

King's Quest VI: Heir Today, Gone Tomorrow

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Introduction

The files needed to run the opening cartoon are not available on your hard drive. Please reinstall the game if you wish to see the cartoon.

Despite his family's concern, Alexander remains tormented by thoughts of Cassima....
Hours pass....

Long ago, in the castle of a kingdom called Daventry....

VAL "Alexander! Here you are! You're still not thinking about Cassima, are you?"

ALEX "Hmmm? I suppose I am."

VAL "Son, it's been MONTHS. You've GOT to pull yourself together. After all, you only met her that once...."

ALEX "I know."

VAL "Have you discovered anything about the Land of the Green Isles?"

ALEX "No! No one's even heard of it! It's like she's just vanished!"

VAL "I wish I could help. Please try to think about something else, dear."

ALEX "I'll try, Mother."

CAS "Alexander.... I feel so alone. I don't know what to do.... Alexander, I wish you were here...."

ALEX "Cassima! Wait!"

ALEX "MOTHER! MOTHER, COME QUICK!"

VAL "Alexander, what on earth? You're white as a ghost!"

ALEX "Mother, I saw Cassima! She was in the mirror!"

VAL "In the mirror? The magic mirror?"

ALEX "Yes! And it showed me how to find her!"

VAL "How?"

ALEX "The stars! I saw the stars outside her window! I can navigate by the stars!"

VAL "Oh, Alexander.... If you really go...."

ALEX "It will be alright, Mother. I promise."

Three long months Prince Alexander sailed the known seas...and beyond.

ALEX "Land ho! LAND HO! LAND HO!"

As the ship nears the shore, day turns to night and the sea turns violent....

Long ago, in the castle of a kingdom called Daventry....

A young prince sits alone in the throne room, head in hands, lost in melancholy.

His mother, Queen Valanice, enters, and hastens to his side.

VAL "Alexander! Here you are! You're still not thinking about Cassima, are you?"

ALEX "Hmmm? I suppose I am."

VAL "Son, it's been MONTHS. You've GOT to pull yourself together. After all, you only met her that once...."

ALEX "I know."

VAL "Have you discovered anything about the Land of the Green Isles?"

ALEX "No! No one's even heard of it! It's like she's just vanished!"

VAL "I wish I could help. Please try to think about something else, dear."

ALEX "I'll try, Mother."

With a feeling of helplessness, the Queen turns and leaves her son to his thoughts.

Suddenly, the magic mirror on the wall flashes to life....

The prince leaps to his feet and runs to place his hand against the shimmering glass.

Beneath his fingers, the mirror dissolves into a scene of a beautiful girl in a tower's window, looking out on a starry night sky. It is Cassima!

CAS "Alexander.... I feel so alone. I don't know what to do.... Alexander, I wish you were here...."

The picture fades to glass, the princess to the prince's own reflection.

ALEX "Cassima! Wait!"

But the image is gone! Prince Alexander turns towards the throne room doors.

ALEX "MOTHER! MOTHER, COME QUICK!"

Queen Valanice rushes in, her face full of concern.

VAL "Alexander, what on earth? You're white as a ghost!"

ALEX "Mother, I saw Cassima! She was in the mirror!"

VAL "In the mirror? The magic mirror?"

ALEX "Yes! And it showed me how to find her!"

VAL "How?"

ALEX "The stars! I saw the stars outside her window! I can navigate by the stars!"

VAL "Oh, Alexander.... If you really go...."

ALEX "It will be alright, Mother. I promise."

And so, the prince leaves his homeland, bound for a land he knows only by the stars.

Three long months Prince Alexander sails the known seas...and beyond.

Until finally, on a day like every other day at sea, as the young prince searches through his

spyglass.

He sights land!

ALEX "Land ho! LAND HO! LAND HO!"

Eagerly, the ship bounds towards the distant shore.

Day turns to night and the ship nears the shore. As the sky blackens, so too, does the sea.

The ship is tossed amidst monstrous currents and whirlpools, as though the land itself were shoving the vessel away.

The battle is courageous, but the ship, and the prince, are drawn down and down....

Down into the sea....

Trite

Alexander is already carrying that.

Alexander looks in the mirror and sees...

...a handsome, somewhat lonely young man.

Alexander opens the bargain book and reads a paragraph at random.

ALEX Two dulcimas raised to the degree of 40 halfdulcimas, divided into equal parts by the third of a cackle of grouse geese, put over the result of ten finemackels (albeit small finemackels), stretched over the total of....

Phew! What an incredibly boring book! No wonder the book shop owner wanted to get rid of it so badly.

Alexander opens the rare book and looks inside.

The book contains riddles and has a page missing. Alexander glances at a few of the conundrums, but finds himself more curious about the one that is missing.

What was the riddle, he wonders. More importantly, what was the answer?

Alexander opens the spell book.

The brick is already heavy enough to carry around without playing with it!

The paintbrush would not leave a lasting impression on Alexander.

Alexander has no need to wear the serving clothes here.

Alexander doesn't want to dirty his hands by playing with that coal.

Alexander grasps the coin of Daventry firmly and thinks of home.

The coins from the dead man's eyes give Alexander an uneasy feeling.

Alexander may indeed be heartbroken over Cassima, but he's hardly ready to use the dagger on himself!

Alexander decides to swallow the potion in the bottle labeled 'drink me' to see what happens.

Suddenly, his vision fades to black....

His lungs become too heavy to breathe.... His heartbeat slows....

Then beats no more!

Suddenly, his heart takes a lurch, then beats strong....

His chest heaves like that of a newborn....

His vision clears, and Alexander feels fine!

ALEX "Phew! For a minute there I thought.... What if someone ELSE had seen me and thought.... Zounds!"

Alexander already has a pretty good idea what that potion does, and he doesn't want to waste the rest of it.

Alexander is 'tickled' enough just to be out on his own on this adventure!

Phew! That flower stinks!

Alexander plays a lovely little tune on the flute.

Alexander is more comfortable carrying the gauntlet than wearing it.

Alexander can see his hand through the ghostly ticket.

As Alexander contemplates the strand of Beauty's hair, he finds himself hoping that she is happy with her prince.

Alexander looks with longing at the strand of long black hair. Could it be Cassima's?
The transparent hanky may be fine for a ghost, but Alexander feels a little nervous about using it himself.

Alexander feels his pockets carefully to make sure he hasn't lost anything.

Alexander can't use the hole-in-the-wall on himself, but, if he could, he would see thoughts of Cassima.

Alexander decides to open the empty ink bottle.

ALEX "<Urg!> It's stuck...it's...."

ALEX "Whoa!"

ALEX "Why, the ink bottle isn't empty at all...it's full of INVISIBLE ink!"

ALEX "Not very strong, but not bad!"

Alexander doesn't want to waste his invisible ink! A thing like that might come in handy!

Alexander rubs the lamp, but nothing happens. The genie must not be home right now.

Alexander rubs the lamp, but nothing happens.

Alexander unfolds the letter. It is addressed to Alhazred from the Wizard Shadrack and reads:

"Greetings to a brother of the Black Cloak. I was sorry to hear of great Mordack's death, though he was a bit of a ninny at chess."

"It seems the plans for that little kingdom of yours are coming along. I must congratulate you on your handling of the king and queen. Isolating the islands so that no protest could develop was another brilliant stroke."

"It looks like there's not much left to stand in your way. Do as I recommended with the girl, and you shall have your crown."

ALEX "Alhazred, you shall pay for this!"

Alexander's hands only make the lettuce melt faster.

That's wet!

Alexander searches for a way to reach the black-haired girl whose memory will not escape him.

Alexander reads the poem and thinks of Cassima....

What was it when I looked at you?

What power has chained me through and through?

And binds my heart with links so tight,

I cannot live without the sight

of you?

What nameless thing has captured me?

And made me powerless to flee?

What thing is it without a name,

that brings my mind ever back the same

to thee?

The name of 'love' cannot apply,

its commonness does not descry,

the haunted, hunted, painful cry

that my heart makes for you.

That ever my soul eternal makes for you.

Alexander remembers what the pawn shop owner said about only being able to use the map "out in the open" and "within sight of the sea." He correctly guesses that the map will not work here.

Alexander pulls out his magic map.

Alexander drinks the milk and discards the bottle. Yum!

Alexander eats the mint. Hmm...not bad. A little stale, perhaps.

Alexander can't think of anything to do with that nail right now!

Alexander reads Cassima's note again, searching for any sign of her true feelings for him....

Dearest Alexander:

I cannot believe you are here, my friend. Please, please be careful! Abdul isn't about to let anyone interfere with his plans. Watch out for Abdul's genie, Alexander, and do not do anything rash. I am not without resources, and I will prevail if I can only find some small means of defense. Do nothing to try to get to me. You must not be endangered again for my sake.

Greatly in your family's debt,

Cassima

The participle is safely tucked away while Alexander decides what to do with it.

Alexander appreciates the beauty of the pearl.

Alexander eats the peppermint. Yum!

Alexander rubs the soft fur of the rabbit's foot and hopes for a little luck.

Alexander looks with longing at the red ribbon. Could it be Cassima's?

Alexander doesn't want to live with Beast forever!

Alexander is already wearing the ring.

The rose smells sweet.

Alexander decides against wearing the flamboyant red scarf. It really clashes with his green tunic!

Alexander doesn't want to use the scythe on himself. He's not THAT depressed!

Alexander has never had a problem finding his own words.

Alexander has no reason to use the shield here.

Ah, to unlock the mysteries of man!

Two heads ARE better than one, but Alexander is already carrying the skull.

Alexander cracks open the spoiled egg to see what's inside.

ALEX "Phew! Smells like sulphur!"

The egg, shell and all, disintegrates into a cloud of evil-smelling gas which floats away. Ah, well! What possible use could Alexander have found for a spoiled egg?

Alexander promises himself that he will not go home until he has determined what Cassima's feelings are for him, and if she needs his help.

The teacup is too delicate to be played around with. Alexander might break it!

There's no need for extra light here.

Alexander doesn't even like to eat plain tomatoes, much less that rotten one!

Alexander drinks the Oracle's sacred water. The vial disintegrates as it's drained.

Hmmm...not bad. But he doesn't feel any different.

Alexander winds the mechanical nightingale and listens to its sweet, sunny tune.

There's no reason to use that object there.

That would serve no purpose.

Alexander sees no use for that item there.

Alexander sees nothing of interest there.

There's nothing to do there.

There's no reason to touch that.

There is no reply.

Alexander can't see any way to hold a conversation with that.

Alexander is greeted with silence.

Taking off your adventurer's cap so soon?

NO! I must quest on!

Yes! I've had it!

Are you sure you want to clear your game and restart?
Oops. Cancel restart.
Yes. Restart already.

There's no reason to use that on the rock.
Alexander has no need to carry around large rocks.
This heavily-forested isle is dotted with rough granite rocks.
Rocks abound on this lush, volcanic isle.
Mysterious-looking volcanic rocks dot this island.
The rocks are silent, as they have been for ages untold.

Alexander prepares to enchant the hunter's lamp with the "Make Rain Spell" incantation.

ALEX "Clouds of thunder, shafts of light,
Come and sup with me tonight.
Waters three have I for tea,
Brew a tempest now for me!"

The lamp in Alexander's hand gives a little perk. He hopes the spell works despite his makeshift "teapot!"

Alexander dips the large, black feather into the teacup...

...and stirs the contents gently.

To his amazement, the jet-black color of the feather slowly drains, from end to tip, into the teacup.

The teacup mixture blackens and thickens to a paint-like consistency. Alexander carefully puts it away, discarding the drained feather.

Alexander feels a strange sensation come over him....

His skin begins to itch....

His head throbs....

ALEX "(ANIMAL-LIKE) UH-<growl> OH!"

ALEX "WHEE WHEE WHEE WHEE!!!"

Alexander is a little busy for that right now. Perhaps he should try it again later.

Sorry! There's not enough memory to do that right now. Try it a little later and/or on another screen.

Spell Book

Alexander browses the details of a spell that claims to be able to "Charm a Creature of the Night." This spell must be cast over a skull containing hot embers, a strand of hair, and brimstone (sulphur). The incantation would do little good without a "Creature of the Night" to charm!

This is the first page.

Alexander carefully reads the instructions for a spell entitled "Magic Paint Spell."

Speaking the incantation would do little good unless there was a painted object nearby to enchant.

Alexander reads with interest the specifications for the "Make Rain Spell."

This spell must be cast over a teapot containing salt water, sacred water, and falling water.

The hunter's lamp is already as "enchanted" as it's ever going to get.

This is the last page.

INCANTATION

MAGIC PAINT SPELL

* 1 Cup Swamp Ooze

* River Styx Water

* 1 Black Horse Feather

Add Styx Water to Swamp Ooze in Cup. Stir with Horse Feather. Apply to blank surface with artist's brush. Speak incantation over painting to materialize.

Magic Paint, black as ink.

Bring to life, what I think.

Make it real, what I draw.

According to this spoken law.

MAKE RAIN SPELL

* Few drops Salt Water not from the sea

* 1 vial Sacred Water

* Falling Water

First mix Salt and Sacred Waters in a Teapot, then add Falling Water. Speak incantation over Teapot to enchant. Heat to boiling to activate.

Clouds of thunder, shafts of light.

Come and sup with me tonight.

Waters three have I for tea.

Brew a tempest now for me!

CHARMING A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT SPELL

* 1 Skull full of hot Oak Embers

* A bit of sulphur (Brimstone)

* 1 Strand of a pure-hearted maiden's Hair

Add Hair and Brimstone to Skull of Embers. In presence of Creature, speak incantation over skull.

Creature of Night, to me succumb!

Fire and Brimstone leave thee numb.

Purity bind thee like a chain.

To do what 'ere I now ordain!

I Don't Have Time For That Now

This is no time for that!

It wouldn't be polite to do that here! Perhaps Alexander should wait until he's not taking up the ferryman's time.

These steps are awfully precarious! Alexander had better concentrate on what he's doing and try that later!

Alexander doesn't want to be rude and do that while in the presence of the old matron. Perhaps he should wait until she leaves.

This cave is too dark! Alexander should wait until he goes outside to try that.

Alexander decides he should concentrate on the room's tiles and try that later!

A trap room is no place to do that! Alexander should wait until he's somewhere a bit safer.
The minotaur's lair is no place to try that! Alexander can wait until he's somewhere a bit more comfortable!
This is no time for that! Alexander should concentrate on the matter at hand and tend to those funny-looking gnomes!
Alexander is a bit busy with the black widow at the moment! Try that again later!
Alexander might offend the queens if he did that rather than paying attention to them!
This is no time for that!
There's no time for that now! Alexander is fighting for his life--and Cassima's!
This is no time for that! Cassima is in real danger--Alhazred is probably headed for her right now!
There's no time for that now! There are guard dogs on patrol just on the other side of that pillar!
This is no time to be experimenting around with an unknown potion; the castle is crawling with guard dogs! Alexander should have thought of that before!
The sound of the flute would doubtless bring the guard dogs down on Alexander's head! Even if it might cheer him up, he's not going to play it here in the castle!
The sound of the mechanical nightingale would doubtless bring the guard dogs down on Alexander's head! That might not be a good idea--at least, not at the present moment!
The Realm of the Dead is a very dangerous place! There's no time for that here!
There's no time for that now! There are guard dogs about!
Alexander doesn't know what that potion might do! He doesn't want to frighten the guard dogs, and there's no one else here who might be impressed with the results!
Alexander doesn't know what that potion might do! He doesn't want to frighten the young girl, and there's no one else here who might be impressed with the results!
Alexander doesn't know what that potion might do, and the book shop owner seems a bit timid for a fright!
Alexander doesn't know what that potion might do! He doesn't want to frighten the Winged Ones' guards, and there's no one else here who might be impressed with the results!

Inventory

The reflection of that object looks just like the item itself.
The book is used to cast spells on completed spell ingredients. That does not look like the complete ingredients for any spell that Alexander can recall.
The magic map doesn't teleport objects.

The reflection of that object looks just like the item itself.
There's no point in using an object on itself.
Alexander examines Beast's mirror. The glass has a startling clarity, and the frame is quite beautiful.
Beast's mirror consists of a piece of glass set into a decorative frame. The glass is unusually clear and the image particularly true.
The mirror's only reflection is in its glass.

It wouldn't be worthwhile to try and spice up the book by doing that.
Alexander opens the bargain book and reads a paragraph at random.
Two dulcimas raised to the degree of 40 halfdulcimas, divided into equal parts by the third of a cackle of grouse geese, put over the result of ten finemackels (albeit small finemackels), stretched over the total of...
!!!Do sound effect: "YAWN!"
Phew! What an incredibly boring book! No wonder the book shop owner wanted to get rid of it so badly.

Alexander is carrying a book from the bargain table in the book shop.

Why would Alexander want to use that on the rare book?

Alexander opens the rare book and looks inside.

Alexander glances at the riddles in the book, but is more interested in the missing page. He hopes the book shop owner won't mind.

Alexander is carrying a 'rare' book from the bookworm. The words on the binding are very faint;

"The <something> <something> Riddle Book."

The spell book cannot enchant itself!

Alexander opens the spell book.

Alexander is carrying a book from the book shop. The cover says, "Ye Olde Spell Booke."

The spell book might speak of magic, but it is not magical enough to speak.

Why would Alexander want to do that to the brick?

The brick feels very heavy and solid in Alexander's hand.

Small speckles of sand stand out against the otherwise gray brick.

The clean paintbrush leaves no imprint on that.

The paint has dried on the tip of the brush and leaves no impression behind.

The spell book would be useless on a clean paint brush!

The "Make Paint Spell" must be used on the object Alexander painted, not on the dirty paint brush.

The paint brush bristles have softened to a perfect consistency after much hard use.

The paint has already dried on the tip of the brush and is now useless.

Alexander is carrying a clean, but well-used, painter's brush.

The painter's brush now has residue from the magic paint left on the tip.

Why do that to Beauty's clothes?

Alexander searches through Beauty's clothes and finds a long strand of blond hair.

Alexander searches through Beauty's clothes but finds nothing.

Beauty's old clothes are very ragged and heavy. They consist of a long, thick dress, and a headpiece which covers the hair and most of the face.

A long strand of Beauty's blond hair is caught in the mantle.

It's not necessary to use that on the coal.

Alexander doesn't want to get his hands dirty by playing with that coal.

Alexander has a pitch black lump of coal that he found on the Isle of the Mists.

There's no reason to use that on the coin of Daventry.

Alexander rubs his fingers over the indentation of King Graham's face on the copper coin, and thinks fondly of home.

Alexander is carrying a copper coin of Daventry. King Graham graces the front of the coin.

Ah, if only Alexander's father could speak now and give his advice!

Alexander doesn't need to do that to the corroded coins.

There's no point in using an object on itself.

Considering where those two coins have been for the past few hundred years (at least), Alexander prefers to touch them as little as possible.

The two coins from the skeleton in the catacombs are extremely old and corroded.

Much like their previous owner, the coins are speechless.

Alexander doesn't want to cut that with the ornate dagger.

Alexander tests the weight of the dagger in his hand. It's too light and small to be a fatal weapon, but it could certainly wound an assailant.
The small dagger is a gift from Lady Celeste. Its handle is decorated with precious gems set in a delicate, feminine style.

It would be pointless to use that on the bottle of potion.
Alexander searches the bottle for a clue about the potion inside, but remains unilluminated.
The little bottle contains some sort of potion and bears a label saying, "DRINK ME." That's rather forward of it!
The bottle only communicates via its label.

Why would Alexander want to use that on the black feather?
The feather feels very stiff and coarse.
Alexander is carrying an unusually large, black feather.

Why would Alexander want to stink up that?
Alexander contemplates touching the flower, but doesn't want to get the flower's stench on his hands.
Colors of flame burst from the center of the incredibly stinky flower and drip onto its petals. The flower's appearance is as flamboyant as its smell!

It's pointless to use that on the flute.
The flute feels light and comfortable in Alexander's hands.
The little flute is carved from a single piece of wood and has tiny finger holes in the shaft.

There is no reason to use that on the gauntlet.
The iron gauntlet is a bit small to fit on Alexander's arm.
The gauntlet is made of black iron and has a message inscribed upon it:
"Flesh may cross the portal,
and seek its master Death.
Flesh may go where Death has trod,
and challenge, like Scheherazade,
He Who Reins Beneath The Sod,
to spare a mortal's breath."
The gauntlet only speaks through the words inscribed on it.

That would have no effect on the ghostly ticket.
Alexander can see his hand right through the transparent ticket.
The ghostly ticket reads, "Admit One."

There is no reason to do that to the strand of golden hair.
Reattaching that strand of hair to the mantle of Beauty's clothes would be rather pointless.
The strand of golden hair feels fine and glossy.
Alexander has a single strand of Beauty's golden hair.

There is no reason to do that to the strand of hair.
The strand of black hair is thick and still bears a trace of perfume.
The strand of hair from the red ribbon is the color of midnight. Alexander can only hope that it belongs to his true love.
Reattaching that strand of hair to the hair ribbon would be rather pointless.

There's no reason to do that to the mother ghost's handkerchief.

Touching the ghost handkerchief gives Alexander a strong mental impression of the mother ghost worriedly searching for her lost son.

Alexander is carrying the mother ghost's translucent handkerchief.

The hole-in-the-wall is doing just fine without that.

The hole-in-the-wall squirms slightly in Alexander's palm.

The hole-in-the-wall has four legs and a curly tail. He's all limbs with only a hole for a body, but that doesn't make him any less "whole."

A bit of the wallflowers' shyness seems to have rubbed off on the hole-in-the-wall, for he remains mute.

There's no reason to use that on the ink bottle.

Alexander shakes the bottle and imagines he hears a faint swishing sound, but decides he is mistaken.

Alexander examines the small bottle and determines that the invisible ink is, indeed, invisible.

Alexander's carrying a little ink bottle. It appears to be empty.

Alexander's carrying a little bottle of invisible ink.

The ink bottle has nothing to say.

There's no reason to use that on the lamp.

Alexander rubs the lamp, but nothing happens. The genie must be out at the moment.

Alexander has the genie's lamp!

There is nobody home right now.

There's no reason to use that on the lamp.

There's no reason to enchant the empty lamp.

The old hunter's lamp is already as "enchanted" as it's ever going to get!

Spells must be cast over completely prepared spell ingredients. The lamp ingredients are not yet ready for enchantment.

Why would Alexander want to use the spell book on the hunter's lamp?

Alexander rubs the lamp but nothing happens.

Alexander is carrying an old, battered hunter's lamp.

The lamp is empty.

The lamp contains fountain water.

The lamp contains baby's tears.

The lamp contains fountain water and baby's tears.

The lamp contains sacred water and baby's tears.

The lamp contains what Alexander hopes is the completed "Make Rain Spell."

The lamp contains sacred water, baby's tears, and fountain water.

The lamp contains sacred water.

The lamp contains fountain water and sacred water.

The lamp does not respond.

Alexander pours the contents of the Oracle's vial into the hunter's lamp. The vial, now empty of its sacred fluid, disintegrates.

The old lamp is already full to the brim with fountain water. There's no room for the Oracle's water.

Alexander pours the contents of the Oracle's vial into the hunter's lamp with the baby's tears. The vial, now empty of its sacred fluid, disintegrates.

Alexander has no reason to pour the Oracle's water in the lamp.

There's no reason to do that to the new lamp.

Alexander rubs the new lamp, but nothing happens.

Alexander has traded the hunter's lamp for a red, oriental-style lamp made out of decorated paper.

Alexander calls into the lamp....

ALEX "Hello, is anybody in there?"

There is no response.

Why would Alexander want to put that in the lamp?

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That lamp has a handle, but neither a spout nor a lid. It's nothing like a teapot.

Alexander has traded for a new lamp similar to the hunter's lamp. However, this one's spout is not hollow, but is made from a piece of solid metal.

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That lamp has a lid and handle, but its spout is plugged. It's not quite enough like a teapot.

Alexander's new lamp is long and narrow. It's open at either end, like a lantern, and is fashioned of flowered blue paper.

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That lamp has a handle, but no lid or spout. It doesn't look anything like a teapot.

This lamp is a small, green, metal lamp. It has handles on either side, resembling a sugar bowl.

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That lamp may have two handles, but it has no spout or lid. It's nothing like a teapot.

Alexander's new lamp is squat and red, with a corked top.

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That would never pass for a teapot.

Alexander has obtained a new lamp made of blue-colored glass with a tall, thin neck and a cork-like cap.

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That doesn't look anything like a teapot.

There's no reason to use that on the vizier's letter.

Alexander opens the letter. It is addressed to Alhazred from the Wizard Shadrack. It reads:

"Greetings to a brother of the Black Cloak. I was sorry to hear of great Mordack's death, though he was a bit of a ninny at chess."

"It seems the plans for that little kingdom of yours are coming along. I must congratulate you on your handling of the king and queen. Isolating the islands so that no protest could develop was another brilliant stroke."

"It looks like there's not much left to stand in your way. Do as I recommended with the girl, and you shall have your crown."

ALEX "Alhazred, you shall pay!"

Alexander is carrying a letter taken from the vizier's trunk.

There is no reason to use that on the lettuce.

The iceberg lettuce is cold, wet, and not good eating.

Alexander is carrying a full head of a queer-looking lettuce made of ice.

The lettuce is rapidly melting.

There is no reason to use that on the melting lettuce.

Alexander is carrying what little remains of a head of iceberg lettuce.

The lettuce is rapidly melting.

There is no reason to use that on the puddle of green water.

The melted iceberg lettuce feels like a puddle of green water.

It that remains of the iceberg lettuce is a rapidly evaporating puddle of green water.

Why would Alexander want to do that to the love poem?

Alexander reads the love poem....

