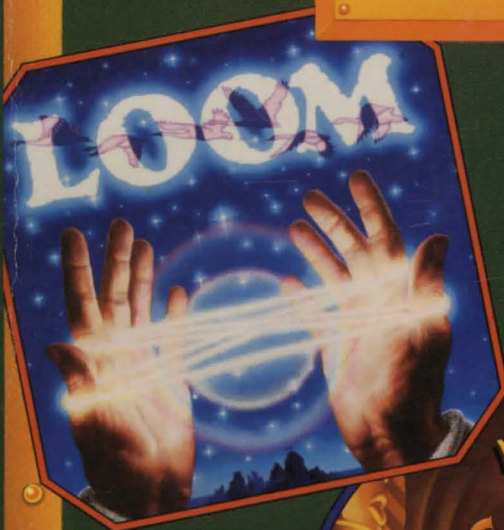


BONUS!
HINTS!
INCLUDED!

LUCASARTS
CLASSIC
ADVENTURES



LUCASARTS™ CLASSIC ADVENTURES™



Back in 1986, when Ron Gilbert and I first proposed our design for *Maniac Mansion*®, we didn't think about the possibility that someday it could become a classic! We were both great fans of graphic adventures and puzzle games, but found parsers and the inevitability of your character's death to be very frustrating. When we created our games, our foremost priority was to draw people into a story and its characters while maintaining a balance between a sense of peril and a sense of humor. Ron created SCUMM™ (Script Creation Utility for Maniac Mansion), a high level programming language and system which would be capable of allowing the type of graphic story presentation we envisioned, and we were on our way. *Maniac Mansion* became a success among gamers at large and our own internal staff of elitist gamers! We knew we had hit upon a blend of technology and storytelling which would allow our designers to create and share worlds which previous to that time could only be imagined, not enjoyed on a computer.

Zak McKracken and the Alien Mindbenders® was our second foray into adventure gaming. Its plot, and the scope of its gameplay and characters, were more ambitious than *Maniac*. Additionally, as we grew more familiar with our medium, and

as the available target machines evolved, so did our methods, until our projects began to employ not just a designer/programmer and a designer/artist but scores of background artists, character animators, SCUMM scripters, and sound designers. Indeed, the staging and complexity did begin to resemble something akin to an "interactive cartoon."

But the heart of our adventure games is actually not the technology at all, although the technology is important in drawing in an audience. At the heart of our games are the characters, the storytelling and the fun. Despite the fact that they display dated graphics and animation from today's perspective, *Maniac Mansion* and *Zak McKracken and the Alien Mindbenders* still have the power to pull you into their stories. *Loom*® uses the limitations of the computer to successfully create a unique world, and *Indiana Jones*® and *the Last Crusade*™ and *The Secret of Monkey Island*® ride the cusp of what lies in the future of graphic adventure gaming.

We had a lot of fun making these games, and I hope you have as much fun playing them, whether for the first time, or as a rediscovery of "friends" you haven't seen for awhile.

Gary Winnick

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Additional Information

Getting Started

Note: We recommend that you first make backup copies of all disks and put the originals in a safe place. The disks are not copy-protected, so to copy them, just follow the instructions that came with your computer.

We have provided an installation utility that will automatically copy the program(s) to your hard disk from the floppies included in the package. To run it, boot your computer, then insert Disk 1 in drive A, type **a:** and press **ENTER**. (This utility will also work from drive B.)

When you see the **A>** prompt, type the word **install** and press **ENTER**.

To install one or more *Classic Adventures* on your hard disk, select the title(s) by pressing the number key(s) on your keyboard which correspond to the desired game titles. (Note: to install all five games simultaneously, you need approximately 12 MB free space).

Setting Preferences

When loaded, the program will select the best graphics mode for your machine. For the newer titles in this collection (*Loom*, *Indy* and *Monkey*), it will also check to see if you have a mouse driver or joystick installed, or an AdLib™ or CMS/Sound-Blaster™ sound board, and will set up the game appropriately. *Maniac Mansion* and *Zak McKracken* are configured to play with a mouse. To switch to using a joystick, type **Alt J**. If you wish to override standard settings for *Loom*, *Indy* and *Monkey*, simply type in the name of the game, followed by a space and a question mark, and you will be given a list of options.

The Screen Layout

Each LucasArts Classic Adventure features the following:*

❶ **The Animation Window** is the largest part of the screen where the animated world of the mansion is displayed. It shows the "camera's eye view" of the room that the currently active character is in.

❷ **The Sentence Line** is directly below the Animation Window. You use this line to construct sentences that tell the characters what to do. A sentence consists of a *verb* (action word) and one or two *nouns* (objects). An example of a sentence that you might construct on the Sentence Line is "Unlock door with key." Connecting words like "with" will be put in automatically by the program.

❸ **Verbs** must be selected from the groups of words in the columns below the Sentence Line. You will always be able to see all the verbs used in the game. To select a verb, position the cursor over the word and click.

❹ **The Inventory** is the area below or to the right of the Verbs. Each character has his or her own Inventory. It is empty at the beginning of the game; the name of an object is added to a character's Inventory when the character picks the object up during game play. There is no limit to the number of objects a character can carry. You may need to scroll up or down to see all items in your inventory.

Nouns (objects) can be selected in two ways. You may select a noun by placing the cursor over an object in the Animation Window and clicking. Most objects in the environment, and all objects that are usable in the game, have names. If an object has a name, it will appear on the Sentence Line

***Exception:** *Loom* has an interface all its own, which is explained in the *Loom* section of this book.



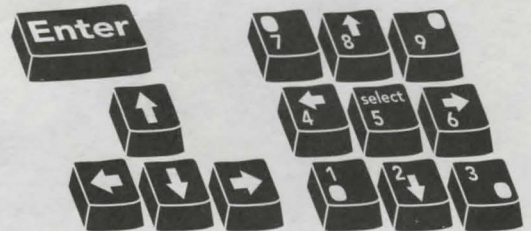
when you click on it. You may also select nouns by clicking on words in the Inventory.

To move a character around, select “Walk to” from the Verbs by positioning your cursor over it and clicking. Then move your cursor into the Animation Window, point it where you want the character to go, and click. If you point to an open door and click, the character will walk through it. Notice that “Walk to” appears automatically on the Sentence Line after a sentence has been executed—this is because moving around is what your characters will be doing most often.

“Cut-scenes” are short, animated sequences—like scenes from a movie—which can provide clues and information about the characters. When you are viewing a cut-scene, you do not direct the action so the text below the Animation Window disappears.

Cursor Control

If you do not use a mouse or joystick, you may use your keyboard for cursor control. For keyboard cursor control, use either the arrow keys or the keypad:





Maniac Mansion

About Maniac Mansion

There are weird people living in *Maniac Mansion*: Dr. Fred, a “retired” physician turned mad scientist; Nurse Edna, a former health care professional whose hobbies would make a sailor blush; Weird Ed, a teenage commando with a hamster fetish; and then there’s Dead Cousin Ted, and the Tentacle, and somebody—or something—else... And what’s a sweet young cheerleader named Sandy doing in Dr. Fred’s basement?

Your goal is to direct a team of three local college students (including Sandy’s boyfriend Dave) through the mansion to rescue Sandy. As you explore, you’ll meet all the strange inhabitants of the mansion, and you’ll discover Dr. Fred’s ambition to control the world—one teenager at a time.

You’ll find that each of the seven teenagers you can choose from has special skills, talents, and weaknesses. And each of the crazy occupants of the mansion has goals and desires that

can help or hinder your team, depending on how you handle them. The story—and your approach to rescuing Sandy—will be different depending on which kids you choose and how you interact with the people and things inside the mansion itself.

Each of the possible stories in *Maniac Mansion* is really a large, complex puzzle made up of scores of smaller puzzles. From time to time, movie-like “cut-scenes” reveal clues about the story and what’s going on elsewhere. As you discover the smaller puzzles that make up each story line, you’ll find that most will have to be solved in a certain order. There are always several ways to get something done—but of course, there is always a best way. Good luck!

Loading Maniac Mansion

To play *Maniac Mansion*, use the following commands:

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------------------------|
| c: | (to get to your hard drive) |
| cd \maniac | (to change to the correct directory) |
| maniac | (to start the game) |

Keyboard Commands



All of the verbs used in the game can also be selected by using keyboard commands. Each key corresponds to one verb. Press-

U Scroll list up

J Scroll list down

I Upper left item

K Lower left item

O Upper right item

L Lower right item

ing the appropriate key once is equivalent to moving the cursor over the verb and pushing the button; pressing the key twice is the same as double-clicking on it. The keys are mapped according to the layout of verbs on the screen.

You can also select inventory items from the keyboard. On the screen, you can see four items at a time in the inventory list. Use the following keys:

The first thing you will see after booting is the title screen with pictures of the seven kids from which you can choose your team.

To select your team, use your mouse, joystick or keyboard to move the cursor over the kids' portraits and *click* on one that interests you. You will see a short biography of that kid at the top of the screen. Dave (Sandy's boyfriend) will always be on your team, so you can select two other kids. The first two portraits you click on will be highlighted with a white border, like Dave's. The white border means that the character in the portrait is selected for your team. If you'd like to change your selection, just click again on the picture of the kid you don't want. The border will disappear and you can select another one. You can win the game with any team, but the story line and many of the puzzles you need to solve will be different for each combination. When you have completed your selection, click on "Start" to begin the game.

After the title sequence, you will see your team standing in the driveway next to the mansion. When they all turn and face you, you will be directing the actions of Dave (you can switch control to a "new kid" if you'd like).

To tell a kid to carry out the directions you've put on the Sentence Line, either double-click on the final word selected, or click once on the Sentence Line itself. If nothing happens, double check the way you constructed the sentence.

Things to Try

Read the sign on the fence. Select "Read" from the verbs and then click on the sign, creating the sentence, "Read sign." Click again to execute the sentence. Dave will walk over to the sign and will tell you what it says via the Message Line.

Direct Dave to walk to the mansion by moving the cursor to the left edge of the screen and clicking. Have him continue walking to the left until he's in front of the mansion.

To get into the mansion, try the sentence, "Unlock door with key."

First, select "Unlock" by moving your cursor over the word in the Verb List and clicking once. "Unlock" now appears on the Sentence Line.

Second, select the front door by moving your cursor over the door in the Animation Window and clicking once. "Unlock door with" now appears on the Sentence Line.

Third, place your cursor over "key" in the Inventory list below the Verbs. By double-clicking on "key" you can complete the sentence and execute it at the same time. What, no key? Now, where would someone hide a key?

If you need help, refer to the tour on page 18.

Special Verbs & Function Keys

To switch control from one character to another, select the verb "New Kid." The names of the three kids on your team will appear on the Sentence Line. Place the cursor over the name of the new kid you want to control and click once. As a short-cut, you can use function keys to change kids. **F1**, **F2**, and **F3** correspond to the three kids on your team. The keys are in the same order that the kids' names appear on the Sentence Line when you select "New Kid."

To find out what is in a room, select the "What is" verb and move the cursor around the room. When the name of something appears on the Sentence Line, you'll know that it is an "active" object and you might want to use it in the game.

To save your progress in a game, so that you can turn the computer off and start again in the same place, use the "save" feature. "Save" will not work during cut-scenes. You can "save" up to ten games on *your hard disk*, depending on how much free disk space there is. Previously saved games will have an asterisk next to them, for example: Game B*. Simply press the Save/Load Game function key (**F5**) and follow the on-screen instructions.

To adjust the speed of the Message Line to suit your reading speed, press the < key to make the messages stay up longer or the > key to make them stay up for a shorter period of time.

Function & Command Keys

Switching Characters:

| | |
|---------------------|------------------------------|
| Dave | F1 |
| Second Kid | F2 |
| Third Kid | F3 |
| Save or Load a Game | F5 |
| Bypass a Cut-Scene | Esc or right mouse button |
| Sounds Off/On | F6 |
| Restart a Game | F8 |
| Pause Game | Space Bar |
| Message Line Speed: | |
| Faster | > |
| Slower | < |
| Snap Scroll On/Off | Shift-S |
| End a Game | Ctrl-C |

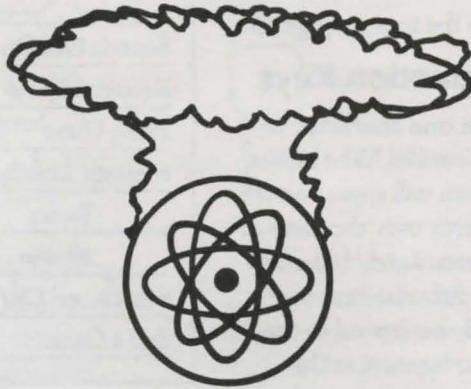
How to use your Nuke'm Alarm Disarmament Guide

To get into the room on the second floor, you'll need to use the Nuke'm Alarm Owner's Disarmament Quick Reference Guide. The game will tell you where to look for the disarmament code. When you turn to the indicated section, column, and row in your Guide, you will find four symbols that correspond to symbols on the screen. You should click these symbols in order. Once you've entered the code correctly, you can go on with the game.

Note: you get three chances at this before the nuclear reactor blows up. You may want to save your game before you disarm the alarm!

NUKE'M ALARMS

NUKES BURGLARS IN THEIR TRACKS!



SECURITY SYSTEM

Model 21-6

Diablo Series II

(Nuclear Reactor not included)

*"Whenever I see a house with a Nuke'm System,
why I just keep on walking."*

—Eddie the Weasel

**Owner's Disarmament
Quick Reference Guide**

SECTION 1

| | A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |
|----|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1 | ==000 | ■+00 | 00■ | 080■ | 00 + | 0=% | 5%00 | 8880 | 88+8 |
| 2 | 5%== | ■%0+ | ■0=+ | 000% | 0080 | 00+0 | ■088 | 0%0 | =0■ |
| 3 | ■0+% | ■=80 | 0■+0 | =■80 | 0+58 | =000 | ■880 | 8% ■ | 8%+= |
| 4 | + 00 | 0%80 | 0=08 | 0+88 | ■0 0 | 88=■ | 000+ | 808% | 00+0 |
| 5 | %80+ | 0+8+ | 000% | 888% | 00 0 | 0=0 | 0008 | =080 | =8+■ |
| 6 | 00=% | ■%00 | =0=0 | 0000 | 0088 | % +0 | ■08■ | 80%+ | 080% |
| 7 | ■0+0 | 0088 | 88+8 | 0880 | 00%■ | 080+ | 088+ | %0 % | =%00 |
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| 9 | %■=% | =000 | =0=0 | 0000 | 0088 | =0+0 | =88■ | ■8%+ | %80% |
| 10 | =8+0 | 8888 | 8++8 | 80 | 80%■ | 080+ | %+8+ | ■+ % | ■0=0 |
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| 12 | ■=■ | 080+ | 88=+ | 000% | 0080 | 00+0 | ■+88 | ■=50 | 80■ |
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| 15 | 88=8 | ■000 | 5=0 | 0■0■ | %■8+ | 8■+% | 8 80 | 0 %0 | + 08 |
| 16 | 08+■ | 088+ | + ++ | ■ 8% | 0%0 | 0800 | 0+80 | %+ 8 | ■=0 |
| 17 | 800% | 088% | 0=00 | 8080 | +0 0 | ■0=8 | 8000 | =08■ | 80++ |
| 18 | ■■=0 | 0■00 | 08=0 | %+08 | =080 | 00+■ | 8=8+ | %=5% | ■800 |
| 19 | %++8 | 0 80 | %0+0 | 088■ | +8%+ | ■80% | 088% | 0 0 | ■0=0 |
| 20 | 0=0■ | 008■ | 880+ | %88+ | 0 % | 5%00 | +%00 | 0+88 | 08+0 |
| 21 | 08=+ | %00% | ■%5% | =000 | 0880 | 0■+8 | =880 | 8 %■ | ■ 0+ |
| 22 | 08+0 | 880 | + +0 | % 88 | 8 %0 | 880■ | 8+8■ | 8+ + | ■=5% |
| 23 | 0008 | +888 | ■880 | =+80 | =0 ■ | 00=+ | 000% | 0080 | 80+0 |
| 24 | 0%00 | 8■0■ | 08=■ | 800+ | 008% | =0+0 | 8=80 | 8=58 | 0=00 |
| 25 | 0 ++ | 8% | 80+% | 8880 | +8%0 | %808 | 0888 | 08 0 | 00=■ |
| 26 | =000 | 0080 | 0000 | 0880 | ■+ 8 | %0=0 | =%0■ | 088+ | 08+% |
| 27 | 8=0 | ■+08 | %5=8 | 8%00 | 888■ | 8■++ | 088% | 0 %0 | = 00 |
| 28 | ■0+0 | ■88■ | = +■ | %88+ | 0 %5 | 0880 | +80 | 8+ 0 | 8+=8 |
| 29 | %80+ | ■88+ | %80% | 0+8% | 00 0 | 80=0 | 0008 | ■080 | 0+■ |
| 30 | 5=5 | 0■00 | 88=0 | ■000 | 0088 | 0+0 | =8■ | 08%+ | 8=0% |
| 31 | 8 +0 | ■ 88 | 00+8 | 0=80 | =8%■ | 880+ | +88+ | 08 % | 80=0 |
| 32 | 880 | 0+80 | 800■ | 888■ | %0 + | 80=5 | 0%00 | 0880 | +8+8 |
| 33 | ■8=■ | 000+ | 0%+= | 0%0% | 880 | ■■+0 | 0■88 | 00%0 | 0 0■ |
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| 36 | ■%58 | 0%00 | 00=0 | 000■ | ■88+ | ■0+% | ■=80 | 5%0 | 0=08 |
| 37 | 0 +■ | ■88+ | 80++ | 0=8% | 08%0 | 8800 | +880 | 08 8 | ■8=0 |

SECTION 2

| | A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |
|----|-------|--------|-------|--------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1 | 0626 | 2+110 | 0880 | 88110 | 8828 | 0000 | 0088 | 60++ | 0286 |
| 2 | 0000 | 0088 | +108 | 8880 | 881+8 | 088+ | 8886 | 8800 | 0+80 |
| 3 | 8880 | 886 | 8888 | 886+ | 6806 | 0886 | 00110 | 0020 | +008 |
| 4 | 0888 | 0011+ | ++8+ | 8+116 | 0020 | 0000 | 0088 | 011+0 | 0888 |
| 5 | 8880 | 06118 | 6+88 | 00110 | 8828 | 000+ | 8886 | 00+0 | +280 |
| 6 | 2000 | 0088 | 1100 | 008+ | 00+6 | 01180 | 8880 | 01108 | 8888 |
| 7 | 088+ | 0116 | 6286 | 8860 | 0800 | 8880 | 88118 | 0820 | 1100 |
| 8 | 8880 | 88118 | 0888 | 60110 | 2628 | 060+ | 8886 | 00+0 | 8880 |
| 9 | 0600 | 1188 | 0000 | 888+ | 80+6 | 8880 | +260 | +208 | 2+88 |
| 10 | 888+ | 6266 | 8886 | 2160 | 01100 | 8880 | 88118 | 1120 | 0000 |
| 11 | 0886 | 110110 | 0+80 | 11+110 | 2+28 | 0000 | 8888 | +11+ | 8886 |
| 12 | 0600 | 2+88 | 0008 | 2080 | 80+8 | 008+ | 1166 | 2200 | 8800 |
| 13 | 8880 | 0116 | 8288 | 086+ | 206 | 8886 | 08110 | 0820 | 6+08 |
| 14 | 2+88 | 8+11+ | 088+ | 118116 | 0020 | 2000 | 8888 | 60+0 | 0888 |
| 15 | 0000 | 0080 | 2600 | 8880 | 88+8 | 6880 | 0068 | 880+ | 688+ |
| 16 | 2280 | 8268 | 0888 | 11060 | 8110 | 0688 | 6611+ | 8866 | 2200 |
| 17 | 8888 | 08110 | 0680 | 8+118 | 002+ | 8806 | 11880 | +11+0 | 61188 |
| 18 | 8608 | 088+ | 800+ | 0086 | 00+0 | 0880 | 8868 | 8800 | 2+80 |
| 19 | 0886 | 01160 | 11880 | 8860 | 0208 | 8+88 | 20110 | 0828 | 880+ |
| 20 | 2+80 | 8+110 | 8880 | 88118 | 0820 | 0000 | 008+ | 80+6 | 8880 |
| 21 | 8008 | 8880 | 0000 | 0888 | 08+ | 8886 | 8860 | 0000 | 0880 |
| 22 | 0288 | 086+ | 088+ | 886 | 11100 | 2680 | 06110 | 6288 | 8600 |
| 23 | 088+ | 08116 | 8886 | 0+110 | 1120 | 0008 | 0880 | 211+ | 688+ |
| 24 | 0600 | 0880 | 0000 | 0088 | 211+0 | 0088 | 606+ | 6806 | 2+86 |
| 25 | 8888 | 0060 | 6880 | 0268 | +20+ | 888+ | 00116 | 8820 | 8800 |
| 26 | 8880 | 11+118 | 0888 | 6811+ | 8826 | 0000 | 11880 | 00+8 | 0280 |
| 27 | 000+ | 0086 | 8806 | 2880 | 08+0 | 0888 | 2860 | 8808 | 8888 |
| 28 | 0280 | 11260 | 8880 | 0+68 | 8800 | 0880 | 88118 | 062+ | 0606 |
| 29 | 0880 | 08118 | 0688 | 26110 | 8828 | 880+ | 1186 | 011+0 | 81180 |
| 30 | 8000 | 8888 | 0000 | 008+ | 011+6 | 2880 | 0060 | +008 | 0+88 |
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| 32 | 0686 | 8+110 | 2880 | 08110 | 0828 | 6000 | 8888 | 80++ | 0286 |
| 33 | 11000 | 0088 | 0008 | 0080 | 88+8 | 888+ | 0866 | 0000 | 11880 |
| 34 | 8880 | 8868 | 0888 | 886+ | 0006 | 1186 | 11110 | 8820 | 0608 |
| 35 | 8888 | 8811+ | 088+ | 66116 | 0020 | 8800 | 8888 | 11+0 | 11888 |
| 36 | 0006 | 0880 | 8000 | +080 | 8++8 | 11180 | 8868 | 080+ | ++8+ |
| 37 | 0888 | 8+68 | 0888 | 2860 | 2208 | 0088 | 0811+ | 8026 | 8800 |

SECTION 3

| | A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |
|----|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|--------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1 | 00110 | 20211 | 00111 | 002+1 | 11000 | 00000 | 20+0 | 10000 | 00000 |
| 2 | 0000+ | 00+0 | 00000 | 00+0 | 00000 | ++00 | 00000 | 00000 | 00111 |
| 3 | 21100 | 01100 | 02000 | +200 | 0+00 | 00110 | 20211 | 000+ | 0000 |
| 4 | 20110 | 00200 | 00110 | 11000 | 0000 | 0000+ | 00+0 | 11100 | 01100 |
| 5 | 0011+ | 11000 | 0+110 | 0020 | 11000 | 00000 | 011+0 | 1000 | 000+ |
| 6 | 00000 | 00+0 | 00000 | 00+0 | 00000 | 0000 | 100+ | 000+ | 00110 |
| 7 | 0+00 | 2000 | 11000 | 11000 | 2000 | 0011+ | 0020 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 8 | 0+11+ | 0020 | 00110 | 0020 | 11000 | 00000 | 00+0 | 2000 | 000+ |
| 9 | 00000 | 00+0 | 00000 | 00+0 | 01100 | 1000 | +00+ | 0+0+ | 0+110 |
| 10 | 00000 | 1000 | 00000 | 0000 | 11000 | 0011+ | 0020 | 2000 | 0000 |
| 11 | 00110 | 00211 | 00111 | 002+ | 0000 | 11000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 11000 |
| 12 | 0000+ | 00+0 | 0000 | 011+0 | 11100 | 01100 | 01100 | 0000 | 0+111 |
| 13 | 1000 | 0000 | 2000 | 0+00 | ++00 | 0+110 | 00211 | 100+ | 0000 |
| 14 | +0110 | 00200 | 00110 | 0020 | 0000 | 0000+ | 00+0 | 11000 | 0000 |
| 15 | 2000 | 211+ | 11000 | 00++ | 11000 | 0000 | 11000 | 0000 | 00110 |
| 16 | +00+ | 0000 | 0000 | 2000 | 11000 | 00110 | 0020 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 17 | 00110 | 0020 | 00110 | 11000 | 0000 | 0000 | 00+0 | 000+ | 1000 |
| 18 | 0000 | 00+0 | +000 | 00+0 | 11000 | 0110+ | 11100 | 0000 | 0+110 |
| 19 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 000+ | 0+0+ | 0+110 | 0020 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 20 | 20111 | 002+ | 0011+ | 11000 | 0000 | 2000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 21 | 0000 | 011+0 | 1000 | 00+0 | ++00 | 0000 | 1000 | 0000 | 0011+ |
| 22 | +000 | ++00 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 11011 | 100+ | 0000 | 2000 |
| 23 | 00110 | 0020 | 00110 | 00211 | 000+ | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 0+00 |
| 24 | 0000 | 00++ | 1000 | 00+0 | 01100 | 01100 | 11100 | 0000 | 20110 |
| 25 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 1000 | 2+00 | 0+110 | 1100 | 0000 | 000+ |
| 26 | 00110 | 0020 | 00110 | 0020 | 0000 | 0000 | 00++ | 0000 | 0000 |
| 27 | 0000 | 110+0 | 0000 | 00+0 | 000+ | 0000 | 0000 | 2000 | 00110 |
| 28 | 2000 | 000+ | 000+ | 11000 | 0000 | 10110 | 0020 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 29 | 0011+ | 1020 | 00110 | 0020 | 0000 | 0+00 | 00+0 | 0000 | 000+ |
| 30 | 11000 | 00+0 | 2000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 0110 | 0110+ | 000+ | 00110 |
| 31 | 0000 | 0000 | 01100 | 0000 | 0+00 | 0+11+ | 0020 | 0000 | +000 |
| 32 | 20110 | 11000 | 00111 | 002+ | 0000 | 0000 | 110+0 | 0000 | 2000 |
| 33 | +00+ | 00+0 | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 0000 | 2000 | 11000 | 00111 |
| 34 | 0000 | 11000 | 0000 | 1000 | 0000 | 00110 | 00211 | 000+ | 11000 |
| 35 | 00110 | 0020 | ++110 | 0020 | 0000 | 000+ | 110+0 | 2000 | 0000 |
| 36 | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 00++ | 0000 | 21100 | 01100 | 0000 | 00110 |
| 37 | 000+ | 0000 | 01100 | 0000 | 0+00 | 11+110 | 0+20 | 0000 | 2000 |

SECTION 4

| | A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |
|----|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 1 | 00=0 | 1100 | +1=0 | 0100 | 0000 | 011+ | +00+ | 1110 | 1100 |
| 2 | 0++0 | 0110 | =0+0 | =000 | 000+ | 0000 | 0000 | 0010 | +0=0 |
| 3 | 0000 | 1100 | 000+ | 0+0+ | 0+10 | 00=0 | +000 | 0000 | 011+ |
| 4 | 00=+ | 0000 | 00=0 | =000 | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 1100 | 000+ |
| 5 | 00=0 | 0000 | 00=0 | 0000 | +00+ | 00+0 | 0000 | 1110 | 0110 |
| 6 | 011+ | 000+ | 00++ | 0000 | 0000 | +000 | 0000 | 0000 | 00=0 |
| 7 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 0+00 | 0+10 | 0+00 | 0000 | 1100 | 011+ |
| 8 | 00=0 | 0000 | 00=0 | 0000 | 000+ | 00+0 | 0000 | +000 | 0000 |
| 9 | 00+0 | 000+ | 00++ | 0000 | 0110 | 1110 | 0000 | 0000 | 00=0 |
| 10 | 0110 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 1100 | 00++ |
| 11 | 1100 | 0000 | 00=0 | 0000 | 1100 | 110+ | 000+ | 0000 | 0000 |
| 12 | 00+0 | 0000 | 00+0 | =000 | 000+ | 0000 | 0000 | 0010 | 11=0 |
| 13 | 0000 | 0000 | 110+ | 000+ | 0010 | 00=0 | +000 | +000 | 00+0 |
| 14 | 00=+ | 0000 | 00=0 | 0000 | 0000 | 0++0 | 0000 | 0000 | 000+ |
| 15 | 00+0 | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 0000 | 00=0 | 0000 | 000+ | 1100 |
| 16 | 0110 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 1111 | 00=+ | 0000 | 0000 | 00+0 |
| 17 | 00=0 | 0000 | 00=0 | +00+ | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 18 | 00++ | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 1100 | 0000 | 0000 | 0010 | 00=0 |
| 19 | 1100 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 0010 | 00=0 | 0000 | 000+ | 00+0 |
| 20 | 1100 | 0000 | 00=0 | 0000 | 0000 | 011+ | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 21 | =0+0 | 0000 | 110+ | 000+ | 0000 | 00=0 | 0000 | 0010 | 00=0 |
| 22 | +110 | 000+ | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 00+0 |
| 23 | 1100 | 0000 | 00=0 | +000 | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 000+ | 1100 |
| 24 | 00+0 | 0000 | +0+0 | 0000 | 0000 | 000+ | 000+ | 0010 | 00=0 |
| 25 | 0000 | 1100 | 0110 | 0000 | 001+ | 00=0 | 0000 | 0000 | 00+0 |
| 26 | 00=0 | 000+ | 00=+ | 0000 | 0000 | 011+ | 0110 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 27 | 00+0 | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | +000 | 0000 | 0+00 | 0010 | 00=+ |
| 28 | +110 | 0000 | 0000 | 0+00 | 0010 | 0000 | 000+ | 0000 | 00+0 |
| 29 | 0+00 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 000+ | 00+0 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 30 | 00+0 | 000+ | 00++ | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | +110 | 00=0 |
| 31 | 0000 | 0000 | 0110 | 0000 | 0010 | 00=0 | 0000 | 0000 | 00++ |
| 32 | 00=0 | 0000 | 00=0 | 0000 | 0000 | 011+ | 000+ | 0110 | 0000 |
| 33 | 00+0 | 1100 | 011+ | 0000 | 000+ | 0000 | 0+00 | 0010 | 00=0 |
| 34 | 0110 | 0000 | 00=+ | 000+ | 0010 | 0000 | 0000 | 0000 | 00+0 |
| 35 | 00=+ | 0000 | 00=0 | 0000 | 0000 | 00+0 | 00=0 | 0000 | 000+ |
| 36 | 110+ | 0000 | 00+0 | 0000 | 0000 | 1100 | 001+ | 0000 | 00=0 |
| 37 | 0000 | 0+00 | 0000 | 0000 | 0010 | 00=+ | 0000 | 0000 | 110+ |

SECTION 5

[illegible]

SECTION 6

| | A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |
|----|--------|-------|--------|-------|-------|--------|-------|-------|--------|
| 1 | 11080 | 0++8 | 0088 | 00+0 | 8888 | 88%+ | 080% | 888% | 00110 |
| 2 | 08%0 | 0008 | 80%8 | +80+ | 0+8+ | 8+11% | 0000 | +000 | 0088 |
| 3 | 0011 | 000+ | 8011+ | 000% | 0%00 | 0880 | 88+8 | %880 | 00%8 |
| 4 | 888% | 08+0 | 0080 | 80+0 | 8888 | 00%0 | 0008 | 0088 | 8811+ |
| 5 | 8880 | 811+8 | 0088 | 00++ | 008% | 08%0 | 0800 | 0880 | 08118 |
| 6 | 88%+ | 080% | 111%8 | 11800 | 0+80 | 0+110 | 8+08 | 0800 | 0088 |
| 7 | 8+11% | 8000 | 80110 | +000 | %008 | 8080 | 88+8 | 088+ | 118%8 |
| 8 | 0880 | 00+8 | 0888 | +8++ | 888% | 111%0 | 01100 | 0%00 | 8%118 |
| 9 | 011%+ | 1110% | 00%8 | 8800 | 11880 | 08110 | 0808 | 8000 | 0088 |
| 10 | 0811% | 8000 | 0+110 | 11000 | 0808 | 0880 | 811+8 | %88+ | 011%8 |
| 11 | 0880 | +8+8 | 0088 | 0110 | 0888 | %8%+ | 088% | 0+8% | 00110 |
| 12 | 00%0 | 01108 | 00%8 | +00+ | 888+ | 0011% | 0800 | 8000 | 0088 |
| 13 | 11+11% | 880+ | %811+ | 880% | 0000 | 11080 | 00+8 | 0080 | 08%8 |
| 14 | 008% | 80+0 | 0880 | 08+0 | 0888 | 08%0 | 0088 | 888% | %011+ |
| 15 | 110%0 | 0008 | 0+88 | 8000 | 0880 | 8%118 | 8%0+ | 0%0% | 11880 |
| 16 | 08118 | 8800 | 0%110 | 8808 | 880+ | 1188% | 111+0 | 81180 | 811%8 |
| 17 | 8888 | 88++ | 008+ | 011%8 | 0880 | 00%0 | %+08 | 0+88 | 11+110 |
| 18 | 110%8 | 01100 | 80%0 | +000 | 0080 | 00118 | 11000 | 0808 | 888+ |
| 19 | 8+110 | 8800 | 08110 | 0808 | %000 | 8888 | 00++ | 008% | 08%0 |
| 20 | 0088 | 011+0 | 0080 | 88+8 | 888+ | 08%8 | 0000 | 11880 | 00110 |
| 21 | 88%8 | 000+ | 80%+ | 000% | 1188% | 11%110 | 0%00 | 0%08 | 8880 |
| 22 | 8811+ | %88% | 0%11% | 0800 | 8808 | 8888 | %8+0 | 11188 | 011%+ |
| 23 | 0880 | 08+0 | +080 | 8++8 | 11188 | 88%8 | 088+ | +8+8 | 8+11% |
| 24 | 8+88 | %000 | 00%0 | 0008 | 0888 | 0811+ | 800% | 8000 | +080 |
| 25 | 0%110 | 11008 | 88118 | 880+ | 800% | 0080 | 80+0 | 0+88 | 88%0 |
| 26 | 008+ | 811+% | 1108% | 118+0 | 8880 | 08%8 | 11800 | 8880 | 80118 |
| 27 | 00%0 | 8800 | 80%0 | 8008 | 8888 | 00110 | 0%08 | 0%0+ | 088% |
| 28 | 08110 | 8808 | 0%118 | 11%00 | 0808 | %88+ | 88+% | 11180 | 011%0 |
| 29 | 0080 | 08+8 | 0088 | +11++ | 1118% | 110%0 | 0880 | +800 | %+118 |
| 30 | %0%+ | 800% | 00%8 | 0000 | 8080 | +0110 | 8008 | 8000 | 0088 |
| 31 | 0%11% | 8800 | 118110 | 0800 | %+08 | 0080 | 00+8 | 888+ | %0%8 |
| 32 | 8880 | %++8 | 8888 | %0+0 | 0888 | +8%+ | 88%8 | 088% | 110110 |
| 33 | 00%0 | 0008 | 110%8 | 888+ | %88+ | 11011% | 8%00 | 0%00 | 0+88 |
| 34 | 08118 | 080+ | 0%11+ | 8%8% | 0800 | 0880 | 08+8 | 8880 | 811%8 |
| 35 | 008% | 08+0 | 0080 | +11+0 | %1188 | 811%0 | 8888 | 0+88 | 8+11+ |
| 36 | 00%8 | 0008 | 00%8 | 8880 | 0+80 | 00118 | 080+ | 000% | 0080 |
| 37 | 0%118 | 0%00 | 80110 | 0808 | 880+ | 008% | 00+0 | 0880 | 88%8 |

