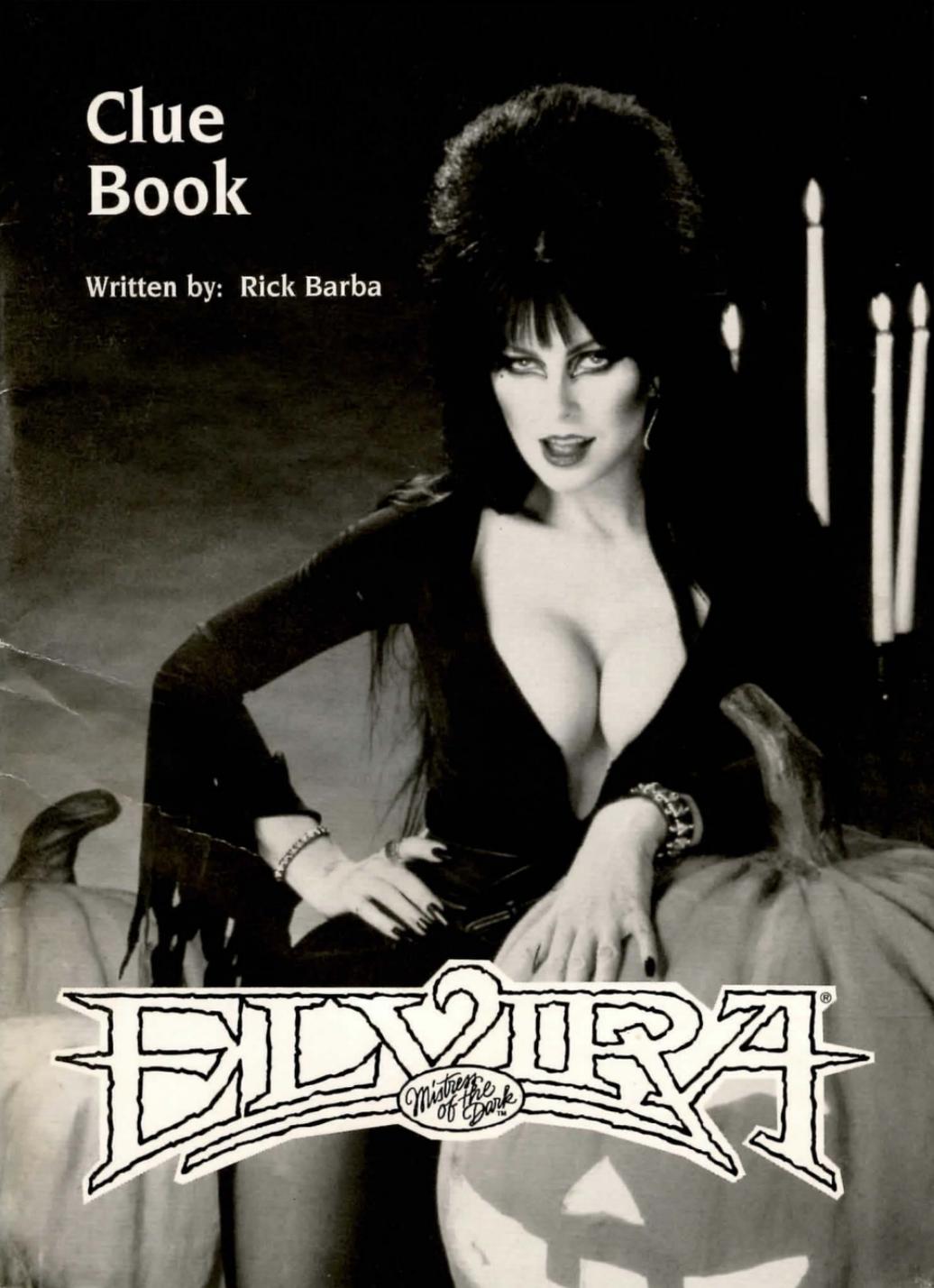


Clue Book

Written by: Rick Barba



ELVIRA®
Mistress of the Dark

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For information about
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INTRODUCTION

How To Use This Clue Book

Part One is for players who don't like to be spoon fed. It focuses on some of the more difficult puzzles that the average player will encounter in *Elvira*, then offers hints & clues. Some are straightforward, some are kind of oblique. All are presented in an interview with this guy named Bob who answered Elvira's call for help, and nearly succeeded ... until he met an untimely Undeath.

This transcript won't give you *everything* — it will, however, help you locate obscure items, or negotiate particularly dangerous areas. In any case, **Part One** does offer you a way to move forward without forcing us to coddle or condescend, two attitudes which, frankly, disgust us.

Part Two walks you to the final solution in a most expedient manner. Only the Weird, the Desperate or the Damned may use this section. Elvira has suggested that all others be hunted down and publicly flogged.

Part Three lists all important ingredients available in the game, and tells you where each one is located.

Part Four gives you maps for all key sections in the game.



PART ONE



The Killbragant Transcript

Interview With a Vampire

Bob R. [not his real name] is a sales executive with a Van Nuys telemarketing firm. A veteran of many encounters through personal ads, Bob first met Elvira about a year ago. "In the dungeon at Killbragant," he says. "She wore black, as I recall." He agreed to these interviews reluctantly, and only after Elvira's intervention. "I'd do anything for her," he confided at one point. "I'd grovel. I'd watch opera."

We met Bob four times over the course of the pre-Halloween season. Each interview took place only after much covert maneuvering — plane flights, multiple cabs, waiting for messages at pay phones, etc. Bob often expressed a concern about what he called "ectoterrorist reprisal." We met in a host of odd locations.

Once settled, Bob was generally amiable and forthcoming. But he also showed glimpses of a demonic, almost schizoid hyperintelligence. He would fidget, slide his watch up & down, spill things. Certain details of his sojourn through Killbragant clearly unsettled him; his narrative would digress, grow convoluted, oblique. At times he even spoke in parables, as if incapable of saying The Thing itself, whatever it was. Bob was clearly in the grips of some primal dread during these instances.

(One last note: *Accolade* was good enough to include a clause in the standard contract which forbade "any form of biting, sucking, making scary noises, or in any manner placing a condition of bondage upon the will of the interviewer.")



October 18

(Bear Country Restaurant, Disneyland)

ACC: You vampires hang out in interesting places.

BOB: Hey, I wasn't a vampire when I started. I was just a guy. I answered Elvira's ad because I needed the cash. I had certain *agencies* leaning on me. Debts. So maybe my motivation wasn't pure. But then I met her. Saw her *assets*. I thought: *Yeah. It could work.* I'm not without a certain paleolithic charm. I've dated biker chicks, with some success.

ACC: Point well made. So how did ... *this* happen? The fang thing?