What was it when I looked at you?
What power has chained me through and through?
And binds my heart with links so tight,
I cannot live without the sight
of you?
What nameless thing has captured me?
And made me powerless to flee?
What thing is it without a name,
that brings my mind ever back the same
to thee?
The name of 'love' cannot apply,
its commonness does not descry,
the haunted, hunted, painful cry
that my heart makes for you.

That ever my soul eternal makes for you.

Alexander has a love poem from a book in the book shop.

The poem's written words speak plainly enough.

The magic map doesn't teleport objects.

Alexander pulls out his magic map.

Alexander remembers what the pawn shop owner said about only being able to use the map "out in the open" and "within sight of the sea." He correctly surmises that the map will not work here.

The magic map is made of thin leather, and has life-like drawings of the islands on its uneven surface.

Though it possesses some magical capabilities, the map cannot talk.

It wouldn't be necessary to do that to the milk bottle.

The milk bottle is still cool from the damp air of the swamp where Alexander collected it.

The glass bottle is full of milk. How strange for a plant to produce not only milk, but a container to go with it!

Why use that on the mint?

The mint might melt if Alexander held it too tightly.

The small green mint looks very tasty.

There's no reason to use that on the nail.

Alexander tries to bend the iron nail, but it's too strong.

The iron nail is quite sturdy and has a thin, pointed tip.

Alexander is afraid he might smudge Cassima's letter if he does that.

Alexander reads Cassima's note again, searching for any sign of her true feelings for him....

Dearest Alexander:

I cannot believe you are here, my friend! Please, please be careful! Abdul isn't about to let anyone interfere with his plans. Watch out for Abdul's genie, Alexander, and do not do anything rash. I am not without resources, and I will prevail if I can only find some small means of defense. Do nothing to try to get to me. You must not be endangered

again for my sake.

Greatly in your family's debt,

Cassima

Alexander is carrying a message from his beloved Cassima.

Contrary to what Alexander may wish, the note tells him no more than what is written on the page.

DP "Thanks, no! Me want it not!"

DP "Tickle me not!"

One end of the creature resembles a miniature dragon, while the other looks like a possum. What a strange-looking fellow!

DP "Take me home to!"

Why would Alexander want to mar the pearl?

Alexander turns the pearl slowly in his hand and sees its opaque white hue melt into iridescent colors.

The flawless pearl is the largest Alexander's ever seen.

There's no reason to do that to the peppermint leaves.

Alexander fingers a handful of peppermint leaves, releasing a strong smell of mint.

The peppermint leaves are the color of dark emeralds.

Alexander rubs the object against the rabbit's foot, hoping it will spread good luck.

The long fur of the rabbit's foot is soft to the touch.

The rabbit's foot has long, soft fur.

Alexander doesn't want to do that to the ribbon.

Alexander examines the red ribbon and finds a strand of long, black hair.

The red ribbon feels soft and luxurious between Alexander's caressing fingers.

The lady's hair ribbon is made of the finest red velvet.

A long strand of black hair is caught in the ribbon.

Beast would probably not appreciate Alexander doing that to his ring.

Alexander can't break Beast's spell! The ring needs to be given to a maiden.

Beast's ring is made of pure, heavy gold and bears an insignia possibly related to Beast's princely past.

Alexander doesn't want to do that to his royal insignia ring.

Alexander is already wearing his ring.

Alexander's ring is made of the purest gold and has the insignia of the royal family of Daventry on its face.

Reminiscing of home is fine, but the ring is not a very good listener.

There's no reason to do that.

It feels just as it appears.

That object has nothing to say.

The lovely rose may be damaged if Alexander does that.

This rose feels unusually soft to Alexander.

The rose has a hue of the purest white.

Why do that with the scarf?

The silky red scarf would not make a very good accessory for Alexander's wardrobe.

The scarf is made of red silk.

The scythe would surely damage that!

The scythe feels heavy in Alexander's hands.

The scythe has a long, curved blade and a wooden handle.

That won't complete the sentence.

Alexander already has a pretty good grasp on his words.

Alexander is carrying, oddly enough, a sentence. It says, "Where are you going....?"

The sentence seems to only have one thing to say, "Where are you going....?"

The shield is in no need of adjustment with that.

The wooden shield feels strong and sturdy.

The otherwise plain, wooden shield is embellished with a silver cross.

It isn't necessary to do that to the key.

The skeleton key feels a bit bony.

The skeleton key is made out of small bones.

There's no reason to use that on the skull.

The book can only be used to cast spells over prepared spell ingredients. The ingredients in the skull are incomplete.

There's no reason to cast a spell on an empty skull.

Alexander puts the strand of hair into the skull.

Alexander puts the strand of hair into the skull containing the embers and the spoiled egg.

There's no reason to put the hair into an empty skull.

Alexander examines the skull and feels a sense of his own mortality.

Alexander is carrying a human skull filled with embers.

The embers are cold.

The embers are glowing with heat.

Alexander is carrying a human skull filled with oak embers and the contents of a spoiled egg.

The embers are glowing hot. A foul, sulfurous-smelling steam rises from the spoiled egg and embers mixture.

The embers have grown cold, and the mixture has coagulated into a foul mess.

Alexander is carrying a human skull filled with embers and a strand of hair.

Alexander is carrying a human skull.

Alexander is carrying a human skull filled with oak embers, a strand of hair, and a spoiled egg.

Alexander cracks the spoiled egg and dumps it into the skull containing the embers.

The spoiled egg hisses as it makes contact with the hot embers! Zounds, the steam! Phew, the smell of sulfur!

The embers, having grown cold since Alexander collected them, mix with the foul contents of the spoiled egg to make a stinky, mucky mess. Somehow, this just doesn't look quite right.

Alexander cracks the spoiled egg, and dumps it into the skull containing the embers and the strand of hair.

There's no reason to put the spoiled egg in the empty skull.

The skull is as silent as the grave.

The oak embers have burnt into ash. There is no way to relight them.

This is the only page of inventory.

The egg may crack if Alexander uses that on it.
Alexander is careful in handling the spoiled egg. That shell looks ready to burst!
The spoiled egg has a slightly yellowed shell that bulges in spots from the pressure of the gases inside.

There's no reason to put that in the teacup.
To cast the "Magic Paint Spell," Alexander must first paint an object at a desired location, then use the spell book on the painted object to enchant it.
Casting spells is done over prepared spell ingredients. That doesn't look like the completed ingredients to any spell that Alexander can recall.
There's nothing left in the cup worth enchanting. The "Make Paint Spell" must be used on the object Alexander painted.
To paint something, Alexander must first choose a location where he wants to paint. The paint can then be used on that location.
There's no reason to use the clean paintbrush on the empty teacup.
The 'paint' is not ready to be used yet.
The magic paint has been used up.
The black feather would have little effect on an empty teacup.
Alexander doesn't have all the paint ingredients in the cup yet. The spell isn't ready to be stirred.
The teacup feels delicate and fragile.
The little china teacup is made of fine porcelain.
The teacup contains a thick, black, paint-like mixture.
The teacup is empty.
The teacup contains swamp ooze.
The teacup contains swamp ooze and water from the River Styx.
The teacup contains the residue of black paint.
The teacup contains water from the River Styx.
The teacup is stumped for an answer.

Alexander doesn't want to put that in the tinder box.
It feels exactly like a tinder box.
The pawn shop's tinder box is slightly battered but in reasonably good shape. The tinder box contains a candle as well as some flint and tinder.
The oak embers have burnt into ash. There is no way to relight them.

RTO "Hey! Get that outta my face!"
RTO "Hands off, you!"
The old, rotten tomato gives Alexander a mean look and grumbles sourly.
RTO "Put me down! Right now! Ya ignorant <mutter> <grumble> two-legged beast, ya!"
Rather rotten, isn't he?
RTO "Where were ya born, a BARN? It's a pig sty back here! All this STUFF ya got! Whaddya wanna carry all this trash around for?"
RTO "I gotta lawyer, ya know! There's kidnappin' laws in this here kingdom!"
RTO "Yer ugly and ya smell bad! Put me down before I juice all over ya!"
RTO "Whaddya want from me? A re-cer-tation or somethin'? Leave me alone!"

Alexander doesn't want to waste the Oracle's sacred water on that.
Alexander examines the Oracle's vial. It looks very fragile. Inside, he can see crystal clear water.
The small vial contains the Oracle's sacred water. The water has a crystalline appearance.

There's no reason to use that on the mechanical nightingale.
The mechanical nightingale's hard tin body doesn't feel anything like a real bird's soft feathers.

The mechanical nightingale is made of tin painted dreary shades of brown to match the coloring of a real nightingale. A small key emerges from its back.

ISLE OF THE CROWN

Beach

There's no need to use that on the coin of Daventry.

Alexander takes the coin and leaves the ruined box where it is.

There's a copper coin in the treasure box. The coin bears the seal of Daventry and King Graham's noble face.

The coin has nothing to say.

There's no reason to put that in the ruined box.

There's nothing of interest in that part of the box.

There's nothing left in the box, and the box itself is ruined.

The box must have opened in the sea, spilling its treasure. Everything has been washed away except for one coin of Daventry.

The box is now empty.

The box is only a box and has nothing to say.

There's no reason to use that on the box.

Alexander might need the coin. He decides not to put it back in the box.

Alexander opens the box.

Alexander closes the box.

Alexander's treasure box lies partially buried in the sand. It must have washed ashore with the other ship debris.

Money may indeed talk, but the treasure box can't.

Alexander can't do anything with the other island from here.

Alexander can't reach the other island's mountain from here.

In the distance, Alexander can see the peak of a mountain rising up from the base of another island.

Apparently, the island Alexander is standing on is part of a chain of islands.

No one on the other island could hear Alexander from here.

There's no reason to use that on the green plants.

Alexander has no wish to disturb the green plants.

The island is covered with lush green plants.

The plants say nothing.

There's no reason to use that on the ship debris.

Alexander has no use for the ship debris.

Broken pieces of Alexander's ship litter the beach.

The debris has nothing to say.

There's no reason to throw that into the sea.

Alexander has no taste for salt water.

The ocean appears calm, but there's a dimpling pattern to the surface which indicates an undertow.

The currents continue to murmur, but they do not reply to Alexander.
The ocean is not as calm as it appears. Underwater currents tug at Alexander's legs.

The underwater tow is amazingly strong here. It pulls ferociously at Alexander's legs.
Before Alexander can retreat, the current grabs his legs! The shifting sand vanishes from beneath his feet! Against his best efforts, he is dragged out to sea!

There is no reason to use that on the path.
To take the path, Alexander need only walk down it.
A path leads inland to the north.
Calling down the path is pointless.

There's no reason to use that on the plank.
Alexander pushes the plank to one side.
A box has been partially buried under sand.
Alexander moves the plank back to its original position.
A long plank lies on the beach. No doubt it once belonged to Alexander's ship.
The plank seems board and does not reply.

There's no reason to use that on the ring in the sand.
Alexander picks up his royal insignia ring from the beach.
Alexander's royal insignia ring lies abandoned on the sand. It must have slipped from his finger during the shipwreck. Fortunately, it was not lost in the sea.
The ring in the sand cannot talk.

There's no reason to use that there.
Alexander sees nothing of interest there.
Alexander is standing on a beach littered with debris from his shipwreck. A path leads north into the lush green island. An occasional breeze rustles the nearby foliage.
ALEX "Hello! Anybody there?"
There's no reply. If there are people on this island, they must be too far away to hear Alexander.
ALEX "(CALLING) Hello?"
There's no reply to Alexander's call.

There's no reason to bury that in the sand.
The sand is warm to the touch.
The beach is covered with a fine-grained, white sand.
Alexander barely found his ring in the sand the first time--he doesn't want to lose it again!
The sand does not reply.

Without a ship, Alexander has no need for a ship's wheel.
The wheel from Alexander's ship floats nearby in the sea.
The wheel is well-traveled, but it says nothing of its voyages.

There's no reason to use that on the sky.
Alexander cannot reach the sky.
The sky is sunny and clear. A few white clouds accent the bright blue.
The sky does not respond.

ALEX "Are you coming, Majesty?"
CAL "Alhazred's treachery must be handled carefully, Alexander. Allaria and I must go

gather our allies and form a plan."

CAL "In the meantime, watch over Cassima. Make sure she comes to no harm. We will return as soon as we can to take back all that has been stolen from us."

ALEX "I will keep her safe until your return."

ALL "Thank you, son. Your love for our daughter must be deep indeed for you to have undertaken Death itself for our sakes."

CAL "Indeed. May we succeed in what awaits us, and live long together as a family."

Alexander awakens to find himself on an unfamiliar beach. For a moment, he is too dazed to remember how he got here.

Then he does remember. The shipwreck...the sea. Just as he had seen his men safely into the life boats, a gigantic wave picked him up and tossed him overboard, into the churning sea.

That was the last he'd seen of his crew. Debris from the shipwreck is scattered along the shore, but of the life boats and his men, there is thankfully no trace.

He can only hope and pray that the life boats survived the currents, and that his men made their way safely back to Daventry.

!!!Removed this line. Then he pulls himself together, remembering his mission...remembering the face in the mirror.

But where IS Daventry? For that matter, where is HE? And how will he ever find Cassima now?

There's no reason to use that on the broken remains of Alexander's ship. The ship is beyond help.

The ship is ruined. It has nothing further to offer Alexander.

The remains of Alexander's sailing ship lie dashed upon the distant shore.

No one remains aboard the broken vessel.

Scene with the big tree

Alexander plays his flute. The nightingale just looks at him curiously.

There's no reason to do that with the page on the ground.

It's a note!

Dearest Alexander:

I cannot believe you are here, my friend! Please, please be careful! Abdul isn't about to let anyone interfere with his plans. Watch out for Abdul's genie, Alexander, and do not do anything rash. I am not without resources, and I will prevail if I can only find some small means of defense. Do nothing to try to get to me. You must not be endangered again for my sake.

Greatly in your family's debt,

Cassima

Alexander's hand trembles as he reads the note. For the first time in his long search, he has heard her voice again--if only in writing.

No words of love, only friendly concern. "Friend!" Is the maiden merely shy, or does she regard him only as a brother?

The nightingale has dropped a bit of paper on the ground.

The note may indeed talk to Alexander, but he'll need to pick it up first.

Alexander can do nothing with the castle from here.
Alexander will have to take the path to reach the castle.
In the distance, a majestic castle shines in the sun.
Whatever inhabitants might live in the distant castle, they would never hear Alexander from here.

There's no reason to use that on the ferns.
The large ferns would be of little use to Alexander.
Large, leafy ferns spread their fronds across the fertile ground.
The ferns may appreciate the sound of Alexander's voice, but they do not reply.

Alexander doesn't see a reason to put that in the tree's hollow.
Alexander examines the tree's hollow but finds nothing of interest.
A hollow in the trunk of the old tree forms a perfect nesting place for wildlife.
ALEX "Hello! Is anyone in there?"
There is no reply from the hollow in the tree.

The path is well-used enough already, and doesn't need any adjustments from Alexander.
To take the path, Alexander need only walk upon it.
The path splits here, forming a crossroads. One branch heads northeast towards a distant castle and one leads northwest into a small village.
The path wanders on its way without comment.

The ribbon on the ground is in need of no alterations.
It's a red velvet hair ribbon! Could it be? Could it possibly belong to Cassima herself?
ALEX "(MELANCHOLY) Or am I merely wishing it were so <sigh>?"
It's a red velvet hair ribbon! The bird must have taken Alexander's ring to someone who sent back this ribbon in return. Could it possibly be? Dare he hope that the someone is Cassima herself?
ALEX "(MELANCHOLY) If only it could be so <sigh>."
The nightingale has dropped a bit of red velvet on the ground.
Whatever message the red ribbon is intended to convey, it does so in silence.

There's no reason to use that there.
Alexander sees nothing to do there.
Alexander is standing at a crossroads. To the left, he can see a village. To the right, a castle. From the south, come the sounds of the sea.
ALEX "Hello? Is anyone about?"
Alexander gets no reply.

The little bird does not appear to be interested in that.
Alexander shows the object to the bird, hoping to interest her.
The nightingale just looks warily at Alexander and keeps her distance.
The little bird couldn't do anything with something that heavy!
The little bird couldn't do anything with something of that shape!
The nightingale doesn't like the smell of that flower at ALL.
Alexander plays his flute. The nightingale just looks at Alexander curiously.
The nightingale wouldn't know what to do with that single strand of hair.
Although the nightingale seems interested in Alexander, she would never allow him close enough to grab her!
Alexander can't reach the bird, and she doesn't seem interested in coming to a stranger.
The nightingale sings her crystalline song in the boughs of the old tree.
The nightingale looks at Alexander curiously, as though waiting for something.

A nightingale perches on a high branch of the tree. She sings the most beautiful song Alexander has ever heard.

Alexander holds out the love poem, hoping that the bird will deliver it to the same place she took the white rose--in the chance that the receiver might be Cassima!

The nightingale takes the love poem from Alexander's hand, as she had the rose, and wings off towards the castle!

Alexander holds out the love poem, hoping that the bird will deliver it to the same place she took the ring--in the chance that the receiver might truly be Cassima!

The nightingale swoops down, grabs the love poem, and takes it towards the castle!

Alexander holds out the love poem to the nightingale, hoping that she perhaps is the nightingale that Jollo spoke of, and that she might be able to take the words of love to her mistress, Cassima.

The nightingale swoops down and grabs the poem!

She flies off towards the castle. Perhaps to Cassima?

Alexander holds out the poem to the nightingale.

To Alexander's surprise, the nightingale swoops down and grabs the page from his hand!

The nightingale flies off towards the castle with the poem! Where might she be taking it?

It seems that the nightingale is no lover of the taste of peppermint.

The nightingale seems to have a natural distaste for the rabbit's foot.

Alexander doesn't want to give that back to the nightingale! She delivered it to him!

Alexander holds out his royal ring, hoping that the bird will deliver it to the same place she took the poem--in the chance that the receiver might be Cassima!

Alexander holds out his royal ring, hoping that the bird will deliver it to wherever she took the poem and the rose. He can only trust that Cassima is the recipient of his tokens, rather than some nest in a tree!

Alexander holds out his royal ring, hoping that the bird will deliver it to the same place she took the rose--in the chance that the receiver might be Cassima!

The nightingale swoops down, grabs the ring, and takes it towards the castle!

Alexander holds out his insignia ring to the nightingale, hoping she perhaps is the nightingale that Jollo spoke of, and that she might be able to take the ring to Cassima. The ring is the one thing he has that might alert Cassima to his presence on the isles.

The nightingale swoops down and grabs the ring!

She flies off towards the castle. Perhaps to Cassima?

Alexander holds out his royal ring to the nightingale.

To Alexander's surprise, the nightingale swoops down and grabs the ring from his hand!

The nightingale flies off towards the castle with Alexander's ring! Where might she be taking it?

Alexander holds out the rose, hoping that the bird will deliver it to the same place she took the poem--in the chance that the receiver might be Cassima!

Alexander holds out the rose, hoping that the bird will deliver it to same place she took the ring--in the chance that the receiver might truly be Cassima!

The nightingale swoops down, grabs the rose, and takes it towards the castle!

Alexander holds out the rose, hoping that the bird will deliver it to Cassima!

The nightingale takes the rose and heads for the castle once more!

Alexander has already sent Cassima a rose. Surely, Alexander doesn't want to get repetitive this early in the courtship!

Alexander holds out the white rose to the nightingale, hoping she perhaps is the nightingale that Jollo spoke of, and that she might be able to take the delicate flower to her mistress, Cassima.

The nightingale swoops down and grabs the white rose from Alexander's hand!

She flies off towards the castle with the rose. Perhaps to Cassima?
Alexander holds out the rose to the nightingale.

To Alexander's surprise, the nightingale swoops down and grabs the rose from his hand!
The nightingale flies off towards the castle with the rose! Where might she be taking it?
The little bird just ruffles her feathers at the sight of that large, brightly-colored scarf.
The nightingale doesn't want anything to do with that key made of bones!

ALEX "Hello, nightingale! What can you tell me of my love?"

The nightingale sings sweetly as if she had understood Alexander's request and was singing of her beloved mistress.

ALEX "Hello, little nightingale. Of what do you sing?"

The nightingale only looks at Alexander curiously and continues to sing.

ALEX "Hello, nightingale! What a lovely tune you sing!"

The nightingale only looks at Alexander suspiciously and continues to sing.

Alexander winds the mechanical nightingale.

It plays its pleasant, tinny tune.

The living nightingale in the tree listens to the tune curiously.

Alexander winds the mechanical nightingale and places it on the ground.

The mechanical nightingale sings a sweet, tinny tune. The real nightingale in the tree cocks her head and listens intently.

The nightingale flies to a lower branch and looks at Alexander curiously as if she were deciding that this human might not be so bad.

The nightingale has returned from her flight with Alexander's poem. She flutters off her branch and drops a piece of parchment at Alexander's feet.

The nightingale has returned from her flight with Alexander's ring. She flutters off her branch and drops something red at Alexander's feet.

The little bird returns to her branch--without the rose.

Alexander waits in vain for Cassima's nightingale to return, but the bird does not. Could there be something wrong? Or does Cassima simply not welcome his attentions further?

The little bird returns to her branch without the poem. Alexander wishes he knew what happened to his message of love.

The little bird makes a delivery!

Alexander doesn't want to disturb the old tree.

Alexander can see no reason to clamber about on the old tree; he would only scar its bark. Besides, he would destroy the delicate trust he's established with the little nightingale.

Alexander can see no reason to clamber about on the old tree; he would only scar its bark.

Alexander can see no reason to clamber about on the old tree; he would only scar its bark. Besides, he would frighten away the nightingale and miss its lovely song.

A grand old tree stretches its luxurious limbs out over the crossroads.

The old tree must have witnessed many intrigues and many tragedies, but it keeps its stories to itself.

The village in the distance cannot be altered--especially not from here.

To reach the village, Alexander need only walk there.

To the left, a small village seems to invite the weary traveller.

The villagers might be more responsive if Alexander moved closer.

Cassima animations

- CAS "Sing Sing, what have you found? A scrap of paper?"
- CAS "This is no mere bit of paper, but words of love! Who sent this? It must have been Abdul! Oh, Sing Sing, will he never give up?"
- CAS "You must be careful, pretty bird! Stay away from Abdul! I don't trust him so close to you. Now, go!"
- CAS "Sing Sing, my sweet, you bring another present! Let me see!"
- CAS "It's a poem, Sing Sing!"
- CAS "What was it when I looked at you?
What power has chained me through and
through?
And binds my heart with links so tight,
I cannot live without the sight
of you...."
- CAS "Oh, AlexANder!"
- CAS "I was hoping he'd return to you! Take this to him while he waits! Hurry, my fleet one!"
- CAS "I was hoping he'd return to you. Take this to him, my fleet one, then find some new place to hide! It isn't safe for him to be seen with you, however precious his messages! Now, go!"
- CAS "(SWEET BUT SAD) Sing Sing! What have you got in your mouth, my pretty?"
- CAS "(CONFUSED, SHOCKED, THEN EXCITED) A gold ring? Sing Sing, where did you get this? 'Realm of Daventry....?' But, this is Alexander's ring! Oh, my soul, he must be here!"
- CAS "(EXCITED, WISHFUL) Sing Sing, I wish you could tell me what you've seen! Is he really here, then; on this very island? Oh, if only I could leave this castle as easily as you!"
- CAS "(EXCITED, BUT WORRIED) Take this ribbon, Sing Sing. If you know where he is, return it to him!"
- CAS "(WORRIED, WHISPERING) Please be careful, Alexander. It is so dangerous, and yet...I could not wish you away."
- CAS "(SAD, WORRIED) Once you've delivered the ribbon, find a new place to hide. I don't want Alexander endangered any more than he already is. If Alexander is seen with you, Abdul will surely take revenge!"
- CAS "Who sent this rose so white? It must have been Abdul! I'm surprised it did not wither and blacken in his hand! Confound it, will he never give up?"
- CAS "A love poem and now a rose! Sing Sing, I told you to stay away from the vizier! He's as likely to give you arsenic as these unwanted tokens!"
- CAS "A white rose, how beautiful! It must be from Alexander! How I wish that I could see him with my own eyes, but Abdul will never allow it!"
- CAS "He only risks capture by sending me these things, dear to my heart though they are. Fly elsewhere, my pretty friend. Do not endanger Prince Alexander again by taking tokens from his hand!"
- CAS "Forgive me, Alexander...and forget me. I cannot return your love, for I fear that I shall never leave this castle again!"
- CAS "Be careful, Sing Sing! Do not allow anyone to see you with Alexander!"

Castle Exterior 1

Taking his cue from the serving women he's seen enter the castle, Alexander decides to try a few

'alterations' to make himself more acceptable to the guards. He ducks into the little hut to put on Beauty's clothes.

Feeling a little foolish, Alexander slips Beauty's old slave clothes on over his own. Imagine if Cassima saw him like this!

ALEX "(NERVOUSLY. TO HIMSELF) Well, <sigh> here we go."

GRU "You there! Girl! You're late! Get a move on before the vizier sees you!"

ALEX "YES <a-hem> yes, sir."

There's no reason to use that on the bushes.

The bushes are probably not hiding anything useful. Besides, they are too prickly to examine closely.

Formal hedges and bushes provide dramatic landscaping for the castle.

The bushes are neatly trimmed and not in need of a hack job from Alexander.

The bushes are too prickly to reply.

There's no point in using that on the castle entrance, even if Alexander could get close enough to do so.

The castle doors are firmly shut and bolted.

The castle doors are open.

Alexander would never get close enough to that door to try the skeleton key on it.

It won't do any good to try to convince the door itself to allow Alexander to pass. It only does as it's told.

