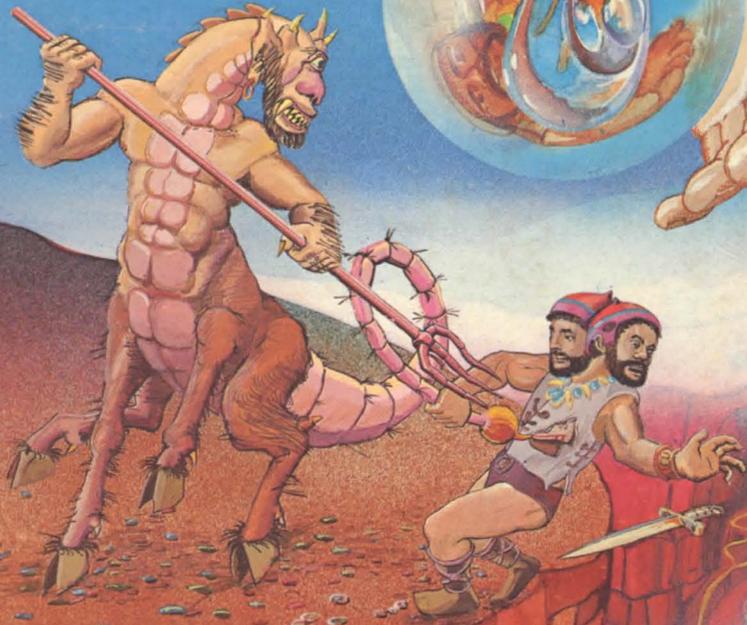
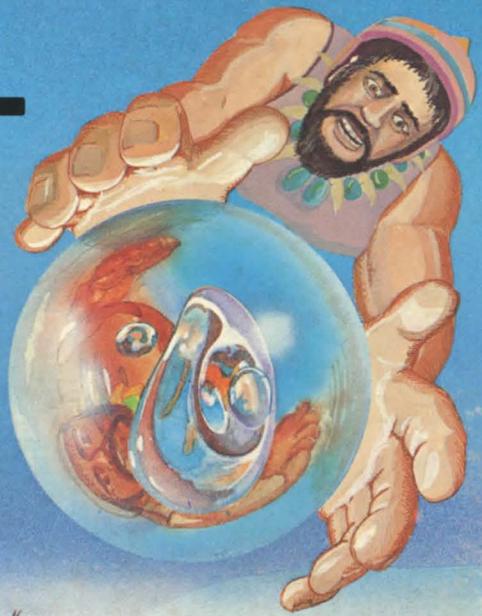
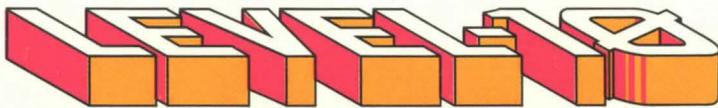


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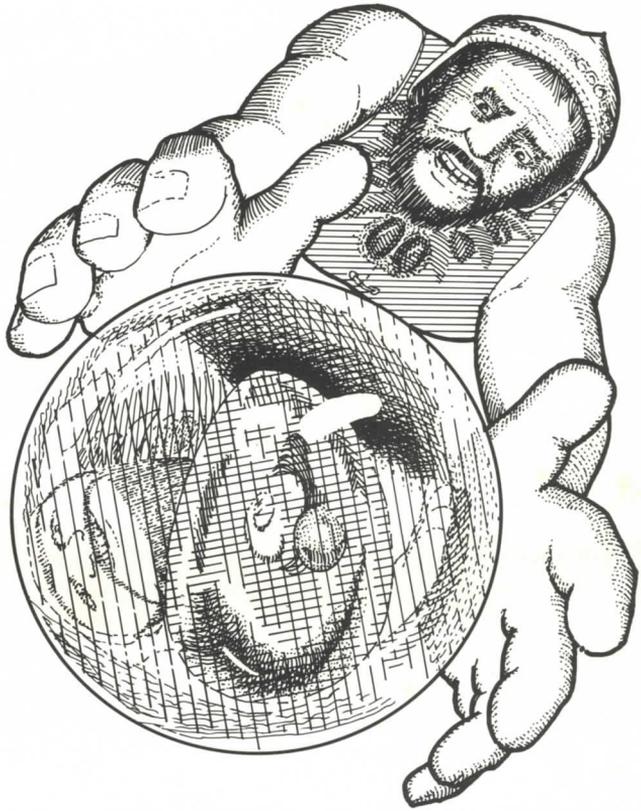
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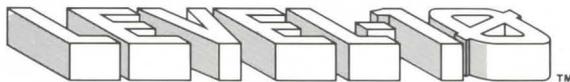
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Alkemstone

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to a mystery which is centuries, maybe even eons old. A powerful gem was hidden and now you have the opportunity to discover its whereabouts. To make solving the puzzle even more enticing, LEVEL-10 is offering \$5,000 to the first person who discovers the location of the Alkemstone.

As you follow the underground paths through the lair of the original owner, you'll notice unusual messages, fragments of words, sketches and other clues written on the walls. You'll learn who wrote these when you read "In Search of Alkemstone." As you wander through the caves, pay attention to every detail, no matter how insignificant it may appear.

The clues are always there, but they are not always visible to you. You may come across one clue numerous times, while some will appear only once in several trips through the caves. You must piece all bits of information together to determine where the stone is hidden. It will be difficult, but your perseverance will be rewarded with \$5,000 from LEVEL-10.