BOB: I did OK in the castle, but I got careless. I wasn't ready for Emelda. Now I'm Undead. It's a drag, man.

ACC: How so?

BOB: I go out with the guys, all I can think about is sucking their necks. It's not too comfortable. We play squash — at night, of course — they say: What happened to *golf*, Bob? We never see you, man. I tell them sunlight ignites my transmogrified cells. It's like: What can I say, guys? I shriek, I turn into dust. They laugh. I say, What do I gotta do, bite someone? They crack up.

ACC: They don't believe you.

BOB: No.

ACC: What about the fangs?

BOB: Guess I've always been a little long in the tooth.

ACC: OK. Well, life must be a lot different since you became a nocturnal creature consumed by an obsessive bloodlust.

BOB: English major? (laughs) But let's get to it. You're asking me for hints, clues. OK. I still remember walking into Killbragant. Nice name, I thought. Kind of place Jack the Ripper runs around.

ACC: Slaughtering antelope or whatever.

BOB: (laughs) Right. So I go in, take a few tentative lefts, rights. This guy steps out. Dressed in a red tunic, got his hand on a sword. I say: *Where's the Renaissance festival, man?* Guy growls and starts slashing me. Hey. Remember this anecdote. It happens about a hundred more times.

So anyway, I stab him. He dissolves. Gives me a first clue I'm not dealing with normal Joes. I get the hell out of the castle. I'm running, I'm looking. I wander around the Courtyard. I stumble on some kind of weird Souvenir Shop. There's a bale of hay outside the stable. Big deal, right? Hay. Horses eat it. So what? Who needs hay?

ACC: Take a guess.

BOB: You got it. Before I get any further, let me drop some big advice to anyone stuck in Killbragant. It has to do with grabbing stuff. Do it, man. Grab *everything*. Mix every possible spell & potion you can. You'll be in deep cow sauce if you don't. (building to a feverish pace) And speaking of spells & potions: Save strength potions, etc, for situations where you really need a kick. Keep a lot of spells at your disposal. Visit Elvira in the kitchen whenever possible. Search *all* locations for ingredi-

ents. Have I made my point? And since I'm giving general advice, here's more. Some goons are brutal. Others might as well be freaking *ballerinas*. Dispatch your wimpier goons hand-to-hand. Save spells & potions for the real meats. With some opponents, certain spells are more effective than others. For example, maze creatures are particularly vulnerable to Palmlight and Fire Wall. The elite guards are tough too ... but nothing a little Thunderflash or a Sizzling Egge can't handle. And you can blow away Emelda's shrieking handmaidens with a Propitious Surprise or two. One more thing: Don't forget to eat.

(slumps in chair) Whoa. Somebody call an ambulance.

ACC: Impressive. Are you familiar with Molly Bloom's soliloquy?

BOB: Who?

ACC: It's in *Ulysses*. (pause) That's a *book*.

BOB: Book? Hey. I'm a sales guy.



October 21

(Happy Donuts, South of Market, San Francisco)

ACC: I cut myself shaving before I came here. You're not going to suck my wounds, are you?

BOB: No, no. (looking around) Listen, man, you notice any red glowing eyes? On the way in?

ACC: No. I did see a couple kids smoking cigarettes through their ears.

BOB: (shakes his head) Urban America.

ACC: Exactly. So where were we?

BOB: So. I go in the Souvenir Shop, grab a shield, move on. I'm thinking: *Bob. Be a man. Go in the castle.* I get to the Armoury. I'm poking around, looking at things, and it hits me: I need a crossbow. I need it bad. I don't know why.

After getting the Magic Book from an obvious location, I head back to the Kitchen. I dig up honey, produce the hay. *Here's hay*, I say, and snort like a horse. You know. *Guy* humor. Elvira whips up a little Herbal Honey potion. Suddenly, *wham*, I know everything, I'm a horticultural genius. I look at plants, I say: *Whoa, that's hibiscus. Goldenrod, man. Pansy.*

ACC: (impressed) Do you still have that ability?

BOB: Yeah. But it's not a real great skill at Monday Night Football parties. You know too many flowers, it makes guys nervous.

ACC: So what happened?

BOB: Well, I headed out. After some checking upstairs — lot of crossbow bolts laying around — I wandered out to this Garden Shed. (shudders) Not a pretty sight, man. I grabbed what I could. The Herb Garden itself was nearby, but I took a few practice shots at a target I found. Then on to the Garden. Major herbs, man.

Say, what time is it?

ACC: About 6 AM.

BOB: Hmm. Anyway, I went back inside and was about to head back upstairs, but thought I'd peek in the Living Room first, see if they got a TV, maybe cable. Watch some ESPN, yell. No luck. But I did find this wooden stake and, more importantly, a cup. I wandered back upstairs. It's like: *Got a cup, need malted drinkables.* (laughs) But there's this vampire in one of the bedrooms. Had to dust her. Literally.

ACC: Seems perfunctory. Was she threatening you?

BOB: Hey. Nobody told me this was an Inquisition.

ACC: Sorry. We retract the question.

BOB: Anyway, that's Undeath, man. You make your coffin, you gotta sleep in it.

ACC: What happened next?

BOB: Well, I wandered around some more, grabbing stuff — bibles, bolts — then back downstairs.

What's that *light*?



October 24

(*Hilltop Steak House, Boston*)

ACC: How's your hand?

BOB: What, you wanna see the *dust*? Hey, next time you see a beam of sunrise creep across the wall, do me a favor — let me know. (fondles stump) I got enough problems trying to shave and exfoliate with no reflection in the mirror. Now *this*.

ACC: Sorry. It was poor time management. Can you remember where you were before you got vaporized?

BOB: Yeah, I remember.

ACC: You seem agitated tonight, Bob.

At this point our waitress brings our steaks. Bob's filet is barely cooked; he requested it "lightly singed on both sides." It looks like a slab of flesh floating in a soup of blood — which is, of course, precisely what it is. I can see a tinge of lust in his eyes. Yellowish tips of canine teeth appear at the corners of his mouth.

BOB: (snarls) Rrrrrrrr.

ACC: Meat does that to me too.

BOB: (seems not to hear) I split for the Kitchen. I need spells. But there's this *cook*. Psycho, pal. Loon patrol. And she's fairly invincible. But there is a way to waste her. You like irony? (holds up salt shaker) *The most basic cooking condiment anyone can imagine.* Naturally, you won't find it in the Kitchen. The cook put it down where a sprinkle in the eye can do some good. (forks his blood rare meat) Gruesome? Hey, it's that kind of place. Get used to it.

ACC: So there's a cook.

BOB: Think of her as something in need of seasoning. (salts his steak) Got it? Now Elvira shows up. She needs a "light." If you have one for her, the results will be pretty good. I'm talking *key*, man. And that's the point, isn't it? (shouting) That's what you live for. *Keys*. Get those *keys*.