GRU "(THREATENING) We said you will not be getting inside! Step away!"

GRU "(THREATENING) Halt <growl>! No strangers may enter the Castle of the Crown!"

GRU "(THREATENING) We are under orders not to let you anywhere NEAR the castle, Prince Alexander! Begone!"

There's no point in using that on the castle.

Alexander can't do anything with the castle here! He'll have to find someplace where there aren't any guards.

Alexander can't pass through the castle walls, nor can he scale them with the guards on alert.

The hole-in-the-wall might provide fascinating insight on the castle, but the guards would never allow Alexander to get close enough to the castle walls to use it.

The castle appears to be of Moorish architecture. Its marbled walls and delicate inlaid mosaics are unlike anything Alexander has ever experienced before. His own home, though lovely and dear to his heart, seems rough-hewn compared to this delicate beauty.

The castle is as silent as marble.

Alexander can't do anything with the castle here! He'll have to find someplace where there aren't any guards.

Alexander cannot reach the distant mountains from here.

Far beyond the castle, Alexander can see a vista of mountains and trees. Whether they are part of this island or another is impossible to tell from here.

ALEX "Perhaps this will convince you to allow me to see Cassima."

GRU "(MENACING) That will not get you inside the castle! Quit wasting my time!"

Alexander decides to show the guards something.

GRU "Hold! Stay back, stranger! Only authorized persons are allowed to approach the Castle of the Crown!"

ALEX "I really must get inside the castle to see the princess. Perhaps this will convince you."

GRU "Begone! We have no interest in anything you carry! You are not welcome at the castle!"

ALEX "As proof of my country, I have this coin. It bears a Daventry mint."

GRU "A beggar can own such a coin as well as a prince. This proves nothing."

ALEX "But the image on the coin's face is that of my father, the king."

GRU "Really? Then you must take after your mother. I see no resemblance."

The castle guards seemed unimpressed enough with Alexander's coin of Daventry the first time.

Funny. Alexander always thought he was the spitting image of King Graham.

ALEX "Excuse me, but I have this coin of Daventry. Perhaps you would be interested in it?"

GRU "Step back! We're not interested in your petty treasures, stranger. Only authorized persons are allowed into the castle, and we'll not be bribed by the likes of you."

Alexander decides to offer his coin to the strange guards.

ALEX "Excuse me, but perhaps you would find this of interest."

GRU "Step back! The Castle of the Crown is not open to the public today."

The castle guards are unlikely to believe Alexander as to the origins of that strand of hair.

The guards of the castle gate look like efficient fighters, and there are doubtless more of them inside. Alexander decides NOT to try to force his way in.

Two guard dogs staunchly block Alexander's way into the castle.

Two guards take their stance in front of the castle doors. They look quite fierce and have the stiff, blank expression of soldiers on formal duty.

The two guard dogs look quite firm in their resolution not to let Alexander anywhere near the castle.

Alexander doesn't want to show Cassima's note to anyone!

The castle guards are unlikely to believe Alexander as to the origins of that red ribbon.

Alexander decides to show his royal insignia ring to the Castle of the Crown guards. With all of his papers lost in the shipwreck, it is the only possible 'calling card' he can think of.

ALEX "Good day. I'm Prince Alexander of Daventry. I'm an acquaintance of Princess Cassima. If you could just inform her that I'm here, please."

GRU "Hmph. So everyone says. Let me just look at that ring."

WOO "What does it say, Gruff?"

GRU "Kingdom of Daventry...Prince Alexander... <Growlf>. Wait here while I go see what Captain Saladin thinks of this."

The guard returns a moment later with a majestic-looking creature. Captain Saladin speaks with a voice that is gentle but reflects a will of iron.

SAL "Prince Alexander of Daventry, I presume. I'm afraid I'm unfamiliar with your country, but I'm sure Vizier Alhazred will want to meet you--if indeed, you are a friend of the princess."

SAL "Please, follow me."

Alexander decides to try his royal insignia ring on the guards. With all of his papers lost in the shipwreck, it is the only possible proof of his identity that he can think of.

ALEX "Perhaps this ring will convince you of my identity. It is the royal insignia ring of Daventry."

GRU "(DOUBTFUL)Hmph. I'm sure. Just let me look at that ring."

GRU "(RELUCTANTLY CONTRITE)Well, er...<Growf> I'm sorry, your highness. It's just that princes are so uncommon in these parts. Let me get Captain Saladin."

Determined to enter the Castle of the Crown and see Cassima, Alexander decides to show his family ring to the guards. With all of his papers lost in the shipwreck, it is the only possible 'calling card' he can think of.

ALEX "Good day, guard dogs. I am Prince Alexander of Daventry, and I would like...."

GRU "(TO THE OTHER GUARD - ALARMED) Prince Alexander of Daventry? He's the one, Woof!"

WOO "(TO ALEXANDER - THREATENING) See here, now! We've been warned about you! Vizier Alhazred has issued strict orders that you are not to be allowed anywhere NEAR the castle!"

ALEX "(CONFUSED) Me? But I haven't even met the vizier!"

GRU "(TO ALEXANDER - THREATENING) Never mind your excuses! You're on our list of 'undesirables,' and will not be getting into the castle--today, or any day. Now off with you!"

Perhaps Alexander should learn a little more about where he is before offering his family heirloom to total strangers.

Alexander firmly addresses the guard dogs of the Castle of the Crown, determined to get an audience with Cassima.

ALEX "(FRIENDLY, PROFESSIONAL) Excuse me, guardsmen...er...guard dogs. I've been traveling for months to see Princess Cassima. I would like an audience, please."

GRU "(STONY, ADAMANT) I'm sorry, but the princess is not receiving visitors. Particularly not strangers."

Alexander firmly addresses the guards at the Castle of the Crown, determined to get an audience with Cassima.

Alexander politely addresses the odd-looking guards at the castle doors, hoping to learn more about his predicament.

ALEX "Good day to you, guards. I was cast upon this island in a storm, and I'm a little confused about my location. Could you tell me what place this is, and who lives in this castle?"

GRU "Eh? What is that you say? A castaway? A likely story! We haven't had any foreigners in this part since Alhazred arrived."

WOO "(TO THE OTHER GUARD) Don't be so rude, Gruff! He is not asking for any secrets."

WOO "(TO ALEXANDER) You're standing on the Isle of the Crown, lad, and this is the Castle of the Crown. The royal family resides here. Or, rather, what is left of the royal family."

ALEX "(ANXIOUS) The Isle of the Crown? But tell me, am I anywhere near the Land of the Green Isles?"

GRU "This IS the Land of the Green Isles! The Isle of the Crown is the main island, foolish boy!"

ALEX "Then Princess Cassima must live in this very castle!"

WOO "Aye! The princess is indeed our treasured jewel to guard--and we consider it an honor!"

ALEX "Please, if you'll only be reasonable. I really must see the princess."

GRU "Begone! You're not welcome at the castle, Prince Alexander of Daventry! We have our orders, and they are quite clear!"

ALEX "(INSISTENT BUT POLITE) I really must see the princess. Could I please speak with someone in charge?"

GRU "(DISDAINFUL) Who are you that I should bother Captain Saladin?"

ALEX "My name is Alexander. I'm a prince of Daventry and a friend of the princess."

GRU "(SARCASTIC) A prince is it? I see. And I am Lord of this dusty path! Step aside! You'll not be getting into the castle without some proof of your claims!"

ALEX "I assure you, I AM Prince Alexander of Daventry."

GRU "And I assure YOU that you'll not get past me without proof."

There's no reason to put that in the hut.

The little hut is empty.

There's a little hut just off the path. Perhaps the guard dogs have an occasional use for it, but it looks empty now.

There is no one in the guard hut with whom to communicate.

The path is well-used enough already and requires no further manipulation from Alexander. To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.

The path from the crossroads continues north to the castle doors. A branch of the path leads off to the northwest, as though going around the castle.

The path winds its way silently.

There's no reason to use that there.

There appears to be nothing to do there.

Alexander is standing at the entrance to the Castle of the Crown, Cassima's ancestral home. Two guard dogs bar the way into the castle.

Alexander is standing in front of a fabulous castle. The path from the crossroads leads to the castle entrance. The entrance is being guarded by two dog-like creatures.

If Alexander wishes to speak here, perhaps he should address the guard dogs.

A group of serving women are being allowed into the castle.

A group of serving women approach the castle.

GRU "(TO THE WOMEN) Hurry up, girls! There's plenty of work afoot today. No time to dawdle!"

WOM "Yes, Sergeant Gruff."

GRU "It's well that they're here, Woof. Cook has about driven himself mad, I hear, worrying over the wedding preparations."

WOO "Aye, <Woof!>. What a celebration there will be today! Wine will flow like a river of red!"

A group of serving women approach the castle.

GRU "(TO THE OTHER GUARD) Ah, Woof! More serving women! The castle staff is certainly busy today!"

WOO "(TO OTHER GUARD) Aye, Gruff. (TO WOMEN) Get a move on there, wenches. There's plenty of work left to do before the wedding!"

WOM "Yes, Sergeant Gruff."

WOO "Those serving wenches are always late."

There's nothing of interest beyond the castle.

GRU "Good day, Jollo."

JOL "Greetings, my fine-furred friends!"

SAL "(FIRMLY, BUT NOT UNKINDLY) You have had your hearing with Vizier Alhazred. I trust you'll respect his wishes and not return."

SAL "I have been instructed NOT to let you into the castle again. Good day, m'lord."

Captain Saladin whispers something to the guard dogs at the castle gate, and they nod with understanding.

Alexander has a feeling they won't be letting HIM into the castle again.

Meeting The Vizier

SAL "Lord Alhazred, a visitor to see you. Prince Alexander of Daventry."

VIZ "What is it that you seek, Prince Alexander?"

ALEX "Pardon the intrusion, my lord, but I came to see Princess Cassima. Some months ago my father, King Graham, saved my family and I from imprisonment under an evil wizard named Mordack."

VIZ "The same wizard that kidnapped the princess?"

ALEX "Exactly. When my father rescued us, he also liberated Cassima and sent her home."

VIZ "Then your father has my gratitude, and that of the entire kingdom, but I'm afraid I still fail to see the purpose of your visit."

ALEX "<ahem> Well, I came to make sure that Cassima arrived safely and to pay my

- respects. Before we parted, she gave me an invitation to visit."
- VIZ "I have no doubt she did exactly that at the time, Prince Alexander. However, things have greatly changed for Cassima since her ordeal in Mordack's castle."
- VIZ "Cassima's parents both became ill and died while she was gone. Cassima is sequestered in mourning for them, as befits a princess. She is not receiving visitors of ANY kind."
- VIZ "Even if she were, I do not think YOUR visit would be...appropriate. You see, it is time for Cassima to take her responsibilities seriously. With her parents gone, she no longer has the luxury to be a carefree maiden."
- VIZ "As was her parents' wish, Cassima and I are to be wed. We shall rule the kingdom together. I assure you, our marriage is all Cassima wants now. As a prince and a gentleman, it would be best that you leave before there is any further...embarrassment."
- ALEX "I see. I suppose that I was mistaken. I thought for certain that Cassima.... Well, I apologize."
- VIZ "A young man sees what he wishes to see. I'm sorry you've wasted your time traveling to the Land of the Green Isles. May your journey home be swift."
- ALEX "Perhaps I will take the opportunity to look around your fair land while I'm here."
- VIZ "I would advise against that. The kingdom is rather, shall we say, 'inhospitable' these days. But it is YOUR neck. You may risk it if you please."
- VIZ "Captain Saladin will escort you from the castle. Good day."

Castle Exterior 2

Alexander can see what looks like a hallway in the basement of the castle. It must lie just on the other side of this wall.

There's no reason to use that on the bushes.

The bushes are probably not hiding anything useful. Besides, they are too prickly to examine closely.

The bushes near the side wall of the castle have been left natural and unsculptured.

The bushes are too prickly to reply.

Why would Alexander want to use that on the castle wall?

There doesn't seem to be any spells for blank walls in the spell book!

Alexander has already painted the castle wall.

Alexander might have a paintbrush, but he does not have any paint.

The wall is quite solid. Alexander's hands would give way long before the wall did.

Alexander puts the hole-in-the-wall on the side wall of the castle.

The side of the castle is one big blank wall.

Alexander's voice simply bounces back at him from the flat surface of the wall.

Why would Alexander want to use that empty teacup on the wall?

Feeling artistically inspired, Alexander decides to make use of the large, blank castle wall.

Ah! A doorway! Just what Alexander was thinking this wall needed!

Alexander will need something with which to apply the paint before he can paint that wall.

Alexander has already painted the castle wall. Besides, the paint is all gone.

The paint isn't ready to be used on anything yet.

There's no reason to put that through the hole-in-the-wall.

Alexander removes the hole-in-the-wall from the wall.

Alexander looks through the hole-in-the-wall.

The hole-in-the-wall just looks at Alexander mutely, but it seems to be enjoying this particular wall. The castle hallways are patrolled by guard dogs. Great. Maybe Alexander is better off out here after all!

There's no reason to use that on the enchanted door.
That would have no effect on the painted door.
The magic door is already as real as it's going to get.
Alexander opens the spell book.

Eager to be inside the castle at last, Alexander opens the enchanted door...
...and steps inside!

Alexander would love to go through the painted door, but that wall is still quite solid!
A very real-looking door now exists in the castle wall.
A painted door graces the castle wall.
The enchanted door does not respond.
The painted door does not respond.
Alexander has already used the paint on the castle wall.

The path is well-used enough already and requires no further manipulation from Alexander.
To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.
The path turns into dirt here and continues along the side of the castle.
The path winds its way silently.

Alexander is standing next to the side wall of a castle. Unlike the well-guarded castle entrance, this area is deserted. Perhaps the guards are confident that the wall itself is impregnable enough to stop any would-be intruders.
This area is deserted. There's no one here to talk to.
That way is blocked by heavy foliage.
The narrow path ends abruptly at a pile of boulders.

With trepidation, Alexander gathers his strength for the enchantment of the painted door....

"(DRAMATIC, AUTHORITATIVE) Magic paint, black as ink!

Bring to life what I think!

Make it real, what I draw!

According to this spoken law!"

The spell worked! The door has magically solidified!

The vines are too flimsy to support Alexander.
Vines have begun to climb the castle's stucco walls.

Alexander can't do anything with the windows from here.
Alexander can't reach the windows.
Stained-glass windows adorn the castle wall.
The windows are closed and Alexander cannot call through them.

Village

The archway is quite solid and unmovable.

A key-shaped archway provides access to another part of the village.

Alexander cannot reach the windows from here.

Windows face the street from living quarters above the book store.

Alexander can enter the building by using the shop's door.

The village buildings are made of rough sandstone stucco. This one has a shop on the street level and a private dwelling up above. Steps lead up to the shop door.

Alexander might have more success trying to communicate inside the shop.

There's no reason to use that on the door. The door is just a plain door, open to the public.

A wooden door leads to the book shop interior.

The door may lead Alexander into conversation, but first he must open it.

The book shop sign is firmly attached to the shop.

The sign above the door says, "Ali's Books."

The only thing the sign has to say is written all over its face.

There's no point in knocking on the window. Alexander can just enter the shop.

The dusty window of the book shop looks out over the street in a welcoming way.

The window clearly has nothing to reflect upon at this time.

The battered chest does not interest Alexander. It's probably full of plain earthenware.

There's a battered wicker chest in front of a shop.

Alexander can't reach those pants. Besides, they probably wouldn't fit him--nor go with his green tunic.

A pair of red pants have been hung out to dry in the warm glow of the sun.

The pants are too worn out to speak.

Alexander doesn't want to take the shop's door bell.

A small bell attached to the shop door announces the arrival of patrons.

ALEX "Would you accept this in exchange for one of your lamps, peddler?"

PED "I am only interested in old lamps, son. Sorry."

The old man, like most peddlers, is not interested in Alexander's empty hand.

ALEX "(POLITE) Excuse me, peddler, but I have an old lamp that might interest you."

PED "(INTERESTED) Ah! An old lamp! And what a nice traditional design too! Take your pick of my new lamps."

ALEX "(SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED) Excuse me, peddler, but I've decided I'd like to trade in this old lamp after all."

PED "(SLIGHTLY IMPATIENT) Well, we all change our minds, I suppose. Choose your lamp, son."

An old beggar is peddling his wares in the village. He offers a variety of lamps, all neatly lined up on a long pole.

ALEX "(POLITELY) Good day, peddler."

PED "(CHEERFUL) Good day, sir. If you would like to get one of my fine new lamps, I'll need an old lamp in trade."

ALEX "(DOUBTFUL) Isn't it rather a bad business--taking old lamps and giving new lamps in exchange?"

PED "(CHEERFUL) Well, there's always a chance that I'll find a genie. If I had a genie, I'd be richer than a king! Besides, there's always a roaring business in antique

illuminaries."

ALEX "How fare you, peddler?"

PED "Fine, lad. Have you an old lamp for me yet?"

PED "If you decide you'll be wanting a lamp after all, I'll still be happy to trade for that old hunter's lamp of yours."

PED "(CHEERFUL) Ah, fine choice, my son. Here is your new lamp."

PED "(RESPECTFUL) Good day, and I thank you, sir."

ALEX "(FRIENDLY) Good day."

PED "Drat! Another dud!"

One of the lampseller's lamps has an open, oriental style and is made of decorated papered fabric.

One of the lampseller's lamps looks quite similar to Alexander's hunter's lamp--but is shiny and new. Its spout is only decorative, unlike Alexander's lamp, and is plugged with brass.

One of the lampseller's lamps is long and narrow. It's open at either end like a lantern, and is made of flowered blue paper.

One of the lampseller's lamps is a small, green, metal lamp. The handles on either side of the lamp remind Alexander of a sugar bowl.

One of the lampseller's lamps is squat and red, with a corked top.

To trade something for a new lamp, Alexander will have to deal directly with the lampseller.

Alexander will have to deal with the lampseller if he wants to obtain one of those new lamps.

The peddler's pole provides convenient transportation of the lampseller's wares. There are six new lamps on the pole.

The pole of lamps is peculiarly silent.

One of the lamps is made of blue-colored glass and has a tall, thin neck and a cork-like cap.

Alexander should limit his fondling to the lamps!

The lampseller's pole bears six lamps. Each is shining with newness and each has unique characteristics.

ALEX "(SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED) Um, I think I've changed my mind. I'm going to keep my lamp for now."

PED "(WORLD WEARY) As you wish, sir."

PED "<mutter mutter>...people who can't make up their minds...<mutter mutter>"

There's no reason to use that on the palm trees.

The palm trees are beautiful, but neither climbable nor obtainable.

Palm trees, as graceful as gazelles, wave in the warm tropical breeze.

The palm trees whisper in the slight breeze.

Alexander sorts through the odds and ends that the pawn shop owner dumped into the pot.

Magic exploding gum wrappers.... A shattered crystal ball.... A cracked wand.... A fake thumb.... Hmmm....

Near the bottom, Alexander finds a little glass bottle labeled "ink." It appears to be empty, but Alexander decides to take it anyway. You never know when a small bottle will come in handy.

-There's nothing more in the pot that interests Alexander.

Alexander examines the large pot. It's currently empty, but a few scraps in the bottom indicate that it is used as a dump site on occasion.

A large, round pot is one of the pottery pieces on display outside the shops.

A small, round pot is one of the pottery pieces on display outside the shops.

Using that on the sign will accomplish nothing.

Hmmm. Alexander doesn't remember that sign being on the wall before. He decides to take a closer look.

Alexander feels his stomach turn at the thought of the dread event. If he doesn't do something soon, Cassima will be another man's wife!
Alexander feels his stomach lurch and his brow sweat. Wedding? Coronation? If he didn't do something soon, Cassima would become another man's wife!

Alexander takes another look at the wedding proclamation.
Alexander need only read the sign to learn what it has to say.
It's a proclamation. It reads:

"Citizens Rejoice!

Announcing the royal wedding and coronation of Vizier Abdul Alhazred and Princess Cassima. For reasons of security, the wedding will not be open to the public. Long live the new king and queen of the Land of the Green Isles!"

The village buildings are made of rough sandstone stucco. This one houses a pawn shop at the street level and features rough wooden supports accenting the roofline. Steps lead up to the shop door.

A wooden door leads to the pawn shop interior.

Alexander would have no use for a pawn shop sign.

The sign says "Pawn Shoppe."

There's no point in knocking on the window. Alexander can just enter the shop.

The pawn shop window has the words "Curios" and "Antiques" painted on it. What an interesting-looking shop!

The window clearly has nothing to reflect upon at this time.

There's no reason to use that there.

Alexander sees nothing particularly interesting there.

Alexander is standing on a sunny village street. There are open shops to his right, a hard-packed path beneath his feet, and palm trees waving over his head. To the north, a key-shaped arch leads to another part of the village.

ALEX "Hello! Is anyone here?"

No one answers Alexander's shouted greeting. Perhaps he should find someone specific to talk to.

Town walls block travel in that direction.

Alexander isn't interested in the gourd-shaped jugs.

Odd, gourd-shaped jugs rest sheltered by the shade. They perhaps hold wine or water to be kept cool.

"Old lamps for new!"

Alexander is not in the market for pottery just now in his life.

A tall, earthenware vase is one of the pottery pieces on display outside the shops.

Alexander doesn't want to disturb the busy villager.

The villagers bustle about their chores. They seem a busy, if somewhat subdued, lot.

"Hello!"

"Good day!"

The woman seems preoccupied with her chores and doesn't notice Alexander.

The man seems busy with his chores and isn't interested in Alexander.

Alexander can't do anything with that part of the village from here.

The village continues to the north through a key-shaped arch.

Alexander has no need to disturb the shutters.
Wooden shutters frame the village's windows.

Bookstore

There's no reason to use that on the spell book.

If Alexander wants to trade that for the spell book, he'll have to deal with the book shop owner directly.

ALEX "How much for that book on the counter, merchant?"

BOOK "It is a fine book, is it not? I obtained it from the estate of the one and only magician this kingdom has ever had. Poofed himself into an aardvark in the end, or so I heard."

BOOK "I never found the spells all that useful myself, but then I lead a boring life."

BOOK "I tell you what--if you can find another rare book, something a bit more marketable, I might be willing to exchange the spell book for it."

ALEX "How might I obtain that spell book again?"

BOOK "As I said, I would take another rare book in exchange."

An antique, leather-bound book is displayed on a little stand on the counter. On the elaborate cover is the title, "Ye Useful Booke of Magick Spells."

Alexander cannot "commune" with the spell book while it's on the counter.

There's no reason to clutter up the shop's discount table with that.

The book shop owner went to quite a bit of trouble to get rid of that book. Alexander doesn't want to just leave it behind in the shop.

Perhaps Alexander should show Bookworm's book to the shop owner before leaving it in the shop. Alexander doesn't want to leave his spell book on the discount table!

The table is empty.

Alexander picks up the book from the small table.

BOOK "Oh, yes! Please, take that book! You have my most humble thanks for doing so, good sir!"

ALEX "Really? Thanks!"

The table is now empty.

There's a small table near the door that bears a sign. The sign has undergone a number of changes.

It once read "10 pence," but that was crossed out and replaced with "5 pence," then "1 pence," then "free." The sign currently reads "Take one, PLEASE."

Only one book remains on the table.

It looks like the book shop owner really wants to get rid of that book!

The discount book table has nothing to say, and the sign speaks for itself.

Alexander doesn't need the book shop's chandelier.

A wooden chandelier with small red candles is suspended from the ceiling.

There's no reason to use that on the books.

Alexander doesn't want to leave his spell book in the book shop! He went to quite a bit of trouble to get it in the first place!

Alexander isn't interested in the cook books on that shelf. He's had an aversion to cooking ever since he experimented with a certain cookie recipe involving cat hair and fish oil.

These shelves hold a selection of cook books.
Alexander would have to read the books to hear what they have to say.

Alexander has no desire to leave that on the counter.
There's nothing of interest on that part of the counter.
The counter is clean and uncluttered.
A wooden counter at the back of the small shop operates as a service desk.
An old book is on display on the counter.

There's no point in using that on the page on the floor.
Alexander picks up the fallen page.
It's the love poem he particularly liked. It must have fallen out of the poetry book.
BOOK "I see that old volume has lost another page. You may keep it if you like, sir. I have glued the stubborn thing back in place two times already!"
ALEX "I do rather like it. Thank you, merchant."
page has fallen from the poem book and now lies on the floor.
In his mind, Alexander can almost hear the fallen page say, "Pick me up! Pick me up!"

The fireplace can provide Alexander with nothing but warmth.
A stone fireplace gives the book shop a quaint, cozy air.

Ah, to consume all our earthly possessions in flame!
The book shop owner would probably NOT appreciate any book burning in his shop! (boring book)
And burn a perfectly good hand?
A small fire burns in the fireplace, despite the warmth of the day outside. Perhaps the book shop owner simply finds it comforting.
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!

The old man would not be interested in anything that Alexander might show him.
For some inexplicable reason, Alexander feels compelled to avoid this hooded old man.
An old man occasionally steals sidelong glances at Alexander from under a concealing hood.
ALEX "Would you care for a mint, stranger?"
SHA "MMMM! Give it to me!"
SHA "Yum! <Hic> Tee, hee, hee."
Odd. The old man sways momentarily, but seems to quickly recover. That must be some strong mint!
ALEX "Good day, sir."
The mysterious old man just ignores Alexander.

Alexander is a little old for those children's books.
A collection of children's books fill those shelves.

Alexander has no ambition to set himself up as a merchant.
A plaque bearing a merchant crest hangs over the doorway. The book shop owner must be proud of his credentials.