Here is your first clue: The location of the Alkemstone is accessible to the general public.



How To Claim The \$5,000 Reward

1. The law firm of Silver, Silver, Sutton and Kelley, a Professional Corporation, is being used as the independent judging organization. Raymond L. Sutton, Jr. of that firm may be contacted to authenticate that the Alkemstone does exist and that the prize will be awarded to the winner in accordance with the following rules. All decisions by the judging organization are final.
2. All entries must be accompanied by a photocopy of the contest entry form which shows your Customer Serial Number.
3. Include your name, address and zip code.
4. Entries can be submitted in two ways.
 - A. Deliver the Alkemstone to the offices of Silver, Silver, Sutton and Kelley, Western Federal Savings Building, 9th Floor, 210 University Blvd., Denver, Colorado, 80206 and describe the location to Mr. Raymond Sutton, Jr. or,
 - B. Send to Mr. Raymond Sutton, Jr. (at the above Denver attorney's address) a detailed description of where the Alkemstone is hidden. Send your description via First Class Mail. Dakin5 Corporation or the law firm of Silver, Silver, Sutton and Kelley, are not responsible for illegible, lost, delayed or damaged entries.
5. Be able, upon request, to show the original of your Alkemstone Customer Serial Number. You must have purchased Alkemstone in order to be eligible to win the \$5,000 reward.
6. The first correct answer received at the above mentioned attorney's office will be the winner. In the event that two or more correct answers are received on the same day, the entry with the earliest postmark will be declared the winner. If two or more entries having the same postmark arrive on the same day, the reward will be equally divided. The winner(s) will be notified by mail.
7. The contest is open to everyone except LEVEL-10, Dakin5 Corporation or Silver, Silver, Sutton and Kelley employees and their families. Winners are responsible for taxes. All federal, state and local regulations apply. The contest is void where prohibited by law.