SECTION 7

| | A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |
|----|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 1 | +■++ | ■●●● | ●●+● | ==●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●+●● | ■●■● | ●●== |
| 2 | ●●●● | ■●●● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●■● | ●●●● | ■●●● | ●●●+ | ●●+● |
| 3 | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | +●++ | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■●●● |
| 4 | ●●+● | ■●●● | ==■● | ●●●+ | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■+●● | ●+■● | ●+●● |
| 5 | ■●+● | ■●●● | ==+● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■●■+ | ●●●● |
| 6 | ●●●● | ++●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●■● | ●●●+ | ●●●● | ●●●● | ==+● |
| 7 | ●●●● | ●●●● | ==●● | +●●+ | ●●●● | ■●+● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● |
| 8 | ●●+● | ==●● | ■●+● | ●●●● | ■●●● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●■+ | ●●●● |
| 9 | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●+●● | ●●■● | ●●●+ | ●●●● | ■●●● | ■●+● |
| 10 | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●+ | ●●●● | ●●+● | ==●● | ●+●● | ●●●● |
| 11 | ●●++ | ●●●● | ●●+● | ■●●● | ■●●● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●■● | ■●●● |
| 12 | ●●●● | ■●●● | ■●●● | ==+● | ●+■● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●●+ | ■●+● |
| 13 | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●++ | ●●●● | ●●●● | +●●● |
| 14 | ■●+● | ■●■● | ●●+■ | ●●●+ | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●■● | ●●●● |
| 15 | ●●●+ | ++●+ | ■●●● | ●●●● | ■●■● | ●●●● | +●●● | ●●●● | ●●+■ |
| 16 | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●+●● | ●●+● | ■●●● | ●●●+ | ●●●● |
| 17 | ■●+● | ●+●● | ■●+● | ●●●● | ●●■● | ●●●+ | +●●+ | ●●■● | ■●●● |
| 18 | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●+●● | ●+■+ | ●●●● | ●●●● | +●●● | ●+●● |
| 19 | ■●●● | ●●●+ | ●●●+ | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■●+● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ==●● |
| 20 | ■●+● | ■●■● | ●●+● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ==●● | ●●●● | ●●■● | ●●●+ |
| 21 | ■●●● | ++●● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●■● | ●●●● | ■●●+ | ■●●● | ■●+● |
| 22 | ●●●● | ■●●● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●●+ | ■●+● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● |
| 23 | ●●+■ | ■●●+ | ●●++ | ●●●● | ■●●● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ■●■● | ■●●● |
| 24 | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●+●● | ■+■● | ●+●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | +■++ |
| 25 | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■●+■ | ●●●+ | ●●●● | ●●●● |
| 26 | ●●+● | ■●●● | ●●+● | ●●●● | ●●●+ | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■●■● | ●●●● |
| 27 | ■●●● | ==+● | ●●●+ | ●●●+ | ■●■● | ●●●● | ==●● | ■●●● | ●●+● |
| 28 | ■●●+ | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■●+● | ●●●● | ■●●● | ●●●+ |
| 29 | ●●+● | ==●● | ■●+● | ●●●● | ■●●● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●■+ | ■●●● |
| 30 | +●●● | ●●●● | ==■● | ●●●● | ■+■● | ●●●+ | ●●●● | ●●●● | +■+● |
| 31 | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■●●+ | ●●●● | ●●+● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■●●● |
| 32 | ■●++ | ●●●● | ■●+● | ■●●● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●+●● | ●●■● | ●●●● |
| 33 | ●●●● | ●+●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ■●■● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●+ | ●●+● |
| 34 | ==●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ●●++ | ●●●● | ■●●● | ●●●● |
| 35 | ●●+● | ●●●● | ■●+■ | ●●●+ | ■●●● | ■●●● | ==●● | ●+■● | ●●●● |
| 36 | ■●●+ | ●●●+ | ■●■● | ●●●● | ●+■● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ==●● | ==+■ |
| 37 | ■●●● | ●●●● | ■●●● | ●●●● | ●●●● | ==+● | ●●●● | +●●+ | ●●●● |

A Tour of Maniac Mansion

Maniac Mansion is my sort of place. Plenty of mysteries, secrets, chills and chuckles. Funny people, weird people, and people that aren't people. All this – and a chance to save the world from a fate worse than daytime TV. Big fun.

I'm going to lead you on a guided tour of the Mansion and its inhabitants. If you take the full tour, you'll discover one of the five solutions to the game. If you tag along for part of the tour, you'll still learn a lot. But before we leave, a couple of suggestions.

Save the game frequently, so you can retrace your steps easily. Use the pause key (space bar) whenever you need time to think. And be sure to get well acquainted with Wendy, Jeff, Razor, Syd, Michael, and Bernard – each has a unique personality and something special to contribute.

SCENE ONE

(Driveway & Front Porch)

By the way, I'm Dave Miller. Pleased to meet you. You're invited to join Michael, Bernard and me as we rescue Sandy from that creepy Dr. Fred. And just in case you think we're heroes or something, forget it. We're scared out of our shorts. Especially Bernard (which isn't a pretty sight).

I'm going first. Hmm... rusty old iron fence. Full moon. Night noises – do you think somebody's trying to warn me? Gotta stop thinking like that and go right up to the front door.

Door's locked. Better not ring the bell. Ah... a thick door mat. Do you think it could be the old hidden key play? Sure could! Let's pick up the key and explore those bushes to the left of the

steps. What's this – an old iron grate. And it's rusted solid into the wall.

Look, a mailbox. Empty. Well, at least I know where to drop off a postcard to mom. Not much else of interest out here. No excuse for lingering. So, let's take the key, open the door, and head inside.

SCENE TWO

(Foyer, Kitchen, Dungeon)

Pretty quiet, except for the ticking of that grandfather clock. Too darn quiet! Better call the reinforcements.

Michael shows up first. A real hero...he walks in and cowers behind me. Let's send him through that door to the left of the stairs. Ah, the kitchen.

Hmm...nasty noises. Somebody's cooking up big trouble in the kitchen. Bet'cha something awful just happened to poor Mike.

Here's Bernard. Let's send in another volunteer – that's you, Bernard. I'll just wait out here...

Oh, no! While I'm waiting, here comes this character (Weird Ed, as I later find out) who looks like he dried his hair in a microwave oven. He hauls me off to the dungeon. Well, now I know where Michael is.

Hey Mike, let's try to blow this pop stand!

SCENE THREE

(Dining Room, Pantry, Foyer, Living Room)

Blissfully unaware of my little predicament, Bernard tools on through the kitchen and into a dining room we could have used for football practice. Pretty funky food, but Bernard grabs it anyway. Then he finds more – fruit drinks, this time – in the pantry.

Back he comes to the foyer, which is now deserted, of course. So Bernard heads off to find his pals. Forget the stairs, too much exertion. Try the door next to them. No handle. Hmm...

Well, the next door opens right up, and there's an old radio. With a new cassette player underneath. No tape, though. But a mondo vacuum tube in the radio. Just might come in handy.

Pressing on, Bernard opens the door at the other end of the room and finds himself in the dark.

SCENE FOUR

(Library, Living Room, Foyer)

Must be a light here somewhere, mumbles Bernard. Aha! A lamp. That's better.

Funny though, everything seems to be broken in here. The stairs, the phone. Tools sure would come in handy! But look – a secret panel and ... a blank cassette tape.

Scurrying back to the cassette deck, Bernard notices something funny about the chandelier. Is that a key up there? Too busy to worry about it now. Gotta hear that tape.

Shucks! It's blank! Oh well, let's save it for later and head back to the foyer.

SCENE FIVE

(Dungeon)

This dungeon chews old tennis shoes! Gotta get out...

Look – Michael found a loose brick. When you push it, the door opens. Of course, when you let go, the door slams shut.

Hey Mike, just hold that brick a second, and I'll slip on out.

SCENE SIX

(Basement, Foyer)

Boy is it dark in here! Ow! Stubbed my toe.

Phew! There's the light switch, near the stairs. All sorts of neat gear in here. Particularly the silver key hanging next to the fuse box. Everybody's gotta have one.

Back upstairs. Bernard's so glad to see me that he trades all his drinks and the blank tape for the silver key. Better head upstairs before he changes his mind.

SCENE SEVEN

(Painting Room, Music Room)

Hmm... these people have special rooms for everything. The music room has a lot of stuff that'll probably come in handy. They'll never miss it anyway, will they?

But the painting room is even better. Think I'll just hang on to that paint remover and wax fruit. It's bound to come in handy sooner or later.

Back in the corridor, I take a deep breath, brace myself, and pop open the door between those hideous portraits. If I had ancestors like that, I'd think twice about Darwin's theories...

SCENE EIGHT

(Fred's Office, Arcade Room, Entry Two)

Another one of those long halls. And another stairway. Anybody around here ever heard of ranch style houses?

Let's try the first door. Ooh! Found one really terrific thing.

Into the next room. Looks like fun, but nothing seems to work. Got any spare change? Maybe somebody else does.

Onwards and upwards. Ugh – what's that? Hyperactive leg of squid, from the looks of it. Hungry, too. Won't let me pass.

SCENE NINE

(Entry Two, Dark Room, Entry Three, Fred's Room)

Yuck! The Tentacle eats wax fruit. Washes it down with fruit juice. Must do something for him, 'cause he lets me through the door next to him.

Darkroom. The red light helps me check it out. Hmm...gotta remember this place for later. Time to climb some more stairs.

Somebody's bedroom. The radio doesn't seem

to work – guess it's missing a tube. Maybe I'll fix it later. In the meantime, there's a dime on the floor. And a cleverly hidden ladder leading to... a mondo stereo set. Wish I'd brought my "Mangled Niece" tape. Oh, well.

On the way out, I notice that the Tentacle has an upset tummy. Slurp a little Pepto Bismol suckers. I'll just help myself to that yellow key. And to that record on the shelf. And I think I'll make my exit before he perks back up.

SCENE TEN

(Edna's Room, Music Room, Ed's Room)

Sandy's behind one of these doors, and big trouble's behind some others. The second door in the hallway is in the second category. I see a key, a phone, and, ugh... you guessed it! Ball and chain time. Well, we both know what to do.

Back to the foyer for a quick powwow with Bernard. Then off to the music room to copy the Tentacle's record onto cassette tape. You may ask why. Don't.

SCENE ELEVEN

(Ed's Room, Ted's Room)

Uh... hello. I see you have a piggy bank. Bet I could play a lot of video games by cracking it open. But I guess I'll have to wait, because it's off to the slammer again! I'll be a three time loser before long.

There's Bernard. Let's give him the cassette tape and the yellow key. Lean and mean, that's my motto. Especially with all those stairs to climb again.

Back on the fourth floor. Sweaty. Forget the first three doors. But the fourth...

SCENE TWELVE

(Ted's Room, Bathroom, Den)

Say... this is my kind of pad. Body-building gear and all – gotta look my best for Sandy. Say, you really build up a sweat this way. Better wash up a bit in that bathroom.

Hey! The toilet just flushed, but I don't see anybody. Looking behind the shower curtain, I see why. Can't make too many friends in that outfit. No wonder he smells kinda ripe – shower's broken.

Still no Sandy. But one more room on this floor. Here goes nothing...

SCENE THIRTEEN

(Den, Attic)

Peculiar house pets in this joint. The carnivorous plant is especially creepy. No, you can't whisper in my ear!

Did I tell you that I'm a neat freak? Well, I am. So I'll just use my paint remover on that blotchy wall and... hey! A door.

And something else. Right above the plant is a passageway. Suppose I fed it something really nutritious (other than my left leg), and it grew so I could climb up... I'll check with Bernard, but later.

For now, through the painted door and, guess what? Right, more stairs. Dark ones. OK, here's the light switch. Hmm...an attic. Broken electrical wires. Another subject for Bernard. Better find him before one of the house pets does.

SCENE FOURTEEN

(Pantry, Pool, Garage)

Bernard and I talk awhile, and he tells me about the pantry with the locked door. Now that we have a key or two, maybe...

Just before he unlocks the door, Bernard grabs a glass jar from the pantry shelf. Then we discover the swimming pool. Too bad I left my trunks at home!

Into the yard, and there's the garage. Heavy door. Phew! Good thing I worked out recently. Ugly car. Big locked trunk.

Well, we try a few keys and find some neat stuff inside. Bernard kind of stuff. Myself, I'm satisfied with that faucet handle on the shelf.

On the way back to the pool, I have an inspi-

ration. Bernard, I say, you wait here. I'm going outside for a few minutes.

SCENE FIFTEEN

(Under The House)

This Mansion is beginning to feel like home! I zip through the house and out the front door. With my newly developed muscles, I yank off the grate and slip into the sub-basement.

Smells like old socks down here. Ah, there's what I'm looking for. The drain valve for the pool. Here goes nothing...

Bernard! Jump into the pool and see what you can find. He does, but it's a lousy idea. Alarms go off everywhere. Let's get out of here!

Bernard barely escapes with a radio, a key, a jar of radioactive pool water, and his life. We meet in the foyer and Bernard has a great idea – feeding that meat-eating ficus something that'll really make it grow!

SCENE SIXTEEN

(Den, Observatory)

Wow, was Bernard ever right. I pour the pool water into the pot, and the plant grows faster than the national debt. But not quite high enough. Maybe with a Pepsi chaser...

He's burping like a goat, but no matter. Up I climb, through the opening, and into the observatory.

SCENE SEVENTEEN

(Observatory, Bathroom)

Great telescope. Wonder what color pajamas the neighbors wear. Just kidding.

Seems somebody is a tree freak. But I'd rather look at something more interesting. The buttons don't do anything. Oh, great...a coin slot.

I try the dime. It works, but not for very long. There's the corner of a house. Promising, but I need more loot. I hatch an ingenious plan.

To the bathroom!

SCENE EIGHTEEN

(Bathroom, Entry Three)

I slip the handle onto the faucet and give it a pull. Aha, the mystery mummy moves. Now I can read Nurse Edna's phone number.

Am I crazy? Like a fox.

out to the hallway, really hustling now.

Bernard! Fix that phone. And call nurse Edna. Tell her that her refrigerator's running, and she better catch it...

SCENE Nineteen

(Library)

Bernard understands immediately. Off he heads for the library, but something tells him to try Tentacle's music in the cassette player.

Wow! Think what might have happened with my "Best of The Gruesome Grandmas" tape!

Anyway, Bernard wastes no time pocketing the rusty key. Then he uses his new tool kit to fix the phone. Finally, I hear him dialing that nasty nurse...

SCENE TWENTY

(Edna's Room)

Edna answers, and I dash in to snatch the key. (Remember the key?) I was fast, but Edna was faster.

Hmm... what's this about a hamster? File it away for future reference, because I'm on my way to the slammer, again.

Hey, Mike. How's that brick pushing finger? Bet it's getting real strong.

Let's try the old phone ploy again. This time, I don't yell to Bernard until I'm right outside Edna's door.

Phone rings. I run. Grab the key. Dash up the ladder. Safe!

SCENE TWENTY-ONE

(Attic One)

Safe, but dark. Need some light. Found it. Hey, what's that strange painting. And who would put a painting like that against a wall like that...

Aha! The old safe-behind-the painting ploy. Combination safe. Oh, well.

Down the ladder. Hello, Edna. Hello, Michael. Hello, loose brick. What's this about "Meteor Mess"? Sounds like a game worth playing.

Hey, Bernard. Let's pay a visit to our good buddy, Weird Ed.

SCENE TWENTY-TWO

(Ed's Room)

Ol' human sacrifice Bernard, I call him. Into Ed's room and off to the dungeon. While Ed drags him downstairs, I slip into the room.

Just enough time to slip a dime out of the piggy bank. Close call.

Now, Ed's not too swift. So we pull exactly the same trick on him again. Got the hamster and the card he's chewing. But Ed gets us. And Bernard, Michael, and I are reunited in jail!

This time, darn it, we're going to spring all three of us...

SCENE TWENTY-THREE

(Dungeon, Basement, Den, Attic Two)

Three guys with six keys. One of them must open the dungeon door. And so it does.

While we're breaking out, we come up with a really complicated plan. It may even work.

Bernard, it's purple heart time again. Off to Edna's room. Off to jail. In I go. And up to the attic.

• The combination works. I get a sealed envelope for my troubles. And Bernard's. I find a whole quarter inside. Goodbye poverty. Hello, Edna.

SCENE TWENTY-FOUR

(Dungeon, Arcade Room)

Michael is beginning to feel at home in the dungeon, so we leave him there. Bernard and I head upstairs to the game room.

Meteor Mess, anyone? Kinda fun, but get a load of that high score. Could it be significant? Better jot it down somewhere.

Let's try Edna's key on the Meteor Mess coin box. Works. Got my quarter back. Sure was worth risking my life for...

Speaking of risking my life, where's Sandy? Remember Sandy? Better check with Bernard.

SCENE TWENTY-FIVE

(Foyer, Dungeon)

Bernard, I say, let's go to jail again. But give me all your keys first.

Of course, we still have to open this door with no knob. Maybe if you push the nearest gargoye. The old secret-door-gargoye-plot. Works every time.

I head through the dungeon door and lock it behind me. Let's try these keys on the "Sekrit Lab" door. It opens to reveal...another door. With a combination lock. Yippee.

Well, should I try the Meteor Mess high score? It ought to work, unless Fred has racked up a new high score.

The door creaks open. Cold air drifts in. I'm getting cold feet.

SCENE TWENTY-SIX

(Living Room, Fred's Room, Front Porch)

Meanwhile, Bernard is using his noodle again. He puts two and two together—the tube from the living room radio and the empty socket in Dr. Fred's transmitter. Bingo.

Bernard checks the wanted poster, tunes in the transmitter, and calls the police. Better wait for them outside.

As Bernard paces anxiously, he notices a pack-

age by the mailbox. Hmm... this would have been pretty darn useful if we got our hands on it earlier. Sirens. Vehicles. Cops.

SCENE TWENTY-SEVEN

(Dungeon, Ready Room)

Tough cops. Efficient cops. But we still don't have Sandy.

Off go the cops. On go our thinking caps. Michael notices something shiny on the ground. Money? Keys? Cream of chromium soup?

No, better yet. A police badge.

Mike scoops up the badge and heads for the Sekret Lab. I give him the card key, just in case. Plus some spending money.

Oh, no! It's the Purple Tentacle again. Michael decides to bluff his way through this one. He hands the Tentacle his badge and the Tentacle goes to pieces. Nice that somebody still respects authority.

One more door. Here goes...

SCENE TWENTY-EIGHT

(Laboratory)

Seeing Sandy all tied up to that machine, I would have gone bonkers. But Mike is cool. He

glides over to the drink machine and buys himself a Pepsi. Drinks it nice and slow, keeping an eye on Dr. Fred.

Now Fred, he isn't cool. He sets the timer on the machine. Poor Sandy! She's avoided heavy metal music all these years, and now she's about to get her brains blown out with something even worse!

But Michael, as I said, is cool. In a few seconds, he does what's necessary. Sandy's safe. Fred's grateful. Even the Tentacle digs what's happening.

Want to know how he did it? C'mon, figure it out! I did.

One last thing...

OK, so you've seen one way to solve the puzzle of Maniac Mansion. There are four completely different ways. And thirteen different teams to do it with.

Use everyone's skills. Wendy types. Michael takes photos. Syd and Razor play some mean music. Jeff....well, he may have hidden talents.

As for Sandy, she has one great talent. It's for living happily ever after. With yours truly – as soon as I rescue her again.



ZAK MC CRACKEN



ZAK McKRACKEN

AND THE ALIEN MINDBENDERS

About **Zak McKracken** and the **Alien Mindbenders**

It's 1997, and the world is a dumber place than ever... Space aliens have built a stupidity machine that's slowly reducing everyone's IQ to single digits. Worse yet, the only person who can stop them is Zak McKracken, reporter for the disreputable *National Inquisitor*, who dreams up stories about carnivorous cantaloupes and vegetarian vampires.

They've taken over the phone company...

Sure sounds like another one of Zak's tabloid fantasies. But while most people wouldn't believe him, he finds three who don't need convincing—Annie, head of the Society for Ancient Wisdom, and her friends, Leslie and Melissa, two Yale coeds who traveled to Mars in their modified van. The four of them must piece together fragments of an ancient puzzle, unmask the aliens, and destroy the stupidity machine.

You direct the actions of Zak, Annie, Melissa, and Leslie, taking them to many exotic places where they discover some pretty strange objects—and some even stranger characters!

To help you solve the game's dozens of puzzles, movie-like "cut-scenes" will appear from time to time. They will reveal new dimensions of the story by showing you what's happening elsewhere in Zak's world.

If this is your first computer adventure game, be prepared for an entertaining challenge. It may take a while to figure out some of the puzzles. If you get stuck, you might need to solve another puzzle first or use an object you haven't yet found. But if you hang in there and *use your imagination*, you will guide Zak and company to victory!

Loading **Zak McKracken**

To play *Zak McKracken* use the following commands:

- c:** (to get to your hard drive)
- cd zak** (to change to the correct directory)
- zak** (to start the game)

After the opening title sequence, you will see Zak standing in his bedroom. When he turns to face you and the text appears at the bottom of the screen, you will be ready to start directing his actions.

Things to Try

Open Zak's dresser drawer. Select "Open" from the Verbs and then click on the dresser in Zak's bedroom, creating the sentence, "Open dresser." Click again on the dresser to execute the sentence. Zak will walk over to the dresser and open it.

To pick up the plastic card under Zak's desk, try the sentence, "Use phone bill with plastic card."

First, place your cursor over the "Use" verb and click once. "Use" now appears on the sentence line.

Second, move the cursor over the phone bill in the drawer and click once, creating the sentence "Use phone bill with."

Third, select the plastic card by moving your cursor over the object in the Animation Window. By double-clicking on the plastic card you can complete the sentence and execute it at the same time. Notice that Zak was smart enough to pick up the phone bill first.

Read Zak's phone bill by moving the cursor over "phone bill" in the Inventory list below the Verbs and click once, creating the sentence, "Walk to phone bill." This time, instead of clicking on the noun a second time, click on the "Read" verb, changing the sentence to "Read phone bill." Click once more on the "Read" verb and Zak will read the bill. Notice that the final click can be on either the noun or the verb.

Walk Zak to his living room by first opening his bedroom door ("Open door") and then walking through it ("Walk to door"). The screen will iris to black while the next room is loaded from disk.

Special Verbs and Function Keys

To switch control from one character to another, select the verb "Switch." The names of the four characters you can control will appear as Verbs. Place the cursor over the name of the character you want to control and click once. As a short-cut, you can use function keys **F1—F4** to change characters (see below). **NOTE: The Switch verb will not appear until Zak has solved several puzzles and meets Annie.**

To find out what is in a room, select the "What is" verb and move the cursor around the room. When the name of something appears on the Sentence Line, you'll know that it is an "active" object and you might want to use it in the game. If you click on that object, the "Walk to" verb will appear instead. You can then click on the object a second time to make your character walk to it, or you may click on any other Verb that you want to use with that object.

To save your progress in a game, so that you can turn the computer off and start again in the same place, use the "save" feature. "Save" will not work during cut-scenes. You can "save" up to ten games on your *hard disk*, depending on how much free disk space there is. Previously saved games will have an asterisk next to them, for example: Game B*. Simply press the Save/Load Game function key (**F5**) and follow the on-screen instructions.

Function and Command Keys

Switching Characters:

| | |
|---------|-----------|
| Zak | F1 |
| Annie | F2 |
| Melissa | F3 |
| Leslie | F4 |

| | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| Save or Load a Game | F5 |
|---------------------|-----------|

| | |
|--------------------|---|
| Bypass a Cut-Scene | Esc or right mouse/joystick button |
|--------------------|---|

| | |
|---------------|-----------|
| Sounds Off/On | F6 |
|---------------|-----------|

| | |
|----------------|-----------|
| Restart a Game | F8 |
|----------------|-----------|

| | |
|------------|------------------|
| Pause Game | Space Bar |
|------------|------------------|

Message Line Speed:

| | |
|--------|-------------|
| Faster | > |
| Slower | < |

| | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Snap Scroll On/Off | Shift-S |
|--------------------|----------------|

| | |
|------------|---------------|
| End a Game | Ctrl-C |
|------------|---------------|

A Few Helpful Hints

- Pick up *everything* you can. Odds are, at some point all those strange things will serve some purpose.
- Almost everyone you can interact with has something to offer—the French baker, the bum in the airport, even the two-headed squirrel.
- If you get stuck, and can't figure out how to go farther, try looking through all the items you've found and thinking how each one might be used. Think about the places you've gone, and the people you've met. Chances are there will be a connection that'll put you back on track.
- You have to go out of your way to get characters in *Zak McKracken* killed, so you don't have to constantly save games before proceeding.
- Several of the puzzles require coordination between two or more of the characters.
- There is more than one way to solve many of the puzzles.
- If you feel like it, take a whirlwind tour around Zak's world first, then settle down to serious puzzle-solving.

- If your CashCard runs low, figure out how to win the lottery!
- If you need help, refer to the guided tour on page 36.

IMPORTANT!

Use Your Exit Visa Code Book

Without it, you won't be able to take international flights—and you won't be able to complete the game.

To use the code book, watch for the Exit Visa Code reference on the screen when you're buying a ticket to leave the United States. You'll see, for example:

Travel key is: Section 4 (C 22)

Now, you should turn to the indicated section, column, and row and find the four symbols. They refer to the symbols on the screen, which you should then click in order. Once you've entered the code correctly, you can go on with the game. If you enter incorrect codes too many times in a row, something embarrassing will happen to you.

From the makers of NUKE'M ALARMS...

ZAP'EM II™ EXIT VISA SECURITY SYSTEM

**Warning! Any attempt to breach
airport security without the proper
security code will result in IMMEDIATE
and HUMILIATING INCARCERATION
without bail, trial, or exception.**

DO NOT DISCARD!

**"Whoa...I'm playin' it straight next time.
These guys are relentless."**

—Freeloading Frank

SECTION 1

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| 25 | □%□□ | □□□■ | □□□■ | □□□+ | ■□□% | □□□□ | ■□+□ |
| 26 | ■□□+ | □□+% | □□□% | □□+□ | □□□□ | □□□□ | □□□□ |
| 27 | □□□□ | □□□□ | □□□□ | □□□□ | □□□□ | □□□□ | □□□■ |
| 28 | □□□□ | □□□□ | □%□□ | □%□□ | □□□■ | +□□+ | ■□+% |
| 29 | □□□□ | □□+■ | □□□■ | □□++ | □□□% | □□□□ | □□□□ |
| 30 | +□%+ | ■□□% | □□□% | □□□□ | ■□□□ | □□□□ | □□□□ |

SECTION 4

| | A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
|----|-------|-------|-------|--------|-------|-------|--------|
| 1 | 0%3% | 0+110 | 11850 | 08110 | 0828 | 2000 | 0081 |
| 2 | 0000 | %088 | 0008 | 0080 | 811+1 | 088+ | 011%4 |
| 3 | 01180 | 20%1 | 1081 | 02%+ | 1100% | 082% | 10110 |
| 4 | 0881 | 0011+ | 0+0+ | 0+11% | 0020 | 11000 | 0088 |
| 5 | 2%00 | 0%118 | ++08 | 110110 | 8821 | %00+ | 008% |
| 6 | 0000 | 0081 | 0001 | 008+ | 81+% | 21180 | 011%0 |
| 7 | %88+ | 011%4 | 1128% | 02%0 | 11000 | 2800 | 08118 |
| 8 | 0000 | 00118 | %858 | 110110 | 0%21 | 1%0+ | 008% |
| 9 | 0%00 | 0081 | 0001 | 108+ | 10+% | 1280 | 02%0 |
| 10 | 028+ | 112%4 | 008% | 011%0 | +1100 | 0%00 | 0%118 |
| 11 | %85% | 00110 | 2+00 | 0+110 | 0+28 | %000 | 2081 |
| 12 | 11%00 | 0+88 | 1008 | 0080 | 80+1 | 808+ | 00%4 |
| 13 | 1180 | 111%1 | 2281 | 88%+ | 020% | 102% | 118110 |
| 14 | 0+01 | 1+11+ | 880+ | 0811% | 0020 | 0000 | 1088 |
| 15 | 1100% | 0080 | 0%00 | 1080 | 00+8 | 11880 | 110%1 |
| 16 | 0280 | 12%8 | 0088 | 00%0 | 21101 | 0%01 | 0%11+ |
| 17 | 0888 | 08110 | 11%00 | 8+111 | %12+ | 000% | 0080 |
| 18 | 0%01 | 088+ | 000+ | 008% | 110+0 | 1080 | 00%8 |
| 19 | %18% | 011%0 | 0280 | 82%0 | 8208 | 0+88 | 00110 |
| 20 | 0+00 | 2+110 | 0800 | 08118 | 11820 | 0001 | %08+ |
| 21 | 1008 | 0080 | %000 | 0881 | 08++ | 108% | 10%0 |
| 22 | 0281 | 08%+ | 818+ | 00%4 | 01100 | 0%00 | +%110 |
| 23 | 080+ | 0811% | 1%0% | 11+110 | 0020 | 0008 | 2080 |
| 24 | 0%00 | 1180 | 8000 | 0088 | 011+0 | 0081 | +0%+ |
| 25 | 0188 | 20%0 | 11080 | 112%1 | 020+ | 000+ | 0011% |
| 26 | 0%00 | 0+111 | 0801 | +811+ | 108% | 2000 | 0080 |
| 27 | %00+ | 008% | 000% | 0880 | +0+0 | %888 | 00%0 |
| 28 | 2280 | 02%0 | 1180 | %+%8 | 1000 | 2800 | 2%111 |
| 29 | 11800 | 08118 | %088 | 0%110 | 8121 | 880+ | 008% |
| 30 | 1000 | 1081 | 11001 | 008+ | 011+% | 0080 | +0%0 |

SECTION 5

| | A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
|----|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1 | 00++ | 008% | 00+% | 0080 | +2%0 | %008 | ++08 |
| 2 | 0000 | 0080 | 0110 | 0%00 | 0%11 | 0%00 | 0000 |
| 3 | 0000 | 0008 | 0808 | 0000 | 1108 | 00++ | 1108% |
| 4 | 00+0 | 8888 | 011+ | +88+ | %11% | 0800 | 0+00 |
| 5 | 00+0 | 8880 | 00+0 | 0088 | %0%0 | 0000 | 8000 |
| 6 | +008 | 0+08 | 0000 | 0800 | 0%11 | 0%0+ | 1100% |
| 7 | 11%0 | 0000 | 0800 | 000+ | 008% | 00+0 | 11080 |
| 8 | 00+0 | 0080 | 88+0 | 8888 | 00%0 | 0000 | 0800 |
| 9 | 0008 | +888 | 0800 | 0+00 | 0011 | 000+ | 000% |
| 10 | 0000 | 1100 | 8%00 | 8%0+ | 008% | 00+0 | 0080 |
| 11 | 80++ | 888% | 11+% | 11180 | 111% | 01108 | 0%88 |
| 12 | 0000 | 0880 | 8800 | 0+00 | 0+11 | 0000 | 0000 |
| 13 | 0%00 | 0%08 | 0008 | 11000 | 0080 | %0++ | 008% |
| 14 | 00+0 | 0118 | 00+0 | +08+ | 00%0 | 11000 | 0880 |
| 15 | %80+ | 0+0+ | 000% | 888% | 00110 | 11000 | 0008 |
| 16 | 000% | 0000 | 11%0 | 0%00 | 8+88 | 00+0 | 0080 |
| 17 | 80+0 | 8+88 | 00+8 | %080 | 011% | +110+ | 088+ |
| 18 | 0000 | 0880 | 1180 | 0+00 | %+11+ | 1100% | 0000 |
| 19 | 0%00 | 0%0+ | 000+ | 000% | 0080 | 00+0 | 0088 |
| 20 | 00+% | 01180 | 00+0 | +080 | %0%8 | 0000 | 11000 |
| 21 | 0800 | 0+00 | 0008 | 0888 | 08110 | 0000 | 000+ |
| 22 | 0008 | 0000 | 0000 | 0%00 | 888+ | 00+% | 0080 |
| 23 | 110+ | 008+ | %0++ | 008% | 011% | +1100 | 0%00 |
| 24 | 880% | %88% | 0800 | 0+00 | 0+110 | 0+08 | %000 |
| 25 | 0%00 | 1100 | +000 | 0008 | 0080 | 80+0 | 888+ |
| 26 | +0+8 | 0080 | 00+0 | 0080 | 88%+ | 000% | 008% |
| 27 | 8800 | 0+00 | +00+ | 888+ | 0811% | 0000 | 0000 |
| 28 | 000+ | 1100% | 1100% | 0%00 | 0080 | 00+8 | 11880 |
| 29 | 00+0 | 0080 | 00+0 | 0088 | 00%0 | 0110 | 0%88 |
| 30 | 0008 | 0888 | 01100 | 11%00 | 8+11 | %00+ | 000% |

SECTION 6

| | A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
|----|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|--------|-------|
| 1 | +0110 | 5%2■ | 8011■ | ■02+ | 000% | 0080 | 82+0 |
| 2 | ■88+ | ■0+% | 888% | 0■+0 | 2■80 | 0+%8 | 2000 |
| 3 | 011%0 | +1100 | 112%0 | 0208 | 0+88 | ■0110 | 882■ |
| 4 | 88110 | ■828 | 0%118 | 0%20 | 0■0■ | +■8+ | ■■+% |
| 5 | 8011+ | 002% | 8+11% | 2020 | 0000 | 0088 | %11+0 |
| 6 | 11080 | ■0+0 | 2880 | 88+8 | 0880 | 00%■ | 080+ |
| 7 | 0+%8 | 8000 | 00%0 | 020■ | 802■ | 8811+ | 002% |
| 8 | 0+11+ | %■2% | ■811% | 2020 | 0000 | 0088 | 20+0 |
| 9 | 0880 | 28+0 | +080 | 8+88 | 11180 | 80%■ | 080+ |
| 10 | 80%8 | 0800 | %8%0 | 000■ | 088■ | ■011+ | %02% |
| 11 | ■0110 | 1182■ | 0%11■ | %%2+ | 8%0% | 0■80 | 118+0 |
| 12 | +08+ | ■0+% | 8■8% | 211+0 | 01180 | 011%8 | 21100 |
| 13 | 00%0 | 11000 | 80%0 | 0+08 | 0+88 | 0+110 | 802■ |
| 14 | 0%110 | 0%28 | 00118 | 2020 | ■00■ | +88+ | 110+% |
| 15 | 8■80 | 811+■ | 008■ | 00++ | 028% | 28%0 | 0800 |
| 16 | 00%+ | 1180% | 88%% | 8000 | 0880 | 20110 | 8028 |
| 17 | 0011% | ■820 | 2%110 | 0%20 | 0%08 | %880 | ■8+■ |
| 18 | +080 | %0+8 | 0■88 | 0■+0 | 8118■ | 811%+ | 0110% |
| 19 | ■8%0 | ■00■ | 00%■ | 880+ | 0+8+ | 11+11% | 11020 |
| 20 | 8%11■ | ■%2+ | ■811+ | 002% | 0000 | 8880 | ■0+8 |
| 21 | 0■8% | 011+0 | 0080 | 110+0 | 0+88 | 112%0 | 880■ |
| 22 | 00%0 | 0+08 | 08%8 | 2800 | 0880 | 0011■ | 082+ |
| 23 | 80118 | ■020 | 00110 | 8%2■ | 8%0+ | 888% | 0■+0 |
| 24 | 208■ | 80++ | 0■8+ | 118+% | 11180 | ■11%0 | 01108 |
| 25 | %8%% | 0000 | 28%0 | 8800 | 8+80 | ■+118 | 0■20 |
| 26 | 0%110 | 2%20 | 00110 | 0028 | 11000 | 008■ | %0++ |
| 27 | 8■88 | 0■+0 | %880 | ■0+■ | +28+ | ■2%% | 11800 |
| 28 | 80%■ | %80+ | 88%+ | 080% | 888% | 00110 | 11020 |
| 29 | +811+ | 002% | 8011% | 11%20 | 0%00 | 8+88 | 28+0 |
| 30 | 0080 | 80+0 | 8■80 | ■8+8 | %■80 | 011%■ | +110+ |

A Guided Tour Of Zak McKracken and The Alien Mindbenders

Zak is a game rich in things to do and places to visit. The game has many, many interesting puzzles to solve. So many that we suspect that without help it will take you over 50 hours to solve the game. If you want to enjoy Zak but feel you might need some help, then this tour is for you. It will lead you through from beginning to end, *showing you one of the many paths to victory*. It doesn't always tell you everything, so you'll need to do some thinking. And it doesn't tell you all the things that you can do or might want to try. So don't be afraid to save the game at any point and do some exploring on your own. *But if you do stray from the path, you may find you don't have enough money or the right objects to finish the game. If that happens, just go back to an earlier saved game and continue the tour.*

OK. Start it up. Good luck, and have fun!

