dust rising, nothing. It seems that there is a being of unknown origin and unknown form, and that it is slowly stalking you. You leap to your feet and push yourself on, your chance of rest stolen from you once again. The footsteps cease once more! What's going on? You force yourself onwards, not stopping for a moment and, this time at least, try to put some serious distance between you and the thing.

Another hour passes and you are now nearing exhaustion, but drag your weary legs onward, every step bringing increasing pain from your straining body. Yet another hour passes and still you push on till, at last, you collapse, unable to continue. The moment you hit the ground you feel a creeping horror well up within you as the accursed footsteps of the thing are heard once more – exactly as close as they were when you last heard them. Your body is soaked with sweat, wracked with pain and riddled with cramp: you can no longer even stand, so you crawl on as best you can. You have to stop every few meters though and, each time you do, the footsteps start.

A short while later, when you are close to unconsciousness, you notice the ruins of an old building ahead. Its walls are almost destroyed; it doesn't have much of a roof left and looks like it could fall down at any moment. Then you notice something that gives you hope. On a section of the roof is what can only be a large crucifix! This old building must have once been some sort of church and that means it's built on holy ground! You drag yourself on with renewed vigour and have soon crossed its boundaries. Here you stop though, you can continue no more. You hear the footsteps walk towards you, closer and closer. Then they too stop, just outside the old church. It can't come in! You are safe! You collapse and fall asleep. Your dreams are full of the fleeting images of strange and horrible things: the raining turning to blood, the dead walking and of being attacked by the Gods themselves.

You awake afraid and alone.

Nevertheless, something about this unusual place has healed you uncannily well: roll a die and add the result to your *initial* STAMINA, then roll another die and add it to your current STAMINA!

You get to your feet, ignoring the subtle cramp in your legs and get to surveying your surroundings. There is no sign of the thing that was following you. You concentrate and reach out with your mind, searching for anything that might be close, but what do you know? You're no psychic.

You walk the ruins of the church for a while, trying to get the blood flowing back through your legs again. You can't quite shake off a strange feeling though, a feeling of wrongness. As though there were something near you that was not meant to be. You stand for a while and quickly decide on a course of action. Basically, you're going to run like hell.

So, there you stand, without a hint of what you intend to do, trying to fool whatever may be near. Then, faster than the eye can follow, you bolt from the church and thud straight into the chest of 6ft individual, wearing a long flowing black cape that billows in the wind. Each time the cape flickers away from his chest you notice just how well

defined his form is, as though he were someone used to fighting. You then tilt your head and snatch a look at his face, or you would if it were not almost completely covered by the hood of his cape. Then, faster than should be possible for an ordinary man, he whips one of his hands at your face and, taking full hold, lifts you effortlessly off the ground, leaving your feet to dangle a foot above the earth. You fear causes you to react quickly, making you reach up and try and break his inhumanly strong grip. Then there is another blur of movement as his other hand shoots towards your face, causing your reflexes to alter their course and intercept this new threat. It's then you notice, as your eyes strain to look through the thick fingers that are beginning to draw blood, that two steel claws are beginning to extend from the backs of his hands. Deduct 1 *STAMINA* point.

Then he is in your mind, this thing you face, telling you how slow your death will be and what he's going to do to your corpse when you die. He also tells you his name – Stalker.

How is your current *STAMINA*? If it is 10 or higher, turn to **21**. If it is 10 or lower, turn to **146**.

## 160

Deduct 2 points from your *STAMINA*. It's heavy going, walking waist-high through a million leaves, but you slog on regardless. Twenty minutes later and you make two quick discoveries: the first being that you are walking towards a dead end and the second being the powerful being that now approaches you from that very same area.

The creature is more or less humanoid: it is about 6ft tall, massively built and has pail, discoloured skin. From out of each of its forearms extends a single curving claw about the length of a sword, and from out of its hairless head points a vicious razor-sharp horn. The monster has no real face to speak of, save two dark pits where its eyes should be; how it ever eats you do not know – but may soon find out. This is Sabre-Claw, a fearsome bounty hunter that's been sent to deal with you.



This creature has a terrible trick up its sleeve, for its attacks are both physical and mental. To wit: each time it hits you, it will do 2 points of STAMINA damage but, because of the awful mind-assault it will also subject you to, 1 of these points must be deducted from your *initial* STAMINA (and the other from your current). Should you decide to *escape* from this foe (back to the valley and east), turn to **159**. Or, if you elect to stand and fight, then, assuming you beat this thing, you may turn to **175**.

### 161

The spell is read out at a speed that no man could fully comprehend and ... it works! The Elemental instantly disappears and is placed somewhere else! You have bested him! Your head is bowed in silent prayer for a few moments, and then you push on through this deadly land.

An hour later and the heat rapidly begins to subside until, at long last, a wide field of green comes into view! You walk out of the volcanic land and onto the grassy field, safe at last. On you go though, for you have little time for rest. After a fashion, you come across a sinister looking underground tunnel, leading west. You look about but can find no alternative routes, so you sneak into the darkness below the earth (turn to **252**).

### 162

The chest opens instantly and you are able to retrieve the golden tooth. Unfortunately, your Health Potions have been smashed by the locking mechanism. You pop the teeth in your pack and leave, turn to **240**.

### 163

You have stumbled through the northern exit and here the dizziness leaves you, for the time being. Looking around, you notice you are in a tiny clearing flanked by many thorny rose bushes, but no actual roses to speak of. You shrug your shoulders and make ready to leave till you notice a wan glint at your feet. You stoop down and discover a pair of golden teeth! You smile in disbelief and pocket your unusual finds, then you leave by the only exit (north), turn to **137**.

### 164

How did you manage that? Have 2 LUCK points! The Hydra then disintegrates into nothing. You look up to find that the Miks have disappeared. You rest a while, then walk on. Turn to **214**.

### 165

This rough western track leads to a small field of ripening hay, free from any feature save one: a flattened circle at its exact centre. You can't resist but investigate. The only thing that accompanies you on your short trip is the sound of crickets. When you reach the circle you discover it to be riddled with tiny bottles of some kind of milky-white liquid. You suddenly feel in need of a drink, in fact, you could swear you were dying of thirst! You throw yourself to the ground, grab the nearest bottle and swallow its contents in a single gulp. You lay on your back for a while; your mysterious thirst vanishing as quickly as it came.

Yes, that's right, the strange liquid has now cooled your parched throat, unfortunately for you. Because you have just drunk the poison known as Demon's Spit – one of the deadliest on the planet. You collapse instantly and pass out for hours on end. Lose 12 STAMINA points. Some time later and, barely alive, you open your weary eyes. There is blood coming from your mouth, ears and nose, but you are free from pain and somehow still alive. Slowly, you get unsteadily to your feet and try to ignore the fact that your head is spinning and you are shaking like a leaf in a breeze. You try to follow the path onwards but it just ends in the field, so you turn back, past the Creature's corpse and the Fairy's lair, then quickly head east. Turn to **88**.

### 166

"Fascinating!" states the voice, "It seems your curse is one of clumsiness."

You are just wondering what these words mean when you fumble and drop your shield! It takes you several attempts to pick it back up and you drop your sword a couple of times in doing so. Deduct 1 *initial* SKILL point. Turn to **149**.

### 167

You draw your sword threateningly and begin to edge towards Louis, he looks at you aghast and says fearfully, "Do you mean to attack an old man? One who is unarmed?"

Will you continue with your attack? Turn to **34**. Or just resheath your sword and push past him? Turn to **296**.

### 168

You bravely march right into the light and are instantly surrounded by the faces, but they are no longer laughing, they look worried. Have you walked through the previous patch of light in this adventure? Turn to **129** if you have. Turn to **311** if you haven't.

### 169

Your sword is still in your hand, despite the fact that the whole world is spinning round you at an incredible speed. So, with your final, desperate attempt at salvation, you grit

your teeth, force your eyes open and, with spilt-second timing, hack at the black blur as it rushes past you.

You cut Stalker's head off.

Instantly, the pain stops and the world stops spinning.

You fall, exhausted, to the ground, alive but badly injured. Lose a point of SKILL and a die of STAMINA.

Time passes and the horrible torment you have been subjected fades to nothing. You push yourself to your knees and look at the decapitated corpse before you. It is still very much dead. You stagger uncertainly to your feet and stand swaying a little. You look down at the still hooded head where it lies in the dirt and consider removing the garment to find what Stalker was hiding underneath. So you are just walking unsteadily over to it when you notice the hood is still moving slightly! Fear knots your stomach. Then, slowly at first, but soon ending in a small torrent of movement, hundreds of insects crawl from beneath the hood and run for the church!

You can't quite believe what you have witnessed, but accept it anyway. You have seen too much to question the unreal at this stage.

So, with heavy legs, you begin the next part of your trek and are surprised to find yourself soon feeling better and stronger, all the more so when you realise that you are now leaving the plain and re-entering the cool shade of the forest! Turn to **113**.

## 170

In your final moment of despair you have an uncanny revelation. You are sure that you have heard that the Messenger is vulnerable to silver, and you have a silver dagger! You reach slowly into your belt, trying not to give the game away and grab the dagger. Then, with a huge effort culminating in a great cry, you make your last desperate lunge and strike the creature right in its festering heart!

The Messenger instantly releases you and you feel your life force rushing back through your veins. It drops to its knees with a look of utter disbelief on its rotten face. It opens its puss-filled mouth as if to say something but, instead, topples over and lays unmoving in the dirt.

You turn its body over with your boot and place the other one on the hilt of the protruding dagger and stamp down with all your might so that its tip passes straight through the undead flesh and buries itself in the earth.

"No offence," you say with a hint of a smile, "but there can be no escape from death."

Then the scene around you begins to warp again, forcing you to close your eyes momentarily. When you have open your eyes you are back on the dusty trail. Turn to **338**.

## 171

Another head has just appeared, and it's wreathed in flames! Not only this but the Hydra has just rejuvenated! This new head blows a fireball in your direction that threatens to engulf you (lose 4 STAMINA points) then fight bravely on. *Instant death* will not work at this time.

As soon as you have landed your first blow on the rejuvenated creature, turn to **125**.

### 172

You finally overcome the awful fear and are soon heading, sword drawn, down the ladder. No sooner have your feet touched the ground, however, and the fear leaves you in an instant! You shrug your shoulders and search the small cave as best you can. After only a moment or so do you lay your hands on what seems to be a very thin piece of silk cloth and instantly feel stronger. Add 1 SKILL point!

You scramble out of the pit and examine it in the daylight. The cloth is long and thin and a dark purple in colour. It is also embroidered with the images of hateful Medusas. It's at that moment that you realise just what the silk is for – it's a blindfold! You smile to yourself and tie the silk around your wrist, hoping you never really find a use for it. Now turn to **193**, to continue your epic journey into the heat of the south.

### 173

The northern track heads onwards, as straight as a dye. It soon leads you up and over a small hill, but what greets you on the other side makes your heart skip a beat. At the foot of the hill and swallowing a portion of the track completely is a wide, deep pit filled with a writhing mass of deformed abominations.

You edge closer to the pit's edge and notice at once that a thin plank of wood resides across its center, mere feet above the inhuman monsters writhing in the pit, offering scant footing and some small protection from the pit's inhabitants. You turn back to the mutant-filled pit and eye the horrors it contains: men, women, Dwarves and Elves; all mutated in some unfortunate way. These mutations are too numerous to count but include extra limbs or eyes, puss-covered faces, claws where there should be fingers and teeth that should not reside in any normal person's mouth. Hanging in the air about and above these poor creatures is an unmentionable and unplaceable smell; sickening whatever it is.

The creatures notice you and suddenly let forth a gale of inhuman cries and attempt to reach up and grab you. You can't help thinking that their intentions are unpleasant. Now, you cautiously make your way up to the wooden plank and, after getting your balance, begin to make your way painfully slowly across it, assailed all the while by a torrent of monstrous cries. You do your best to ignore them and their hideous owners who are currently reaching up towards you from all sides. *Test your Skill*. If you test successfully, turn to **35**. If you test unsuccessfully, turn instead to **124**.

### 174

You suddenly leap to your feet, rush headlong at the powerful Elemental and bowl him over! The Elemental roars in anger as he plunges into the lava-lake. You shoot onwards, almost laughing at what you have just achieved. However, you are not without injury and must deduct 4 points of STAMINA. When you are sure the Elemental is not following you, you slow down your pace to a walk, then push on carefully through this deadly land.

An hour later and the heat rapidly begins to subside until, at long last, a wide field of green comes into view! You walk out of the volcanic land and onto the grassy field, safe at last. On you go though, for you have little time for rest. After a fashion, you come across a sinister looking underground tunnel, leading west. You look about but can find no alternative routes, so you sneak into the darkness below the earth (turn to **252**).

### 175

Sabre-Claw crashes to the ground. You wipe the sweat from your brow then, inexplicably, elect to search the dreadful creature's corpse, turning up a golden tooth and a Health Potion as you do so. You get back to your feet and eye the creaking trees around you. Maybe your mind is playing tricks on you, but you are sure there are shadowy things watching you from within the depths of the forest. Now turn to **159**, to walk back to the valley and take the main trail to the east.

### 176

"Are you deaf?" asks Treygard indignantly. "I already told you, I don't know anything. Please leave me be."

He clearly isn't interested in any form of conversation. What will you do now? Attack him after all? Turn to **232**. Leave? Turn to **119**.

### 177

West it is. You walk on down a track that gets narrower with each step and, as the silent trees on either of you start getting ever closer, you suddenly get the feeling that you're being watched. You stop and scan the dark undergrowth around you, searching for any kind of movement, but find none. This is unusual in itself, for surely there would be some sort of woodland creatures here? But there aren't even any insects. You stride purposefully onward, trying to hide your fear. Some time later and you happen across a very strange sight indeed: a chest made of very thick glass situated right on the path ahead of you! You walk up to it and notice a golden tooth gleaming inside of it most invitingly! You examine the chest and notice that the lock is not in the shape of a key, but a rather intrinsic design resembling 2 co-joined Health Potions! What will you do: place 2 Health Potions in the lock? Turn to **162**. Try to smash the chest open? Turn **141**. Or will you just leave and head west? Turn to **240**.

### 178

You feel fearful of the ghost ship, but more fearful of the lake, so you stride out into the bitterly cold water and start to quickly wade over to it, having to swim the last few yards as you get closer. When you have reached the old ship's bough you take a moment to look up at it and can't help getting the feeling that it's looking right back at you. You

circle round to its stern, careful all the while for danger, and find a huge rusty anchor hanging from a hole by the ship's deck. You clamber up the anchor and tread wearily onto the ship itself: it is quiet, dead quiet. There is a blackened wheel present here as well as the closed and locked doors that would lead to the bowels of the craft. The ship suddenly jerks and you have to steady yourself on its mast as it begins to turn round, once the vessel has turned itself round completely it starts its journey into the sinister lake.

You find yourself surprised at just how soundless the big vessel is, but then you do hear a sound, you whip round and find that the entrance to the ship's lower deck is now unlocked and wide open. You press yourself against the mast and draw your faithful sword. The entrance is very dark and a horrible stench comes from within it. You wait a while, straining your ears, but you hear no sound and nothing further happens. You relax a little. What do you intend to do. Enter the lower deck? Turn to **145**. Ignore it and stay right where you are? Turn to **76**.

### 179

On past the deceased Hill Man, you find that the path sweeps right round till it leads you back southeast, turn to **302**.

### 180

Lose a point from your *STAMINA* score.

You pass through your only choice of exit and discover the path dips down quite sharply, leading you through a thickly treed ravine of sorts when, "Guess who?" says a high pitched voice above you.

You look up and smile as you observe the Dice Creature sitting in the branches of a tree. "How are you?" you ask with a cheesy grin.

"Oh mustn't grumble." is his answer, and then he adds, "Catch me will you?"

You hold out your arms as the Creature drops into them, you then make ready to chuck him away, but before you do he says, "Please try not throw me into any cow pats, trees or stinging nettles this time."

You laugh and throw him through the air - he lands on a pile of *very* sharp rocks. Roll a dice. If you roll a five, turn to **236**. If you roll another number, turn to **105**.

### 181

You pick the up the forth pot and study it closely: It seems normal. You throw it forcefully at the ground and watch it splinter open, spilling several glittering gold pieces into the sunlight as it does so. Roll a die. This is the amount of gold the pot contained; you may take the coins with you if you desire them. Will you now leave (turn to **119**) or risk taking another pot? Turn to **217**.

### 182

You walk under the blue sky for a little while, just listening to a few bird songs and a couple of crickets. Presently, you make your way into a sunny clearing with three exits; and where a single tree stands withered and alone. You sidle over to the old tree and are

just about to consider your options when a very strange feeling overcomes you: complete puzzlement. You shake your dizzy head and watch hazily as the scene around you appears to spin, making you even more confused till you are in total bewilderment. You sway around, holding your head and trying to come to your senses, but the only thing you can think of is escape, just get away from this place. You stumble with your eyes closed towards one of the exits, any of the exits - but which one? Roll a dice. If you roll a 1 or a 2, turn to **378**. If you roll a 3 or a 4, turn to **72**. If you roll a 5 or a 6, turn to **330**.

### 183

You close your eyes tightly and try desperately to keep them that way, until the danger has passed. The Basalisk is creeping closer though, you can hear it. Then you have a terrifying realisation - the thing's breath is deadly poisonous! Do you possess a gag? If so, turn to **156**. If not, turn to **327**.

### 184

Treygard looks on as the Fire Sprite laughs at you. Fight it.

FIRE SPRITE

SKILL 9

STAMINA 6

Because the Sprite's hands are so hot, it will scorch you for 3 points of STAMINA damage each time it hits you. If you win, turn to **265**. Alternatively, if you wish to *escape* you may do so any time after the first round, turn to **119**.

### 185

You jump into the well and do your best to swim down and grab the item before your lungs burst, but it's no good, you have to swim back for the surface before you can reach it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and you must drink a Health Potion to help regain your senses. You may, if you wish, keep on *Testing your Stamina* and trying to grab the item (as many times as you like). However, each time you fail you must deduct 1 STAMINA point and drink 1 Health Potion. If you grab the item, turn to **382**. If you decide to just leave, turn to **95**, to walk northwest.

### 186

“I don't have any spells!” you shout fearfully at the now approaching Elemental. Tears stream down your face and you drop to your knees as you realise what now must now happen. You look up at the Elemental and stare at him with wide-eyed fear.

He stops a little way ahead of you and says, “Don't worry, I'm going to kill you as quickly as possible.”

There's still a chance here; you may be able to somehow bull your way past the deadly form of the Elemental: *Test your Luck*, *Test your Skill* and *Test your Stamina*, adding 2 to each roll. If you succeed in all three of these tests, turn to **174**. If you fail even one of them, read on.

You open your mouth as if to say something, but it is too late. The Elemental raises his arms and then points them at you, causing a massive torrent of flame to shoot from his fingers, engulfing you utterly. You are instantly vaporised...

### 187

As you are making your way past the trip-wires you, clumsily tread on one and an arrow is instantly unleashed and sent screaming towards your back! However, you remain unharmed, because the arrowhead was just made of painted paper! Unfortunately, and unknown to you, the paper contained some potion of Ill Fortune: deduct 1 LUCK point. You walk on obliviously. The path you're on becomes lined with holly bushes and soon bends round to the north. Turn to **153**.

### 188

You quickly shove your fingers into your ears and try desperately to block out the Siren's hypnotic voices but you can still hear them, not as strong as before but strong enough. You ram your fingers still further in your ears until they start to bleed, but still it is not enough, you can *still* hear the witches' song. You don't care anymore though, because there you stand with your arms down by your side and blood pouring down your face: hypnotised. You take off your pack and drop your sword and shield, then you walk calmly over to the side of the ship and jump in the water. You then swim over to the Sirens' island and step out onto a beach that's covered in bones...

### 189

At last, the massive form of the loathsome Hydra smashes back into the swamp and starts to sink slowly below the surface. A victory cry can then be heard, as it rings throughout the swamp - and it is you who is uttering it.

A half hour or so later and you are finally starting to get free of the swamp as, at last, your feet begin treading on firmer ground. You look about you and note that the swamp is now sporting bare patches of grass and that one or two healthy and leafy trees are visible. It only takes another quarter of an hour's walk to fully leave the stinking, fly-infested swamp behind you, because you are now back in the green of the forest! You laugh quietly to yourself and walk onwards. After a little time the main track bends round to the north. Turn to **130**.



### 190

The Wild Thing collapses into a bloody heap, and stops moving. You take a deep breath, wipe your sword clean of its guts, then lean against a tree for a short while, recovering from the fight as best you can. You are just about to leave when you notice a pair of green boots half buried in the grass. You stoop down, pick them up and shake off the earth. The boots have "Elven" imprinted on its side. You may add 2 LUCK points for this find. You pocket them and take your leave, west (turn to **243**). Or, alternatively, you may backtrack to where you met the Dice Creature then head northwest instead (turn to **301**), if you haven't.

### 191

The ointment is soon found and you show it to the Gangees, "What's this?" they say with delight, "Has it offered us some of our favourite ointment? We must reward it!"

There is a bright flash and, when it subsides, you find yourself still in the hold (which is now illuminated by an unknown source) but the ghostly creatures are nowhere to be seen. Then you notice a piece of paper at your feet. You stoop down and gather it up: it must be some sort of spell, going by the strange, runic markings and the fact that it has the word 'Invisible' written on the back. You pocket the spell and make a quick, but fruitless search of the hold. So, you turn to leave but feel strange as you do so: add 2 SKILL points and 4 points of STAMINA. Did the Gangees help you a second time? Who can say, but you smile to yourself as you climb back up on deck. Turn to **76**.

### 192

Your last, desperate attempt to gather your thoughts has failed. Instead, the world spins ever faster, so fast in fact that blood is soon pouring from your mouth, eyes, nose and ears. As if this weren't enough, the crushing pain squeezes you ever tighter, so that your bleeding eyes soon start to bulge from their sockets. The last thing you hear, before death claims you, is that of a loud, mocking laughter...

### 193

The further you walk this dusty path the quicker you become aware of a sulphuric smell in the air, not to mention a distinct rise in temperature. Still, you bravely walk on, readying yourself for the next inevitable challenge. It is getting hot though, and you are soon sweating like a pig. After a couple more miles of both more nauseous smell and increasing heat, you are forced to loosen your armour then hold your nose, all the while your body is still pouring with sweat. Then you meet the source of your discomfort because, coming into view and raging like furious red animals, are dozens of pools of boiling hot lava! You had better watch your step with unusual care from now on.

After another mile or so of traversing this angry land, you come across a much larger lava pool than you are used to and a long narrow bridge crossing just above it, one which the path leads right up to and continues on the other side. You note with grim interest that the bridge lacks any form of handrails. As per usual, you have no choice but to face this new peril as best you can. The bridge is soon underfoot and you walk briskly, if carefully, along it, alert all the while for danger.

You are soon nearing the end of the bridge and start to relax a little. However, there is suddenly a bright flash ahead of you, forcing you to close your eyes or risk dazzling yourself. When you have cautiously reopened them you can't help noticing that an extremely tall figure is now standing on the bridge a little way ahead of you - and he is made entirely from flame! The figure stands with his fiery arms crossed and a blank look on your face.

Then he speaks, "Well?" he roars, "What do you propose to do?"

You walk slowly up to him and have to shield yourself from the heat he generates, "You're a Fire Elemental aren't you?" you say with a voice that smacks of a person hoping he is wrong.

"Indeed I am," he rages, "and how do you think you're going to stop me?" he then adds.

You place your hand on the hilt of your sword and say (trying to hide your fear), "I'll think of something."

This just makes the Elemental turn his back on you and state, "Foolish worm, do you honestly think that even if that pitiful over-sized dagger of yours really was magical, that you'd stand any sort of chance against the likes of me?"

You drop your head and stare at the bridge, "No, I don't suppose I did."

The Elemental then turns back and makes a suggestion, "May I recommend that you use some sort of spell to deal with me?"

You raise your head and meet his flaming gaze, "Spell? What about an artefact?" you muse.

"Sorry," replies the Elemental, "but nothing you have will offer any defence against me. It's a spell or nothing I'm afraid, and I just hope for your sake that you choose the right one."

Your voice breaks a little when you answer him, "I better start praying."

The Elemental looks at the sky and states, "God won't help you here."