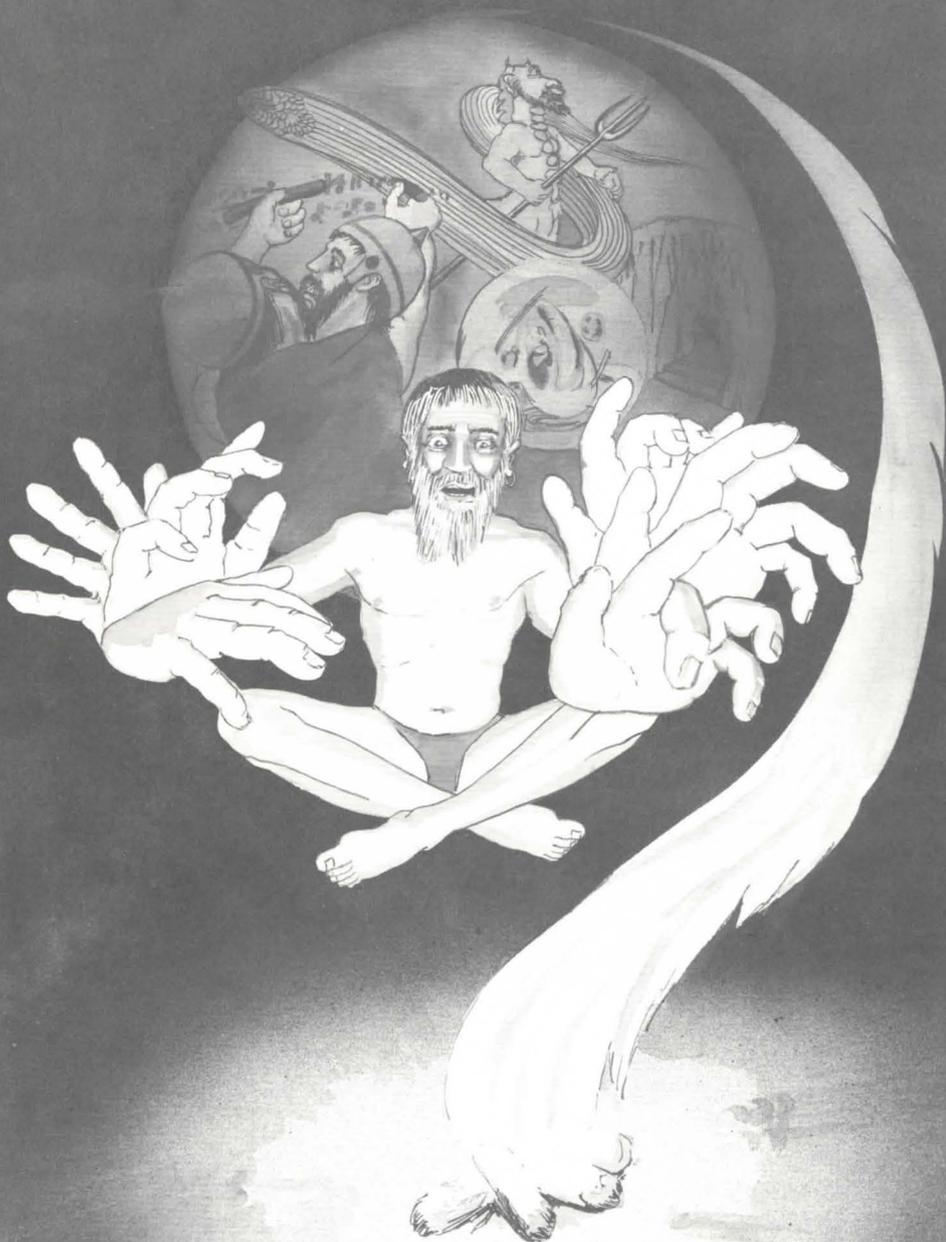
IN SEARCH OF ALKEMSTONE™

By
Steve Rasnic Tem

The first things one noticed about Mackal the Teller of Tales were his hands. They were ridged and spurred in ways no one could claim ever to have seen before. They resembled the gnarled roots of ancient trees, seeking water where no water might be obtained, more than they resembled human flesh and bone. The fingers weaved about independently of each other when he narrated a particularly flowing passage — a trip down the great river of lost souls, for example — and the hands clutched at each other, the fingers scratching the opposite hand during particularly tense passages. Although his audience was most often mesmerized by his dramatic retellings of ancient legends — of the strange times before humans and their familiar concerns, when things not-human predominated with desires as complex as rope-tangle and thoughts as cold and silent as the taverns and churches of the dead — they were often times even more fascinated by what tortures he perpetrated upon his own body during those tellings.

This particular night there were six lingering about Mackal's fire: a large barbarian woman with a livid scar snaking over her nose, a small man in rags with furtive eyes, a broad-shouldered woodsman recently hired out to fell timbers in the northern regions, two young boys with eyes bigger than their brains and mouths bigger than their reputations — they were constantly questioning the validity of Mackal's details, and more than once he had silenced them with a raised fist and brow — and finally a tall man in black with a hood pulled low over his face. This last sat some distance away from the rest of Mackal's audience and made the others nervous to be around him. Even Mackal was seen to glance furtively now and then at the stranger, to the point of breaking the careful play of gesture and facial expression which he always used to pull the spectators even more deeply into his tales.

“. . . and at last the great Red Bull came charging over the precipice," Mackal intoned in a voice roughened for the occasion. He widened his eyes and looked down into an awesome, though imaginary, canyon. "But upon reaching the midpoint of his fall he *burst* into a thousand pieces, each piece gripped tightly by one of the fat babies of the Birdwoman. A *thousand* Birdbabies, squawking and yapping, snapping at each other with their jewel-hinged jaws and deadly sharp teeth. When they landed they immediately began to burrow underground, where they may be found to this very day, eating any unwary traveler



who might wander into one of their dream pits!" He shouted this last part, and then began to laugh. All but the man in black clapped enthusiastically, the two boys giggling to themselves.

"Another! Another!" the two boys shouted in unison.

"One last," Mackal said with a smile. "Any requests?"

"The Lizard of Baldaflere!" cried one of the boys.

"No, no — The Rot Beneath The Wizard's House!" shouted the other boy petulantly.

"Queen Galda's Physician!" shouted the small man.

"The Rosehead!" the barbarian woman cried.

The man in black stood up suddenly, startling the group into an uneasy silence. "Old man," he said in a slow, somewhat unsteady voice. "If you value your own life and that of this rabble . . ." he gestured with a thin, slightly curled finger extending from his black sleeve, "Tell of the Alkemstone!"

"Sir, I . . ." Mackal began.

"Tell!" the man in black screamed. Mackal shivered. It had been a long time since he had heard such starkness, such barrenness in any human being's voice.

"Sir, these boys . . . I wouldn't wish to encourage them to try . . ."

The man in black cackled. "I learned young enough, why shouldn't they?" He whirled around, his cape flying open, to reveal a body emaciated and withered from years of dwelling in darkness. As the boys shrank back in horror he exclaimed, "Your first lesson, my boys! This awaits you if you seek the Alkemstone!" He turned abruptly back to Mackal. "Begin!" Then he sat down, arranged his black garb around him, and stared at the old storyteller.

Mackal rubbed his gnarled hands together nervously. He stared at his audience a moment in sadness. He looked at the man in black. Then, finally, he resigned himself to beginning his tale.

"A very long time ago, long before our time . . . my children . . ." The two boys looked up. Mackal the storyteller sounded terribly sad, unlike anytime they had known him. And never before had he addressed them as "children." But they sensed he was referring to all his audience with that name. He seemed terribly, heartbreakingly, weary.

"In fact, my children, this was a time long before there were human beings as such, when the ancient primeval gods dreamed dreams of what humans might be. These dreams walked the earth as living

creatures, and there were warriors, merchants and farmers, even as today there are warriors, merchants and farmers. No one knows if these original dreams of men resembled in any way the human beings we have today. Perhaps they had several ears, a longer nose, or a device to play musical notes affixed to their bellies. Who knows? I can only guess. I imagine they were much as we are, but shorter in stature, and less well-formed. After all, they were the first raw dreams the ancient gods dreamed of humanity, so they lacked our modern improvements! I suspect they had more hair, and their noses were rough, the eyes . . . weak. Certainly . . . they must have been something like that.

“Now one of these dreams was The Gray Man, who wanted to be a god himself. Another was The Youth, who wanted to become many things as do all young humans today: perhaps a warrior, or a wise sage or a great politician. He was constantly changing his mind. In those times he could be all three, for in the dreams of the ancient gods they had not decided specifically what these things should be.

“The Gray Man was dreamed by the great Spectral Serpent, a vast creature of stardust and moonshine. This monster of the spirit was one of the oldest of the ancient gods, and its disturbing and bizarre dreams are ultimately responsible for most of the races of people who live today. It consisted, on its outside, of all the white cloud of stars we see above us. The sun lived within a small house beneath its tongue and the great armies of the Dead Lord used its spine for maneuvers.