Thinking of Cassima, Alexander decides to leaf through one of the volumes of love poetry. He reads:

Yikes! And another...
What was it when I looked at you?
What pow'r has chained me through and through?
And binds my heart with links so tight,

I cannot live without the sight of you?
What nameless thing has captured me?
And made me powerless to flee?
What thing is it without a name,
that brings my mind e're back the same to thee?
The name of 'love' cannot apply.
It's commonness does not descry,
The haunted, hunted, painful cry
that my heart makes for you.

That ere my soul eternal makes for you.

ALEX "Hmmm. A little close to home, that one."

Alexander returns the love poem book to the shelf.

Alexander looks at the love poem book again. He reads:

Thy hair, thy lips, thy beauteous face,
and all thy studied female grace,
have won for thee anon a place,
within this broken breast.

And another...

Upon the shore the lilies bend,
untouched by worldly care.
Where shadow they her earthly bed,
Oh, that she were not there!

Alexander returns the love poem book to the shelf.

Volumes of poetry are on display on this bookshelf.

ALEX Alexander rather likes the poem and doesn't want to put it back among the poetry books.

The chair is already occupied.

Alexander rests his feet for a moment.

Alexander picks up and leafs idly through a book called "The Changing Role of Court Entertainers Through the Ages."

Well, that was refreshing.

A well-padded leather chair, a small table, and a fuzzy rug have been arranged into a cheery reading area near the fire.

The small table in the reading area is currently empty.

There's a book entitled "The Changing Role of Court Entertainers Through the Ages" on the small table in the reading area. It appears that some regular customer likes that book.

Alexander is standing in a cozy little shop. Books of every size and shape line the walls. A crackling fire in the fireplace completes the tranquil scene.

While the book shop does seem to invite conversation, Alexander might be better off addressing someone specific.

Alexander is not interested in those self-help books.

These shelves hold a collection of oddly-titled guidebooks. Alexander notices such books as "How to Become King with Little or No Rupies Down," "Finding the Right Girl with the Right Dowry," and "Why Good Princesses Like Bad Wizards."

A wooden door leads back out onto the village street.

ALEX "Merchant, would you be interested in this?"

BOOK "No, thank you. I deal only in books."

The reflection in Beast's mirror shows an honest, myopic shopkeeper.

ALEX "Might I return this?"

BOOK "Please! I had a hard enough time getting rid of that book in the first place!"

ALEX "I found this rare book, and I thought of your offer."

BOOK "Very interesting! It is a wonderful riddle book. Riddles are much more marketable than spells these days. I guess people believe more in mirth than in magic."

BOOK "Here is the spell book you wanted, and a fair trade it is, I must say. Enjoy it."

ALEX "I certainly hope so. We shall see how rusty my spell-casting truly is."

BOOK "I would like to oblige you, friend, but I am afraid that spell book was a slow mover. I do not wish it back."

ALEX "Would you have anything in the price range of this coin? It bears a foreign stamp, but it's solid copper."

BOOK "Hmmm. I'm afraid not. My books are all hand-scribed and illuminated. I do not have any good books for the price of a single copper."

ALEX "All right. Thank you."

ALEX "Would you be able to use these old coins?"

BOOK "Hmmm. These look corroded, sir. I think not."

Alexander might have a hard time trying to explain that ghost handkerchief.

The shopkeep doesn't look like he would enjoy a good arm wrestle or any other sort of physical exertion. He's rather bookish.

The book shop owner is a thin, middle-aged man. His intelligent eyes are slightly blurry from long nights spent reading by candlelight.

BOOK "Go ahead and keep it. That page has fallen out one too many times for me."

ALEX "Would you have any interest in this magic map?"

BOOK "I'm afraid I travel very little. I just do not have time to with all the reading I do."

ALEX "Would you care for some mint?"

BOOK "No, thank you. I do not care for mint."

Alexander doesn't want to show Cassima's note to anyone!

ALEX "Would you be interested in this pearl?"

BOOK "Hmmm. It is lovely, but I'm afraid I do not deal with that sort of thing. Books and gold coin are all I can handle. You might check my neighbor next door, though. He deals in trade."

The book shop owner would hardly make a good match for Beast!

ALEX "Would you be interested in this ring?"

BOOK "It is a stunning ring, but I do not deal with jewelry and personal effects. Books and hard gold are all I can handle. You might check my neighbor next door, though. He deals in such things."

The book shop owner might misinterpret that gesture. (baby tears)

ALEX "What can you tell me about the Land of the Green Isles?"

BOOK "That is a big question, young man. Perhaps you will be so kind as to first tell me who are you, and what you want to know exactly?"

ALEX "My name is Alexander. You've said that this is the Isle of the Crown, but I'd like to know whatever else you can tell me about this island, and if there are other islands nearby."

ALEX "Good day, sir. I'm a stranger in this land. What can you tell me about the Land of the Green Isles?"

BOOK "That is quite a question, young man. Who are you, and what would you have me tell you?"

ALEX "My name is Alexander. I know I'm on the Isle of the Crown, but I'd like to know whatever you can tell me about this island, and if there are other islands nearby."

BOOK "You are indeed a stranger! Anxious is the man who knows not the customs of the land beneath his feet!"

BOOK "This island is called the Isle of the Crown because the royal family's castle is here. Besides the castle, we also have this village, and the docks over to the west."

BOOK "There are at least three other islands; the Isle of the Sacred Mountain, the Isle of the Beast, and the Isle of Wonder."

ALEX "(ASTONISHED) At least three? Does no one know for certain?"

BOOK "(LAUGHING) This is no ordinary land, Alexander! The Land of the Green Isles has always been a place of vague boundaries--as if islands come and go."

BOOK "Legend speaks of a fourth island, an isle shrouded in mists. I myself have never seen it."

BOOK "Then, too, the Land of the Green Isles is said to exist on the boundaries of this world and the next. Even darker places are reputed to be closer here than anywhere else in the world."

ALEX "That's quite a claim!"

BOOK "(LAUGHING) Claim, yes, but probably just local superstition. We who live here on the Isle of the Crown, at least, sleep well enough at night!"

ALEX "Those first three islands you mentioned. How might I learn more about them?"

BOOK "Ideally, a young man seeking such knowledge would travel to their shores and learn about them first-hand. Meeting the leaders of each place would be helpful, naturally."

BOOK "Unfortunately, the ferry no longer runs between the islands. There has been much political unrest, and it has been too dangerous to travel for years."

BOOK "Perhaps the ferryman can tell you more. He has little enough to do these days."

BOOK "And if you haven't been there already, you might seek an audience at the castle."

ALEX "Thank you, kindly, merchant, for all your good advice."

BOOK "Ah, but advice is free, Alexander. Making use of it costs much more."

ALEX "How fare you, merchant?"

BOOK "Quite well, thank you. I just finished a wonderful book on geological rock formations. Fascinating!"

BOOK "Well, I would be better if I could only finish my manuscript. I am a budding novelist, you know."

BOOK "I have been reading too much love poetry lately. It is rather depressing to an old bachelor like me."

BOOK "Business could be better. Too many people are losing interest in reading these days <sigh>. It is a sign of the times."

BOOK "Sufficiently well, thank you, Alexander. My only wish is for more time to read."

BOOK "Hello. I will be right up."

BOOK "Now! What can I do for you?"

ALEX "Good day, merchant. Can you tell me what land this is?"

BOOK "Why, certainly! This is the Isle of the Crown, the main isle of the Land of the Green Isles."

ALEX "Thank the fates! I knew I was close when we sank, but I dared not hope.... Tell me, how fares your Princess Cassima?"

BOOK "The princess? She is well enough, I suppose."

ALEX "Is she near?"

BOOK "The Castle of the Crown on the hill, sir. And, good luck."

Unless Alexander has some flies, the spider is probably not interested.

Alexander does not care to get any closer to that spider.

A spider seems to be enjoying the shelves of musty books that the book shop has to offer.

The spider merely observes and says nothing.

ALEX "Can I interest you in this?"

JOL "No, thank you. Please let me read in peace, stranger!"

Beast's mirror reflects a homely, gentle-hearted, sad man.

JOL "Nice drape, but a bit small in the chest for me."

Determined to learn more about the strange man's relationship with the princess, Alexander attempts to loosen the man's tongue with a coin.

ALEX "Excuse me, good fellow, but my name is Alexander of Daventry, and I have this copper coin...."

JOL "The shopkeep is over there, Alexander. I'm not...."

Why would Alexander want to offer the strange man his only coin?

JOL "I'm a clown, not a fighter."

JOL "No, thanks. I don't care for any food or drink."

JOL "No, thanks. I can make people laugh well enough without the aid of a feather."

JOL "Phew! How thoughtful! Now get that thing away from me!"

JOL "I may not have a lot of hair, but I think I'll make do, thanks."

The fellow in the chair seems to want to be left alone.

An odd-looking man is reading in the stuffed chair. He wears a vest, balloon-style pants, and pointed shoes. There's something deliberately silly about the man, as though he were a performer of some sort.

JOL "I'm a clown, not a dramatist. You keep it."

JOL "I have no desire to leave the island right now."

JOL "No, thanks. I prefer a bit more bite to my liquids."

JOL "No, thanks. I find mint rather repulsive."

Alexander doesn't want to show Cassima's private note to anyone!

JOL I have no need to take charity. There are gems enough in the castle."

The odd man might be able to amuse Beast, but he would otherwise be a sad choice of recipient for that ring.

Why would Alexander want to offer the strange man his insignia ring?

Determined to learn more about the strange man's relationship with the princess, Alexander shows the man his insignia ring and formally introduces himself.

ALEX "I'm sorry to insist, but my name is Alexander of Daventry and...."

JOL "I appreciate the offer of the ring, Alexander, but I'm afraid I'm already spoken...."

JOL "Now, I'm afraid I must hurry back to the castle. I'll try to return to the book shop again later."

ALEX "Thank you for speaking with me, Jollo. I hope we meet again soon."

ALEX "What can you tell me about the vizier?"

JOL "Now, I must return to the castle. I don't want to arouse suspicion. I'll try to meet you here again later."

ALEX "Thank you for the information, Jollo. Be careful."

JOL "She needs the time to heal and she's safe enough in her room, I suppose. The vizier has been warning the guards about some threat to her, some stranger in the Land, but I think he's just...."

JOL "Wait a minute! Prince Alexander, you must be the 'threat' he was talking about! You're in danger!"

ALEX "Jollo! How fare you, and what news have you from the castle?"

JOL "Prince Alex! How I fare is close to boiling! Have you seen the wedding proclamations around the village? I've heard rumors of the wedding, of course, but I didn't want to believe it--and I never thought it would be so soon!"

ALEX "(VERY SAD) Cassima. Married. It is an unpleasant thing to swallow, friend. If only I knew if Cassima wished it."

ALEX "Tell me about the vizier, Jollo."

JOL "I must return to the castle, Prince Alex, and you to your wanderings. May we both fare well."

ALEX "Jollo, my friend! Is the wedding still moving forward at the castle?"
JOL "Prince Alex! Egads, yes, that confounded wedding has the whole castle abustle! I didn't come here to talk about that, though. I came to warn you."
ALEX "Warn me about what? Isn't the wedding bad enough?"
JOL "No, listen! The vizier knows you're here, Alexander! He's posted extra guards, and he's telling them about a 'foreign saboteur.' Who else could he mean but you?"
ALEX "Good day, sir. Is there anything you can tell me about the Land of the Green Isles?"
JOL "I'm sorry, but I've no time for idle conversation. I'm too worried about the princess."
ALEX "Excuse me again, sir. You mentioned the princess...."
JOL "I told you I'm not interested in talking to strangers!"

JOL "Daventry? Where have I heard of Daventry?"
JOL "Flying flitmice! You must be Prince Alexander! Cassima told me about you when she arrived home! How came you here?"
ALEX "Why, by a ship, now wrecked upon the sand! But--you know Cassima? She truly spoke of me?"
JOL "Yes, yes. I saw her briefly when she first returned home. She mentioned a prince to me, Prince Alexander of Daventry. I'm afraid that was before she was told about her parents' deaths."
JOL "You see, she arrived home a few weeks too late. The king and queen thought they'd never see her again. It is said they died of heartbreak. I'm afraid she's blamed herself."
ALEX "What a terrible homecoming! If we had only known...."
JOL "<sniff> Terrible indeed, poor thing. Everyone in the kingdom seems to despair with her these days. The streets are silent."
ALEX "Where is she now?"
JOL "The princess is sequestered in mourning. It's a rather dated tradition, and not required, but the vizier says she insisted out of respect."
ALEX "I see. You've yet to say who you are, and how you know the princess."
JOL "I? Oh, pardon me! My name is Jollo. I am clown to the royal court and have been since the marriage of Cassima's parents, King Caliphim and Queen Allaria. Ah, those were happy days! The pair of them were so full of joy and life! So in love!"
JOL "And Cassima's birth.... It would be hard to explain how long they had waited, how they had hoped for a child. She was such a charming little thing, smart as a whip, kind and sweet. She means everything to this kingdom, Alexander, and to me. I am so terribly worried about her."
ALEX "About her grief over her parents, you mean?"
JOL "Well, the truth is, I do not trust the vizier, nor his plans for Cassima. I'm still living at the Castle of the Crown as court clown, HIS clown, but it is more to keep my ear to the ground than out of loyalty."
JOL "I wish I knew what the princess thinks these days. <sigh> If only I could find Sing Sing, Cassima's pet nightingale, I might be able to send the princess a message. As it is, I must wait for the end of her seclusion."
JOL "The vizier? Hmph. Now there's a dangerous subject. His name is Abdul Alhazred. He came to the kingdom fifteen years ago. The king was fascinated by his knowledge and his fine-sounding ideas."
JOL "It didn't take long for Alhazred to convince the king to trust him with the 'minor problems' of daily government. You see, Caliphim had a wife and a new daughter he wanted to spend time with. Alhazred became vizier."
ALEX "(CONCERNED) And, now?"
JOL "Well, he's had his eye on Cassima ever since she was a young girl. And she IS the

only thing between him and the throne."

ALEX "Do you think he means to harm her?"

JOL "I honestly don't know. I think he'd rather keep her as wife, but whatever his plans for the princess, he will use her to his best advantage. That's his way."

ALEX "Perhaps he has charmed her. Perhaps she cares for him now."

JOL "The vizier is capable of anything, and Cassima must be vulnerable and lonely right now."

JOL "Still, she has always instinctively distrusted him. Cassima has a good head on her shoulders. I'd be surprised if she's truly fallen for his words of love."

JOL "The vizier's genie must have learned of your presence in the Land, Prince Alex. I don't know how, but he must have."

ALEX "I haven't exactly been discreet, I'm afraid."

JOL "Alexander, this is serious! Alhazred will never let you get close to Cassima now! He's doubled the castle guard, probably to make sure you keep out!"

JOL "Gadzooks! It's too bad there isn't some way to convince Alhazred that you've left the islands--or even died! If he thought you were 'out of the way,' you MIGHT be able to get close enough to...."

ALEX "Hmmm. What an interesting thought.... Tell me more about this genie."

JOL "The genie's name is Shamir Shamazel. Alhazred brought Shamir with him when he came to this kingdom. Shamir probably won't directly threaten you, but that doesn't mean he isn't dangerous. He can be a terrible trickster and an ingenious spy."

JOL "<sigh> It's too bad we can't get our hands on Shamir's lamp! If we had that lamp, Alhazred and all our other problems would be solved. Wouldn't that be a fine thing!"

ALEX "You would wish to be master of such a wicked creature?"

JOL "Oh, Shamir isn't necessarily evil. Genies never are, you know. They only reflect their owner's heart--for good or ill. Alhazred is hardly a shining example for an impressionable genie."

ALEX "Hmmm. So how do you propose we go about getting Shamir's lamp?"

JOL "What? Prince Alex, I was only dreaming! The lamp is heavily guarded. It would be easier to steal Alhazred's own trousers while he's wearing them than it would be to get that lamp!"

ALEX "But surely, a clown's hands are quick and agile...."

JOL "(PLEASED AND FLATTERED) Well, yes, they are as a matter of fact. But the theft would be detected almost immediately and then my poor neck...."

ALEX "If the theft were detected."

JOL "(EXCITED) Oh! I see! Yes, well, there might be a slim chance, but only that. If you could find a replica of the genie's lamp--an EXACT replica--I might be able to make the swap. I alone might get close enough."

JOL "But I couldn't tell you what to look for. I caught a glimpse of it only once. I would know it if I saw it again, but to say.... I cannot."

ALEX "Well, I'll just have to see what I can do."

JOL "Good luck to you then, Prince Alex. I really must be going back to the castle. I don't think I'll be able to come back here. If we were spied on.... It's too high a risk. I hope you understand."

JOL "If I see Cassima, I'll tell her I saw you. If you do ever make it to the castle, look me up. And DO be careful, friend."

ALEX "I will. Good bye, Jollo. Thanks for all your help."

BOOK "Good day, again! How may I help you?"

Right now, Alexander is too involved with the journey he's on to take time to read about the journeys of others.

Assorted travelogs and biographies are arranged on these shelves.

The window doesn't open.

The window, partially blocked by the shop's overflow of books, gives a rather dusty view of the street outside.

Pawn Shop

Alexander doesn't need to meddle with that suit of armor.

Perhaps it is true that our ancestors were smaller as a rule, for that suit of armor looks a pinch too tight to fit Alexander. Besides, in this climate, it would be awfully hot.

An old suit of armor stands in the pawn shop. It looks like a vigilant guard against thieves and carpet salesmen, even though it IS headless.

The man of steel is stumped for an answer.

A slightly rusty axe is displayed in a block of wood.

Apparently, the axe has no axe to grind, for it says nothing.

Alexander isn't interested in those storage barrels.

A few well-aged barrels probably hold assorted smaller goods and perishables.

The bear, though a giant in the taxidermy field, has no pockets and thus no room for material possessions.

The stuffed bear probably has stuffed fleas. Alexander decides to keep his distance.

Towering mightily over the other pawn shop curiosities, the stuffed bear makes an ostentatious display.

The world-famous talking bear has been sulking ever since his abduction from a small mountain community in California. He refuses to discuss real estate.

ALEX "I'm interested in that painter's brush on the counter."

ALEX "I think I'd like the painter's brush."

ALEX "Might I trade for that painter's brush on the counter?"

ALI "Very good, sir. Enjoy the painter's brush. Remember that I will always take back any of my own items in trade."

ALEX "Thank you."

ALI "Very good, Prince Alex. The painter's brush it is. May your painting go well. Feel free to bring the brush back at any time."

ALEX "Thank you."

ALI "Ah, yes, the painter's brush. It was well-used by one of the island's best painters. There is a lot of creativity in that brush, and its bristles are still in good condition."

A used painter's brush is displayed on the counter.

If Alexander wants to exchange one of his possessions for an item in the pawn shop, he'll have to arrange it with the pawn shop owner first by showing him the object for trade.

If Alexander wants anything from the pawn shop, he'll have to first give the pawn shop owner something in trade.

Several half-burnt wax candles have been placed among the other pawn shop items. They probably light the shop at night.

The mint dish is empty.
Alexander already has a mint. He'd prefer to leave some for the other customers.
Alexander takes a mint.
The candy dish is empty.
An elegant little glass dish decorates the counter top.
The dish is full of green mints offered for the enjoyment of the customers.

There's nothing of interest on that part of the counter.
The pawn shop's counter displays items of interest.

There's no reason to use that on the counter.
The counter feels as smooth as stone.
The pawn shop's counter is made of a sturdy teak. The wood is well-worn by eager hands, and well-oiled by the shop's faithful keeper.
The counter does not counter.

Alexander will know his future soon enough if he just keeps on with his adventure. It wouldn't be fair to peek!
The Land of the Green Isles must have at least one inhabitant with interest in the mystical, for a crystal ball has been traded in along with the more common household goods.
The crystal ball remains perfectly clear and says nothing.

Alexander's musical abilities have always leaned more towards wind instruments.
A small red drum beats no more on the shelves of the pawn shop.
"Rat a tat tat!"

The back wall of the shop holds various bottles and potions. For example...
...a bottle labeled "Owl Courage Potion," for spineless owls.
...a small box of "Enchanted Sorcerer's Flea and Tick Collars."
...a bottle of "Gnome-be-gone."
...miniature carpet cleaner. For those castles-in-a-bottle.
...bird's nest soup mix. Treasure not included.
...garlic especially grown for vampire resilience.
...magic mirror glass cleaner for "when your future looks fuzzy."
...shark repellent.

ALEX "I'm interested in that flute on the counter."
ALEX "I'll take the flute."
ALEX "Might I trade for that flute on the counter?"
ALI "Very good, sir. Enjoy the flute. Remember that I will always take it back in trade."
ALEX "Thank you."
ALI "The flute? Very good, Prince Alex. May its music always be sweet. Feel free to trade it back at any time."
ALEX "Thank you."
ALI "The flute is only made of plain wood but its notes are fine and true."
A plain wooden flute is displayed on the counter.

ALEX "Would you be interested in...."
SHA "No! Leave me alone!"
Alexander decides to show the mirror to the old man in the cloak.
SHA "YIKES!"
Zounds! That citizen obviously didn't like what he just saw!

Too bad Alexander didn't get to see what was reflected in that mirror!
Unfortunately, there's not a single spell in that book that would be useful against the stranger in black!

Alexander may not at ALL care for that man in black, but that's no excuse for getting violent!
Alexander would never get the old man to agree to drink that.

For no apparent reason, Alexander's flesh crawls at the mere thought of touching the old man.

Why would the old man be interested in that used hunter's lamp from the Isle of the Beast?

That brand new lamp from the lampseller is unlikely to impress the man in black!

A mysterious old man also patronizes the pawn shop. He steals sidelong glances at Alexander from under his hood.

Alexander doesn't want to give his only means of travel to that old man!

Alexander decides to be friendly and offer the old man a mint.

ALEX "(FRIENDLY) Would you care for a mint, sir?"

SHA "(RUDE, MENACING) Grrr. No, thank you! I'll get my own mint from the dish when I want one!"

Alexander does NOT want to discuss Cassima with that old man!

Alexander decides to offer the old man some peppermint leaves.

ALEX "(FRIENDLY) Can I offer you some peppermint, sir?"

SHA "Mmmmmm! Mint!"

SHA "Yum! <Hic> Tee, hee, hee."

Odd. The old man sways momentarily but quickly recovers. That must be some strong mint!

Alexander may not at ALL care for that man in black, but that's no excuse for getting violent!

ALEX "Good day, sir."

The old man just glares at Alexander and does not reply.

ALEX "Haven't I seen you somewhere before, SIR?"

SHA "NO!"

ALEX "But I'm quite sure...perhaps on some cliffs...."

SHA "NO!"

ALEX "Isle of the Beast?"

SHA "NO!"

ALEX "Dock-side?"

SHA "NO! Leave me ALONE!"

Not very friendly, is he?

The old man is plainly not going to reveal anything to Alexander, and he doesn't seem receptive to any revelations that Alexander might have for him--at least not those put into words.

Hurling a rotten tomato at the old man might not be a bad idea, but Rotten Tomato probably wouldn't appreciate the gesture!

A lady's hand mirror has been separated from its original trousseau, and now gathers dust on the pawn shop shelves.

A small, rusty hatchet seems permanently imbedded in a log of wood. Alexander's mind races over the possibilities. Perhaps the bound duo is the local woodcutter's equivalent of the sword in the stone! Perhaps someday, somehow, someone will free that hatchet and become King of the Forest!

Then again, it could be just a rusty hatchet stuck in a log.

The hatchet and the log seem too preoccupied with each other to talk to Alexander.

If the pawn shop owner wants to display the head and the body of the suit of armor separately, Alexander has no wish to attempt to reunite them.

A helmet, probably belonging to the headless armor also in the shop, has found its way to a separate part of the counter.

A horn, probably used for drink or powder, hangs from the ceiling.
The horn has plenty of nothing to say.

Alexander takes a closer look at the items on the counter.

If Alexander wants to try to exchange something for the map, he'll have to show it to the pawn shop owner first.

ALEX "What would you take in exchange for the magic map?"

ALI "I would need something of great value in trade for this map."

A magic map lies on the pawn shop's counter.

The map might be magic, but it does not talk.

ALEX "How about that map?"

ALI "Oh, no! A single coin would never do in exchange for the magic map! Please choose from one of my other four counter items, sir!"

ALEX "Can I get the map in exchange for the item I just traded in?"

ALI "Oh, no! I could only exchange the map for something quite valuable! Please choose one of the other four counter items, sir!"

The back wall of the shop holds various odds and ends. For example...

...a hull-hole detector for finding those hard-to-spot holes in small sailboats.

...stair traction pads; "Stop slipping off those narrow staircases."

...cat-cookie mix. "Play tricks on your friends," the box says.

...a golden bridle finder, for finding those nearly-invisible golden bridles.

...self-adhesive emeralds. "What you use when you don't have honey."

...tongue climbing gear. "Tested on over one hundred whale tongues."

...a uvula tickler. "Guaranteed to make large mammals sneeze."

...a cheese hook, for retrieving cheese out of small holes.

...a shovel that's "Guaranteed not to break for over one-hundred grave diggings!"

...a bridge repair kit, for when you've crossed a bridge one too many times.

The man of steel wields a long iron pike.

The pike speaks not.

The pawn shop is already filled with curious things. Alexander would prefer not to leave his possessions behind unless he can make a good trade with the pawn shop owner.

The pawn shop is too cluttered and dusty to poke around in efficiently.

The pawn shop is a dimly-lit place with a slightly musty smell. Curiosities litter every corner and every shelf. For sale are articles that range from the bizarre to the commonplace, from the priceless to the practical.

The dusty shop remains peacefully quiet.

There's no reason to use that on the door.