If you do not have any spells, or you wish to try another course of action, turn to **186**. If you do, consult the following choices and use which ever spell you own:

One marked 'Terror'?	Turn to <b>249</b>
One marked 'Giant'?	Turn to <b>269</b>
One marked 'Invisible'	Turn to <b>47</b>
One marked 'Displace'	Turn to <b>161</b>

Your chosen path leads you through a particularly dense part of the forest - you really have to hack your way through to keep to the path. So on you go, smashing your way through twig, plant, branch and ... web?

“What the heck?” you exclaim in surprise as you realise what you are hacking through, as well as what lies all around and above you - massive strands of staggeringly thick spider-web.

You grit your teeth and wonder what menace made these things, then you continue, knowing full well that you can't turn back.

Some time later, after cutting your way through a ton of the sticky-stuff you happen to look upwards and see, silhouetted by the sunlight streaming down through the trees above you, dozens of web-enshrouded corpses hanging suspended in the air. Each one has been entirely drained of its blood. A look of revulsion is soon etched on your face, to be quickly followed by one of grim determination as you ignore the aerial graveyard and return to hacking your way through the path.

A little while later and you think you may of come to the source of the all strands because, some way in front of you in a vast clearing and suspended between two great trees, is an utterly colossal spider's web: as big as a palace. Within this vast expanse of sticky threads are the remnants of, quite possibly, *hundreds* of victims, because the web is positively strewn with bones. You sit for some time, trying to ignore the feeling of imminent dread, when you notice the ground start to shake a little, then ... a lot. Something is approaching. Then you see it, the incredibly sized Tarantula - as big as a house - scuttling towards you through the trees in the distance. You leap to your feet in both horror and amazement, but realise you must face it. In just a few short moments you have ripped your way through to the clearing and await the arrival of the giant insect. The titanous thing then sees you and doubles its pace, eager to reach you. When it does, you truly realise the size of the great beast you must now best. It towers above you, clicking its mandibles and gazing at you with its countless eyes. Then the vast thing attacks.

GIANT TARANTULA

SKILL 8

STAMINA 9

Because of the humongous bulk of the monstrosity you now face, it can not fully control its own strength and can never be certain of the amount of damage it will inflict with a successful attack. To understand this fully you must, each time it succeeds in hitting you, roll a die and deduct the result from your STAMINA (resulting in 1 to 6 points of STAMINA loss). This loss will take the place of the usual 2 points of damage. Should you put an end to its ancient life, turn to **36**.

You thank the old man for his offering, and greedily wolf down the plate of tender meat and succulent vegetables he offers you. Add a die of **STAMINA**, a point of **LUCK** and a point of **SKILL** for this magical meal! The man waits patiently for you to finish your meal then asks if he may tell you more of his story.

You slap him on the back and say, "Of course you can my friend!" Turn to **268**.

### 196

You grab the horn, place its tip against your lips, and blow a mighty gust of air into it. The Elemental smiles whilst you busy yourself with the beautiful instrument. After you've blown the horn for a little time you quickly realise that nothing's happening - no sound is being made. The Elemental laughs heartily. However, the lightest of sounds can then be heard dancing on the air, this is followed by a louder note, then a huge noise as a gust of gale-force wind leaps from the horn and rushes at your foe. The noise of the horn is so head-splittingly loud that you have to cover your ears, but even that doesn't block out the huge noise, and as you stand there clapping your ears, you become aware of another sound - a deep sadistic laughter. The wind stops, but the laughter doesn't - the Elemental is completely unharmed! It reaches out for your arms and tears them from your body, grinning as it does so...

### 197

The Night Demon laughs when you turn your back on the girl and stagger towards it, till you are no more than a few feet from each other. The psychic assault continues and the Demon still laughs at you. Will you ignore its taunting and attack anyway (turn to **319**)? Or will you decide it best to deal with the girl after all? If so, what will you do: grab her? Turn to **49**. Or just try your best to continue to fight her? Turn to **144**.

### 198

Bravely, you reach into the hole and start to tentatively push your arm into its depths, till you are in up to your shoulder. You quickly notice just how cold it is in the hole, but that doesn't stop sweat breaking out on your forehead. After a little while (when you are sure nothing bad is going to happen) you start to relax ... but something grabs your hand! Your heart leaps into your throat and your mind is instantly filled with horrible images as to what this thing might be.

But the grip on your hand loosens and a friendly voice begins to whisper something, "You have proven yourself worthy of my help."

You notice that the voice is female. "Who are you?" you say in a slightly shaky voice.

"Who I am does not concern you and, anyway, you honestly wouldn't believe me!"

A look of confusion crosses your face, "Why the hell are you in the ground?" you ask in an almost humorous tone.

"I'm not in the ground silly, I'm in a better place!" says the voice laughingly, then she lets go of your arm and you pull it quickly from the hole. There is a mark on your hand ... one that resembles a crucifix. This makes you smile and feel a lot better about this encounter.

You stand up and call to the voice, "What's this for?"

There is a moment's pause before you are answered. "Just a small blessing!" Then there is silence. Roll a die and add the result to your *initial* STAMINA, then roll 2 more and add them to your current! Add 1 LUCK point! You call out again, but no reply follows, so you walk on once more. Now turn to **399**.

### 199

Your careful footsteps make your approach almost noiseless. You reach the Chaos-Man and are within arm's reach of him when you again notice the magical energies dancing around his armour. Are you wearing gauntlets of magic-disruption? If so, turn to **102**. If not, turn instead to **147**.

### 200

"Good work!" says the Dice Creature, as he struggles to get up and dust himself down, "You have earned your reward well and may have it straight away."

You smile at him as he says, "Bless you!" which makes a powerful surge of energy rush through you. Add 1 to your *initial* SKILL and raise your current SKILL to this new level!

You look at the Dice Creature and say, "Thank you my friend!" to which he replies, "Think nothing of it. And now I must be on my way, good luck on the adventure ahead."

Then he turns and heads back into the thick undergrowth. You decide now would be a good time to consider your options, so you study the surrounding area closely. Turn to **119**.

### 201

The cry of gulls greets you as you forge along this northwestern track. A few paces later and you happen across a small, shallow lake composed of clear water and serenaded by a few plump frogs. You walk to its edge and peer in, but can see no signs of danger so decide to swim across.

When you are nearing the other side of the lake you notice a large tree trunk floating gently on its surface. You pause for a moment and examine it from a distance, but can find nothing to be afraid of. So, on you swim till you have to duck momentarily under the lake's surface to avoid the tree trunk. When you come back up for air you only succeed in whacking your head on a vast, thick sheet of ice that now covers the lake entirely! You fight to overcome both shock and fear, then draw your sword and hack like mad at the cold ice above you. Roll a die and deduct the total from your STAMINA: this is the amount of seconds that you had to remain underwater for - and you didn't even take a very deep breath to begin with! If you survive, you just manage to hack your way through the ice and escape a miserable death. There you then stand, cold and afraid, but alive none the less. You curse the lake and make ready to run back into the forest. However, just before you do, you notice a glint coming from inside the old tree trunk. You grab at it quickly and are surprised to find a bronze medallion! You hang it round your neck and leave. The path you are following soon turns towards the north, turn to **59**.

## 202

“How may I be of service to you my friend?” says a deep voice behind you.

You turn around and address your former enemy: the Trinitour, “I’m sure there’s something behind this boulder - but it must weigh at least a ton.”

The Demon-renegade walks over to the object and scrutinises it carefully before answering in an unimpressed tone of voice, “Two tonnes I’d say.”

You eye him and ask, “Think you can handle it?”

To which he replies, “Piece of cake.”

Then the red-skinned giant grabs hold of the boulder with all four of his arms, braces himself, and lifts the massive thing right off the ground then places it down behind him!

He straightens up, arches his back and flexes his muscles, “What do you think of that?” he then states breathlessly.

“Not bad at all!” you reply, “But then you are eight foot tall, at least.”

He looks at you and smiles, “I’ll have you know that I’m actually fairly short for a Greater Demon!”

You both laugh at this.

The Trinitour then says, “I hope you find an item of interest. Now, I must leave you again ... be careful.” Then he quickly fades away leaving you feeling suddenly vulnerable.

You walk over to the place where the once dwelt and find yourself peering into a little cave that it had hid and, sure enough, there’s something in there. You reach in and grab hold of the object, on pulling it out you find yourself gasping at the thing you now hold: a wavy-bladed Kris knife, a fabulously rare object. You stand up to hold it in the light and admire its beauty; this is said to be the only thing that can harm a certain type of Greater Demon but, alas, you don’t know which one. You have done well all the same though. After having packed away the Kris Knife, you decide to leave the clearing but, before you do, you are shocked to discover the letter ‘E’ has now been painted onto the other side of the boulder. Note that you have seen this letter. Lose 2 STAMINA points due to fear. You bow your head and realise that the Messenger of Death is taunting you. It is with a heavy heart that you turn to leave and find that you still have the same two choices of direction:

North?  
West?

Turn to **208**  
Turn to **155**

## 203

You reach out for the fifth pot and grasp it in your hands. You decide to smash it open and, on doing so, a feeling of cosy peace envelopes you and a women's voice, soft and soothing, enters your mind and says, "You have chosen well my friend, and I shall bless you for it."

Then the voice goes away, leaving you feeling a little different, as if you know something you didn't before: if ever you read the phrase, 'There is no way out, prepare to die...' add 24 to the number of that paragraph and turn to the new one. Note down this information. What will you do now? Leave and head back to the crossroads? Turn to **119**. Risk taking another pot? Turn to **217**.

### 204

You aim an almighty swipe at Shadow Stealer but your sword sails clean through him, leaving him completely unharmed! The creature reaches out for you but you evade it and launch yourself at him but fall straight through and hit the ground! Then he grabs you and everything goes dark but there are voices all around you, shouting and screaming. You let out a chilling cry as you realise what has happened: you have been trapped within the creature that killed you, because you, along with countless others, have been damned...

### 205

Ignoring the horror creeping behind you, you grip the man's shoulders and shake him - at once his eyes open! The man looks at you in shock, "I have made the creature disappear, it will harm us no more!"

You look around and, sure enough, Sleepwalker has vanished at last.

You turn back to the man who says fearfully, "I have helped you, now please leave me alone!" Will you leave him? Turn to **237**. Or refuse? Turn to **257**.

### 206

Deciding against the possibility of further offending the Gods, you push on once more. Time passes and you are soon walking the familiar winding track you are more than used to. A few dozen steps later though, and the track stops at a wall of trees - a dead end? You are just wondering what to do when you notice a very narrow and overgrown path to your west, so you hack your way through it and happen across a north-flowing track. What choice do you really have? Turn to **243**.

### 207

It's just no good, your actions are not good enough and the Sirens have got you. Your hands leave your head then pluck the earplugs from their homes. You take your pack off and drop your sword and shield, then you walk calmly over to the side of the ship and jump into the water. After this, you swim over to the Sirens' island and step out onto a beach that's covered in bones...

## 208

Your walk north takes you to a river and over a centuries-old bridge that crosses it, its rotten timbers creaking loudly as you do so. There is an impressive waterfall to your right that crashes down into the sparkling river, throwing a refreshing spray over you. You stand for a while, leaning carefully against the bridge and tracing the river's progress as it twists like a shiny snake into the distance, right through where the forest is at its thickest and lushest; no doubt fed by the nourishing waters that you are currently admiring. Then you notice, above the crashing of the waterfall, another sound, rather like the buzzing of insects. You tilt your head back north and gaze through the trees and, a little way ahead, is what can only be described as a living cloud; a cloud of wasps. They have swallowed the path ahead of you completely. You stand up straight, a grimace adorning your face, and walk boldly off to face this new threat.

It doesn't take you long to reach them, these thousands of angry insects that block your only way forward with their huge, shifting bulk. The buzzing is almost unbearably loud. The wasps continue with their swirling guard duty, but do not attack, merely wait. You know what you must do. After a brief moment to compose yourself, you run as though the Devil himself were at your heel, right at the cloud of furious wasps and try to burst through them as quickly as possible. Roll 2 dice. This is the amount of times you were stung and, for each one, you must lose 1 STAMINA point. At last you burst through the swirling hoard and collapse into unconsciousness on the other side. After a little while you awaken, hurt but still alive. You get to your feet, grimacing slightly, and notice that the wasps have gone. You spit at the place they once guarded and continue your epic quest. The path you are on soon splits and takes you either northeast (turn to **300**) or east (turn to **384**).

## 209

Your chosen path winds its way onwards, and upwards, for it seems you are now on quite a hill. For no little time do you traverse this dusty pathway, while the baking sun blazes overhead.

“When the heck does this thing end?” you ask yourself.



You walk on anyway, troubled by nothing more than a couple of dancing butterflies and a few leaves floating gently on a breeze.

After a time, the trees ahead thin and allow you to see the path soon levels out once more and takes you past an impressively high cliff. You reach the peak and sit for a while looking out over the cliff's view, you can see that it obviously shows the part of the island you have already travelled; the thickly forested paths, the glittering lakes and the grassy meadows. A bird overhead catches your attention and you allow your gaze to follow it as it swoops down into the valley, right over the head of a humanoid creature several hundred feet below you. The creature in question seems tall and has green skin; he also appears to be laughing at you. You stand up and make a few obscene gestures, then make ready to move on. You soon come to a fork in the path, heading north (turn to **194**) and northeast (turn to **229**).

## 210

Still elated by your astounding victory over the awesome Elemental you walk briskly on, filled with confidence. Before you continue down the mountain you sit for a while and take in the complete panoramic view that now greets your eyes. All around you lies beauty, the fields, the forests, the rivers and valleys, all you have passed and all you have bested. Above you flies a lonely eagle and above that lays a blood-red sky. To the west the last remnants of the setting sun still trickle through and cause lakes to sparkle like giant diamonds. You have beaten this place; you are its master. As if to reassure you of this fact you can just make out the fallen bodies of several of your opponents: the Soul Master's dishevelled corpse still lies in a pool of its own blood; what's left of the Creature is still in the exact same position you left it; and the strange body of the Watcher is in the same place you left it - face down in the mud. You stand up and raise your sword to the sky. Then you resheath it and walk all the way down to the bottom of the mountain and back into the forest.

It's at this point that you become wracked with pain and fall to the ground. And there you lay for a while, shaking like an ear of corn in a gust of wind. Blood begins to seep from your mouth and your heart seems to skip a beat. This must be because you are now in the final stages of the Death Spell, and are only moments away from dying. Deduct 3 points from your current *STAMINA* and a further point from your *initial*. You grit your teeth and get to your feet, ignoring the pain, then stagger on.

After you have stumbled a few dozen more paces you notice that the trees beside the path are becoming more regimental in their placement, almost as if they have been planted to form a deliberate line and give the impression of a victory walk. You smile grimly at this and march on with vigour, as best you can.

You soon have the feeling you are nearing the end of your quest and walk on ever faster down the long perfectly straight path, tripping and falling every now and again. Then you see something truly heartening up ahead: a giant shimmering light, set between two massive trees - the exit from this place of nightmares?

As you near it you hear light footsteps behind you; you turn back and eye the Dice Creature trying to catch you up. He runs up behind you and states breathlessly, “Not so fast my friend - *gasp* - you have one last chance of a reward - *puff* - before you face the - *pant* - final guardian of this place.”

You look utterly dismayed and reply, “Guardian, what guardian?”

The Creature sounds sad when answering, “There’s no time to explain - he’s already on his way.”

You look frantic and practically shout, “*Who* is on his way?”

Now the creature sounds worried when replying, “Never mind that, just throw me one last time and hope for the best.”

You look a little frightened when throwing him for the final time. Roll a dice. If you roll a 6, turn to **50**. If you roll any other number, turn to **84**.

## 211

The ship sails silently on and you try your best to forget about the Sirens. A half-hour passes and still you find yourself and the vessel carrying you unharmed and unchallenged. You relax for the rest of your watery journey, just admiring the tranquil lake around you as it sparkles in the light of the sun. You tilt your head upwards and notice a few clouds drifting lazily by, unaware of the horrors that lay hidden far below them. Then, a little way ahead of you, you spot land! You smile to yourself as the ship floats closer to the shore; a sandy alcove surrounded by palm trees. It isn't long before the vessel beaches, and it takes even less time for you to jump down onto the sand and walk back off into the forest; birdsong beginning to fill your ears and the heady scent of healthy flowers teasing your nose. Once back under the familiar green canopy that stretches out above you, you come across a three-way split in the sandy track you've been following. You must now choose a direction, but the paths will close the moment you leave them, forcing you ever onwards. You eye the pathways and notice that each of them differs:

- |  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| Will you head northwards (where the track lightens)?       | Turn to <b>229</b> |
| Will you head northwestwards (where the foliage thickens)? | Turn to <b>194</b> |
| Will you head westwards (where the path rises)?            | Turn to <b>209</b> |

## 212

“Well done!” says the little man as the Minitour crashes to the ground and breathes his last.

You turn to face him, but he’s gone! You take a deep breath, shrug your shoulders and make ready to leave, but then you remember his hut; do you wish to enter it? If so, turn to **218**. If not, you walk on and find the path splits, offering you the main route east (turn to **159**) or a side track north (turn to **160**).

### 213

At last the hideous Living Corpse is dispatched. You stand breathlessly for a while and survey its dismembered body carefully. There is no further movement. You spit at the ground and continue your deadly journey. A few paces later and the path splits into three, heading west (turn to **201**) north (turn to **316**) and northeast (turn to **302**). They become so narrow and overgrown that you find it hard to even call them 'paths' in the first place. Thankfully, it doesn't take too long to bust through the undergrowth and find yourself on a much wider track.

### 214

Lose 2 points from your current *STAMINA* and a further point from your *initial STAMINA*. You do your best to shake the image of the God-Headed Hydra from your mind and walk onwards, following the path as it winds its way over small hills, past glittering rivers and through heavily wooded dells.

Some time later, whilst walking through a large field of daffodils, and feeling sure you have recovered your composure after your previous mighty battle, you inexplicably find yourself becoming worried.

You look about you, at the sea of swaying yellow you now stand knee-high in; at the deepening red of the sky and at the hazy depths of the forest surrounding you. But there's nothing there, nothing at all.

You walk on, trying your best to ignore the strange feelings gnawing at you. After a few hundred more strides you break free of the flower field and follow the path as it winds its way once more through the quiet green of the forest. Too quiet.

Later, the path leaves the woods yet again and leads you on a dusty trail and right up to a rather strange crossroads. The path you are on splits in two and both head straight on northwards. However, they are crossed by a singular path heading directly from the west and into the east, but both ends of this path lead straight into nothing – they just stop dead. Ahead of you, in the space of just a few dozen steps the twin paths soon rejoin each other.

You stop and scratch your chin at this discovery. Then you realise something, something that makes your heart leap into your throat and sends your pulse racing.

The criss-crossing paths form a giant 'H'!

Sweat breaks out on your forehead and your body starts shaking involuntarily. Deduct 5 points of *STAMINA* due to fear.

Have you seen all of the letters left by the Messenger of Death? If so, turn to **357**. If not, turn instead to **338**.

### 215

You have tripped and fallen through the northwestern exit. Mercifully, the dizzy feeling leaves you for the moment. You look about and find your location to be a tiny one, void of any real features, save for being ringed by Venus Fly-Trap plants. You're just about to leave this strangely unnerving place when you notice something sparkling at your feet. You bend down and find 3 golden teeth! You shrug your shoulders and pocket this unusual find, then you leave by the only exit here: northwest. Turn to **137**.

### 216

You have to practically hack your way through the eastern exit and, upon doing so, discover a dead-end not far up ahead. You're just about to leave when you notice a small wooden chest resting against the wall of trees at the path's end. It's then that the heat hits you, subtle at first but soon growing stronger. It doesn't take you long to work out that, the nearer you are to the chest, the worse the heat becomes. If you wish to leave, you may do so by going back and heading either west (turn to **133**) or northwest (turn to **302**). Should you instead wish to stay and try to grab the chest you must *Test your Stamina* and if successful, turn to **245**. If unsuccessful, turn to **233**.

### 217

You reach out - your hands trembling - for another pot, when a horrible gurgling voice hisses in your ears, "Greed kills."

You jump up and spin round, but there's nothing there. Then, without warning, you are lifted clean off your feet and sent hurtling several feet through the air, into the forest wall. Lose 6 STAMINA points. You rise groggily, just in time to see the statue creak into life! It steps down from its pedestal, raises its sword, and walks stiffly towards you. What will you do: run like hell? Turn to **119**. Fight it? Turn to **140**.

### 218

You can already feel the Death Spell readying itself to hurt you yet again, so waste no time in rushing into the run-down old hut. Once inside, you get ready to examine its shadowy contents, but not before the whole thing simply fades away! You stand there, astonished, but quickly notice no less than 5 Health Potions lying in some creepers where the hut had once stood! You gather them up greedily. Once they are safely within your backpack, you wonder which way you should next head: north, off down the side trail (turn to **160**) or east, where the main track continues (turn to **159**)?

### 219

You break the pot's seal and proceed to dress your wounds as best you can. At first nothing happens, then you are in agony! The stuff is burning you! Deduct 5 STAMINA points. When you have recovered you throw the remains of the accursed pot into the undergrowth, then walk painfully onwards. Turn to **179**.

## 220

This western path leads you to a grassy circular clearing, surrounded by a short cliff. The area is devoid of all features save: one a massive boulder leans against one side of the cliff. You sniff around for a while but turn up nothing of interest, so decide to move on. You find you have a choice of a couple of dirty pathways, but which one will you take:

North?

Turn to **208**

West?

Turn to **155**

## 221

The ceiling continues its unceasing plummet, but the sound it's making is soon joined by that of another - a light laughter from somewhere behind you. You ignore it and look back up to find the roof practically on top of you, leaving you no choice but to lie down and pray for guidance. But your prayers fall on deaf ears as the ceiling lowers even further and starts to press down on top of you until you can't breathe. Your death is far from pleasant...

## 222

At last the Night Horror falls; have 1 LUCK point for your victory! You take a deep breath then make a quick search of his corpse and turn up 2 Health Potions. When you have finished your search and are getting ready to leave, the forest around you erupts once more into sound: birds sing, insects hum and a gentle breeze whistles through the leaves. A little smile plays on your lips and you turn to leave. It doesn't take you too long to realise that there is only one exit from this place (west). Turn to **310**.

## 223

Add 1 LUCK point! Shadow Stealer drops silently to the ground and, as he does, countless sparks of some sort of crackling white energy leap from his body and throw themselves with (what sounds like) delighted laughter up to the red sky above. You too drop to the ground, shocked and frightened. A short time passes and you know you must continue, so you get up and stride off down the narrow, thorny path. Turn to **28**.

## 224

“Hello Warrior!” booms the Trinitour in your ear; “May I be of some assistance?”

You notice that the ground has stopped shaking. “Indeed you may Demon, I want to climb this tree but I can't even reach its lowest branches.”

The Trinitour turns his heads at the tree and gives it an unimpressed look, “Allow me,” he says with a grin before he throws you several feet in the air.

“Not funny!” you state haughtily but your assistant has vanished.

You haul yourself up into the tree and begin to climb it. After a short while you come across a small hole in its trunk. Placing your hand within it you feel around and locate a Health Potion and a dagger with the word 'cold' carved into its handle. You pocket your finds and are just about to climb down when you notice something scrawled onto the bark below you - it is the letter 'D'. Note that you have seen this letter. Your heart skips a beat and sweat breaks out on your forehead. Lose a *STAMINA* point due to fear. You now know full well it's too late to do anything about the deadly game you're now involved in. You swallow your fear, climb down, and leave by the way you came in, then you walk on to a nearby junction. Turn to **121**.

## 225

“Well done.” says the Dice Creature as he gets up painfully, “You have earned yourself an enchantment.”

Your eyes light up at this.

“I shall gift you supreme power.”

Your jaw drops at this.

The Creature then says, “It is done, good luck and see you next time.”

Then, as he makes his way back to the flower-bed, you feel a tremendous surge of strength rush through you: from now on you will cause 3 points of *STAMINA* damage each time you hit an opponent! Turn to **388**.

## 226

The treetops soon start to form a dark canopy over this path, so dark that you could almost swear that night had fallen. The path continues to snake its way through the thick foliage and is soon touched by a few tendrils of mist, in fact, the further you walk this way, the mistier it becomes, until the entire area - and you - are quite simply swallowed by a mass of the ghostly stuff. Not only this but the fog seems to have brought the smell of stale blood with it.

Then you see someone approaching you from ahead. At first the figure is just a shadow, nothing more than a suggestion of what it could be, but it's certainly humanoid.