“And yet for all that, my children, the Spectral Serpent could be very small indeed. As small as a roach thought, or a rich man’s modesty. Indeed, today it often dwells as a small worm inside a man’s heart.” At that, Mackal glanced up at the scowling man in black and the two boys nodded somberly.

“The Spectral Serpent was unpracticed in dreaming at this time and its dream of The Gray Man was not a very good one. For The Gray Man had a rough form *and* spirit, and could not understand what his parent was all about. When first born The Gray Man would wander the countryside seeking his parent beneath rocks, at the bottom of deep streams and in all manner of strange and ridiculous places. After centuries of such useless searching The Gray Man became bitter, and ambitious. He had never seen the vast power and influence of the Spectral Serpent, so The Gray Man imagined the Serpent to be far less than reported to be. Like many children, The Gray Man began to think of himself as far greater than his parent, and decided that he, too, should be a primal mover, a god. Surely only bad luck and his parent’s ill will had prevented him so far! Or so he believed. He thus began a search for the means to manufacture his godhood, a search which would take him far longer than the combined lives of any of us, and of all our ancestors.”

The man in black spat angrily, interrupting Mackal's tale. "Get to the Alkemstone, old man!"

"You forced me into the telling, sir; pray let me get to the point of the tale in my own way! Besides," Mackal chuckled, "I was just getting to that."

"Not long after the Spectral Serpent had created The Gray Man, it created that abstract substance we sometimes call "wish," sometimes "longing." It has many appearances, my friends, sometimes a beautiful woman or handsome man, sometimes a pot of gold, a powerful physique, sometimes a disease which eats to the bone. The Spectral Serpent had reached that time which comes to all gods I am told, when what it is able to do far outreaches anything it could ever want.

"Such a state of affairs threw the Spectral Serpent into a deep and troubled sleep. After a thousand years of its writhing and restless coils shaking the very foundations of all that is and might be, a pure gem formed in the hollow between its eyes, the rarest of gems crystallized out of the purest "wish," the purest "longing." The Serpent lost some of its dreams in the process — dreams supposedly similar to The Gray Man, or The Youth. The other dreams were trapped within the gem, forming oddly-shaped bubbles there. To this day no one knows what these lost dreams might consist of, although some philosophers and ancient mages have speculated that exposure to these dreams might drive a human being mad. But I like to think that the dreams which were lost were much greater than those left behind.

Mackal looked at the man in black. "We know the gem that was formed in the hollow between the Spectral Serpent's eyes as the Alkemstone." The man in black spat violently.

"Unfortunately the creation of the Alkemstone alerted The Gray Man to his parent's whereabouts. For in a sense, the Alkemstone was a brother to The Gray Man, dreamed out of the same starry head.

"The Spectral Serpent fell asleep once again, a deeper one now that the Alkemstone had appeared between its eyes. It was using its remaining dreamtime to nourish its child the Alkemstone, much as a human mother nurses her baby. The Gray Man found the Spectral Serpent in this state, and crept up to his parent carefully, without disturbing it.

"Now I can only speculate as to whether The Gray Man recognized the power latent within his brother, the Alkemstone, or whether something else motivated his theft of the gem. Perhaps, as some children might, he was merely trying to hurt his parent in the best way he knew how, by stealing the new child. Or perhaps he was merely lonely, and sought the company of his sibling.

"As a storyteller, I have learned that motivations are seldom simple.



People do things for many, often contradictory reasons. I suspect The Gray Man stole his brother, the Alkemstone, for a combination of all these reasons. And perhaps even the Alkemstone told his brother, The Gray Man, of its power, and made some sort of pact with the brother. In any case, The Gray Man stole the Alkemstone from the Spectral Serpent's forehead and ran away, past the sun sleeping in its house beneath the Spectral Serpent's tongue, past the spray of stars like milk raining into a pond, past the Dead Lord's armies sleeping within their unnaturally white skulls, and down to the earth, created one day by the night bear on its way to its cloud cave and sleep.

"For The Gray Man had made the earth his home, wouldn't you know, with the slime, the endless caverns formed by the dreams of the volcano gods, the hot mud pots and the lizards of fire." Mackal smiled at the two boys. "Don't worry, my children. This was a long time ago and most of those creatures are but fugitives in an old man's tale in these times.

"On this primitive earth," Mackal The Storyteller continued, "The Gray Man tried all manner of ways to get his brother, the Alkemstone, to work for him. And the Alkemstone was obliging enough, certainly, but like any baby was unskilled in his powers. And let us also not forget the greed and enormous pride of The Gray Man. His own desires were so far-reaching, arrogant and conflicting, the Alkemstone could not pinpoint any one of them.

"And so The Gray Man began to change. In his striving for godhood he was transformed by the Alkemstone into all manner of creatures. First rabbit, then hound. Then alligator, bear and elephant. Dinosaur, living mountain, talking tree, singing sun, toadstool and caterpillar. He became combinations of creatures, then combination upon combination. His face stretched impossibly and his internal organs were turned inside out in his mad dance of change. Dancing, dancing, he leaped up into the air and became a gigantic winged island, full of talking mice and geese who cooked and served the finest of meals. He flipped upside down and became a whale with nine hundred arms, a flower or a battleaxe in each hand.

"As you might expect from The Gray Man, he became angrier and more insane with each change, so that finally in frustration he was forced to stop. When he again asked his brother, the Alkemstone, to change him, the stone was unable to do so. It had wasted itself on The Gray Man too long, and The Gray Man, temporarily exhausted of all desires, could not reactivate it.