I hate my job.

My name is Zak McKracken. Well, actually, it's Francis Zachary McKracken. Junior. But you can call me Zak. Go right ahead; everybody else does.

I'm a journalist. Well, I'm an investigative reporter. OK, if the truth be known, I work for a sleazy two-bit slime bucket of a newspaper called *The National Inquisitor*. I'm the guy that writes those idiotic headlines you sneer at when you're standing on line at the supermarket. I'm the guy that writes the captions for those Artist's Conceptions of Genuine UFOs Sighted in You-Name-It, Nova Scotia. I'm also the guy that gives you the in-depth, tells-all, no-holds-barred interviews with two-headed squirrels.

That, by the way, is my latest assignment: interviewing some antisocial, probably rabid, two-headed squirrel reputed to be residing in a cave near Mount Rainier. To add insult to injury, my boss (I call him

Fathead; but not to his face) wants a retrospective on the first modern UFO sighting, which just happens to have occurred 50 years ago in the same general vicinity as the aforementioned two-headed squirrel. Terrific. If it's a good day, I'll only be homicidally assaulted by a rodent AND fall off a mountain. Did you know I'm psychic? Wait, let me concentrate... yes, I see it now... I see the Pulitzer Prize... gently receding into the distance...

Fathead gives me a one-way ticket to Seattle. This is his way of gently hinting that, if I don't get the stories, I might as well not come back. I have not come back from a lot of places in my career, but he always manages to track me down.

So, I take myself home to my tastefully appointed one bedroom, lousy view apartment for a light snack and a good night's sleep. It's going to be a L-O-N-G day tomorrow. Maybe this time I won't have that wacko dream.

No such luck. Long shot of Earth, circled by a glowing yellow energy field. Pan left as the screen fills with a shot of Mars. (Maybe I should've gone into screenwriting?) Now the cuts to that huge Face on Mars staring up into space, and the map in the Face. The big blue guy, and the six-foot ankh. So far, so good. Same old dream.

Whoa! Tonight we get the finale! I think she wants to meet me, "Hi, my name is Zachary..." Hey! Where'd she go? Story of my life. Meet a nice lady, and some bizarre contraption butts in and ruins the whole thing.

NOW what? A pair of nose glasses and a ten-gallon hat? Not BAD! Fathead would love it! Hey, this is my dream! I want to wake up now! Wake up! WAKE UP!

Whew. Even for a tabloid hack, I've got some imagination. How about, "Artist's Conception of Pre-

historic Earth, story on page 84"? Now, about that map. First order of business, something to write on. Matchbook cover? Cocktail napkin? Ah, a scrap of wallpaper, just the thing to make my reputation with the guys in the layout department. Next, something to write with... with which to write... whatever.

Rummage in the desk; just my kazoo. Maybe that squirrel's a music lover. I'll take the kazoo anyway. Try the sock drawer in the dresser; an overdue phone bill. This is not my morning. Well, I'd better do something about it. If The Phone Company cuts me off again, Mom'll call in the National Guard when she can't get through. Turn on the answering machine, so Mom can fill up the tape, close those open drawers and... CashCard... CashCard... ah, under the desk, where I always leave it.

OK, so I'm not manually dextrous. I still have a winning personality. Use the phone bill to scoop up the CashCard, and on to... whoops! I trip on the corner of my rug! That reminds me, I should fix those loose boards under there sometime or I might fall into who-knows-where!

Let's try this again, on to my immaculate living room. No loose change under the couch cushion, but at least I found the remote control.

Replace the other cushion... well, this may explain why the TV wasn't working (NOTE: write a letter of apology to the cable company). Plug 'er in, rev up the ol' remote control, and it's time for my morning dose of Lori Amore and the News... *Wait!* There's the woman from my dream! This may not be such a bad day, after all. I've gotta meet her! Maybe I'll drop by and introduce myself, after I've taken care of the Seattle business. Into the kitchen for some breakfast... I empty the refrigerator of its contents — a single uncooked egg. Well, I wasn't really hungry, anyway. In the cabinet, a box of crayons. Jot down the map while I still remember it... layout is going to be furious with me. Now, out to the street to face a new day.

Maybe I can pick up a croissant or something at the bakery. Persistence finally wins me: one stale loaf of bread, suitable for pounding nails. Like I said, I wasn't hungry anyway.

Now, to pay the phone bill. Hmm. Something familiar about this representative. Big nose, glasses, ten gallon hat. Do you think? Naw. Well, he doesn't look too clever; I'll just hang on to this bill for a while.

Now, for Seattle. Seems like a shame to wake up

that bus driver. Zachary McKracken, this would be a good time to check out that Annie person's place on 14th Avenue. Ah, here it is, "The Society for Ancient Wisdom."

A drop slot, just as promised. Is a kazoo an artifact? Probably not. Maybe Lou's got a little something that would fit the bill.

Lou's a little short on artifacts this morning, but there's plenty of other stuff here that could come in handy. A top investigative reporter has to be prepared. Guitar, wet suit, golf club, tool kit crammed with useful items... shabby hat and a pair of nose glasses. Have I got a terrific idea!

Back to The Phone Company, nattily attired in nose glasses and hat. I could almost be the rep's twin brother! Does he object to a little free-lance keyboarding? Nope... and that takes care of my phone bill. I've always wondered what was behind that door behind the counter... and now I know. I don't know why Fat-head sends me out of town; there're plenty of weird stories right here under my very own nose glasses!

Speaking of out of town, I'd better get going before somebody else gets an exclusive on that squirrel. The bus driver is still snoozing... a couple of sharp raps on the door with this nutritious loaf of bread and he's out of dreamland. My nifty disguise doesn't seem to impress this guy, though, so I pay the fare with my CashCard, and presto I'm at the airport.

Maybe if I buy this devotee's book, he'll leave me alone. \$42 for a book? Well, now I've got something to read on the plane. I already have the ticket that Fat-head gave me, so I head for the gate to the planes. I hope it's a breakfast flight.

Gee, what's bugging the stewardess? Ever since the airlines merged into one mega-airliner, all their employees seem to have an attitude problem. Peanuts? I don't even *like* peanuts! This is *not* my idea of a hearty breakfast. Maybe there's a bag lunch in one of these bins.

She's awfully quick on her feet, isn't she? This stewardess needs a little something to keep her occupied while I snoop around. Back to the bathroom for the old stuff-the-toilet-paper-in-the-sink-and-flood-the-place ploy. Ring the bell, and hotfoot it forward while she's mopping up. That cushion she used in the demonstration should be straightened. Ah, somebody lost a lighter. I'll just hang onto it until I find the rightful owner. Open a few more bins and... here she

comes again. Zak McKracken never says “no” to a challenge. I’ll have to do something to distract her for a longer time. I know! I’ll use the old blow-up-the-egg-in-the-microwave trick. First the bathroom-sink-flood routine, then race to the microwave oven. Whew! What a smell! Offhand, I’d guess she is NOT enjoying this flight.

Naturally, in the very last bin I check I hit pay dirt. Oxygen tanks are not edible, of course, but I’ll take it anyway (I also have a fine collection of motel towels and ashtrays at the office). Finally I exit the plane.*

There’s a newsstand in the lobby and I read the headlines as I walk by. I leave the airport and find myself at the foot of Mount Rainier. Ah! The two-headed squirrel! A few classic Zak McKracken penetrating questions, and I’ll be on my way home.

This is one hostile squirrel! I suppose I could whomp him with this tree branch I grab, but that might limit the interview possibilities... we’ll try the friendly approach, “NICE squirrel, GOOD squirrel... Squirrel want some peanuts? Squirrel want some peanuts?”

Yes, squirrel wants some peanuts. And squirrel does not want to talk to Zak McKracken. When Fat-head told me he wanted me to dig up some dirt, I never dreamed he wanted me to dig up some *dirt!* The right tool for the right job, that’s my motto; I knew this golf club would come in handy. Look at the size of my divot!

Oh, great. A pitch-dark cave. I am NOT having a good day. I feel around using the “What is” verb to find out what’s in here. Knock down that bird’s nest with the branch, assemble said nest and branch in nearby fire pit, and apply lighter.

Now to wrap up the squirrel exposé and make tracks for home.

Somebody ought to explain to this squirrel the importance of good press relations. No problem; I’ll just make up the quotes myself, as usual. How much could a two-headed squirrel have to say about itself, anyway? Twice as much as a one-headed squirrel, I guess.

Why would anybody want to scrawl graffiti in a nice unspoiled cave like this? And why leave it half-finished? I’ll fix that with my crayon...

...Aha! Exit graffiti. Enter doorway. And I guess I’d better. Enter the doorway, I mean.

Look at that! I think it’s an artifact. And I want it. I see a sensor that looks just like the one on my TV. Now to test whether this really is a universal remote control... bingo! Blue crystal, you and I are going to meet a nice lady!

So what happened to the lights? I guess I just snatched the room’s only light source.

Back in the airport, I use the reservations terminal to buy a ticket back to San Francisco. A short flight later and I’m back on 14th Avenue. Into the drop slot you go, blue crystal. Now, lessee, shirt tucked in? Shoes tied? Is there time for a haircut? CLOSED PERMANENTLY. Very funny. Almost as funny as that giant bobby pin.

Ah! Here she is! Nothing like finding out your very dreams are not your own to perk up a day. Who knows, maybe there’s a story in this. Let’s give this dream-sharing stuff a whirl. I’ll start with one of the coeds on Mars.

Leslie gets the message that things are all coming together. Time to do some exploring and figure out why she and Melissa were sent here.

Off to the left; a hostel, a messy pile of sand, a tram, and a monolith. Whoever built this place was thoughtful; all the signs have English translations. Hmm. The monolith sign says a token’s good for a one way trip. Into the hostel for a quick look-see. An air lock! These buttons ought to open and close the doors, but they don’t seem to be working. There’s probably some kind of master switch behind that panel. Time to bring Melissa into the act.

Melissa reconnoiters the area to the right; the Face. Experimentally, she pushes the lowest button, the only one she can reach. Apart from a nice mellow tone, nothing happens. This’ll have to wait.

Back to the Shuttle Bug to pick up some supplies. The Digital Audio Tape plays back just fine in the boom box, but it’s write-protected and can’t be recorded on. Melissa takes the boom box, then opens the glove compartment and retrieves her own and Leslie’s CashCards. With any luck, the builders were thoughtful enough to make provisions for CashCards in that monolith. After a moment’s hesitation, she removes the Shuttle Bug fuse, too. Can’t be too careful; who’d want to come back and find out some Martian had swiped their only way home?

* Once on the plane you can exit at any time by pressing the escape key.

Unsurprisingly, CashCards DO work in the monolith. Mindful of my (Zak's) experiences with Fathead (this dream-sharing stuff is fun!), Melissa buys *two* tokens for herself, just to be on the safe side. Don't want to get stranded! She drops the token into the tram and it gets returned. Maybe the tram's out of order.

The token gives her another idea, and in the hostel air lock she confirms it... a token works fine as an emergency screwdriver and now the panel's open, revealing a burnt-out fuse. It's the work of a few moments to dispose of the old one and substitute the Shuttle Bug fuse; close the Mars door and open the inner door. She hands over Leslie's CashCard, and, now that the hostel is pressurized, takes off her helmet to conserve her suit's oxygen supply. She's looking forward to seeing what color Leslie's hair is this time.

Leslie doffs and dons her own helmet a few times, until she's satisfied with her hair color. Then she heads for the hostel proper. The first locker she checks holds nothing but a can of chain saw gas; the builders definitely had a weird sense of humor! She has to pull the vinyl tape off the second locker in order to open it; reward: one working flashlight. She has a feeling there'll be plenty of opportunities to use it. Off to the right is a ladder; now they can reach the other buttons Melissa found. Next, check out that mound of covers on the bunk.

After a few moments of perfectly understandable hysteria, Melissa cautiously approaches the dead alien. When it fails to make a threatening move, or any move at all for that matter, she forces herself to pick it up. Something has to be done about that pile of sand outside, after all, and these are special circumstances. Maybe later they can give it a decent burial. Or are dead broom aliens just supposed to be propped up in a closet somewhere?

Back to the air lock, to give the loot to Melissa. For some reason, Melissa doesn't care to handle the dead alien. Squeamish as usual. Close the inner door, put on the helmet, open the outer door, and...

Yow! Melissa, who'd been daydreaming about Fort Lauderdale again, didn't notice that Leslie was depressurizing the air lock. She is now definitely noticing... and distinctly uncomfortable. Quickly, she fumbles on her helmet and breathes a richly oxygenated sigh of relief. She reads her helmet for reassurance. Yep, plenty of oxygen left. Of course, if she

were low on oxygen, she could just fill up again in the Shuttle Bug.

Leslie marches back outside and briskly wields the broom alien at the pile of sand. Deducing that the uncovered solar panels probably power the tram, she buys two tokens at the monolith and tries one of them in the tram. It works!

After an exhilarating, if somewhat less than breathtakingly scenic, tram ride, Leslie sets out to investigate the Mars pyramid. Terrific, another pile of sand. She uses the broom alien to sweep it away and...

WELL. That takes care of the decent burial problem.

Lessee here, one gigantic keyhole, and not a key in sight. Maybe Melissa can find something suitable, once she gets into the Face.

Melissa, fully recovered from her brush with suffocation, wends her way back to the Face door. By using the ladder on the door, she can reach all three of the buttons, but a few random pushes convince her that she's getting nowhere fast. It's time for the Earth contingent to get back into the act.

Me again. Zak. About time we got back to me! Let's take a closer look at that book I bought earlier; that guru in Nepal just might have some answers... and you better believe I have some questions! Now I wish I'd joined that frequent flyer program; I've got a feeling I'll be racking up quite a few miles before this is over.

Annie retrieves her CashCard from its hiding place under her desk blotter, and meets me at the bus. Ever the gentleman, I pay her fare to the airport. I hope she doesn't expect me to buy her airline tickets, too.

This is where a travel agent would come in handy; naturally, there are no direct flights to Nepal. Leaving Annie at the San Francisco airport, I try Miami.

Wrong, Zak. Elusive place, Nepal. Hey, would Fathead buy an article on the Bermuda Triangle? One thing at a time... a nice big international airport like London is bound to have lots of connections.

Exit Visa Code... check. You wouldn't believe how humiliating it is to get this wrong, even with five chances, and just don't ask how I know, OK?

What is it with me and people who hang out at airports? OK, bum, here's my CashCard.

He thinks HIS life has no meaning... he ought to try a Day in the Life of Zak McKracken! Here, try this

book on for size... you look like a little enlightenment couldn't hurt you.

Nice, a bottle of Old Spitinureye. I hear they use this stuff to thin paint. Better get out of here before that dancing drives me to drink.

Hmmm... seems London is not the big-time hub I thought it was. No matter, at least I've finally got me a ticket to Katmandu.

As long as I'm in England, I might as well take a look around. It'd be a shame to say I only saw the inside of the airport.

One chilly sentry... and I do mean COLD. How about some paint thinner, fella? I'm not your type, eh? I know a woman you might like to meet; just wait right there!

Annie skips the Miami leg, and flies straight to London. I slip her the booze, and within moments she and the sentry are pals. Sorry, Annie... it was in a good cause!

Off with the electrified fence, out with the wire cutters from the open tool kit, and now I finally get to see Stonehenge.

Spooky place. Not my style, at all. Annie'd probably like it, though.

I already have my ticket, so on to Katmandu...

Whew! I'm *not* looking forward to the ride back to the Katmandu airport. Yaks are not equipped with shock absorbers. Or reclining seats. And they are lousy conversationalists. All they do is chew, chew, chew.

We certainly got our money's worth out of that book. Wonder what the guard would think if he knew I only skimmed the Table of Contents?

Let's take a look at the bulletin board. Hm, so the guru has a golfing buddy in Africa, eh? I think I just figured out the next step in my itinerary.

Onward to meet the guru.

I'm not having much luck completing interviews these days... But I stick around until he finishes training me. Now I know what to do with the blue crystal! Zak, old buddy, let's just resist the temptation to try it out on the yak; he's already giving us dirty looks.

That bale of hay must be the yak's lunch... how come everybody gets to eat but me?

Now, what have we over here? A flagpole. A useful-looking flagpole. A flagpole just begging to be picked up and carried away by Zak McCracken.

Dumb move, Zak. Time to call in the reinforcements. Annie! Yoo hoo, Annie! HALP!

When she gets to Katmandu, Annie thoughtfully reads the sign to me. That part I think I figured out already. I smuggle the lighter to Annie and she torches the hay. So, maybe the yak won't get lunch after all. In the confusion, Annie gets me out of the jail cell and I take back my stuff. After all this, I'm not likely to leave the flagpole where it is, so I nab it again and we yak our way back to the airport.

Annie returns the lighter to me. I can see she wants to deliver a few choice words about the distastefulness of committing arson, but she restrains herself. I give her the flagpole for a souvenir.

Next stop, Kinshasa. I hope the guru's golfing buddy doesn't mind folks just dropping in unexpectedly.

I've heard the best way to get through a jungle is to just keep walking and never look back. Here's my chance to try it out.

Well, this guy sure is an avid golfer. Me, I prefer more sedentary sports, so I give him the golf club.

Wow, nice dance. Especially that last, bouncy part. "Unlock the door to the head," eh? Come back with the yellow crystal? What yellow crystal? I write down the part of the dance after the fire appears, recording the order in which the dancers squat. Then, putting two and two together, and coming up with "four" for a change, I dream-share back to Melissa.

Melissa receives my vision of the dance, duplicates the order of the dance finale on the buttons, and, *CRASH*, the door finally opens. She picks up the ladder and enters the Face.

This place is BIG! Melissa names this room the Great Chamber and trudges over to investigate the nearest door. Odds are that crystal sphere has something to do with the door, so she uses the ladder to climb up and gives it a push. *Whammo!* Now we're getting somewhere. It seems that the sounds coming out of the crystal sphere caused the door to open. Melissa picks up the ladder, walks through the door... and finds herself in darkness.

Flashlight to the rescue. A maze; what fun!

Melissa walks through the first doorway she comes to, and notices it has a purple border. She walks all the way to the left and goes through the blue-bordered doorway. Next, she walks past the yellow doorway and goes through the purple one.

Oh no! Not so much fun! Leslie's the one with the iron nerves; she'd better check this out.

Melissa goes back into the corridor and continues to the left. She goes through the first doorway she comes to, the blue-bordered one. She walks to the right and steps through the doorway on the far right end wall. Hey! That's the map from the dream! And the Sphinx on Earth... obviously this is another place to be checked out. And some strange markings to read... there must be a connection there. Gotta remember that pattern!

Melissa's had enough maze-walking and sets out to find the exit. She walks left and through the purple doorway, left again past the green doorway and through the yellow doorway, left once more and through the door on the far left end wall. Ah, the Great Chamber again.

Time to see what's behind door number two! Uh oh, no crystal. Well, there may be a solution to that problem, assuming door number three is still intact.

And it is. Melissa carefully uses the vinyl tape on the Digital Audio Tape so she can record on it and loads it into the boom box. Ladder on pedestal number three, clamber up to the crystal, boom box on "record", push the crystal and *whammo*, another door is opened.

A methodical person, Melissa. She returns to door number two to check out her theory. Boom box on "play" and... *whammo* again... it works.

In through door number two... what, another maze? Nope, there's just the one door at the end. She picks up the ankh and heads back out to check door number three.

On the way to door number three, she finally notices some more strange markings on one of the huge statues, the one that looks kind of Mayan. She reads them carefully — another pattern to remember!

Behind door number three is another long walk to a single door. And there's a giant key; this is going to be a piece of cake!

Yowch. Force field. Nothing is EVER that easy. Ankh shape on the panel... ankh in the hand... well, maybe it isn't so difficult after all. Nice-looking machine; wonder what it does? Push the button and find out.

So, that's what this is all about. "Use these keys"? Easy for you to say, blue guy. Well, at least the golden key is still intact. Better handle it with care!

Back to door number one to wait for Leslie to brave that room with the switches.

Leslie trams back to the landing site. After stopping off at the monolith to buy a couple more tokens, she heads for the Great Chamber, borrows the flashlight back from Melissa, and enters the maze.

She traces Melissa's steps: purple, blue, purple...

Leslie reads the gauges. OK, when in doubt, push a few switches. Check the gauges again. Yup, that did it. Off with the helmet and back to the Great Chamber to give Melissa the good news. Right end doorway, right end doorway, left end doorway... Melissa's happy to remove her helmet too!

And now back to me. And me back to the airport for a ticket to... hmmm... Cairo, I think. They've got a Sphinx somewhere around Cairo, right?

Indeed they do. And, of course, if a Sphinx has two legs, it'll be the second leg that I check that shows any promise. This yellow crayon is proving to be the best friend any reporter had... Now, to duplicate the pattern Melissa saw in the Face Map Room... Result? Yet another secret entryway. How DID I guess?

Look, I have enough trouble reading English... you were expecting me to also know hieroglyphics?

Annie jets in from Katmandu to the rescue. "Again?" she says. Me, I don't know what she's talking about. Anyway, since she knows how to read the signs in this place, I let her negotiate this maze. Whoa! She says the first sign is a warning about a sleeping beast! OK, I'll stay here and guard the entrance. I know how much Annie would enjoy exploring this maze. She walks through doors that have a sun symbol over them and finally enters a room looked over by a enigmatic pair of eyes.

More hieroglyphics; Annie's extra credit classes are finally paying off. Press the buttons in the indicated order, and... hmmm, a map of the Mars complex. And, what a surprise... more strange markings. She reads the markings and I memorize them — I'm sure I'll need them later.

Annie works her way back to me: through six right end doors, one left end door, and all the way to the left. Back to me safely and no beast in sight. Maybe the warning's just there to scare people. Or maybe...

As I ponder this, Annie borrows my scrap of wall-paper and crayon, and jots down the Mars info. After she returns my stuff, I head back into the desert, on my way to Cairo to plan my next flight.

Er, maybe I ought to check out that pyramid on

the left, first? Sure, there's plenty of time. Well, I'm pretty sure there's plenty of time.

If this is another maze, I'm going to call in Annie again! On with the lighter and make with the feet. No problem; this is just like the ones on Mars... dark! Except all I have is a cigarette lighter that gets too hot after a short time. Ah, there's a torch; how convenient! Let's hope the rightful owner of this lighter doesn't turn up for awhile. This looks like another spooky spot that'll mean more to Annie. I hope she appreciates the trouble I took to light the torch for her.

Back to Cairo and another decision. Seems like a good time to cover the Bermuda Triangle; at worst, I'll come up with a few snappy captions. Out of Miami, wasn't it?

A biplane... and I thought the yak was bad. At least the yak didn't tell jokes... and where HAVE I heard the phrase "divine wind" before? I wish I'd stop having these brilliant ideas. Should I use this parachute he gave me or stay on for the ride? I think I'll stay...

So, this is what happens in the Bermuda Triangle. No, thanks, I'll take my chances here. I just remembered what "divine wind" translates to in Japanese! I stay to the right of the red line and watch the biplane leave in a flash. I wonder what happens when I press this button. A doorbell?

Oops. The King!

Who does this guy think he is, anyway? Hmm. I don't like the sounds of his threats. Maybe if I give him something. Now, what would someone who dresses like that want? How about this guitar? I've got no use for it!

I'd say *he's* got no use for it either. At least he's stopped making dire threats. Home? Sure, I'll go home, but not quite yet. I memorize the order of the button-presses and then check out that strange machine to the right of The King. A Lott-O-Dictor? Ho, I may make a profit on this gig after all. Gotta remember that number!

Back to the color squares... Now, *this* is the way to travel! A little noisy, mind you, but you can't beat the door-to-bedroom service! I wonder how he knew where I lived?

Off to Lou's to invest in a Lotto ticket. Gee, I hope I win!

Now what? I've got some time to kill before I collect on this Lotto ticket, and I *don't* want to bug Lou...

As I recall, Melissa spotted some Mayan statues on Mars. And one can find Mayan types in Mexico. AND, there's a flight to Mexico City listed on the San Francisco terminal.

Another jungle. This is getting to be a habit.

A Mayan temple. Weren't they the ones that carved the living hearts out of people? Is all this REALLY that important?

OK, OK, I'm going. My heart's in my mouth, anyway; nobody'd find it in the usual place. I quickly walk up the steps to the door at the top of the temple.

I can't tell you how thrilled I am to learn that I finally get to go through a maze of my own. In the dark. Just call me Zak "Sacrificial Lamb" McKracken. Oh, torches. All right, maybe it isn't all that bad.

I walk through the second door from the right end wall, then through the first door to the right, and next through the door on the right end wall. Finally, I walk to the right and go through the first door I come to. Now this is something! A room that doesn't need torches. What do we have here? A familiar-looking Mayan statue and some more strange markings!

This crayon sure is getting a workout. Now I have two, count 'em, two yellow crystal shards. And they seem to fit together perfectly. These shards must make up the yellow crystal the Shaman was talking about. Too bad they don't stay together! A little household cement would come in handy right about now. Hmm, how else could I fuse them together? Well, the Shaman said we needed words of power and a place of power.

I consider this as I leave the temple: left one door, left one door, left one door, and then through the right end wall door.

Back to Mexico City. Do I want to visit Lima, as long as it's there on the terminal? NAW... oh, well, yeah. If I don't go now, I'll always wonder.

Jungles... why am I always stumbling through jungles?

Well, a bird feeder. I'm glad I don't have any bread crumbs; I don't like birds. I like fish. You've met my pet, Sushi?

And over here by the stream, we find... an inaccessible carving. Inaccessible to anybody without wings, that is. I may be forced to overcome my revulsion for birds. OK, how to turn my stale bread into crumbs... I know!

Fortunately, there's a direct flight from Lima to

San Francisco. Back in my very own kitchen, I adroitly ram that stale bread into the sink. Make sure the water's off or I'd get soggy crumbs! On with the garbage disposal, off with the garbage disposal.

So, where are the bread crumbs? Trapped in the pipe, of course. I whip out my trusty monkey wrench and grab my bread crumbs.

While I'm home, I check for any important messages on my machine, then, bread crumbs in hand, I speed back to Lima and my rendezvous with a carving and a (shudder) bird.

The bread crumbs in the bird feeder do the trick, and, after using the blue crystal on the bird, I'm airborne. Hey, this mindlinking is not bad! In fact, it's downright FUN!

Back to business... that carving. Up close, those eyes look more like caves; let's try the left-hand one. A scroll! Umph... can't read it? Well, of course, a bird can't read it! Deliver this thing to the real me, and I'll take care of everything!

I/we hurry back to my humanoid form and I give me the scroll (weird!). But before I break the mindlink, I want to check out the other eye-cave. Well, it may be fun to fly, but birdhood does tend to limit one's strength. Forget about that candelabra; who's got time for formal dinner parties anyway?

I fly back to Zak, break the mindlink and read the scroll. I know, I know, I have enough trouble with English; I can't read the scroll either. But I bet Annie could read it... Hey, where'd HE come from? No! Don't take my artifacts!

I know this room! Locked in a cage with an awful noise! How do I get out of here! I'm getting dumber by the minute in here. I realize that's hard to believe, but... uh...

Whew! Free again! Now, what good's a reporter without any verbs? I suppose I could just wander around San Francisco for the rest of my life, a sad example to all who — ah, there's one back. With any luck, I'll be back to normal in no time.

I've gotta get my artifacts back. Well, I know one way in there. Is the rep so stupid that I could walk past with my disguise a second time? Better not chance it. I have a great idea. Into my bedroom and pull back the rug. According to my calculations, that secret room ought to be right below me. I select the right tool, in this case the monkey wrench, and pry up the loose boards. Fully realizing that I ought to use

something more unusual, such as knotted-together sheets, I merely fasten the rope to the doorknob and lower myself into the hole. It worked! The cabinet's over here on the left and... yes, I'm back in the artifact business.

I've been thinking... much as I love Sushi, her fishbowl bears an uncanny resemblance to a space-suit helmet. I haven't quite figured out how to con NASA into giving me a spaceship, yet, but it never hurts to be prepared.

Besides, Sushi's probably looking forward to a change of scene from the bedroom to the kitchen sink. Probably.

Back up the rope to transfer Sushi to her new home. Over to Lou's to collect on my Lotto ticket. Wow! That should pay for my plane tickets for a while! To 14th Avenue and there's that bobby pin sign again... wait! A giant lock pick for a giant lock... I'll just, er, liberate the sign with the appropriate tool.

Annie and I review the available flights and meet in London. After reading the scroll, Annie has a brilliant idea, so I surrender the crystal shards to her and agree to wait in the airport.

Annie walks over to Stonehenge and gently deposits the crystal shards on the altar. Then she steps back and intones the words on the scroll.

Wow! That came as a shock! Uncontrolled lightning is NOT what Annie had in mind, but maybe it's worth another try. This time, she props the flagpole in the altar, hoping it will serve as a lightning rod.

And it works... much to Annie's surprise (she says she always knew it would work, but I was dream-sharing with her, and I say she was surprised). Annie delivers the newly-fused crystal to me back at the airport and excuses herself to check out the pyramid chamber I found in Cairo. Hope the torch is still lit for her...

I take the yellow crystal to the Shaman in Kinshasa (by way of Cairo), and he teaches me how to use it. Teleportation! Could have its advantages, though I doubt there's a good frequent teleporter plan around. I use the yellow crystal and choose a destination on the map — let's try, oh... the upper left-hand yellow dot.

Darkness. I might have known. There's a door over here, though... ah, I remember this cave. Now that I think of it, I saw a platform of some sort back in that chamber, just before the lights went out.

How about the next dot down? Darkness. So far, I'm o for 2. Try the door... heart still in place? Good. There was a platform back there, too, I think.

Next dot down. OHO! Here's my chance to grab that candelabra. And, I see, there's a platform here as well. I look out the window — I think I see that bird still pecking away at my bread crumbs! Lots more dots to hit; this one's for the dot in the middle. Atlantis?