When the figure is close enough to warrant identification, you can't stop yourself gasping in both horror and disgust: the reason being that the 'man' now heading your way has transparent skin! This means that you can clearly see its internal organs: the heart beating, the lungs breathing and the blood rushing through its veins. This alone would be enough to make anyone ill, but this mutant holds a further horror: the fact is, because you can look straight through its skin, you can also see the contents of its stomach; and the things that seem to be making their way through its intestines and swimming about in its digestive juices are human bones, bits of skin and quite a few pints of blood. There's even half a skull with an eye still stuck in the socket sloshing about in there. You wretch at this discovery and proceed to draw your sword with a shaking hand, all the while the

cannibal-thing continues to silently close in on you. You have not heard of this being, but it has heard of you.

SLEEPWALKER  
STAMINA 14

SKILL 7

Beware, for this creature carries a dangerous poison in its nails and teeth and if it manages to land five or more hits upon you, you must deduct a **SKILL** point after the fight! Should you defeat it, turn to **18**.

### 227

Lose a point from your **STAMINA** score. You head west and soon find, ahead of you, glittering and sparkling in the sun, is a positive mountain of gold, silver and gems! The precious pile in question is taller than you are! You rush to the incredible prize and make ready to pocket as much as you can. But you quickly realise something: the gold is not real, the silver is fake, and the jewels are nothing but cut glass. You get to your feet and angrily walk off, not in the slightest bit aware of the awful curse that you have just activated (Lose 4 **LUCK** points), which is all the better, when you think about it. You head on but just hit a wall of trees, so you turn back to the junction where you head northeast (turn to **73**). However, on your way back you trip over a metal object you had not noticed before. Upon bending down to investigate it you discover a magnificent silver helm, wrought with rubies and lined with gold! And, what's more, it rather bizarrely has the word 'Heat' emblazoned along its borough. You quickly place the excellent artefact on your head and walk off proudly.

### 228

The Trinitour grimaces as your sword bites into his chest, leaving a thin line of blood slowly trickling down to his stomach. Add 1 **LUCK** point!

"As agile as ever!" he says with a pained grin.

"Thank you my friend, I hope I didn't hurt you too much..."

The Trinitour slaps you gently on the back, but still causes you to lose your balance and take a few involuntary steps forward, "Call that silly little graze painful? It's barely even a scratch!"

You smile at him and he bids you farewell, then simply disappears. Yet again you find yourself alone. Turn to **369**.

### 229

There is movement in the forest around you as several trees silently shift and close off unknown paths. You continue regardlessly and discover the track rapidly begins to both lighten and widen. On you trudge, flicking the blossom off a few trees as you go. Did you kill the Mutant at the start of this quest? If so, turn to **27**. If not, *Test your Luck* adding 2

to the number rolled. If you are unlucky turn to **96**. Or, if you are lucky you may turn to **27** after all.

### 230

There are several species of fungus to choose from and none look especially appetising. You examine your choices and find you may choose from the following varieties:

A green species speckled with red?	Turn to <b>42</b>
A blue species, secreting a white substance?	Turn to <b>272</b>
A foul smelling orange species?	Turn to <b>116</b>

### 231

“Excellent, allow me to help you while I deal with the spell!” says the little man cheerfully as he takes the spell from your out-stretched hand. He then waves his hands in a complicated manor then points his finger at you. A thin rainbow of colours arc from his fingers and hit you square in the chest. You are fearful for a moment but soon feel much better when it becomes clear that the little man really has helped you. Add 1 LUCK and 1 SKILL point! He smiles at you and shows you the spell scroll. “This is a Creature Copy spell and I’m going to cast it on my bodyguard for you, then it and he will fight each other. If the copy kills him, they will both disappear and you are free to go. But, if he kills the copy, you must continue where the spell left off, and you better hope that the copy wounded him a few times. Now stand by me and watch the battle!”

You walk slowly and carefully backwards with a somewhat confused expression on your face, but keeping your eyes fixed on the Champion at all times. The old man waves his hands and says a few meaningless words. There is a flash of light and *another* Minitour Champion appears from nowhere and attacks the first one! Resolve the fight below and, if the Champion beats the copy, you yourself must finish the fight yourself.



You may not influence the fight between them in any way (including the use of LUCK or the Instant Death skill).

MINITOUR CHAMPION SKILL 11 STAMINA 9

MINITOUR CHAMPION COPY SKILL 11 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **212**.

### 232

The old man leaps back with surprising agility and shouts, "Protect me!"

Then a strange creature, no more than thigh-high, leaps from the fire! It is a Fire Sprite, a magical humanoid composed of flames! It blocks your advance on Treygard. What do you think? Fight it? Turn to **184**. Run back to the crossroads? Turn to **119**.

### 233

At first you make good progress, but are soon forced back because of the increasing heat. Lose a die of STAMINA. Should you wish to try again, you must still *Test your Stamina* and if successful, turn to **245**. If unsuccessful, deduct another die of STAMINA. You may try as many times as you like (losing a die of STAMINA each time you fail). If you wish to just forget the whole thing, you may turn back and head either northwest (turn to **302**) or west (turn to **133**).

### 234

The chest is unlocked and you soon have its lid open. The black gas inside billows out and engulfs you within an instant, making you yell in shock and fear. You run back through the dust-field and leave northeast, unaware of the Good Luck Gas you have just inhaled (add 2 LUCK points)! Now you may turn back and head either north (turn to **180**) or northwest (turn to **16**).

### 235

You walk on, eyeing the blue sky above and the clouds that float sleepily across it. You then happen across the carcass of an old bearded man, dressed in a few scraps of animal hide - a Wild Hill Man. You make a cursory examination of his emaciated body but can find no obvious cause of death. Then you notice something nestled in the shadows of the undergrowth nearby. You walk over to where the object lays and discover a small sealed pot of pink ointment. What will you do with this new find: use it to try and dress some of your wounds? Turn to **219**. Or will you just take it and leave? Turn to **179**.

### 236

“You’re getting good at this Warrior,” says the Dice creature, trying to remain dignified, “you have earned yourself a special reward: you now have super-human endurance.”

You almost jump for joy at these words. From now on you will only receive 1 point of STAMINA damage each time an enemy wounds you in combat.

The Dice Creature then wishes you luck and waddles off back up the path. You thank your friend before continuing down the other way, west (turn to **16**).

### 237

You thank the man and, not wishing to frighten him any further, get up and walk off into the fog. However, after a good hundred paces or so, the whole area starts to look worryingly familiar - as if you had walked through this same place many times before. Then you feel it: a gnawing fear that you are being followed, subtle at first but quickly growing stronger. You sense there is something behind you. Then you suddenly drop to your knees in utter despair as a smell of blood gets closer and closer. A bloody hand is then placed on your shoulder, forcing you to give out a pathetic wail. This time you will save it the trouble. Your sword is soon unleashed from its scabbard and, instantly, you thrust it through your own stomach and fall to the floor. As your life's blood starts to flow from you, your final memory is that of a shadowy figure walking slowly off into the mist...

### 238

The force of the wind proves too much for you and you are thrown like a twig into the chasm below, screaming as you fall. You land heavily, straining your shoulder. Lose 1 SKILL point. You sit on the chasm’s floor for a while, nursing your aching wound. Then you pull yourself to your feet and walk on in the direction of the forest. At the chasm’s end you find a strong rope tied to a stump at the top of the ravine. You clamber up and exit northwest back into the forest. Turn to **101**.

### 239

There are now pair of Health Potions resting atop the little hill! You grab them quickly and deposit them carefully within your backpack. Then you walk on with a smile. A little later and the path splits. You may take either the northern one (turn to **300**) or the northwestern one (turn to **133**).

### 240

This pathway soon becomes very narrow indeed, until you are brushing past thorny bushes on either side of you. Then you see it. A figure approaching you from ahead. You look carefully and - your heart skips a beat! The figure nearing you looks much like a man’s shadow, not flat but three-dimensional. Within this living darkness you can clearly see stars twinkling - it’s as if the night sky had compacted itself to form a walking man.

You feel a tremendous fear grip you as it walks closer, not just because of the fact that a creature seemingly composed of living shadow is nearing you, but also because of the terrible cries of anguish and tortured screams of suffering that accompany it. This thing is nameless but we shall refer to it as a Shadow Stealer ... and it's hungry for your flesh. It walks closer and reaches out with its arms; there is no where to run to and no way past it, you have no choice but to stand and fight. What weapon will you use against this enemy:

Your sword?	Turn to <b>204</b>
A fire sword?	Turn to <b>104</b>
A golden axe?	Turn to <b>374</b>
A torch?	Turn to <b>39</b>
Kris knife?	Turn to <b>151</b>

### 241

A creeping horror wells up inside of you as you turn to face the thing you have already several times.

SLEEPWALKER  
STAMINA 14

SKILL 7

Beware, for this creature carries a dangerous poison in its nails and teeth and for every four hits it inflicts upon you (discounting the hits it may have already scored the other times you fought it), you must deduct a SKILL point! If, yet again, you defeat the mutant, you finally decide you've had enough and bolt headlong into the mist. Turn to **380**.

### 242

Your eastern walk leads you to the base of an unusually large tree that is growing in a dead-end. You are just about to examine the impressive giant when the ground below you starts to shake slightly. There appears to be something underneath you.

"Forget this." you say to yourself and quickly consider trying to climb the tree, despite the fact you are really too short to reach even its lowest branches.

Before you can try though, a creature bursts through the ground at your feet. You leap back and gaze in disgust at the thing you now face. It is some sort of undead creature, for the rotting flesh that barely covers its ancient bones would suggest as such, not to mention the overpowering stench of death that threatens to turn your stomach. This is no

ordinary Zombie though, judging by the incredible torrent of gore that pours from its mouth and pools under your feet.

This being is, in fact, a Blood Zombie a creature that has the power to gain strength just by being near living things. To wit: it will gain a STAMINA point at the beginning of every round (discounting the first).

The thing then pulls a large branch off the tree and lurches towards you.

BLOOD ZOMBIE

SKILL 8

STAMINA 8

Should you vanquish this foul beast, turn to **3**.

### 243

The forest shifts silently around you, sealing off unknown paths. This direction seems as good a choice as any, you muse. It twists a little here and there but keeps its general flow of direction. The foliage grows thick here and you have to be careful not to trip on any unobserved roots, whilst keeping a hand in front of your face to protect yourself from any sneaky thorns or sharp branches. This path is a disgrace! You think to yourself.

You haven't gone far when you break through the thick foliage and into a tiny, sunken dell, bathed in sunlight and positively riddled with brightly-coloured mushrooms! You laugh a little at this strange find when something very strange starts to happen: the mushrooms have started to move of their own accord and are now rapidly coming together to form some sort of shape on the floor in front of you - a human shape! Then, when the 'man' is assembled it stands up and launches itself at you with breathtaking speed, where it then tries to force one of its 'hands' into your mouth! You struggle as best you can but can't help swallowing some of the 'fingers' that are now in your throat, then the 'mushroom-man' collapses in a pile at your feet. You drop to your knees, choking but apparently unharmed. What the hell was all that about? You silently ask yourself.

After the remnants of the mushroom-man's fingers have been either inadvertently eaten or spat out, you stand up and instantly feel very different indeed: something has happened to you, but you can't tell what. Unbeknown to you, you have just been force-fed the highly unusual Mix-Up Mushrooms, which will reverse your current LUCK and SKILL scores! To wit: your current LUCK and SKILL scores have now been swapped! So, for instance, if your current LUCK was 7 and your current SKILL score was 9, then your new current LUCK score would become 9, and your new current SKILL score would become 7. These scores may not pass their *initial* values. You walk off either dismayed or elated (depending on how you look at it) and soon find that the track starts to clear as becomes more northerly (turn to **331**).

### 244

You grip your sword in grim determination. Go to work. *Instant death* will not work at this time.

GOD-HEADED HYDRA

SKILL 10

STAMINA 10

As soon as you land your first hit on the Hydra, turn to **171**.

### 245

You bolt into the heat, grab the chest, and leave before the pain even has a chance to register! Then you sit upon the forest floor and place the small chest on a pile of leaves. Carefully, you prize its lid open and gingerly peek inside - you find a pair of earplugs! You pocket them and walk away in disgust, past the Watcher's corpse and head either northwest (turn to **302**) or west (turn to **133**).

### 246

You writhe and struggle until every last ounce of your strength has gone. The thing ignores you and drags you down further and further until all light and hope are blacked out...

### 247

The fear is becoming just too much for you. There may still be a way though. You may, if you wish, pray to the Gods and ask them for the strength to carry on, despite the fact that one such as you was never really meant to pass this point. To prove yourself worthy you may, for each point of SKILL yours is lower than 10, deduct a LUCK point to momentarily increase your *initial* SKILL value to the needed figure. However, even if you do this your SKILL score will drop back to its normal value the moment you pass this test. If you do this, turn to **306**.

If you do not wish to deduct LUCK points in this way, then there will be no choice but to turn back (read on).

It's no good; the fear is just too great for you. You turn tail and flee, the track brightening and warming as you do so, devoid of both laughter and flitting things. You soon arrive back at the previous junction, only this time you head north. Turn to **208**.

### 248

The western track leads you to a small sunny glade filled with birdsong and a single exit to the west. Then you feel it, a presence and, what's more, something's happening - something bad. The birds have stopped singing and glade has suddenly grown cold and dark. Then a strange red mist begins to seep from the ground at your feet and form a cloud in front of you. It smells of death, old death.

As you stare into the cloud you become aware of two yellow eyes staring back at you. The eyes seem to suggest both hate and confidence. Then the figure they belong to becomes more apparent as the mist begins to slowly pour back into the ground: he is both very tall and very broad. His physical strength would be enough to worry just about anything but as the mist at last dissipates entirely another thing becomes a whole lot more worrying. The figure's physical appearance keeps changing! At first he stands on two legs, then four, then none, as he appears to hover in the air like some terrible winged demon. Then he ... it ... begins to walk, crawl and fly towards you, changing all the time. What is this creature you now face? Nobody knows, because nobody's ever survived long enough to name it.

You draw your sword with a shaking hand and begin to walk unsteadily towards this thing. Your opponent just laughs. You stop but try your best to ignore both it and the

terrible fear that grips you. Then, the moment you continue your courageous walk on your foe, you are subjected to an agonising pain as your body is consumed by an unseen fire. You scream and drop to the ground, the creature laughing all the time. You roll about on the floor, but how can you put out a magical fire? The creature now begins to advance rapidly on you, forcing you to forget your hideous pain and somehow defend yourself. This will not be easy. Lose a die from your Attack Strength, for *this fight only*.

THE CREATURE

SKILL 6

STAMINA 10

If you overcome it, turn triumphantly to **58**.

### 249

The Terror spell is read out in the blink of an eye, but it has no noticeable effect.

“Sorry,” says the Elemental with a quieter than usual voice, “I am incapable of fear. In fact, I am incapable of any emotion, at least not in a sense you would understand.” You look up at the now approaching Elemental and stare at him with wide-eyed fear.

He stops a little way ahead of you and says, “Don't worry, I'm going to kill you as quickly as possible.” You drop to your knees and open your mouth as if to say something, but it is too late. The Elemental raises his arms and then points them at you, causing a massive torrent of flame to shoot from his fingers, engulfing you utterly. You are instantly vaporised...

### 250

It suddenly dawns on you that this invisible barrier could well be some sort of illusion (a strong one admittedly) and you may simply need the *belief* that you can pass through it. So, you simply walk towards it and try to ignore the fact that there's anything there in the first place – it works! You pass through it without mishap and soon enter a narrow dead end overshadowed by bent and twisted trees. You quickly notice an object lying amidst some fallen leaves and cautiously investigate it: it turns out to be a large seashell (the sort that some primitive peoples would use as a makeshift musical instrument) with ‘Rain’ written on it. You pick it up and wonder what on earth a seashell is doing in the middle of a forest. Well, whatever the reason, it's certainly a pretty object, shiny and as colourful as a rainbow. You place it in your pack and head back to the junction to choose a new direction. Turn to **388**.

### 251

Deduct 2 points of STAMINA. You travel northwards and soon enter a clearing with exits leading east and southeast. The clearing is covered in bones. Just then, a burst of yellow light opens up from thin air in front of you. The light is oval and man-height - perhaps it is some sort of portal? Then your thoughts are answered as a man of ordinary size steps

stepped through the portal mere moments before it closes again. The man is resplendent in baggy clothes of a dazzling array of shimmering colours, but his face radiates nothing less than the darkest of evils. Then this being known as a Dai-Oni produces a glowing club from within the confines of his clothes and begins to, slowly but confidently, advance upon you.

DAI-ONI

SKILL 8

STAMINA 8

This enemy, although it certainly resembles a man, is definitely a monster. And, what's more, its attacks will live up to this claim, because this enemy can either damage your agility, endurance or even your fortune when it hits you! To help you appreciate this fact you must, when ever it hits you (and inflicts the usual 2 points of *STAMINA* damage), roll 2 dice and consult the result: if the number rolled is between 2-5 you must deduct an extra point of *STAMINA*. But, if the number rolled is between 6-9 you must deduct a *LUCK* point. However, if the number falls between 10-12 you must deduct a *SKILL* point! Should you wish to *escape* from this enemy, you run either east (turn to **5**) or southeast (turn to **355**). Alternatively, should you elect to stay and end up destroying this thing, turn to **154**.

### 252

You slither down the embankment and into the cold darkness of the tunnel. At once you feel afraid, like there's something waiting for you in there, but you shake of the feeling and continue walking.

It takes a while for your eyes to become adjusted to the dark but when they do you start to feel the fear again. You've been walking for some time now, with only your own footsteps for company, that and a distant dripping sound. Later on the tunnel becomes thankfully brighter and leads you into a large oval cave with a raised portcullis on either side of it. You don't like the look of this and almost turn to leave, but maybe that's exactly what the Wizards want - maybe to leave would be deadly? Anyway, you now feel that the fear is waiting behind you, in the dark, so you make ready to rush through the featureless cave as fast as you can.

However, when you are half way across, both portcullises slam shut with an echoing *crash!* Now you feel tremendous fear. You look around the cave, perhaps for a hidden switch or something, but to no end. Then there is a loud scraping sound from above you: the ceiling is lowering fast. You panic and start to shout for help, but the only thing you hear is the warped echo of your own voice. You look up and find the roof is coming down even faster, spelling a grisly end for sure. Now you become horrified and start to hack madly at the nearest portcullis with your sword, but nothing happens, so you kick at it and barge into it, but to little point. The ceiling has now lowered to your head height and forces you to stoop, then kneel. Things are looking desperate ... have you killed the Fire Sprite? If so, turn to **221**. If not, turn to **286**.

### 253

"Yes," says the image sadly, "I sensed that your aura was damaged."  
There is a tickling sensation around your head: regain 2 *LUCK* points!

You thank the figure and he smiles at you, "I'm sure your fortune will improve now." Then he slowly fades away, leaving you feeling alone. Now, which direction will you reluctantly take: east (turn to **10**) or north (turn to **5**)?

#### 254

You have only just begun to walk northeast when you seem to hit some sort of invisible barrier. You stop and look ahead of you carefully, but there doesn't seem to be any physical obstruction. So, you carefully hold out your sword, but it definitely hits something, because its blade will simply not penetrate the air in front of you.

*What an odd situation, you muse.*

You find yourself wondering if you can find a way past this unusual obstruction. If your current LUCK is 9 or above, turn to **250**. If it is 8 or below, you can find no way past the strange barrier and must choose another direction instead, turn back to **388**. Then another thought hits you: what if you were to ask the Gods for help? If you wish to do this and try to get past this point that you were never really meant to, then the Gods will help but they will also ask a heavy price of you. To wit: for each point your LUCK is below 9 you may, if you want, increase it by decreasing your SKILL score. So, should you find yourself needing 2 more LUCK points to pass beyond this point, you may deduct 2 SKILL points and do so. Note that, even if you decide to do this, your LUCK will revert back to its former value the moment you pass beyond this point.

#### 255

A handful of steps later and you face a split in the track. These new paths lead north (turn to **235**) and east (turn to **302**).

#### 256

You turn east and carefully traverse the broken pathway. It leads you into a clearing that's surrounded by thorny plants and stout trees, and has an apparent alter of some kind; cracked and overgrown with weeds, at its centre. The alter in question is carved to resemble an evil looking man standing on a pedestal, dressed in plate armour with a sword clasped between both hands. At the base of the statue are six sealed clay pots and an elaborate inscription above them reading, '*Take one pot only*'. All the pots look exactly the same. What will you try: take a pot? Turn to **329**? Leave? **119**.

#### 257

"No!" you say firmly, "First I want some answers."



The man, upon seeing your refusal, becomes violent and shouts, "How dare you touch the likes of me! How dare you interrupt my great sleep!"

You are shocked by this sudden outburst, but then you suddenly realise that this man seems *exactly* the same height and build as the accursed creature that's been tracking you. You look at the man below you as he struggles to escape your grasp, "Cross yourself," you say calmly.

"What?" is his surprised answer, "I have no time for this nonsense!"

You place one of your hands upon your sword hilt and ask him again, more firmly this time, "Cross yourself my friend and I shall let you sleep."

The man spits in your face and screams, "Never! I will never follow any orders from the likes of an insect like you!"

You stare deep into his eyes and tell him of how you now remember childhood stories about an assassin, about how his physical form was weak so he spent an age developing his mental strength - right to the point where he need only dream of his quarry! Yes, he would merely dream about his target, then he would send a hideous and twisted image of himself - an immortal foe!

You then grip him by the neck and tell him you know who he is and, instantly, he pleads for mercy, but you get the feeling that letting him go would be suicide. So, you unleash your sword and hold it above his throat.

"Please!" says the man, realising he's been rumbled (add 1 LUCK point) "I can not die!" You raise your sword still further and prepare to strike your old foe, who now grovels pathetically at your feet. "I must not die!" he screams, "I am Sleepwalker! I can never die!"

He is clearly mad.

You take a deep breath and bring your sword slicing down through his throat and bury its tip deep in the ground. The assassin writhes and convulses below you, still silently begging for mercy. You remove your sword and watch as he slowly breaths his last, his eyes still seeking pity, right up to the point where he closes them and dies. You notice the mist surrounding you slowly starting to fade.

Breathing a huge sigh of relief, you find yourself ready to leave as soon as possible, despite your obvious weariness. So, you are just about to leave when you notice a something shiny gripped in Sleepwalker's left hand. Do you want to prize his fingers open and examine the object? Turn to **54** if you do. If you do not, turn instead to **91** and leave this place.

## 258

"Ah!" exclaims the voice; "Your curse is one of illness."

You can't help but shake a little at these words, but you feel no different!

Unbeknown to you however, you are now slightly allergic to Health Potions and whenever you drink one you will gain only 3 STAMINA points instead of the usual die's worth. Turn to **149**.

## 259

Your sword is soon back in its scabbard.

The Gangees sigh when they see your actions and hiss, “Oh dear, it gave up so easily didn't it? Maybe it's a worthless coward after all?” Then there is a bright flash and you find yourself back on the ship's deck and gazing at the still open hatch where, once more, mocking laughter floats up from within its depths. You curse the Gangees and try to forget about them. Turn to **76**.

## 260

“Yes, you certainly are a little bruised and battered,” says the image sadly. “Allow me to help you as best I can,” he then adds.

You start to feel a warm glow surrounding you: regain 10 STAMINA points!

You thank the image and he smiles and responds, “I'm sure you'll fare better now Warrior. Then he slowly fades away leaving you feeling very alone. Which direction will you now try: east (turn to **10**) or north (turn to **5**)?”

## 261

Deduct 2 points of STAMINA. You walk on and are startled when a deer bounds from nowhere and onto the track in front of you. It is a magnificent creature, far larger than any you have heard of; its horns alone would fetch quite a price! The beast stands for a while, looking into your eyes, then it is gone. A short time later and you come across a junction that leads north (turn to **251**) east (turn to **355**) and northeast (turn to **5**).

## 262

Your hand is on your sword-hilt in a flash, but the Leprechaun is even faster: he produces some sort of dust from nowhere then flings it in your face! You are instantly paralysed. The little creature laughs and helps himself to 3 of your Health Potions, before disappearing in a flash of light and a puff of smoke. It's some time before the spell wears off and you are able to move again. You waste no time in leaving this place, turn to **255**.

## 263

You have managed to pick your way through ninety percent of the holes when you misjudge your next step and send your right leg into the nearest one where it sinks in up to your waist. You let out a stifled scream and attempt to pull your leg free, but you are stuck! It's then that the crying sound seems to head towards you and then turn to laughter. Your eyes widen and you struggle desperately to free yourself from the ground. Then something grabs your leg and begins to bite it (lose 6 STAMINA points). You yell in shock and pain and aim a mighty kick at whatever is below you. There is a pained cry and a *whump!* As the thing falls beneath you, this causes you to fully stir into action and call upon every last ounce of your strength - to free yourself! You leap to your feet and gaze in disgust at the teeth-marks in your blood-covered leg. Then you waste no time in limping off back up the path and into the forest. Turn to **101**.