The plain wooden door leads back out to the village street.

ALEX "(HOPEFUL, POLITE) Would you be interested in making a trade for this, merchant?"

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) I think not. I do not have much call for that item these days."

ALEX "Would you be interested in this mirror, merchant?"

ALI "I am afraid I have too many mirrors unsold already. People are not very interested in vanity during these troubled days. Sorry."

ALEX "Would you be interested in trading for this book?"

ALI "I am afraid not. Books are more my neighbor's line of work. After all, I would not

want him selling curiosities."

ALEX "Would you be interested in trading for this brick?"

ALI "Hmmm. I am afraid I have very little call for bricks, Prince Alex."

ALEX "Would you be interested in trading for these women's clothes?"

ALI "I never have carried garments, Prince Alex. Sorry."

ALEX "I believe I will trade in this coin, merchant."

ALI "Certainly. It isn't valuable enough to trade for the magic map, but you may choose one of the other four items on the counter in exchange."

ALEX "I believe I will trade in this coin, merchant."

ALI "Certainly. You may choose something from the front counter in exchange."

ALEX "I have this copper coin. Is it of any value to you at all?"

ALI "Most interesting. I've never seen a Daventry coin before, but it is copper genuine enough. I might even find a buyer who is interested in foreign currency."

ALI "The items on the front counter are the only things in the store that I can let go for the price of one copper. You may make your choice from there."

Alexander looks at the items on the counter to make his selection.

ALEX "I have this copper coin. Will it serve in exchange for the map?"

ALI "An interesting enough piece, but it is not nearly valuable enough to trade for this map."

ALI "In fact, I would say it is about the worth of our own copper. The only items in the store that I could let go for the price of a single copper are the four simple items I normally display on the front counter."

ALEX "Hmmm. Well, if I can't have the map then I suppose one of the counter items will do."

ALI "As you wish."

Alexander looks closely at the items on the counter near the map to make his selection.

ALEX "Would you be interested in trading for these coins?"

ALI "Hmmm. Those coins have been around a long time. The copper is too corroded for me, friend."

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) I do not like to carry weapons--not even small ones."

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) A feather? I think not, Prince Alex, but it is a very nice feather."

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) Phew! No, thank you!"

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) Hmmm. I believe I have all the armor I can use right now."

ALI The pawn shop owner is unlikely to find much substance in that ghostly item!

ALI This is a pawn shop, not a barber shop! The owner is unlikely to be interested in a single strand of hair.

The pawn shop owner doesn't look like a man to be tussled with. The "curiosities" business is just dangerous enough to require one to develop one's boxing skills.

The little hole-in-the-wall might not appreciate being traded in like some ordinary old object that has lost its usefulness!

ALEX "I found this bottle in the pot outside."

ALI "That would make sense, since that is where I dumped it."

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) I have too many lamps already, thanks."

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) I do not have any way to store and keep ice, Prince Alex."

The shop owner would probably not find green water to be a very good trade.

The pawn shop owner is a mysterious fellow. His face is old and inscrutable, and there's a glint of sheer iron in his gaze. Still, Alexander senses this is someone he can trust.

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) I have little call for love poems in these stressful times."

ALEX "Might I trade back in this magic map?"

ALI "If you wish, Prince Alex. I take it you have had enough of traveling. Of course, the

only thing I have that is valuable enough to trade you for the map is your own pearl."

ALEX "That's fine. Thank you, merchant."

ALEX "I'd like to trade this magic map back for my family ring, please."

ALI "As you wish, Prince Alex. I suppose you have had enough adventuring for now, eh?"

ALEX "Perhaps. Thank you, merchant."

ALEX "I took a mint...."

ALI "Help yourself! That is what they are there for!"

Alexander is not about to show his private message from Cassima to anyone!

The dangling participle wouldn't appreciate being traded in to a pawn shop!

ALEX "I found this large pearl. Might it be valuable enough to ransom back my family ring?"

ALI "<whistle> I have never seen such a perfect pearl. Certainly, you can have your ring back."

ALEX "I'm glad you didn't sell it. I'm a bit attached to it, I'm afraid."

ALI "Of course, you are! You would be cold-hearted if you felt any differently! I am happy to see a family heirloom back with its rightful owner."

ALEX "I found this large pearl on another island. Might it be enough to get back the magic map and keep my ring too?"

ALI "<whistle> I have never seen such a perfect pearl. Certainly, this pearl alone is worth the price of the map."

ALEX "Thank you. I'm relieved to have a means of travel again."

ALEX "Might I trade you this pearl again, merchant?"

ALI "Of course. Here is your family ring."

ALEX "Thank you for keeping the ring safe for me."

ALEX "Can I trade you this pearl again--this time for the magic map?"

ALI "Of course, Prince Alex."

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) Hmm. A rabbit's foot? I do not believe I could use that."

Alexander doesn't want to trade in the red ribbon! It might be from Cassima!

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) I do not carry garments or accessories, Prince Alex."

Somehow, Alexander just can't see the pawn shop owner and Beast being a very good match!

ALEX "Can you tell me, merchant, what the value of this ring might be?"

ALI "By the sands of the sea, what a beauty! What fine gold, and masterful artistry!"

ALI "This ring is quite valuable, sir! I would not feel right taking it in trade. None of the items on display in my humble store are even close to the value of this ring."

ALEX "Truly? Well, it would be hard to part with it anyway, I suppose."

ALEX "(HOPEFULLY) Would you be willing to take my family ring in exchange for the magic map?"

ALI "Daventry...are you a king, then?"

ALEX "(BLUSHING) No, that's my father, King Graham. I'm just Alexander."

ALI "Well, Prince Alex, she is a beautiful ring. Are you sure you can part with such a unique family heirloom?"

ALEX "(SAD) The ring does mean a lot to me. I didn't always have a family, you know. Still, it IS only gold. There are more important things at stake now."

ALI "Then you now own a magic map, Prince Alex. I will keep your ring out of sight for a few days."

ALI "If you find anything else of great value in your travels, you can return for your ring. I would hate to see it melted down for the gold."

ALI "And a warning about the map; it will only operate when you are out in the open and within sight of the sea. The limitation has something to do with the teleport spell ingredients. You might try the beach."

ALEX "Thank you. You're very kind. And I'll remember about the map."

Suddenly, the old man in the concealing cloak sneaks past Alexander and, with a sneaky dart of his hand, steals a mint from the candy jar.

The old man stuffs the mint into his mouth and wobbles unsteadily out of the pawn shop.

ALEX "Are you sure you have nothing of value for which I can trade this ring?"

ALI "No, I cannot think of anything. I have a few unusual treasures that are not on display, but I doubt you would have any interest in such things."

ALEX "Might I trade you this ring again, merchant?"

ALI "I have nothing of value enough to trade for it except the pearl you gave me. I would think you would prefer your family ring, but if you wish, I will trade it."

ALEX "Thank you."

ALEX "Can I trade you my ring for the magic map again, merchant? I'm afraid I am still in need of it."

ALI "Of course, Prince Alex."

ALI "(REGRETFULLY) No, thank you! Big knives always make me nervous!"

ALI "(SURPRISED) A sentence? I wouldn't have any idea what to do with that!"

ALI "What would I do with a key of bone?"

ALI "(DISGUSTED) Ugg! No, thanks! I leave the storage of bones to the graveyard!"

ALEX "Good day, merchant. Can you tell me what land this is?"

ALI "By the moon's light, what a question! You must have been out too long in the sun--or perhaps knocked your head upon a rock!"

ALEX "Er, no. Well, perhaps. I was in a shipwreck, you see. My crew and I were trying to reach the Land of the Green Isles. I think...I hope...my men got away safely in the life boats. But I myself appear to be rather stuck here."

ALI "Ah! I see! You must pardon my incredulity, but it has been so long since we have had a foreign visitor. You wrecked your ship, young traveler, due to the currents and reefs around the islands. If your crew was wise enough to steer clear of the isles and head home, they should be fine."

ALI "In any case, YOU have met your objective, however bumpy the journey!"

ALEX "You mean this is the Land of the Green Isles? Thank the heavens! I had followed the stars, you see, and I thought I was close, but...."

ALI "The stars? You must be quite a sailor! But, what is the purpose of your visit?"

ALEX "(EMBARRASSED) I come for...I mean I hoped to see...I met some time ago...."

ALI "Say no more! You are smitten with a maiden, are you not? What other than love could so confuse a man's tongue?"

ALEX "I'm afraid so. It is Princess Cassima."

ALI "By the desert sands! When you fall in love, you do not mess around, do you?"

ALEX "Is she here?"

ALI "This IS the Isle of the Crown, young man. The Castle of the Crown stands on the hill. If it is Cassima you seek, that is where to look."

ALEX "The Castle of the Crown. Thank you, merchant."

ALI "And good luck to you, lad. You shall need it."

ALEX "Excuse me, merchant, but the ferryman mentioned that you might have a magic map of the Land of the Green Isles."

ALI "Why, as a matter of fact, I do! I keep it under the counter. It has been gathering dust so long, I nearly forgot about it."

ALI "It was quite a few years ago, you see. The estate of a wealthy wizard fell into my hands when he died. It was useless magical junk mostly--which reminds me, I've still got some things of his in the back that I need to dump out."

ALI "Anyway, the magic map was the one true treasure in the lot. The wizard was quite

old and feeble and had enchanted the map to aid in traveling."

ALI "It is said that one need only desire to be on an island depicted on the map to find oneself there."

ALI "It is a very valuable map, as you can imagine. Unfortunately, no one is interested in traveling these days. It is far too dangerous with the current state of the kingdom."

ALEX "What would you take for the map?"

ALI "I would normally want something magic in return, but since I am hardly overrun with prospective buyers, I would be willing to take anything of equal value in exchange."

ALEX "What would you take in exchange for the magic map?"

ALI "I would need something of great value in trade for this map."

ALEX "Good day, merchant. What can you tell me about the Land of the Green Isles?"

ALI "I can tell you she is in a dark time. Without the ferry, communication between the islands has ground to a halt and so nearly has my business."

ALI "Why the long ages of peace have ended, and why the Crown has not done something about it, is beyond me!"

ALI "But then, I am a shopkeeper, not a politician, and can only hope for better days."

ALEX "How bide you, good merchant?"

ALI "Quite well, though a purchase would not hurt me any."

ALEX "How fare you, good merchant?"

ALI "I cannot complain. I hope your travels are treating you well, Prince Alex."

ALI "I could use more business, if the truth be known."

ALI "A man my age can only thank the heavens for continued strength, young sire."

ALI "Thankfully, I fare better than my business. My shop is as silent as the moon these days <sigh>."

ALI "I am as content as the sands on the ocean's shore, Prince Alex."

ALEX "Would you mind if I traded this in?"

ALI "Certainly not, stranger. Please, choose an item in exchange from those on the counter."

Alexander looks closely at the items on the counter to make his selection.

ALI "Of course, Prince Alex. Please, choose something in exchange from the items on the counter."

Rotten Tomato wouldn't appreciate being traded in to a pawn shop!

The Oracle gave Alexander a precious gift! He doesn't want to trade it in to the pawn shop.

Alexander already has a skeleton.

A tall skeleton lends an air of mystery to the shop.

He's speechless.

Alexander suddenly gets a very sneaky idea....

ALEX "I can't go on anymore! Without Cassima, I'd just rather not live!"

ALI "Prince Alex! No!"

ALEX "It's true! The vizier has beaten me! I give up! Poison is my last resort!"

ALI "I beg you, stop!"

ALEX "I am...no...more!"

ALI "(SADLY) Oh, what a waste! The poor, young fool!"

SHA "He's dead! He's dead! Wait until Abdul hears! He'll be SO pleased!"

ALI "Prince Alex! What is it?"

ALI "(SADLY) Oh, the poor young prince! His heart must have just given out on him!"

ALI "(AMAZED) Prince Alex! But...but...you were....!"

ALEX "(CURIOUS) Yes, strange wasn't it? I feel fine now, though."

ALI "(CONCERNED) Perhaps you ought to spend less time adventuring, Prince Alex. You seem to be feeling the strain."

Alexander's heart lurches to life in his chest.

ALI "(AMAZED) Prince Alex! But...but...you were....!"

ALEX "(APOLOGETIC) Sorry, friend. I was doing a little acting, I'm afraid."

ALI "(ENLIGHTENED) Ah! Of course! The strange cloaked man! You are quite clever--and a bit too exciting for an old man!"

SHA "(ANGRY) Your candy dish is empty!"

ALI "(APOLOGETIC BUT FIRM) I am sorry, sir, but I have no more mints. Somebody has eaten them all."

SHA "(IMPATIENT) Well, get some more then!"

ALI "(FIRM) I fear that is impossible. Without the ferry, I can no longer get imports from the other islands, and we do not grow mint extract on the Isle of the Crown."

SHA "(TEMPER TANTRUM) OOOH! I HATE not getting what I want!"

"Good day, young sir."

ALI "Good day, Prince Alexander!"

ALI "Good day!"

ALI "As you wish. Allow me to return your item for trade."

ALEX "I'm really not interested in anything on the counter at this time."

ALI "As you wish. Here is your coin back."

ALEX "I'm interested in that tinder box on the counter."

ALI "What do you desire to give me in trade? The items on the front counter are all of equally slight value--worth only a copper or two. They are handy items, nonetheless."

ALEX "I believe I'll take the tinder box."

ALI "Very well. Your coin is well spent. Remember, this is a pawn shop. I am always willing to take back my own goods in trade."

ALEX "I'll remember. Thank you."

ALEX "Might I trade for that tinder box on the counter?"

ALI "Certainly. What do you wish to offer me in trade?"

ALI "Very good, sir. Enjoy the tinder box. Remember, I am always willing to take it back in trade."

ALEX "Thank you."

ALI "Very good, Prince Alex. Enjoy your tinder box, and bring it back anytime."

ALEX "Thank you."

ALI "Have you an interest in tinder boxes? This one is only slightly battered. It holds a good supply of flint, a sturdy striking pad, and even a candle in case you find yourself with naught else to hold the flame."

A battered tinder box is displayed on the counter.

The door provides much more efficient access to the street.

Small windows allow in a bare amount of illumination, giving the light in the shop a diffused glow.

ALEX "I'm interested in that mechanical nightingale on the counter."

ALEX "That mechanical nightingale looks intriguing. I believe I'll take it."

ALEX "Might I trade for that mechanical nightingale on the counter?"

ALI "Very good, sir. Enjoy the mechanical nightingale. Remember that I will take it back in

trade at any time."

ALEX "Thank you."

ALI "Very good, Prince Alex. It is always a pleasure doing business with you. Enjoy the mechanical nightingale, and feel free to bring it back any time."

ALEX "Thank you."

ALI "I see you have noticed my mechanical nightingale. She is made of plain tin, but she sings the sweetest song you can imagine--barely distinguishable from the real thing."

A mechanical nightingale made of tin is perched on the counter.

If Alexander wants to exchange one of his possessions for an item in the pawn shop, he'll have to arrange it with the pawn shop owner first by showing him the object for trade.

If Alexander wants anything from the pawn shop, he'll have to first give the pawn shop owner something in trade.

A worn leather wine skin is suspended from the ceiling.

Alexander prefers to keep his leather jerkins firmly on the ground.

A strange-looking winged device occupies one corner of the room. It is frail with disuse.

Alexander finds it intriguing. Perhaps, he thinks, it was once used in a local sporting event in which enthusiasts jumped from cliffs, glided on air currents, and then attempted to land, frequently crunching a bone or two in the process.

Alexander shudders at the thought and decides to stick to dragon-slaying.

The wings have long been silent.

Genie Animations

Seconds later, in the castle....

SHA "Master! I was 'obsermving' <hic> in the village as you wished, and I saw a manger...no, a danger...no, a STRANGER there! He says <hic> he's Prince Blamentander of Smaventry."

VIZ "You fool! You've been eating those mints again! I ordered you to stop that!"

SHA "(HUMBLE)Yes, <hic> Master."

VIZ "Now WHO did this stranger say he was?"

SHA "Prince Salamander of Pagentry, I <hic> think."

VIZ "You idiot! Are you trying to tell me that Prince Alexander of Daventry is here?!"

VIZ "Confound it! That's the young man Cassima met at Mordack's castle! The timing could not be worse. Tell me, what is he doing?"

SHA "He was in the pawn shop buying a magic <hic> smap."

VIZ "Magic smap? What is this magic smap?"

SHA With the smap he can travel to the other islands, Master."

VIZ "That's a MAP, you dolt

! Drat it all, I thought I took care of the only means of travel!"

VIZ "By my scimitar, I can't have him stirring things up! Not now!"

VIZ "Get a hold of yourself and listen carefully, Shamir! Go to the other islands and tell them...."

SHA "(DRUNK) Master! <hic> I followed Prince Alexander as you <hic> wished. From the pawn shop owner he just obstained...uh...just reprieved <hic>.... He just got a magic map."

VIZ "(IMPATIENT) You fool! You've been eating those mints again! I ordered you to stop that!"

SHA "(HUMBLE) Yes, <hic> Master."

VIZ "Now what is this about a magic map?"

SHA "With the map, Prince Alexander can travel anywhere as bickly <hic> uh...quickly as I can."

VIZ "(ANGRY) What? I thought I took care of the only means of travel! By my scimitar, I can't have him stirring things up now!"

VIZ "Get a hold of yourself and listen carefully, Shamir! Go to the other islands and tell them..."

VIZ "(IRRITATED, SURPRISED) I TOLD you not to pop in like that! You can learn to knock like everybody else!"

SHA "(EVILLY GLEEFUL) Sorry, Master, I couldn't help myself! I have great news!"

VIZ "Well? What is it?"

SHA "Prince Alexander is dead! He killed himself in despair over losing Cassima. Tee, hee!"

VIZ "What? Are you positive? That young man has proven to be MOST devious."

SHA "I saw the whole thing myself, Master. He was really and truly quite dead!"

VIZ "Hmmm. If what you say is true, it shall be most convenient. You've spent enough time on that little irritant. We must start thinking about the wedding."

SHA "Anything, Master! Ooh, I do love weddings!"

VIZ "(SMILING) Well, we do want you to look your 'prettiest,' don't we?"

VIZ "Now, Shamir Shamazel, to the lamp with you! Prepare yourself, as we discussed."

Beauty's House

The serving girl near the house does not respond to Alexander's flute.

The shy girl only shakes her head, blushes, and continues tending her roses.

ALEX "Would you have a use for this, maid?"

BEAU "No, thank you, kind sir. I wouldn't know what to do with that."

The young serving girl is too far away to be given anything.

Alexander doesn't want to put the serving girl to sleep with the boring book!

The young serving girl's life is puzzling enough for her. She has no need for a riddle book.

The girl wouldn't have any idea how to make use of the spell book.

Those old coins are not worth enough to do the serving girl any good.

ALEX "Would you like me to play the flute for you?"

The poor girl only blushes furiously and shakes her head in refusal.

BEAU "Please, no. My stepmother might hear you and call me inside."

The girl would most likely be startled away if Alexander tried to reach out and touch her.

Alexander cannot reach the young serving girl. She's too far away.

The serving girl is too shy to even reply to Alexander.

ALEX "Would you like to have this lamp, maid?"

BEAU "No, thank you, sir. My stepmother has lamps aplenty."

There's a young girl in the yard. The girl is dressed in a long, plain, orange robe with a thick headdress. From the appearance of her clothes and from a skittish, fearful look about her,

Alexander gets the strong impression that she is a servant--or even worse, a slave.

The serving girl appears to be stealing a quiet moment tending the rose bushes.

Now that Alexander is closer to the girl, he can see that she's really quite beautiful, despite her servant's clothes. She looks at Alexander shyly, but no longer seems to fear him.

Looking at the serving girl reminds Alexander of the years he spent as a slave under the evil wizard Manannan. He wishes there were some way he could help her.

She looks very shy and nervous as she tends her roses.

Alexander doesn't want to give the love poem to the serving girl! His heart belongs to Cassima, and he doesn't want to give the girl the wrong idea about his intentions.

The young serving girl may indeed have dreams of running away, but with the state of the islands, she's unlikely to be safe traveling alone. Alexander decides to keep the map.

The girl might be impressed by the princess's signature, but Alexander is reluctant to show the note to anyone.

The girl only blushes at the sight of the valuable treasure and turns away.

ALEX "Would you take this gift? It might help ease your way."

BEAU "Oh, no, sir! I couldn't accept something so valuable. I'm only a poor serving girl and would have no use for such things."

The red ribbon is too dear to Alexander's heart to be given away.

ALEX "(FRIENDLY) Excuse me, maid, but I have someone I'd like to tell you about...."

BEAU "(BLUSHING TERRIBLY) Please, sir, I'm not allowed to talk to strangers."

Alexander has a thought about the serving girl. He decides to bring up the subject of Beast with her.

ALEX "Let me tell you about the place where the white roses grow. The Isle of the Beast is an enchanted place. There's a path running through a deep forest. The path crosses three magic blockades, set to keep all visitors away. At the center lives a tremendous beast."

BEAU "(VERY INTERESTED) Really? Magic blockades? How exciting! What kind of a beast? Is it very terrifying and ferocious?"

ALEX "It is a beast that walks on two legs and dresses like a prince. It speaks with the voice of a man."

BEAU "A beast that talks and wears clothes? How is that possible? Is the beast magic, too?"

ALEX "Not magical--enchanted. Beast was once a prince, but a witch trapped him in the form of a beast and set him on the island. There he lives in a castle in the midst of a maze."

BEAU "How terrible! Imagine how lonely he must be!"

ALEX "It IS a very lonely prospect, isn't it? <sigh> I have met him, you see. He is indeed ferocious, but who would not be?"

BEAU "He really exists? How it breaks my heart! If I could, I would tend to such a beast. Such a beast might find comfort in a kind face--do you not think it so?"

ALEX "(VERY MUCH MOVED BY BEAUTY'S COMPASSION) Oh, I think it so. I very much think it so. You would not be afraid of him?"

BEAU "Afraid? Maybe at first.... But how silly of me to speak so! The roses in this little yard are the only magic I will ever see."

ALEX "I could take you there. In fact, I would owe you my life if you would go--if you truly wish to go."

BEAU "You are serious? I could leave here? I have always dreamt of leaving, but to actually go.... This is the only home I have ever known."

ALEX "(KIND, BUT BLUNT) Home IS a hard place to leave--even if you're unhappy there."

BEAU "(BLUSHING) But I WILL go. If I can help him, I must go!"

ALEX "(DOUBTFUL) Is there nothing you wish to take with you?"

BEAU "(SADLY) There is nothing."

ALEX "Then take this ring. It is his. He will be pleased if you would wear it."

BEAU "Why, it's the most beautiful thing I have ever seen! Thank you kindly, sir."

STEP "Beauty! Where do you think YOU'RE going?"

BEAU "To a place where roses grow--and to someone who truly needs me."

ALEX "Pardon me, maid. I hope you don't think me forward, but I see that you like roses. I thought you might perhaps like a fresh white rose."

Alexander can see the conflict in the girl's pretty face as she fights between her distrust of him and her desire for the white rose. The rose wins.

BEAU "Oh, I shouldn't, sir, but it is SO lovely! I've never seen a rose of white. It looks so pale and delicate! Wherever did you find one of such a color?"

ALEX "There are many hedges of them on the Isle of the Beast, and they grow together like magic!"

BEAU "Oh, truly? What an adventure that must be to see them! But I should not speak so, especially to a stranger. Thank you for the rose, though, kind sir."

ALEX "Since you like white roses so much, I thought you'd like another."

BEAU "I thank you kindly, sir, though one rose was more than gracious enough."

The skull would only frighten away the young girl!

ALEX "(FRIENDLY) Good day, maid. My name is Alexander. How do you do?"

BEAU "(BLUSHING TERRIBLY) I'm sorry, sir, but I'm not allowed to talk to strangers."

The girl is too shy and fearful to talk to a stranger--especially a tall, handsome one such as Alexander.

The girl is too far away to hold a conversation with Alexander.

ALEX "Do you live in this house, maid?"

BEAU "(SHYLY) Well.... (blush) my stepmother and her children live here. I live out back in the stables."

ALEX "Your stepmother? Then you are not a...er...I thought you were...um...."

BEAU "A servant? I am, I suppose. You see, my mother died and my father remarried. He passed on shortly afterwards. My stepmother has no obligation to feed and clothe me. I only try to repay her for my upkeep as best I can."

ALEX "(SLIGHTLY ANGRY) I see."

ALEX "Is there anything I can do for you, maid? You look tired and hungry."

BEAU "(blush) I'm just fine, sir."

ALEX "Tell me, why do you not leave this place?"

BEAU "(SADLY) Where could I go? What would I do? <sigh> Besides, I don't really mind the work and I would miss my roses."

BEAU "I'm sorry, sir, but I don't want my stepmother to see me talking to you. She would be upset with me."

There's no reason to use that on the poor family cat.

Alexander would never be able to catch the cat and wouldn't want to take the family's pet, anyway.

A striped cat lounges in the yard of the private home. It must be a family pet.

Apparently, the cat has got its own tongue, for it refuses to reply.

Alexander can't reach the chair.

An old, weathered chair is situated on one side of the porch.

Alexander hasn't been invited into the private yard.

A low stone fence separates the private yard from the public path.

There's nothing Alexander need do with that gate.

Alexander doesn't want to intrude on private property unless he's been invited.

The gate is closed. It appears that the house's owners like their privacy.

Squeak!

Alexander can't reach the house's door.

The entrance to the house is a timeworn wooden door.

Alexander is unable to reach the house.

The house is made of stucco in an architectural style native to the island. It is apparently quite old since climbing vines embrace its exterior.

Alexander will have to do a bit of traveling in order to do that.