Nothing. Things weren't precisely shipshape on Mars; maybe not all these platforms are working, either. OK, go for the one on the right.

Finally, some new scenery. I bet that base is where I'm supposed to build the Device I keep hearing about! I experimentally pull a few switches. The ones on the back wall don't stay up if I walk away; the one on the left triggers some hitherto hidden stairs.

"Intrepid Reporter Descends to Danger and Death."

Well, Intrepid Reporter Descends to Discover Annie. She was investigating the pyramid room when me and my new stairs appeared.

Annie goes upstairs to take a look around for herself; I resort to the yellow crystal. This time, I make for the Mars Pyramid.

Nothing again. If the next one doesn't work, it's back to cadging a ship from NASA. Come ON, Mars Face!

Whew. "Well, Zak, you're finally on Mars. How does it feel?" "Boring, Zak. How do I get out of this room?" "Try drawing a diagram on those markings, Zak!" "Thanks, Zak." "You're welcome, Zak."

That's the first interview I've finished since this whole thing started.

I step through the center door and enter the Face maze. This should be easy! I walk through the doorway in the right end wall, and then through the doorway in the left end wall... Melissa! Leslie! Glad to meet you!

Leslie and Melissa put their helmets back on and head for the tram. Confidently, I put on the wet suit, oxygen tank, and Sushi's fish bowl and follow them.

Somewhat less confidently, I immediately return to the Great Chamber.

It occurs to me that maybe I need to seal the space between my improvised helmet and my wet suit. I apply the duct tape to the fish bowl and venture back out onto the surface of Mars. Success! Maybe I could sell this spacesuit design to NASA?

Hmm, not much oxygen in my tank. Better keep a close check on it!

I buy a token at the monolith, and the coeds and I all quickly pile onto the tram before it leaves. We walk to the pyramid door, and I deftly pick the lock with the bobby pin.

Leslie enters first, because she's got the flashlight. Also, because I pushed her. She finds another not-maze, and walks through the single door at the far end. Melissa and I, reassured that the coast is clear, follow her.

Leslie's found out she can push the feet on the sarcophagus in and out. While she amuses herself, Melissa borrows the flashlight and explores the rest of the room. I stand around and wonder about the Martian half-life of duct tape.

Melissa discovers a set of stairs at the other end of the room, rhythmically appearing and disappearing. After we convince Leslie to just PUSH the feet, we walk up the stairs to the next room.

White crystal; just what I need to complete my set! A little dream-shared persuasion, and Leslie walks away from the feet so we can approach the crystal.

While I'm trying to pry the white crystal out of the containment device, Melissa unlocks the cabinet on the right, and, before I can warn her not to fool with things she doesn't understand, she pushes the button.

The machine opens. I grab the crystal. I teleport to the Mount Rainier cave, leaving Melissa to dream-share to Leslie that, yes, once she wanted her to push the feet and then she wanted her to stop pushing them but now she wants her to push them again, please.

I'm missing just one item from the blue guy's contraption, and I've got a good idea where I might find it.

Cross-country flight, Seattle to Miami. I don't even notice whether it's a miserable flight; I'm that pleased with myself.

I'm still looking for a roundish sort of thing, about so big. I think it glows.

Back on the Bermuda Triangle biplane; waste no time waiting for another joke, just use the parachute and bail out.

This is more like it. Peacefully bobbing up and down, not a care in the world, just gazing at the vast expanse of water disturbed by nothing more than a cruising fin... a cruising FIN?

It's probably just a dolphin (it could be a shark)... maybe it's a dolphin (maybe it's a shark)... it could be a dolphin (it's probably a shark).

One way to find out... dolphins like music. Sharks eat people. I'll just play a little something on my kazoo, and if I get eaten, I'll know it wasn't a dolphin.

It wasn't a shark. Time to give the blue crystal another workout and see how the water half lives...

Atlantis! There's the broken teleport platform. Not much else but seaweed. Better hurry or I might get thrown back into that mindbending machine! I push all the seaweed clumps aside... nothing, nothing, something! A roundish sort of thing, about so big. It DOES glow.

Back to the real me, toting the glowing object. I give it to me and end the mindlink.

The real me back to the Cairo pyramid.

My dexterity must be improving; with only a little coaching from Annie, I manage to assemble the contraption, step back and watch... ..absolutely nothing whatsoever.

Annie very quietly suggests that maybe I should throw one of the switches. I was just thinking the same thing.

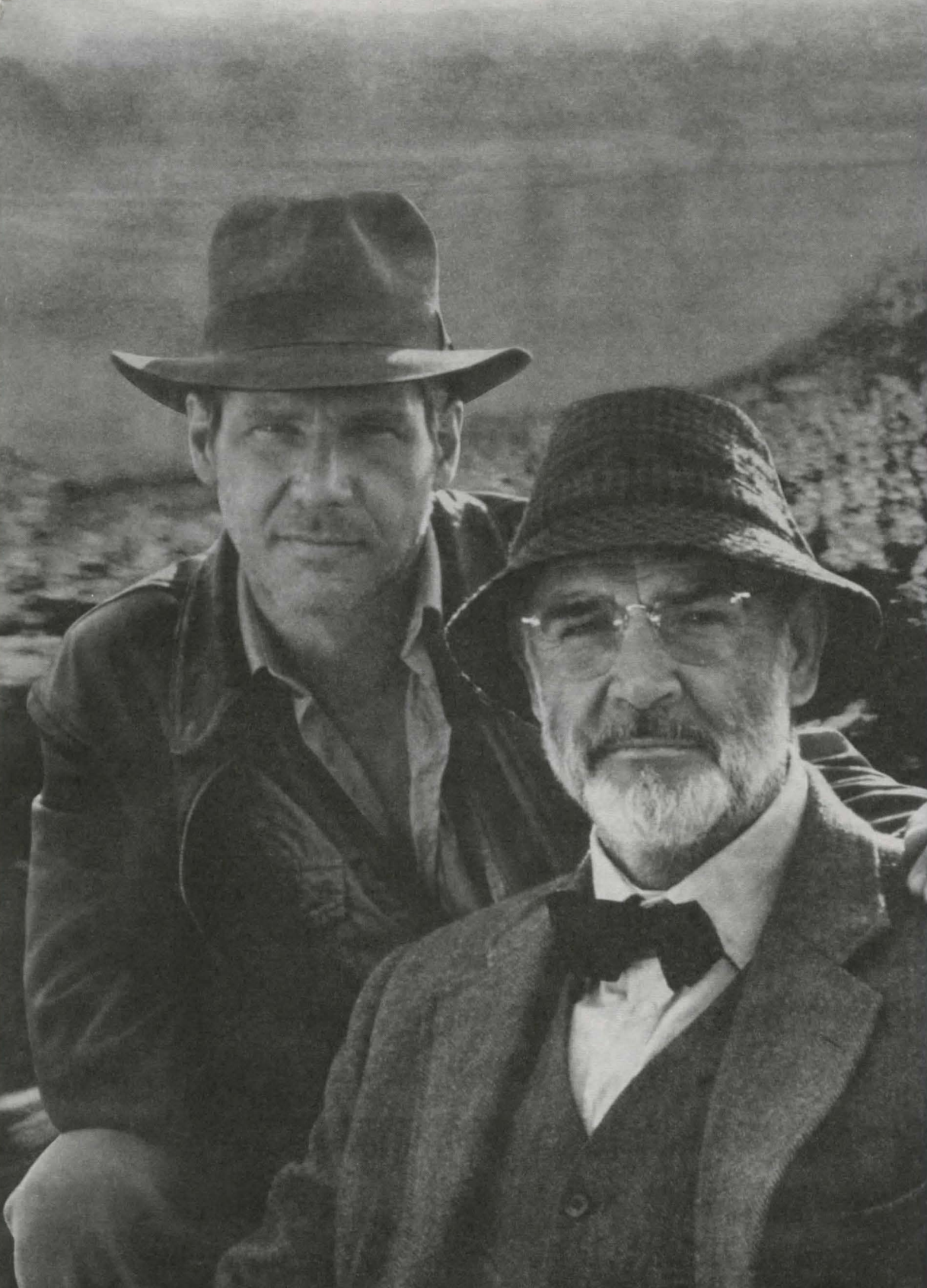
I throw one of the switches.

Absolutely nothing whatsoever happens.

Annie throws the other switch.

And things start to happen. Wow, is Fathead going to get a great story this time!





INDIANA JONES

and the

LAST CRUSADE

About Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade: The Graphic Adventure

You direct the actions of Indy (and occasionally his father, Henry) in a quest to recover the Holy Grail. Although in many cases you will be able to duplicate the course that Indy took in the movie, at other times you will find alternatives and unfamiliar locations before you. Challenge yourself to learn to think, react, and fight like Indiana Jones, to succeed while confronting the unknown.

To help you solve the game's dozens of puzzles, we've included a copy of Henry Jones's *Grail Diary*. This is the diary that Indy's father used to record research and rumors about the Grail. It contains many helpful clues, and using it will be the only reliable way to choose the true Grail at the end of your journey.

We've also included a special Translation Table that Indy uses to help him translate ancient inscriptions. There are several critical points where you must make the correct translation to proceed.

If this is your first computer adventure game, be prepared for an entertaining challenge. Be patient, even if it takes a while to figure out some of the puzzles. If you get stuck, you might need to solve another puzzle first or find and use an object. But

hang in there and *use your imagination*, and you will guide Indy to the Grail!

Loading Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade: The Graphic Adventure

To play *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* use the following commands:

| | |
|-------------------------|--|
| c: (ENTER) | <i>switch to the correct drive</i> |
| cd \indy (ENTER) | <i>change to the correct directory</i> |
| indy256 (ENTER) | <i>start the game</i> |

Things to Try in the Gym

Close the door to the hallway. Select "Close" from the Verbs and then click on the door to the hallway, creating the sentence, "Close door." Click again on the door to execute the sentence. Indy will walk over to the door and close it. Notice the switch on the wall that was hidden by the door.

Ring the bell by the side of the boxing ring with the sentence "Use mallet with bell."

First, place your cursor over the "Use" verb and click once. "Use" now appears on the Sentence Line.

Second, place the cursor over the mallet next to the bell, and click once, creating the sentence "Use mallet with."

Third, select the bell by moving your cursor over the object in the Animation Window. By double-clicking on the bell you can complete the sentence and execute it at the same time. Notice that Indy was smart enough to pick up the mal-let first.

Turn off the lights by moving the cursor over the light switch and clicking once to form the sentence "Walk to light switch." Then click once on the "Turn off" verb, causing "Turn off light switch" to appear on the Sentence Line. A final click on the verb "Turn off" will start the action. Notice that the final click can be on the noun, the verb, or the Sentence Line. Indy will turn the lights back on automatically.

Read the sign over the locker room entrance by clicking once on "Look" and then twice on the sign. Indy will walk over and tell you what the sign says.

Open the door to the hallway (you should be able to do that by now) and walk out into the college hall to find some new things to do. Finding Indy's office should be a good place to start.

Talking to Characters

If there is someone worth talking to nearby, the "Talk" verb will be highlighted in a bright color. At all other times the verb will appear dim, showing that there is no one you need to talk to. When you click on the "Talk" verb, "Talk to" will appear in the Sentence Line. Just click on the person you want to talk to, and if it is possible to talk to them, their name will appear. Another click will start the conversation.

In a conversation, you will have to select what Indy (or Henry) says from among the possible phrases at the bottom of the screen. Just click on the phrase you'd like to have the character say. Choose carefully! Indy is often in situations in which a few indiscreet words will land him in trouble! In addition to the possible phrases, sometimes you will have the option to "Offer an object" or "Throw a punch." Throwing a punch puts Indy directly into a fight (see below). Offering an object will give you access to the objects in the character's inventory. You can then choose an object to offer, or change your mind and return to the conversation.

Fighting

Sometimes you may choose fists over wits.

Since many adventure game players prefer solving puzzles to testing their reflexes, we've provided opportunities for you to steer Indy around any and all fighting — if you're clever enough. Still, just as in the movie, it often seems harder to outsmart someone than just to haul off and wallop him. Since Indy is a physical kind of guy, we've provided a way to do just that. When you're in a conversation with someone, if appropriate, you'll have the option to "Throw a punch." Clicking on this will start a fight sequence. In addition, if Indy is in a dangerous spot (and he usually is) many of his choices could lead to a fight.

Notice the displays for Health and Punch Power, both for Indy and, below that, for his opponent. The Health display consists of a bar shown in two colors. The leftmost color shows Indy's Vitality, and the rightmost color represents Indy's Energy. As he is hit, his Energy will go down. After his Energy is gone, further punches will decrease his Vitality. When that is gone, he will be knocked unconscious. If Indy is allowed to rest while fighting, his Energy will gradually increase until it

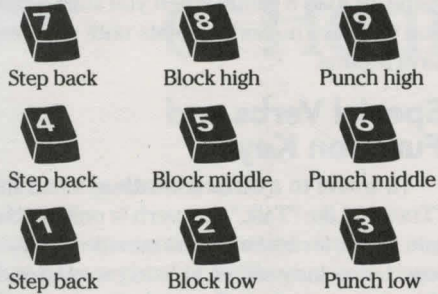
Function and Command Keys

| | |
|---|--|
| Save or Load a Game (Only when the full set of verbs is available) | F5 |
| Bypass a Cut-Scene | ESC or second mouse/joystick button |
| Restart a Game | F8 |
| Pause the Game | SPACE BAR |
| Message Line Speed: | |
| Faster | > |
| Slower | < |
| Sounds Off/On | ALT s |
| Reposition Instantly (Use instant repositioning if you find scrolling is too slow) | ALT i |
| Mouse On | ALT m |
| Joystick On (Be sure to center joystick first) | ALT j |
| Exit Game | ALT x |

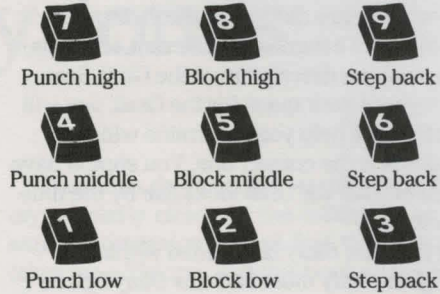
Fighting Controls

Use these keys to control Indy in a fight.

Indy is on the left



Indy is on the right



matches his current Vitality. But his Vitality can only be increased outside of fights, by finding the proper item to heal his wounds.

The Punch Power display shows how powerful Indy's swing will be. Each time Indy tries to hit, he'll put all his Punch Power into the swing. Then the Punch Power will take a few moments to build back up to its maximum. If you have Indy swing again too quickly, he will not hit with his maximum power. Of course, it may be more important to keep your enemy off balance than to hit for maximum effect. Indy can punch High, Middle, or Low, to try to get past his opponent's defenses. Each enemy has his own individual strengths and weaknesses.

Indy also has some defensive moves. His opponents will often set their fists a moment before they try to punch. If you watch for this and have Indy block at the same level (High, Middle, or Low), you will successfully block the punch. This will tire the enemy without harming Indy. Also, Indy can step back to increase the distance between him and his opponent. This can be used to buy a little time for Indy to recover some of his Punch Power and Energy.

Use the keyboard to control Indy during a fight. If Indy is too far from his opponent to land a blow, you can make him step forward by pressing any of the punch keys.

Navigating Through Mazes

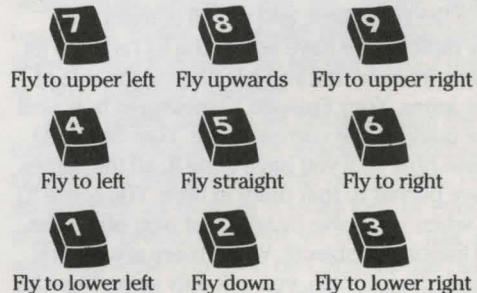
At times, Indy will find himself in unfamiliar territory. You will be controlling him from a distant, top-down perspective. You will only be able to see as far as Indy can see. Just click on the spot

you want Indy to go to, and he will walk there. There you may encounter dangerous enemies. If you cannot run from them, you will find yourself in a closeup view and an opportunity to talk or fight your way out of trouble. If you see a door you would like to open, or a room, click on it, and you will find yourself next to the door, or in the room.

In the Biplane

Eventually, you will end up in a biplane fleeing Germany. You, as Indy, are controlling the movement of the biplane. Your father is manning its machine gun. He's not a very good shot, so you'll have to keep the plane steady if you want him to hit anything at all. Don't let the enemy planes fly directly behind you for long, or they will shoot you down. The longer you stay in the air, the farther you'll get in your escape from Germany.

Biplane Controls



The Grail Diary

Henry Jones kept track of his own lifelong search for the Holy Grail in the *Diary*. It covers the detective work Henry did to find the clues to the Grail and includes a number of different accounts, each with a unique description of the Grail. Scattered throughout your quest for the Grail, you will find clues that will help you determine which of these accounts is the correct one. You should have a good idea of what the Grail looks like by the time you reach it.

Part of the *Grail Diary* is included within the computer game. Indy must find this *Diary* before he can find the catacombs in Venice. By constructing the sentence "Open grail diary" or "Look grail diary" you can look at the *Diary* when it is in his inventory. If there is a reference needed to help with your current situation, it will be shown on the screen.

Indy Quotient (IQ)

When you watch a movie and the hero does something you *know* is stupid or dangerous, have you ever wished you could make him try something different? This is your chance. With our *Indy* game, you are the one making the decisions. We want you to have the chance to actually *be* Indiana Jones, not just follow a script. You can improve on the choices Indy made on the big screen. And you can see how well you've done.

When you call up the Save/Load Game screen (F5 key), you will notice a display in the upper right corner for *IQ*. There are two numbers there, labelled *Episode* and *Series*. Since there are many paths to the Holy Grail, and not all of them are equally difficult, we have added the *IQ* rating to let you measure how well you are playing the role of Indiana Jones. Your *Episode IQ* measures how well you are doing in the current game. Your *Series IQ* measures how well you have done in all the games you have played to that point in time. You score *IQ* points when you solve puzzles, get past obstacles, or find important objects. When there are several solutions to a problem, you will only score once for solving it in that particular game (*Episode*); if you complete the game, and then go back and solve the same puzzle a different way, you will get additional

IQ points in your *Series* total. The maximum possible score for the full *Series* is 800. Your *Series* points are saved when you finish a game, save a game, or load a game. When you start a new game you will have no *Series* points until you load or save a game.

Special Verbs and Function Keys

To travel to a distant location, select the verb "Travel." Like "Talk," this verb is only active at certain times, for instance just outside of Indy's college. Later, Indy will be able to travel to and from the piazza in Venice.

To control a different character (Indy or Henry) a special "verb" will appear. If you are in control of Indy, the verb will be "To Henry," and if you are controlling Henry, you can choose "To Indy." This verb will only be active in a few locations after you have found Henry.

A Few Helpful Hints

- Pick up *everything* you can. Odds are, at some point all those strange things will serve some purpose.
- Read the *Grail Diary* thoroughly. It contains important clues.
- Make finding the computer version of the *Grail Diary* your first goal in the game.
- Don't depend too much on what you saw happen in the movie. There are often alternatives in the game.
- If you get stuck and can't figure out how to proceed, try looking through all the items you've found and thinking about how each one might be used. Think about the places you've gone, and the people you've met. Chances are, there will be a connection that'll put you back on track.
- Save your game before attempting something that seems dangerous, particularly in the castle or zeppelin.
- One or two of the puzzles require cooperation between Indy and Henry.
- There is more than one way to solve many of the puzzles.
- If you need help, refer to the Game Walkthrough on page 64.

The Grail Diary of Henry Jones

New Haven, Connecticut
April 3, 1898

Last night I experienced a vision. I was in my study, preparing a gloss of Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzifal* for Professor Zeiler's vernacular lit. seminar. I was sipping claret, and a half-filled glass sat before me on my desk. I had reached the place in the narrative where Perceval, the holy innocent, first beholds

"...a thing called the Grail,
Which passes all earthly perfection."

—when all at once the room seemed to grow brighter. At first I thought it was a surge in the gas line; then I remembered that at Mary's insistence we were living in a *modern* building, lit by electricity.

It was my wine glass that was glowing—shining with a light more incandescent than a dozen electric bulbs. And then before my eyes (and I had *not* drunk to excess), the vessel rose from the table and began to flicker. One moment it shone like the full moon and seemed to have a row of pearls about its rim; then in the blink of an eye it turned to tarnished metal and in place of the pearls appeared writing; in the next instant it looked to be made of wood. And the room was filled with a voice that roared like a tornado and yet whispered like a lover's secret; and it said, "Henry Jones, as knights of old sought this treasure, so shall you!" And then—the entire incident could not have lasted ten seconds—the room was silent, and my glass was a glass once more.

Now, I am not a religious man, nor am I given to belief in "signs and wonders." But I cannot deny what my eyes saw, nor what I heard with my own ears. There is no question in my heart that I have received a calling. I have been sent upon a quest. I, Henry Jones, have been granted an opportunity to find that prize of the centuries, that shining object of man's spiritual yearning since the time of King Arthur—the Holy Grail.

From this day I devote my life, my fortune and my scholarly efforts to the fulfillment of this awesome commission. I shall find the Holy Grail if it takes me a lifetime, and this book shall be a record of my quest.

Would that I prove worthy!

Western Massachusetts
August 24, 1900

In a sleeping car aboard the *Lakes Flyer*, returning home from the conference of the Association of American Medievalists. I am anxious to be home with my wife and my infant son. Never again will I be such a naïf as to believe that a document certifying one as a Doctor of something-or-other represents an automatic conferral of dignity and respect.

My conference paper was greeted with embarrassment, skepticism and ridicule. My colleagues are unanimous in their belief that the Holy Grail is a fairy tale; that I would better serve scholarship by studying the inventories of manorial estates or the effects of the Black Death on the development of cities—worthy subjects, I suppose, if one wishes to be an academic drudge, if one possesses no imagination, no inner fire, no...vision. But I am heartened by the knowledge that Schliemann was likewise mocked when he set out to find the ruins of Troy. *Toujours l'audace!*

What poses more of an obstacle than the skepticism of colleagues is the sparse and contradictory nature of existing accounts of the Grail. There is no certainty as to what it looks like, or even what it *is*. The primary legend, of course, has it as a wine cup—the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper, in which Joseph of Arimathea caught His blood when He was crucified. Yet the word *grail*, or *graal*, could mean "a wide-mouthed shallow vessel"—not a cup, but a *bowl*. In some accounts it is not a vessel at all, but a *stone*. Indeed, Wolfram

calls it *Lapsit excellis*, by which he may mean *lapis ex coelis* (stone from heaven) or perhaps *lapis exilis*, the “philosopher’s stone” of the alchemists, by which all things are possible.

Chrétien de Troyes (late 12th century) is the earliest author to use the word “grail.” *Chrétien’s* grail is “of pure gold and richly set with precious stones.” From it streamed such pure light that “the luster of candles was dimmed.”

Wolfram von Eschenbach, a generation later, describes it as a stone fallen from heaven, carried on a piece of green silk. *Wolfram* maintains he heard the legend from a minstrel named *Kyot*, or *Gyot*; who found it in Spain in a book by a Jewish astrologer, written in a “heathen tongue” (probably Arabic or Hebrew).

Robert de Boron and other 14th-century writers offer no specific description but clearly have it as a cup, not a bowl. They tell us that it appeared in a vision to King Arthur and his knights, covered with a cloth of white velvet. It seemed to “glow with its own light,” gave off “a pleasing fragrance” and dispensed food to the company.

Sir Thomas Malory a century later speaks of this vision, but the white cloth is described as velvet, not silk. Maddeningly, *Sir Thomas* offers no description either; but maintains that *Sir Galahad* found the Grail on a silver table, contained in a chest covered with precious stones.

Such a bundle of contradictions! Such an abundance of confusion! Because of this uncertainty as to the very appearance of the object of my Quest, I shall reserve the following pages of this diary as a ready reference for various descriptions and accounts of the Grail, so that I may by comparing them better be able to evaluate their accuracy.

Fragment in Old Irish found in abbey of *Cantanez*, Brittany 7/8/06, attrib. to survivor of the sack of *Iona* by the Vikings in the ninth century. Obvious Anglo-Saxon influence, but parchment, ink and style of illumination seem to indicate authenticity. (Translation by H. J.):

*Their ships like sharks, like shades of Satan,
Rumbled like whales that walked on the water,
Their thirsty axes, slaked on our blood,
Ran with red in the endless night.
And the holy books they set to the torch,
Throwing monk and manuscript alike on the flame,
The word and the flesh to perish together....*

... The Cup of Our Lord

*Carven of wood from the tree of peace
On salver of silver, on samite of emerald,
Borne to our house by Galhaut the Pure
In the days of Arthur, when fair Logres fell,
This holiest of relics they ravished away
To their land of darkness where the Devil is lord.*

Of the identity of “the Cup of Our Lord,” there can be no doubt! “Tree of peace” would seem to imply that it is made of olivewood. The “salver (tray) of silver” and “samite (silken cloth) of emerald” are identical with the silver table and green cloth described by *Chrétien* and others. “Logres” is Britain; while “Galhaut” is none other than *Sir Galahad* himself!



MUHAMMAD ALI AL-JAWF
MUSEUM OF ISLAM
BAGHDAD, IRAQ

14 November 1909

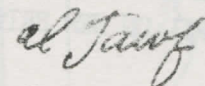
Dear Dr. Jones:

In Qom recently I had the occasion to examine a Persian manuscript of Nur ed-Din al-Musafir, a remarkable figure of the twelfth century of your calendar who traveled extensively in Asia, Africa and Europe. It contained this fragment found in no other edition of al-Musafir known to me. Being aware of your special interest in the item he discusses, I took the liberty of translating it for you:

"Also at Cordoba I met a man who claimed to have seen the vessel that is said to have caught the life's blood of the prophet Isa (Jesus):... A shallow bowl of pewter, dented in many places, engraved with a design of grapes and grape leaves as well as writing in the script of the Jews. (It was) wrapped in a cloth of golden silk, and seemed to glow with its own light when the cloth was removed. Where on Allah's earth he saw this marvel the man would not say; only that it was near the source of a river which he reached after traveling south from an oasis."

I hope this is of more than passing interest to you.


Peace be upon you,



al-Jawf

Professor Charles B. Hawken of Oxford, spoke on his researches near Abergavenney, Wales. He has found fragments of a journal kept by a Christian hermit in the Welsh mountains in the early 8th century. The journal illuminates several aspects of piety and religious practice of the British people during the Dark Ages. Of especial interest is the account of a vision, experienced in the year 717 or 719 by this anonymous chronicler, of the Holy Grail of Arthurian legend: "...the humble wooden cup that held God's blood, which resided at Avalon in the days of King Arthur, carven with holy symbols and shining with the light of grace."

5-7-15: Clipped from *The Celtic Scholar*, spring issue, concerning a conference on Celtic-British literature after the Saxon invasions. Must get to England to meet Hawken once this European war is over. Young Brody must certainly know him.

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| Il Governo Italiano e la Società Italcable non assumono alcuna responsabilità civile in conseguenza del servizio cablografico telegrafico e radioelettrico. | | | | | |

Verse fragment in the Welsh language attributed to Taliesin, sung by a shepherd and folklorist at Mochdref, Wales and translated by H.J., 7/31/20:

...Silver* as the foam of the sea,
Bright as the mirror of Bronwyn,
 Fragrant as the flesh of Blodeuwedd,
 Mighty as the sword of Bran;
Carven with spells of blessing
 In the shrouded tongue of the East,
 This vessel, the coracle of God
 Drives out the old before the new.

N.b.: A coracle is a round boat such as are still employed by fisherfolk in Wales and western England; and thus Taliesin's verse would seem to support the theory that the Grail is a bowl, not a cup.

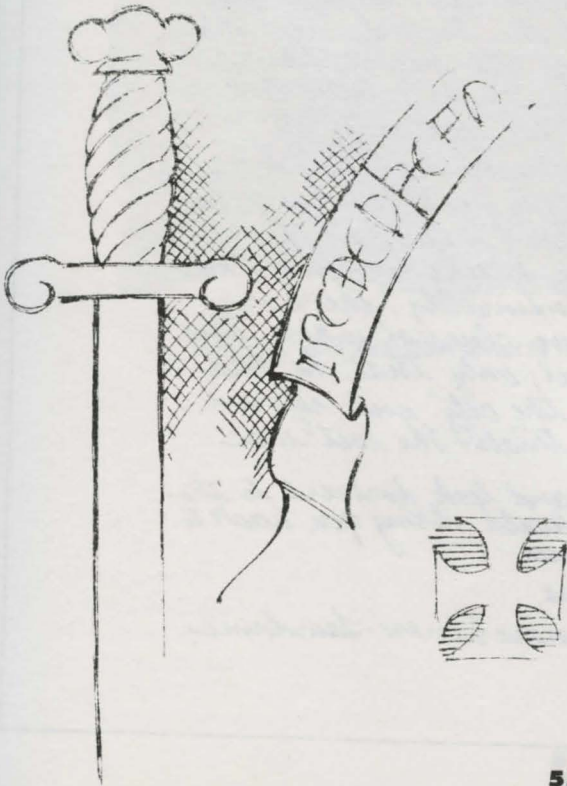
*The native Welshmen tell me that this word would be more accurately rendered as "frothy" or "crystalline" or "luminescent." In any case it describes a quality of appearance and should not be taken as a reference to the metal silver.

Account of a vision of Abbess Hildegard of Bingen, found in a manuscript in the library of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Gallen, apparently in Hildegard's own hand. (Translated from the Latin and excerpted by H.J., 9/2/20)

"On Good Friday [of the year 1163], I was in chapel at the hour of Matins.... And of a sudden it seemed that the chapel was filled with a light brighter than the day, though outside there was darkness.... And I was visited by the Holy Ghost and granted a vision of Our Lord on the Cross. ...And by his side stood Joseph of Arimathea, who held a chalice of brass to catch Our Savior's blood, and on it was inscribed as it seemed in the Greek language, the words, "Take ye, this is my blood."...

Excerpt from the journal of Byzantine merchant in Kiev, early-10th century, translated by G. Codirolli and shown to me 9-29-20

"...And though the Kingdom of Rus is pagan, there are many Christians among its people, and Jews and Saracens as well. And in the market a man, knowing me to be a Christian, offered to sell me a chalice which he said was the holy cup that caught the blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ. But I have been to Jerusalem, and to Antioch, and many liars and charlatans have tried to sell me bones of saints and pieces of the Cross and fragments of Christ's garments. And the cup he had was plain, of base metal and with no ornamentation, and surely could not have been the glorious Cup of Our Lord....



Lady Eleanora Ferrers-Lansdowne
The Meadows
Chetfield, Berks.

2 June 1923

Dear Henry,

I was reminded of you today in an unexpected fashion. I was taking tea with Sir A. ———, a gentleman but no scholar, who in his youth was a confidant of Sir Richard Burton, the late adventurer and linguist. As you know, upon Sir Richard's death Lady Burton burned many of his priceless journals of his travels in the Orient, holding them to be lascivious and obscene. Now, Sir A. ——— informs me that he was able to rescue a few of Sir Richard's fragments from the fire, and one that he described would be of interest to you. It seems that a Sufi master in some Mohammedan land told Sir Richard that he knew the location of the ceramic bowl "the infidels revere as the Grail"; that it had "heathen designs on it" and writing that was not Arabic, "nor was it in the script of the Jews or the Greeks or any other he had ever seen." Unfortunately, the surviving fragment gave no clue of where this Moor had seen the vessel; only that he had traveled "eastward from the city" and referred also to "passing the three trials". The rest was burnt.

I think of you often, and look forward to the day when your search should bring you back to England. I remain as ever,

Yours,
Eleanora Ferrers-Lansdowne

New Gospel's Authenticity Disputed

ALEXANDRIA (Reuters)— Experts examining the so-called "Gospel of Joseph of Arimathea" unearthed last month have cast doubt on the document's genuineness, British Museum sources reported today.

The manuscript, discovered in the ruins of Kozra, an early Christian colony being excavated by archaeologists south of here, is a previously unknown account of the life of Christ attributed to Joseph of Arimathea, the "rich man" who buried Jesus after the crucifixion as recounted in the New Testament.

The papyrus scroll, written in the Coptic language of ancient Egypt, was hailed by churchmen and lay scholars alike as "the find of the millenium" when made public by Dr. Robert Hawes of Ivy University, leader of the team that made the discovery. But other expert sources close to the Hawes expedition are of the opinion that the document was written no earlier

than the late 2nd century A.D., and possibly as late as the 7th century.

"As an eyewitness account the 'Joseph' papyrus just doesn't ring true," said one knowledgeable source who requested anonymity. "It smacks too much of medieval fable. That holy-grail business simply has no place in early-Christian literature."

The so-called Holy Grail, the wine cup said to have been used by Jesus at the Last Supper and by Joseph to catch the blood of Jesus as he died on the Cross, figures prominently in the manuscript. Joseph describes it as a plain, shallow vessel of bronze, which forever after its association with Jesus "gave forth sweet odours and glowed with the light of heaven."

The Grail became an object of veneration and knightly quest in the tales of King Arthur and other legends of the middle ages.

Fable, my hind foot! Must speak to Hawes at earliest opportunity!

WOLFGANG S. STAUBIG, PH. D.
HEIDELBERG DEUTSCHLAND

14 September, 1932

My dear Dr. Jones,

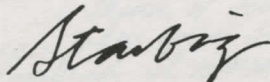
I would apologize for my long silence, were I not certain that my news will render apologies superfluous. While on holiday last month in Dubrovnik, I found in an antiquarian bookstore an apparently genuine manuscript of The Book of the Spells of Merlin. As you know, the last known copy of this forbidden compendium of Celtic magic was burned by the Inquisition in 1384, and so my copy may be unique.

I would be pleased to allow you to examine the manuscript on your next visit, but I thought you would be eager to learn that among its contents is a purported illumination of an object of particular interest to you. It is described as a chalice of pewter with a flared base. Around the circumference below the lip are etched in Aramaic the words "av bar ruach ha-kodesh"—father, son, holy ghost. A fitting formula for a work attributed to a sorcerer, you will agree, as this early Christian invocation is believed to be the origin of the magician's "abracadabra."