### 264

You have been poisoned! Lose 2 *extra* points of STAMINA now, and for every further wound you sustain in this fight. Now turn back to the reference you have noted and continue the combat, but gain a LUCK point *after* you defeat him (if you defeat him that is!).

### 265

The Fire Sprite is no more. You raise your eyes to Treygard, but the old man is already levitating away from you! Before you get angry though you notice that, in his haste, he dropped a small bag. You watch him disappear into the sun-lit distance; before you sidle over to Investigate said bag. Within it you find a Health Potion and a wooden hand-sized carving. The carving in question resembles a tiny 'stick man', who stands with his legs together but his arms out-stretched above his head. A very strange finding you muse, but it's certainly better than nothing. Pleased with your findings, you turn around and stroll happily back to the crossroads. Turn to **119**.

### 266

You slip the strange bracelet onto your wrist and wait uncertainly for the possible consequences. Your wrist starts to feel warm and you think of removing the bracelet, but then you start to feel relaxed and at ease. Add 3 SKILL points. This unusual item of jewellery must have been blessed in some powerful way! Turn to **229** to leave this place and follow the golden path as it winds gently round to the south.

### 267

You place your shaking hands on the helm and concentrate on the word 'Heat' - a bolt of lightning streaks from the armament and hits the approaching Elemental square in the chest, knocking it backwards! There is a huge, echoing cry as your foe actually catches fire and glows white-hot! The monster roars again and again as it desperately tries to put out the flames that have turned it into little more than a walking inferno. It doesn't die though. This enemy's strength comes from the earth itself, making it immensely enduring. The Elemental's fiery form still continues to advance on you, roaring all the time. You drop your sword in utter despair. There's nothing you can do, and your death will be anything but quick...

### 268

The old man smiles and says, "I shall now finish my story. You remember the man who mentioned the 'Seven Serpents'?"

You nod.

"Well, I have heard rumours about these creatures and what they became."

You look confused and say, "Became? But it was surely just a sad story?"

The old man looks somewhat abashed and replies, "I am sorry my friend, but every word I have told you is the truth. Anyway, these 'Seven', as they became known, were not heard from for centuries, till the story was all but forgotten. However, decades later, a

Seer claimed to have witnessed the dread creatures once more, only they had now took on human form! Well, shall we say, they were *humanoid* in form.”

You swallow at that statement.

“Oh yes my friend, this great and respected Seer was trusted by all, even the most mighty, his words could simply not be disbelieved. Now, when asked how he saw them, he replied that they visited his dreams and, on occasion even in his waking hours. He said they were looking for a great warrior, one who was to be stopped at all costs. The Seer then went on to say that he even knew them by name! Even his closest allies had a hard time trusting that particular statement. But name them he did: Sleepwalker, Shadow Stealer, Soul Master, Sabre-Claw, Stalker, Slayer and one other that he merely referred to as ‘He who is not to be named. Collectively, he added, they are now known in some parts by another name: The Riders of the Storm.’”

You stare wide-eyed at the man and blurt out how you have already faced the first three creatures he mentioned.

The old man eyes you sadly and tells you that he already knows. “What’s more,” he adds, “you must yet face the other four as well.”

Your head drops upon hearing this information, “Then I am the one they want? I am the one they have been searching for all this time?”

The old man nods in agreement. “I am sorry you had to learn this way my friend, but the Wizards...”

You give him an angry look and state, “Don’t even say it, I can guess that they were behind your telling me.”

The old man grips your shoulder with a surprisingly strong hand and whispers to you, “We must all do as they say, for they are very powerful indeed. However, I can still give you some small advice that they may not be aware I know.” He stops and looks about himself uncertainly, “The one known as Stalker is by far the most dangerous of all the Seven, even more so than the one whom can not be named. He is a skilled and deadly assassin. Not only does he possess incredible physical strength, but he also has one of the finest minds on Titan. A truly formidable foe.”

You can’t help but shake slightly at this ‘Stalker’s’ description. “But why are you telling me all this my friend? All you’re succeeding in doing is scaring me.”

“Because this way I can be sure you will not underestimate him.” Is the old man’s firm reply. He gets up and gives you a small bow, “Now you must leave me Warrior, lives depend on your swiftness. Not least your own.”

You get up yourself and thank him for both his story and his warning. Then you turn your back on him and walk from the gloomy dell until you reach a three-way junction heading north, northwest and west. The west leads through dropping willow trees, the north passes towering oaks and the northwest winds through a hoard of vine incrustated beech trees. Will you head north (turn to **180**) west (turn to **287**) or northwest (turn to **16**).

## 269

The spell is read out in world record time, and ... it works! You are instantly towering above the Elemental! But you are now far too big for the narrow bridge you stand on. You let out an echoing cry as you lose your balance and fall towards the lava. The Elemental quickly points his fingers at you and shoots a massive torrent of flame that

engulfs you utterly, instantly vaporising your entire body before you even hit the bubbling lava. “The least I could do was afford you a quick death,” he says before disappearing in a bright flash of flame...

### 270

“Lost a little skill no doubt?” asks the image, sounding concerned. “Let me see what I can do.”

You start to feel a tingling sensation in your hands: regain 1 SKILL point! You thank the image for helping you regain some of your lost ability.

“I hope you feel a little more sure of yourself now,” asks the image before slowly fading away. You are alone once more. Which way will you head now: east (turn to **10**) or north (turn to **5**)?

### 271

It’s no good. The pain and nausea you are feeling increase, until you just can’t take it anymore and pass out - exhausted. When you awaken you are barely alive (reduce your STAMINA to just 3 points - no matter how high it was before). Still, you have had a lucky escape. You drag your weary body to its feet and grab the ring from the ground, and then you leave this evil place. You walk back past the small hill and decide to quickly leave west (turn to **177**)

### 272

The blue fungus tastes revolting and makes you feel dizzy and unbalanced. Deduct 1 SKILL point. You decide you do not want to try any more fungus and wonder about your next decision. Will you reach into the blood hole? Turn to **328**. Or will you just leave this tree and its accursed fungus? Turn to **261**.

### 273

“Well done,” says the Leprechaun, sounding slightly annoyed, “you may now have your reward.” There is a flash of light and a puff of smoke as the little creature just disappears into thin air!

Then you notice, down by your feet, a golden tooth! You pocket the strange find and continue on your way, turn to **255**.

### 274

The Basalisk throws itself at you, forcing you to defend yourself and fight wildly, but because you are fighting blindfold you must deduct 2 SKILL points for this fight *only*. Also, because you are having to hold your breath during the fight, you must kill it within three straight rounds, or you will die here and now.

BASALISK

SKILL 7

STAMINA 6

Should you overcome it, add 1 LUCK point and turn to **305**!

### 275

The Dice Creature has landed on his face and says (with a muffled voice), “Well done, now if you’d be so kind as to help me onto my feet, I can help you.”

You lift the poor creature up and place him back down carefully.

He stands and looks at you (at least you think he’s looking) and says, “Bless you.”

You feel instantly wonderful. Add 1 point to your *initial* LUCK then 1 point to your current LUCK!

You thank the Dice Creature and he responds, “Not at all. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m off to get myself stitched-up.” And with that, he walks back off into the distance behind you.

You take this moment to study your surroundings. Turn to **123**.

### 276

With the speed of a leopard, you have torn the rope from your pack and have set about tying yourself to the ship's mast. The Siren's are getting closer and time is ticking fast. You can already feel the hypnotic melody begin to take hold. Your only hope is that you can tie a damn good knot, one that will take you a long time to undo. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the number rolled. If you are successful, turn to **398**. If you are unsuccessful, turn to **349**.

### 277

You stand there with your teeth clenched and your eyes closed saying, “There is nothing to fear but fear itself,” over and over again. When you reopen your eyes you find your body filled with renewed determination, not only this, but the fear seems to of left you.

You walk on through the caves and find another tunnel ahead of them; you walk through that one and find that, not only does it start to rise rapidly, but that the light is beginning to return all around you - you must be approaching the exit! You walk briskly and, sure enough, there is sunlight up ahead; and the air becomes filled with bird song and the noise of crickets. You burst out through the exit and shield your eyes against the bright glare.

You are standing on a grassy knoll, surrounded by trees, with a pair of trails continuing ahead of you.

“Well done my friend.” says the soft male voice again with an air of awe about it, “You are the first.”

You shake your head in confusion and ask, “I am? Well, anyway, what *was* the worst fear of all?” to which the voice replies heartily, “The fear of the unknown.”

You cock your head to one side and ask, “What do you mean?”

To which he answers, “There was nothing in their but your own imagination.”

Your jaw drops and you state, “Nothing? Then what killed those poor people?”

The voice laughs in a relatively friendly way and says, “Their fear, nothing else. Good day.”

You walk away with a look of bewilderment adorning your face. Which trail will you take though: one that heads east (turn to **15**) or one that heads southeast (turn to **399**).

### 278

You travel northwest and quickly discover the path ends at a wall of creaking trees. You turn and trip over a shield you hadn’t noticed before. It is an impressive artefact: golden coloured and well polished, it also has the word ‘Dark’ carved into its face. You pick it up and instantly feel tired, so tired in fact that you just fall asleep!

There is something crawling on your skin. You wake instantly and find yourself covered from head to foot in hundreds of writhing maggots. You try to yell but only succeed in letting dozens of the slimy things enter your mouth and try to crawl down your throat. In the blink of an eye, you have leapt to your feet and begun to swat like mad at the countless, bloated insects that infest every inch of your exposed flesh. This was not a good idea. The maggots, frightened by your sudden aggression, start to bite like things possessed, till your entire body erupts into a cascade of pain, sending blood pouring down your armour. Horrified, and in agony, you throw yourself to the ground and attempt to crush the evil little things. Roll 4 dice and add the results together: this is the amount of seconds it takes you to free yourself from the majority of the menace that now clings desperately to your skin. And, for each second, you must lose 1 point of *STAMINA*. If you survive, you pick up your hard-won shield and walk back to the place where you fought the Trinitour, then you quickly decide to leave and head west. Turn to **177**.

### 279

Alas and alack, your sword is useless against this creature from hell and you have no choice but to turn and flee but, as you do so, the Demon smashes its claws into your back and rips your spinal cord out...

### 280

Doing your best to sound unafraid, you shout at the Gangees, “Who are you? What do you want?”

But this just makes the spiteful little things laugh, “We have no time for conversing with pathetic fools such as yourself!” they say with echoing voices that chill your bones. Lose 1 *LUCK* point.

What will you do now: try your best to continue talking with them? Turn to **7**. Attack them for their insolence? Turn to **333**.

## 281

Everything goes quiet the moment you step onto the golden path, but you resolve to swallow your fear and walk it anyway. Presently, as the gold under your feet twists and turns through the dark, you come to a dead end with a small pool of water at its centre. You walk up to the pool and eye the warrior who eyes you back, wondering who it is who you are supposed to meet. Then a look of fear crosses your face as your watery image leaves the pool and stands up to face you, its skin rippling like some colourful liquid. It looks *exactly* like you, right down to its expression and the way in which it holds its sword. What is this thing that now meets you? Who created it and how? But you don't have time to find the answers to these questions because your double is currently getting ready to aim a mighty swipe at your neck. Additionally, because of the rare, magical nature of this creature, *instant death* will have no effect during this fight.

DEMON TWIN

SKILL 7

STAMINA 9

As the fight ensues you quickly realise two things: firstly, although its physical resemblance is uncanny, the creature is not your exact equal in terms of combat; secondly, every time you wound it, you will wound yourself! That is to say, that each time you hit it, you will inflict no damage but, instead, you yourself must lose 2 points of STAMINA! All is not as lost as it seems though because, every time it attempts to wound you it will only succeed in wounding itself. So, for each attack round it wins, you yourself should deduct no STAMINA but your mirror image, however, should lose the usual 2 points worth!

You quickly consider just standing still and letting this thing cut itself to ribbons but, somehow, you find you are *forced* to defend yourself, despite the obvious consequences. Should you defeat this familiar-looking enemy, turn to **53**. Alternatively if you should wish to turn your back on it and risk an *escape*, turn instead to **372** (but do not deduct any STAMINA points for obvious reasons).

## 282

You head north and soon stumble upon a scene of utter carnage, bodies lay strewn all around you, some peaceful looking, and others mutilated. Some of the body's eyes remain open and seem to stare accusingly at you. You walk carefully among the dead, trying to show them a little respect when ... no ... this can not be... one of the mangled corpses has



stirred and is dragging its blooded self to its feet. The dead body grabs a rusty sword from under one of the cadavers at its feet and begins to advance on you: this must be a Zombie and you must fight it.

ZOMBIE

SKILL 8

STAMINA 8

Should you end its miserable life, turn to **377**.

### 283

At last the Chaos-Man lays defeated, covered in his own blood. Add 1 LUCK point. You nod your head in silent prayer for a few moments, thanking the Gods as best you can. Then you press on. A small time passes and the path becomes much clearer and more free of the constricting foliage that previously choked it. A few more steps and the track bends round to the northeast, You're just about to leave when you notice several skulls in the shadowy undergrowth. They are all crushed (turn to **65**).

### 284

*Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you guess the colour correctly and may turn to **273**. If you are unlucky, you fail to guess the colour correctly. You may, if you wish, keep on *Testing your Luck* (as many times as you like in fact) until you are either successful or you've had enough and may then either leave (turn to **255**) or attack (turn to **262**).

### 285

You rip the blindfold from your pack and tie it quickly around your eyes; you are safe! You unsheathe your sword and strain your ears for movement and, your worse fears confirmed, you can definitely hear something large creeping towards you. It is at about this moment that a terrible realisation dawns on you: the Basalisk has deadly poisonous breath! Sweat breaks out on your forehead. Do you possess a gag? Turn to **366**. If not, turn to **327**.

### 286

You hear a light laughter from behind the far portcullis: there is a small humanoid composed of flames there - a Fire Sprite! It nods at you and proceeds to burn the middle bars of the portcullis with its hands; indeed the flame it is emitting is so hot that the bars start to bend and buckle. You rush over to him and push at the bars with your feet, till there's just enough room for you to squeeze through - the ceiling comes crashing down with an ear-rending crash mere moments later. You lie shaking on the floor for a moment, but when you open your eyes again, the Fire Sprite is gone. You get unsteadily to your feet, curse the cave behind you, and continue on into the darkness, wondering all the while why the strange little fellow helped you.

After a fashion you notice both the fear start to subside and the cave beginning to get lighter, then ... sunlight! Just up ahead - it's pouring into the cave and bringing with it the sound of bird-song and the hypnotic melody of the gentle wind flowing through the trees. You soon emerge from the caves and back onto the forest path and there you stand for a moment, bathed in sunlight and breathing in the heady scent of countless exotic plants. You look around and notice there are more flowers than trees here and, indeed, you seem to be standing in a circle of them! You smile and look to the path: it continues on, up a slight slope, lined with yellow, blue and purple flowers, then separates into two. You take a deep breath and continue, accompanied only by the light hum of grasshoppers and a few falling leaves tickling your arms as they drift by. When you reach the junction you consider your choice paths. Will you travel north (turn to **8**) or west (turn to **132**)?

### 287

Lose a point from your *STAMINA* score. You make your way west; down a dusty hill and into a shallow dip that turns out to be a dead-end. Its rim is ringed with large sharp rocks. A glint catches your eye at the dip's centre. You head towards it and find three small glass chests resting there without a care in the world! You saunter up to the strangely placed trio and eye their contents suspiciously. The one nearest you contains a swirling blue gas, the one furthest contains a swirling purple gas, whilst the middle one contains a swirling black gas. What will you do:

- |  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| Open the black gas chest?  | Turn to <b>234</b> |
| Open the purple gas chest?   | Turn to <b>158</b> |
| Open the blue gas chest?   | Turn to <b>387</b> |
| Forget them and walk back through the dust-field and head north?     | Turn to <b>180</b> |
| Forget them and walk back through the dust-field and head northwest? | Turn to <b>16</b>  |

### 288

Lose 2 points from your current *STAMINA* and a further point from your *initial* *STAMINA*. You follow the main track and are a little surprised to find that it bends around and heads back towards the southwest.

You walk for some time, until you spy something big looming up out of the haze in the distance, something very big indeed - a mountain! The path you walk takes you directly to the base of the thing then right over the top. What choice do you have? You steal yourself for the difficult climb ahead and march determinedly upon this great rock.

However, the moment you set foot on the mountain the ground below you begins to shake with tremendous force, even succeeding in throwing you off your feet. You lay on the shaking ground with your hands clasped about your head, hoping the earthquake will stop soon, but it *isn't* an earthquake.

The shaking stops and you remove your hands from your head and look about you, but you can't see much because the air is now choked with dust. You rise to your feet and

shield your mouth and nose from the fouled air and wait until the dust begins to settle a little. When the air is clearer you catch sight of something moving in the distance ahead of you, then the thing in question seems to notice you and starts to find its way towards you, its feet whacking into the ground with each step, causing mini-earthquakes of their own. You draw your sword when the creature has come closer, not just because it's identity is unknown, but also because it is at least three times your build not to mention almost twice your height.

At last the giant comes close enough for you to discover its origin, and when you do your heart sinks and you feel like falling to your knees and surrendering; you are mere feet away from the most dangerous foe on the planet: an Earth Elemental. Lose a die of LUCK for meeting it.

The Elemental is man-shaped, but its body is massive and rocky, and its face is simply two dark eyeholes and a crooked slit of a mouth. The monster smashes its way through a few boulders till it is no more than an arm's length from you, then it speaks with a booming voice that sounds like the rushing of a violent wind, "I am free you fool! I am free! Now I shall feast upon your succulent flesh!" You almost feel like dropping your sword (which isn't magical so would offer no defence anyway) then just closing your eyes and hoping for a quick death. But then another thought hits you - your backpack; whose to say it doesn't contain some sort of item that will deal with this most formidable of all foes. You rip your pack open and plunge your hand into it; which item will you take out:

An ornate gale horn with 'Wind' written on it (if you have one)?	Turn to <b>196</b>
An ivory flute with 'Sun' written on it (if you have one)?	Turn to <b>152</b>
A silver whistle with 'Mist' written on it (if you have one)?	Turn to <b>9</b>
A large seashell with 'Rain' written on it (if you have one)?	Turn to <b>320</b>
Or, if you have none of the above?	Turn to <b>351</b>

## 289

You turn around and, with a look nothing short of wide-eyed terror, fling yourself back into the darkness you've just braved. You have only run a short distance when you start to hear whispering voices, but they are so twisted and warped that you can't tell what they're saying. You start to cry, but run on regardless. Then you hear the sounds of other things running, from both behind you and in front, then from all around. You accidentally run straight into a wall and fall to the ground. You try to get up but can't, you have twisted both your ankles and can do nothing but crawl on in agony through the blackness. Meanwhile the footsteps and the voices are closing in on you, from every direction. By now you are sobbing uncontrollably and are close to breaking. The whispering gets louder. The footsteps get closer. You stop crawling and lay on the floor in the dirt, surrounded by cold and darkness. You have been reduced to a gibbering wreck; one who has totally lost their mind...

## 290

You walk north-westerly, turn a few sharp corners and soon hit upon a strange sight; up ahead, the air is filled with what looks like a sparkling dust, and a faint laughter can be heard as it drifts down to you on a gentle breeze. What will you do:

Approach it?

Turn to **340**

Return to the meadow and walk north instead?

Turn to **24**

### 291

“Excellent!” says the little man mischievously.

“What are the rules then?” you say uncertainly.

“Quite simple,” comes the curt reply, “you must simply guess what my favourite colour is!”

You stamp at the ground and fume, “What kind of a stupid game is that!”

The little man looks annoyed and states, “Temper, temper silly.” What will you do now: play his game anyway (turn to **284**) leave him (turn to **255**) attack him after all (turn to **262**)?

### 292

Bravely, or foolishly, you approach the abode of the Gangees once more, determined to find if they hold any secrets. You get into the darkened hold and, sure enough, their ghostly faces appear in front of you, swirling around and sneering at you with hateful glee. What action will you take: attack them (turn to **333**) or challenge them (turn to **280**)?

### 293

It’s no good - your sword slips from your grasp, drops to the floor and skids off behind the Ice Demon. You are unarmed! Deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength (until you regain your sword). You jump back just as a massive fist is slammed into the ground in front of you. You look about, desperate for an escape from this place, but find none. You leap to one side as the horned colossus stamps at the ground where you once stood. Then you notice something in a darkened corner of this cavern: a bow and a quiver of arrows - salvation! Now you have something to defend yourself with against this creature from hell but, because you are not skilled in this weapon's use, you may not regain any Attack Strength when fighting with it. Defend yourself.

ICE DEMON

SKILL 7

STAMINA 9

This enemy has the ability to breathe a jet of chilling air at its foes. To account for this fact you must roll a die at the end of each attack round, if the roll is a 1 or a 2 you must lose 1 STAMINA point (whether you won the round or not). If it is you who triumphs, add 1 LUCK point and turn to **93**. You will have run out of arrows if you win this fight, so the

bow will then be useless and will be left here, but you will be able to reclaim your sword...

### 294

You shoot your hand out and grab the rope in an instant. Add 1 LUCK point. A cursory examination finds it to be solid and strong. You throw it in your backpack and leave west. Turn to **95**.

### 295

You hold out the golden tooth.

“Just leave it on the floor.” Rumbles the face.

Then the old door swings open, creaking on its rusty hinges.

“You may pass.” States the creature.

You walk through as quickly as possible, trying your best to ignore the feeling that something horrible is about to happen. Nothing does.

“You are wise for trusting me,” says the face behind you, “and you may have a small reward for doing so.”

You turn around and find the door and the tooth nowhere to be seen! However, lying on the ground amidst the dirt of the path where they once were, is a tiny silver whistle. You allow yourself a small smile before bending down to pick the sparkling object up. You notice that it has the word ‘Mist’ chiselled into one side of it. You place it in your pocket and wander on, noting that the birds are singing once more.

The path now splits in two, allowing you to venture either northeast (turn to **235**) or east (turn to **316**). After you make your choice the trees shifts soundlessly behind you, sealing your exit.

### 296

It was an unwise action to turn your back on the one who claims to be Louis Fur, for he is undoubtedly one of the most powerful inhabitants on this island. Already he has

undergone a rapid change behind you and the last thing you feel is his vast claws about your throat, right before he rips your head off...

### 297

"I'm glad you feel you can trust me my friend," says the figure warmly. "Now, what is it you require help with? Be warned though, I can help you only once"

The first thing that enters your mind is the removal of the Death Spell. "Please cure me stranger, I've been afflicted with the spell of death," you say desperately.

The image flickers in and out of existence and you're sure his voice momentarily breaks when he answers, "That is the one thing I can not help you with."

You fall to your knees in despair. The figure continues talking, trying his best to sound upbeat, "I can still lift the curse you've been afflicted with! Either that or I can restore your mind, body or soul."

You wipe a tear from your eye and get to your feet. How will you reply:

Please lift the curse!	Turn to <b>350</b>
Please restore my mind!	Turn to <b>270</b>
Please restore my body!	Turn to <b>260</b>
Please restore my soul!	Turn to <b>253</b>

### 298

Not a sound is heard from you as you sneak carefully past the notorious bees. A little later and you reach a new junction: a boring little split in the path leading you on towards the north (turn to **359**) or tempting you west instead (turn to **193**).

### 299

Your sword is still in your hand, despite the fact that the whole world is spinning round you at an incredible speed. So, with your final, desperate attempt at salvation, you grit your teeth, force your eyes open and, with split-second timing, hack at the black blur as it rushes past you.

You cut Stalker's head off.

Instantly, the pain stops and the world stops spinning.

You fall, exhausted, to the ground.

Time passes and the horrible torment you have been subjected fades to nothing. You push yourself to your knees and look at the decapitated corpse before you. It is still very much dead. You stagger uncertainly to your feet and stand swaying a little. You look down at the still hooded head where it lies in the dirt and consider removing the garment to find what Stalker was hiding underneath. So you are just walking unsteadily over to it when you notice the hood is still moving slightly! Fear knots your stomach. Then, slowly at first, but soon ending in a small torrent of movement, hundreds of insects crawl from beneath the hood and run for the church!

You can't quite believe what you have witnessed, but accept it anyway. You have seen too much to question the unreal at this stage.