ACC: Bob —

BOB: (banging wrist stump on table) You want another one? Bolt a bird, get a *key*. But you better find the egg. An amazing egg. Get it? *A-maze-ing*? Can you

follow this? Get to the center of things. You'd better take a crossbow and magic, or run a lot. Is this too complex for you? Should I hire an *interpreter*? (picks up filet with remaining hand, eats) When you find the water, take all items. Now find the nest. But beware the eyes. Let me spell it out: E-Y-E-S. And indeed you must spell them out. Get it? *Spell* them out? Am I getting too arcane, too esoteric? (hails waitress) Nest. Find. Take all. Including some interesting jewelry — Elvira's "lost" ring. *If you build it, he will come.* Open the pod bay doors, HAL. (regains composure) Geez. Have I been, you know ... raving?

ACC: Only in a linear sense.

BOB: Am I drooling? (glances where his reflection would be in wineglass) I can never tell. Anyway, next go to the Chapel in the Castle. I'm not a religious guy, but there's a cross there you wouldn't believe. By chance I glance at the ring from the Maze. I look at the cross, the ring, the cross again. I think, *Whoa*. Next thing I know, I'm facing the entrance to a secret underground chamber and ... Picture this: You're facing a wall. You gotta sneeze. You got no handkerchief. So you pull this scroll out of the bible you're carrying. USE it — next thing you know, you're facing some Joe from centuries beyond. There's a crown. You put it where it belongs. There's also a sword. It's holy. And when something's *holy*, pal, you don't just file it under "H".

Waitress approaches.

WAITRESS: Finished, sir?

BOB: (gestures to blood on empty plate) Can I get a doggy bag?

Waitress leaves. Quickly.

ACC: I was reading the profile on you in the October issue of *Telemarketing Today*. Congratulations. I didn't realize you were so successful. What's your secret?

BOB: I bite necks.

ACC: Ah.

BOB: A lot of my clients are blood acolytes. I'm their Master. So they buy from me pretty exclusively.

ACC: Wow. The article also mentions your recent divorce —

BOB: No comment.

ACC: OK. But you talk about Killbragant's battlements — you told them, and I'm quoting here, "They gave me hell." Could you elaborate on that statement?

BOB: Sure. Battlements. What the name implies. *Serious* fighting. The worst is this Grey Knight — he's an archer — and, well, he has another key. *Don't let him get in close*. Fight him from a distance with the appropriate weapon. Once you waste him, you'd better note *where*. Because you won't get the key now; you have to get it later.

Then there's the Dungeon, the Torture Chamber. There's a ring on the floor. That's all I can say on the matter, except this: *Touch nothing else*. You can come back later for other items. The Burial Chambers in the Catacombs hold a few interesting little *tchotchkes* too. But a strict order of progression must be followed. All I can say here is: *Find the iron key first*. In another chamber, you'll find a coffin

bereft of proper contents. Remedy this. Note: Do *not* open the other coffin in this room until, one, you have the iron key, and two, you've made sure the well-rope is in the "down" position.

ACC: But what about the monster with the stone?

BOB: Slay him. Take the stone. (cackles) Or maybe you'd like to FAX him a proposal.

ACC: So now you can open the other, closed coffin. What happens?

BOB: Well, the room will flood. Swim until you find a place to go *up* — *i.e.*, the bottom of the Well. It's a good idea to then actually swim up at that point, because last time I checked, humans are still air-breathing mammals.

OK, now you go *down* again, and just swim, baby. Here's where you need that iron key ... and here's also why you should have noted where you slew the Grey Knight. If you did your homework, the Knight's key is yours. Return to the Well and go *up*.

You know, it suddenly strikes me that I'm being much too literal. Geez, I might as well draw you a *map*.

ACC: Could you? [Editor's Note: See **Part Four: Maps**.]



October 27

(**Moose Call Tavern, Kalispell, Montana**)

ACC: OK, the recorder's on. Let me say for the record that we're the only people in here who are not wearing hip boots.

BOB: (unfolds sheet of paper) They're good people. Mountain people. They accept you for what you are.

ACC: And what's that?

BOB: A weenie. (laughs)

ACC: No, I mean, what is that paper?

BOB: Oh. I wrote a little story. I think it will clear up things. You know, answer questions. Create context. (begins to read)

We were in a supermarket when Carl first turned into a werewolf. It was night, of course. We were stumbling through PRODUCE. Carl was hefting a canteloupe and felt a bristling on the back of his neck.

Aaaaa. A caterpillar or something, he said.

But when he jabbed his hand under his collar, brown fetid fur literally burst out. It was no slow movie transformation. He more or less exploded into wolf.

I said, Carl. You won't believe this but you look like a werewolf to me right now.

He looked at his hands. I am a werewolf, he said.

I thought: Now what? Carl was bulging through his clothes. He smelled horrible.

We made for the doors. In the car, Carl let out a gruesome howl. I looked at him and said, Whoa, dude.

He looked back with wide, yellowish, baleful eyes.

He said, I need a nap.

I said, Slump down a little, will you? Here. Put on this hat.

I handed him my Nebraska Cornhusker Football cap. He had to unsnap the plastic band to get it over his wolf ears.

I'm pretty hungry for meat, he said.

Suddenly we were illuminated by flashing lights. I pulled over and watched the rear view mirror. The backlit police officer approached. He leaned to the window and said, Your driver's license.

I pulled it out. I suppose you want to search the car for contraband, I said.

The cop looked around me at Carl, who was by now hibernating. He said: That's the hairiest guy I've ever seen.

He's not always like that, I said.

The cop scribbled on a ticket, then handed it to me with my license.

Keep your nose clean, he said. Eat more salads. Vote.

I thanked him and sped off. At the first light, I glanced down at the ticket. The note read: Go to Foundry. Find crucible. Melt silver cross in crucible. Dip cross-bow bolt. I got the gory gist, but it seemed premature. I mean, I was beginning to think of Carl as something like a pet. But then he woke up.

Agrrrdgdaaaah! he said, drooling with an uncontrollable hunger for flesh.

I said, You gotta see this castle, Carl.

I headed to Killbragant. On the way Carl hung out of the car, howling and swiping at pedestrians.

ACC: (after a long pause) That's it?

BOB: What do you mean, "That's it?"

ACC: I don't get it. Is there a moral or something? Like, what does it *mean*?

BOB: Hey, I'm a vampire. I don't have to give explanations. What, you want *morals* from a guy who sucks necks? You want *meaning*? (tosses paper to floor) This is *art*. It doesn't *need* meaning.



October 31, Halloween Eve

(Black Angel Cemetery, Council Bluffs, Iowa)

ACC: I'm not too comfortable here, Bob.