In the text, "Merlin" offers an incantation for conjuring up an image of the vessel. Unfortunately this spell is rendered not in Latin transliteration but in runic characters; and the monastic copyists, apparently unfamiliar with the arcane symbols, have reduced them to gibberish. Professor O'Lochlainn of Dublin is eager to attempt a restoration of the runes, and a young French scholar named Belloc has expressed a similar desire. (Do you know him, by the way? His erudition is impressive, but I find distasteful his association with certain political elements in my country.)

In any event, I hope this felicitous discovery will soon occasion a visit. It has been entirely too long, Dr. Jones, since you and I last toasted one another's health.

Yours most truly,



Staubig

Las Mesas, Colorado

November 14, 1905

The seeds I planted on my European journey this summer are beginning to bear fruit: received today a most interesting letter from Marcus Brody, a young scholar I met at Oxford. He informs me that the abbey of Cantanez on the coast of Brittany is in possession of some old Irish manuscripts, one of which is said to refer to the Grail and as a genuine object, not a legend. I cannot wait to return next year to confirm!

At last I feel that my Quest has truly begun. When I think of the single-minded dedication of the knights of King Arthur's court, who seem to have interrupted their own pursuit of the Grail only to slay the occasional dragon or to rescue a castle full of maidens now and then, it is plain that not one among the lot of them was ever troubled with the necessities of supporting a wife and a young son.

To be fair, I have no dragons to contend with on my quest—only the occasional snake. Right now Junior is sulking in his room, to which he has been banished after bringing home a rather large specimen which somehow found its way into my desk drawer. He is quite an intrepid child—when not hunting rodents in the cellar or running with the Indian children from the reservation, he is usually finding some trouble to get into. Yet he is smart as a whip—already he can count to twenty in Latin and Greek (and swear resoundingly in Navajo)—and I am confident that I can make a scholar of him.

Las Mesas, Colorado

February 22, 1912

Can it really have been six years since my last entry? Could academic obligations, lack of funds and the responsibilities of fatherhood truly have kept me so long from pursuit of my quest? Worst of all has been Mary's tragic death, a blow from which neither I nor Junior have yet recovered. I fear I am unfit to raise a son alone—Junior grows wilder and more undisciplined by the month—yet my heart will not admit any other woman to take Mary's cherished place.

Necessity may have required me to devote these years to more conventional scholarship and to my teaching duties, but I have not by any means forsaken my sacred affirmation. It seems I

am not the only scholar in pursuit of this "fable." There are other "crackpots" who share my passion, and still others who, though skeptical, nevertheless indulge my unconventional interest and keep me apprised of new discoveries concerning the lore of the Grail. Perhaps there is more romance in their souls than they would care to reveal to their respective institutions. Besides young Brody at Oxford, there is Staubig in Germany, the eminent Byzantine scholar Codirolli at Bologna, even an Arab in Baghdad who has been so kind as to pass along relevant information to this "infidel." Must arrange to meet them all on my next sabbatical.

Today I received a cable from Codirolli, occasioning this long-overdue entry. I am most eager to see the journal of this Paolo of Genoa he is bringing on his lecture tour. He is to sail on the maiden voyage of this new luxury liner *Titanic* that has been so much in the news this winter. I am, envious!

Philadelphia

August 19, 1916

It has been a bleak year in every respect. First the European war, which again has occasioned the postponement of my long-anticipated year of research. Then came my estrangement from Junior, which has caused such grievous injury to my spirit that I can hardly speak of it even in this private journal. And now, here at the conference, ridicule heaped upon scorn.

God, grant me the strength of will to continue this quest! Sometimes my resolve almost fails me. This week I gave two brilliant papers on mainstream topics in medieval literature; yet everywhere I went, it was "Here comes Sir Galahad," and "Heard you were at the North Pole seeking the historical Santa Claus," and "Have a chair, Jones, we've saved the Siege Perilous for you!" This last from Carruthers, who is still smarting from that little comedy in San Francisco two years ago when he was boasting about his acquisition of a "genuine 15th-century Inca funeral urn" from some antiquities dealer in Bolivia. I'm sure I embarrassed him when I pointed out the tiny inscription just under the lip, the one that said "Made in Japan."

And the other day he returned the favor. Blast it to blazes! I should be oblivious to such conde-

scension—God knows I've subjected myself to it long enough—but I had to resist the urge to land him one on that smug little grin of his. Right. Henry Jones, the white hope of Las Mesas. Perhaps I am not worthy of finding the Grail after all.

Aboard the steamer *George S. Pilkington*
The North Atlantic
June 29, 1920

At last I can resume my research in earnest! Can it really have been fourteen years since I last saw the Old World? The Great War is over, Europe is unlocked once again, and I have a year to poke around in ruins and libraries before I resume my duties...at *Princeton*! My "legitimate" scholarship has gained sufficient recognition that I have been granted tenure at that distinguished institution, despite what the academic community regards as my fanciful obsession. I am not sorry to leave Four Corners. I have appreciated the solitude of the desert, but it is too far from the mainstream of medieval scholarship and it contains far too many memories of Mary.

And of Junior. He truly loved Colorado, for all he decided that the state wasn't big enough for the both of us; and his systematic explorations of the old Anasazi ruins during the year before he left home gave me hope that I had indeed raised a scholar.

I have no idea where my son is. I pray that he is alive, healthy, and not in prison. It still breaks my heart that he scorned the opportunity for a university education—not to mention his own father—for a life devoted to dissipation and ruin. Wherever he is, I assume he is at this moment galloping across open country on horseback, tearing about in an automobile, or getting some young girl in trouble. (Just this evening on the promenade deck I was talking to a young lady I met at dinner with my own thoughts of romance—until I realized that this woman who spoke so frankly of female emancipation, speakeasies, and the scandalous theories of Dr. Sigmund Freud was a girl of the same age as Junior! It made me feel *very* old.)

"The Purple Dragon" Mochdref, Wales
July 27, 1920

Eureka! Just when I was beginning to suspect that this Welsh excursion was a wild goose chase, we stumbled upon this village. A local folk legend

has it that the poet Taliesin, whom the chronicles speak of as a pupil and companion of Merlin, came to this valley after the death of Arthur and the breaking of the fellowship of the Round Table. The natives were most avid informants once I had proved my worthiness by quoting some of Taliesin's verses to them (and by matching them drink for drink in the common room of the inn). Taliesin was reputed to be a shape-changer, and one of the local traditions is that the poet would often take the form of an eagle and observe the knights disporting themselves. On occasion he is said to have gazed upon Sir Perceval in his hermitage (*n.b.*: not Galahad, as in the later accounts) after he had fulfilled the quest of the Grail; and of the sacred relic the bard sang a verse that I have recorded elsewhere in this notebook.

To my embarrassment, I awoke this morning with an ax-blade in my skull, on a straw cot in the local jail. I will admit to having had a bit too much to drink last night, but only the solemn confirmation of a dozen witnesses convinces me that I indeed ended the evening standing on the bar of "The Purple Dragon," roaring out a medley of Yale College songs. It did not make matters any easier that it took Brody most of the morning to find his way there to pay my fine. How a man who can smell out a rare manuscript with the instinct of a bloodhound can get lost in a village of twenty houses is a mystery known only to the Creator.

Bologna, Italy
September 29, 1920

Codirolli continues to amaze me. He is past seventy, but his energy is equal to that of a twenty-year-old. Right now he is out carousing somewhere, leaving me to pore over the fruits of his remarkable labors of the war years. Hostile borders have been no barrier to him, nor has revolution, as he was able to slip into Constantinople (or, as we now must call it, Istanbul!) and Russia (or, as we now must call it, the Soviet Union!!) and bring out some of the most amazing items.

I have before me a parchment this wonder obtained from the ruin of Kaffa, in the Crimea. It is a testament written in good Byzantine Greek by a Jewish physician who was in attendance at the death of a Franciscan friar in that city in the year 1267. As it happens, in one of those happy accidents of scholarship, this was the same Francis-

can who painted the Crucifixion I saw so many years ago at Klasenheim—the friar who was said to have met a crusading knight who claimed that he and his brothers had found the Grail!

The physician relates that the friar was sick at heart and fearful of damnation because he “had known for years of the location of the Holy Grail and failed to restore it to Christendom it for fear he was not worthy ‘to feel the breath of God and live, to tread upon [?] the word of God and be saved, or to walk the path of God and not tumble into the abyss.’”

I have no clue as to the meaning of all this, but I must believe that to one armed with the proper knowledge it provides directions to the location of the Grail!

Also before me is a translation of another of Codirolli’s findings, a much older account of a Byzantine merchant which offers yet another confounding description of the item. Its provenance—Russia—and its date—the mid-10th century—imply a connection with the fragment I found at Cantanez that refers to the Vikings having stolen the Grail from Iona. From Kiev, with all the trading and raiding that were going on during those centuries, it could easily have made its way south to where it could have been found by knights of the First Crusade.

Bingen was a bust. There was nothing in the voluminous manuscripts of Abbess Hildegard that yielded a clue to the musical notes in the St. Gallen codex; and seeing the devastation wrought in the Rhineland by the war was dismaying. But what a journey this has been! A few more findings such as these and I may discover the Grail before I must return home!

Aboard the steamer *Atalanta*
The North Atlantic
June 21, 1921

Midsummer day. The *Atalanta* is steaming westward across a perfectly calm sea, bearing me home from what I must on balance consider a failed voyage. The heady successes of the summer months have been overshadowed by the three subsequent seasons of false trails, blind alleys and near misses—in Italy, Germany, the Balkans, Turkey and the Near East. I will not say that the year was without its joys—the Holy Land was a precious experience, to say nothing of my

encounter with Lady E.—but as regards my quest, everything after Bologna was disappointment and frustration.

Yet I have Princeton to look forward to, new adventures in scholarship and future opportunities to return to the Old World. I am only forty-five, and I have Codirolli to look to as an example of what can be accomplished at an advanced age. The search for the Grail is a lifetime quest. I was summoned to this mission two decades ago, and I can only believe that I have been chosen by some higher power to fulfil it.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
October 2, 1928

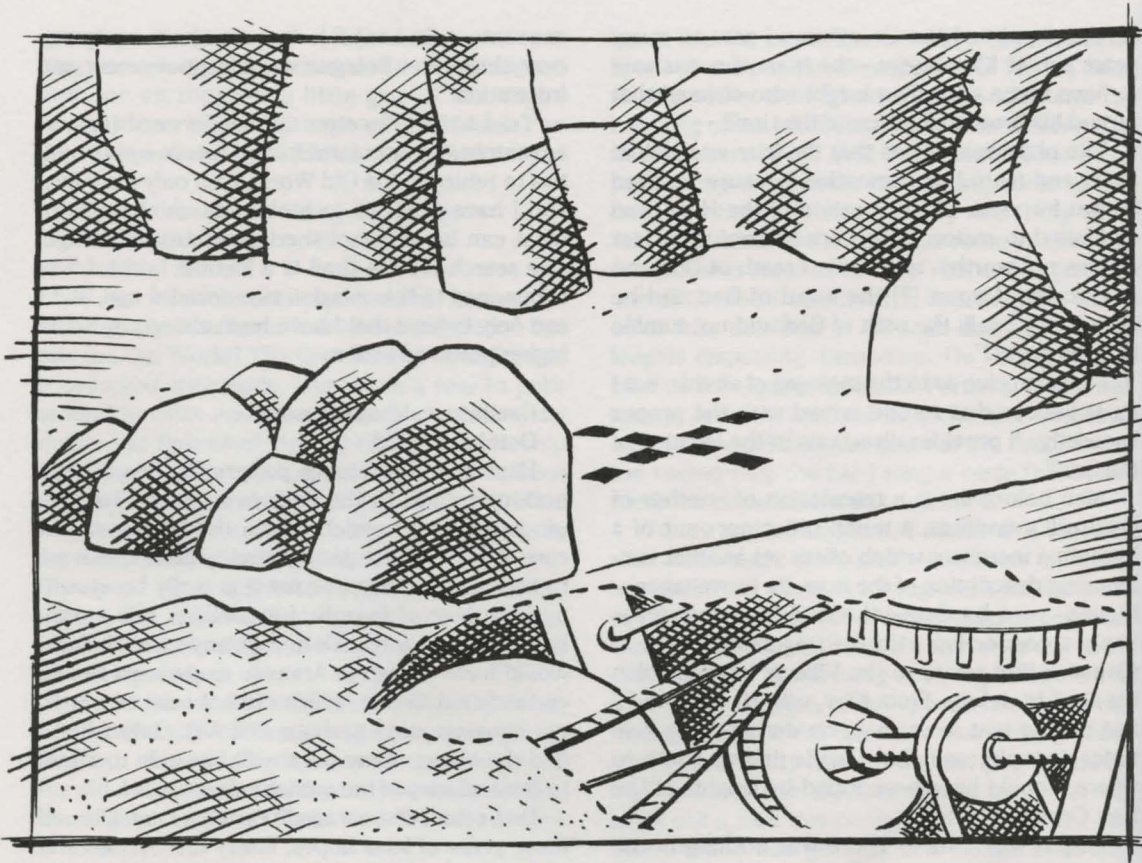
Have seen the Hawes papyrus at last. I have nothing to add to the controversy over its genuineness, about which only a theologian would care. It is clearly of great antiquity and of interest to historians whether or not it is really an eyewitness account of Joseph of Arimathea. It is a transcription and a translation in any case: Joseph would have written in Aramaic or perhaps Greek, certainly not Coptic, which did not exist as a written language until perhaps 200 A.D. Only when I find the object of my quest will I be able to attest to the accuracy of the author’s description.

Do I sound discouraged? Perhaps I am, after all these years of false hopes, flimsy discoveries and disappointments? Perhaps I am. The search for the Holy Grail is the search for the spark of the divine in all of us. But just now I feel all too mortal, and I fear I have wasted my life in pursuit of a chimera.

Salisbury, England
September 17, 1930

I am shivering, but neither from cold nor fear.

I write this entry in a cell that has graciously been lent to me by one of the canons of the Cathedral, where in a secret alcove high up in the building’s stonework a badly damaged copy of a diary of St. Anselm was found this summer by a mason making repairs. Brody advised me by cable last month of the discovery. How the manuscript came to be here instead of at Canterbury, where Anselm was archbishop, I do not know; but it appears to have been hidden away because of one very un-Anselmlike visionary lacuna that some priest may have adjudged “Satanic.” Thank God this unknown did not destroy the manuscript utterly!



The passage seems to date from the period of the great theologian's exile from England. In the midst of a typical philosophical discourse on the nature of God the Father, Anselm broke off and wrote the words *EQUESTRI SEPULCRUM IN* (obscured) *REGINA* (obscured) *DALMATIAE*—"the knight's tomb in (the crypt of?) Queen (her name?) of Dalmatia."

Below this sentence is a crude representation of a wine cup surrounded by a nimbus, over which are written the words *CHRISTI CALIX*—cup of Christ. And below *this* was written the following passage:

"The challenges will number three. First, the breath of God, only the penitent man will pass. Second, the word of God, only in the footsteps of God will he proceed. Third, the path of God; only in the leap from the lion's head will he prove his worth." In the margin next to these words are two drawings (reproduced here) of a mechanical

device resembling a pendulum, and a man, seemingly walking on air.

The breath of God, the word of God, the path of God—the same enigmatic words that were spoken *more than a century and a half after St. Anselm's death* by the Franciscan friar who knew the location of the Grail—spoken as if they were tests of some kind that he was unworthy to pass.

Suddenly everything begins to connect:

- Both Anselm and the friar refer to these three tests.
- The Burton fragment refers to "passing the three trials."
- The lost journal of Paolo of Genoa refers to the grail as being guarded by "lethal protective devices."
- The drawing in the Anselm manuscript certainly could be some sort of lethal contraption!
- Abbess Hildegard in her vision of the Grail heard musical notes "by which you shall open the tomb."

- St. Anselm here speaks of the Grail in connection with “the knight’s tomb in the queen of Dalmatia”—the Latin name for the Yugoslavian coast.

- “The knight” could be the knight of the first crusade whotold the Friar where the Grail was to be found.

The knight’s tomb in the queen of Dalmatia! I am off to Paris tomorrow, from whence I take the Orient Express to Belgrade!

Princeton

October 1, 1932

Letter came from Staubig today. How ironic that the *Book of the Spells of Merlin* should turn up in Dubrovnik! I would be more excited about his discovery were it not for my bitter disappointment of two years ago when I failed to find any trace of the Grail in Yugoslavia. The Merlin account of the Grail provides some connection—the Aramaic inscription is identical to the one described in the Kaffa parchment—but it leaves me no closer to finding the item that has now eluded me for thirty-four years. What does it look like? I now have ten descriptions of the Grail, each one unique. Where is it located? I have an almost useless map and a cryptic reference to a knight’s tomb “in the queen of Dalmatia” that may be opened by a musical phrase. *Danke Schon*, Herr Staubig, but unfortunately your discovery comes under the heading of too little, too late.

News of Junior continues to reach me through the popular press, most recently from Indo-China where he is apparently in pursuit of a jade idol—“the demon monkey of Loeng-Tran”—that is said to possess some sort of occult power. I simply can’t understand his obsession with such fanciful nonsense. My God, what will he be after next? The lost cities of Cibola? The ark of the covenant? How could I have raised such a son?

And why must he insist on going by that ridiculous name?

New York

December 9, 1937

What a fool I have been! I have held the key to the Grail in my hand for more than seven years and have failed to recognize it!

Not Yugoslavia but *Venice*. The cryptic reference in the Anselm manuscript should be reconstructed as *EQUESTRI SEPULCRUM IN URBE REGI-*

NA MARIS DALMATIAE—“The knight’s tomb (is) in the queen *city* of the *sea* of Dalmatia”—that is, the Adriatic. Venice—the Queen of the Adriatic—is where I will find the knight’s tomb. And within the tomb is to be found a “marker” that locates the grail!

How I came by this knowledge is a tale too long to relate in detail in my excitement of the moment. I am in a luxury suite in the Plaza Hotel, provided me by one Walter Donovan, a wealthy industrialist and collector of antiquities who has long been a benefactor of scholarly institutions and museums. He is in possession of the friar’s chronicle—the friar, the one who died at Kaffa, the one who learned of the Grail’s location from the 150-year-old crusader, *et cetera, et cetera*—and, more astonishingly, of an incomplete stone tablet which the three brothers left as a “marker” to seekers of the Grail. Donovan has allowed me to make a rubbing of the partial inscription on the tablet; but according to the friar’s account, a second “marker” that may lead to the Grail is buried with the knight’s brother.

The knight’s tomb!

My insight concerning Venice I have kept to myself. Donovan is as anxious to find this second “marker” as I am; he has a great deal of money to spend on the project, and tonight he has asked me to lead his research team. As soon as I can extricate myself from my obligations at Princeton, I am to sail—no, *fly*—to Berlin to meet with a Dr. Schneider, who will be working on the project with me. I do not intend to mention Venice until I am ready to depart. Donovan may well have this Schneider begin the investigation without me. (I’ve never heard of any Schneider. Must ask Staubig if he knows him.) Besides, it will be rather embarrassing if I am proven wrong.

But I am right. This time I am sure of it.

Game Walkthrough

The following narrative will take you "inside Indy's head" as he goes through our Graphic Adventure from start to finish. The path he takes is one of the shortest, and it avoids some of the longer, but less intricate puzzles. Feel free to try some alternate paths. But be sure to save the game before you do. If you do stray from the sequence here, it may be impossible to get back on track without a saved game.

BARNETT COLLEGE

Ah! Back at good old Barnett College. This last adventure was a rough one. Getting the Cross of Coronado has been a lifelong dream of mine. I never did feel good about that incident back in Utah. It'll be good to get into some dry clothes!

Hmm, Marcus wants that translation. Let's see, that was in Coptic, and if I use my translation table for a shortcut - that's it! Here you go Marcus...I've got to change clothes.

The gym is pretty much the same. That boxing coach is warming up again. Perhaps I should go a few rounds with him. Into the locker room to change out of my suit first. And I better have him take it easy on me until I catch my second wind.

That was invigorating! Certainly more fun than dealing with angry students. They do seem to accumulate this time of year. I'll just duck into my office here and...rats! This is where all the kids are! And they're so upset! But I've only been gone two weeks. Oh well, best to calm them down. They certainly take a lot of calming. But eventually I can slip by them, using the old "take names in order" ploy.

The old office. Quite a few memories stashed away here. And quite a few letters and papers on my desk! I'd better go through them. Some junk mail, papers, letters... what's this? A package from Venice? Why, it's my Dad's Grail Diary! How strange... I haven't heard from him in years. Perhaps I'd better look into it. But those students are cramming my outer office. Better take the window.

Hey! These guys don't look too friendly. Still, they don't seem too dangerous; I think I'll go

along and see what they have to say. Oh, a trip into Manhattan. Maybe you guys can let me off for a show - no, I didn't think so.

Walter Donovan! What a surprise! And quite an interesting story too. Dad? He's disappeared? I wonder why he sent me the Diary? I'd better keep that part secret for now; it looks like it'll come in handy.

Now that I'm back at the college, I think I'll take a short trip over to Dad's place. Ransacked! I bet they were looking for the diary. Not much of value here - why, here's that old picture of Dad's trophy. I'll take that for sentimental value. This bookcase looks pretty unstable... hey! It almost hit me when it fell over! And what's that funny lump - boy, this tape must be ten years old at least. Dad always was a sloppy housekeeper.

I wonder if there are any other clues. Whoever did this didn't touch the plant. Or the tablecloth underneath. Why, it's that old chest Dad bought when I was a kid. He lost the key years ago though. Hmm, I wonder - time for a trip back to my office.

I'd better go in through the window. Now where was that jar of solvent? Oh yes. I'll pop this wad of tape in there. Just as I thought, the key! Now it's a quick trip back to Dad's place, to open the chest and find... that old Grail Diary I did with crayon, imitating Dad's. You know, they look pretty similar from the outside. I guess I'll take that along too.

Time to get to the bottom of this. Donovan suggested I head for Venice. I'm glad Marcus agreed to come along. He's concerned about Dad. I guess he's seen a lot more of him than I have, these last few years.

VENICE

Ah, Venice. The scenery. And the women! Here comes a lovely one! The old Indy charm, and... oh, Dr. Schneider. So this is where Dad disappeared. It looks like Elsa has left me on my own. I'd better look around. These plaques are pretty interesting. Here's a copy of *Mein Kampf*! I'll take that along. Know thy enemy! And here's a book

that describes how to start up a biplane. I always wondered about that.

Say, these stained glass windows look familiar. Yep, here it is in Dad's diary. But it's not quite the same - ah, but the one over here in *this* room matches. And the other notation - I'll bet it refers to the Roman numerals on these columns. I'll try digging up the slab it represents. But I need more leverage. That metal post might do it, after I take the red cordon off. Yes, that did it. Footsteps! That guard doesn't look too happy - better not stop to chat.

THE CATACOMBS

Well! This is a cheerful spot. Looks like the storeroom for a production of *Macbeth*! Or was that *Hamlet*? I never was interested in modern literature.

I'll just wander around. Here's a fellow that must have been a pirate. He won't be needing that hook anymore. Here's a torch - but the mud is hard and dry. A little further and... why, this chamber is flooded. Not surprising, considering the average Venetian street. I'll continue poking around. Aha! That looks like a manhole cover overhead. I'll just pop up through there and - excuse me! I guess they weren't expecting lunch guests from the sewer. Say, that wine bottle could come in handy. Doesn't want to give it up? Perhaps he's not aware of what he's drinking. The way that girl is eyeing him, I'm not surprised. I'll just read the label to him. Not interested anymore? I thought not. I'll fill it up in the fountain, and head back down to that torch. Just as I thought, the water loosened it just fine. Now, I'll just pull it off the wall, and... whoa! Ouch! I guess I won't be using that bottle again. Let's look around down here. Here's a narrow stone bridge. And some inscriptions on the other side! My specialty. Why, these are the descriptions Donovan told me about. They refer to the accounts in my Dad's diary! But there are two of them. I wonder which is the right one? Oh, well, I'll sleep on that one. Back over that bridge - pretty slippery from that dripping. Aha! I bet that wooden plug is the same as the one in the bottom of that pool above me. Can't quite get a grip - I'll screw in this pirate's hook. That's better. Perhaps I'd better not stand underneath it though. I'll try my whip. Niagara Falls! Time to head back up.

That ladder in the next room brought me right back near the pool. And the pool is empty now! I'll scramble down... whoops! Nothing injured but my dignity. Onward!

This is an odd machine. Pretty decrepit now, but one section still works. I wonder what this other part of it was supposed to do. Say, that red cordon fits pretty snugly. I'll try turning it on again. Success - I think. I wonder what I did when I lowered that chain?

My, these catacombs are interesting. Here are three statues. They look familiar. Right! They're in the diary too. Hmm - certain death. I'd better be careful. Why, these things are linked together somehow. When I turn one, it affects another. This is quite a puzzler. Ah, that's it. There goes the door.

Second level. Here's another bridge - good thing it's lowered. And that chain looks familiar. I wonder where I saw it before.

More skulls. Musical ones! I'll see what the diary has to say about this. Why, it's a tune to play. I don't know much about music, but I bet each line corresponds to a skull. That was it! My piano teacher would have been proud.

This third level is quite a maze. And I keep seeing little glowing eyes in the distance. Good thing Dad's not here; he sure hates rats. I wonder where people get these irrational phobias? I'm glad I'm a reasonable man.

The tomb! I'll take a look inside. Gruesome! But the shield - it's the marker I'm after. Alexandretta, hmm. Time for a trip to Iskenderun. But it's a long way back. I wonder about this grating. Why, the lock just came apart in my hands! I'll head up.

Back in that good Venice sun. Marcus, what happened to you? Dad? Austria! I'll go get him. Marcus, meet us in Iskenderun.

THE CASTLE

Well, Elsa, it's time for a little drive. This Castle Brunwald is not very inviting. You wait here, I'll check it out.

Drafted Butler. I could deck him, but I don't know where Dad is. Better to bluff. We're near Salzburg; I'll bet he has some relatives. That's it! Better go to him immediately. Of course I know him - how else would I have found you!

That worked. Now for some sneaking. I'll poke around here. It's a Nazi! But he's drunk. Thanks

for the stein! And such useful information. About a dozen of them, led by a Colonel Vogel. "Text-book Nazi". I might have just the thing for him.

A kitchen! Might as well fill this stein with ale; it could come in handy. Roast boar! I'm not hungry though.

What's over here on the other side of the building... oops! Better brazen it out. I'm here for the prisoner! Out of uniform, yes, but I'll tell him I'm Gestapo. Who was that sadist that terrorized Marion? Deitrich, that was it. Better stay tough with him. Ah, he bought it.

A laundry room. This servant uniform looks about my size. Too bad the Nazi uniform is locked up. I'll keep an eye out for the key.

This is a big room! Nice model of a Zeppelin. I always wanted to fly in one of those. Nice suit of armor - whoops! I hope that carpet wasn't valuable. Better move on.

Oh, hello there. Like my jacket, do you? I'd better not name too outrageous a price. That'll be cash in advance! Hey, this could be fun...and profitable!

Up the stairs. Here's a little room. Nothing interesting here, but a good place to change into this servant uniform. Another guard. Perhaps he'd like this painting? Yes! That was handy. And no wonder; look at all this artwork! But this Mona Lisa is a poor reproduction. And it moves! I wonder what's in the vault?

Lots of empty rooms here. These Nazis aren't much on interior decoration. Ah, a chest. And a uniform! But it's the wrong size... wait! A key in the pocket! I'll try it downstairs. Must remember to change back to my leather gear; I don't want to confuse the poor Nazis.

Yes, that's the right key. This grey uniform should help me out. I'll go back upstairs and change. Time for more exploration. Here's a guard I can dodge. What's in this room? Excuse me! Why, this must be the alarm room. And that drunken guard said something about a textbook Nazi - take a look at this copy of *Mein Kampf*. Naw, I don't mind watching the alarm.

Actually, the alarm system seems rather warm. Perhaps some ale will cool it down. Oh, what a shame! I seem to have ruined it! Better get moving.

I'll just sneak past this guard up to the third floor. Oh, no... walked right into this one. Just have to brazen it out. That uniform is in disgrace-

ful shape! Stains! Stand aside, you buffoon. Ah, that did it. These guys are too regimented for their own good. What's in this door? Oh, nice doggy. Hmm, that roast boar might be handy after all.

I'll make my way back to the kitchen, tiptoeing and changing my clothes like I did on my way up. If that guard by the stairs grabs me, I think I'll just deck him. I'm tired of talking.

OK, I'm in the kitchen. Let's see, pour a little ale on the coals, let them cool, voila! Boar for the doggy! I'll fill up my stein again; this ale is very useful stuff.

The dog took the boar. Let's see - a filing cabinet. Why, here's a blank travel pass with a combination on the back. I'll have to try that with the vault. But first, I'll look around on this level.

Didn't that drunk on the first floor mention something about some big fellow up here who "can be nasty when he's sober"? Maybe this is a good time to stock up on a little more ale - this trophy ought to hold plenty.

Well, one kitchen stop later, I'm back by the art room. Let's check out that vault. This combination on the back of the pass does the trick. It's a picture of the Holy Grail. Now I've learned whether the Grail glows or not! That narrows down the possibility to just one! Now I know what to look for when I have the chance. But first to find Dad.

It's back up to the third floor with my full trophy. Just as I thought, that blond Nazi can't hold his liquor - at least after five quarts. Just a little tap, and SPLAT! The bigger they are...

Some locked doors... I bet Dad's behind one of these. Ah, wires! This must be the one. Now where is *that* key?

Another Nazi! I'll just deck this one. Hey, he's tough! Ow! Boy, I barely made it. I hope there are no more lurking in corners.

Ah, here's the key, hanging from a candelabra. Odd place, but I'm not complaining. I'll just open the door with the wires, and... Dad! I was right! Let's get out of here. Around this corner and... oh. So they've finally gotten smart and issued guns. That must be the Colonel. I'll tell him what I think of him.

He took the Diary! So much for defiance.

This isn't much fun. Neither Dad nor I can move much, tied to these chairs. Hey, wasn't this the room with the suit of armor? If that axe is still

loose, I may have an idea. I'll just pull these chairs over - whew, hard work. Ah, that looks like the right spot. I'm glad I left that mark on the carpet, or this would be a very exciting gamble. One kick to the armor, and we're free. This carving looks suspicious... as I thought, one of the oldest tricks in the book. Let's go to Iskenderun, Dad!

BERLIN

Berlin?!? But - OK, you win. Hop aboard this motorcycle.

A checkpoint... but this guard doesn't look too sure of himself. I'll try to bluff my way past. Don't insult me! Let's try the officer traveling undercover line. So, you think secrets are exciting? Let's keep this one between us.

Berlin. These Nazis just don't know how to treat a book. Better get Dad's diary back from Elsa. Oh no! It's the big one himself. Not so big, actually. He seems to want something from me. I'll hand him this pass. Hey, a signed pass! This could be useful.

On to the airport. We've got to get out of here. Come on, Dad, I know all about flying biplanes. Trust me.

Let's see. APU, tanks on, switch to main tanks, both magnetos, pump up the pressure, open the throttle, ignition! No sweat! We'll be in Iskenderun before you can say...

Messerschmidt! Get him, Dad! Good work! There's another! Uh oh...

They say any landing you can walk away from is a good one. I guess this one wasn't half bad. Come on Dad, can't rest all day. Good idea, let's take this blue car.

More checkpoints. But those guards don't waste much time when I show them the signed pass.

ISKENDERUN

The Grail Temple! And Marcus! Come on, let's go!

Donovan! I never did trust that guy. Dad! Why, you... I guess I have to play by his rules - for now.

The first trial. But wait, these rocks look familiar. Dad's Diary - that X should be a spot just between those two rocks. I'll try to go there. Whoosh! Hey! Wow! That was a close call, but I'm through.

Look at all these letters. I'll just stick to the ones in the Name of God. I'm glad I remember how to spell it! I'd better hurry.

The Path of God. But no one could jump that. Have faith, I've got to have faith. I'll just walk straight across... nothing! But I made it!

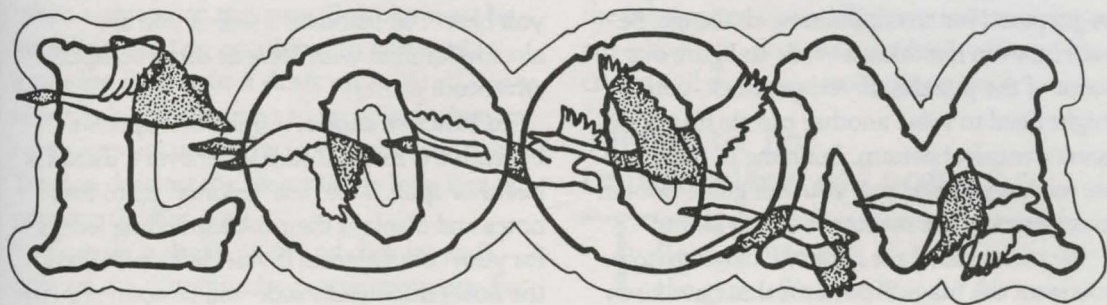
The Knight! Alive after centuries. And all these Grails. But I know which is the right one now... I think. Better test it with this holy water... Ah, that's it!

Here you go, Dad. Yes, your quest is over. Elsa, wait! Don't... too late. But maybe I can save her. I'll look down this crevasse.

Elsa's gone, but I can see the Grail... maybe if I use my whip... yes! I've got it! But I've learned my lesson. Here, you've guarded it for seven centuries and more. Sorry about the mess.

Well, Dad, let's go. Dead Sea Scrolls? When will you learn to stop chasing myths and legends?





About *Loom*

In *Loom*, you play the role of Bobbin Threadbare, a young boy coming of age in a fantasy world on the brink of apocalypse. Wielding a legacy of magical knowledge, you will set out across a landscape filled with beauty, danger and excitement, making new friends, solving mysteries, and growing in experience and power as you weave your way toward a destiny of overwhelming consequence.