Traveling would be necessary to reach the distant peaks.

The towering mountains of a distant island are appealing to Alexander's eyes.

Alexander's voice would get lost in the sea breezes long before it could reach the mountains.

There's no reason to use that on the palm trees.

The palm trees are beautiful, but neither climbable nor obtainable.

Palm trees, as graceful as gazelles, wave in the warm tropical breeze.

The palm trees whisper in the slight breeze.

The path is well-used enough already and doesn't need any adjustments from Alexander.

To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.

Shadows of the house lay across the dusty path between the village and the sea.

The path winds its way silently.

The pot cannot be reached by Alexander.

A pot, etched by the natural elements of the island, decorates the porch.

Alexander is standing on a dirt street leading through the village. To his right is a fine house with a private yard. The yard is surrounded by a gated fence and is full of red rose hedges. The street continues off to the northwest, from which direction Alexander can feel a light sea breeze.

Alexander is standing on a dirt street in front of what was once Beauty's house. The street continues off to the northwest, leading to the dry-docked ferry.

Alexander has not been invited to pick the family's roses.

Red roses beautifully cover the top of the house's fence and gate arbor.

Alexander can't reach the roses and doesn't want to trespass in the family's private yard.

There are rose bushes back by the house as well as the ones on the fence. Somebody who loves roses must live here.

STEP "(VERY MEAN AND RUDE) You lazy thing! Get back to work and stay away from those roses!"

STEP "I've told you a million times, those flowers are too sweet for the likes of you!"

STEP "You've still got to do the breakfast dishes, make lunch, and clean the stables yet this morning!"

STEP "And get your veil back on! No one wants to look at your face!"

BEAU "(SIGH) Yes, Stepmother."

STEP "Will you STOP hanging around those STUPID rose bushes! If you've nothing better to do, the chimney could be cleaned!"

BEAU "Coming, Stepmother."

STEP "Are you out here again? Have you finished the chores I gave you?"

BEAU "Yes, Stepmother. The house and the stables are clean."

STEP "Then start polishing the silverware! Do I have to tell you EVERYTHING?"

BEAU "(WEARY)< sigh > Yes, Stepmother. Right away."

STEP "You! Go help my daughter! She needs something to fix her hair!"

BEAU "(VERY TIRED) Yes, Stepmother."

The peddler is just leaving. Perhaps Alexander can catch him elsewhere in the village.

Alexander can't reach the stairs.

Steps lead up to the front porch of the house.

The aged woman is too busy yelling to notice Alexander's possessions.

The old woman is far out of Alexander's reach.

The old woman's face, pinched with anger, could easily be mistaken for a prune. Her elaborate garments seem to be an attempt to hide her nasty disposition.

Alexander's voice is easily muffled by the woman's own nagging yells.

Alexander can't reach the windows of the stucco house.

The windows of the stucco house have neither glass nor curtains, allowing full entry to the warm sea breeze.

Docks

There's no reason to use that on the rope.

Alexander would have no use for that rotting rope.

A long, loose rope from the sails drags in the sea. It's partially rotted from long neglect.

The rope is slacking off and refuses to comment.

There's no reason to use that on the boat bumper.

Alexander wouldn't know what to do with the old bag of sand.

An old canvas bag full of sand hangs off the side of the boat. It was most likely used as a bumper when docking the boat against the pier, but it's rather pointless now.

It wouldn't be necessary to use that on the boom.

Alexander can't reach the boom.

Made of the same sturdy wood as the mast, the boom extends out over the ocean.

BOOM!

There's no reason to use that on the bushes.

The bushes are probably not hiding anything useful. Besides, they are too prickly to examine closely.

The bushes grow green and lush this close to the sea.

The bushes are too prickly to reply.

There's no reason to use that on the cabin door.

FER "Oh, it's you! Come on in."

FER "(IMPATIENT, SUSPICIOUS) Yeah? Whaddaya want?"

FER "(IMPATIENT, SUSPICIOUS) I said the ferry's out of business! Whaddaya want to keep bothering me for?"

A wooden door leads to the interior of the boat's cabin.

The door is closed. There is no one there to talk to at this time.

Why would Alexander want to put that into the cargo bay?

The cargo bay is unlikely to hold anything of interest or have a very pleasant smell after months of dry-docking. Alexander decides not to descend into the dark hole.

A small hatch leads down into the dark cargo area.
There is no reply from the cargo hatch.

Alexander can't do anything with the dry dock area.
The boat has been dry-docked upon a sandy bar. It's not going anywhere.

The shore is too far off to reach.
A deserted beach lies behind the ferry.
The beach seems to be clammed up.

Alexander will have to do a bit of traveling in order to do that.
That would require some traveling abroad.
Alexander can see the peaks of another island on the horizon.
Alexander's voice gets tossed around by the waves and is drowned out.

Alexander can't reach that part of the sea from here.
The sea surrounds the island and spreads out to the horizon.

ALEX "Would you perhaps be interested in this?"

FER "Nope. I'm not interested! Now go away! The ferry's not running, and I don't like strangers hanging around my property!"

ALEX "I have this copper coin. Would you be interested?"

FER "Can't ya see the ferry's in no shape to go anywhere? I'm not gonna take yer fare when I can't even move this old girl off the sand!"

The ferryman doesn't seem interested in shaking hands with Alexander, and Alexander is not about to force his way past him.

The ferryman's face has been weathered by the sea air and by worry. He's definitely out of sorts.
He glares at Alexander in a most suspicious and unfriendly manner.

ALEX "I have this ring. You see, my name is Alexander and I'm from Daventry."

FER "Is that so? Well, that's nice and all, but I really can't do anything for ya, so just walk away nice now and leave me be."

ALEX "Are you sure I can't interest you in this ring?"

FER "I can't take anything from ya since I can't take ya anywheres in this old ferry, so just keep yer darn ring!"

ALEX "Excuse me. My name is Alexander. The owner of the book shop in the village told me you might be able to help me. I hear you used to run this ferry for the islands. I'd like to talk to you, if you have a moment."

FER "Ya say old Ali sent ya? I can't see why. The ferry's not running, ya know."

ALEX "I understand. I'd just like to talk to you about the islands if you don't mind."

FER "Well, I guess it'd be all right--if Ali sent ya. Don't just stand there. Come on inside."

ALEX "(POLITELY) Good day, sir. I was just wondering if you owned this boat."

FER "(GROUCHY) None of your business, stranger! Go away! The ferry's out of business!"

ALEX "(POLITELY) I really would like to just talk to you, sir."

FER "(GROUCHY) I've got nothing to say to ya, stranger!"

There's no reason to use that on the boat.

That boat is not going anywhere.

A worn, wooden vessel has been dry-docked on a jetty. The boat is in sad shape. A hole in the hull and the condition of its boards make it obvious that the vessel is no longer seaworthy.

The boat does not reply.

There's no reason to use that on the gangplank.
Alexander has no need for the old boards that make up the gangplank.
A ramshackle, wooden gangplank leads from the pier to the docked boat.
The gangplank does not reply.

Alexander can't hand anything to the boy from here.

Alexander can't reach the boy from here.

A young boy is happily swimming in the sea off the docks.

ALEX "Good day. I'm Alexander. What are you doing in the sea?"

SHA "What does it look like I'm doing? I'm swimming! <ahem> I mean...come join me!
The water's wonderful! I can show you the way to the next island!"

SHA "Come join me, if you're brave enough!"

The hole in the boat is too far gone to mess with.

The boat as a whole is in such sad shape that it's just not worth Alexander's time to try to fix that hole.

A good-sized hole in the boat's hull indicates that it's not fit for the sea. Alexander wonders if the hole was the reason the boat was dry-docked, or if the tear was caused by the dry-docking.

Alexander doesn't want to do that to the mast.

Alexander's hand would do nothing to sway the sturdy mast.

Rising from the deck of the ferry, the sturdy wooden mast almost pierces the sky.

The mast doesn't respond.

There's no reason to use that on the path.

To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.

The path leads northeast from the docks to the village.

The path does not respond.

The pier need not be altered.

The splintery boards of the pier would not be pleasant to the touch.

A decrepit pier juts out into the sea.

The pier has nothing to talk about.

The pulley functions fine the way it is.

The ferry is dry-docked and there's no reason to put up its sails.

Apparently, the pulley has been through many a storm but still remains functional.

The pulley does not respond.

Alexander is standing at the island's docks. Both the pier and the only boat in sight are in sad repair.

Using that on the sail would be pointless.

What would Alexander do with that huge sheet of canvas?

The battered old sail doesn't look like it's ever going to catch its second wind.

The sail refuses to shoot the breeze with Alexander.

Alexander can't reach the shore from where he is.

Though mostly covered by sand, some areas of the shore are littered by volcanic rocks.

The shore has no answer.

SHA "(TO ALEXANDER) Hey! Stranger! Come join me! The water is wonderful, and I can show you the way to the next island!"

SHA "Come on! Jump in! A little water won't hurt you."

SHA "What are you waiting for? I said I'd show how to get to the next island, didn't I?"

SHA "All right, be that way! Don't come in the water! You'll be sorry!"

That's strange. The young boy in the water just disappeared. Oh, well. Perhaps he just dove under the water.

FER "Go away! The ferry's out of business!"

Alexander doesn't want to throw that in the sea.

The waters in this cove appear calm, but there's a dimpling pattern to the surface which indicates an undertow.

The ocean currents continue to murmur, but they do not reply to Alexander.

Considering the poor condition of the shore, it looks like the easiest way to get into the water is to just jump off the pier.

SHA "Glad you could join me! Ha, ha, ha!"

The powerful currents grab Alexander. Struggle as he might, he feels himself being pulled out to sea.

The Ferryman

There's no reason to put that in the barrel.

Alexander doesn't want to get into the ferryman's things uninvited.

There's a barrel near the door.

The barrel does not reply.

There's no reason to put that on the bed.

Alexander isn't in the mood for a nap. Besides, he finds the thought of the old sea salt's bed linens rather uninviting.

The ferryman's bunk looks hard and uncomfortable. No wonder he can be so cranky.

The bunk has nothing to say.

ALEX "(POLITE, SYMPATHETIC) Well, I think I'll be going now. Thanks for allowing me into your home."

FER "(SAD, RESOLVED) Posh! Not at all. It breaks the boredom, if ya know what I mean. <sigh>"

ALEX "(POLITE, SYMPATHETIC) Well, thanks again for your hospitality."

FER "Yer always welcome, Alexander. Come back any time."

The cabin door leads back outside to the docks.

Alexander is already sitting in a chair.

Two plain wooden chairs are arranged neatly around a small table.

The chair does not respond.

ALEX "Would you be at all interested in this?"

FER "Nah. What need has a poor, dry-docked ferryman for that?"

ALEX "I have this copper coin. Would you be interested?"

FER "I wouldn't feel right taking yer money without a ferry ride to offer ya for it!"

The old sea salt is a little crusty around the edges. Alexander would rather keep his hands to himself.

The ferryman is a disgruntled-looking man who is probably a lot younger than he appears. Despite his tired air, he watches Alexander patiently.

The ferryman gave Alexander the rabbit's foot. He doesn't want it back.

ALEX "Would you be interested in this ring?"

FER "I don't need charity! I won't take nothing from no man 'til I get back in business and can earn my own keep!"

ALEX "I'm a visitor to these islands. I'd like to learn what I can about the area."

FER "So ya said outside. What is it ya want to know?"

ALEX Well, for one thing, why has the island's only ferry been dry-docked?"

FER "Hmph. It just ain't safe to sail these days, what with the islands feuding and all. Vizier Alhazred ordered the ferry closed 'til things settle down. Me, I don't think she'll ever see water again <sigh>."

ALEX "But why are the islands feuding?"

FER "Ya got me. Something about stolen property or some such thing. 'Tis a real shame. Things used to be so friendly."

ALEX "Then this unrest is recent."

FER "A few years is all, but it's been long enough."

ALEX "Perhaps if the ferry were repaired?"

FER "This old thing? This ferry's been out of water so long, she's no longer even seaworthy. Her boards have dry rot. She'd fall apart at the first taste of seawater!"

ALEX "But there must be some way to get off this island!"

FER "There's only one other way to travel that I know of--a magic map. The owner of the Pawn Shoppe can tell ya more about that than I can, Alexander."

ALEX "Tell me more about Princess Cassima."

FER "(SMILING) Ah! Such a beautiful child! And so pure of heart! Why, a contrary thought has never crossed her mind."

FER "Her mother was the same. The king and queen, they served the islands, not the other way around. Always thinking 'bout the people."

FER "<sigh> They are sorely missed."

ALEX "What else can you tell me about the Land?"

FER "Let's see. The Isle of Wonder's a lovely spot. A bit crazy, mind. Ya gotta have a good sense of humor to enjoy a tour there."

FER "The Isle of the Beast is pretty, but unfortunately ya can't get very far onto the island."

FER "The inhabitants of the Isle of the Sacred Mountain are the most gorgeous creatures ya'll ever see. If ya ever get to see them, that is."

FER "The Castle of the Crown sure is a beauty. She's the finest palace ever built, I'll warrant."

FER "Some say that the Land of the Green Isles is near the edge of the world, and that the deadly currents are a result of a magnetism that sucks life from this world to the next. Of course, that's just silly talk...."

FER "The island's currents keep us pretty isolated. I can only recall three visitors in my lifetime. When I was a boy a wanderer came, Alhazred himself arrived many years ago, and now you. We have almost no contact with the outside world, but we're content with our little kingdom. At least, we always were in the past."

ALEX "Tell me more about the ferry."

FER "I remember when I used to ferry Queen Allaria and Princess Cassima themselves! There was no thought of danger back then."

FER "They used to go visiting to care for the needy and to keep up the friendly relations between the islands."

FER "I remember their last trip. Things had started getting nasty by then, and when they came back aboard I gathered that the queen and the princess had been received a bit coldly."

FER "Princess Cassima was such a pretty thing, and she was terribly upset. 'But, who

could be spreading these lies?' she asked the queen. But the queen had no answer."

ALEX "What do you do now that the ferry no longer operates?"

FER "Me? I'm out of a job--the job my ancestors have held for generations. I'm the only one trained to avoid the reef and the rocks, but that knowledge does me no good now."

ALEX "Is there no other boat on the island? One that might be more seaworthy?"

FER "Boats don't last long on these shoals, as ya may have found out if ya got here by ship. Ya can be quite sure that this ole ferry is, or was, the only craft on the island."

Alexander doesn't want to take the ferryman's lamps. He obviously has little enough to offer him comfort.

Several oil lamps are strategically placed around the boat's cabin to illuminate the island's dark nights.

The lamps chose not to illuminate Alexander.

The woman in the picture probably means something to the ferryman. Alexander decides to leave the picture on the wall.

An old oil painting of a pretty girl hangs on the cabin wall.

The image in the picture does not reply.

There's no reason to throw that out of the porthole.

If Alexander wants to leave, he should just use the door.

Portholes provide fresh sea air and daylight to the boat's small cabin.

The portholes seem whole-ly unfamiliar with Alexander's vocabulary.

There's no reason to use that on the rabbit's foot.

ALEX "(CURIOUS) I see you have a rabbit's foot. Has it brought you much luck?"

FER "(DISGUSTED) Hrmph! As ya can see, my luck's been out for some time now, despite that old charm."

FER "Why don't ya take it with ya? Perhaps giving the darn thing away will bring me good fortune at last!"

ALEX "(POLITE) Perhaps it will at that. Thank you."

There's a rabbit's foot on the table. It seems the ferryman is counting on a little luck.

The rabbit's foot is long past even making a squeal.

Alexander doesn't want to take anything from the cabin unless the ferryman offers it to him.

Alexander is sitting inside the ferry's cabin. The place displays the neatness of a seaman and the sparseness of a bachelor. There are few frills and comforts in the rough wooden environment, but the sunlight shines cheerily on the oaken beams, and the portholes admit a pleasant breeze.

The ferryman seems to be the only one in the cabin to address.

A cabinet with a dry sink lines one wall of the cabin.

FER "How goes it, Alexander?"

FER "What is it ya wanted to talk about, young man?"

There's no reason to use that on the stove.

The fire in the stove is out, and it is too warm a day to light it.

Why would Alexander want to make rain here? It's such a nice, clear day.

A black, pot-bellied stove in the corner provides warmth on the cool tropical nights--and a means for cooking.

The stove gives Alexander the cold shoulder.

There's no reason to use that on the makeshift table.

There's nothing on the small table.

There's nothing of interest on that particular part of the table.

There's nothing on the table.

A table is positioned in front of two plain wooden chairs. The table consists of a board placed over a small barrel.

There's a rabbit's foot on the table.

MAGIC MAP

Alexander feels a strange pulling sensation....

There's a small island labeled "Isle of the Beast" on the east side of Alexander's map.

The "Isle of the Crown" lies at the south of the map.

Another island has appeared on the magic map! Alexander wonders if it has anything to do with the Oracle's reference to the Druids?

The mist on the map has cleared, revealing the "Isle of the Mists."

A large island named the "Isle of the Sacred Mountain" dominates the north of the Land of the Green Isles.

According to the magic map, the "Isle of Wonder" is a comma-shaped island poised in the sea to the west.

Nothing happens. Apparently, the map won't teleport its user anywhere except the other islands.

It's probably just as well--who knows what might be in those mists?!!

Heavy mists shroud an area to the southeast on the magic map.

The map bears the title, "The Land of the Green Isles."

An ornate compass marker directs the bearer of the map.

Nothing happens. Apparently, the map won't teleport its user anywhere except the other islands.

It's a good thing, too! Alexander has had enough of ocean swimming lately!

The magic map lays out what Alexander assumes is the whole of the Land of the Green Isles. The distinctive islands are separated from each other by the deadly sea.

ISLE OF WONDER

The Beach

A group of small boulders are pleasantly arranged near the oyster beds.

Alexander can't do anything with the oyster now! The gnomes require all his attention!

That won't do anything for the little oyster.

Perhaps Alexander should find out more about the oyster first.

ALEX "Would you like me to read to you again?"

Perhaps Alexander should find out more about the oyster first.

The oyster is already asleep, and if Alexander reads anymore of THAT book HE will fall asleep.

The oyster is resting rather uneasily, and Alexander doesn't want to disturb him.

The oyster would not appreciate being tickled awake!

The little oyster looks far too grumpy to enjoy a good tickling.

Alexander doesn't want to disturb the oyster now that he's finally asleep!

ALEX "Should I play the flute for you?"

OYS "No, thanks! Music just keeps me awake."

Alexander doesn't want to wake up the sleeping oyster.

ALEX "(CONCERNED) Why don't you let me see if I can help?"

OYS "(LIKE A SCARED KID) No way! No one's looking in MY mouth! I HATE dentists."

That oyster already looks a little perturbed and probably wouldn't appreciate being picked up by Alexander.

One of the oysters is sitting up in bed and doesn't look very happy. He seems to be the only one who can't sleep.

In the oyster's mouth Alexander can see a glint of white.

The little oyster is sleeping peacefully now that Alexander's removed the irritating pearl.

The oyster with the mouthache seems to be resting rather uneasily.

The oyster is sleeping peacefully without that pearl and would be unlikely to want it back!

ALEX "Why aren't you asleep like the other oysters?"

OYS "I'm SO weary, but I can't sleep. I have a terrible ache in my mouth."

ALEX "What's wrong with your mouth?"

OYS "No offense, but it hurts too much to talk."

There's no reason to use that on the distant foliage.

Alexander can't do anything with the distant foliage from here.

To the north, the island is dense with vegetation.

Alexander thinks about calling into the distance, but reasons that it would probably do little good.

Alexander wouldn't want to throw that into the sea!

Alexander doesn't want to taste the salty sea water.

The blue ocean stretches on for as far as Alexander can see.

Alexander's voice gets lost in the rippling of the tide.

The ocean is not as calm as it appears. Underwater currents tug at Alexander's legs.

The underwater tow is amazingly strong here. It pulls ferociously at Alexander's legs.

Before Alexander can retreat, the currents grab his legs! The shifting sand vanishes from beneath his feet! Against his best efforts, he is dragged out to sea!

Those oysters are all sleeping peacefully. Alexander wouldn't want to disturb them.

Alexander doesn't wish to disturb the oysters who are sleeping soundly.

Oyster beds line the seashore. Most of the oysters are sound asleep.

The sleeping oysters only snore in response.

There's no reason for Alexander to use that on the rocks.

Alexander doesn't need to carry around the dead weight of a rock.

Large, craggy boulders lie on the beach as though pushed up from the sea by giant hands.

The rocks don't answer.

There's no reason to use that on the path.

To take the path, Alexander need only walk down it.

A path to the north leads inland.

The path wanders on its way without comment.

Alexander is standing on a rocky beach. To the north is dense, tropical vegetation. Near the shore are a dozen or so oyster beds.

Using that on the sentence in the water would be pointless.

Alexander picks up the object floating in the water. It appears to be a string of letters. They say
"Where are you going...?"

Alexander decides to keep the odd sentence, even though it is incomplete.

Alexander wades into the sea to get the strange object in the water.

The ocean currents tug at Alexander's legs. Hmm. That object is just a bit out of reach.

Alexander wades deeper into the sea to get the strange object in the water.

A string of letters floats in the water. The letters spell out, "Where are you going...?" Alexander's
heard of alphabet soup, but this is ridiculous!

The sentence floating in the water has nothing new to say.

-

Alexander hears someone coming.

GNO "Five fierce guards of the isle we be!

'Watch for a foreign man,' said he!

With ears and nose, tongue, hands, and eyes.

Its nature cannot be disguised.

If man it be, then man it dies!"

Alexander had better deal with the gnome in front of him first!

Alexander can't reach the other gnomes in line.

Four gnomes stand waiting in line.

GNO "Old Tom Trow, smell your smell.

Do that which you do so well."

Alexander holds the item out for the gnome with the stupendous nose.

TOM "My nose can not be tricked that way!

The smell of man still rules the day!"

It's no good using that on the gnome now!

Alexander holds the flower of stench out to the gnome with the jumbo nose.

TOM "Tom Trow I am, that's all I'll be.

My nose knows all on land and sea.

A flower of stench has washed ashore.

A flower, 'tis all, and nothing more!"

A gnome with a huge nose stands before Alexander.

TOM "Alert, my brothers, as we feared!

A man, a man, has landed here!"

GNO "A man, a man, so say our nose!

Into the waiting sea he goes!"

GNO "Listen! Hark you, Governor!

Do your duty as you swore.

With your ears, please tell us more."

Alexander holds the item out for the gnome with the immense ears.

GRO "My ears can hear nothing so clear,

as the sound of a man standing here!"

Alexander plays the flute for the gnome with the huge ears.

GRO "A flute, it's true, is a harmless thing,

but the man who blows it--there's the sting!"

GRO "My ears can't miss that strong heartbeat!
A man it is, a man we greet!"

GNO "A man, a man, so say our ears!
We shall send him to his bier!"

An odd-looking gnome stands before Alexander. He has incredibly huge ears!
Alexander winds the mechanical nightingale and plays it for the gnome.

Alexander winds the tin nightingale and plays it for the gnome with the monumental ears.

GRO "A nose is not a way to spy!
My ears cannot be told a lie.
A nightingale is all there be.
No man is near, and so say me!"

GNO "Taste, Grump-Frump, that we might know,
whether friend or whether foe."

Alexander holds the item out for the gnome with the oversized mouth.

GRU My tongue dislikes this sour thing,
and the taste of man all o're it clings!"

A squatty little gnome stands before Alexander. He has a huge mouth and a very long, curled up tongue.

Alexander holds the mint out for the gnome with the gigantic mouth.

GRU "Grump-Frump knows a tasty treat.
It matters not what others bleat!
No danger is this one so sweet!"

GRU "My tongue betrays this one so sly!
A man it is! I tell no lie!"

GNO "A man, a man, so say our tongue!
To the Realm of the Dead we send this one!"

GNO "Trilly Dilly, use your hands.
Is it beast, or is it man?"

Alexander holds the item out for the gnome with the massive hands.

TRI "My hands cannot be led astray.
A man is here, that's plain as day!"

TRI "My hands know what the rest do not!
A man is standing on this spot!"

A gnome with very large hands stands in front of Alexander.

Alexander holds the rabbit's foot out for the gnome with the huge hands.

TRI Be all you mad? What aileth thee?
A bunny can't trill merrily!
A hare does not at all taste sweet!
A rabbit here is all we greet."

GNO "A man, a man, so say our hands!
We act at the vizier's command!"

GNO "Old Bill Batter, never fatter,
vision can resolve this matter.
Look you now, and end this chatter!"

Alexander holds the item out for the gnome with the enormous eyes.

BIL "My eyes cannot be distracted!
A MAN I see, and so say me!"

GNO "A man, a man, so say our eyes!
A man he be, a man he dies!"

GNO "Of all the senses, eyes are best!
A man, I say, and hang the rest!"

A gnome with gigantic eyes is standing before Alexander.

Alexander pours the contents of the empty-looking ink bottle over himself.

BIL "By all that's beautiful, fair, and slightly,
four morons do I sleep with nightly!
There's NOTHING THERE AT ALL I say!
Enough of this, let's now away!"

Alexander did it! He's fooled the guards!

Oyster Close-up

ALEX "If you're having trouble sleeping, perhaps you'd like me to read to you."

OYS "Hey! That would be great!"

ALEX "Two dulcimas raised to the degree of forty halfdulcimas, divided into equal parts by the third of a cackle of grouse geese, put over the result of ten finemackels (albeit small finemackels), stretched over the total of fifty-three and an eighth bottles of wildebeast lard..."

!!!Do yawn sound effect.