BOB: (amused) Hey. Chill. You're with *me*, man. That counts for something around here. (looks into eyes of interviewer) Are you getting sleepy yet? Sleepy? Sleepy?

ACC: Hey.

BOB: Just kidding, man.

ACC: Well, let's get to business. We've come to the last session. You've been quoted in the media as saying, "There's a certain percussive rush that only an artillery fusillade can give you." Can you be more specific?

BOB: Sure. It goes back to that last day at Killbragant. I'm wandering the parapets, mooning around, feeling depressed. But then I step in the Third Tower and ... well, you know what's in there. I *burned* to light that cannon wick. Yeah, sure, fire's scarce in Killbragant. And when you *do* find it (in an obvious enough place — a *hearth* kind of place), how the hell do you take it? I spent a lot of time

running around slaying things before I flashed on the answer: Torture Chamber. An instrument —

Bob is interrupted at this point by a howling cacophony at a nearby crypt. Despite Bob's hopes and my fears, it is merely a catfight. After regaining some composure, we continue.

BOB: What was I saying?

ACC: I don't remember. I sort of don't care about anything at this point.

BOB: Relax. You have immunity. Even the spirit world respects the role of the media.

ACC: Let's move quickly, shall we? Where's the Fifth Key?

BOB: OK, OK. Anything to keep you from *mewling* again. The key's behind a stone in the Stable. Which stone? If my buddy Carl were here today, he'd tell you. Of course, he might also rend you into twitching gobbets of meat. Werewolves are funny guys. If you don't know how to get one off your back yet, you weren't paying attention to art in Montana.

There is now only one key left to obtain. The Captain of the Guard ... yeah, the toughest motherbiter of them all. You're gonna need armor, pal — but first suck up all the strength you can. Drop unnecessary items. Enter Captain's Room and weaken him before you go hand-to-hand. Then take the bulletin off the guy's bulletin board. Guess what shows up?

ACC: Great. So now you have all the keys?

BOB: Bingo. Now you need to find the chest, and —
Weird fluttering noises distract us.

BOB: (looking around) Uh ... I can't *tell* you exactly where, but — (makes hand gestures that indicate a recently destroyed structure of some kind) — you get the idea. In the chest you'll find what you need. Take it ... *but don't use it yet.*

ACC: And then Emelda.

BOB: Emelda. Go to the Catacombs and keep a good eye on the floor. Remember that stone you took from the monster? It's a key. Use it, my friend. Use it and pray.

ACC: That's it?

BOB: Yeah. And may the Force be with you.

ACC: (paging through notes) In other publications, you've been quoted as saying: "If you meet Emelda's handmaidens, they can only be destroyed by magic."

BOB: No comment.

ACC: You spoke voluminously of your encounter with Emelda herself. You seemed to indicate that —

BOB: I've got nothing to say about Emelda.

ACC: But what about the Holy Sword of the Crusader?

BOB: (holds up five fingers) The smart man will play all the angles.

ACC: And the contents of the chest?

BOB: Use one, then the other. But isn't that a bit obvious?

ACC: OK, then. One last thing. Do you have any advice for those who might perhaps, like you, fail Elvira and be cast into Undeath as bloodsucking creatures of the night?

BOB: Yeah I do. It's this: Telemarketing is the wave of the future. (laughs hideously) Or maybe holography, I don't know.

ACC: Thanks, Bob. You've been a good sport. Listen, how do we get out of here?

BOB: (sprouts wings) We?

PART TWO

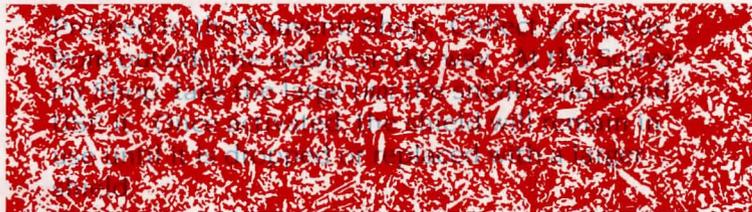
Walkthrough

Ok, we realize that Bob can be oblique, to say the least. So this section charts the most direct path to the "solution" for *Elvira*. The path takes you from room to room, listing what you must do in the most efficient "chronological" order.

Solutions are hidden under the weird red ectoplasm that Elvira smeared on the pages. Just slide the enclosed Magic Viewer slowly down over the red area. Through a highly complex process that involves quantum physics and the exact weight of protons, the solutions will appear.



Souvenir Shop



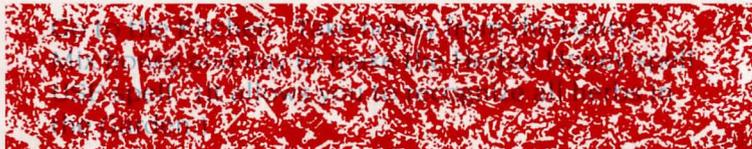
Armoury



Library



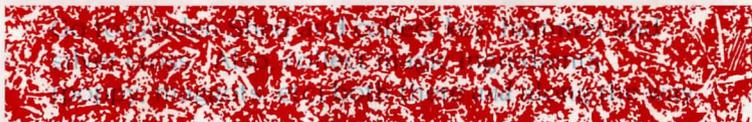
Kitchen



Upstairs Bedrooms



Garden Shed



Herb Garden



Living Room



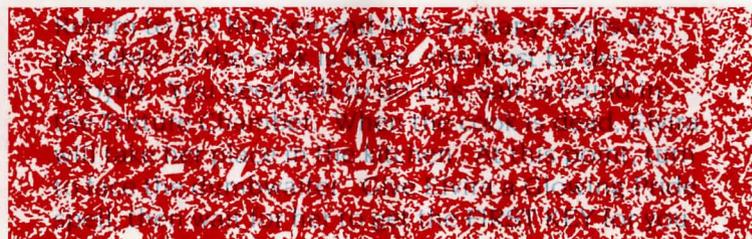
Upstairs (Vampire's Room)



Upstairs (Blue Bedroom)



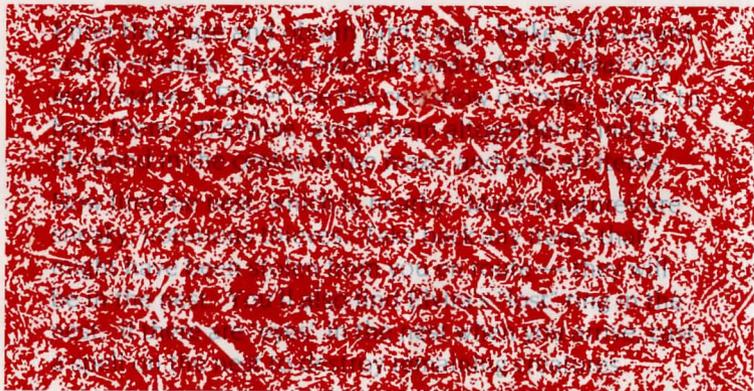
Kitchen



Meadow (Outside Herb Garden)