Loom is unlike traditional "adventure games" in many ways. Its goal is to let you participate in the unfolding of a rich, thought-provoking fantasy. It is neither a role-playing game (although it incorporates elements of role-playing), nor a collection of brainteasers. Its simple mysteries are designed to engage your imagination and draw you deeper into the story, not to frustrate you or increase the amount of time it takes to finish.

You can never be stranded while playing *Loom*. We've gone to great lengths to insure that you will never find yourself in a situation

from which you cannot escape. If you're not sure how to proceed, remember: the knowledge you need to continue the story is always available somewhere nearby. You don't need to save and restore your game frequently to insure success (although you can if you want to). Don't be afraid to experiment. Nothing in the game can "kill" you. If you're really stumped, ask a friend for help. Sooner or later, the answers will reveal themselves!

Most important of all, *Loom* is designed to be *completed*, not played halfway through and then thrown on a shelf and forgotten. We spent a lot of time and effort creating these disks. We want you to enjoy them all!

Read the *Book of Patterns*! It contains important information about the magical powers you will soon command.

This is your role... You direct the actions of Bobbin Threadbare, an inexperienced member of the Guild of Weavers. At the beginning of the story, Bobbin doesn't know very much about the power of the Weavers or how to use

it. As he encounters and masters increasingly challenging situations, Bobbin becomes a more proficient Weaver.

If this is your first computer adventure game, be prepared for an entertaining challenge. Be patient, even if it takes a while to figure out some of the puzzles. If you get stuck, you might need to solve another puzzle first or discover a musical pattern. But hang in there and *use your imagination*, and you will guide Bobbin to understand the mysteries of the Loom!

We've included the *Book of Patterns* to help you learn the magical patterns that have been created by Weavers over the millennia. As Bobbin explores the world around him, certain actions on his part cause musical notes, or **threads**, to be played. Pay attention to these threads – they will always occur in a series of four, which the Weavers call a **draft**. As the *Book of Patterns* points out, each draft has its own unique effect, and discovering the purpose for each draft is the secret to success in the world of *Loom*. As Bobbin finds new drafts, write down the individual threads (each draft has four) for future reference. **Be sure to use a pencil when writing drafts in the *Book of Patterns*!** Each time you start a new game, the threads of each draft may be different.

Loading Loom

To play *Loom*, use these commands:

c: and press **ENTER**

cd \loom and press **ENTER**

(to change to the correct directory)

loom and press **ENTER** (to start the game)

Getting Started

Select a Proficiency Mode

After loading the game, you will be asked to select one of three Proficiency Modes. These modes determine how *Loom*'s user interface will behave as you play.

In Standard mode, a distinct segment of the distaff will glow whenever you hear or **spin** a musical thread. A musical staff beneath the distaff helps you to identify the threads you hear. Use Standard mode if you are already familiar with *Loom* or other computer adventure games.

In Practice mode, a small box appears beneath the musical staff whenever a thread is heard or spun. This box "records" up to four notes and displays their corresponding letters for your convenience. If you click on the box, the notes displayed inside will be spun sequentially, exactly as if you had spun them on the distaff yourself. Practice mode is ideal for novice computer gamers, or for those who wish to familiarize themselves with the experience of *Loom* before trying a different mode.

In Expert mode, the distaff does not glow in response to musical threads (except the ones you spin yourself). Also, there is no musical staff to help you identify the threads you hear. You literally have to play the game by ear!

Note: Players who dare to experience *Loom* in Expert mode are rewarded with a bonus animated scene near the end of the story. This scene does not appear in any other mode.

Playing Loom

After the opening title sequence and introduction, you will see Bobbin standing high atop a rocky peak overlooking the island of Loom. You begin directing his actions when he finishes talking and turns to face you. The screen is divided into the following sections:

To move Bobbin around, move your cursor into the Animation Window, point it where you want him to go, and click. If you point to an open door and click, Bobbin will walk through it.

To examine or “use” an object, point to the object and double-click, or click on the object’s icon in the Icon Box. Some objects will produce the sound of a draft (or part of a draft) when activated in this way. **Bobbin must be standing next to an object in order to examine it or spin a draft on it.** You’ll know when he’s standing next to an object when its name appears under the icon in the Icon Box. You can deselect the object in the Icon Box by pressing the **ESC** key.

To spin a draft, point and click on each note on the distaff in the proper sequence. For example, if you hear a series of four musical sounds in the game, like **C D E C**, you should first write the sequence in the *Book of Patterns* next to the corresponding draft description. Then, you can try the draft yourself by clicking on an object on the screen, waiting for Bobbin to stand next to it, and repeating the same four notes on the distaff. **Note:** If you wish to stop spinning a draft while in the process of spinning it, you can press **ESC**.

“Cut-scenes” are short, animated sequences—like scenes from a movie—which provide clues and information about the characters (like when Bobbin is greeted by the message nymph). While you are viewing a cut-scene, you do not direct the action and the cursor will disappear from the screen.

Things to Try on the Island of Loom

Touch the leaf on the tree next to which Bobbin is standing in the beginning of the game. (You can “touch” the leaf by moving the cursor over it and double-clicking.)

Walk to the Sanctuary of the Elders, at the far left end of the village. Inside you will find three tapestries which Bobbin can tell you about. You will also find the Elders in a heated discussion, and the Loom.

Pick up the distaff which was dropped by the Elder Atropos. You must have this object to complete the game.

Open the swan’s egg into which Hetchel

Keyboard Controls

To spin drafts using the keyboard, you can use either of the following sets of keys:



Note: these keys correspond to the tonal positions of the distaff on the screen.

was transformed. Double-click on the egg to hear the Draft of Opening. Then, using the distaff, spin the draft on the egg yourself.

Walk to Hetchel's tent, at the far right end of the village. Here you will find a flask with dye in it and a dye pot full of boiling dye. Using each of these objects will produce interesting and educational effects. (Be sure to have a pencil handy!)

A Few Helpful Hints

- There is more than one way to solve many of the puzzles. In fact, some of the activities in *Loom* are not puzzles at all, but simply experiences for you to enjoy.
- *Loom* is a game that rewards curiosity. You should examine everything — don't be afraid to experiment with the drafts you discover while walking around. And be sure to write them down in the *Book of Patterns*!
- When you first begin playing *Loom*, Bobbin will not be able to play every note on the distaff. Only with experience will he be able to spin the more advanced drafts.
- When writing drafts in the *Book of Patterns*, be sure to use a pencil! Each time you start a new game, the threads of each draft may be different.

Function & Command Keys

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|
| Save or Load a Game | F5 |
| (Only when the cursor is visible.) | |

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| Bypass a Cut-Scene | ESC |
|--------------------|------------|

| | |
|----------------|-----------|
| Restart a Game | F8 |
|----------------|-----------|

| | |
|----------------|------------------|
| Pause the Game | Space bar |
|----------------|------------------|

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Sound Control | F6 |
| (One press disables music but retains sound effects. Second press disables all sounds. Third press restores all sounds.) | |

| | |
|---------------------|--|
| Message Line Speed: | |
|---------------------|--|

| | |
|--------|------------------------|
| Faster | > (Shift .) |
|--------|------------------------|

| | |
|--------|------------------------|
| Slower | < (Shift ,) |
|--------|------------------------|

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Reposition Instantly | ALT i |
| (Use instant repositioning if you find scrolling is too slow.) | |

| | |
|----------|--------------|
| Mouse On | ALT m |
|----------|--------------|

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| Joystick On | ALT j |
| (Be sure to center joystick first.) | |

| | |
|-----------|------------------------|
| Exit Game | ALT x or CTRL c |
|-----------|------------------------|



BOOK of PATTERNS

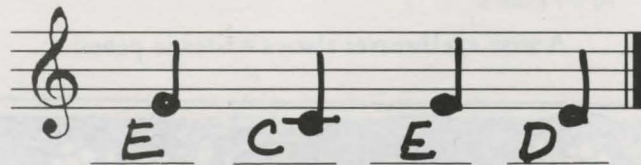
This is your personal diary of spellweaving. As you learn new drafts, record the threads in this volume for future reference and study.

Not all of the drafts listed here will be encountered in your travels. Most Weavers actually use fewer than a dozen drafts in their entire lifetime. Nevertheless, by familiarizing yourself with the knowledge in these pages, you will be better prepared to deal with events unforeseen by the Elders.

A wise spellweaver always writes in pencil.



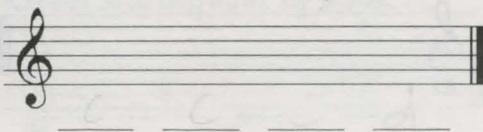
OPENING • This fundamental draft is traditionally the first one taught to novice spellweavers. Once mastered, it may be spun into tarpaulins, theater curtains, or any covering that must be whisked aside on command.



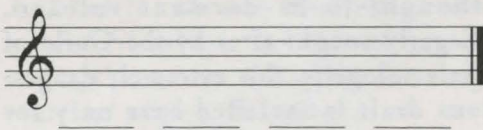


DYEING

This draft was perfected by the dye chemists of the Woonsocket Chapter, who slaved for hours over steaming pots to satisfy the Clerics' appetite for colorful vestures. Originally woven into all types of fabric, the applicability of the Dyeing draft has diminished over the course of centuries. Now it works only on wool.



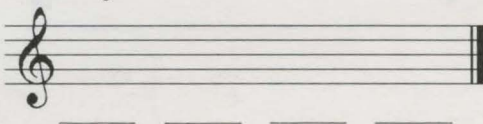
SUMMONING • Chiefly spun by the Elders in those rare instances when a member's physical presence is required in the Sanctuary. The draft may be perceived by its recipient in many different ways. It most often takes the form of a small, luminous spheroid, referred to in children's stories as a "messenger nymph."



TONGUES

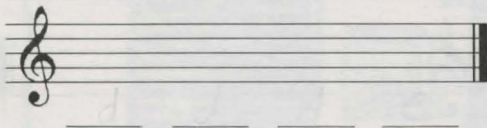
The Pattern of Tongues was first spun into the dinner placemats at the 423rd Conclave of the Guilds, held at Elstree in 7610. For the first time, the Guild delegates could understand each other's speeches. This innovation was widely

praised until an Undertaker was overheard insulting a Florist. Both Guilds were plunged into a bloody war lasting five hundred years.



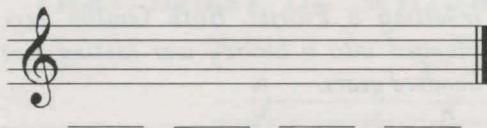
STRAW INTO GOLD

When times are lean, the Elders may invoke this draft to generate extra revenue. Its use is strictly regulated by the Treasurer of the Guild to prevent inflation. Other Guilds, ignorant in the ways of spellweaving, have concocted a variety of outlandish fairy tales involving this rather elementary weave.



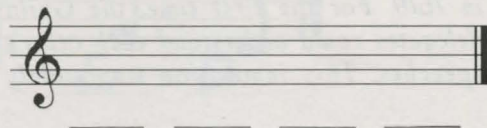
TEMBLOR

Temblor was discovered by a reckless (and now very dead) spellweaver who directed the threads of Rending upon a thought-to-be-dormant volcano. Eagerly sought after by the Guild of Seismologists, this extremely dangerous draft is included here only for reference; its spinning has been forbidden by the Guild since 7331.



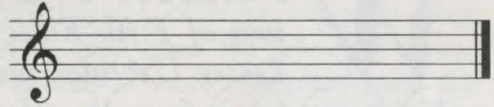
RENDING

The inventors of this innocent draft could not have imagined how badly it would be abused. The Guild of Embalmers originally licensed the draft for tearing rags into long strips. When the Embalmers were disbanded in 6529, a legal battle awarded the rights to the Guild of Career Politicians, who employed it to shred documents. The secret wandered from one unscrupulous Guild to another until it ended up among the Assassins, whose uses for Rending are too horrible to describe.



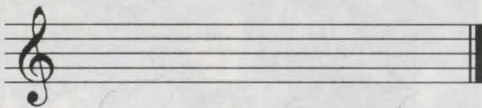


NIGHT VISION The threads of this distinctive and beautiful draft are extrapolated from the song of nocturnal birds. At one time, Night Vision was prized by the Guild of Miners, whose legendary underground realm was chiefly illuminated by luminous tapestries bearing our Seal. Tragically, demand fell off after the Great Earthquake of 7331.



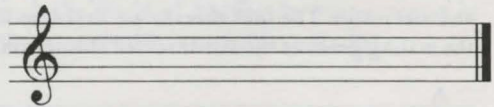
HEALING

In Volume 19 of her *Brief History of the Guild of Weavers* (Guild Press, 5620), Third Elder Lazykate documents the way bandages were treated with Healing as early as 1716. The four threads have evolved far beyond their original form. They can now be spun into virtually anything which needs rejuvenation, with the notable exception of the spellweaver's own body.



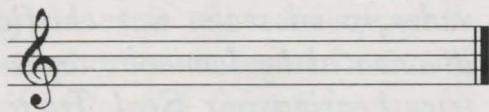
SHRINKAGE

Many simple fabrics contract when exposed to moisture or heat. In studying this phenomenon, the ancient Weavers isolated the threads that cause this natural Shrinkage, and soon developed a draft to weave the effect into any material object. Be wary in its use! Once spun, the Shrinkage threads can never be unwoven.

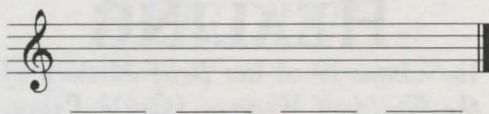


DESIRE

The draft of Desire has its origins in the primitive days of our community, when it was used to lure unsuspecting passersby into Guild shops. When spun upon a creature or person, it warps the threads around the spellweaver so that he or she resembles whatever thing the victim desires most. The illusion is quite fragile and impossible to maintain for more than a few moments.

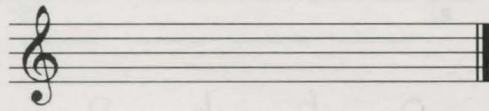


WATERPROOFING • The 5992 expedition of Fifth Elder Spindleshank to the rain forests of Lesser Uxbridge yielded this very practical draft, which shields any fabric from the effects of moisture. The Poison Galoshes Panic of 6003 almost resulted in a permanent ban on Waterproofing, until it was revealed that magazine test reports had been rigged by the Guild of Umbrella Openers.



REFLECTION

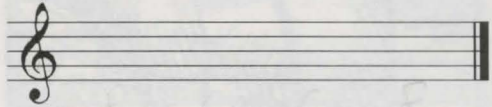
This draft was commissioned by the Guild of Dancers to expedite costume changes for their 500th anniversary performance of the classic ballet *Olema*. When properly invoked, the spellweaver immediately assumes the appearance of the being the draft is spun upon, and vice versa. The four threads are based upon the mating grunt of the slit-throated chameleon.



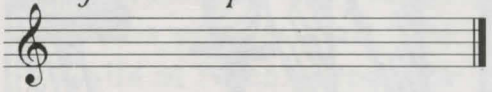


TERROR

This draft reweaves the spellweaver's appearance into a form drawn from the deepest anxieties of the being the threads are spun upon. In effect, it turns you into the thing the recipient fears most. Terror works only on sentient beings, but its potency more than makes up for this limitation. It is approved for limited therapeutic use by the Guild of Psychotherapists.

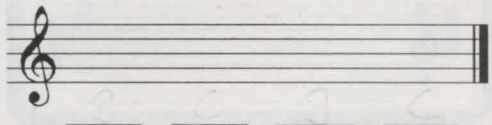


FOLDING • Archaeological evidence suggests that Folding was never supposed to be spun upon the fabric of space. Instead, its inventors seem to have been more concerned with the management of laundry! No faster or more convenient way has been found to move a spellweaver from one place to another. Caution must be exercised when Folding a section of space already Folded by another spellweaver. Careless spinning can create an uninhabitable "wrinkle" zone, such as the Gainsborough Blind Spot.



INVISIBILITY

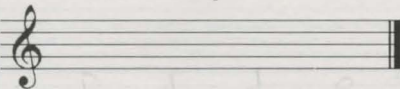
When spun upon a person or group, Invisibility frays the focus of their vision, rendering the spellweaver quite difficult to see. The provenance of this draft is uncertain. It seems to have been acquired (under questionable circumstances) from the Guild of Shepherds, whose genius in the art of stealth is probably unrivaled.





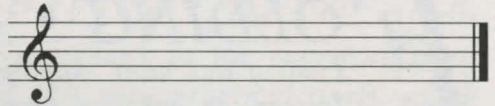
TWISTING

The origins of this ancient draft are lost in history. The earliest references to it are woven into the foremost hem of the Long Tapestry, beside threads depicting the manipulation of flax and yarn by hand. Tradition has it that the four notes were derived from the rhythmic squeak of First Elder Swellflax's own spindle.

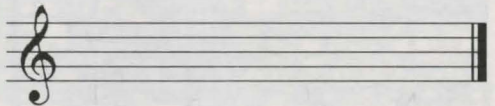


CONFUSION

The reason why this unusual draft was first developed is lost in time. Revisionists claim that it was spun into the cheaper fabrics sold at Guild shops in an attempt to undermine the confidence of bargain hunters. Whatever its origin, Confusion's potency has not diminished over time. One spin leaves a victim helplessly bewildered until the spell-weaver is safely out of sight.

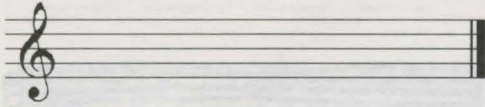


SHAPING Only a handful of Weavers possess the concentration necessary to Shape a material substance. The threads of the draft must be spun with unusual single-mindedness before the Pattern will yield. Even then, a successfully Shaped object may revert to its original form if the draft is not rewoven periodically.



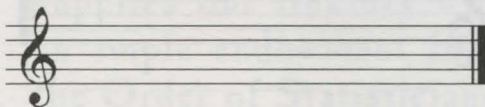
WARMTH • *What*

Weaver has never been wrapped in the cozy threads of a Warmth draft? Second only to Aphrodesia in popularity (they are often sold together), Warmth has been a staple of our Guild for much of our recorded history. Even a thin gauze coverlet feels as substantial as a Penumbrian quilt after a single application.



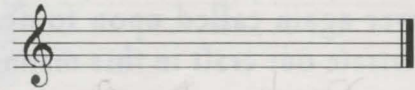
APHRODESIA

The Guild's quick rise to prosperity and influence was due in very large part to the success of this best-seller. Fabrics woven with threads of Aphrodesia are guaranteed to soften the heart of even the most indifferent love interest. Only the Elders are privileged to know the true origin of the draft. Rumors of a secret affair between Second Elder Twillfast and a member of the Guild of Organists are malicious and completely unfounded.

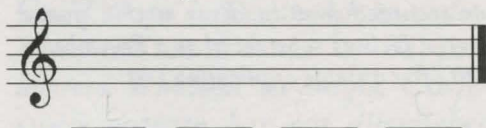


SLEEP

It would be difficult to find a pillow, baby bonnet or sleeping bag that has not been imbued with the soothing properties of this popular draft. The Guild of Nannies requires its use in all household fabrics, and the Anesthesiologists have approved an industrial-strength version as an alternative to chloroform.

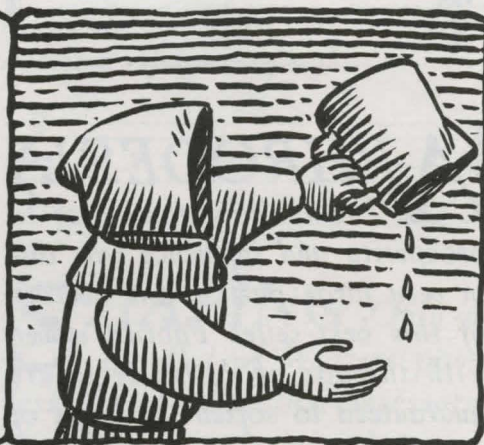
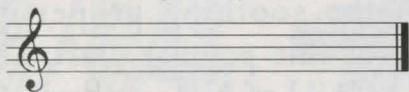


SILENCE • *Silence was hailed as a welcome relief for first-time parents and dwellers in college dormitories. Unfortunately, our Guildmembers are too often hired to spin these threads in situations of doubtful appropriateness. The worst offender is the Guild of Conductors, whose members frequently impose a draft of Silence over their audience before a concert.*

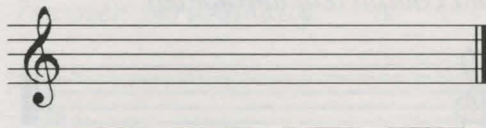


EMPTYING

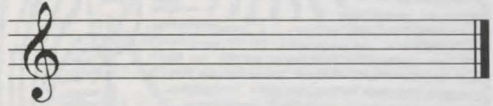
The contents of almost any filled container may be instantly unravelled with this handy draft. Before its development c. 4200, the streams of Woonsocket ran green with the discarded dyes of the chemists. Avoid the temptation to spin Emptying upon lakes or clouds; its range is deliberately limited to prevent catastrophes such as the Double Deluge of 4202 (for which the Guild admits no responsibility).



UNMAKING • *Novices are often impatient to acquire the undeniably dramatic ability to Unmake physical objects. Luckily, these volatile threads lie well beyond the grasp of all but the most mature spellweavers. Entire armies can and have been disembodied by the transawesome power of Unmaking. Let us hope we are never again called upon to demonstrate our craft in this manner.*



EXTINGUISHING • Open flames are easily smothered with the draft of Extinguishing. It untangles the threads of oxygen and fuel within a conflagration almost instantly, with few if any side effects and very little smoke. The Guild of Firefighters awarded us with their 6222 Plaque of Distinction for the development of this safe, fast-acting treatment.

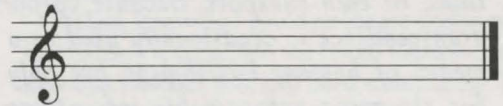


SHARPENING

Scissors, pins and knitting needles are the usual benefactors of this simple draft. In ancient times, however, warriors often submitted their blades to our Guildmembers for treatment. A formal protest by the Blacksmiths resulted in the Whetstone Bridge Treaty of 7550, which specifically prohibits the use of the Sharpening draft on weapons of war.

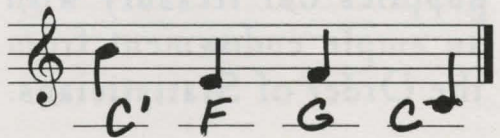


BLESSING • Also known as “Casino’s Bane.” Blessed items acquire a charmed state of probability which manifests itself as “good luck” to laymen. Use of this draft outside the Guild is restricted by the Emerick Agreement of 5858, which coincidentally supplies our treasury with an ample endowment from the Order of Statisticians.





TRANSCENDENCE • Few indeed are the Weavers who have successfully spun this, the most subtle and mysterious expression of our art. Transcendence dissolves the ties that bind our threads into the Pattern, elevating mind and body to an undefined state of existence. Transcended beings are said to assume the form of birds, constellations, or even sunspots. Because corporal punishment is forbidden in our Guild, Transcendence is occasionally used as a means of humane banishment, but only for the most unforgivable infractions of the Rules.



Memoirs of Bobbin Threadbare Loom-Child

The time has come to set straight the histories, and give my own account of the events that led to the Coming of the Third Shadow.

The tale, as it has been told around campfires, over tables in taverns, and even in our classrooms, has gathered much embellishment over the years. Even I can no longer recognize — in that swash-buckling, stalwart, ever-courageous hero — lonely young Bobbin Threadbare.

Even I? I was — I *am* — Bobbin Threadbare.

The story began long before the time at which I begin this account. That tale has already been told better than ever I could tell it, and I have set it down, in its traditional dramatic form, elsewhere in these pages. I shall begin with my awakening on the cliff, that morning of my seventeenth birthday:

Disappointed though I was to have missed the sight of my secret annual visitor, I was considerably more concerned by the summons of the Elders. They had, it seemed to me, paid little attention to my very existence through my entire childhood...and I was grateful for that presumed inattention. I might be always *different*, kept ever separate from the others of the village, but at least I was not subject to the scrutiny and judgements of the Elders...or so I thought.

To be called before the Elders now, a scant night's sleep from the time when Hetchel's patient private tutoring had succeeded...when at last I had felt that thrill of power every fledgling Weaver experiences when the threads of the draft are finally (*finally!*) spun truly and in tune...when the distaff becomes an extension and a servant of one's will —

The summons could hardly be a coincidence.

As I walked down the hill and west toward the village, I worried that the shattering of the window had brought upon Hetchel and myself the attention — perhaps the wrath — of the Elders.

The entrance to the Sanctuary, on the west side of the village, was outwardly no different from any of the other tents. When I passed through the antechamber, still dreading the audience with the Elders, I realized once again what special magic must be woven into the fabric of that structure. No simple tent could possibly contain the antechamber itself, much less the vast Hall of Tapestries or the Chamber at the end, where the Loom itself was housed. I hoped that someday I, too, might learn to wield such power.

I hoped I'd be allowed the time to learn.

Loitering before the tapestries, I recalled the lessons Hetchel had given me on our infrequent, almost furtive, visits to the Sanctuary. The Two Shadows...the founding of the Guild of Weavers...and the coming of the Third Shadow. I should, I knew, have felt in that final torn tapestry some sort of *damage*. Even Hetchel winced when she looked at it. Try as I might, I could only sense a sort of destiny, as if the tear itself was a necessary part of the Pattern.

At last, knowing I could no longer postpone the inevitable, I approached the Loom Chamber, and saw that Hetchel, too, had been summoned. The Elders seemed angry...and...afraid?

Loath to interrupt the Elders at such an emotional moment (and more than a little frightened at the thought of possible consequences to myself), I concealed myself behind a pillar and watched.

When finally I entered the Chamber, my first coherent thought was for the Loom. I had never before set foot in this room, had never been permitted to approach the Loom. Now, as I walked to it, I heard the echo of the draft the swan had just spun. Elder Atropos' distaff, I noticed, was glowing in tune with the threads.

Hesitantly, I picked up the distaff and approached the Loom again. This time I was able to somehow *sense*, through the distaff, each thread of the draft as it should be spun. I recognized the threads of the Draft of Transcendence; Hetchel had written them in the *Book of Patterns* when first she loaned it to me. Excited, I raised the distaff and began to repeat the draft...

...only to realize that the very first thread was far beyond my abilities. Well, Hetchel had long admonished me to "Practice! Practice! Practice!" and now I knew the reason.

Thoughts of Hetchel naturally led me back to thoughts of the confrontation I had just witnessed. It seemed to me that egghood was a very poor destiny indeed; upon examination, it appeared that the egg itself agreed with me. Clearly, it was trying to hatch!

Now *these* threads, I well knew, were not beyond my grasp. Again, I raised my distaff — yes, I was already beginning to think of it as *mine* — and wove the Draft of Opening on the egg.

Leave? Hetchel had taught me that, in all the time the Guild had been on the Island, no Weaver had ever left it...except by banishment. Was I to banish myself from the only home — inhospitable as I knew it to be — that I'd ever known? Unimaginable!

Nor could I imagine the means by which I could accomplish this feat. I hadn't the skill to turn myself into a swan — a destiny which, in any event, I wasn't entirely willing to embrace — and more mundane solutions seemed just as remote. Outsiders had been known to visit the Island by boat, but such encounters were extremely rare and it seemed highly unlikely that some stranger

would obligingly choose this time to stop at the dock, simply because I needed a ride.

No, if I had to leave the Island, I would have to find a way to do it myself. I pondered the problem as I returned to the village proper.

Hetchel's tent had been pitched on the east side of the village, as far from the Sanctuary — and the Elders — as possible. When I entered, I could almost convince myself that nothing had changed — that, in the next moment, or perhaps the one after that, Hetchel would bustle in behind me and put me back to work folding and storing the dyed cloth that represented our livelihood.

But Hetchel had followed the swans, and she expected me to leave the Island. More or less idly, I walked to the table and — more than less clumsily — I knocked over the flask. As it emptied its contents onto the floor, my distaff resonated with the threads of a draft.

I quickly retrieved the *Book of Patterns* and jotted down the threads next to the description of the Draft of Emptying. Yet another draft beyond my abilities! Until I gained enough experience to spin the draft myself, I'd have to be absolutely certain I'd recorded it properly. I touched the flask to invoke the draft again, and rechecked the *Book*.

And how was I to gain experience? I couldn't see myself wandering through the world, even if I managed to get off the Island, opening every window and knitting basket in my path. People might tend to object. Surely there must be some other drafts in my limited range!

I investigated Hetchel's dye pot, and was rewarded with a draft even I could manage. It was the work of a few moments to dye the heap of cloth and the basket of wool. Frowning, I inspected my handiwork.

I had always had an aversion to green, and now I'd managed to fill the room with nothing but that detestable color. It wasn't important, I thought, but I nevertheless wished that somehow I could reverse the process.

Shrugging, I returned to the village center and cautiously entered the only other tent that held any interest for me.

In the center of the village stood a tent that had long piqued my curiosity. I had been forbidden to enter this tent, which was hardly surprising, since I had been forbidden to take part in virtually every activity of the Guild of Weavers. What made this tent unique was the fact that *all* of the children of the Guild, and nearly all the adults, were also forbidden entrance. I knew that there were goods which the Guild could not weave on the Island of Loom; the visits of traders in such goods nearly always involved visits to this tent as well. At last I could learn its secrets...

...balked again! Hetchel had told me that off-Island that gold stuff was held in high esteem; the Elders must have traded it for the goods the traders brought. The darkness had to hold the secret of its manufacture, but I had no idea how to penetrate it. Unless —

I left the village and walked north to the woods and the graveyard where my mother was buried.

All my lonely childhood, I had played in and explored these woods. I knew there was a grove where the owls preferred to nest, and I remembered that Hetchel had told me owls had exceptionally keen night vision. Could I learn a draft from a living being?

As I'd hoped, each of the owls in the grove supplied a thread of a draft. But there were only three owls; three threads do not make a draft. I made my way west to the graveyard, in search of a fourth owl.

Well, I'd found my fourth owl, for all the good it was doing me. The lazy creature hadn't bothered to return to its nest and, short of hitting it with my distaff (which, I had no doubt, was not the distaff's *proper* function), I had no idea how to persuade it to wake up and go home.

Frustrated, I wandered through the graveyard, eventually blundering into a patch of thorns. A rabbit, spooked by my less-than-graceful approach, accomplished what I could not; the owl awoke and bore its hapless victim back to the grove.

I stopped to read, again, the puzzling epitaph on my mother's gravestone. And, for the first time, the words began to make sense! Could I... Open the sky itself?

Well, why not? Things couldn't get much worse than they were already (well, so I thought then), and that line about "Far across the Sea" certainly suggested that I might have found the way to leave the Island. I promptly raised my distaff, and Opened the sky above the graveyard.

Or rather, failed to Open it.

Perhaps if I'd been better educated, I would never have thought the cliff could be *that* much closer to the sky. Or perhaps it wouldn't have mattered; I already knew there was only one tree on the Island that resembled that storm-twisted tree engraved on the headstone. I made my way back to the cliff top — was it only this morning that I had awakened there? — stopping only to learn from the owls the final thread of what had to be the Night Vision Draft.

I sometimes think that, had I heeded half the warnings buried in the clues I found in my travels, I'd still be wandering that Island, looking for a safe way out. Yes, the epitaph mentioned lightning, and something about sundering a tree, but I had no idea!

I barely got under cover in time.

At least, it appeared, there was a way off the Island, if I dared to try it. But I had one more errand, back in the Guild Treasurer's tent. And, there was something else I wanted to try...

I found that, once I wove Night Vision into the darkness, I could see as clearly in the tent as if I'd lit a lamp. It seemed that, like Hetchel, the Guild Treasurer preferred to work his draft through its ancient symbol; sure enough, the spinning wheel fairly vibrated with the Straw Into Gold Draft. For practice, I spun the threads on the pile of straw and was rewarded with some more gold stuff...and something far more precious to me: a strengthening of my abilities!

I returned to Hetchel's tent, and that odious green cloth.

Try as I might, I hadn't been able to put the question of reversing the effects of a draft completely out of my mind. All the while I'd been nosing about the Island, blowing up trees and what-not, that little matter had been nagging at me. And now I thought I had the answer.

Experimentally, I spun the threads of the Dye Draft, *backwards*, on the basket of wool. And it worked! All the green was spun straight out of the wool! I named my new draft "Bleach Green" and trotted busily around the tent, bleaching every speck of green out of the cloth.

On my way west to the dock, I stopped at the Treasurer's Tent and changed the gold into straw. Immensely pleased with myself, I thought to reverse Night Vision, when I realized that, first, there was no light-that-had-been-darkness upon which to spin it and, second, the Draft of Night Vision was the same both forward and backward.

Clearly, some drafts were not meant to be reversed.

The dock had been another of my favored hiding places. Members of the Guild avoided it, for it represented to them the intrusions of the outside world. I was, so far as I knew, the only inhabitant of the Island who actually knew how to swim; I'd taught myself and, although my technique was probably atrocious, it served to get me from place to place in the waters near the dock.

I'd toyed, in fact, with the idea of swimming to the mainland, but had discarded the notion when I realized how dangerous the intervening waters might be.

Resolutely thrusting from my mind the thought that a scrap of wood could hardly provide much more protection against the dangers of the sea, I leaped into the water and boarded the log.

Needless to say, I had no idea what a waterspout *was*, nor how powerful one might be, until I tried to steer around it towards that tantalizing glimpse of land beyond. Fortunately, I kept a tight grip on my distaff during my unscheduled side trip.

I reboarded my log and drifted back to the twister, which I examined more closely. Its draft was one of those that might be reversed, and in a few moments I was able to make my way to the mainland beach.

(I sometimes wonder if that waterspout was a side effect of my Opening the sky. If so, it was not the only time during my travels when I freed myself from one dilemma only to land in something worse as a result...)

When I arrived at the beach, I found that, yet again, the range of threads I might control had grown. Soon, I thought, I would be a Master Weaver.

I was now confronted with a choice: to the east lay a glittering city; to the north, a forest. For me, accustomed to roaming the woods of the Island, shunning and being shunned by the people, the decision was not difficult — I made for the forest.

I'd gone no further than a few steps into the forest when I was confronted by the sentries. If they hadn't been so adamant about *not* permitting me to enter their worthless realm, I wouldn't have cared. But they'd challenged me, and I was well on my way to becoming a Master Weaver, and now I had to find a way to awe them, so they'd let me enter their miserable domain.