ALEX "...yields a gilded minnow of precise measurements; two thousand sixty-nine centidribs by three million twenty-three and six-sevenths pounds (NOT punts, as might be expected). This is not to say, however, in any sense, whatsoever, that deviations in mean temperature of five or six dregs or so..."

!!!Do yawn sound effect

ALEX "...indicate a fabrication or derivation sufficiently broad enough to exacerbate the conclusions uncovered, in due course, with regards to the dimensions, consistency, mass, or thickness inherent in the menial suckling grouse."

!!!Do yawn sound effect

!!!Do snore sound effect.

The poor little oyster falls into an uneasy sleep, though it's clear he is still not resting easy.

Alexander decides to leave him to his nap.

Alexander doesn't want to mess with that while he's reading!

Alexander is reading to the oyster that can't sleep.

Alexander sees nothing of interest on that part of the oyster.

Drat! Just missed it!

The oyster is trying to listen to Alexander, but he appears to be getting sleepy.

Alexander makes a grab for the pearl.

OYS "Hey! You fixed my mouth! It feels great! I..."

Ah!, the little oyster drifts into peaceful slumber with the rest of his oyster friends.

There's a large pearl inside the oyster's mouth. Perhaps the pearl is what's keeping the little fellow awake.

Bookworm Yard

There's no reason to use that on a pile of books.

BWO "Hey! Hands off the goods there, son."
ALEX "Oh, sorry."
BWO "What do you think YOU'RE doing?"
ALEX "I'm sorry. I didn't realize these books had an owner. I'm in need of a rare book."
BWO "Hmph! No owner! ALL books have owners, my good man. And THIS book owner--Bookworm to you--wouldn't part with one of his books for anything!"
ALEX "Isn't there something I can do for you to pay for the book?"
BWO "Hmm. Let's see. Do you have an itinerant clause?"
ALEX "No. No clauses at all, I'm afraid."
OXY "As an exception, you always should!"
DIP "(IN AWE) AAoooUU!"
BWO "Don't mind Oxymoron and Diphthong. They're fairly limited grammatical principles, you know."
BWO "Hmm, let's see. A marsh pig that does taxes?"
ALEX "(BLUSHING) Uh, no. I'm afraid not."
BWO "A dangling participle?"
ALEX "I'm fresh out."
BWO "A purple fiddlewacker?"
ALEX "No.... I don't think so. Sorry."
BWO "An idiosyncrasy, perhaps?"
ALEX "Fraid not."
BWO "Hah! Then what good are you?!"

BWO "Do you have anything interesting yet?"
OXY "A regular abnormality?"
DIP "(LIKE A QUESTION) Weeeoouu?"
ALEX "Uh...let me see what I have."

BWO "Do you have anything interesting yet?"
ALEX "Uh...let me see what I have."

BWO "A fleeting moment, perhaps?"
BWO "A subordinate clause, maybe?"
BWO "A split infinitive?"
BWO "A prepositional phrase, possibly?"
BWO "Falling arches, perhaps?"

Alexander doesn't need anything more from Bookworm or his friends.

Alexander has already gained Bookworm's attention, and Bookworm has not invited him to take a book.

Piles of stacked books, looking ready to topple at any moment, have been arranged haphazardly on the sandy ground.

ALEX "Hello, Bookworm? I have something you might be interested in!"

BWO "Well, what is it this time?"

Alexander should read the books if he wants to get information from them.

ALEX "(CALLING OUT) Hello? Is anyone there in the books?"

BWO "NO! There's no one here!"

ALEX "(CALLING OUT) Are you there, most venerable Bookworm?"

Alexander offers the item to the black widow.

WID "No, thank you, you SWEET man. Like a good little wife, I have no interest in anything except my cozy little web--and YOU!"

Alexander reaches out to touch the black widow.

WID "That's right! GO with your feelings! GET closer to me!"

Alexander feels the tiny pin prick of the spider's bite and the slow burning of her poison.

WID "Thanks for the memories!"

A black widow is sitting in her web. She has long legs and an hourglass on her belly. She gives Alexander a knowing look.

WID "(SWEETLY) Have you changed your mind? My offer of dead...er...wedlock is still open!"

ALEX "Would you take this in exchange for a rare book?"

BWO "You want to trade THAT? There are millions of THOSE lying about. No, thank you!"

Bookworm might not appreciate Alexander trying to grab him.

ALEX "I have a hole-in-the-wall."

BWO "Do you see ANY walls around here, young man?"

ALEX "Er...no."

BWO "Just think a little first, would you, please?"

A very large caterpillar has wriggled his way up out of the book pile. He looks scholarly and terribly self-important.

ALEX "I have a magic map. That's pretty unusual."

BWO "Hmph! And I suppose I should just go poofing about with that map and leave my books unattended for you to do with as you please? No, thank you!"

ALEX "I found this little fellow lost on another island."

DP "Coming home, I am now TO!"

BWO "(TO DANGLING PARTICIPLE) THERE you are, you naughty boy! I TOLD you not to leave the island!"

DP "Glad I am, seeing you too!"

OXY "A most solemn celebration!"

DIP "(VERY EXCITED) GooEEEOo!"

BWO "(TO ALEXANDER) So, you found my dangling participle! I suppose I'll have to give you something. Let's see now, was it a rare book you wanted?"

ALEX "Yes, sir."

BWO "Well, then none of THESE will do. They've been sitting in the sun far too long and must be well-cooked by now."

BWO "THIS one is far more rare. A delicious little tidbit."

ALEX "Uh, thanks."

ALEX "I have a large pearl."

BWO "Please! You think I'd take mere 'oyster stones' for my books? Hah!"

ALEX "I have a sentence. Would that do?"

BWO "An incomplete one, I suppose <yawn>?"

ALEX "Why...actually, it IS incomplete."

BWO "Just as I suspected. Incomplete sentences are a dime a dozen. Why you can literally find them just FLOATING about! Complete sentences, now THERE'S something that's hard to come by these days!"

ALEX "I see. Sorry."

ALEX "Are you sure there isn't something else I can trade you for a rare book?"

BWO "Nope. Unless you have one of the items I asked about before, I just won't part with one of my books."

ALEX "I have a rotten tomato."

BWO "I'm sure you do, son. But there's nothing I can do about it."

There's no reason for Alexander to use that on the loose thread.

WID "(FURIOUS) HEY! Don't touch that thread!"

It looks like Alexander has reached the end of his thread.

WID "SOME people like to ask for TROUBLE!"

A thread is hanging from the otherwise tightly-woven web.

There's no sense in using that on the parchment.

Alexander snatches the scrap of parchment, curious to see what's written on it.

The wind blows the scrap of paper from Alexander's hand. But, he remembers what it said well enough.

Alexander reaches out to grab the scrap of parchment.

WID "After my goods, are you? What a greedy little man you are!"

Alexander feels the sharp prick of the black widow's teeth, then a strange, burning sensation.

WID "That's what you get for preferring that old scrap of paper to me!"

WID "That scrap of paper blew into my web from those books over there. The wind just thinks it can deposit anything here! Hmph!"

The tail-end of this island is a riotous scramble of books, sand, and a spider's web.

The bees, although spelling, can sting and cause swelling!

Little bees buzz around the books as though the pages were laden with the sweetest pollen. Maybe they're spelling bees!

"BUZZ. B-U-Z-Z!"

Alexander wouldn't want that to get caught in the spider web.

Alexander investigates the intricate spider's web in the corner....

The spider who lives there is NOT amused!

Alexander feels the tiny pin prick of the spider's bite and the slow burning of her poison.

WID "Wow! Hiya, Gorgeous. What a luscious-looking hunk of flesh you are!"

ALEX "Uh...thank you. I guess. Who are you?"

WID "How charming of you to pretend not to know! I'm Black Widow, of course, the femme fatale of all femme fatales. Know what I mean <wink wink>?"

WID "You know, I was just thinking it was time I found my fiftieth...er...another husband. It would be quite a horror...I mean an honor to have me as a bride."

WID "Just look at my beautiful weaving! It's so light, so delicate, you'll never want to leave my little nest."

ALEX "Hmm. It is a lovely web, but my heart is elsewhere, I'm afraid."

WID "DRAT! <ahem> I mean, the loss is yours. I'm sure you'll change your mind once you consider the advantages."

WID "So THERE you are, handsome! What can I do for you now?"

The web is as silent as silk.

Oh, no! A black widow spider's web!

Alexander feels the tiny pin prick of the spider's bite and the slow burning of her poison.

BWO "Well, I hardly expected you to have anything useful! Good day!"

Alexander wouldn't want that to get caught in the spider web.

Alexander reaches out to touch the silky web.

WID "Ah! How sweet the matrimony! I knew you'd change your mind!"

Alexander feels the sharp prick of the black widow's teeth, then a strange, burning sensation.

WID "Ah! A widow AGAIN!"

An intricately detailed spider's web has been spun between a pile of books and a small tree.

The web is as silent as silk.

Swamp

Alexander sees no reason to use that on the bump on the log.

ALEX "Would you be interested in this, Bump-on-a-log?"

BUM "No, thank you! I have need for little unless it would be something to throw at my brother to teach him a lesson. I don't think that would be quite appropriate."

Alexander wouldn't mind giving Bump something to help straighten out his brother, but he doesn't want things to get violent!

That bump on the log does not look particularly interesting to Alexander.

Bump and his log are too heavy for Alexander to carry. Besides, Bump-on-a-log is rather a homebody; the ultimate couch potato.

-There's no reason to disturb Bump-on-a-log's peaceful nap.

The fallen log has a good-sized knot or bump.

Bump-on-a-log is glaring angrily at his brother, Stick-in-the-mud.

Bump-on-a-log, having reconciled (at least temporarily) with his brother, is enjoying a peaceful nap.

That bump on the log does not look particularly conversational to Alexander.

ALEX "Who are you?"

BUM "I'm Bump-on-a-log, and that's my brother, Stick-in-the-mud. We've had this thing about each other ever since our childhood. Mom always liked me best."

STI "SHE DID NOT! That is absolutely NOT TRUE!"

BUM (CONFIDENTIALLY, TO ALEXANDER) He's a bit lazy, you see. He's got the only swamp ooze in the swamp right next to him. But do you think he'd move a finger to help get you some? Hardly. He'd try to brain you with it, more likely. His temper's about the only thing that ever gets a workout--and that on yours truly."

STI "Oh, like YOU'VE moved at all in the last century! Like YOU'RE Mr. Physical Activity!"

BUM "<sniff> Just because I can't reach anything, he thinks he can throw gushy swamp matter at me and just say whatever he likes. If only I could turn the tables on that heckler, he might learn some respect. But, as you see, I am a mere bump-on-a-log and must be content with my lot."

STI "Oh, SHUT UP! You couldn't hit the broad side of a barn even if you HAD something to throw! Just SHUT UP!"

BUM "(WHISPERS, TO ALEXANDER) You see how he is."

ALEX "Is there anything I can do for you, Bump-on-a-log?"

BUM "There's no changing my lot in life < sigh >. A bump-on-a-log is a defenseless creature, alas, and must put up with whatever cruelty Fate dishes out!"

ALEX "Is there anything I can do to make peace between you two? You are brothers, after all."

BUM "(CONFIDENTIALLY) He needs a good thrashing, I expect."

BUM "(MARTYRED) However, since YOU cannot go into the swamp, nor can I fight back, he will simply have to be borne. Such is the life of a bump-on-a-log."

Why would Alexander want to use the teacup on that bump on a log?

Bump-on-a-log can't help Alexander out with that teacup. It's his brother that has access to the ooze.

Don't bother Bump with that teacup! He's sleeping!

ALEX "I thought this might come in handy the next time your brother starts picking on you."

BUM "(TRIUMPHANT) Ah, ha! Finally, old Bump-on-the-log's not so defenseless, is he?"

RTO "(PANICKED) Hey! Hey! Whaddya you doin' there? Watch the pulp, would ya?"

STI "(AFRAID) Now, Bumpie! Remember all I've given you!"

BUM "The only thing you've ever given me is mud! Take this!"

RTO "(SCREAMING) NO! NOT INTO THE SWAMP!"

BUM "Okay! Okay! I give up! Geez, SORRY!"

STI "<sniff> Well, I guess it's not very pleasant having things thrown at you. I'm sorry."

BUM "You mean it? Really? Brother!"

STI "Brother!"

Stick-in-the-mud and Bump-on-a-log, exhausted from the battle, immediately doze off into naps. Rotten Tomato, being equally lazy, decides to join them.

!!!Do yawn sound

What would that bump on the log want with a rotten tomato?

What would a dogwood tree do with that?

Alexander considers climbing the tree....

And quickly changes his mind!

A large tree stretches knotted limbs out over the swamp. Part of the tree's trunk is shaped like the face of a dog. Why, it must be a dogwood tree!

ALEX "My dear tree, is it true that your bark is worse than your bite?"

There's no reason to leave that lying about on a log.

Alexander doesn't have time to sit around on the log.

A tough old log lies to the left of the path.

The log itself has nothing to say.

There's no reason to use that on the milkweed bush.

Alexander already has a bottle of milk. One is enough to carry around.

Alexander takes a bottle of milk from the milkweed bush.

Apparently, the dogwood tree doesn't like Alexander standing that close!

Milkweed thrives near the mucky swamp. Small bottles filled with milk grow on it like fruit.

The milkweed doesn't answer.

Alexander doesn't want to get swamp ooze all over that!

If Alexander tried to pick up the swamp ooze with his hands it would only slip through his fingers.

According to the spell book, the swamp ooze is supposed to go in a cup. That old lamp is nothing like a cup!

A glob of swamp ooze, tossed during the brotherly fight, has landed on the log.

Why would Alexander want to put swamp ooze in a SKULL?

The glob of swamp ooze has nothing to say.

Alexander fills the teacup with the swamp ooze.

The willowy cats have no need for that!

Alexander decides to pet the soft-looking cattails.

Zounds, what a racket! So much for stirring up those cattails!

A cluster of cattails flourish near the muck of the swamp.

ALEX "Good day, thou most feline of fronds."

The mucky swamp is no place for extensive hands-on exploration!

The Isle of Wonder swamp oozes with muck, moss, and mud. Crickets and frogs sing an endless serenade, and the green-filtered light adds to the sense of dampness here.

The swamp ignores Alexander and continues its chirps, croaks, and blurps.

Why would Alexander want to throw that at the stick in the swamp?

ALEX "Would you have any interest in this, Stick-in-the-mud?"

STI "Get outta here! What makes you think I'd want anything of YOURS!"

The cranky stick-in-the-mud is sleeping now and waking him up would be rather pointless.

Alexander can't reach the stick in the swamp.

Alexander can't reach the cranky stick-in-the-mud.

A stick is stuck in the middle of the swamp.

Stick-in-the-mud glares crankily at his brother, Bump-on-a-log.

Stick-in-the-mud has gone into a delicious snooze.

Alexander sees no point in trying to talk to that stick in the swamp.

ALEX "(POLITE) Perhaps you could toss me some swamp ooze since you seem to be able to recognize it. I can only reach this bit by the path."

STI "(SMART ALECKY) Well, hoity-toity, look who's Mr. Want-so-much! You think I gotta job here passing around precious swamp matter? You should BE so lucky."

BUM "(TO ALEXANDER) He's an utter waste of oxygen. I'd save my breath if I were you."

Alexander isn't getting anywhere by talking to that cranky stick-in-the-mud. The creature simply refuses to toss Alexander any swamp ooze!

ALEX "But really, I..."

STI "Never! I got your swamp ooze right next to me, and THAT'S where it's gonna stay. This swamp ooze is MINE. Period."

Why would Alexander want to use that teacup on the stick in the swamp?

If Alexander threw the teacup at Stick-in-the-mud, he'd probably never get it back. Stick doesn't seem too accommodating.

Stick wasn't too helpful about that teacup while he was awake, and he certainly wouldn't be interested in it now that he's napping.

ALEX "Perhaps I can help you out by throwing a rotten tomato at Stick-in-the-mud for you."

BUM "Really? <sniff> I appreciate the gesture, but the swamp is broader than it looks. Only a native like myself would be able to hit him from here."

Alexander decides to throw Rotten Tomato at Stick-in-the-Mud himself.

RTO "Help! Help! I'm melting!"

ALEX "Uh, oh."

STI "(SARCASTICALLY) Gee. GREAT arm ya got there."

BUM "Yeah, great arm! You said it, Stick!"

STI "Gee, Bump, did we just agree on something?"

BUM "Why...you're right, Stick, we did!"

STI "Gee! You know, he's even more worthless than you are, Bump! I'm sorry I'm so mean to you sometimes."

BUM "You MEAN it? Brother!"

STI "Brother!"

Stick-in-the-mud and Bump-on-a-log, having reconciled at Alexander's expense, fall into a lazy sleep. Unfortunately, Alexander never did get his ooze.

Why would Alexander want to throw that in the swamp?

Yuck! Alexander doesn't want to put his bare hands in that oozy swamp!

Why would Alexander want to collect swamp matter in that old LAMP?

A mushy swamp lies just off the path. It doesn't look like very good swimming!

The swamp gurgles an inaudible reply.

Alexander doesn't need any more swamp ooze.

STI "(SCORNFULLY) What do you think YOU'RE doing?"

ALEX "(SURPRISED, NICE) You startled me! I was just getting some swamp ooze."

STI "Well, you certainly won't get it THERE!"

BUM "(TIMID) He's right, you know. But he COULD be a little nicer about telling you. He's not a very pleasant stick-in-the-mud."

STI "(ANGRY) Nobody asked you! Be quiet!"

BUM -"(UNDER HIS BREATH)<sigh> Oh, the trials of being a mere bump-on-a-log."

BUM "(MARTYRED)<sigh> It's true. He's right. Extremely irritating, but right."

STI "(ANGRY) SHUT UP! SHUT UP! YOU WORTHLESS BUMP-ON-A-LOG!"

BUM "(DRAMATICALLY) Oh, the cross that I must bear! Would that I could but avenge this uncalled-for abuse!"

BUM "(MARTYRED)<sigh> You really won't make any progress that way. He'll hog that swamp ooze of his. You'll never see a bit of it."

STI "(ANGRY) I'LL SHOW YOU A BIT OF IT! I'LL KNOCK YOUR HEAD OFF WITH IT IF YOU DON'T STOP YAPPING!"

BUM "(DRAMATICALLY) You see how he is."

Alexander already knows that's not swamp ooze.

STI "(DISDAINFUL) THAT'S not swamp ooze! That's swamp SLUDGE!"

STI "(DISDAINFUL) THAT'S not swamp ooze! That's swamp MUCK!"

STI "(DISDAINFUL) THAT'S not swamp ooze! That's swamp SLIME!"

Alexander already knows that's not swamp ooze.

That part of the swamp is out of Alexander's reach.

Why would Alexander want to just throw Rotten Tomato into the swamp?

The swampy bog sinks beneath Alexander's weight. He feels himself being sucked slowly but firmly down into the muck!

As the marshy water fills Alexander's mouth, he thinks that, although he'd always wanted to try a mud bath, this is hardly what he had in mind.

Alexander can't reach the trees in the swamp.

The fertile swamp is dense with moss-covered trees.

Rotten Tomato is too far away to give something to, and he's unlikely to move any closer.

Alexander is quite happy to be rid of Rotten Tomato and has no desire to fetch him from the swamp.

Rotten Tomato seems to enjoy the smelly, mucky swamp. He's napping next to his new partner-in-crime, Stick-in-the-mud.

ALEX "How are you finding your new surroundings, Rotten...er...Mr. Tomato?"

RTO "Can't you see I'm snoozin'? Ya done good. Now go play in the street or somethin'."

ALEX "I have this teacup...."

RTO "Get outta my face wid that ting!"

Miraculous Garden

ALEX "Would you babies be interested in this?"

BAB "WAAAAAAH!"

The baby's tears apparently aren't interested in that because they continue to wail at the tops of their lungs.

ALEX "Would you babies be interested in this?"

The baby's tears only look up at Alexander with bewildered expressions. They must be a bit young for that.

Alexander shouldn't give that bottle of potion to the baby's tears! Who knows WHAT the potion will do?

What a grip! The baby is not at all willing to let go of that milk bottle!

As much as Alexander might wish to comfort the crying babies, he feels a little awkward about picking them up. He's rather new at this.

Alexander doesn't want to pick the baby's tears! They may not be done growing!

Alexander collects some of the baby's tears' tears in the old hunter's lamp.

That baby has nothing to offer Alexander for that hunter's lamp.

Alexander has already collected some tears. He doesn't need any more.

The hunter's lamp is full to the brim with fountain water. There's not even room enough for a few

tears in there!

Alexander has no reason to gather tears in that lamp.

Alexander collects some of the tears in the old hunter's lamp containing the Oracle's sacred water. The baby's tears don't have anything to offer Alexander for that hunter's lamp--at least, not at the moment.

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That lamp has a handle, but neither a spout nor a lid. It's nothing like a teapot.

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That lamp has a lid and handle, but its spout is plugged. It's not quite enough like a teapot.

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That lamp has a handle, but no lid or spout. It doesn't look anything like a teapot.

The "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That lamp may have two handles, but it has no spout or lid. It's nothing like a teapot.

That baby has nothing to offer Alexander for that lamp.

Alexander has no reason to gather tears in that lamp.

The tears might be useful for the "Make Rain Spell," but the spell book calls for a teapot. That lamp looks nothing like a teapot.

The baby's tears currently have nothing to contribute to that lamp.

One of the babies is sucking happily on a bottle of milk while the others are spilling copious tears over their lack of the same.

Unless Alexander is mistaken, those plants must be...baby's tears!

Alexander gives one of the baby's tears a bottle of milk.

!!!Do sound effect. "<whimper, whimper> wa! WAAAAA!!!"

The other baby's tears seem to resent Alexander's gift, for some reason.

Alexander can't make himself heard over the wailing of the baby's tears.

ALEX "Hello! Aren't you a bunch of fine-looking young plants?"

BAB "GOO GOO, GAA GAA!"

Apparently, the baby's tears haven't learned to talk yet.

That baby has nothing to offer Alexander for that teacup.

There's no reason to collect the baby's tears' tears in that teacup.

Why would Alexander want to put tears in a teaCUP?

The baby's tears currently have nothing to contribute to that teacup.

The Oracle's vial is already full and won't hold anything more--not even a few baby's tears.

The baby's tears don't want the Oracle's sacred water.

Alexander doesn't need to do that to the chair.

Alexander would love to sit a spell, but he's a tad busy at the moment.

An elegant padded chair provides a cushy seat from which to enjoy the lively garden.

Unlike the rest of the garden, the chair has nothing to say.

Alexander doesn't want to return the teacup to the chair. He might need it.

ALEX "Would you have any interest in this?"

VIN "WE don't want THAT! <whine>"

Alexander gets a little too close to the vines on the wall.

Alexander decides to examine the vines on the wall more closely.

VIN "(VERY WHINY VOICES)<whine> Come CLOSER! We LIke you!"

ALEX "Uh...I appreciate <cough> your enthusiasm <choke>, but I'm really not interested...<gag>!"

VIN "Don't LEAve us! We LIke you!"

!!!Do sound effect: "GASP!"

Clinging vines climb the garden wall.

ALEX "What curious clinging vines are on this wall!"

VIN "(VERY WHINY) WE know we're fascinating! <whine> But no one ever VIsts us!
WE'RE LOnely!"
ALEX "That's too bad."
VIN "WE just want to be LIKed! WE just want to be HUGged!"
VIN "WE've been clinging to this WAll! But he's gotten boring!"
ALEX "I see. Perhaps you should find a new place."
VIN "Don't be STUpid! We're clinging vines! We're NOT particularly MObile!"
ALEX "No, I don't suppose so. Well, good luck."
VIN "We don't FEel like talking! We just want a HUG!"

Alexander wouldn't want to leave that on the coffee table.
Alexander is too far away from home to think about taking furniture back with him!
To the right of the path is a little coffee table.
Though it is a conversation piece, the coffee table doesn't talk.

There's no point in using that on the bottle.
Alexander picks up the bottle.
There's a small bottle on the coffee table. It bears a label that reads, "Drink Me."
The bottle doesn't answer Alexander.

Alexander doesn't need to use that on the spotted gate.
A curiously speckled gate marks one end of the garden.
ALEX "Gate, open!"
Evidently, opening the gate requires a little more effort on Alexander's part.

Why would Alexander want to use that on the hole in the garden wall?
While the wallflowers dance, Alexander snatches the hole-in-the-wall!
Alexander decides to pick up the hole on the wall. A hole-in-the-wall could be a very useful thing.
HOL "EEK!"
Alexander's startled the poor thing! It's run off to hide behind the wallflowers!
The wallflowers, overcome with shyness at Alexander's approach, cluster together and cover the
hole-in-the-wall. Alexander can't get it.
Alexander must have startled the hole-in-the-wall, because it's taken cover behind the wallflowers.
There appears to be a hole in the garden wall.
Through the hole in the wall, Alexander sees a land that resembles a giant chessboard!
Wow! It really IS a hole-in-the-wall.
Alexander looks through the cute little hole-in-the-wall again.
And sees the wondrous chessboard land on the other side of the wall.
ALEX "Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you."
The hole-in-the-wall does not respond to Alexander's soothing voice. Perhaps it's going in one ear
and out the other.
ALEX "What a curious little black spot!"
The hole-in-the-wall does not reply.

Why use that on the iceberg lettuce?
Alexander picks a head of iceberg lettuce.
ALEX "Ye gads, is that cold!"
Alexander already has a frozen head of lettuce.
Alexander replaces his watery lettuce with a freshly picked specimen.
Is that lettuce growing in the garden? It looks a little chilled.
Why, it must be iceberg lettuce!

A patch of iceberg lettuce grows in the garden.

ALEX "Excuse me, lettuce...."