"What was his final form, oh Storyteller?" the barbarian woman asked.

"Quite fearsome I'm afraid. He was a Chimera, a patchwork beast, with one eye in the middle of his forehead, a horse's body and a poisonous scorpion's tail.

"Now unknown to The Gray Man, or the Chimera as we should call him now, The Youth, in his resplendent dark beard and new armor, had witnessed many of these changes. When he saw what the Alkemstone was capable of, he knew he must have the gem for himself. He waited until the Chimera returned the Alkemstone to its place within the multitunneled lair. The beast then wandered off to rage at the mountains and stars of the parent, to complain about its very existence. Only then did The Youth dare to enter the lair to search for the precious gem. The Youth was terribly frightened, but determined."

"A young fool," the man in black muttered beneath his breath, but loud enough for all to hear him. Mackal ignored him.

"Many have speculated about what The Youth planned to do with the Alkemstone once he had it in his possession. Some versions say he had a great plan to change the mountains into valleys, others that he wished to transform himself into a bird or fish. I know another storyteller who will swear The Youth planned to use the Alkemstone to speed the arrival of the human race as we know it today." Mackal sighed and settled back. "Every storyteller likes to change the legend a bit. I suspect The Youth was much like you or me: part hero and part self-centered swine!" He laughed. "Maybe he wished for something as mundane as wealth. Perhaps he even had no plan at all; he merely saw what the Alkemstone might do and decided it would be a useful thing to have around.

"In any case The Youth made his way rapidly into the maze of tunnels which formed the Chimera's lair. These regions were dark and moist, it having rained continuously for many days, and in places The Youth could hear strange noises in the walls — scratches, tappings and swishings — but could see no source for them. In fact, there appeared to be no animals in the caverns at all. Apparently the Chimera lived here by himself.

"The Youth spent a great number of hours wandering up and down the maze, many times returning to the same place he had begun. He thought at first that perhaps the Chimera had hidden the Alkemstone so well he would never be able to find it, but at last, upon turning onto a short corridor he had apparently never seen in his random meanderings, he detected a slight glimmer in the shadows along one wall. There, covered by an odd assortment of greasy rags and the gnawed bones of small and large animals, was the Alkemstone. Once he had brushed the clutter away, the gem sent out beams of power which illuminated the local network of tunnels with curtains of red and blue light. This startled him, but he was able to regather his wits fairly quickly, pick up the Alkemstone and dash for the exit."

Mackal laughed. ". . . and of course he ran straightaway into a dead-

end. I suppose he thought that since he had found the Alkemstone all obstacles would suddenly fall away and allow him to escape. If only life worked this way! But, no my children, things of value must be hard-earned and every man must . . .”

“Oh, please, Mackal! Not a moral already!” one of the boys cried out.

“You’re right, or course,” Mackal said, smiling. “One shouldn’t spoil the tale too early with a message. Please excuse me.”

“On with it, old man!” the man in black said, his mouth muffled by the sweeping folds of his hood. “Get to the part where he hides the Alkemstone!”

One of the boys moaned his disappointment.

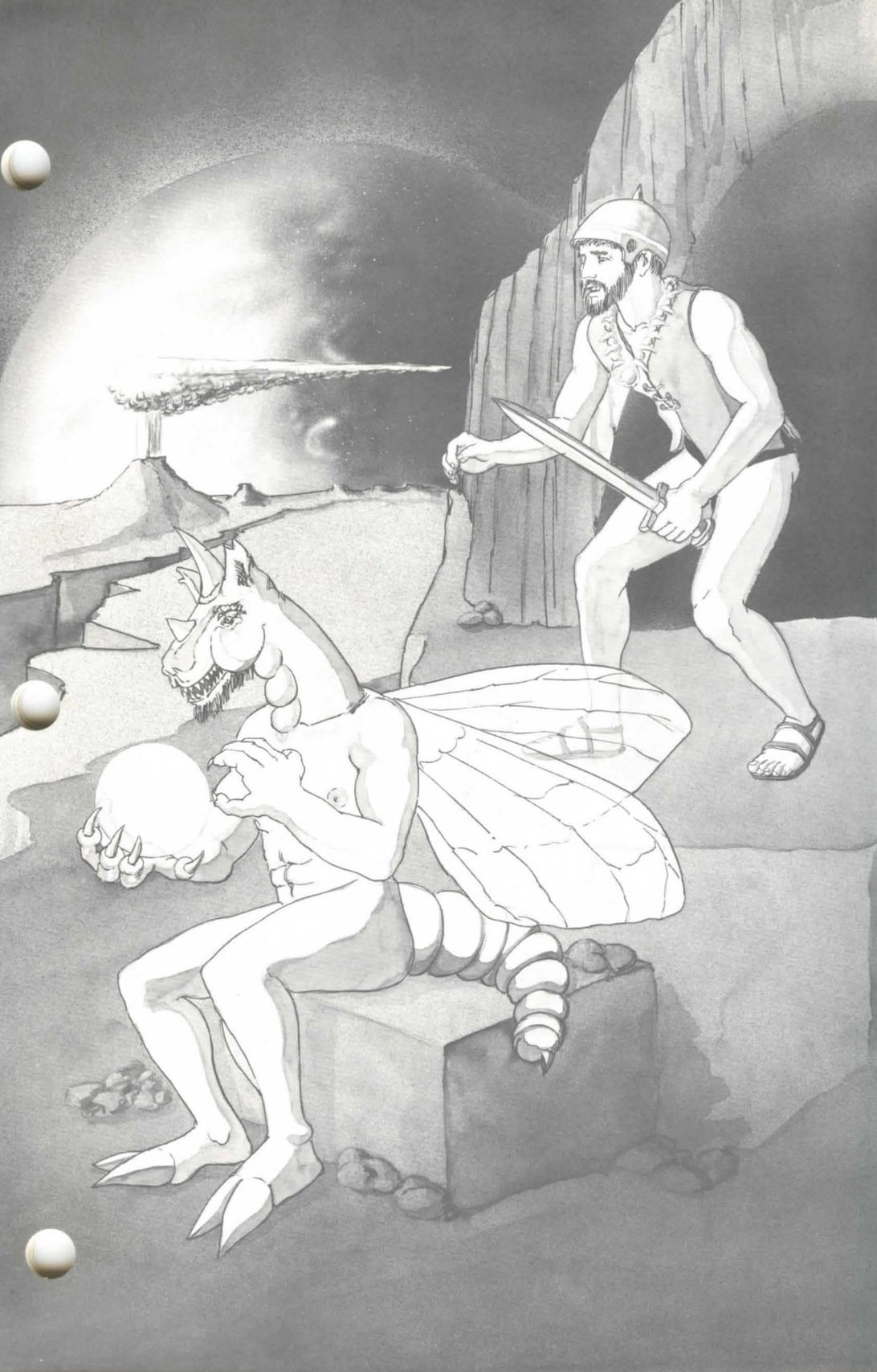
“Sir! It is very rude to give away a piece of the tale in progress!” Mackal said indignantly. Then he looked at the boy and winked. “But happily that is not all the story.”