So, with heavy legs, you begin the next part of your trek and are surprised to find yourself soon feeling better and stronger, all the more so when you realise that you are now leaving the plain and re-entering the cool shade of the forest! Turn to **113**.

### 300

You pass through your chosen exit untroubled and find yourself in a muddy clearing. In the middle of this clearing stands a suit of apparently empty armour, whose metal's so clean, that the sunlight that bounces off it threatens to dazzle you. You shield your eyes against the gleam, take a step nearer, and examine it closely. Whoever used to inhabit the armour must have been a big man, to say the least, because the suit's size dwarfs you. You wonder what's holding the thing up. Then you get the unnerving feeling that you are being watched. You tilt your head upwards and scrutinise the emptiness of the armour's helmet and, sure enough, there are two tiny red specks staring back at you - this thing is alive! Then Watcher, for that is its name, raises its fists and walks quickly towards you. Defend yourself.

WATCHER

SKILL 8

STAMINA 6

Unknown to you, this foe has a deadly trick up its sleeve: the power to drain its enemy's strength just by thought and, the longer you are within its presence, the worse this drain will become. To indicate this you must lose a STAMINA point at the end of the first round, 2 at the end of the second, 3 at the end of the third, and so on. If you beat it, turn to **68**.

### 301

You walk onwards and soon discover a small clearing with a hole in the ground on the far side and a single exit to the east. You look about you and notice something odd about the trees surrounding you: they are all dead.

Just then, the ground below you trembles and an awful feeling of anger and hate seem to perpetuate the air. Then the earth at your feet falls away to reveal a dizzying drop into the utter blackness of a seemingly infinite void. You stare into this horror and start to go into some sort of trance. Then, the next moment, a sound suddenly wakes you from this nightmare - the sound of some far off bell? Yes ... there it is again, distant but audible. Once last the bell sounds, just before a vast winged creature bursts forth from the abyss at your feet then hovers above you like some great bat. This new threat is entirely black, even its eyes. It has 2 massive, thrashing wings attached to a human-like body and horns protruding from its head. Its face sports a look of uncontrollable rage and its entire being seems to emanate the purest of evils. Then the monstrosity starts to attack you with a quite staggering level of violence.

FIEND FROM THE PIT

SKILL 9

STAMINA 8

Because this creature is fighting you with such an incredible amount of ferocity and is of such unutterably hellish origin, you may only wound it with a successful LUCK roll. Normal, or unlucky hits will simply not do it any damage what so ever. So, in other words, should you wish to defeat it, you will need to *Test your Luck* each time you hit it and, only if successful, will you inflict the usual 4 points of LUCK damage (meaning you will need two lucky hits to kill it). Should you overcome this terrible enemy, turn to **118**.

### 302

You walk the path without incidence and soon find yourself following a larger more winding track, flanked by red roses. They seem to be bleeding. You try to ignore them and walk looking up at the bright-blue sky, just listening to the reassuring hum of insects. This is why you almost bump into a blue-skinned ape-like creature, sporting a massive twisted grin - a Luck Devil! A legendary creature said to feed off the very aura of its opponents. The moment you meet its piercing gaze it lets out a deafening howl and leaps at you.

LUCK DEVIL

SKILL 9

STAMINA 6

Each time the Devil succeeds in hitting you, you must lose a LUCK point as well as the usual 2 points of STAMINA. Should you overcome this new threat, turn to **109**.

### 303

At last the Horror is defeated: reduced to a bloody mass trembling on the floor. Add 1 LUCK point. You let out a deep sigh of relief and slowly climb out of the pit. When you have reached its lip you sit down with your head bowed and cry a little.

When you have gathered yourself together you stand and make ready to leave. Before you go, however, you can't help but risk one last glance at the human-ooze and are relieved to find it unmoving: perhaps the life once trapped within it has found peace at last? You shudder slightly, then walk off. After a small time you come across a featureless and empty turning that heads east (turn to **322**).

### 304

You have stumbled towards a northeastern exit. The moment you have left the clearing behind the awful sensation dies down, but you have the feeling that it's still there somewhere, at the back of your mind. A rustling noise startles you and you turn round in



a flash: the undergrowth has shifted itself, sealing your choice of direction. You look forward and suddenly make out the figure of a man standing in the shadow of a large tree. He is of average height and medium build and is dressed in a few scraps of old armour and wields a broad-bladed axe. It is when this figure steps out into the sunlit glade, blocking the only exit Northwest, that you realise your mistake: He is not a man, but a Man Orc - an unfortunate hybrid between the two races. You walk slowly towards him; he looks at your sheathed sword and grunts - evidently he wants you to draw it and fight him. You have no choice. Do as he asks.

You are just contemplating your plan of attack when there is a blur of movement as the Man Orc launches himself at you. Roll a die: if you roll between 1 and 4, fight on. On the other hand, if you roll either a 5 or a 6 the Man Orc takes you by surprise with his speed and automatically score a lucky hit that quickly starts to bleed profusely. If this happens you must deduct 2 *STAMINA* points now and 1 further point at the beginning of each new round. You will only be able to fix the wound and stop the *STAMINA* loss after this combat has ended. Now fight on.

MAN ORC

SKILL 10

STAMINA 6

If you defeat him, turn to **379**.

### 305

The Basalisk is finished, of that you can be sure. Still, you dare not risk an examination of its corpse and just walk past it, ignoring the awful thing's body. After a short walk through this empty land you come across a junction that offers you the choice of journeying either east (turn to **40**) west (turn to **347**) or northwest (turn to **180**). A strange wind whips up around you as you leave, strange in that it appears to be laughing at you.

### 306

You swallow your fear and march bravely on, ignoring the unnerving activities surrounding you. You have taken just one more step when the area explodes into bright, warm sunlight! A sunlight that is entirely devoid of both laughter and flitting things. You smile to yourself and continue onwards.

After a hundred paces or so you trip over an old discarded torch, complete with tinder box, that someone has just left lying on the ground. You scratch your head in confusion, but place the items in your pack anyway, before heading off north. Turn to **173**.

### 307

You sneak onto the overgrown path and head into its quiet depths. It twists and turns until it opens out into a clearing that is obviously a dead end. You turn angrily and make ready

to leave this place, but bump into a tall man, or should that be a tall *thing*? For the creature that blocks your retreat is not human, merely humanoid.

You gaze down at hooves where there should be feet, then at rusty nails where there should be fingers and, finally, at a mass of writhing tentacles where there should be a face. The creature is naked but for a loin cloth. Its skin is a sickening yellow colour and hangs off it in folds.

Then the creature attacks.

MUTANT

SKILL 8

STAMINA 7

Note how many times the creature hits you then, should you defeat it, turn to **6**.

### 308

It's no good, you fail to hold your breath long enough and accidentally breathe in some of the Basilisk's unholy breath, causing you a terribly painful but mercifully quick death...

### 309

You walk west and find yourself in a dried mud-field. The only thing of interest here, stuck fast in the mud, is a large and rather bizarrely placed mirror at the field's centre. Curiosity gets the better of you and you can't resist a closer look.

You walk over to it and smile at the brave warrior who smiles back at you. Laughter explodes all around you. You look hurriedly about you, but can find no obvious threat. Then you feel different. Your gaze falls to your sword, which seems much bigger than it used to and, what's more, your hands seem much smaller! You then notice that your armour is baggier than it should be and that your shield is much heavier than it once was. Bewildered, you lift your head back to the mirror and a look of utter disbelief crosses your face, for a grown adult no longer stares back at you, because a child has taken its place! The mirror has caused you to age backwards! You are no longer a fearsome warrior, but a weak child! Lose 4 SKILL points. You curse your ill luck and make your way back east then north, turn to **8**.

### 310

The further west you travel the muddier the path becomes, until you are sinking in almost up to your knees. Don't worry though, it really is mud this time.

You trudge on through the thick stuff and soon find yourself standing at the edge of another expanse of water, except that this lake looks dark and forbidding. As you stand on the lake's bank you become aware of a fog approaching in the distance. It seems to be moving towards you, yet there is no wind.

You wait a while longer until you can see the cloud of fog more closely: there appears to be something at its centre.

You wait further till you find out exactly what the cloud contains: a ship - its mast and ragged sails now clearly visible. The large vessel in question is covered in weeds and its

rotten timbers are riddled with holes, making it look very old indeed, positively ancient, it is also completely deserted - or so it seems. The ship and the fog that accompanies it both float further towards you, till they are only a couple of dozen yards from the bank, then they stop. They seem to be waiting. What will you do: board the ship? Turn to **178**. Ignore it and swim across the lake? Turn to **29**.

### 311

The faces' expressions change once more, to one of anger and hatred. Then countless voices explode all around you, "Coward! Coward! Coward!" they sing in a furious chorus.

You think to run, but you can't because something terrible has already started happen. You feel sick to the very pit of your stomach, your head is spinning and you can no longer walk straight. Then you notice your hands; the flesh is rotting away! You bring what's left of your bloody fingers up to your face, but touch only skull! You have aged centuries in only a few moments. You sink in agony to the forest floor and lay down in a pool of your own blood. There will be even more insects here soon...

### 312

East it is. This latest stretch of track takes you through a field of ripening corn, giving the impression of some small golden sea. The corn seems ready for harvest as it is both thick and tall, almost as tall as you! You pause for a moment, feeling the sun beat down and listening to the soft music of a gentle breeze as it tickles the corn about you.

Then a worrying thought hits you: this field would make an ideal place for a stealthy ambush! You draw your sword and advance carefully, turning round all the time, should danger cowardly seek you from the back....

"We meet again," says the Dice Creature as you trip over him.

"Indeed we do!" you say with a startled smile, "And tell me, did you get yourself fixed up OK?"

The Dice Creature leans against you and states, "Pretty much." Then he 'looks' up you and says, "You know the drill by now my friend, just don't go throwing me down any hidden mine-shafts or anything."

"I'll try my best!" you say with a grin. Then you sheath your sword, lift him up and ask, "What number am I trying for this time?"

To which the Dice Creature answers, "Three." Roll a die. If you roll a three, turn to **335**. If you roll any other number, turn to **11**.

### 313

You are in deadly danger and are unlikely to ever leave this place; still, you must try. Fight all the heads at once. *Instant death* will only kill the current head – not the entire creature.

1ST HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
2ND HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
3RD HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
4TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4

5TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
6TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
7TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
8TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4

Should you, by some incredible occurrence, somehow manage to defeat this foe, you may add 4 LUCK points then turn with great pride to **189**.

### 314

In the blink of an eye, you have released Sleepwalker and thrown yourself at this new man - only to sail straight through him and fall to the ground! Deduct 1 LUCK point. Turn to **353**.

### 315

The birds start to sing loudly above you as you follow this pathway; they almost seem to be egging you on. You listen to their beautiful songs whilst watching them fly gracefully through the air.

It becomes increasingly difficult to walk through all this thick mud however, and you soon find yourself sinking into your knees and struggling pathetically to make further progress. Then you realise your mistake - this isn't mud, this is quicksand! Have you been tricked? It doesn't matter now though because, you are right in the middle of a lake of the deadly stuff, and are sinking fast. You call for help and frighten the birds away, no help comes though and you are in big trouble yet again. You look about frantically, searching for something to grab onto, but the only thing you accomplish is making yourself sink down even further - right up to your waist, then shoulders, then neck. Tears run down your face as the full extent of your imminent slow death makes itself apparent to you. You offer one last prayer to the Gods, but there's no way out, prepare to die...

### 316

You trudge through leaves and follow the path as it winds its way onwards, passing by countless silent trees.

Presently, you almost trip over a small man lying in a pile of leaves. "Watch where you're going you great brute!" says the little man in a squeaky voice as he struggles to his feet.

When he has stood up he only comes up to your waist! The little man is dressed in baggy green clothes and sports a very large hat.

“Ah...” he continues, “you must be the one I’ve been waiting for, the one who must play my game!”

It’s then that you recognise the little man for what he is - a Leprechaun. These creatures are troublesome at best and deadly at worse.

You look down at him and ask, “What game?”

The Leprechaun laughs and replies, “The game of chance of course, you great oaf!”

Will you agree with him and play his game? If so, turn to **291**. If not, then you may walk onwards, turn to **255**. Or, if you decide to dispense with the pleasantries and attack him, turn instead to **262**.

### 317

You make a clumsy grab for the rope then watch in dismay as it slips from your grasp and into the cauldron below - there’s no way you’re putting your hand in there! And, what’s more, the rope would be useless by now. Deduct 1 LUCK point. You are full of disappointment when you leave and head west, turn to **95**.

### 318

Lose a point from your STAMINA score. The thorny path soon widens then opens out onto a dusty field with no signs of life. You stand for a while and survey your surroundings, but there is no movement. You lift your gaze up to the sky and notice it now sports a slightly reddish tinge, making you wonder how long before nightfall. Movement catches your eye. You bring your gaze back down and are startled to notice a man standing on the path a

few dozen meters before you! He wasn't there before! Where did he come from? He starts to trudge towards you. The man wears a long, dark cloak that hangs in tatters and billows in the breeze. As he trudges closer you see that he is tall and very thin, almost skeletal, especially his face. As he gets closer still, you can see his features clearly; his skin is pail and unhealthy looking, his expression is blank and lifeless. However, you feel that this wretched figure is no ordinary man, indeed, you sense the stench of death about him, a great power hidden within, an ancient evil.

You are right. This is not a man; this is a monster - a Soul Master. You feel an overwhelming urge to run, to hide, to do anything but stay here and face him. Then you find yourself momentarily paralysed as the Master reaches out and places its clammy hands on your face and instantly an awful feeling of tiredness takes over you as your soul is drained from your body. The monster's grasp is inhumanly strong and its mental power is immense - it takes an effort of iron will to break free. You step back shakily and draw your sword, the Soul Master hisses at you and begins its careful advance. Fight it.

SOUL MASTER

SKILL 6

STAMINA 7

This powerful creature has the horrifying ability to drain the very soul of those unfortunate enough to be its enemy. To reflect this you must, every time it hits you, lose a point of SKILL. Not only this, but also each SKILL point you lose must be added to the Soul Master's SKILL! However, because this creature is physically weak, it will cause you only 1 point of STAMINA damage each time it hits you. Should you overcome this thing, turn to **31**, but do *not* regain any SKILL points lost to the Master.

### 319

The very instant the Night Demon sees that you are about to strike, the girl disappears and takes the mind-assault with her.

The Demon has stopped laughing. "Do you know how much concentration it requires to hold one of those things here?" asks the right head indignantly in its usual rough voice.

You glare up at the nine-foot, twin-headed monstrosity that towers above you, its powerful bulk blocking out the sun and forcing you to stand in its shadow. "Whatever." you say, sounding irritated. Then you continue to walk towards it.

"No manners at all," says the left head to the right.

"I quite agree," answers the left, "at least we have been known, in our time, as a gentleman."

You stop in your tracks. *A gentleman?* you ask yourself. *You have got to be kidding me.*

"Not at all," answers the right head, seemingly having read your mind. "We have always had the capacity for being gentlemanly."

"When the time calls for it, of course," adds the left head quickly.

"Especially to our wonderful children," continues the right.

"Children?" you ask, surprised.

"Oh yes," answers the left head, "our seven blessed children."

Your eyes widen in shock, as your reeling mind tries to take in what it has just been told. “I expect you were a very *tall* gentleman?” you ask, trying to keep your thoughts under control.

“What kind of a question is that?” asks the right head, sounding annoyed.

“And I expect your ‘seven blessed children’ are all grown up by now?” you ask, trying not to sound too sarcastic.

“What business is it of yours, you pitiful wretch?” shouts the left head.

“Well, let me put it this way,” you say with a slight hint of relish, “I guarantee that most of them won’t be round for Christmas.”

The Night Demon bellows in anger.

You spit in contempt.

Then you meet each other head on in battle.

*Instant death* will not work here.

NIGHT DEMON

SKILL 9

STAMINA 40

2	It casts a Health Drain spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> STAMINA point
3	It trips you with its tail:	deduct 1 STAMINA point
4	It bites you:	deduct 2 STAMINA points
5	It smashes you into a tree:	deduct 3 STAMINA points
6	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a
	potion!	
7	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a
	potion!	
8	It casts a Rejuvenate spell:	it regains 3 STAMINA points
9	It casts a Fireball spell:	deduct a die of STAMINA
10	It casts a Misfortune spell:	deduct a LUCK point
11	It casts a Curse spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> LUCK point
12	It casts a Weakness spell:	deduct a SKILL point

You can’t help thinking that, for something supposedly weakened ‘beyond all recognition’; it still seems much, much too strong, even for you.

Because its two heads can think independently of each other, the Night Demon gains extraordinary reflexes, allowing it to attack twice per round. To take this into account you must, each time it wins an attack round (and inflicts the usual 2 points of STAMINA damage) roll 2 further dice and consult the table above. This will show you how the Demon uses its ‘extra’ attacks each round.

The *first* time you successfully hit it, turn to **336**.

### 320

With astounding speed, you rip the shell from your pack and blow with all your might into the thing. The Elemental looks curious. You look up to find the sky above him has become dark and gloomy, casting deep shadows over the surrounding area.

Then the heavens open and a torrent of rain pours down and engulfs the creature in water, but the Earth Elemental just laughs and bellows, "Do you seek to amuse me foolish human?"

You start to shake uncontrollably. The creature then reaches out for you and pulls your jaw from your head...

### 321

The Night Demon comes crashing down, shaking the ground and the whole of hell. Instantly, the wind begins to die down, as do the screams and the pleading. You look up and notice the skies are rapidly turning blue again and its clouds are assuming their normal shape again. You look around and notice that the circle of fire has already started to dwindle.

It is over.

A coughing sound makes you spin round, where you see the three Wizards have returned from where ever it was they went! Your elation is short lived though, because you soon realise that two of them are dead; their bodies lying unmoving, their faces forever locked into expressions of torment. The last however, the one you met first, all that time ago, he is still alive. You walk over to the old man who is trying to push himself up onto his knees and notice that his entire body is shaking, as though he had just fought a great battle.

"Don't try to stand," you say with tears in your eyes. The old man takes no heed and keeps struggling till, at last, he manages to bring himself to a stand.

The old man looks at you, his face pale and drawn, and speaks with a quiet shaking voice, "I have no intention of dying on my knees Warrior."

You try not to show the pity you feel when asking, "What of your friends? What happened to them and to you?"

"What had to happen, nothing more," he replies, sounding weary.

"I have to know!" you say loudly, but quickly feel somewhat ashamed.

"We were in hell," he says, his voice almost breaking. You look stunned, but ask him to continue. "It was the only way we could make sure the binding spell worked. All was going well and we were within reach of the Demon's true body." The old man starts to shake and tears well up in his eyes. "Just a few more moments and we would have come back safely, but its brothers discovered us and attacked."

"Brothers?" you ask, astonished.

"Indeed, for it has three of them." You bow your head, trying to hide your despair. "Do not worry Warrior, we fought them off and the spell has worked."

You raise your head and ask with a sigh, "That is good; the Demon is truly dead?"

"It can never again be reborn," replies the old man, looking at any moment as though he will collapse.



“But is brothers?” you say, a hint of sorrow entering your voice. “I’ve only killed one of them...”

“You have done so much more than you realise my friend,” says the old man. “You have struck a blow against hell, a blow so powerful that it is unlikely it will ever recover.”

You wipe your eyes and ask, “Is it really as much as that? I mean, the Night Demon’s death, will it really accomplish all that?”

“Yes it will, all that and more.” Then the Wizard’s face becomes pained. You make to walk over him but he falls to the ground, coughing up blood. You throw your sword down and rush to the old man’s side. He opens his eyes and peers up at you; blood dripping from his mouth. “I suppose you will want to consign its soul to oblivion now?” he whispers painfully.

“It was part of our bargain,” you say, your voice full of concern.

“Then you will need this,” he replies as he reaches into his cloak to produce a golden piece of paper. “It is the spell of Oblivion,” continues the old man.

You look at the spell and are surprised by how small it is, yet it must contain unimaginable power. You turn it over in your hands: one side contains a meaningless jumble of words, the other just a single word, ‘Oblivion.’ “How do I use it?” you ask.

The Wizard had momentarily closed his eyes, but reopens them and answers, “Just stand by its body and say what the word on the back.” His eyes start to slowly close, but he manages to keep on talking, “To leave this island and get back to your own village, you must go back to our house and into the library. There, look about until you spy a large red book between two small blue ones. Take that book from its shelf and the whole section will tile towards you like a door. Behind that door you will find a portal that will place you on a track just a few miles from your village. Those few miles should give you some time to compose yourself in time to meet your fellow villagers and work out what you wish to say to them.”

You smile down at the wizened, wrinkled face and say, “You have thought of everything, haven’t you?”

But a coughing fit wracks the old man, making doubling up in pain. A few moments pass and he tries to tell you something but his voice is too weak to understand, so you have to bend right over him to hear. “If you are worried about the other Night Demons, do not be. You have been shielded from them; they can never find you.” You thank the old man and are about to ask him something else when he grips your collar, his eyes wide, and whispers, “Because of you ... people will no longer fear the night as they once did...” Then he releases your collar, closes his eyes and dies.”

You stand up and wipe the tears from your eyes. Then you say a silent prayer for the three Wizards, pick your sword up and consider where to bury each of them. Before you can consider this though, more coughing can be heard behind you and you wonder if one of the other Wizards isn’t still alive after all! Upon turning round, however, you see a sight that almost makes your heart stop. The Night Demon is still alive and is dragging its bloody body back up onto its knees.

You rip your sword from its scabbard and leap towards the giant creature, but before you even think of striking it covers its battered heads with its hands. You walk right up to it and look down at its heads, but the Demon closes its eyes and just kneels there before

you, shaking slightly. "We can give you anything you want, Warrior," its left head says, still with its eyes closed. "Anything you could possibly imagine," agrees the right head.

"You have nothing to offer me," you answer.

"But you don't understand," says the left head, turning away from you. "We could make you a king, a king of kings." "You could be the richest and most famous person on the planet." Continues the right head, almost looking as though its bowing to you.

"You can plead and beg all you like," you say defiantly.

"We could have our masters sign a pact to ensure we or our brothers or anything in hell could never again attack you again," says the left head as it too starts to look like it's bowing.

"I'm sure you could do that," you answer, noticing that the Demon's breathing is becoming more erratic with every word; it is clearly close to death. "But you have my answer and now you will have your punishment." The Demon is shook by a convulsive shudder and topples over, its faces in the dirt. You are sure it is crying.

"I shall now consign you to oblivion, as you consigned me before." The Demon just lies shaking in the dirt covered in its own blood. So you raise your hands and make ready to perform the spell.

"Good," the left head whispers hatefully, "our brothers shall find us and we shall find you."

You suddenly stop in your tracks and realise that the pitiful creature grovelling before you could actually be right. Sure, it could take time for it to be found, possibly decades or even centuries. Or, it could be found tomorrow. You rip the spell to pieces and sprinkle what's left of it over the Demon's heads.

"You change your mind?" asks the left one in triumph.

"I do," you reply, "I have decided to just kill you now despite the fact that you will escape punishment.

"Even better!" hisses the left head, "our soul will go back to hell and we and our brothers will come back for you no matter where you are."

"You have forgotten the binding spell," you answer.

"No spell is powerful enough to bind us!" comes the mocking reply.

"Too late for words, the spell has been a success."

The Demon pushes itself onto its back and stares wide-eyed up at you.

"You shall die here and forever."

"No!" shouts the left head. "We are an immortal!"

"Not anymore," you say as you raise your sword.

"We have walked this world before humans even crawled from the slime!" roars the right head, as the Demon thrashes around in the dirt, sending sprays of its blood splattering over the grass.

"A fitting epitaph," you say as you bring your blade down in a mighty sweep, cutting both the throats of the Night Demon.

It brings its clawed hands up to its necks and attempts to stem the flow of blood, but you have already re-raised your sword. The Demon makes eye contact with you a moment before you bring your sword crashing down once more. That final look it gave you before your sword pierced its heart, was a look of utter fear.

The creature's great form shudders a few times as its death rattle kicks in. A few moments later and its eyes have closed and its giant body lays still. It takes you a while to realise that you have become the first person ever to slay a prince of hell.

The Night Demon is dead.

A sudden cheering sound can be heard all around you, yet there is no one there! You look back at the Demon's body and are just in time to witness a vast torrent of sparkling lights burst forth from its chest and blaze up into the sky above you. You watch with delight as tens of thousands of sparkling balls of light circle above you cheering and laughing.