Maze



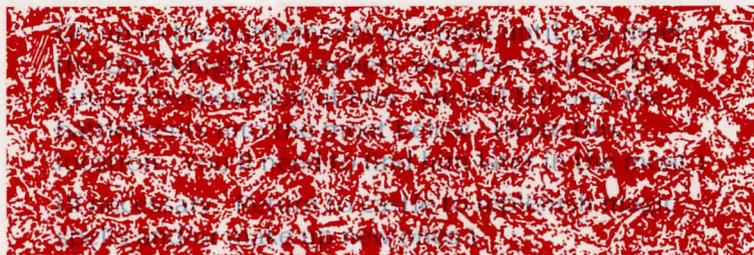
Chapel



Underground Chamber



Battlements



Dungeon



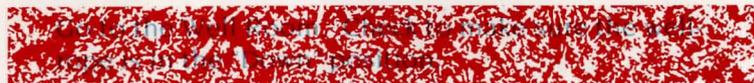
Catacombs



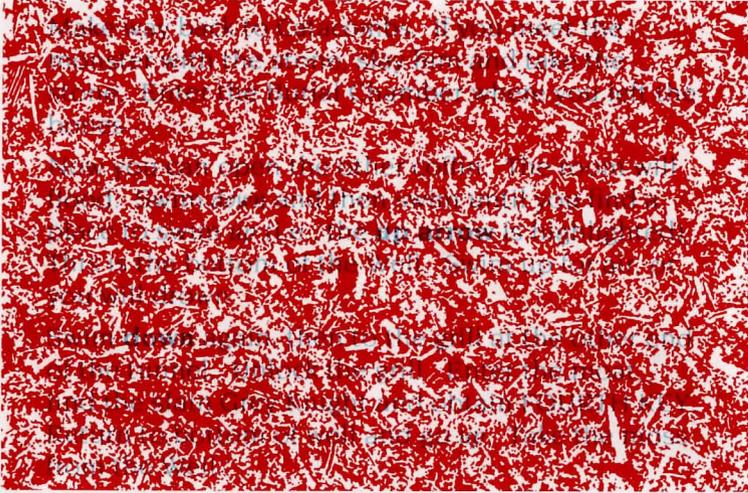
Torture Chamber



Well Room



Catacombs



Foundry



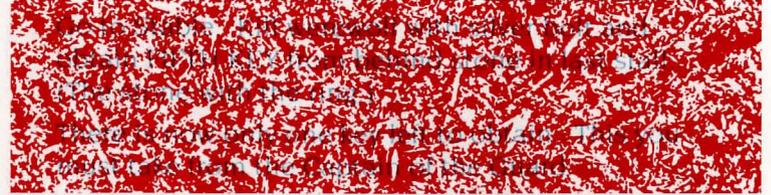
Kitchen



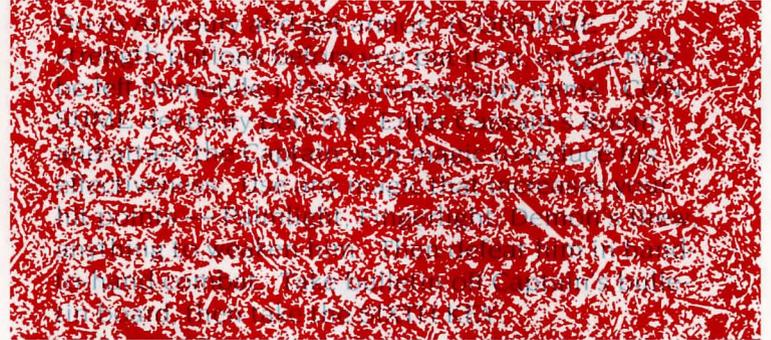
Third Tower



Stable

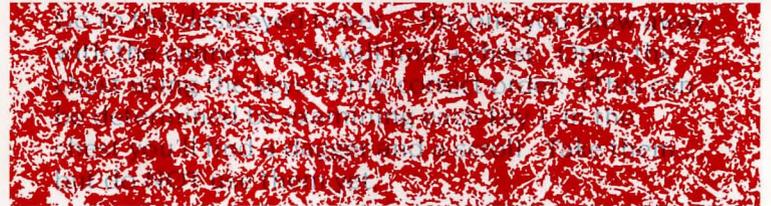


Armoury



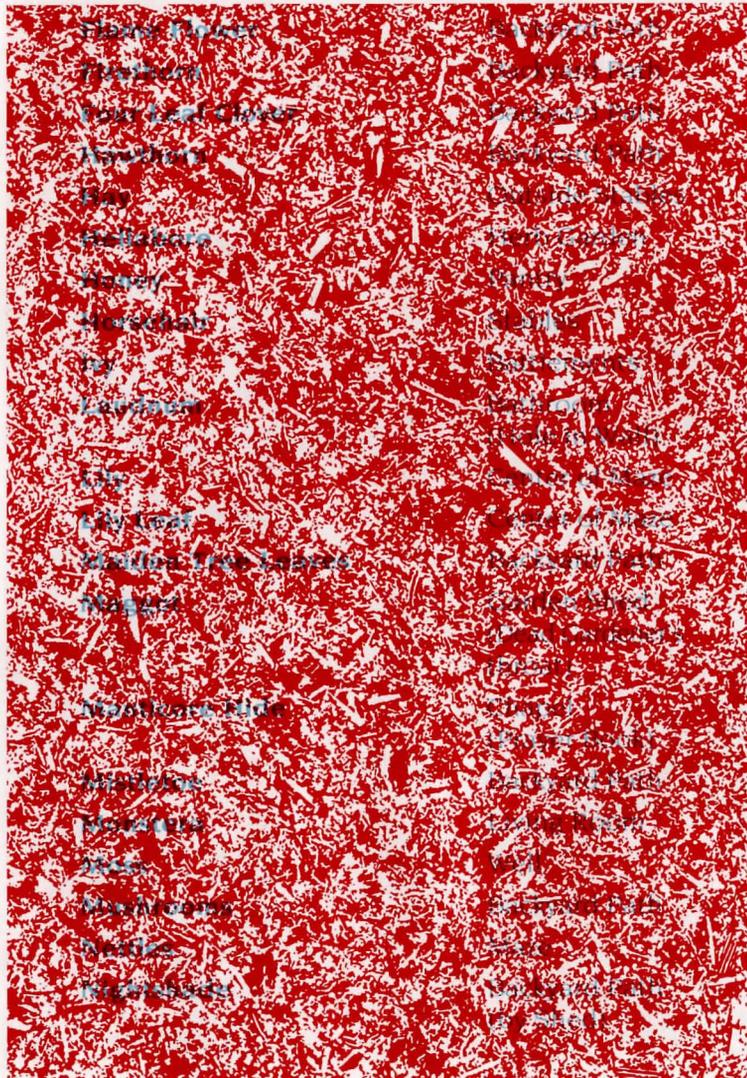
YOU SHOULD NOW HAVE ALL THE KEYS.