Mackal resettled himself on the enormous old log and continued. “The Youth, unfortunately, did not understand the real meaning of the Alkemstone’s colorful outburst. Nor did he really understand that the Alkemstone was no mere inanimate object, but a child of the Spectral Serpent, and brother to the Chimera himself! The red and blue light was a call for help, a distress signal designed to summon the wandering Chimera! And no sooner had The Youth stepped out of the maze of corridors, than he heard a tremendous roaring among the stones, and the sound of pounding hooves. The Chimera was returning!

“The Youth began to run, but the Alkemstone again activated itself and again displayed the brilliant beams of red and blue light. The valleys and hills were filled with the glow! No rainbow could be more beautiful! The Youth began to panic, and began looking for a place where he might hide the Alkemstone. He did not know if anything physical would cut off the brilliant display of lights, but he knew that if he did not obscure them soon all would be lost. He no doubt thought to retrieve it later, after the Chimera had gone away again.”

The man in black had crept up from his sitting place, and was crouched anxiously a few feet away from the old storyteller. Mackal stared at him as the man nervously ran his hands over the ground in front of him. “So there . . . you have the sickness, eh?” Mackal whispered harshly. “Eh, I thought so! Greed . . . you cannot live for passion for the gem!” The man in black did not look at the storyteller, nor did he reply, but merely waved his hands impatiently, obviously intent on the story and nothing else.

“But before hiding the Alkemstone . . .” Mackal gestured dramatically. “The Youth thought it only wise to ask for some assistance in fighting



this fierce Chimera. So . . .” Mackal stood up with a wide grin and pointed at a spot on the ground. His audience was so taken with him they were each able to imagine the Alkemstone on this very spot. “He asked, no . . . he *demand*ed that the Alkemstone grant him *twice* the brainpower to outwit the Chimera.” Mackal sat down again, looking weary. “His wish was granted,” he sighed. “He grew another head!” he shouted, laughing uproariously.

He looked at the two boys. “So you see my friends . . . be careful with your wishes. The inexact wording of a request may have serious consequences indeed!

“Such a sight you cannot imagine!” Mackal The Storyteller continued. “Each head even had a different idea about where the Alkemstone should be hidden! And as often happens when two heads share the same body, each thought it was smarter than the other! You’ve never heard such clamorous arguing! The Youth had trouble even walking, for each head wanted to walk in a different direction. Eventually, The Youth became tangled up in his own feet, fell and sustained grievous injuries to the head, shoulders and buttocks.”

Mackal stood up and walked to the two boys. He crouched and whispered, “See that you remember that when you’re older, young men. A perfect example of decision by committee . . .”

He hobbled back over to his seat. “What’s worse, my children, The Youth, using all four ears, could hear the Chimera returning! What was he to do? Through a last minute compromise the two heads were able to reach an agreement concerning the Alkemstone, and The Youth hid it immediately. Then he began to run, rather well for a man with two heads, but very poorly in comparison to even the slowest of our group. He continued to trip over himself, you see.

“It was inevitable that the Chimera would catch up with him. There ensued a rather short, one-sided battle, I must say. Not up to my usual standards of adventurous storytelling. Imagine this . . .” Mackal stood up on his log. He made exaggerated cowering motions. “Not very impressive, is it? For you see, although the ancient primeval gods had dreamed of the human being, and even a crude armor and weaponry of sorts for the human being, none had ever gotten around to dreaming up the art of warfare. That would be up to humans to dream up, a short period after our tale takes place.

“The Youth dodged the massive scorpion tail of the Chimera as best he could . . .” Mackal bobbed back and forth on his precarious log perch, threatening to topple on his audience at any second. The two boys moved back as far as possible. Mackal’s eyes widened. “Suddenly he saw the scorpion tail raised high above him, approaching his chest at a steep angle!”