I would, after all, have to visit that city.

At least I'd learned from the shepherds the Draft of Invisibility. With care, I might not need to speak to any strangers at all.

So as not to seem to be retreating, I took the other path, and made my way, with as much dignity as I could muster, toward the glass city.

Not knowing what else to do, I entered the square building at the foot of the cliff. The planes and angles of glass in that place were most confusing; I fumbled my way up a flight of steps, and found myself facing an exit. It seemed more sensible to thoroughly explore each building of the city in its turn; accordingly, I turned my back on the exit and cautiously negotiated the next upward set

of stairs. I found myself turned round yet again, on a ledge leading to a crystal chamber.

When I inspected the chamber, I found that it contained a bell. Naturally, I rang it —

— and found myself stumbling out of the chamber on the other side of the building!

Before I had a chance to collect myself, I was accosted by one of the denizens of this strange place...

It wasn't, as it turned out, so horrible to talk to a stranger; at least, not that one. I was beginning to understand that, whoever Bobbin Threadbare may have been on the Island, here on the Mainland no one knew — or cared — that he was an outcast. Whatever made me so significantly *different* to my Guild was buried in the larger difference between my Guild and all the others.

To these people on the Mainland, I was a representative of the Guild of Weavers. It was ironic.

And, I would learn before my travels were over, it was dangerous...

Master Goodmold had given me the freedom of his city. I hoped only to find a draft within these crystalline walls that would let me show those shepherds a thing or two...

I wondered if more practice would expand my range to the point at which I might turn them all into swans. And, I thought scientifically, the chalice on the pedestal offered an excellent opportunity to test that draft I wasn't able to try on the Island.

I reversed the Empty Draft on the chalice and, as I examined my handiwork, Master Goodmold reappeared and treated me to what I saw as a rather irrelevant lecture on its, and the city's, history.

Later, of course, I was glad that Hetchel's teaching had asserted itself; that I had listened and asked questions and remembered.

(It was, I grant, a small thing; it mattered only to a Guild that has long since vanished...but whatever else I was, or am, or shall become, I am a Weaver.)

(And Weavers ever long to know...“How did that fit in the Pattern?”)

Free finally of Master Goodmold's attentions, I took a moment to Empty the chalice (“irreverence”, indeed!), then followed him and left the building as he had done.

Though the epitaphs in the cemetery wove a few more threads into the Glassblowers' Pattern, I still hadn't found any way to impress the shepherds. I left the dome through the back exit, stopping to admire a few more gravestones, and chose to enter the tower on the beach side of the city.

I had apparently intruded on a private conversation between another citizen and ...? I could not tell; I would never become used to the distortions of the glass of this city. Politely, I turned to leave, but somehow the conversation attracted me...

I knew well how inexperienced I was with regard to the business of mainlanders; just the same, it seemed to me that Bishop Mandible's interests might not be as honorable as those of the Guild of Glassmakers. I'd come to like the people of this city, and I felt an uneasy foreboding at the thought of their association with this Cleric.

I told myself that it was not my concern...that I'd only come here to find a way to continue my personal quest...that it was absurd to imagine that Master Crucible had less judgement than I in the conduct of his business...

And, all the while lecturing myself, I made my way up the steps and across to the chamber that, I thought, must lead to the platform and that “Scrying Sphere”. I rang the bell.

I was beginning to develop a streak of stubbornness that would have appalled Hetchel. In the course of a few days, I had discarded the habits of seventeen years of unquestioning obedience to my elders and presumed betters. Kind as they were, those workers were preventing me from doing what I wanted to do. I *had* to find a way to get past them.

Remembering that, before I'd entered, I'd seen some sort of busy activity at the top of the tower,

I went back outdoors and confirmed my guess; the workers had to be the same men who had earlier forestalled my explorations. They were far away, but I thought it possible that, if I could *see* them, I should be able to spin a draft on them. Accordingly, I spun upon them the Draft of Invisibility, and returned to the tower room.

Invisibility *did* have its advantages; I was relieved to learn that this city was not entirely unprepared for treachery. For some reason, the presence of the scythe disturbed me, but — apart from making a note of the Draft of Sharpening — I resolved not to involve myself any further in mainland concerns.

As I rang the bell on the other side of the room, I hoped that mainland concerns — particularly those of Bishop Mandible — would refrain from involving themselves with *me*.

Unexpectedly, the Sphere of Scrying provided the solution to the problem of the sentries. Although it was difficult to imagine how the weaving of a few threads could so influence four grown men that they would flee in terror from an innocuous Weaver such as myself, I was convinced that, with the Terror Draft, I could bring to reality the scene from the Sphere.

Curious, I looked again into the Sphere, hoping I might learn the whereabouts of the departed swans. The leaping flames in — what was that, a cave? — made no sense to me. I could only hope that the Sphere was showing a scene from some other's future — or, if it was indeed mine, that the experience would not be painful.

The Sphere produced but one more vision, before it began to repeat itself. That vision of the swan, and her reiteration of the Draft of Transcendence, was more confusing than helpful; was this a warning? An invitation? Time, I supposed, would tell.

I put the matter of the swan from my mind, and worked my way through the glittering city, up the cliff, and into the forest. This time, I thought, those sentries could not fail to be amazed.

The Terror Draft, when I wove it upon the shepherd guards, was far more effective than I had guessed it would be...for a moment, I sensed, I was more than the *apparition* of that which they feared — I had the power and the will of the thing itself. I could wreak havoc here!

As the effects of the draft ebbed, my exultation faded as well. I began to understand, better than I wished, how the children of the Island may have felt when they chose to torment that outsider, Bobbin Threadbare.

As I walked the path to the west, I wondered if *they* ever felt as I did now.

When first I came upon the dozing shepherd, I thought that I might, yet again, have to make some display of "magic" in order to pass.

When I had examined (and thereby disturbed) his sheep a few times, it became clear to me that I would have to devise a mighty magic indeed if I wished even to capture his undivided attention.

I made a note of the threads of the Sleep Draft, wondering briefly why sheep jumping over a fence should evoke it. Then I continued west.

As I trudged through that vast verdant meadow, I reminded myself that the ways of mainlanders were no concern of mine. I told myself that even a drowsy shepherd must have an excellent reason for pasturing his sheep in the shadow of a forest, rather than in the midst of this lush green grassland.

I entered the largest of the huts on the west edge of the pasture, hoping to find someone who might help me in my quest. There was no one at home, save a little lamb in a manger. As I examined it, I had the eerie feeling I was being watched...

I understood now why the sheep were being kept from the open meadow, and thought back to my recent uneventful trek across that same meadow, shuddering at the realization that, at any moment during that journey, I might have been attacked by some ferocious dragon and carried off to be broiled and consumed at leisure.

I decided not to go back outdoors until the *real* wizard arrived to deal with the menace.

Then, I began to wonder whether that wizard might be apt to resent my impersonation, unavoidable as it was, of a member of his Guild; did Mages still turn people into frogs? And, of course, there was the little matter of the terrorized sentries; no doubt they, too, would find it difficult to forgive my deception.

I faced, on the one hand, the unpleasant possibility that I would soon become a dragon's dinner...on the other, the prospect of being transformed into a small green webfooted individual on the run from four angry men carrying big sticks.

And I *hate* green!

I began to think I might have a plan. Stalling for time, I looked again at the little lamb in the manger.

After jotting the threads of the Healing Draft — Fleece's "Song of Healing" — in my *Book of Patterns*, I turned the page and read again the history of the Draft of Invisibility. "Questionable circumstances," eh?

I returned to the meadow, where I confirmed that the flock was, indeed, the most obvious feature of the landscape.

With what I imagined was an acceptable wizardlike flourish, I raised my distaff and spun the Dye Draft upon the sheep.

Clinging desperately to my distaff, dangling upside down in a decidedly undignified manner from the dragon's claws, I vowed yet again not to involve myself in the affairs of mainlanders.

I might have expected that only I could end up in the lair of a talking dragon. At least, it appeared, I was not due to be eaten immediately.

The cave looked very familiar; I remembered the scene from the Sphere and realized the exit had to be just behind the dragon's hoard. I looked more closely at the gold...

So, somewhere in the mountain there was another Sphere of Scrying. I was, of course, no

nearer to it than when I'd first arrived. I paced the width of the cave, searching for another way out. Frustrated, I returned to the middle of the lair and stared at my captor.

There I was, trapped in a cave by a talkative dragon who was actually *afraid* of fire. I tried to imagine how things could possibly get worse, and thought again of the scene in the Sphere.

The first step, clearly, would be to acquire something sufficiently flammable. As I turned the hoarded gold to straw, I braced myself for the dragon's reaction, which wasn't likely to be positive...

Well, *that* was a relief...I took advantage of the new note I'd added to my range, and spun the sleep draft on the dragon. That, I thought, should give me enough time to find some way to ignite the straw...I had no idea dragons snored so loudly...

There you have the true story: daring Bobbin Threadbare single-handedly defeated the dragon and escaped the lair by virtue of the fact that dragons snore when they sleep — and spark when they snore.

The final appearance of the cave was exactly as it had been in the Sphere in Crystalgard; as I left the lair, I wondered if I would be lucky enough to find the dragon's Sphere, and what I might see within *its* depths.

The caverns within the mountain, though maze-like to some degree, proved relatively easy to negotiate once I remembered to spin Night Vision on the darkness. After a few false starts and a bit of backtracking, I eventually tumbled down a rocky slope onto a plateau half-awash in water. After examining the pool, and recording the threads of the Draft of Reflection in my *Book of Patterns*, I wended my way off the plateau and up to the exit from the caverns.

Though I searched carefully as I explored the caverns, I never did find that other Sphere.

I still have the feeling that, at one time or another, I must have been within just a few feet of it.

I wonder what visions it might have contained.

At first I thought I might simply leap across the gap at the foot of the spiral stairs. After looking over the edge, however, and contemplating the drop I risked should I fail to reach the other side, I returned to the top of the steps to look for some less dangerous means of bridging the gap.

I was prepared to look for a very long time, indeed, but the solution presented itself almost immediately. I reversed the Twisting Draft on the steps and, keeping carefully to the center of the unrailed staircase, walked down to the foot of the mountain.

I thought the sleeping boy might be a lookout for whatever Guild lived in these parts, so I tiptoed past him and approached the city to the east.

People did seem to be wasting a lot of their time these days keeping me out of places. I waited until the sentry had marched out of sight, spun the threads of the Draft of Opening on the gate, and entered, only to be ignominiously escorted back onto the drawbridge.

Reconsidering my options, I returned to the graveyard and the sleeping boy.

Admittedly, I was still not accustomed to using the subtle thinking of a Weaver. My first thought was that I could steal the boy's clothes and, thus disguised, sneak into the city. Looking at him, I thought despairingly that I could not possibly hope to succeed unless I could steal his visage as well... which was when I remembered the Draft of Reflection. I raised my distaff and spun the threads...

Fortunately, Rusty was not so wary of strangers as were his elders. I would have liked to spend more time talking with him; he was the only boy I knew who'd treated me with friendliness rather than scorn.

Sooner than I wished, though, Rusty returned to his primary pastime — sleeping — and I returned to mine — getting into trouble. More quietly this time, I spun the threads of the Reflection

Draft on Rusty and confidently walked back to the drawbridge.

I was beginning to get the impression that Rusty was not quite a pillar of his community. Hoping I needn't meet that Stoke person, I entered the Forge.

What an unbelievably *noisy* place this Forge was! No wonder Rusty preferred to catch up on his sleep in a graveyard!

None of the blacksmiths paid any attention to me; I doubted whether, even had I been able to attract their notice, any of them could have heard me over that ceaseless hammering on ten thousand anvils.

I wandered through the chamber, hoping that somewhere in this enormous clanging city I could find a quiet room, where I could rest and think...

If I hadn't been so dizzied by the noise, I might have realized before it was too late that the man by the furnace *had* to be the dreaded Stoke.

Across the sea, through thunderstorm and waterspout — even in midair — I had managed to hold onto that distaff. Then, in one brief moment of confused dismay, I let that man take it from me. Unless Hetchel came to my rescue, as she had promised, my distaff would shortly be consigned to the fire, and I would be condemned to await the coming of the Third Shadow in this dismal cell.

Naturally distressed by this turn of events, I kicked the cell door a few times to show my defiance, then laid myself down on the bed of straw and fell asleep.

After I awoke to find that I was myself again, I reached the barred window in the cell door just in time to watch Stoke fling my "stick" into the flames. I watched helplessly as, still vibrating with power, it began to smolder.

Turning away from the sight, I wondered if Hetchel had forgotten me...

I could hardly believe it when my distaff slid into view. Quickly, I retrieved it, spun the Open-

ing Draft on the door, and hurried outside...but Hetchel had departed.

Knowing that, looking as I did now, I couldn't hope to escape through the great chamber, I descended the stairs to the inner chamber of the Forge.



Though this room featured but one blacksmith at one anvil, it seemed no less noisy than the great chamber itself. When the two men entered — the one wearing the mitre could be none other than Bishop Mandible — I strained to make out the words of their conversation.

I soon realized that, when this particular sword was finished, there would be a great many people bustling through the inner chamber, fetching the swords lining the walls. I would not be able to hide there much longer.

The decision I made next had nothing to do with any opposition to Mandible's plans — I reminded myself that I had renounced any interest in the activities of the mainlanders. They could, for all I cared, hack each other to bits with those swords — I owed them nothing. Well, with the possible exception of Master Goodmold, who had welcomed me into his city. And Fleece, who'd taught me the Draft of Healing. And Rusty, who just might be my friend...

No, I just needed to buy more time to plan my escape. When next the two interrupted the blacksmith, I reversed the Sharpening Draft and blunted the upraised sword.



Though I knew I lacked the experience of more seasoned travellers, it still seemed to me that, what with that seagoing log, the claws of the dragon and — now — the Bishop's winged beast, I was beginning to run out of new, untried means of transportation.

Not that I was likely to have an opportunity to continue my travels.

Mandible clearly knew enough about the Guild of Weavers to know that I was perfectly capable of Opening the cage. Why, then, had he provoked this pointless exercise?

I could think of no other means of breaking the

stalemate, though, for Mandible seemed willing to wait and watch until we all three were festooned with cobwebs (though I had no doubt such decoration could do nothing but improve Cob's appearance).

I wove the threads of the Draft of Opening upon the cage.



I had little hope that Mandible had heeded my warnings. Restlessly, I wandered the room, inspecting the beast, then Cob, then the beast again.

Finally, it occurred to me that the Bishop's Sphere might give me a glimpse of the effects of Mandible's ill-conceived actions. Naturally, the moment I approached the Sphere, Cob interfered...



Of course, I'd heard the legends from Hetchel, and later from Master Goodmold. Still, I'd never really believed them, and my warning to Cob sprang from sheer nervous bravado. Perhaps he detected that...perhaps he simply didn't believe...or care...

I tried to summon up some feeling of pity for Cob, but I could not. He was a nasty person who had come to an especially nasty end, and my only thought at the moment was that I might be able to induce Mandible to make the same mistake.

I hurried out to the parapet and approached him.



I retrieved my distaff, relieved to note that it was none the worse for its recent ill-use, and returned to the prison. Anxiously, I gazed into the Sphere.

The swan again! With Chaos loosed upon the Universe, I would have thought her message would change, but she only wove those same four threads of Transcendence. I looked again...

The next two scenes left me even more confused. The sight of those mundane objects filled me with a horrid sense of foreboding.

I suppose it should have occurred to me that Mandible's Opening Draft would affect more than just the graveyards; as I turned away from the

Sphere, I noticed for the first time that the beast's cage was empty. I had thought, vaguely, that I might somehow be able to tame it and thus escape the tower; now I could only hope it had flown away in search of meatier prey than I. I could find some other way to leave.

Cautiously, I crept back onto the parapet.

I imagine that, without the help of the beast, I would eventually have elected to enter the hole on my own.

I might, on the other hand, have dithered over the decision until it was all too late.

Just the same, I wasn't able to summon any great feeling of gratitude towards the ravening creature.

Because the hole offended my sense of order (and because I couldn't be certain the beast wouldn't simply follow behind me), I reversed the Opening draft upon it. To my great relief, the tear obligingly sealed itself.

I turned my attention to the next hole; suppressing my initial inclination to simply close it up and forget it, I passed through...

Rusty! Shocked, I moved forward to inspect my friend's remains...

Inexplicably filled with remorse (how could I have known this fate would befall Rusty? How could he think I would have permitted it?), I leafed desperately through my *Book of Patterns*. Yes, here was the Healing Draft: nothing in the description suggested that it would be effective in this case — then again, nothing suggested that it would *not*.

I wove the threads of Healing around Rusty's corpse.

When I returned to the void, I found I was unwilling to lock myself away from the first and only friend I'd had. I thought that, once I'd found my Guild, I might be able to return and join Rusty in his search.

I proceeded to the next hole, through which I could see the trees of the forests of the Guild of Shepherds.

Chaos and his minions had been at work here, too. Appalled, I examined the bodies strewn across the meadow.

Grateful for the opportunity to undo some of the damage for which I felt responsible, I once again raised my distaff and spun the Healing Draft on the shepherds.

I continued to the next rift, entering what remained of the glass city of Crystalgard.

As I prepared to weave the threads of Healing around Master Goodmold, he stopped me...

Distressed at what I saw as my inability to save Master Goodmold, and bitterly rueing the day that I had set out on this dreadful journey, I chose, this time, to Heal the rip in the fabric of the Universe, sealing away the sight of the shattered city of Crystalgard.

I would not forget them.

As I travelled further into the void, I thought for a time that there was no more to be found here... that I would have to return to the Forge and join Rusty's quest. Just as I began to make up my mind to turn back, I saw before me what appeared to be a fantastic crystal lake.

I made my way toward it.

This was the swan I had seen in the Spheres; the others must be the members of the Guild of Weavers. Curious, I looked more closely at the swan.

Regretfully, I turned back and closed the holes leading to the shepherd's realm and Rusty's home. I might not even have considered such an irreversible action had I not, at heart, believed that the swan was, indeed, my mother, and that Hetchel was in great danger.

After I healed the final hole, my range expanded yet again. I hoped the increase in my powers would be sufficient.

I hoped I wasn't too late.

I continued past the lake, found the final rent in the fabric of the Pattern, and through it returned to a devastated Loom Island. Watching anxiously for Hetchel, dreading the approach of Chaos, I hurried into the Sanctuary.

Nothing had changed here. Hetchel had not yet come back, or she had been and gone again...I turned to go back outside and search the Island more thoroughly...

Poor Hetchel...I had known her so well, for so long, that even her cygnet form could not mask from me her characteristic frustration at how easily Chaos had thwarted her. As she struggled to speak, I examined the Loom, evoking the echoes of Chaos' Draft of Silence.

I reversed the Draft of Silence and wove the threads around Hetchel...

Chaos' next draft must have been that of Shaping...even as I repeated the process of reversing the draft still resonating in the Loom, I could feel nothing but dread...I now understood the meaning of the second scene in the Bishop's Sphere.

I could only pray that Hetchel and I could act quickly enough...I saw no other way to avoid the implications of the Sphere's third — and final — scene.

Hetchel must have known, from the very beginning, that it would come to this. She certainly knew later how serious her choice would be, when she warned me to close my eyes.

Hoping against hope that the Healing Draft would restore her, I prepared to spin the threads round all that remained of Hetchel, the lonely feather.

I could barely contain my helpless fury at Chaos' casual cruelty.

I told myself that Hetchel would not wish her final sacrifice to be wasted — and I knew that, in fact, she would agree.

But I do not believe that noble sentiment was all that motivated my next action; I wanted to avenge Hetchel...and Master Goodmold. I wanted to hurt the one responsible for separating me from my friend (my *friend!*) Rusty.

I learned the Rending Draft from the Loom and wove those terrible threads into the Loom itself...

I had lost my home — won and bid farewell to the first friends of my life — watched the woman who had raised me give up her life for the sake of the Universe — I had, in fact, split that Universe asunder.

I left the Chamber — and the Island, and my old life — and joined the flock on our side of the Pattern.

On the other side, Chaos followed my example.

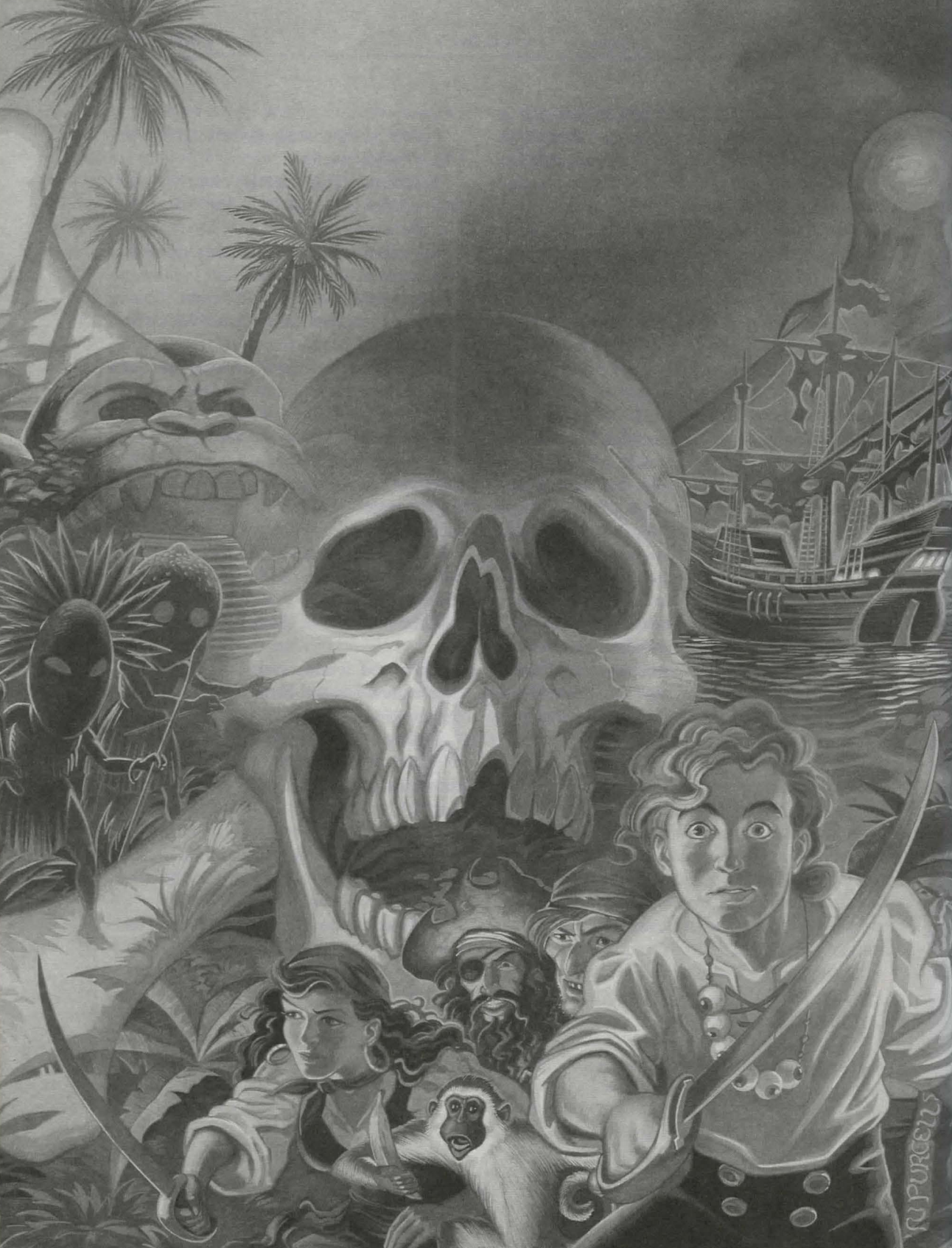
I hesitated, wondering if I had any other choice...and realized, finally, that I *wanted* no other choice.

For the last time, I raised my distaff...

...and wove the threads of the Draft of Transcendence upon myself.

As for what came to pass in the newly formed Realm of Undead, I can tell you nothing, for that section of the Pattern is woven into the destinies of those I left behind.

My story — my part in the Pattern — ends here.



REUTERS

THE SECRET OF MONKEY ISLAND

READ THIS FIRST... IT'S IMPORTANT!

Although you may have played other LucasArts games, there are a few differences in *The Secret of Monkey Island* that you should be aware of.

The interface you use to play the game now has an "auto-highlight" feature that highlights an appropriate verb when the cursor touches an interesting or useful object on the screen. For example, when the cursor touches a door that can be opened, the verb *Open* is highlighted on the screen. By pressing the right (or second) controller button or equivalent key (see your reference card for details), you can automatically perform the highlighted action—in this case, opening a door. Don't worry, though, this won't give away solutions to any puzzles!

Also, you do not need to "double-click" on objects (or *anything*) to use or activate them. A single click of the controller button should be used consistently throughout the game.

About The Secret of Monkey Island

In *The Secret of Monkey Island*, you play the role of Guybrush Threepwood, a young man who has just hit the shores of Mêlée Island (somewhere in the Caribbean). Our naive hero's travels have led him to Mêlée Island in a quest to fulfill his life's ambition...to become a fierce, swashbuckling, bloodthirsty *Pirate*. Unbeknown to Guybrush, however, there have been some strange happenings in the area surrounding Mêlée Island and the more mysterious Monkey Island. As he walks into this maelstrom of mystery, Guybrush will soon be very aware that things are not what they appear to be, that even bloodthirsty pirates can be scared, and that there's more to being a pirate than swinging a sword and drinking grog!

Here's where you come in... You direct the actions of Guybrush as he first explores Mêlée Island and then ventures on to Monkey Island. On Mêlée Island, Guybrush will have to prove himself worthy of becoming a pirate by completing *The Three Trials*. Through the course of completing these trials,

you and Guybrush will learn much about pirate life and local folklore. But don't be surprised if you find that some of the people you meet seem rather anachronistic!

If this is your first computer adventure game, be prepared for an entertaining challenge. Be patient, even if it takes a while to figure out some of the puzzles. If you get stuck, you might need to solve another puzzle first or find and use an object. But hang in there and *use your imagination*, and you will guide Guybrush to discover... *The Secret of Monkey Island!*

Playing The Secret of Monkey Island

To play *The Secret of Monkey Island* use these commands:

Type **c:** and press **ENTER**

(to get to the correct drive).

Type **cd \monkey** and press **ENTER**

(to change to the correct directory).

Type **monkey** and press **ENTER** (to start the game).

After the opening title sequence and introduction, Guybrush will meet the Official Lookout for Mêlée Island. When they've finished talking, Guybrush will walk down to the dock at one end of the town of Mêlée. You may begin directing his actions as soon as he gets to the dock.

Things to Try in the Town of Mêlée

Look at the poster on the first house at the dock. Select the verb **Look at** with the cursor by pressing the left mouse/joystick button or the **ENTER** key. Notice that the words "Look at" appear on the sentence line. Position the cursor over the poster and press the left mouse/joystick button or the **ENTER** key. This completes the sentence "Look at poster" on the sentence line. If Guybrush is not already standing in front of the poster, he will walk over to it and read it to you.

Open the door of the SCUMM BAR. Place the cursor over the door to the bar. You will notice that the verb **Open** is highlighted. Press the right

mouse/joystick button or **TAB** key to open the door.

Go into the SCUMM BAR.

Talk to each of the pirates who pop up on the Sentence Line inside the bar...they'll provide you with useful information. See the next section entitled "Talking to Characters" for more information.

Talk to the Important-looking Pirates seated in the adjoining room. They're full of good advice about how to become a pirate!

See if you can outwit the Cook to get into the kitchen for a look around.

Once in the kitchen, step out onto the dock... you might be able to have some fun with that bird!

Talking to Characters

There are plenty of "colorful" characters in the game with whom you can converse. Each person Guybrush meets will have something to say, whether friendly or unfriendly...helpful, or unhelpful! Often, you can talk with someone at one point in the game, and then return to them later to get new information. To talk with a character, position the pointer on them and press the right mouse/joystick button or the **TAB** key to use the **Talk** to verb automatically.

In a conversation, you will have to select what Guybrush says from among the possible phrases at the bottom of the screen. Just click on the phrase you want him to say. Of course, what Guybrush says will affect how other people respond. And, as conversations continue, you could be presented with a new array of dialog choices. Don't worry – we'll never punish you for selecting the "wrong" or funny dialog response. After all, you're playing this game to have fun!

A Few Helpful Hints

☛ Pick up *everything* you can. Odds are, at some point all those strange things will serve some purpose.

☛ If you get stuck and can't figure out how to proceed, try looking through all the items you've found and thinking about how each one might be used. Think about the places you've gone, and the

people you've met. Chances are there will be a connection that'll put you back on track.

• There is more than one way to solve many of the puzzles.

• If you need help, refer to the game walk-through on page 100.

Keyboard Controls

All of the verbs used in the game can also be selected by using keyboard commands. Each key corresponds to one verb. Pressing the appropriate key once is equivalent to moving the cursor over the verb and pressing the controller button. The keys are mapped as follows:

| | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| O | W | U |
| Open | Walk to | Use |
| C | P | L |
| Close | Pick up | Look at |
| S | T | N |
| Push | Talk to | Turn on |
| Y | G | F |
| Pull | Give | Turn off |

Q – scrolls the inventory up

A – scrolls the inventory down

#1-6 – select from inventory objects shown on the screen *and* dialog choices in a conversation

Function and Command Keys

| | |
|--|--|
| Save or Load a Game | F5 |
| Bypass a Cut-Scene | ESC or press both mouse/joystick buttons at once. |
| Restart a Game | F8 |
| Pause the Game | SPACE BAR |
| Sound Control (controls the internal speaker only) | CTRL s |
| Message Line Speed: | |
| Faster | + |
| Slower | - |
| Reposition Instantly (Use instant repositioning if you find scrolling is too slow.) | CTRL r |
| Mouse On | CTRL m |
| Joystick On (Be sure to center joystick first.) | CTRL j |
| Exit Game | ALT x or CTRL c |
| Win the Game | CTRL w |

The Memoirs of Guybrush Threepwood: The Monkey Island Years



For the benefit of those of you who have ever dreamed of becoming a pirate, of mastering sword and sea, of stealing unimaginable wealth, of swilling grog until your head reels and your stomach wrenches, and of questing for that mysterious and powerful elixir, true love, I, Guybrush Threepwood, do here set quill pen to paper in the hopes of discouraging you from trying. Learn by example, if you please...

Chapter One: IN WHICH I ARRIVE ON MÊLÉE ISLAND IN SEARCH OF MY FORTUNE

I arrived on Mêlée Island™ weary from my trek across the open seas and missing the Old World already, but eager to become a real buccaneer. A crabby old lookout directed me to a bar, the Scumm Bar, the local pirate hangout.

I walked down the cliffside and along the dock until I came to the Scumm Bar, a rowdy establishment full of dirty, smelly degenerates: pirates. Two of the pirates in the front room, a friendly man named Mancomb Seepgood and an intimidating fellow with a rheumy eye, gave me some information about the local powers, including the fearsome—and dead!—ghost pirate LeChuck. I was directed into the back room, where the important-looking pi-

rates that the lookout had mentioned held their table.

I gathered my courage and approached them. "I want to be a pirate," I exclaimed. They seemed unimpressed, but told me of the three trials I must undertake before I could be recognized as a true grog-swilling, foul-smelling pirate. I pressed them for more information on each of the three trials, and then left them to their grog.

It was time to grab some grog of my own. I waited until the cook waddled past to the front room. Then I stealthily slipped through the kitchen door. I couldn't find a mug for the grog, but, being a pirate-in-training, I stole a pot and an aging hunk of meat—not very interesting booty, but booty nonetheless. I even went after the fish lying on the dock out back. A sea gull kept me away until I found a loose board on the corner of the dock. I managed to drive off the pesky beast long enough to nab the fish.

Satisfied that I had skillfully pilfered all I could, I left the bar, looking for action...

Chapter Two:
IN WHICH I BRIEFLY EXPLORE
THE TOWN AND DISCOVER
AN UNUSUAL CHICKEN

I continued on my way, through an archway and into the town proper, where I approached a suspicious-looking citizen loitering on a corner. He mentioned his cousin Sven, so I told him about my barber, Dominique. I figured the conversation was doomed. Then, out of the blue, he offered to sell me the very map I needed to complete the trial of treasure huntery. I wanted the map, but I couldn't pay his price.

Across the street were some Men of Low Moral Fiber, the type my mother had warned me about. When I asked them about the man who tried to sell me the map, they tried to sell me a copy of the minutes of the last Mêleé Island™ PTA meeting. I convinced them to pay me two pieces of eight to relieve them of a copy. More booty!

Entering a door on the right side of the street, I discovered the local voodoo parlor. I steered clear of the voodoo stuff, but I did nab an unusual chicken. A rubber chicken, with a pulley in the middle. I had never seen anything like it in my life. So, of course, I stole it.

I met a mysterious, magical woman in the back of the parlor. She told me my future. Well, some of it.

I left the voodoo parlor and continued on through an archway beneath the town clock. Just past the arch was the entrance to a general store. The store was run by a crabby old man who held me so firmly in his gaze that I couldn't filch either the sword or the shovel I found. Unfortunately, my two pieces of eight weren't quite enough for a legitimate transaction. I needed gold, and I needed it badly.

I walked two doors down to a prison and tried talking to the prisoner, but all I got from him was a face full of rat-breath. I fled to the store, rang the bell for service, and asked for breath mints, which the old man happily sold to me. I returned to the prison and donated a mint to the prisoner who, when I inquired, told me his name was Otis. I asked him why he was in prison and if I could get him anything, and he told me of a yellow flower that grows in the forest and asked me for some rat repellent. I told him that I didn't have anything for the rats, but I'd bring him some if I found it.

Deciding that the town had offered me all it was going to for now, I headed back the way I had come, beyond the lookout's post to the island paths.