Destroyed Tower (Fourth Tower)



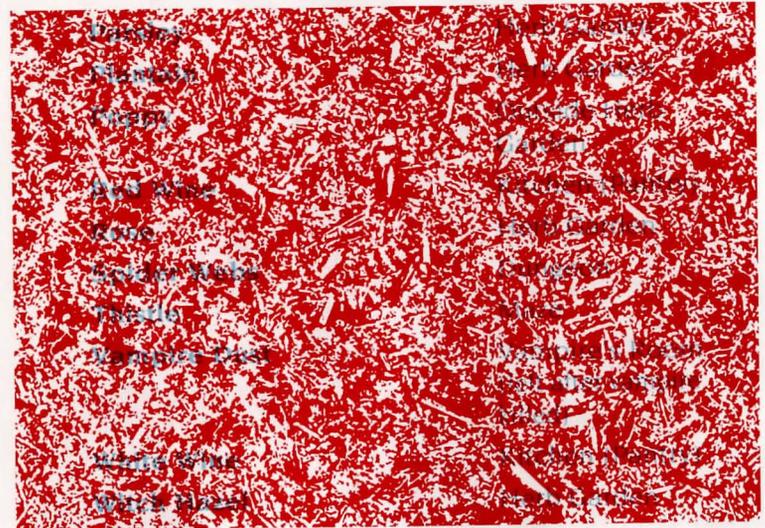
INGREDIENT

LOCATION



INGREDIENT

LOCATION

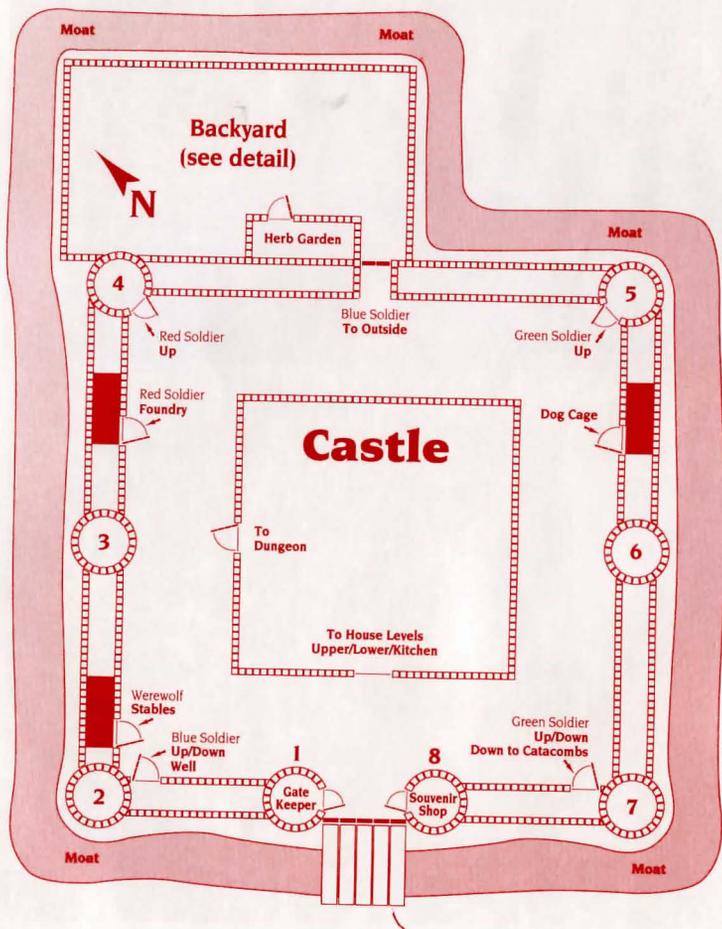


PART FOUR

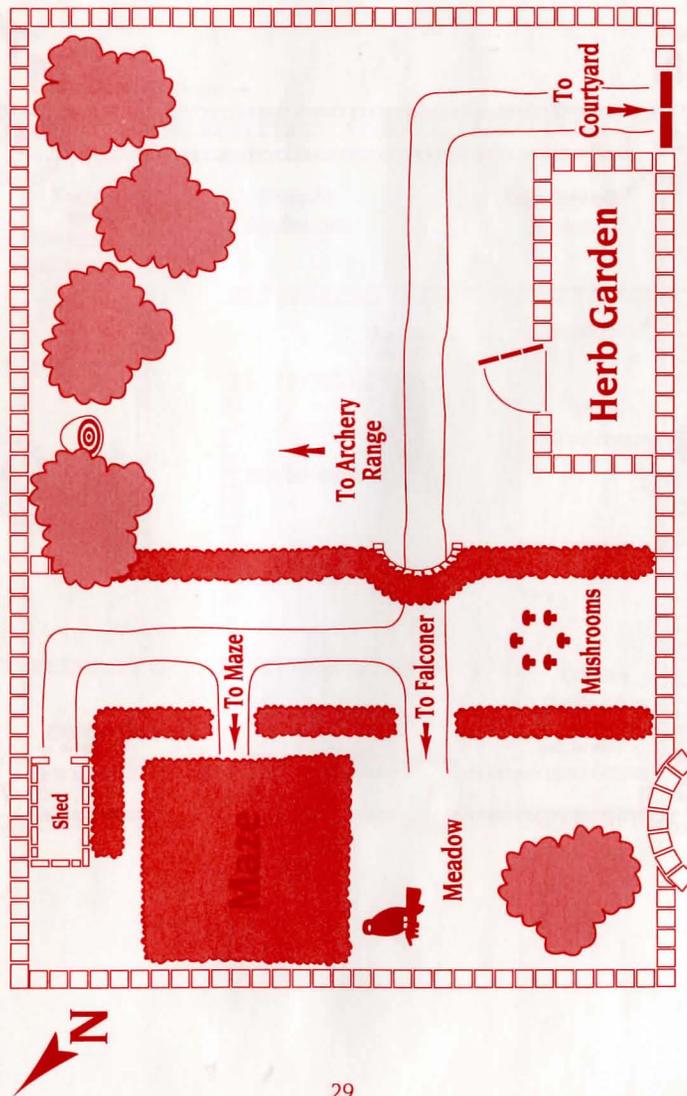
Maps