Mackal clutched his side and howled. All but the man in black jumped in surprise. "He was wounded!" Mackal toppled off the log and began staggering around the campfire, threatening at any moment to burn himself or step on a member of his audience. "The poison was so potent . . ." Mackal rolled his eyes. ". . . the two-headed Youth was overcome with delirium. And yet he ran as fast as possible, trying to escape from the Chimera." Mackal staggered even more wildly, bumping into everyone, brushing the fire then stamping out the embers he knocked off, jostling the man in black as he passed him. "But no use. The Chimera was gaining!

"However, as luck would have it . . ." The storyteller suddenly disappeared behind a large boulder. Then, there was a long, winding-down whistling noise coming from that spot. "He had fallen into a small chasm!" Mackal cried with a mock hollow sound.

Suddenly Mackal's head appeared above the boulder. "It was another entrance to the Chimera's underground lair!" He ran out from behind the boulder. "The Youth pressed himself far back into one of the crevices and, in short, the Chimera was unable to find him. He finally gave up and walked away. It is said he still lives, tending a flock of sheep on the other side of the moon, in his parent's jaws, as it were." Mackal laughed.

"The Youth, old man!" the man in black cried, "What happened to him? Did he go back . . . where did he hide it?"

"I have no idea! In his delirium he ran all around the maze of tunnels, writing strange messages and riddles on the walls, and drawing odd pictures and diagrams. For in his delirium he did not quite know where the hidden Alkemstone must be, yet each of his heads held half the answer. He reasoned — if such a state can be called reason — that if his two heads would only stop arguing and talk to one another he would remember. And more importantly, he knew the poison was killing him. Not wanting the Alkemstone to be lost forever, he tried his best to leave us clues for finding it, my friends. And he did before dying from the poison. I'm sure our companion in black is also very capable of telling us about it, judging by his reactions during the tale."

Everyone looked at the stranger garbed in black. He seemed now even more threatening than he had a short time before. "What!" he shouted, "You have no more knowledge to add? I've spent years in dark, slimy caves studying the clues. Why," he railed, "should I listen to you if you can tell me nothing more about the clues than the others?"

Mackal sighed. "That's all any of us can tell you, Sir." Angered, and showing more courage than he truly felt, Mackal continued, "Go now . . . trouble someone else for your clues."

The man in black backed away from the campfire. The others remained silent a long time. Then one of the boys spoke up. "A moral, Mackal? You always give us a moral with your tales."

"The quest is not always easy. Perseverance is its own reward. The boar with the longest tusks gets the cheese. Take your pick. Sometimes there are no easy morals to be distilled, my young friend. But listen to me now, even you, dark stranger." He lowered his eyes and his voice and said, "Do not seek the Alkemstone, unless you are more than willing to pay the price."

The stranger stomped off ranting to himself. "Stupid fool. All the clues and their meanings can be found . . . will be found. I shall **never** give up the quest!"

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE QUEST

ALKEMSTONE does not require complex written directions or explanations. Your computer will provide most of the necessary information. There are two diskettes, but you will need only one disk drive. During your journey you will discover clues and fragments of clues which, when deciphered correctly, will lead you to the location of the Alkemstone. You have no time limit, and may stop the adventure in progress.

COMMANDS

While searching for the Alkemstone clues, you will use the following keys to move through the caverns:

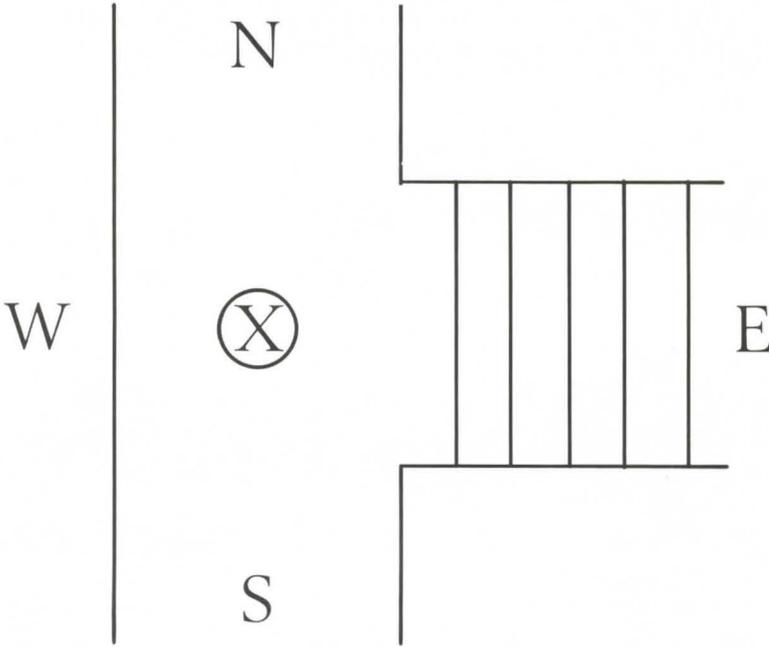


The Left arrow  will turn you **left** and the Right arrow  will turn you **right**.

The  key will permit you to look **up** and the  key will let you look **down**.

The  key moves you **forward**.

An example of how you would maneuver through the caves is provided in the bird's eye view below (note that this diagram is for explanation purposes only. The caverns are actually three-dimensional, providing the illusion that you are walking inside actual hallways):



If you were the  looking north you would see a hallway.

If you type  you would turn left (west), and see a wall.