Chapter Three:
IN WHICH I MAKE THE
ACQUAINTANCE OF THE
FETTUCINI BROTHERS,
GET SHOT OUT OF A CANNON,
AND GO ON A SHOPPING SPREE

I hiked along the island paths to a clearing in the middle of the island, where I found a circus tent. Inside the tent I met Alfredo and Bill Fettucini, two argumentative clowns dressed in neon spandex. They offered me a job as a tester for a new stunt they had devised. They wanted to shoot me out of a cannon. When they offered me 478 pieces of eight for my trouble, I jumped at the chance. Anything for Spanish gold! I set the pot from the kitchen on my head as a sort of helmet and climbed into the barrel of an old ship's gun.

A few confused minutes later I staggered back onto the island path, head throbbing but pockets jingling. I stopped long enough at a fork in the road to explore a bit and find the yellow flower that Otis had mentioned. I picked a petal and returned to town.

Back in town, I spent my riches on everything available. I bought the map from the citizen on the corner, and I purchased the sword and shovel from the storekeeper.

Eager to use my shiny new sword, I asked the storekeeper where the Sword Master could be found. He wouldn't tell me the way, but he went off alone to the Sword Master's house to get approval for my visit. I grew tired of waiting for his return, so I left in search of training. I could get the storekeeper to show me where the Sword Master lived when I was better prepared for battle.

Chapter Four:
IN WHICH I TRAIN FOR AND
COMPLETE THE FIRST TRIAL,
SWORDSMANSHIP

Ready to embark on my first trial, I left town to find a worthy opponent to train me in swordplay. The surly fellows that wandered the island paths were not inclined to help me, so I headed towards a house at the eastern tip of the island. Before I could reach the house, I was stopped by a troublesome troll who guarded a bridge along the path. I handed over my fish and he let me pass.

At the house I found the gymnasium of Captain Smirk, a man with a neck like a tree stump. At first, he

didn't want to take me as a sword-fighting student, but I convinced him with my stubborn spirit... and my gold.

For the next twelve hours, I battled a complicated contraption made of springs, mannequins, wheels, and watchamacallits until I had perfected my form and style. After the grueling physical training was over, Smirk revealed the true secret of expert sword fighting to me: the art of the insult. The Captain gave me the basics of insults, and then booted me into the real world of clashing blades and cutting words.

I knew I could never defeat the Sword Master unless I practiced first on amateurs like myself who wandered the island. I staked out a busy crossroad in the island paths and waited for opponents on whom to sharpen my blade.

They came at me like moths to a lantern, and I battled them with all my skill, learning new insults and retorts from each pirate I accosted. Although I lost the first few fights, I soon built a repertoire of insults (and killing comebacks) which could handily defeat almost any pirate that passed my way. I continued to fight, gaining wits and skill, until at last one defeated pirate declared that I was good enough to beat the Sword Master.

I immediately decided to seek her out.

I returned to the store in town, and found the storekeeper, complaining as usual, behind the counter. It took very little to convince him to return to the Sword Master's. This time, when the storekeeper left the store, I followed him. I tracked him out of town, to the fork in the road, and along twisting forest paths to the Sword Master's abode.

After listening in on the storekeeper's conversation with the Sword Master—a beautiful and dangerous woman named Carla—I strode forward and challenged her. She quickly defeated me with insults that I could hardly fathom.

Ego finely ground, I returned to the pathways of Mêleé Island.[™]

When I tried fighting other pirates to learn the responses to the Sword Master's insults, I realized that not a single man on the island knew the answers to them. After a few more fights, I returned to the Sword Master, dreading a rematch. I found her without the storekeeper's help this time, by hiking directly toward the light cast by her windows in the woods north of the fork.

When we fought again, I desperately tried every response that I thought could possibly work against her biting remarks. This time, I succeeded! The responses to other insults worked against her insults as well. The

Sword Master gave up after a few rounds, and gave me a quality T-shirt to prove that I had defeated her.

I left the forest, proud of my victory. I had completed the first trial!

Chapter Five: IN WHICH I STEAL AN IDOL AND MEET THE WOMAN OF MY DREAMS

I rushed to the Scumm Bar and reported my progress to the important-looking pirates. They were impressed. I left the bar, feeling cocky, took a walk through town, and discovered that the Governor's mansion lay beyond the prison at the far end of town. I could embark immediately on the trial of thievery.

In front of the Governor's house were some of the most terrifying beasts I had ever seen—deadly piranha poodles intent on a feeding frenzy. Happy to please, I decorated the rancid meat from the Scumm Bar with the forbidden yellow petal from the forest and tossed my creation to the poodles. They feasted, and within moments they were asleep, knocked out by the yellow petal's drug.

The Governor's mansion seemed peaceful enough when I walked in. I entered the first door I saw and discovered otherwise. When I finally departed, several fist fights, a hole in the wall, a herd of gophers, a rhinoceros, and an encounter with the sheriff later, I had acquired a manual of style, a can of gopher repellent, and a set of wax lips. I still needed a file to get the idol, though.

Remembering my promise to Otis, I took the gopher repellent to him, figuring he could use it on his rats. He gave me a carrot cake for my trouble—not much of a reward, but I guess he didn't have anything else. It had been a hungry night's work, so I tried eating the cake, and wound up with a mouthful of file!

I ran back to the mansion, file in hand, and dove through the hole in the wall. As if in a dream, I watched myself overcome the remaining obstacles, and emerged triumphant... the idol was mine! Unfortunately, the local constabulary, in the form of Sheriff Fester Shinetop, waylaid me and was on the verge of hauling me away when, suddenly, the Governor entered the room.

Oh radiance of beauty! Oh beauty of radiance! When the Governor's eyes met mine, I knew I had found my true love. With a few sharp words, she dismissed Fester.

Then the Governor turned to me... Suavely, I replied to her question. As we chatted, my eloquence and

urbanity reached new heights. I strove to weave a web of words in which to ensnare the object of my desire.

Well, I'm pretty sure it happened that way. I'm almost positive...

And then she was gone.

Through a cloud of euphoria, I made my way to the front door, only to find Fester waiting for me, armed with a rope and a mission. I soon found myself six feet under water, bound to the idol, nearly drowning... yet all I could think of was Governor Marley.

After a few minutes of panic, I came to my senses and picked up the idol. Stopping only to retrieve my sword, I climbed out of the water.

There she was again, the Governor of my heart! She spoke to me. I spoke to her. I bent to kiss her... and again she was gone, and I was left alone with my trials. I had to finish my three trials. I really, really, really had to finish my three trials.

Chapter Six:

IN WHICH I DIG UP ANOTHER T-SHIRT

All that remained was the trial of treasure huntery, so I whipped out the map I had purchased from the Citizen of Mêle. Dancing lessons! I'd been had! Then I paid closer attention. The first word in each line looked significant. They might yet be directions through the forest.

I trekked to the entrance to the forest at the fork in the island paths, and followed the directions on the map: back, left, right, left, right, back, right, left, back. I soon determined that "back" did not mean I should backtrack, nor did "left" mean I had to make a left turn. Rather, I imagined myself as a figure on a painting, and when the directions said "left" or "right," I headed off to the left or right side of the painting. "Back" meant to take the central paths towards the top of the painting.

With this odd frame of reference in mind, I followed the directions and came to a small clearing, where I headed "right" through some trees. I had found the treasure! The "X" was clearly marked, as were the bronze historical plaque and the instructions for digging up the booty. I couldn't wait to feel the gold pouring through my fingers. I pulled out my shovel and started pushing dirt. Hours later, my mind reeling with anticipation and lack of sleep, I finally uncovered the treasure, which was... another dumb T-shirt! What's **wrong** with these people, anyway?

I headed back to town, my three trials completed, delighted with my accomplishments... anxious to seek out my beloved.

Chapter Seven:

IN WHICH I DISCOVER THAT DISASTER HAS BEFALLEN MY LITTLE PLUNDER BUNNY

I arrived at the dock just in time to watch a ghostly craft vanish over the horizon. The lookout informed me that my true love, my significant other, my main squeeze, the light of my life, the Governor herself, had been kidnapped. That decaying creature from the depths, the ghost pirate LeChuck, had carried her away to his foul lair.

That's right, LeChuck! The dead guy!

I'd show him who was the better pirate. My mind was made up. I would find a ship and crew, journey to forbidden Monkey Island, track down LeChuck, and rescue my love.

Chapter Eight:

IN WHICH I RECRUIT A CREW TO RESCUE THE GOVERNOR

I went first to the prison in town, where Otis promised to join my crew if I released him. Next I checked the Scumm Bar for potential crew members, but everyone had gone, abandoning their mugs in their haste. I collected the mugs and filled one with fresh grog from the kitchen barrel. The mug started melting! That grog sure is strong stuff.

Then inspiration struck. I poured the grog from the melting mug into another mug, and hurried toward the prison. When the second mug o' grog was near death, I stopped and again transferred the grog to a fresh mug. I had to repeat the procedure a few more times on my way to Otis, but managed to preserve a nearly-full mug of the stuff.

I poured the grog into the lock of Otis' cell, and stood back as the metal dissolved. Otis stepped from the cell—and walked out on me! "The mutinous coward!" I thought. I still needed crew members.

I returned to the Sword Master. Carla didn't believe my story until I showed her the note LeChuck had left. Appalled, she agreed to crew with me and arranged to meet me at the dock.

I couldn't think of anyone else I might recruit, so I tried exploring more of Mêle Island. At the north end I

spotted a house built on a small isle. It appeared that the only way to reach the isle involved a cable which had been stretched across the channel. I had found, at last, a use for my rubber chicken with a pulley in the middle. I used it on the taut cable and whizzed across. Hah! Perhaps the Fettucini Brothers would be interested in this stunt...

In the house on the isle I met a Mr. Meathook, an agreeable fellow with no hair, no hands, and a talking tattoo. I asked him to join my crew, but he refused to serve me unless I could prove that I was brave enough to lead.

Meathook demanded a test of my courage: if I could face the horrible, ferocious beast that had been the bane of his existence, he would accept me as his Captain. He opened three enormous barriers, revealing a wooden door. I opened it cautiously and gazed upon the murderous winged devil imprisoned therein. I could barely contain my terror long enough to reach out and tentatively tap the beak of the nameless horror.

Meathook was astonished. I graciously allowed him to indulge in a suitable amount of groveling, after which I instructed him to meet me at the dock.

Chapter Nine:

IN WHICH I PURCHASE A PREVIOUSLY OWNED VESSEL

Hoping that a crew of two would suffice, I commenced to scout the island for an available vessel. Spying a cluster of bright lights, and reasoning brilliantly that it must be a used boat dealership, I hurried to what proved to be the shipyard of Stan's Previously Owned Vessels.

Stan was going to be my friend, to show me the true meaning of quality, to make me the deal of the century. Stan was going to annoy the marrow straight out of my bones.

I had my eye on the half-sunken ship at the very end of one dock, Stan's cheapest ship. Even that one, it turned out, was far too expensive for me. I asked about credit. Stan suggested that a note of credit from the storekeeper would be acceptable. I headed back to town. As I left, Stan gave me a compass and one of his business cards.

I asked the storekeeper about credit. He asked if I had a job. I lied. As he unlocked the safe upstairs, I watched carefully, memorizing the turns of the handle. Carrying a note of credit, the storekeeper returned to his desk, and proceeded to interrogate me so mercilessly that my little fib was exposed. He locked the note away, and

again I watched to confirm that I knew the combination.

When he came downstairs I feigned a renewed interest in the Sword Master, and the old grump finally agreed to go see her again. The moment he was gone, I opened the safe, pushing the handle clockwise and pulling it counterclockwise to move it the same way he had. I took the note of credit back to Stan.

Stan thought he was a smooth operator. He actually thought he could get 10,000 pieces of eight for that barely floating hunk of junk! I laughed in his face and changed the subject to the question of extras. As he listed useless "feature" after useless "feature," I stood firm and rejected the lot. I had him on the ropes! I counter-offered 2,000 pieces of eight. He lowered his asking price. I threatened to walk off the lot. He begged me to come back. I offered him 3,000, then 4,000, threatening to walk off every so often to keep Stan on his toes. Before long I had shrewdly negotiated the price to a mere 5,000 pieces of eight. Stan stalled for a moment, then capitulated.

We Threepwoods drive a hard bargain. Poor Stan never had a chance.

Chapter Ten:

IN WHICH I SET SAIL, FAIL TO QUELL A MUTINY, THRILL TO THE WIND IN THE RIGGINGS...AND NEARLY WIND UP IN THE SOUP

I found Stan at the dock in town. Together we stood admiring my purchase. Stan tried to back out on the deal, but I would have none of that. He handed me some seafaring literature and took his leave just before my crew joined me. I was pleased to find that Otis had decided to join me after all. Shortly afterward, Meathook and Carla arrived.

We had not even boarded our ship when I sensed dissension in the ranks. Suppressing my misgivings, I hustled them aboard as quickly as I could.

The following morning, I tried to reassert my authority. My crew did not appear to be impressed. Burdened as I was with a useless, mutinous crew, I began to lose faith in my ability to rescue Governor Marley. Deep in the throes of depression, I retired to the Captain's cabin and searched the former Captain's belongings. My haul was meager indeed: a ballpoint feather pen and some ink, and a logbook which I found in a desk drawer. Having nothing better to do, I read it cover to cover. It seemed that the previous Captain had made it to Monkey Island™ pure-

ly by accident! If only I could deduce how he managed it!

Two levels below deck I stumbled upon the galley. The cupboard was well-stocked with, of all things, my favorite cereal. I opened one of the boxes and found, to my delight, a toy prize. When I examined it closely, I saw that it was a small key!

I returned to the Captain's cabin and tried the key in the cabinet on the port side, revealing a chest that had been concealed within. Delighted, I hauled the chest to the middle of the floor. I was disappointed to find that the chest contained, not the valuables I had anticipated, but merely a piece of paper and some cinnamon sticks. As I examined these perplexing exhibits, it occurred to me that perhaps I had, in fact, found something of great value. Perhaps this recipe was the key to finding Monkey Island™! I needed to find the rest of the ingredients.

In a corner of the ship's hold, under the crew's quarters, I found a chest containing a bottle of fine wine. That should do for monkey blood... Mother always said the best recipes were those where you could make substitutions.

I secured a handful of gunpowder—a perfect substitute for brimstone—from the kegs in the hold. Back on deck, I was at a loss until I noticed the thin rope ladder leading up the mast. I shimmed up to the crow's nest and got my "pressed human skull," the Jolly Roger.

I returned to the galley, where a cooking pot was already simmering over the fire. I began to throw in the ingredients: one of the cinnamon sticks, some breath mints (probably better than leaves), the Jolly Roger, the ink (which had never seen the inside of a squid), a few drops of the wine, my faithful rubber chicken, and the gunpowder.

Here the recipe stumped me. Zinc oxide? Hydrochloride? I had no idea what those might be. It was then that I noticed the list of ingredients on the box of cereal I'd been eating. With a shrug I tossed in a handful. There was a terrifying explosion and a smell like month-old cabbage. I passed out.

Chapter Eleven: IN WHICH I REMEMBER THE FETTUCINI BROTHERS WITH FONDNESS

I woke up with my tongue dried onto the filthy galley floor. I became convinced that, while I had lain unconscious, someone must have stuffed a bunch of old socks into my skull. And I hadn't even gotten a chance to drink grog yet!

I staggered up to the deck, to find that the ship had somehow miraculously arrived at Monkey Island.™

Since no rowboat was available, I had to come up with a way to get from the ship to the island. All too soon the answer became clear. The cannon on deck brought back disturbing memories of the Fettucini Brothers and their Cannon of Terror. I ran back to the galley for the small pot by the cupboard. I got a length of rope from the hold, along with another handful of gunpowder. I put the gunpowder in the cannon nozzle and used the rope with the cannon as a fuse.

Now I had to light the fuse. I returned to the galley and used one of my T-shirts with the fire under the cooking pot. The T-shirt burst into flame! I hurried back on deck with the flaming mass and touched it to the fuse. Then I quickly walked to the cannon nozzle, just in time to be blasted to my destination, flying gracefully through the air like a master acrobat. I landed gently on Monkey Island.™

Chapter Twelve: IN WHICH I ARRIVE ON MONKEY ISLAND

So there I was, on the shores of Monkey Island™ with my head in the sand and an uncomfortable feeling of warmth in the vicinity of my posterior. I pulled myself out of the sand and examined the paradise in which I had been planted. A banana had fallen from a nearby tree, and I picked it up as a hedge against future hunger. Near the tree was a sturdy-looking rowboat, perfect for exploring the island waters. As I had no oars, I postponed the idea of aquatic exploration and entered the jungle, ready for whatever hidden terrors lay in wait.

The nearest landmark was a deep, ominous crack in the island surface. There seemed to be no way to scale its walls, so I returned to the jungle and continued to explore.

I walked north from the crack to a river fork. There was a bridge at the fork as well as a note, which I read. I realized that the island was inhabited by cannibals! By cannibals who built bridges! By cannibals who wrote memos! On letterhead! Frightening. I was to find many more such notes on Monkey Island,™ but I won't bore you with the details.

I crossed the bridge and climbed a set of footholds in the cliffside. On top of the cliff, I found another note, as well as an extremely sophisticated piece of primitive art. I pushed and pulled the primitive art around, marveling at the way it was balanced.

I scaled another set of footholds which ended on a mountain peak with a stunning view of Monkey Island.[™] I could see my ship, and I could see the banana tree that marked my landing spot. As I ventured across the peak, a ragged, smelly man approached, babbling insanely. I was greatly relieved when he finally left me alone. I pushed a lone rock off the edge of the peak. By some miraculous mechanism, the primitive art on the ledge below reacted to my action by flinging the rock halfway across the island. I went down to the primitive art and shoved it to another angle. Back on the peak, I took another rock from a pile of rocks and pushed it off the edge. After a few more tries, adjusting the art to various angles and pushing rocks off the peak, I managed a direct hit on the banana tree beach.

I climbed down to the river fork and returned to the jungle, heading toward a volcano I had spotted at the northwest end of the island. A calm, blue lake gleamed in the center of the volcanic crater, and I hiked around it. On the western edge of the volcano was a makeshift fort, apparently constructed by the shabby castaway I'd recently met. I was a pirate, so of course I looted the place. My meager booty: a spyglass and a coil of rope. I tipped the cannon over and added a cannonball and a small supply of gunpowder to the haul. As I turned to leave the fort, the castaway caught me. He seemed harmless, though very annoying, and eventually I escaped with my plunder.

I next hiked east to a dry pond, where again I was accosted by the ragged castaway, who said his name was Herman Toothrot. He mentioned something about waiting to be rescued. He told me about a friend of his who, even as we spoke, was hanging gruesomely from a tree branch over the pond. Toothrot was obviously insane, so I told him to go away. Toothrot's deceased friend, though, had something I wanted. There was a length of rope in his hands. I had a feeling I would need it.

Chapter Thirteen:

IN WHICH I HARNESS THE SUN, MAKE THINGS EXPLODE, AND GATHER ROPE

Unfortunately, the corpse and his rope were out of reach. I, however, had a plan. The body was attached to an old rotting log. If I could somehow lift that log, my silent friend would descend to within reach.

I journeyed up the dry riverbed until I arrived again at the fork. There was a dam there, constructed of large boulders. I packed the gunpowder between the boulders.

Now I needed to ignite the gunpowder. I pried open the spyglass that I had found at the fort, inside was a perfectly good lens. I used it to focus the bright island sun on the gunpowder, and BOOM! I was tumbling downstream in the newly-filled riverbed.

Somewhat moist, but in high spirits, I returned to the pond, where I found that the log had floated with the rising water, lowering both man and rope to the ground. Congratulating myself for my brilliance and cunning, I picked up the rope and ran to the place where I knew it would be useful: the crack.

Chapter Fourteen:

IN WHICH I USE MY ROPE AND TAKE TO THE SEA

I discovered a strong branch at the crack's edge, tied one of the ropes to it, and descended halfway into the crevice. There I found a stump sturdy enough to support me and my other rope. I scrambled down the second rope to the floor of the chasm.

At the bottom of the crack I found a pair of oars. I hauled them up the side of the cliff and headed south through the jungle, back to the rowboat on the southern beach.

I discovered when I reached the beach that my experiments with the primitive art had done me some good. There were two more bananas at the foot of the banana tree. I stuffed them in my pockets. Kinda squishy.

Now that I had oars, I could use the rowboat to row around the island.

And so I rowed...

Chapter Fifteen:

IN WHICH I ENCOUNTER SINISTER NATIVES

I rowed east past a strange-looking peninsula with a clearing in the middle of it, and north beyond the mountain range that had limited my progress on the island so far. At the north end of the island I spotted a beach and a primitive native village. I thought I might find something to help me there, so I landed on the beach and walked over.

The village seemed deserted. I got a chance to add to my banana collection; I pilfered a few choice bananas from the fruit bowl sitting in front of a big stone head. I was just leaving the village when I learned, to my dismay, that it wasn't deserted after all.

The natives didn't approve of my banana-stealing habits. In fact, they were ready to roast me unless I came up with a gift to appease them. I offered them a banana and a cannon ball. They refused both. Maybe if I had kept my rubber chicken with a pulley in the middle...

The natives jailed me in a dismal little hut while they debated the proper preparation of *Guybrush Soufflé*.

Feeling a little morbid and dramatic, I picked up a skull from the floor and geared up to bow out. "Alas, poor Yorick..."

Hey! So much for bowing out! There was a loose floorboard underneath that skull! With a new burst of confidence, I realized that *Guybrush Threepwood* would, after all, see another sunrise.

I lifted the loose floorboard and beat a hasty retreat to my rowboat and the south side of the island.

Chapter Sixteen:

IN WHICH I TAME A MONKEY AND DISCOVER A VALUABLE WIMPY LITTLE ARTIFACT

I rowed back to the beach where my *Monkey Island™* adventures had begun. Nothing had changed, except now I had more bananas. Desperate for companionship, I went into the jungle and fed my bananas to a monkey who'd been roaming around near the beach. She devoured them quickly and happily; after that, she wouldn't leave me alone. She followed me everywhere I went and did everything I did. Silly little monkey.

I decided to explore the clearing on the peninsula at the eastern end of the island. I walked there instead of taking the boat since I didn't want to frighten away my new companion, who was built for trees and not for water.

In the clearing, I found a record of the vile abuses and disgusting practices of the natives—three human beings were skewered onto long pointy sticks. I shivered as I realized that I had seen as many dead people on *Monkey Island™* as living people. I shivered again when I realized I had never been trained in defense against pointy sticks.

Exploring further despite my better judgement, I saw an amazing thing—a monkey head the size of a house. Around this monstrosity were a number of carefully crafted idols. I wanted to get a closer look, but a fence stood in my way.

Two intricately crafted totem poles stood nearby, glaring at me. Could I climb one and leap over the fence? I pulled on a totem pole nose, hoping to get a leg up, and

suddenly an opening in the fence appeared. The moment I released the nose, the fence closed again.

My primate pal helped me out. She jumped to the nose and swung on it, opening the gate and allowing me to pass.

I walked through the gate and examined the idols. I picked up the smallest one, a wimpy little idol, in part because I hoped that I could trade it to the natives in exchange for their help, and in part because I was getting used to the idea of helping myself to anything that wasn't nailed down.

Chapter Seventeen:

IN WHICH I BEFRIEND THE RESIDENTS OF THE ISLAND AND ACQUIRE A STRANGE KEY AND AN EXTRA HEAD

I rowed to the north side of the island again, this time armed with the wimpy little idol. When I reached the village, the natives again threatened to eat me. I begged them to give me another chance. They gave me the chance, and I gave them the idol. They seemed pleased, and left me alone in the village.

Sensing an opportunity to add to my inventory, I strode boldly into the natives' hut and collected Herman's banana picker. On my way out, I found Toothrot hanging around the village entrance, muttering. Evidently he'd come looking for his picker. I swapped the banana picker for the key to the monkey head. It was by far the strangest looking key I had ever seen:

It was a long white stick with fluffy bits of cotton glued to each end.

I had just entered the jungle when I realized that the natives might have valuable information about the monkey head. I returned to the village and questioned them further. They told me that LeChuck was hiding the key ingredient of some sort of anti-ghost concoction aboard his spectral ship, far beneath *Monkey Island™*. The entrance to LeChuck's hideout was through the maw of the gigantic monkey head itself!

The natives also accidentally let slip that they had a secret way of navigating through the maze that led to LeChuck's hideout—the shrunken head of a ship's navigator. I needed that head, but the natives were reluctant to part with it. I gave them one of the brochures that Stan had pressed upon me, the leaflet entitled "How to Get Ahead in Navigating." I took a good look at the head of

the navigator, and had second thoughts about whether I really wanted it. Yuck!

I returned to the south side of the island.

Chapter Eighteen: IN WHICH I AM SWALLOWED BY A MONKEY AND PLACE MY AITHEAY IN THE EADHAY OF THE AVIGATORNAY

As I gazed at the gigantic monkey head, I was seized by an inexplicable urge to use the giant key with the gigantic monkey's ear!

To my great surprise, it worked: the monkey's mouth opened and a tongue rolled out, inviting me into the enormous maw. I proceeded inside and down a ladder of giant monkey vertebrae. Before me was a confusing maze of twisting passages and twisted body parts. The walls and floors were sprouting eyeballs, noses, hands, and slimy, oversized human hearts. I wished, not for the first time, that I had never left my comfy home in the Old World.

I consulted the head of the navigator. For a decapitated head, it was extremely cooperative. Each time I stopped for a moment, it spun in my hands and pointed out the way I needed to walk. The head led me in all directions. At times I thought I was backtracking, yet I always found myself in entirely new areas of this disturbing place.

After what seemed like hours of walking, the head led me to the Pirate LeChuck's infamous ghost ship.

Chapter Nineteen: IN WHICH I EXPLORE THE LAIR OF LeCHUCK AND ACQUIRE THE MEANS TO HIS END

The ship glowed with an eerie blue light. I swallowed my fear, realizing that the voodoo root that LeChuck held in his ship, being the only possible means of destroying a ghost, represented my only hope of freeing the Governor and fulfilling my dreams. I marched onto the ship.

It was filled with ghosts! They were dancing and frolicking, playing instruments, and flinging their skulls to the beat. A specter with a detachable head spotted me and chased me off the boat.

Then I remembered that the natives had told me

that the navigator head's necklace would make its wearer invisible to ghosts. Unfortunately, the head didn't want to give up its necklace. We debated the matter until I won the point by threatening to dropkick him into the lava. I donned the necklace and boarded the ship again, hoping that this time I would not be seen.

I wasn't seen, but, when I tried to open the squeaky door toward the stern, I was heard. Giving up for the moment on that door, I tried the opposite one and found myself in the cabin of LeChuck himself! The evil ghost was gazing out the cabin window. An important-looking key hung near him on the wall. When I approached to pick it up, some sixth sense must have alerted LeChuck. Afraid to attempt the direct approach, I tried to devise a sneakier way of getting the key.

I remembered that the compass that Stan had given me contained a powerful magnet. I simply pointed the compass at the key, which floated silently over to me. Key in hand, I left LeChuck to his brooding.

Back on the main deck, I found a hatch that led down to the crew's quarters. I'd never imagined that ghosts sleep. The theological implications are astonishing, but that's another story. A crew member was sacked out on the bunk. What I immediately wanted from this ghostly snoozer was his grog bottle, but every time I got close to it, he hugged it to him as if it were a teddy bear.

I continued through the room, entering a hold in which I found ghost animals. It finally occurred to me that perhaps a ghost feather would work to wake a sleeping spook. I tried to pick up one of the ghostly chickens and wound up holding the feather I'd been after. I returned to the sleeping crew member and tickled his feet a few times. Eventually he dropped his grog bottle.

I pocketed the bottle and returned to further explore the room with the ghost animals. I found a crate that had been nailed, chained, bolted, tied, glued, and welded together. There was obviously something important in there. Near the crate was a locked hatch in the floor.

I used the key from LeChuck's quarters on the hatch and descended to a second cargo hold, where I was confronted by a vicious ghost rat. I wanted some of the grease in the tub behind him, but I didn't dare approach the sharp-toothed little demon. Then it occurred to me to pour some grog into a nearby dish, which the nasty creature greedily lapped up. He was soon passed out on the floor.

I scooped up a slimy lump of lard from the tub and went back up to the ship's deck, where I greased the squeaky door. The door opened with hardly a whisper. In-

side I found a set of ghost tools... and the entrance to the brig. Surely my beloved Governor was imprisoned therein!

I would have to recover the voodoo root and persuade the natives to prepare some of their anti-ghost brew before I would be able to rescue the Governor. I took the tools down to the hold where I'd gotten the ghost feather, and used them to open the glowing crate.

Inside the crate was the magic voodoo root.

Chapter Twenty:

IN WHICH I PLACE AN ORDER FOR SARSAPARILLA AND ENCOUNTER A THREE-HEADED MONKEY

I left the ship and ventured back to the village.

The natives were more than happy to cook up some spirit spritzer. Armed against spectral interference, I returned to the ghost ship to take my revenge.

Unfortunately, by the time I got back, LeChuck was long gone. I learned from the one remaining crew member that LeChuck had taken the ship and the Governor to Mêle Island." The loathsome brigand meant to marry my intended!

As I turned to leave the catacombs, I realized that my ship was at the bottom of the ocean. How would I return to Mêle! Luckily, Toothrot arrived to save me. He admitted that he had a ship of his own, so we used it to sail back to Mêle Island."

Chapter Twenty-one:

IN WHICH I KICK BUTT

When we arrived at Mêle Island," I hurried to the dock. I wasted little time with the ghost on the dock; the magic seltzer bottle performed just as the natives had advertised.

I ran through town, only to be waylaid by another specter. I was armed and I was desperate, so this spook, who insisted on seeing my invitation to the wedding, became cosmic pudding as well. I dashed into the church and screamed at the minister to stop the wedding.

My confrontation with my arch rival LeChuck

was now at hand. As I prepared to destroy him, my love muffin put in a surprise appearance. She had her own plan to destroy LeChuck! I love a woman who can take charge. I was about to take out the evil ghost pirate myself when he resorted to physical violence, at which, I must admit, he was extremely skilled. He punched me with the style and grace of a three ton truck, er, cannon. I soared in a graceful sweeping arc over the island and lost my grip on my voodoo root beer, my only weapon against LeChuck. Things weren't looking good.

LeChuck punched me again, and yet again. Before I knew it, I found myself inspecting the innards of what I concluded must be Stan's grog machine. A bottle of root beer rolled out as I rolled in. I heard Stan's voice, muffled by the walls of the machine. A few moments later it seemed to me that Stan's voice was rapidly receding into the distance. For some reason, this didn't bother me much. It did bother me when LeChuck pulled me out of the grog machine and wound up to strike me again...

But I, with quick feet and a quicker mind, snatched up the bottle of root beer that had fallen from the grog machine. Armed with a substitute for the magic seltzer bottle, I squirted LeChuck into oblivion.

LeChuck exploded beautifully, lighting the whole island and imparting a fiery, romantic mood to the evening. All the better, for I spun round at a noise behind me and found my honey pumpkin standing there.

She offered to buy me a root beer.

Epilogue:

IN WHICH I MULL OVER WHAT HAS ALREADY OCCURRED

Looking back, I can hardly believe that I used to be the Linnocent, unassuming boy that first landed on Mêle Island," eager for fighting and fortunes. Now I'm a man, battle-hardened, wealthy, and still wild about my Governor. There seems to be nothing left for me to do. I could very well live out the rest of my life in perfect serenity and contentedness.

Except, one thing keeps bothering me.

I never did discover the Secret of Monkey Island™...

Additional Information

Technical Help

We want you to be pleased with your purchase. If you happen to experience any technical problems, we have a few suggestions which we hope will save you from any frustration and disappointment.

Memory Concerns?

If you have expanded RAM check if the device is activated. Next, try to clear your RAM of all possible RAM-resident programs such as menus, utilities, or memory managers. These programs can be found in your **AUTOEXEC.BAT** file or your **CONFIG.SYS** file. If you don't want to change anything on your hard drive or don't know what might be memory resident, then you can "cold boot" your computer directly from a DOS (Disk Operating System) "boot" disk.

How to Make a DOS Boot Disk

❶ Use a fresh new unformatted floppy disk. If you have High Density disk drives, use only High Density disks.

❷ Format the disk and copy hidden files. Read underscore (_) as a space.

At your c:\ prompt type:

```
format a: /s <enter>
```

❸ Copy the command.com file from your DOS directory. At your c:\ prompt type:

```
copy command.com a: <enter>
```

❹ Change to your a: drive.

❺ Create a basic config.sys file.

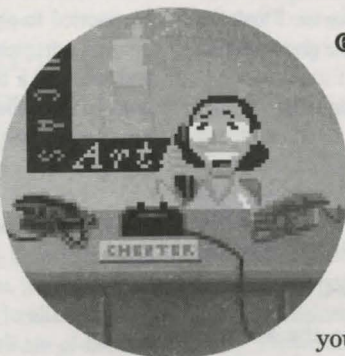
At your a: prompt type:

```
copy con config.sys <enter>
```

```
files=20 <enter>
```

```
buffers=20 <enter>
```

```
^Z <enter> (or hit F6 key and enter)
```



❻ Create a basic autoexec.bat file.

At your a: prompt type:

```
copy con autoexec.bat
```

```
<enter>
```

```
prompt=$p$g <enter>
```

```
path=c:\; c:\dos <enter>
```

```
^Z <enter> (or hit F6 key  
and enter)
```

You can now cold boot your computer with this disk in your a: drive.

First, take all disks out of disk drives. Manually turn off the computer using the switch. Wait for the machine to stop running. Put the boot disk into the a: drive. Turn on the machine.

Any Questions?

Call our Technical Support line at:

415-721-3333

If possible, when you call please be sitting in front of your computer with paper and pen, and as much pertinent information about your computer as you can assemble: make, model, peripherals, RAM and disk size, graphics card, monitor and the information in your **CONFIG.SYS** and **AUTOEXEC.BAT** files. You can also write to Technical Support at:

LucasArts Games

P.O. Box 10307

San Rafael, CA 94912

Product Support hours are 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Pacific Standard Time.

Need More Hints?

Please do not call Technical Product Support for HINTS, as they do not give hints over the phone. However, you may call our hint line at:

1-900-740-JEDI

This service costs 75¢ a minute, and you must be over 18 years old or have your parents' permission to call.

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