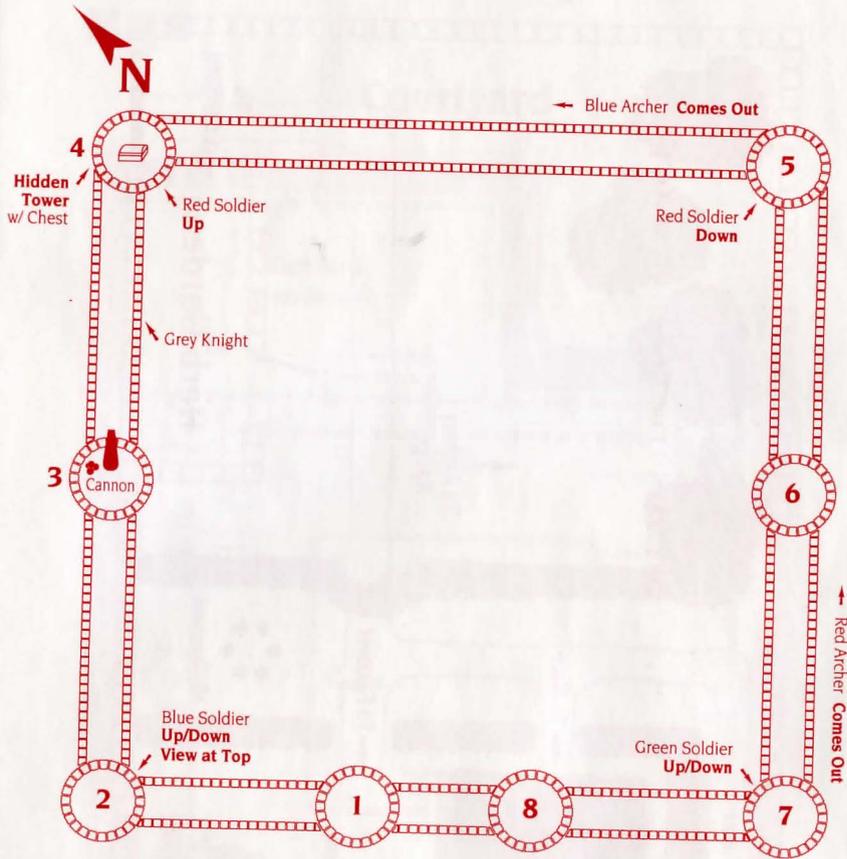
Courtyard



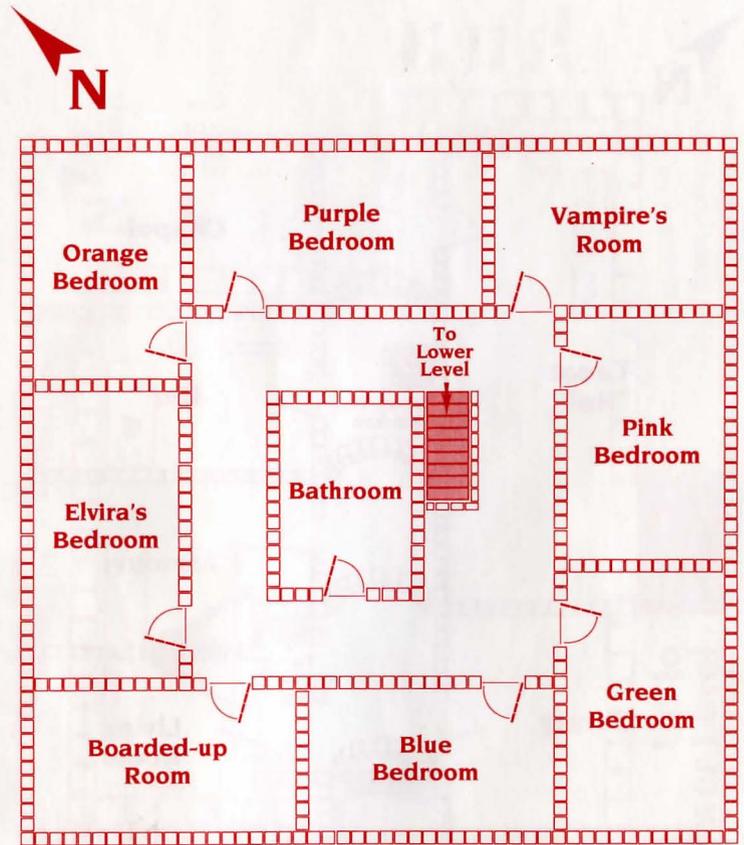
Backyard Detail



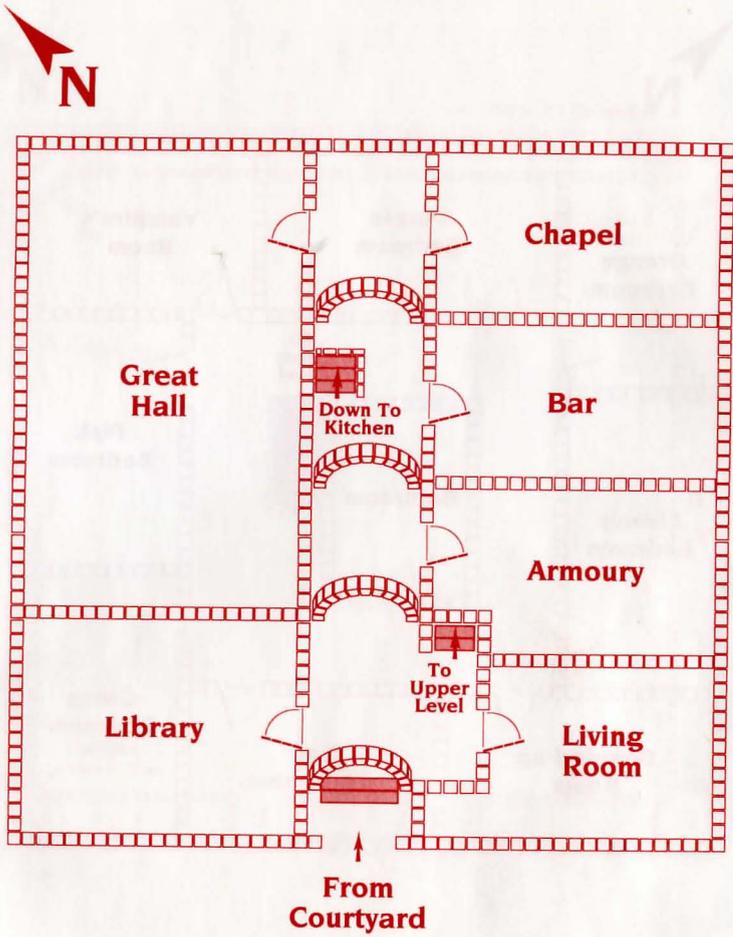
Battlements



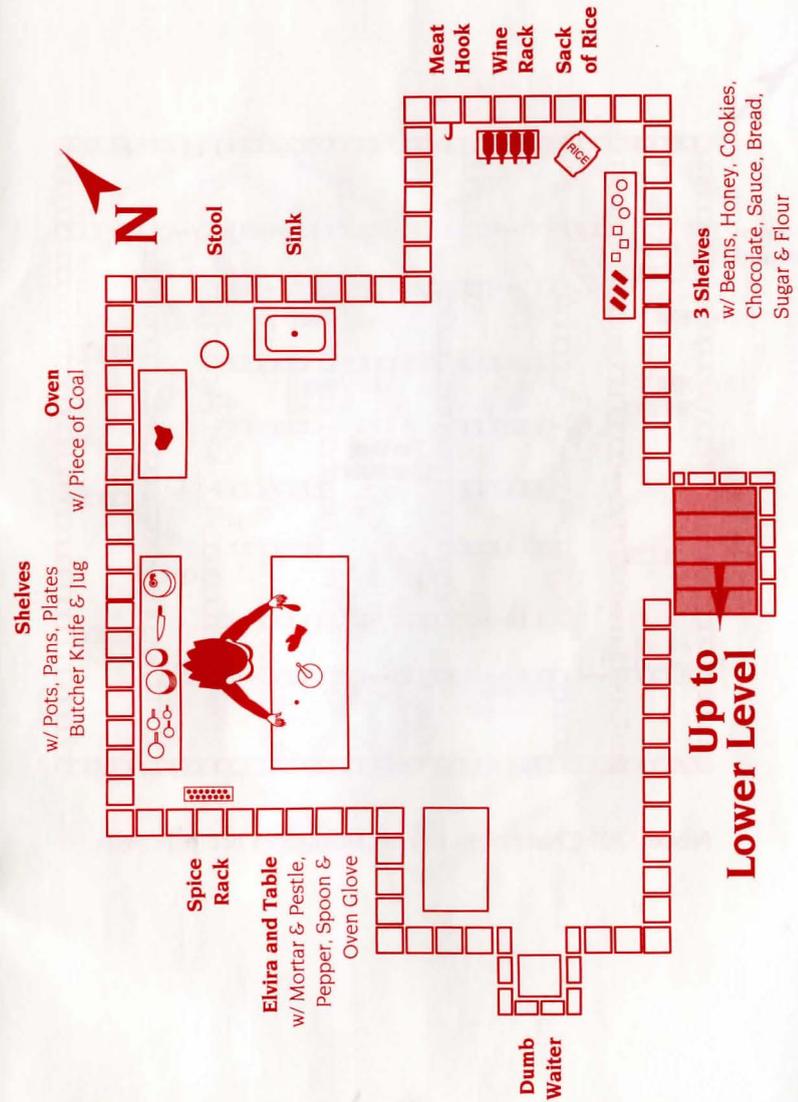
Upper Level