If you then type   (turning left twice), or  

(turning right twice), you would have made the equivalent of an about face, and you would see the staircase to the east.

Alkemstone gives you the option of stopping your journey and resuming it at a later time without losing your position in the caves. To quit, press the ConTRoL Q key. When you start again, you will be at the same location in the caves as you were before you pressed the ConTRoL Q key. However, when you resume, you may not see the clues that were shown at the time you pressed the ConTRoL Q key, because the computer chooses at random which of the clues will be visible on the screen at any given time.

BEGINNING THE QUEST

To begin, insert Diskette 1 into the disk drive and start your computer in the regular manner. When the title page appears, you are ready to start your adventure by pressing the ESCape key. You will be instructed when to change diskettes.

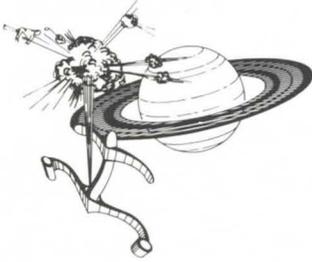
LOCATING YOUR POSITION

We have provided a method to show your position in the maze at any time. By pressing ConTRoL P, you will get a outline showing your position in the maze.

QUIET RUN/FAST RUN

If you wish to turn off movement noise in the game and achieve faster movement, press S. Should you wish to return to normal running mode, press S again.

Rings of Saturn™



Be the captain of your Apple computer on assignment to save your stranded crew near Saturn's rings. In this arcade adventure you face assault by enemy ships, giant ice chunks and other dangers. There is only a short time to save the group before their space station explodes. You have a limited fuel supply, which is consumed at an increasing rate, as you fight your way through the hazards. If you sustain too much damage, your Apple will perish. Rings of Saturn has four skill levels, 3-D animation, Hi-Res color graphics and

sound effects. The duration of play is based on real time and players use paddles or a joystick control. Suggested retail price is \$39.95.

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Dragon Fire™



Your goal in this fantasy is to slay the dragon Salmadon and to accumulate a vast fortune. To begin play, choose a character: the Wizard, the Elf, the Warrior, the Huntress or the Dwarf. You enter a mass of dungeons which are actually the ruins of 10 civilizations built atop one another. During your quest you may encounter 170 monsters guarding 150 rooms and passages. Each beast has a cache of treasures for you if you destroy it. Be on the lookout for red keys — a magical key is the only way you'll defeat Salmadon.

Dragon Fire comes with an illustrated 32-page short story about this fantasy universe, detailed characters, five levels of difficulty, sound effects and a "save the game" feature. The game keeps track of the five highest scores and displays them in a certificate. There is also a random key which will automatically select a character for the player, a popular feature with children who are anxious to begin play. Suggested retail price is \$49.95.

Kaves of Karkhan™



All the characters from Dragon Fire are reunited on a brand new mission. During his travel through the dungeons searching for Salmadon, the Dwarf discovered a gem. After the adventurers have returned, the Dwarf examines the stone only to watch it divide into 4 pieces. A malevolent force overcomes everyone until the Wizard temporarily contains it. The being is the venomous Maldamere who is trying to take over the world. The only thing that can quell Maldamere is to place a piece of the gem on a bier atop Mt. Karkhan. You choose a character, hire a crew and begin

your ascent of Mt. Karkhan. Hi-Res color graphics and 3-D animation simulate walking up and down stairs and traveling through corridors with doors and openings appearing by chance. The timed journey is complicated by dozens of traps. These may be anything as harmless looking as a locked door or as frightening as bloodcurdling demons. Suggested retail price is \$49.95.

ALKEMSTONE™ CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Customer Serial Number **0793**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Location of the Alkemstone _____

Mail a photocopy of this page to:

SILVER, SILVER, SUTTON & KELLEY

Western Federal Savings Building, 9th Floor

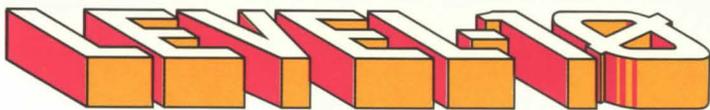
210 University Boulevard

Denver, Colorado 80206

Attn: Mr. Raymond Sutton, Jr.

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7475 Dakin Street
Denver, CO 80221
Attn: Marketing Dept.
Phone: (303) 426-6090

Alkemstone™

What costs \$39.95 but could be worth up to \$5,000?

How can you get \$5,000 by combining an Alkemstone with an Apple?

What 2 words start with the letter "A" and end with the letter "E" and when added together equal \$5,000?

If you can answer any of these riddles, you're well on your way to discovering the location of the missing Alkemstone. Alkemstone is the newest game from Level-10. It's more than just an enjoyable game. . . . it is a challenge that could win you \$5,000. You must locate where the missing Alkemstone is hidden by interpreting the clues found in the game. Alkemstone challenges even the most astute computer game enthusiast with the additional incentive of \$5,000 from Level-10.

Alkemstone has 3-D animation, Hi-Res color graphics, sound effects and an illustrated short story. It is the first computer game that has a cash prize for the winner.

Alkemstone is written in machine language for any Apple computer with 48K and one 16 sector disk drive.

Alkemstone is a trademark of Level-10, and Level-10 is a trademark of Dakin5 Corporation, Apple is a trademark of Apple Computer Inc.

You can count on LEVEL-10 for the best adventure, fantasy, strategy and challenge.

Look inside for information on a free binder for storing your Strategic Situations.



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