Who could say how long these 'lost souls of hell' serenaded you? But you were surrounded in the warm glow of countless twinkling lights for quite some time till, at last, they soared far up into the blue sky above you and winked out of existence, free at last.

You wait for a while longer, feeling very moved.

It takes a few hours to bury the three old men in their garden. You chose a spot that catch as much sunlight as possible. You even considered burying the Night Demon, for you didn't really want its foul form spoiling the garden's beauty. But its body will rot soon enough, back into the soil that must once have spawned it; back to give new life to the earth it has stolen so much from.

After a brief rest and a check that a cross marks each of the poor old Wizard's graves, you make your way back to their house and into the library. It doesn't take long to find the big red book, flanked by two small ones by its sides. You pull it from its shelf and step back as a section of the book-lined wall swings out and towards you, revealing a large glowing yellow light. It must be the portal home!

You are about to step through when you notice the name of the book you took, 'Prophecies of the Warrior.' You open it up and find a drawing of the three Wizards! Opposite them is a picture of a sword-wielding fighter doing battle with a great two-headed monstrosity as it towers above him. You smile to yourself. The book is then carefully placed back in its rightful place and you make to step through the portal.

Bright white light surrounds you, dancing images sway before you, making you dizzy. An instant later and the light has gone, as has the house you just stood in. Looking about, you see you are on a muddy old trail leading through a field of swaying wheat. This is your route home!

You take your sword off and throw it in the field with a smile, sure that you will never need a blade again.

Off you then walk, at a gentle pace and taking care to breathe in the clean air about you. Butterflies flit before you, ladybirds peer at you from the tips of tall stems of wheat while, above you, some robins play in the sky. And not a tree in sight!

You notice a plume of smoke in the distance and instantly know it to belong to your old forge in your village. You walk off towards it, through fields of green and gold.

A couple of miles later and you are within sight of your village and some of the people that inhabit it. You feel like laughing, shouting, doing anything at all! But then you feel it, a gnawing fear you have felt before. You turn back and notice that a mist has arisen behind you. A mist that smells of blood. You fall to your knees and bow your head in despair. A flicker of movement catches your eye as a shadowy form glistens in the mist and starts to walk towards you.

*No! No! I killed it, I know I did! Stalker lied, he must have!*

You get up and, thinking to lead it away from your village and knowing now you could never return but must instead run forever from this creature that will never stop hunting you. A burst of light appears between you and Sleepwalker, a light that brings a feeling of warmth and peace. Sleepwalker takes no notice of it and continues to walk towards you, leaving bloody footprints as it does so. Then a large shape forms hazily within the light. The shape reaches out with at least three arms and picks the creature up off the ground and draws its struggling form towards several horned heads. Another flash of light and Sleepwalker is gone! The mist, the blood, the fear, they have all gone!

You get to your feet and wipe away a small tear with a shaking hand. You look towards the place where the light appeared and smile. A while later and you are on your way back to your village, where you notice children playing and fathers and mothers looking at them proudly. This reminds you of your own father, who passed away sometime ago, he will never get the chance to look at you proudly. This makes you feel a little sad.

But you still get the feeling that someone is watching over you after all...

### 322

Deduct 1 point from your *STAMINA*. The eastern pathway quickly leads you on through the forest, but it is no longer the lush place you are used to because you are now in a very old part of the woods. Everything here looks dead or dying.

It's here that the Death spell seems to worsen and you are almost brought to your knees, barely able to stand because you feel so sick. Deduct another point from your *STAMINA*. From now on the spell's effects will gradually begin to worsen.

After a while you gain a second wind and find you have regained your senses a little. You stand up and walk wearily on.

Some time later you see a figure approaching you in the distance. You stand with your weapon hand on your sword-hilt, and wait for him. At last he draws close and you make a quick study of him: he is a short, neatly dressed man of advanced years.

The man looks at you and offers you his hand saying, "My name is Fur, but you can call me Louis."

He seems harmless enough. Will you shake his hand? Turn to **82**. Or decline? Turn to **67**.

### 323

The very moment you even *think* of approaching the ladder, you are suddenly and inexplicably assaulted by a terrible fear. You quickly back away, shaken, but pluck up the courage to near the ladder once more, only to be turned back by some horrible unknown terror that threatens to engulf your mind. Once more do you approach the ladder, determined to best the surely illusory fear, and once more you are forced back as your mind assailed with fleeting images of maggots feasting on dead flesh, people cutting their own throats, and the trees surrounding you reaching out and ripping you apart. There is clearly some devilry at work here, be it a spell or an illusion or, perhaps, there really is something unspeakable waiting for you within the rift? You may try to overcome your fear and enter the small chasm as many times as you like. You must do this by *Testing your Stamina* and, for every time you fail the test you must deduct 1 point of *initial*

STAMINA! If you, at any time, test successfully, you may turn to **172**. However, if you decide your STAMINA becomes too low to continue trying, or you do not wish to try in the first place, you may simply leave and head south down the dusty pathway (turn to **193**).

### 324

You struggle with might that would have impressed a giant, until you break free of the thing's grip and swim like mad for the shore. You can hear it behind you though, trying to catch you up, but to no avail! You make it back to more shallow waters then collapse, exhausted, onto the beach. You may have 1 LUCK point for your escape, for few have survived a meeting with the Krackon. However, before you congratulate yourself too much, you must realise that *all* of your remaining Health Potions have been smashed to pieces during your heroic struggle. Still, you have your life, if not much else. When you have recovered from your ordeal you look back at the old ship and quickly find that it is now your only way onwards. Turn to **178**.

### 325

You take but a single step towards the giant carving and realise in a single moment that it must rate as one of your top ten worst mistakes ever; the thing's eyes flick open and stare with ferocious hate at you. Then the Ice Demon rears up to its full, incredible height, brushing the roof with its horns as it does so, and before you can even think of running, it effortlessly plants one of its great hooped feet in front of your only exit. You reach for your sword but, because of the numbing cold in your fingers, it almost slips from your grasp - can you hold on? *Test your luck*. If you are lucky, turn to **63**. If you are unlucky, turn to **293**.

### 326

The golden path disappears the moment you refuse to travel it. Instead, you head on into the gloom and are delighted to find that it soon gives way to brightness and leads you to a very clean looking path that seems freshly dug.

This newly forged pathway leads you through an unusually beautiful part of the wood. The trees are young, strong and team with life; the flowers are a riot of colours and grow like a living rainbow all about you. There are many tame animals here: deer frolic through the trees, rabbits disappear into their burrows, exotic birds play in the cloudless sky, and wild horses chew lazily at the grass. This place feels like paradise. You smile and walk on slowly, admiring the scene about you.

After a fashion, you make your way to the end of the path and what seems to be a fountain. The object in question is silver and is as tall as you are. It is decorated with laughing angels and many golden crucifixes. About the ornately carved feet of the fountain are ripe apples, plump grapes and juicy bananas. You suddenly feel very hungry, in fact, you are starving! You sink to your knees and cram the delicious food into your mouth but, although your hunger is soon satisfied, you do not feel any the better for eating this feast.

There is a reason for this. The things you have just eaten were not meant for you, they were offerings for the Gods, the same Gods who you have just insulted by feasting greedily on their rightful gifts. You stand up straight, with fear in your eyes, but it's no good, you suddenly feel alone, helpless and alone. The Gods have turned their backs on you. You are abandoned. So there you stand, gazing up at the sky with a tear-streaked face, feeling ... nothing, nothing at all. The sun's rays do not warm you, the wind does not cool you, the rain does not cleanse you, and the earth does not support you.

You clasp your face with a hand and cry for a while. Roll 2 dice. This is the amount of Gods that have forgotten you and, for each one that does, you must lose a point of LUCK. It takes some time for you to gather your wits and push on. You have only taken a few steps when you trip over something buried in the ground. Something gold. What will you do: dig it out? Turn to **44**. Ignore it turn back to the junction to head east? Turn to **229**.

### 327

Before you can react the Basalisk is almost upon you and, without a gag, you will have to hold your breath! *Test your stamina* adding 2 to the number rolled. If you test successfully, turn to **26**. If you test unsuccessfully, turn to **308**.

### 328

Surely the bleeding hole is a test of courage and nothing more? This you tell yourself as you reach in, right up to your shoulder. Something brushes past your hand. You freeze. Nothing further happens though and, although sweat breaks out on your forehead and you start to shake, you continue searching the hole. A few long moments later you grab hold of a soft bundle and wrench it with impressive speed from the confines of the tree. The bundle you now hold turns out to be a small banquet of fish and vegetables all wrapped in a clean cloth. You smile, sit down, and begin to feast heartily. Add a die's worth of STAMINA points for the meal. You stand up, satisfied with your meal, and wonder if you should try a little fungus as desert (if you haven't already)? Turn to **230**, if you do. Turn to **261**, if you do not and continue your journey.

### 329

Which pot will you take:

The first one?	Turn to <b>79</b>
The second one?	Turn to <b>122</b>
The third one?	Turn to <b>342</b>
The fourth one?	Turn to <b>181</b>
The fifth one?	Turn to <b>203</b>
The sixth one?	Turn to <b>383</b>

### 330

You crash into several trees till you make your way to a Northeast exit; the dizziness soon passes, for the moment. You have come to an unusual sight: You are standing on a narrow precipice, cut off from the sides, but not the front. Facing you are two long, deep chasm's, each lined with a wall of stout trees, and between them runs a tall, thin wall of earth and twigs, which eventually returns into the thick of the forest.

You stand for a while and study the sight before you. The chasm's both run to quite a depth, but probably not a fatal one. The pathway looks solid enough, but its sides are very sheer. Your choice is obvious. You step warily onto the thin pathway and start to tread gently across, and all goes well, until half way. The moment you reach the exact centre of the walkway a weird wind begins to stir up around you, weird because it doesn't effect the nearby trees in the slightest. You fight to keep your balance, but the wind blows ever stronger, till it becomes a raging gale. *Test your stamina.* If you test successfully, turn to **391**. If you test unsuccessfully, turn to **238**.

### 331

A short walk later and you find yourself staring at dozens of Fairies that fill the air ahead of you, laughing and singing. They cheer as you walk towards them, then they fly above and around, you laughing all the time. One of the Fairies then lands on your shoulder and complements you on getting this far, on hearing this the other Fairies start to chant your name, "Warrior! Warrior!" Have you walked through the Fairy Dust? If so, turn to **370**. If not, turn instead to **363**.

### 332

You suppress your fear, take a deep breath and enter the 'Tunnels of the Dead'.

At first your route is fairly obvious, being lit by the sun outside, but the further you walk the darker it becomes. The tunnel twists this way and that and you do your best to follow it without bumping into the walls, or anything else, but you can't quite shake off the gnawing fear you felt before. The tunnel soon becomes pitch-black, making it impossible to see anything at all.

For quite a distance you carry on this way, using your ears to locate hidden dangers, and now again you're sure you hear footsteps or felt something close behind you. The tunnel thankfully becomes a shade lighter a little further on, lit by a few tiny cracks in the ceiling, and now you can see about yourself a tad better but, if anything, it's worse. You are now passing through a series of long-deserted caves, filled with nothing but shadows and silence. Your fear increases.

After a time of travelling these old caves you find yourself filled with a feeling of mounting dread, a dread surmounted by another feeling - that you are being followed. That something is stalking you. It gets to a point where you have to keep stopping and looking back into the darkness behind you, straining your eyes and ears for signs of danger.

Twenty minutes later and you find yourself visibly shaking and almost overcome by an unknown and unseen fear. A short while after this and you find yourself practically walking backwards, so sure are you that, at any moment, something is going to reach out and grab you. You're not entirely certain how much more of this you can endure. What will you do:

Ignore your fear and continue?

Turn to **48**

Forget about caution and fling yourself into the darkness ahead?

Turn to **127**

Take a big chance and turn back, perhaps hoping to escape?

Turn to **289**

### 333

Your sword is drawn at break-neck speed and is soon speeding rapidly towards the ghostly faces in front of you - but it sails straight through them, leaving the Gangees unharmed!



Laughter echoes around you, "Ah ... it has spirit, we like that!" they say, "But it should put its sword away now; the weapon will do it no good against foes such as us."

Will you do as they ask and resheath your sword? Turn to **259**. Ignore their advice and continue to brandish your trusty blade? Turn to **341**.

### 334

You grab the golden teeth from your pocket and throw them at the mud between you and the advancing Hydra that now towers above you; casting its deadly shadow over the surrounding area and hissing all the time as it slithers even closer.

The teeth, meanwhile, have sunk in at unnatural speed, almost as if something were calling to them. Then, just as the Hydra's heads begin to snake down towards you, a rusty sword shoots from the swamp between you. You watch with both delight and dread as the sword is followed by a bony arm, and that arm is followed by an ancient skeleton, dressed in scraps of rotten armour. The Bone-Warrior keeps itself between you and the great creature you now face - it must be your ally!

For every golden tooth you possess, another bone-warrior will rise between you and the swamp-monster, and they will each fight and kill one of its eight heads. However, you yourself will have to face and defeat any of the remaining heads. So, for instance, if you had three teeth, you would have to fight five of the heads, but may ignore the remaining three. Now, fight however many heads you have to and, what's more, fight them all at once. *Instant death* will only kill the head you are currently fighting – not the entire creature.

1ST HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
2ND HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
3RD HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
4TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
5TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
6TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
7TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4
8TH HYDRA HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4

Should you defeat the creature, the Bone-Warriors will help you no longer and sink beneath the muddy waters, finally at peace. Turn proudly to **189**.

### 335

The dice Creature has landed in a particularly large cow pat (how did that get here?). He gets up and says, "Good work my friend, you have earned yourself a blessing."

Add 6 points to your *initial* STAMINA.

You thank your friend and try not to laugh when asking, "Are you all right?"

To which he replies, "How would you feel?"

You can't help but giggle. Then the Creature wishes you well, turns and waddles off behind you. Turn to **114**.

### 336

The moment your sword so much as grazes the Demon Prince's foul red flesh, it roars and holds both its heads with its clawed hands. You now have time to drink a potion. You step back, momentarily bemused, and quickly see that it doesn't seem as tall or as heavily built as it did some seconds ago - of course! Its strength was an illusion - it really is weakened!

You take your sword in both hands and make ready to lash out at the giant in front of you.

It looks worried.

*Instant death* will not kill it but will immediately reduce its stamina to 30 and take you to **346**.

NIGHT DEMON

SKILL 7

STAMINA 38

- |    |                                |   |
|----|--------------------------------|---|
| 2  | It casts a Health Drain spell: | deduct an <i>initial</i> STAMINA point          |
| 3  | It trips you with its tail:    | deduct 1 STAMINA point                          |
| 4  | It bites you:                  | deduct 2 STAMINA points                         |
| 5  | It smashes you into a tree:    | deduct 3 STAMINA points                         |
| 6  | It misses you:                 | gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a<br>potion! |
| 7  | It misses you:                 | gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a<br>potion! |
| 8  | It casts a Rejuvenate spell:   | it regains 3 STAMINA points                     |
| 9  | It casts a Fireball spell:     | deduct a die of STAMINA                         |
| 10 | It casts a Misfortune spell:   | deduct a LUCK point                             |

- |    |                            |                                     |
|----|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 11 | It casts a Curse spell:    | deduct an <i>initial</i> LUCK point |
| 12 | It casts a Weakness spell: | deduct a SKILL point                |

Because its two heads can think independently of each other, the Night Demon gains extraordinary reflexes, allowing it to attack twice per round. To take this into account you must, each time it wins an attack round (and inflicts the usual 2 points of STAMINA damage) roll 2 further dice and consult the table above. This will show you how the Demon uses its 'extra' attacks each round. Continue the fight until you reduce its STAMINA to 30, then turn to **346**.

### 337

You point the ring at your foul enemy and shout, "Time!"

The huge creature suddenly seems to move very quickly, and starts to cool down even quicker but, just as it places its vast, still boiling hot hands around your face, you realise that it hasn't been speeded up at all - you have been slowed down. Your death is slow and utterly agonising...

### 338

You wait for a while, every muscle tense with expectation. But nothing happens, the Messenger of Death does not reappear! You have beaten it at its own foul game! Have 1 LUCK point. A broad grin breaks out on your face and you almost feel like shouting in triumph. You don't though, just in case. Instead, you make your way confidently onwards, smiling all the time.

So you walk ever onwards you do, and soon find yourself passing through a barren land littered with stones and rocks. Turn to **288**.

### 339

You remember the women's soothing words and call out to her; she appears floating in the air above you: tall, elegant and very beautiful.

She looks pityingly at you and says hastily, "Grab my hand." It takes every last ounce of your fast diminishing strength to free your right arm and reach out for her out-stretched hand; she grabs you and lifts you clean out of the quicksand. She then carries you over the dreaded stuff and to safety on the other side of it. You stand there looking dishevelled but grateful. The woman brushes some of the sand off you, then envelops you in her warm arms. You close your eyes and try not to cry.

When you have reopened them, she is no where to be seen, you mouth the words, 'Thank you' and continue your quest. A short while later you trip over an old and

apparently discarded sword left lying in the mud. You stoop down and pick the weapon up, it has the word 'Fire' carved into one side of its blunt blade - why? Take it, if you desire it. You walk on down the path where you find it splits into three, but which one will you follow:

North?	Turn to <b>95</b>
Northeast?	Turn to <b>92</b>
East?	Turn to <b>356</b>

### 340

You approach the dust with an uneasy feeling washing over you then, before you know what's happening, you are engulfed by the stuff. You make ready to run when you suddenly feel strange, safe and warm, as though something good were watching over you. Then the dust is gone. Note that you have encountered 'Fairy Dust'. You walk on, trying to avoid a few stinging nettles dotted here and there. Later, you find a sharp turn northeast. Turn to **182**.

### 341

The Gangees gasp when they see that you have no intention of replacing your sword within its scabbard, "It's braver than most, we'll give it that!" they whisper to each other in voices full of surprise. They then swirl right up to you and say, "Alright, we'll make a bargain with it!"

You look puzzled but listen to them carefully.

"Give us some sort of prize and, not only we let it go, we too will give it its very own prize! Yes! And one that's no doubt of far greater value than what ever miserable offering it will present us with!"

What will you offer them:

A bronze medallion?	Turn to <b>396</b>
A jar of ointment?	Turn to <b>191</b>
Some gold?	Turn to <b>71</b>
If you do not have these items or you just refuse to offer them anything.	Turn to <b>142</b>

### 342

You scoop up the third pot and examine it carefully: it seems devoid of traps. You hold it up then hurl it mightily at the ground, causing it to explode into countless pieces. Bending down, you scrutinise the shattered remains of the pot and discover a golden ring with 'Time' written on it! You place the ring proudly on your finger and consider your next choice. Will you return to the clearing? Turn to **119**. Will you risk taking another pot? Turn to **217**.

### 343

North it is. Lose a point from both your current and *initial* STAMINA. You notice that the sky is now a rich red colour, because the sun has fully set. Presently, you make your way pass scratching branches and sharp thorns, only to stumble across a number of Health Potions just lying about on the ground! You eye the area carefully, however, assuring yourself of its safety and lack of traps. Then you approach the precious potions and reach down to grasp them. Roll a die: this is the amount of Health Potions you find. After this small triumph, you leave this welcoming area and soon find yourself at its only exit: southeast. Turn to **180**.

### 344

The Battlelord's axe bites painfully into your shoulder, making you grimace and curse. However his axe's blade holds a further horror - it is coated in some sort of poison! Are you wearing a ring of Poison Resistance? If you are, turn to **368**. If you are not, turn instead to **264**.

### 345

You suddenly realise what has happened: you have both been teleported somewhere else. As you look around your expression changes from one of dismay to one of horror as you are now in some sort of gruesome arena. All about you stands a high circular wall, and sitting atop the wall are all the creatures you have slain since you first undertook this test! All the monsters jeer and mock you, whilst some of them spit down at you. You then look up to find a sunset sky of deepest red, streaked with lines of yellow and gold. Then it starts to rain, but the rain is blood. You cry out in disgust as the stuff pours down on you, covering you in sticky red. You almost feel like crying at your grim situation and, indeed, almost go insane. Till one thought brings you back - the Dice Creature!

Your expression then becomes one of extreme anger; you draw your sword and grip it tightly, then you begin to advance menacingly on your former friend. The Dice Creature however is undergoing a worrying transformation, one that makes you forget your anger and feel quite unsure of yourself. The creature is becoming taller and thinner, taking on a

human shape except his skin is becoming green and his looks are becoming reptilian - of course - he is a Shapechanger!

When the transformation is complete the changer extends its huge curved claws and walks right up to you and starts to talk; his voice a horrible mocking hiss, "I am the sixth of the Seven, better known as 'He who shall not be named'. But you may refer to me as 'the Shapechanger', if you wish."

For no little time the two of you stand there staring at each other, you up at him, him down at you, but the Shapechanger's face is a mask of confidence, as if he knows something you don't. Then the ghostly crowd cheer as the changer hisses and leaps at you. Destroy this scum.

SHAPECHANGER

SKILL 8

STAMINA 8

The moment you have reduced his STAMINA to 2 points or less, turn at once to **385**.

### 346

The skies above you start to darken as the Night Demon roars in pain, its twisted voice echoing through the valleys around you. You now have time to take a Potion. You are about to continue your assault when you notice some of the grass around you has caught fire and is burning merrily in the twilight. You turn back to engage the Demon again, and are just in time to witness it unleash a spell right at you! *Test your Luck*. If you are lucky, turn to **360**. If you are unlucky, turn to **51**.

### 347

Lose a point from your STAMINA score. The Basilisk's final roar can still be heard ringing in the air as you head on west. You make your way to a darkened dell and are startled to notice a wrinkled old man sitting at the foot of a tree, reading a book. The darkened figure then bids you listen so he can relate an old tale his father once told him.

You have come too far and heard too many lies to trust anyone that easily. Your sword hisses free from its scabbard and soon has its point resting on the old man's chest. But he merely smiles and asks you again to sit and listen. You aren't sure at first, but slowly replace your sword, settle down, make yourself comfortable and hear what the man has to say. After all, what have you really got to lose anymore? If he tries anything, anything at all, you'll run him through in the blink of an eye.

He takes a deep breath and starts his story, "Ages ago, when the world was very young, there lived an unfortunate women, one who had yet to leave her teenage years. She was

beautiful, this women, and perfectly decent in every way. In fact, she was far more welcoming and trustworthy than any of the other people she lived with in that now long forgotten village. But no one welcomed her and no one trusted her either, oh she was unfortunate all right. For her pretty face was marred by a large birthmark that covered its left side almost completely. Some people said it was the mark of Demons or even the Devil himself, because it almost seemed to resemble an inverted cross. Not only this, but even the animals seemed afraid of her and would scurry away if she went near, some of villagers would later claim that these same animals would get sick if she walked past them.

To make matters worse, the poor thing's mother died at a very young age, seemingly for no apparent reason. This made her even more hated amongst the other villagers who become more and more fearful of the 'Devil-Girl'. Some of the men in that superstitious place even went so far as to suggest that she should be hanged for a witch, should she ever reach adulthood and be old enough to be responsible for her 'Crimes.'

So, the night before she was eighteen, and at the centre of ever increasing and mindless accusations, her father, afraid of what might happen to his daughter, took her far away to the middle of some uncharted forest. He provided her with a few provisions, a bundle of clothes, and a small knife for protection. Then spent a few short hours teaching her, as best he could, how to look after herself, out there on her own in the dark. He then kissed her tear-stained face and left her.”

You wipe a small tear from your own face and enquire, “Why didn't he take her to another village?”

The man sounds sad when replying, “Because he knew full well that the same thing would happen there, sooner or later.”

So you raise your voice in anger and state, “Well, why didn't he stay with her?”

The man responds, “He was the village doctor and the only one for miles around. He had to stay, for he had no choice.”

You bow your head and quietly ask, “What happened to the girl?”

There is a deep sigh and the man answers you with, “I'll continue if you like and tell you?”

You nod.

“Her father returned to the village and, the next morning, claimed no knowledge of his daughter's whereabouts. The other people didn't particularly believe his story, but they didn't really care - the Devil-Girl was gone.

Years past and the village soon began to resettle into its blissful ignorance; the young woman was long forgotten. However, leagues away, in other small pockets of civilisation, people spoke with hushed voices about the infamous Devil-Girl. Some of the remote area's inhabitants even went so far as to suggest actually seeing the girl herself. But, as if in some attempt to outdo everyone else, there was a grizzled old woodsman who lived in solitude deep in some unnamed forest and would claim things which would make your skin crawl.