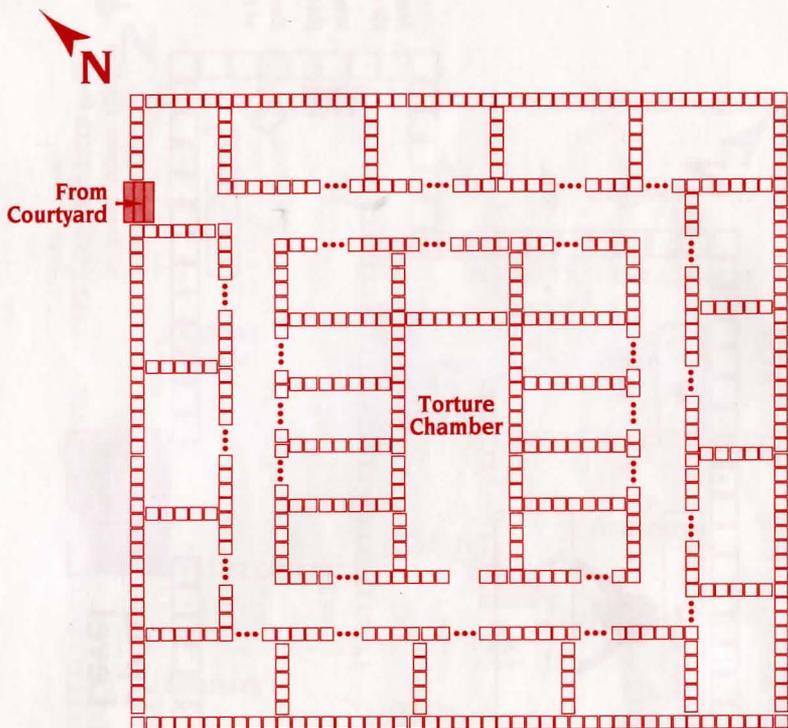
Lower Level



Kitchen

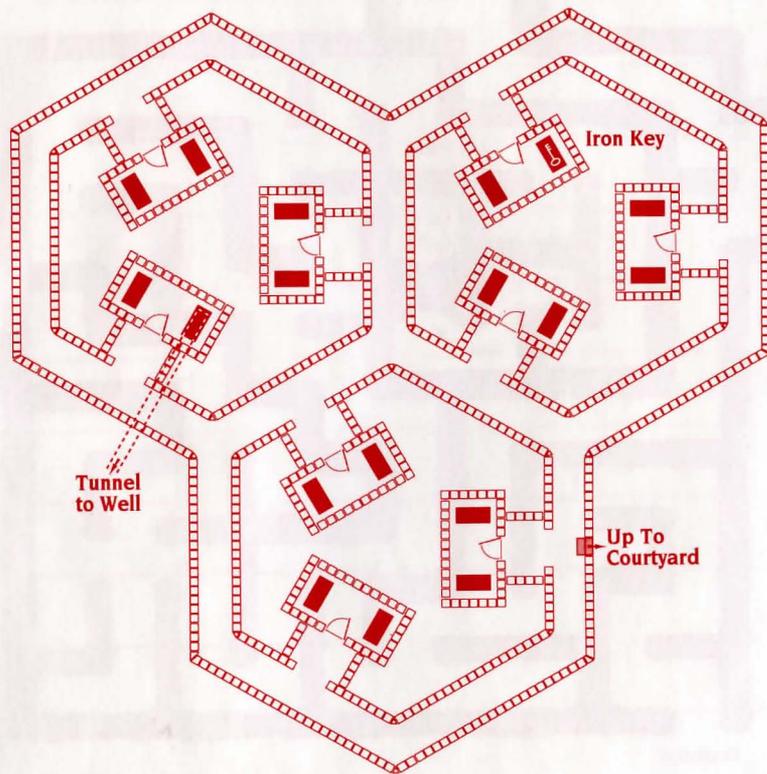


Dungeon



Note: All Chambers in the Dungeon are jail cells.

Catacombs



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