He stated quite assuredly that, yes, he had seen the young women, and had also seen her walking with a 'tall gentleman friend'! He would then try to follow them but would always lose their trail. People would scoff at these claims but that certainly wouldn't stop them from listening intently.

The woodsman's bold claims would even suggest that, one warm summer's evening, deep in the woods, he witnessed the girl as being heavily pregnant and being helped along by her ever present tall gentleman friend. People would slap the old woodsman on the back and thank him for his unlikely tale, but most of them would shiver slightly as they left.

Time passed and the grizzled old woodsman claimed no more sightings of the girl or her tall companion. People were glad. Well, all but one, a young Priest. The holy man packed as many provisions as he could carry and tracked down the woodsman sometime later and persuaded him to take him to her last known whereabouts, miles into the unknown forest. Here, the Priest asked to be left, but the woodsman was fearful of what would happen to the young man, claiming that 'The whole thing was pointless anyway because, if an experienced tracker could never find her, how could anyone else?' The Priest however remained calm and simply replied that; 'God would guide him.' Then he walked away from the woodsman with such speed that the poor aged man just couldn't keep up with him, so turned back for home.

Nothing was heard of the young Priest for several weeks and he was presumed dead. However, the young holy man turned up out of the blue one night and barged his way into the local church, right in the middle of late-night mass. He was wide-eyed and painfully thin, his clothes were now nothing more than rags and, when he spoke, his voice sounded cracked and weak. But this didn't stop him claiming he'd found the 'Devil-Girl's home' and had seen her dead body! He said he found her in some 'secret house' in an ancient part of the forest, hidden by countless old trees. 'Her skin was burnt,' he would claim, 'her stomach had burst open', he would continue, 'her eyes were cut out and her tongue had been removed,' he would then add for good measure. All this in front of the children as well. But, before he could be taken to the local Doctor for examination he had blurted something out about 'snakes, strange and warped snakes!' Terrible things he would claim, that these snakes were 'all wrong' and had 'twisted human faces!' Then, witnesses say that he collapsed to the floor and could only whisper with his final breath, 'The seven serpents...' then, apparently, he just died."

There is a long pause before you lift your head and say in a voice full of disbelief, "That's the most horrible story I've ever heard."

The man reaches out and grips your shoulder, "Sometimes it is wise to hear the most horrible of things, we may still learn something." He leans back and sighs, "You look hungry, would you like something to eat?"

Will you reply that you do? Turn to **195**. Or will you politely reply that you do not? Turn to **268**.

### 348

The black skies surge furiously above you, the fire around you rages higher and the wind screams ever louder. It takes a supreme effort of will to ignore the Demon's powerful thoughts, but ignore them you do. Thunder rolls loudly above you as you walk back towards each other, as if the whole world was cheering this most mighty of battles. Beware though the Demon has re-healed itself back up to 10 points of STAMINA (if it was below that level in the first place). *Instant death* will not work here.



NIGHT DEMON  
10

SKILL 7

STAMINA

2	It casts a Health Drain spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> STAMINA point
3	It trips you with its tail:	deduct 1 STAMINA point
4	It bites you:	deduct 2 STAMINA points
5	It smashes you into a tree:	deduct 3 STAMINA points
6	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a potion!
7	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a potion!
8	It casts a Rejuvenate spell:	it regains 3 STAMINA points
9	It casts a Fireball spell:	deduct a die of STAMINA
10	It casts a Misfortune spell:	deduct a LUCK point
11	It casts a Curse spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> LUCK point
12	It casts a Weakness spell:	deduct a SKILL point

Because its two heads can think independently of each other, the Night Demon gains extraordinary reflexes, allowing it to attack twice per round. To take this into account you must, each time it wins an attack round (and inflicts the usual 2 points of STAMINA damage) roll 2 further dice and consult the table above. This will show you how the Demon uses its 'extra' attacks each round. If you win, turn to **321**.

### 349

The sea-witches' song is now in full swing, but you were not good enough in tying yourself to the ship's mast because, as the song fully hypnotises you, you quickly rip at the ropes about you and soon have them lying in a heap at your feet. You take your pack off, drop your sword and shield, and then walk calmly over to the side of the ship and jump in the water. You then swim over to the Siren's island and step out onto a beach that's covered in bones...

### 350

"It would be my pleasure!" says the figure with a smile.

You suddenly feel a warm, cleansing sensation rippling gentling through your body, leaving you feeling refreshed and relaxed.

"It was the least I could do." Says the figure with a bow. Then he slowly fades away leaving you alone once more.

You stand for a while, listening to the odd calls of crickets as they sit watching you suspiciously from the undergrowth. A flicker of movement above you catches your eye and you lift your gaze skyward to notice a group of vultures circling overhead.

Will you now head to the north (turn to **5**) or to the east (turn to **10**).

### **351**

You rifle desperately through your pack, knowing full well that nothing you possess would offer any defence against this awesome foe, but that doesn't stop you hoping for a miracle. The Elemental takes obvious pleasure in your plight and begins to laugh loudly, then it reaches out with its giant hands and grips your head with its fingers, before slowly splitting you in two...

### **352**

An unknown path to the south closes silently as you enter this area.

Glad to be somewhat past the willow trees, you start making your way down this new track, just minding your own business....

Ambush!

Something throws itself from the forest and bowls you over. You leap to your feet and draw your sword in one swift motion, and eye your would-be assassin.

The creature that you now face is man-height and seems to be of relatively slim build, but it's difficult to say because its entire body is covered from head to foot in long, wild brown hair. A closer look at its manic face suggests two things: firstly, it may well be insane (judging by the drool hanging from its lips and the crazed stare in its unblinking eyes), and secondly, it may well be human.

Then it gives a loud howl and starts to lope towards you, half-walking, half-crawling and bringing with it the stench of blood and decaying flesh. Then, when it is mere feet away from you, it rears up and begins to claw at its own chest with its nails, then bite its fingers to the bone with its rotten teeth. This poor creature you now face, human or not, has long since lost its mind. Now it is up to you to make sure it loses its life.

WILD THING  
STAMINA 9

SKILL 6

The consequences of hitting a Wild Thing are always unpredictable: at times it may be barely moved and offer nothing but the weakest of counter-attacks, at others it may become utterly enraged and retaliate with a hugely powerful assault that is fearsome to behold and even more terrifying to face. To indicate the Thing's inexplicable counter-assaults you must, every time you hit succeed in hitting it, roll a die and it to the Wild Thing's SKILL! This new value will remain its SKILL score until the next time you hit it, where it will then change to a new value, and so on. When rolling for the Thing's new SKILL score, you should always add it to its normal SKILL score of 6. However, should you wish to use LUCK to increase the amount of damage done to this foe, you must decide whether to *Test your Luck* before you adjust the Thing's SKILL. Should you overcome this lunatic foe, turn to **190**.

You get up and dust yourself off, trying to stop yourself from blushing, “Who on *earth* are you?” you ask the golden man.

“I am a Suma,” comes his polite reply.

“What on *earth* is a 'Suma'?” comes your confused response.

The golden man smiles again and says, “We are here to help those whom the God's favour.”

Your mouth drops open and all you can do is stare.

“As you may have guessed,” continues the Suma, “you yourself are much favoured by the Gods above us.”

You quickly tilt your head upwards and search the skies.

The Suma tries not to laugh. “I'm sorry, but I didn't mean they are quite *literally* above us!” he says cheerfully.

“Why would any of them favour me?” you ask.

“Because you are destined to do something no one ever has done,” is his strange reply, “it is you who is fated to destroy the Night Demon.”

You re-sheath your blade and say silent thanks to the Gods, “OK, then what is it you want, golden man?”

The Suma grins and says, “I can help you but once and only in your direst hour of need.” You look confused. The Suma continues, “Call me when *all seems lost*. To summon me you need only say my name: Suma 30.” What this means is that you must turn to 30 when you are told that ‘all seems lost’.

You thank the golden man and, again, you close your eyes and offer silent thanks to the Gods.

When you have opened them again, the Suma is gone and a shimmering golden path has opened up to the Southeast beside you. The Suma's voice can then be heard calling softly from it saying, “Come this way my friend, there is someone you must meet.” Will you agree with the Suma and walk the golden path? Turn to **281**. Will you disagree and run on north into the gloom? Turn to **326**.

### 354

You throw your sword to the ground, wrench the kris knife from your backpack and brandish it at your huge enemy: at once the Demon looks afraid, but it still closes in for the kill. The kris knife is extremely powerful when used to fight Hell Demons and will add 4 points to your Attack Strength, for *this* battle only. Fight.

HELL DEMON

SKILL 12

STAMINA 10

If you vanquish this most foul of foes, turn to **4**.

### 355

Deduct 2 points of *STAMINA*. You decide this is your only choice of direction. It's now some time after your encounter with the Hell Demon, but you swear you could still hear its roars floating on the wind.

A few steps later and you find a narrow pathway leading off from the main track and heading north. Then you stop abruptly as you notice a shimmering figure standing a little way ahead of you.

The figure is of barely average height and of slim build; he has short brown hair, dark eyes and is dressed in a style you do not recognise. At least you think all this is true, but it's difficult to say because his image keeps wavering and blurring.

Then the image talks to you in an accent you can not place, "I have been watching your progress with great interest my friend, and am very pleased with my findings."

You stare hard at the figure, trying to decide if he's armed or dangerous in some way.

"I am here to help you Warrior, if you trust me that is."

You sound bemused when asking, "Who are you?"

The image smiles and flickers slightly before answering, "A friend. Now, do you wish me to help you?" What will you do:

- |                                    |                    |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Ask for help?                      | Turn to <b>297</b> |
| Attack the image?                  | Turn to <b>371</b> |
| Take your leave and continue east? | Turn to <b>10</b>  |
| Take your leave and head north?    | Turn to <b>5</b>   |

### 356

You head east and find yourself staring at an old well! You peer into it and notice something glinting at the bottom of it. You quickly look around yourself and find a couple of exits to the northwest and the north. So, what will you do then? You may *Test your Stamina* to try to swim to the well's bottom and grab the item; and if successful, turn to **382**. If unsuccessful, turn to **185**. Or, you may just leave and head northwest (turn to **95**)?

### 357

The scene around you warps and changes, making your head spin. You close your eyes and, when you reopen them you are somewhere quite different from where you were before. Gone are the dusty trail and the trees that surrounded it. You are now in an ancient and decrepit graveyard, and it is as dark as night.

You gaze about you, taking in the weed-choked graves and the fallen and broken headstones. Ahead of you, a small way into the darkness, is a tall iron fence with a gate situated at its centre. Either side of the gate stand two vast long-dead trees, looking for all the world like silent sentinels.

A sickly laughter rings out, mocking you from every direction. Then, out of nowhere, a figure steps towards you with an arm outstretched. It wears a tattered and musty smelling cloak. This cloak flutters as it reaches out its arm and you notice that its flesh is putrid and decomposing.

“I have been waiting for you,” says the Messenger of Death with a mouth bubbling with some foul liquid.

You look into the stinking fluid that flows from its eye sockets and flinch as its rotten hand grips your shoulder. Instantly, you feel your life force start to drain, so much so that you can barely stand.

“There can be no escape from death.” It hisses.

Do you possess a silver dagger? If so, turn to **170**. If not, read on.

You pathetically try to draw your sword, knowing all the while that it would be useless against this foe. Anyway, you no longer have the strength to wield a weapon and can only sink to your knees in despair. You look up at the hideous corpse above you and feel hot tears run down your face.

The Messenger turns its puss-filled eye sockets downwards and says, “If it’s of any consolation, some of your memories will live on in me and I will look forward to examining them.”

Then the world turns black...

### 358

You have staggered through the northwestern exit and are relieved to find that the dizziness soon leaves you. You remove your hands from your head and look about yourself. You are in a tiny clearing bordered by a great mass of stinging nettles. At first you think this small area empty till you notice something glinting at your feet. Stooping down and grasping the object you can’t help but smile and give a somewhat confused laugh, for the item turns out to be a golden tooth! You pocket this unusual find and head on through the only exit, which takes you northeast. Turn to **137**.

### 359

You're just about to step onto the junction; minding your own business, when you suddenly spit out the Mix-Up Mushrooms you had previously swallowed! Swap your current SKILL and LUCK stats, but do *not* regain any points you'd lost whilst they were reversed. You shrug your shoulders and examine your whereabouts. You are at standing at a 3-way split in the track that leads north (turn to **134**), southwest (turn to **193**) and

west (turn to **131**). About you the forest lays still, as if it were waiting for something to happen.

### 360

You move just in time, and watch as a streak of golden lightning rushes past you and off into the sunset. You turn back at rush and the Demon before it has time for another spell but not before it re-heals itself back up to 30 points of *STAMINA* (if it was below in the first place). *Instant death* will not work here but will instantly drop its *STAMINA* to 20 and send you to **85**.

NIGHT DEMON

SKILL 7

STAMINA 30

2	It casts a Health Drain spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> <i>STAMINA</i> point
3	It trips you with its tail:	deduct 1 <i>STAMINA</i> point
4	It bites you:	deduct 2 <i>STAMINA</i> points
5	It smashes you into a tree:	deduct 3 <i>STAMINA</i> points
6	It misses you:	gain 1 <i>LUCK</i> point and you may take a potion!
7	It misses you:	gain 1 <i>LUCK</i> point and you may take a potion!
8	It casts a Rejuvenate spell:	it regains 3 <i>STAMINA</i> points
9	It casts a Fireball spell:	deduct a die of <i>STAMINA</i>
10	It casts a Misfortune spell:	deduct a <i>LUCK</i> point
11	It casts a Curse spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> <i>LUCK</i> point
12	It casts a Weakness spell:	deduct a <i>SKILL</i> point

Because its two heads can think independently of each other, the Night Demon gains extraordinary reflexes, allowing it to attack twice per round. To take this into account you must, each time it wins an attack round (and inflicts the usual 2 points of *STAMINA* damage) roll 2 further dice and consult the table above. This will show you how the Demon uses its 'extra' attacks each round. The moment you reduce its *STAMINA* to 20, turn to **85**.

### 361

You pick up the Gonchog and desperately ask it for help; it complies. The little creature jumps onto your head and, for a single moment, there is an agonising pain as it ploughs a thin tube into your head. Then you feel amazing ... God-like. Regain 5 points of *STAMINA* and add 3 points to your Attack Strength! Now go to work on this thing. Turn to **244**.

### 362

A great shadowy figure now stands within the circle. This creature in front of you is tall, so tall that you wonder how it manages to walk properly or even keep its balance; it is at least three feet taller than you are. Its body is blood red and incredibly thickly muscled. Its heads, for it has two of them, are black and dragon-like. Its hands and feet are scaled and clawed. From between its broad shoulders sprout a pair of giant bat-like wings that are currently unfolding, sending a huge shadow out to engulf you. You look carefully at

the air around it and try to suppress a small gasp of shock when you realise that the air around it has grown darker.

“Who dares summon us?” roars the Night Demon sounding outraged. Its voice is rough and twisted, making everything it says sound horribly warped, as though it were something totally alien to this world, something which has no right to be here. Worse still, each head seems to be talking with several voices at once, each a slightly different pitch from the last, but all inhuman.

“I do.” you say, trying to hide your fear.

The Demon prince turns both its heads towards you and the left one looks you up and down while the right one speaks. “And who are you, mortal?” it asks in an angry tone.

“I am no one.” you answer, realising it doesn’t recognise you.

The Demon looks surprised and shouts, “Why have you summoned us?”

You draw your sword and state in a level tone, “To kill you.”

At this statement both the heads look utterly shocked. The left head frowns and looks at your sword, whilst the right one, a scandalised look on its face, shouts, “An amusing suggestion, human, but one which is quite without fact.”

You raise your sword and enquire, “And why is that, Demon?”

These words cause the left head to sneer and state with some conviction, “Because we are an immortal. We can never die.” Then the right head glares at you and adds, “And even if by some astounding miracle you actually managed to defeat us,” at which point a broad, toothy smile splits the left head’s face, “all you would succeed in doing would be sending us back to hell. And there we would wait until we regained our strength, then we would find you and take your soul to hell and burn you.”

“Even if you defeated me that would not happen this time,” you say confidently. The Demon’s lips curl back as it is about to snarl a reply, but you quickly continue. “Anyway, your summoning has weakened you far below your normal power.”

“So what if it has?” snaps both Demon’s heads at the same time. Then they glare at one another until the left one nods and the right continues. “We have walked this earth for a hundred thousand years; we are utterly indestructible. It will simply not matter as to the result of the pathetic sport you will offer us. The end will always be the same: you will end up in hell with us and our brothers shall roast and torture your soul for the rest of eternity.”

“You will not return to hell this time,” you say as a matter of fact.

“Oh, the amount of times we have heard that over the millennia. And yet here we stand, and here you shall die.”

“The time for talk is now over, Demon,” you say as you begin your courageous walk upon the shadowy giant that towers before you.

“How dare you presume to attack us!” shouts the enraged Demon. “Your worthless skills would only serve to amuse us!”

This causes you to spit on the floor and answer in a loud tone of voice, “Do you ever actually fight anyone yourself? Or do you always try to avoid combat by talking?”

The Demon’s eyes grow wide at these words and its jaws drop open in disbelief, “How dare you question our actions?” it shouts in amazement. “One such as yourself is nothing more than an insect waiting to be crushed!” You open your mouth as if to answer him



once more but, “Enough!” it roars. “We will simply not bandy words with one as low as you!”

You shrug your shoulders and begin to walk towards it. But something stops you. There is now a sickly, stinking greenish substance bubbling through the earth at your feet and at several points around you. You are about to ignore these strange intrusions when a clawed hand bursts through the slime at your feet and grips your ankle. You are shocked but recover quickly enough to hack at it, severing two of its fingers. Then another clawed hand rips through a new puddle behind you and grips your shin. You are about to hack at it when a horned, misshapen head bursts through the slime in front of you and regards you with a pair of dark pits you assume are its eyes. Now, all around you, further horned heads and clawed hands are bursting through various puddles of rank-smelling slime. In fact, in the time it has taken you to survey this frightening scene, one of the creatures has already dragged its sickly yellow-green body through the slimy earth and is now standing upright between you and the Demon. It is a little shorter than you are, but broader. It has three arms and a spiked tail. It is also a giant ‘mouth’ complete with impossibly long teeth, residing in its chest! You recognise the creature at once: Demonspawn! These foul beings are always clawed and horned but that’s usually the only resemblance they bare to each other, such is the nature of the multitude of possible mutations that afflicts them.

The Spawn at your feet now have you in a vice-like grip, despite the fact that you have cut at least half their fingers off. A sudden burst of movement catches your eye to your left where you notice another Spawn has ripped through the fouled earth, dripping slime where it stands. It is taller than the first, but thinner. It also has only one monstrous arm that is practically as long as its body and armed with claws that look more like the heads of scythes. It takes a step towards you and you notice it has two tails trailing behind it, one of which has a toothed mouth on the end, its jaws clamping together incessantly.

Around you other slime pools are beginning to bubble to the surface. You must act now before there are too many to fight! So you hack desperately at the hands that grip you, cutting them clean off, then just manage to raise your shield to parry the huge lunge of the giant arm’s scythe-like claws. Roll a die and add 1 to the total. This is the number of Spawn that will manage to break through the earth and fight; you must fight all of these at the same time. The rest will simply not have the strength to stand, or their mutations will be too severe for them to offer any kind of threat.

Each of the Demonspawn will have the following statistics:

DEMONSPAWN  
STAMINA 4

SKILL 6

If you manage to defeat them all, turn to **19**.

### 363

Suddenly, the Fairy on your shoulder looks disappointed then flies back to the main group, “We have no business with you after all...” he says sadly, before he and his friends disappear back into the depths of the forest around you.

You shrug your shoulders and walk off. A few minutes later and you happen across a junction heading both east (turn to **88**) and west (turn to **248**).

### 364

You have stumbled northwest and here the feeling leaves you, for a while at least. Looking about yourself you discover a weed-choked patch of land is abound, not a tree or a flower to be seen: perhaps they've all been strangled to death?

You walk across the gloomy scene, wondering why the hot sun above has failed to grow anything of note. Then you do see a flower, a small red one, just managing to push its way up through the dead ground. You stoop down to partake of its fragrant odour, when a pair of knotted wooden hands shoot through the earth and grab you by the neck. These hands are followed by two cracked arms and a knobbly misshapen head, which the flower had been growing out of. This head is then followed by a lumpy moss-covered body - a Wood Demon. It has you within its grasp and stares at you through two eyeless holes. You can not escape it and must fight your way free.

WOOD DEMON

SKILL 8

STAMINA 8

Whenever it manages to score two hits in succession, it will have gripped you so hard that it will have inadvertently smashed a Health Potion. Should you slay the Demon, turn to **43**.

### 365

As you walk on past the light (wondering if you've done the right thing) you start to feel an unnatural fear grip you. You look around, at the creaking trees, at the windswept grass, but there is no one there ... you are quite alone. For now.

You walk a little further and a little quicker, trying to ignore the urge to run. You think you can hear soft footsteps behind you but, upon turning, can see no living thing. No *living* thing. Then you bump into something and whirl round in fright, only to find yourself staring into the decaying face of a hideous creature.

The thing is dressed in a musty smelling cloak that just manages to conceal its rotting flesh. Its eyes and mouth both pour with a sickening liquid, so that its voice gurgles as it touches your shoulder and whispers, "Death!" Then it is gone.

You have just had an encounter with the undead being known as a Messenger of Death: a sadistic creature that enjoys playing cruel games. Even now it is ahead of you, hiding 5 letters: 'D', 'E', 'A', 'T' and 'H' - should you accidentally uncover all of these letters you

are surely dead. When you do see one of its letters (you will be told this) be sure to note that you have done so. Turn to **128**.

### 366

The gag is pulled from your pack and wrapped round your mouth in world record time. You are safe, again! Fighting the thing won't be easy though, when you are blindfolded, scared and disorientated. Maybe you should try to turn its gaze against it? Do you possess a mirror shield? If so, turn to **139**. If not, turn to **55**.

### 367

The great towering form of Slayer staggers back and almost looks like it's going to fall. You make ready to run at the thing but Slayer quickly regains its balance and its composure and merely sneers at you. You are not sure what to make of this situation but are still resolved to end it here and now. Before you can launch yourself at this foe something very strange happens: Slayer is suddenly surrounded in a sort of orange haze that gives off the impression that the air around it is burning. Not only this but its wounds have completely healed! You gasp in horror at the realisation that the brute has just used a spell to heal itself, and if this were not enough it now seems to be growing taller and more muscular! You know now that there is a reason why this is the most feared bodyguard in the world: it cheats. You also know that there is no real way you can defeat it even if it has no more spells; because it is now simply too powerful and you are just too weak. You fall to your knees in utter despair.

"Leave this joker to me," states the Trinitour fearlessly, as he steps out of nowhere between you and the mutant, Slayer. There are great roars from the crowd as they realise you are no longer alone. The two giants then stare at each other for a while.

You shout at the Trinitour, "We'll attack him together!"

To which the Demon replies, "No my friend, you were never meant to fight this foul thing in the first place, this is my fight and I alone may do battle with him." Slayer begins to thunder towards the red-skinned warrior, until he positively towers above him.

"But why?" you shout angrily.

"Because it has been prophesised . now stand back, I'll be with you in a moment."

Then Slayer gives a deafening roar and attacks. The Trinitour bellows and meets him in combat, and a mighty battle ensues. Slayer picks up the Demon and tears one of his arms right off before throwing him clear across the arena, the Trinitour gets up and charges at Slayer, impaling him on two of his three sets of horns. Slayer gives a great roar, grabs the

Demon and rips his third head from his shoulders, forcing your friend to yell hideously. Then the Trinitour reaches up and breaks Slayer's right arm, so that the huge pincer hangs limp by his side; the mutant gives a colossal roar and rams his remaining pincer straight through the Trinitour's stomach. For a moment there is silence as the two giants stare at each other, one in shock, the other in joy. Then the Trinitour grabs hold of Slayer's neck and proceeds to belabour his enemy's head with his remaining arms. Slayer wobbles and almost topples over, but regains his balance and bites deeply into the Demon's middle neck. The Trinitour struggles valiantly, but then stops moving.

Slayer drops him and begins his advance on you with a sadistic grin adorning his pulped face, but just as he reaches out for you he gives an ear-splitting scream as a huge red fist is smashed through his chest. The mutant stands there a while, screaming in agony, before he staggers and falls to the ground, shaking the earth under your feet as he does so.

You rush to the Trinitour just as he too falls to the ground. You look at him with mixed feelings, but can say nothing. The Demon stares wide-eyed at you and whispers in a pained voice, "I wish you well old friend, but I fear it's the end of the line for this ancient warrior." He coughs up some blood before continuing. "Make sure you take revenge on our old enemy the Night Demon and . I'm truly sorry for the things I've done in the past . there's no real . excuse."

Then he dies and you mourn him. You get to your feet and think about saluting him, but it doesn't seem quite right, for even though he was created by something else and his every action was to someone else's command, he was still a Demon. Turn to **400**.

### 368

Fortunately, the magical ring you are wearing will nullify the effects of this poison. Add 1 LUCK point! The Battlelord grunts in anger when he realises you are immune from his treachery. Turn back to the reference you have noted and continue the fight.

### 369

"How are you?" inquires a high-pitched voice.

You turn in the direction of the enquiry and spy the Dice Creature nestled in some flowers; you reply, "Not bad ... considering!"

The Creature gets up, stands next to you, and answers, "Glad to see you haven't lost your sense of humour."

You smile at him and say, "Don't tell me, let me guess what you're gonna say next ... got it! You want me to throw you - avoiding any bear-traps if possible - and try for the number four!"

The Creature almost seems to laugh when replying, "Got it in one."

You pick him up and try and aim him at some nearby long grass, but miss and send him flying into a tree. Roll a dice. If you roll a four, turn to **225**. If you roll any another number, turn to **135**.

### 370

Without warning the Fairy on your shoulder spits in your face! Then all of the others begin to boo you.

“What's wrong?” you ask, “What have I done?”

The Fairy on your shoulder flies above you and joins his brothers in circling around you, “You have walked through that disgusting fairy dust haven't you?”

You hold your hands up and say defensively, “So what if I have? That shouldn't offend Fairies.”

There is more booing before one of them flies right in front of your face, “We are not Fairies though, we are Fallen Angels.”

Your eyes widen in shock, your heart leaps into your mouth and you struggle to free your sword from its scabbard.

This just causes the Fallen to jeer and laugh at you, “Pathetic human scum!” they start to sing.

At last you free your sword from its scabbard, but not before your tormentors cast some sort of spell over you, causing your actions to become incredibly slow and your joints to turn stiff till they freeze up. A few moments later and you can just about some up the strength to move your eyes downwards, where you notice, in a moment of stark horror, that your legs have turned to stone!

It's not long before the rest of you follows. “Put it with the others.” says the leader of the Fallen...

### 371

Deciding that you don't trust the figure, you draw your sword and strike in one fluid motion. Unfortunately, the only thing that happens is that the figure just blinks out of existence, leaving you feeling rather foolish. Deduct 1 LUCK point. You may now wander on and head east (turn to **10**) or north (turn to **5**).

### 372

You realise the odds are against you and turn to flee, but not before your double rams its sword into your back, thrusts it through your innards, and sends the tip shooting out from your stomach. There is no pain though, in fact, there isn't even a wound. Meanwhile, the Demon Twin has pulled its sword out and fallen to the ground, clutching its blood-soaked midriff. You gaze in wonder at the other you, dying on the ground, then realise what has happened: every time it tried to wound you, it wounded itself. So, when it tried to kill you, it only succeeded in killing itself.

You place your sword back in its scabbard and kneel besides your dying 'brother'; it opens its eyes a little and forces a smile entirely devoid of malice, then dies.

“Well done,” says the calm voice of the unseen Suma, “The Gods are now fully satisfied that you are worthy of my help. Although they are disappointed you did not stand and fight.”

A new golden path opens up in front of you, leading to the south. You try not to look too angry when you reluctantly follow it. Turn to **392**.

### 373

You bravely enter the light and, almost instantly, drop to your knees in terror as your mind becomes filled with all manner of nameless horrors. The fear you are subjected to is almost unbearable. Deduct a die of STAMINA. It takes a supreme effort of will to crawl out of the light and back into the tree's welcoming shadows. You rise unsteadily to your feet and curse the hellish stuff, but there's not much else you can do, so you walk wearily on. Turn to **365**.

### 374

The magnificent golden axe is pulled from your pack in a flash.

The Stealer is unimpressed.

You cut mighty arcs through the air, faster than the eye can follow.

The Stealer is unmoved.

You raise the axe above your head, let out a huge war cry and rush the demon you now face.

The Stealer is unafraid.

You aim an almighty whack at its neck - but the axe goes right through! A look of terror spreads across your face, just as the demon reaches out for you and everything goes black.

There are terrible screams all around you, coupled with the sound of anguished crying. Then you realise, in a stark moment of chilling horror, what has happened; you have been trapped within the creature that killed you, where you are now damned...

### 375

"Most noteworthy," says the voice, "your curse is to be one of poor constitution."

Your mouth drops open at these words and, sure enough, you feel different from before. Whenever an enemy hits you during a battle you must lose an extra point of STAMINA. Turn to **149**.

### 376

You work your way with surprising ease, and push onwards past the deadly trap. The path becomes lined with holly bushes and soon bends round to the north. Turn to **153**.

### 377

The Zombie's body, or what's left of it, lies strewn about the forest's floor. You turn your back on the filthy mess a moment, just to catch your breath. A short while later, you get to your feet and turn back to your scene of victory, but the Zombie's body-parts aren't in the same positions as you left them - someone has moved them, or, they have moved themselves. Then the undead creature's eyes open and its severed head fly's into the air

above you, where it is joined by its arms, legs and body! This thing is not dead yet, it is now a Living Corpse and you must fight it a second time! *Instant death* will not work here.

LIVING CORPSE	SKILL	STAMINA
1: HEAD	5	1
2: BODY	4	1
3: RIGHT ARM	5	1
4: LEFT ARM	5	1
5: RIGHT LEG	4	1
6: LEFT LEG	4	1

Fighting this loathsome fiend is not as easy as it seems: all of its body parts will attack you at the same time, but you may only attack 1 of them per round (chosen at random by the roll of a single die, then consulting the table above). If you defeat a body part it will continue to stay in the fight but, should it hit you, it will do no damage, as it is too weak to do you any further harm. However, should you accidentally hit one of these 'defeated' body parts - you would have wasted that hit!

Should you, once more, destroy this foe, turn to **213**.

### 378

You trip and stumble until you manage to drag yourself through the northwestern exit and here the dizzy feeling leaves you. For a while at least.

You rub your head and look about you. It seems you are in the midst of the remains of some ancient building, if the broken and overgrown masonry lying strewn about in the undergrowth around you is anything to go by. A most unusual find you rather light-headedly muse. It's then that you hear it - the light sound of crying, but it seems to be coming from the ground below you. You strain your ears and listen carefully; there is something wrong with the voice, it doesn't sound natural at all. This discovery sends a shiver down your spine and you make a decision to leave this place as quickly as you can.

Before you can move though, small head-sized holes open up all around you, until they positively litter the ground. The crying continues. You now have no choice but to attempt to pick your way past this hidden menace. *Test your Skill*. If you are skilful, turn to **64**. If you are unskilful, turn to **263**.

### 379

You step past the slain Man Orc and walk northwest into the only exit, turn to **150**.

### 380

Turning your back on the seemingly immortal cannibal, you bolt headlong into the mist and not once do you turn back. But, after running for a solid fifteen minutes you get the sickening feeling that you are going round in circles. What can you do though? You

continue running. Your body drenched with sweat and your pulse racing, you then almost trip over a body lying in the dark undergrowth. What will you do? Stop to examine it? Turn to **32**. Or ignore it and continue running? Turn to **143**.

### 381

You are choking to death, but just manage to struggle free as points of flashing light start to dance in front of your eyes. You get up choking and shaking but must somehow still defend yourself against this mighty enemy. This will not be easy and you must deduct a SKILL point until you reduce its STAMINA to 10 points, where you will then have time to recover. You now have time to take a Potion, if you still have one. Now you must continue this combat but beware, the Demon has re-healed itself back up to 20 points of STAMINA (if it was below that in the first place). *Instant death* will not work here.

NIGHT DEMON

SKILL 7

STAMINA 20

2	It casts a Health Drain spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> STAMINA point
3	It trips you with its tail:	deduct 1 STAMINA point
4	It bites you:	deduct 2 STAMINA points
5	It smashes you into a tree:	deduct 3 STAMINA points
6	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a potion!
7	It misses you:	gain 1 LUCK point and you may take a potion!
8	It casts a Rejuvenate spell:	it regains 3 STAMINA points
9	It casts a Fireball spell:	deduct a die of STAMINA
10	It casts a Misfortune spell:	deduct a LUCK point
11	It casts a Curse spell:	deduct an <i>initial</i> LUCK point
12	It casts a Weakness spell:	deduct a SKILL point

Because its two heads can think independently of each other, the Night Demon gains extraordinary reflexes, allowing it to attack twice per round. To take this into account you must, each time it wins an attack round (and inflicts the usual 2 points of STAMINA damage) roll 2 further dice and consult the table above. This will show you how the Demon uses its 'extra' attacks each round. The moment you have reduced its STAMINA to 10, turn to **394**.

### 382

You jump into the well, swim like a fish and grab the item with ease! When you leave the well you make a quick examination of the item and find it to be a Facemask of Concentration! Add 1 LUCK point. This unusual artefact resembles the visage of a golden bearded man. This may come in useful later. You pack the object away and leave northwest. Turn to **95**.



### 383

You crack open the sixth pot with the hilt of your sword and watch in delight as a Health Potion pops out and rolls on the ground! You pocket the potion and decide on your next action. Leave? Turn to **119**. Risk taking another pot? Turn to **217**.

### 384

Glad to be past the awful wasps, you soon find yourself on a tiny hill, entirely devoid of grass. The hoot of an owl grabs your attention, startling you slightly. You tilt your view upwards and notice said creature sitting high above you and gazing at you with its large eyes. It is said that the owl is the wisest of creatures. Then the bird flaps its wing and simply flies away. You tilt your view back downwards and are surprised to find something resting atop the hill! Roll a die and consult its value. If you roll either a 1 or a 2, turn to **33**. If you roll either a 3 or a 4, turn to **239**. Lastly, if you roll either a 5 or a 6, turn to **117**.

### 385

The Shapechanger sneers horribly at you and states mockingly, "We are not done yet human." You take this moment to inflict a sudden and doubtless fatal wound across the Changer's stomach. He cries out and sinks to his knees, clutching his bloody midriff. Then, just as you are raising your blade for the deathblow, the Changer looks up and begins to laugh through gritted teeth. "Now you must meet the Seventh." He whispers.

A massive shadow is cast over you and a deep growl is heard in your ears, you turn round and find yourself staring open-mouthed at a truly fearsome creature. The monster in question must be at least fifteen foot tall and looks much like a T-Rex, with its two huge tree-trunk like legs and its massive thrashing tail, but that is where the similarity ends. This is no Dinosaur, this is an abomination. It has the head and upper body of a giant man, but instead of arms, it has two massive twitching pincers. This colossus is known as Slayer - the most feared bodyguard in the world. You stand paralysed in horror as the thing thuds towards you, you look round to find the Shapechanger has collapsed and has stopped breathing.

You turn back to Slayer and realise it's now just you, and him.

SLAYER                      SKILL 10                      STAMINA 15

Despite the fact that this foe seems too strong even for you, you must still at least try to defeat him. If you reduce his stamina to 3 or less, turn to **367**.

### 386

Your chosen item is thrown forcefully into the light, but the only thing that happens is that the item disappears! The faces laugh and thank you for your gift. Deduct 1 LUCK point.

Will you now strike it with your sword? Turn to **22**. Or will you just walk through it? Turn to **168**.

### 387

You find the chest unlocked and soon have the lid open.

What happens next is instantaneous.

The gas billows out and engulfs you, turning everything dark. Next, you find yourself swimming about in a dark ocean constantly being thrown against what feels like a glass wall. A chilling scream leaves your lips as you realise that you are no longer standing outside the chest, but trapped *inside* it...

### 388

You decide to leave the slumbering Dice Creature and continue on your way once more. So, you descend the small hill and wander back through the trees, listening to the call of a distant eagle. You soon find yourself in a clearing that offers you a quartet of possible paths to try:

West?	Turn to <b>177</b>
Northwest?	Turn to <b>278</b>
Northeast?	Turn to <b>254</b>
North?	Turn to <b>14</b>

### 389

You decide you may as well follow the Dice Creature's pathway. A little way into it and you have to start to cut your path so much as walk it. Later still and you've hardly made any progress at all, not only this but the canopy of tree branches above is so thick that it causes the area you are in to be very dark - are you sure this is such a good Idea? What will you do? Carry on anyway? Turn to **126**. Forget the whole thing and return to the crossroads? Turn to **119**.

### 390

You turn to face the creature once more, and hope the sounds of battle will wake the dozing man.

SLEEPWALKER  
STAMINA 14

SKILL 7

Beware, for this creature carries a dangerous poison in its nails and teeth and for every four hits it inflicts upon you (discounting the hits it may have already scored the last time you fought it), you must deduct a SKILL point! Should you defeat it one last time, turn to **18**.

### 391

You grit your teeth and fight back the gale with strength and iron determination ... and win. The wind soon dies down, then ceases completely. You take a deep breath and continue walking the pathway, back into the forest. Turn to **101**.

### 392

You make ready to leave when you notice a bone bracelet on the Demon Twin's wrist. The bracelet appears to be made from dozens of minute skulls, strung together on a silver thread. Do you wish to try it on? Turn to **266** if you do. Turn to **229** if you'd rather ignore it and just leave this place.

### 393

There is now no choice but to go hand-to-hand with this most foul of enemies, but how are you fighting it:

Whilst wearing a blindfold and gag?

Turn to **55**

Whilst wearing a blindfold?

Turn to 274

Whilst wearing a gag?

Turn to **69**

Whilst wearing neither a blindfold nor a gag?

Turn to **136**

### 394

The Demon staggers back, emitting ear-splitting screams that threaten to deafen you. You now have time to take a Potion. Above you the black skies are a raging sea filled with vast, warped clouds. The fire that circles you has now become an inferno that has swamped everything within a hundred yards, helped all the while by a mighty wind that has arisen; sounding like the cries of a generation of lost souls shouting in your ears.

The Demon is silhouetted by flame; its body a patchwork of cuts and gashes, so much so that it looks like it's bathed in blood. It roars at you, out of rage or pain. You can't tell which. Then you find it in your mind, its unspeakable thoughts cursing through your consciousness. You are suddenly filled with terrible thoughts of hell: of the torture and the suffering, the pain and the torment. You grab your head and are dimly aware of the Demon doing the same with its, whilst wrapping its powerful wings about itself, looking like some hideous cocoon. Its grip on your thoughts increases as it tries to wear you down from the inside. You reel as a multitude of disgusting sadism is offered up for your approval, filling your mind with lakes of blood and piles of burning flesh, tearing you asunder with half-chewed bones, empty eye sockets and guts spilling from torn stomachs. *Test your Skill*. If you are skilful, turn to **348**. If you are unskilful, turn to **77**.

### 395

'Snap!' goes a twig after you clumsily tread on it. The Chaos-Man whirls round and immediately attacks you with his great war-axe. Now you must fight him but, because he

is still partially protected by the magic within his armour, your blows will only cause him a lowly 1 point of STAMINA damage.

CHAOS BATTLELORD

SKILL 11

STAMINA 9

The *first* time you are wounded, make a note of the number of this reference and turn to **344**. If you best him, add 3 LUCK points and turn to **283**!

### 396

“What's it doing? Let us see!” say the Gangees as you offer them the bronze medallion. “A medallion! It has offered us a bronze medallion! It must be rewarded!”

There is a sudden bright flash and you find yourself still in the hold - which is now brightly lit - with the Gangees nowhere to be seen.

Then you notice a piece of paper at your feet. You stoop down and examine it; there are strange, indecipherable markings all over it and the word 'Terror' written on the back. You then make a quick, if fruitless, search of the hold and make your way back up to the ship's deck. Before you can, however, you feel strange: add 2 SKILL points and 4 points of STAMINA! Did the Gangees help you a second time? You smile as you make your way up the ladder and back into daylight. Turn to **76**.

### 397

Your sword is still in your hand, despite the fact that the whole world is spinning round you at an incredible speed. So, with your final, desperate attempt at salvation, you grit your teeth, force your eyes open and, with split-second timing, hack at the black blur as it rushes past you.

You cut Stalker's head off.

Instantly, the pain stops and the world stops spinning. You fall, exhausted, to the ground, alive but injured. Deduct a die of STAMINA.

Time passes and the horrible torment you have been subjected fades to nothing. You push yourself to your knees and look at the decapitated corpse before you. It is still very much dead. You stagger uncertainly to your feet and stand swaying a little. You look down at the still hooded head where it lies in the dirt and consider removing the garment to find what Stalker was hiding underneath. So you are just walking unsteadily over to it when you notice the hood is still moving slightly! Fear knots your stomach. Then, slowly at first, but soon ending in a small torrent of movement, hundreds of insects crawl from beneath the hood and run for the church!

You can't quite believe what you have witnessed, but accept it anyway. You have seen too much to question the unreal at this stage.

So, with heavy legs, you begin the next part of your trek and are surprised to find yourself soon feeling better and stronger, all the more so when you realise that you are now leaving the plain and re-entering the cool shade of the forest! Turn to **113**.

### 398

You have just finished tying yourself up when the Siren's song fully takes hold of you, leaving you hypnotised and writhing to escape the ropes that bind you. They hold fast though. But that doesn't stop you trying desperately to loosen them, all the while being tortured by the maddening urge to visit the Sirens. The ship sails slowly on till, at last, you have escaped the call of the sea-witches. However, the hypnosis you have just endured, and have now broken, has taken a considerable toll on your sanity. Deduct 1 SKILL point and turn to **211**.

### 399

Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA score. This new easterly direction soon presents you with a deep dip at the centre of the track, one that you have no real choice but to investigate. So you sidle rather confidently over to the feature and are almost sick at what you now face. There, oozing at the bottom of the pit, is a truly revolting formless mass of writhing skin and bone. The disgusting blob, at least to your horrified eyes, seems to be composed of the limbs, torsos and heads of human beings, all joined together into one repulsive, twitching mass.

You stand teary-eyed at the lip of the pit and bow your head in silent prayer for the abomination at your feet. A pity really, because you are caught off guard when something shoves you from behind and sends you head first into the mass of human-like ooze. You scream and attempt to fight your way free of the flailing limbs and biting heads, as the thing starts to well up all around you and try to suffocate you within its fleshy folds.

NAMELESS HORROR

SKILL 7

STAMINA 18

Because of the nature of this enemy it is difficult to know exactly where to hit it to cause it the most damage - just where is the heart of the thing? To fully understand the variation in the damage you will inflict upon this foe you must, every time you wound it, roll a die and deduct the amount shown from its STAMINA. This new damage takes the place of the usual 2 points you would normally inflict upon an enemy. However, the Horror, as well as being able to withstand the most incredible of sustained punishment, is able to feed off the very life-force of the foes that would seek to lay it low. To show this ability you must, every time it hits you (inflicting the normal 2 points of STAMINA damage), roll a die and add the result to its STAMINA! This could mean that, in an extreme example, the monster could heal itself quicker than you could wound it.

Should you best this terrifying enemy, turn proudly to **303**.

### 400

With Slayer fallen, you turn to the crowd and raise your sword and, to your astonishment, they cheer you. Then the scene fades and you find yourself back on the path and heading towards the exit door, only this time you run.

When you've reached the door you turn round and stare back down the forest path, back into the Test of Courage you have just braved. You smile.

Then the door creaks open and you step through it. On the other side you find yourself staring angrily at the three Wizards who set the challenge, but before you can voice your feelings they crowd round you, slap you on the back and smile heartily at you.

“Well done!” they say as one, “Well done indeed! You have proven yourself more than worthy of our help mightiest of all warriors!”

You throw your sword and shield to the ground and shout a wild reply, “Never mind all that, just get rid of this bloody Death spell!”

The Wizards just smile at this and the nearest replies, “It is already done my friend, the Death spell is broken.”

You force a smile of your own but suddenly feel very tired and sink to your knees.

The Wizards look concerned and speak to you one final time before you lose conciseness, “You *are* the chosen one, the one spoke of in legends, and we shall give you the power to destroy the Night Demon.”

Then you feel sleep rapidly begin to take you but, before it does, you have one last fearful thought that when you face the Night Demon, you will face it alone...

You awake two days later. Restore your *STAMINA* to its *initial* level and regain 2 *LUCK* points and 1 point of *SKILL*. Also, you will soon find you have been given 2 extra Health Potions (to add to the ones you already own). You gaze wearily round and find yourself back in the room you first awoke in, all that time ago.

Slowly, as you shake of the last remnants of sleep and force yourself to a sitting position, you suddenly become aware of the three Wizards crowding round huddled in the doorway and staring intently at you.

“It is time.” Says the first one.

“Time for what?” you answer, still slightly dazed.

“To face the Night Demon.” Answers the third.

You leap out of bed and are surprised to find you’re still wearing all your armour, “Say what?” you say loudly.

“You are healed as best you can be, given the circumstances and our lack of time.”

“I have to face it now then? Right now?” you ask, your face turning pale.

“Indeed you do,” answers the second. “It is the day of prophecy.”

“The very hour, in fact.” adds the first.

“The preparations are made and you are ready.” Continues the second.

“It can’t be now!” you practically shout. “I can’t possibly face it right now!”

“You have no choice,” states the first sadly. “We completed our part of the bargain and tested you. So you will help us fulfil the prophecy. You will destroy the Night Demon and you will destroy it now.”

You sink back down onto the bed and bury your face in your hands. “I didn’t think it would ever come to this,” you say with a shaky voice. “I never for one moment actually thought this moment would happen. How on earth can I face the likes of *that*? It has never been defeated in combat and even if it were, it would just be his body, not his soul, that was destroyed.” Tears start to roll down your cheeks and you feel a lump form in your throat.

“We will summon it,” says the third, “and that will weaken it beyond all recognition.”

“It will,” agrees the second, “and not only that but we will use our combined strengths to create a powerful binding spell.”

“One of the most potent ever cast,” adds the first, “and one which will ensure that when its body dies, its soul will along with it.”

You look through your fingers at the trio of old men and feel hope begin to well up within you, “Is it possible? Can it really be done?”

“It will not be easy,” answers the first with downcast eyes. “In fact, it may kill us all, but that is beside the point.”

“You remove your hands from your tear-streaked face and say in a quiet voice, “What do you mean?”

“You know full well what we mean,” answers the third with a sigh. “There are far greater things at stake than us here.”

You stand up, wiping your eyes with your sleeve, “I don’t even have an enchanted sword.”

“You do now,” says the third. “Look at your scabbard.”

You do as he asks and notice that the blade within it glows gold, so that you are standing in a small pool of light.

“It will be enough,” states the first.

“It will have to be,” says the second.

“There is no time to waste,” says the third quickly. “We must act now, before it is too late and all is lost.”

You look at him and answer, “Well, what do I do?”

“You follow,” he answers as all three of them leave the room.

You do so, through the strange old house with its handful of rather scruffy bedrooms, past an impressive but scruffy three-floored library, replete with thousands of dusty volumes and several rickety old chairs and tables. Out into the sunlight and across the grass of the rose-lined garden that fronts the Wizard’s house. On down the winding path, passing fish-filled pools that sparkle in the sun and under the shadows of great trees towering far above you.

Eventually, you reach what you assume must be both the end of the Wizard’s garden and your final destination. For, firstly, a gleaming white fence now bars any progress to the leafy forests and valleys beyond. Whilst, secondly, the three old men have all sat down around a rather curious structure set on the grass.

The object in question is a large circular piece of stonework, roughly ten foot in diameter and about two-foot thick. It is both very old and heavily decorated, in that the stone is pitted all over its sides and surfaces, as though it had sat there for a very long time; yet it is also home to some of the most beautiful and intricate carvings you have ever know. You examine them closely as the Wizards start to hum and sink into some sort of trance. The carvings resemble Angels fighting Devils and heroes fighting Demons, all over the structure, all locked in silent mortal combat, good versus evil. They look real though, the swords or claws the fight with, the expression on their faces, their clothes, their hair, it all looks real enough to touch.

You have been so busy examining the stonework that you fail to notice that the Wizards have disappeared! Not only that but screams can now be heard on the air, along with the sound of crying and pleading. The air over the structure seems to warp, as though it was expanding, or turning inside out. You can’t tell for sure. The screams increase, the

crying and the pleading grow more desperate and the air around you grows hot. Then, out of nowhere, there is a deafening roar and a blazing flash of light. Turn to **362**.