The lettuce just gives Alexander the cold shoulder.

There's no reason to use that on the stone path.

To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.

A pretty stone path leads north to a colorful gate and south to the oozy swamp.

The path continues on its way without comment.

The stone pillars feel just like the wall.

Two fat stone pillars surround the gate. Above them float pieces of stone that seem to be in open rebellion against the laws of gravity.

The pillars don't reply.

Alexander is standing in a delectable garden. Nestled in the bright green grass are colorful plants, growing in orderly clusters. Some of their curious faces peer up at Alexander from the sides of the path. The garden ends at a speckled gate.

Alexander says to no one in particular....

ALEX "What a pleasant garden this is."

The inhabitants smile shyly, but do not reply.

ALEX "Would you be interested in this, Mr. Tomato?"

RTO "I ain't got no use fer that!"

RTO "Hey! Whaddaya think yer doin' there! Get yer hands off me! Hey!"

Alexander picks up Rotten Tomato and puts him away. One never knows when one will need a rotten tomato.

Rotten Tomato is looking awfully grumpy and put out. He doesn't seem to be very happy rotting in the nice, clean garden.

Alexander takes a close look at the tomato on the ground. It appears to be darker than those on the vines.

RTO "Whaddaya starin' at there, boy! Go away, ya rootless thing, ya."

Yup. That tomato is definitely rotten!

ALEX "How did you manage to fall off the vine, Mr. Tomato?"

RTO "(CRANKY, GRUMPY) Whaddya think? I'm old. I'm rotten. Leave me alone!"

ALEX "If you say so."

RTO "After all, you're just gonna let me sit here and rot on this dry ground like everybody else, aren't ya?"

ALEX "Why, I don't know. I suppose...."

RTO "Ah, never mind! Just go away!"

Rotten Tomato is rather put out with Alexander and won't pay attention to anything he says.

ALEX "Would you lovely flowers be interested in this?"

Guess not!

Alexander approaches the snapdragons.

Those unfriendly snapdragons don't want Alexander anywhere near them.

A colorful array of snapdragons stand guard to one side of the path.

ALEX "Good day, Snapdragons."

The snapdragons don't seem inclined to communicate with anyone.

Those snapdragons don't like Alexander getting so close!

ALEX "Would you be interested in this?"

GRA "Hmph! We don't need ANY handouts! Thank you!"

Alexander gets closer to the sour grapes.

GRA "BACK OFF, BUCK-O!"

ALEX "Oh! Excuse me!"

Those grapes look awfully sour!

Alexander addresses the grapes....

ALEX "Why are you so sour, if you don't mind my asking?"

GRA "Well! We'll tell you...."

GRA "How would you like to have the possibility of being made into wine hanging over your head?"

GRA "And then there's our neighbors, the clinging vines? All they do all day is whine about the ivy league social climbers that never call!"

GRA "It's really just no fun at all!"

ALEX "Hmmm, that's too bad. I hope things start looking up."

GRA "Yeah? <Sniff> Thanks a lot!"

The sour grapes seem to be snubbing Alexander now.

Using that on the teacup would serve no purpose.

Alexander takes the teacup.

A delicate china teacup is occupying the chair at the moment.

The tomato vines would have little use for that!

Those tomatoes are not quite ripe yet, and Alexander shouldn't pull them off the vine.

Vines of sweet, ripening tomatoes climb up little wooden posts.

ALEX "Good day, Tomato Vines."

TOM "(SWEET AND SUNNY) GOOD MORNING!"

ALEX "Would you ladies be at all interested in this?"

The wallflowers shyly decline.

The wallflowers dance merrily.

ALEX "May I have this dance?"

WAL "Oh, my! Tee, hee!"

Alexander stops playing the flute, but the wallflowers and snapdragons continue to dance, caught up in the music and oblivious to everything around them.

Alexander reaches out to touch the wallflowers.

Those snapdragons are awfully protective of the wallflowers!

The dancing wallflowers are oblivious to Alexander.

The wallflowers look terribly shy.

ALEX "Greetings, ladies. How charming you look today!"

WAL "Tee, hee, hee!"

The wallflowers are too shy to talk to Alexander.

Zounds! Those wallflowers sure are shy, and the snapdragons are awfully protective of them!

Alexander can't even get close to the wallflowers without causing quite a stir!

Alexander doesn't need to do anything to the garden wall.

Alexander could climb the wall but, then again, there's a perfectly good gate.

Alexander doesn't want to put the hole-in-the-wall back on THAT wall! It was hard enough to get it the first time!

A gray, brick wall marks the end of the garden.

Alexander's voice just bounces off the wall.

Chessboard Land

There's no reason to use that on the marble entrance to Chessboard Land.

The marble feels just like marble.

The entrance to Chessboard Land consists of a stepped marble bridge with astonished-looking pillars.

There's no reason to use that on the path.

The path beyond the knights is beyond Alexander's reach.

A path leads from the marble steps off into the hills of Chessboard Land.

The path continues on its way without comment.

ALEX "Perhaps you would take this and give the lump of coal to the white queen?"

RQ "Of what value is that compared to this lovely lump of coal! You try my patience!"

The red queen already has a lump of coal and won't share it with her sister. If Alexander gave her another, the two would NEVER stop fighting!

RQ "Hands off the royal goods, young man!"

A large, red chessboard queen is standing huffily at the edge of the marble steps.

ALEX "It would be noble of you to give the coal to the white queen, since she desires it so much."

RQ "Don't be silly. She desires the moon as well. I suppose THAT should just be given to her."

Alexander wouldn't want to use that on the red queen's scarf!

Alexander picks up the red queen's scarf.

The red queen has dropped her scarf on the steps.

Alexander can't do anything with Chessboard Land.

Alexander cannot reach Chessboard Land.

Alexander is standing at the edge of a strange land with rolling checkered hills. Two chessboard knights stand before the marble entrance, guarding a path which wanders, like a ribbon, into the velvety hills.

Calling out into Chessboard Land would do little good.

RK "Check, mate! Only chess pieces allowed in Chessboard Land!"

WK "That's right! Humans aren't allowed in and never will be. Stay OUT!"

ALEX "Would you have any interest in this?"

WK "Nope. We knights neither carry nor own anything whatsoever."

RK "Quite so. It only bogs us down. Mobility--that's the key."

The knights respectfully stand at attention in the presence of the queens and ignore Alexander.

ALEX "I found this lump of coal. Perhaps you'd be interested in it?"

WK "Mmmm! Coal is quite appealing, but I'm afraid we aren't allowed to hold any material possessions whatsoever."

RK "Quite so. Only the queens are allowed to own anything at all."

A red chess knight stands at the top of the marble steps.

ALEX "I found a red scarf. I believe the red queen dropped it."

RK "The red queen is always dropping her scarves. She thinks it's fashionable. Keep it and consider yourself honored."

ALEX "Excuse me, what land lies beyond?"

RK "What land? Chessboard Land, ye knave!"

ALEX "I see. And is Chessboard Land part of the Land of the Green Isles?"

WK "It is the home of the red and white queens--rulers of the Isle of Wonder, fairest of the islands that owe loyalty to the king of the Land of the Green Isles!"

RK "But perhaps not for long!"

ALEX "What do you mean?"

WK "What is the purpose of unity with the great king and queen dead? The princess is worth serving, but the feud with the other isles is strong."

ALEX "Can I pass into your fair land?"

WK "Heavens, no!"

RK "No humans allowed in Chessboard Land! Never have been. Never will be."

Alexander can't do that to the sky.

The sky is beyond Alexander's grasp.

The sky of Chessboard Land is a brilliant shade of blue and has heavy, cotton-candy clouds.

The cloudy sky has nothing to spill.

RQ "I must insist, Your Highness. I SHALL send the lump of coal to the vizier and the princess as a present for their wedding, and that's the end of it!"

WQ "And, I suppose, you'll leave ME with only this stupid spoiled egg to send, Your Highness? I want to impress the new king and queen of the realm as much as YOU do! As queen of this island, I have every right to that lump of coal!"

RQ "Who ISN'T queen of this isle? The lump of coal is in my possession, therefore I shall do as I please with it. Besides, there's nothing wrong with that spoiled egg."

WQ "The egg, though delightfully spoiled, is not nearly so valuable as the lump of coal, and you know it. Your Highness always got to carry the singing stone. It's not fair that you get the coal too!"

RQ "That doesn't count! The singing stone was stolen by that horrid Beast! I should get to keep the coal just BECAUSE my stone was stolen!"

WQ "It wasn't YOUR stone, it belonged to the Isle of Wonder treasury! Your Highness always thinks that everything is HERS."

RQ "Excuse me, my good man, but could you settle an argument for us?"

WQ "Which of us should get to carry the coal and which the egg? Remember, WHITE is the color of deserving truth and virtue."

RQ "Be quiet, Your Highness, and let him make up his OWN mind. I, for one, shall be more proper and not even mention the fact that RED is the color of love."

ALEX "I'm sorry, Your Majesties. I am partial to both red AND white, but I'm afraid that I don't know how to solve your problem. One of you will just have to be gracious and allow the other the lump of coal."

WQ "(TO ALEXANDER) What a ridiculously stupid idea."

RQ "(TO ALEXANDER) Quite ludicrous."

WQ "(SARCASTIC) Well, HE was a lot of help, wasn't he?"

RQ "(SARCASTIC) Yes. Obviously a man of high intelligence."

RQ "The lump of coal goes much better with my gown anyway. Black and red are imperial colors."

WQ "That's the silliest thing I ever heard! RED does not go with anything, being much too self-conscious. WHITE is the perfect accompaniment to ANY color."

RQ "Your Highness may as well spend her royal time contemplating something else. The lump of coal shall be sent to the Castle of the Crown under MY name and that's all there is to it."

WQ "No, it shan't."

RQ "Yes, it shall."

WQ "If the coal is sent in YOUR name, I shall royally decree a ban on all red on the isle."

RQ "You do and I shall royally decree that white shall be henceforth used for all mopping up of cabbage stew."

WQ "You wouldn't dare!"

RQ "Oh, wouldn't I?"

RQ "Oh, it's you. Have you thought of any more of those brilliant ideas of yours?"

WQ "Give me the lump of coal, Your Highness."
 RQ "I won't, Your Highness."
 WQ "You SHALL give it to me, that's my decree!"
 RQ "And I decree rather not! See there, my decree is more recent than yours!"
 WQ "Than I decree again--hand it over!"
 RQ "And I decree further--Your Highness shall never have it!"
 WQ "Well? What is it that YOU want, as if we weren't busy enough?"
 RQ "Hmph! Let's go, sister! I must go polish MY coal!"
 WQ "Polish THIS, Your Highness!"
 ALEX "Perhaps this would make you as happy as that lump of coal you desire."
 WQ "That? You obviously don't know the worth of a good lump of coal, young man!
 Show me not your trifles!"
 ALEX "I found the two of you another lump of coal so that you can stop fighting over the one you
 have."
 WQ "Ooh! Lemme see! A lump of coal! And what a beauty it is, too! Marvelous!"
 WQ "Now we can stop fighting, sister! Your Highness can just keep the old lump of coal,
 and I'll take this new one."
 RQ "Quite right! This settles everything."
 WQ "As a token of our endless esteem and royal favor, please accept this magnificent and
 truly incredible spoiled egg!"
 ALEX "Er...umm...thanks."
 RQ "Let me see that lump of coal, Your Highness."
 WQ "It is a beauty, isn't it?"
 RQ "Why, it's bigger than MY lump of coal! Let me have it, immediately!"
 WQ "Over my dead body, Your Highness! It's MY lump of coal, and it is indeed larger
 and MUCH grander. Just look at that sheen!"
 RQ "I DEMAND you exchange with me IMMEDIATELY!"
 WQ "I know I'm irresistible, but keep your hands to yourself!"
 For a chess piece, the white queen is quite large. With the exception of her pure, pale color, she
 looks identical to her equally-huge sister.
 ALEX "Perhaps you should allow your sister queen the coal and be content with the spoiled egg."
 WQ "Oh? Perhaps YOU should keep your opinions to YOURSELF!"

A noble, white chess knight stands at the top of the marble stairs.

ALEX "I found a red scarf. I believe the red queen dropped it."

WK "I don't care for red, and I don't wear scarves."

ISLE OF THE BEAST

Beach

Alexander doesn't want to do anything to disturb the local wildlife.

Alexander resists the temptation to pet the fawn, thinking he might frighten it.

A little fawn is feeding on a grassy hillock near the sea.

The fawn is too busy eating to pay attention to Alexander.

There's no reason to throw that in the sea.

Alexander has no taste for salt water.

The water seems tranquil at the moment, but a dimpling pattern on the surface indicates a strong undertow.

Alexander doesn't want to throw the little creature in the sea!

The currents continue to murmur, but they do not reply to Alexander.

The ocean is not as calm as it appears. Underwater currents tug at Alexander's legs.

The underwater tow is amazingly strong here. It pulls ferociously at Alexander's legs.

Before Alexander can retreat, the currents grab his legs! The shifting sand vanishes from beneath his feet! Against his best efforts, he is dragged out to sea!

ALEX "Would you be interested in this?"

DP "That I like not! Take it away do!"

Perhaps Alexander ought to find out more about the odd-looking creature before offering it anything.

ALEX "Won't you come down?"

DP "Come down why for? Know you I do not!"

Alexander can't reach the little creature on the tree branch. It will have to come down on its own.

There's an odd little creature dangling from that tree branch.

Alexander holds the sentence out to the creature.

ALEX "This sentence seems in need of an ending. Perhaps you could finish it?"

DP "Where are you going.... Where are you going...?!"

DP "Know it I DO!! Where are you going TO!!!!!"

DP "Like you I do! Go I with you!"

Well! That was certainly interesting! It looks like Alexander now has a passenger.

ALEX "Hello, friend. Aren't you an odd-looking little fellow?"

DP "Am not! Odd-looking YOU are!"

ALEX "OH! I'm sorry. I didn't realize you could speak."

DP "Speak not? Funny is! Speech I am and nothing BUT!"

ALEX "Are you sure you don't want me to try to find your home?"

DP "Trust you I do NOT! Stay here I will!"

ALEX "You speak strangely, friend."

DP "Strange my speech is not! Eloquence I speak with!"

ALEX "But who are you, and why are you here?"

DP "Away I fly, my home from. Lost I am therefore! <sigh>"

DP "As my name to--can you guess not? It's what I do this branch with, and the way I speak of."

ALEX "If you're lost, perhaps I can take you home."

DP "Take me home to? Think NOT I do! Know you I do not."

The path, like destiny, cannot be altered.

To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.

The dirt path starts at the sea and winds its way off into a densely wooded forest.

The path silently proceeds ahead, heedless of Alexander.

Why would Alexander want to do that to the raccoon?

The raccoon is already scared enough!

A little raccoon skitters nervously away from Alexander's sudden appearance.

The raccoon doesn't want to have anything to do with Alexander.

Alexander doesn't want to alter the forest.

The denseness of the forest makes it inadvisable to stray from the path.

Alexander is standing at the edge of the sea on a heavily-forested island. As far as the eyes can see,

tall trees spread out their branches as though straining to link arms, their tops forming a canopy above. A path leads north through the forest.

Alexander doesn't want to leave the little creature behind now that it's decided to trust him!

Why would Alexander want to put that in the tree stump?

If the tree stump is hiding anything, it's only local fauna. There's no need to disturb some creature's nest.

Nearby, the stump of a fallen tree still spreads its roots to the sea.

Alexander doesn't want to do anything to alter the tree.

The trees have small, sparse branches on their lower trunks. They don't lend themselves to easy climbing.

Tall, narrow trees abound on each side of the path.

The only response Alexander gets from the tree is the faint sound of wind in its upper branches.

Boiling Pond

ALEX "Here, birdie! Do you want this?"

The bird ignores Alexander.

The bird is out of Alexander's reach.

High up in a tree, a colorful bird sings a playful tune.

ALEX "Hello, bird."

The bird ignores the human below.

Alexander has no reason to toss that in the cooling pond.

That would have no effect on the boiling pond.

There's nothing in that spell book that would be of use on that pond.

The pond is no longer boiling, but it's still pretty hot.

ALEX "OUCH! That water is HOT!"

That's a hole-in-the-wall, not a hole-in-the-pond!

The disenchanting pond water is not something that Alexander needs to ever collect in that lamp.

Alexander tosses another head of iceberg lettuce into the cooling pond.

It doesn't seem to make much of a difference.

Hoping to cool down the boiling pond, Alexander throws in a head of iceberg lettuce.

The pond's water slowly stops boiling, cooled by the ice. It still looks hot, but bearable.

A puddle of green water would have little impact on that cooling pond.

A puddle of green water would have little effect on that boiling pond.

The enchanted pond has been cooled by the iceberg lettuce. Though still hot, it is no longer boiling.

A pond lies across the path. The water boils as if over some magical flame.

The little creature would hardly be interested in taking a bath in that pond!

The pond gives Alexander the cold shoulder.

ALEX "Listen here, pond! I wish to pass!"

The pond, rather hotheadedly, refuses to respond.

Why would Alexander want to collect pond water in that teacup?

RTO "Whaddaya, nuts? Don't put me in that soup bowl of a pond, ya crazy human!"

Alexander decides to brave the boiling pond....

And soon realizes a deep sympathy for soup vegetables as he learns the true meaning of "being in a stew."

Alexander decides to brave the steaming pond.

ALEX "OUCH! OW! OOH! OUCH!"

The pond is no longer boiling, but it's hardly bath water.

Alexander doesn't want to do anything to disturb the local wildlife.
Alexander would look pretty silly diving for that rabbit. There's no way he could catch it with his hands.
A rabbit hops about rather fearlessly. It's probably never even seen a human.
Alexander isn't quite lonely enough to talk to a rabbit.

There's no reason to use that on the hunter's lamp.
To do anything with the lamp, Alexander must first cross the pond.
Alexander takes the old hunter's lamp from the tree.
To get the lamp, Alexander must first cross the pond.
An old, abandoned hunter's lamp is hanging on one of the trees. Alexander wonders who might have hunted in these dense woods.

There's no reason to do that to the mushrooms.
Alexander, not being an expert on poisonous mushrooms, decides not to take a chance on tasting the local variety.
The forest is dotted with clumps of wild mushrooms.
The mushrooms are fungimentally unvocal.

The path, like destiny, cannot be altered.
To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.
Beyond the pond, the path continues into the forest.
The path silently proceeds ahead, heedless of Alexander.

The dirt path from the beach leads straight into a pond.

Using that on the banks of the pond would serve no purpose.
Alexander has no need to carry off sand from the banks of the pond.
The banks of the pond, moistened by the steam, are slowly eroding away.
The banks of the pond don't utter a word to Alexander.

Alexander doesn't want to alter the forest.
The denseness of the forest makes it inadvisable to stray from the path.
Alexander is traveling on a path through a dense forest. Across the path lies a pond, still steaming from what remains of the magic which once made it boil.
Alexander is traveling on a path through a dense forest. The woods on either side of the path are teeming with wildlife. Blocking his progress north is a pond that boils with a magical intensity.

Alexander doesn't want to do anything to alter the tree.
The tall, narrow trees have sparse and relatively small branches on their lower trunks. They don't lend themselves to easy climbing.
Tall, narrow trees abound on each side of the path.
The only response Alexander gets from the tree is the faint sound of wind in its upper branches.

Garden

Alexander decides to pass through the gate--preparing the shield just in case.
The magic arrow completely shatters the shield! Good thing the arrow didn't hit Alexander!

There's no reason to use that on the brick.
Alexander picks up the brick.

A brick lies in the grass. It must have come from the old brick wall.
The brick has nothing constructive to say.

Alexander doesn't need to do anything further with the rose hedge clippings.
Those rose hedge clippings are a bit prickly to be sticking in one's pockets!
Piles of hedge clippings, the last of their magic spent, lie piled on the ground near the gazebo.
The clippings seem a little cut up and will not reply.

Alexander can't do anything with the garden plot from this side of the wall.
Alexander doesn't have time to mess around with that dirt patch.
Alexander can't reach the small garden from this side of the wall.
Alexander has enough trouble without digging around in the dirt for more!
A small garden plot is situated just past the wall.
With the gardener gone, Alexander can see that the garden plot is hardly more than a fresh patch of dirt.
The dirt 'garden' could well use some life, but sticking the rose in the soil will not a garden make.

There's no reason to use that on the gazebo.
Alexander can't do anything with the gazebo.
A delicate gazebo, made of white-painted pine and overgrown with rose vines, leads north into what appears, from here, to be a garden.

ALEX "Perhaps you'd find this interesting...."

SHA "Hmmm? Sure. Bring it on over to this side of the wall where I can see it better."

Alexander can't reach the gardener from this side of the wall.

ALEX "I have this lamp...."

SHA "Hmmm? Oh, that old thing. Why should I be interested in that?"

A pleasant-looking, middle-aged man is busy tending a small garden just past the wall.

ALEX "I have some peppermint leaves. Would you care for some?"

SHA "Where'd you find that? I must know!"

ALEX "Why...in a rather narrow place."

SHA "NEVER MIND! I must have it NOW!"

ALEX "Whoa! You certainly have a unique way of moving around!"

SHA "PEPPERMINT!"

ALEX "Well! He need only have asked for some!"

ALEX "I'm Alexander of Daventry. Who are you?"

SHA "What difference does it make? Just come on over here. I'll tell you my life history, if you still want to hear it <hee>."

ALEX "Tell me...."

SHA "If it's conversation you want, just come on over here. I'll talk your ears off if we can sit down and talk face-to-face."

The statue with the spear doesn't seem to be interested in anything Alexander has.

Alexander cannot reach the statue atop the wall.

The statue to the left of the gate shows a man kneeling down with his spear, as though waiting for a target.

It wouldn't do much good to protect Alexander from THAT statue!

The stone statue doesn't respond.

The path, like destiny, cannot be altered.

To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.

The path passes through a gated wall here and, up ahead, meanders past rose hedges and a small

gazebo.

The path silently proceeds ahead, heedless of Alexander.

The path through the woods runs through a gated wall here. Two stone statues stand guard on the gate's lintels. To the north, the path continues on through a hedge of roses and a dainty gazebo.

A man tends to a small garden plot on the other side of the wall.

That won't help Alexander get through the magical hedges.

There are no spells in the spell book for magical hedges!

The brick would only get stuck in the hedges.

The dagger isn't strong enough to cut through the magical hedges.

The hedges are most likely NOT ticklish.

The hedge over the path is covered with thorns, and its vines are thick and strong. Alexander cannot part the hedge with his hands.

That's a hole-in-the-wall not a hole-in-the-hedge!

The hedges have grown magically together to block the path north.

It would be nice to teleport the hedges away, but the map doesn't work that way.

What would the little creature be able to do with the magical hedges?

ALEX "Look here, hedge! I am Alexander of Daventry and I must pass!"

The hedges are unmoved by Alexander's introduction.

The magical hedges already have plenty of roses.

Alexander wields the scythe, determined to get past the magical rose hedges.

The leaves fly as Alexander tries to cut the branches faster than they can grow back together!

He sees light....

He's through!

ALEX "Open, I say!"

The roses seem impervious to Alexander's commands.

Don't start forest fires!

Those hedges are a bit thorny for the tomato.

The sacred water might slack the hedges' thirst, but that's about it.

Alexander can't do anything with the rose hedges from here.

There's no reason to use that there. That part of the hedge isn't blocking the path.

There's no reason to use that on the lovely rose hedges.

Alexander can't reach the rose hedges from this side of the wall.

Alexander takes a magnificent white rose from the rose hedges.

Alexander already has a white rose.

Flowering rose hedges grow on either side of the path winding north.

The hedges already have plenty of roses.

Hacking at the rose hedges there would not help. That part of the hedge is not blocking the path.

Why would Alexander want to use the scythe on the lovely rose hedges?

The rose hedges do not appear to be interested in speaking to Alexander.

The stone archer atop the gate released his arrow! Alexander is pierced to the heart!

SHA "Ha, ha, ha! Got you this time!"

As Alexander continues down the path, he gets the strange feeling that he's being watched.

SHA "Come on over and see what I'm doin' with these flowers. Never mind that stone fella on top of the gate. He won't hurt you any--he's just there to scare you."

SHA "(STILL FRIENDLY) Come on through, I say! I can show you a path through the forest."

SHA "(GROWING IRRITATED) Look, there's no point in hanging out here all day! I can show you the wondrous castle that lies in the middle of the island. Don't be so timid!"
SHA "You aren't going to listen to me, are you? Well, we'll just see about that!"
That's odd. The gardener just disappeared.

Alexander walks forward to step onto the gazebo....

But the rose hedges on either side of the path, sensing an intruder's presence, reach out their vines and blend together! The path is blocked!

The stone archer would undoubtedly shoot Alexander long before he managed to climb up the wall to try that!

The stone archer has lost his arrow and has no more interest in Alexander.

Throwing the brick at the stone archer might scratch his marble, but it won't stop the archer's vigilant watch over the path!

Something about the archer makes Alexander reluctant to get too close to him.

There is no reason to bother the stone archer now. His arrow is gone.

A stone archer sits atop the lintel of the gate like a silent guardian.

His stone bow is tightly drawn and fitted with a single stone arrow.

The archer's bow is empty--his lone arrow, spent.

ALEX "Look here, archer. Do you mind if I pass?"

The archer retains his stony silence.

ALEX "Sorry about that arrow, friend."

The stone archer looks resigned and does not reply.

Alexander doesn't want to do anything to alter the tree.

The tall, narrow trees have sparse and relatively small branches on their lower trunks. They don't lend themselves to easy climbing.

Tall, narrow trees abound on each side of the path.

The only response Alexander gets from the tree is the faint sound of wind in its upper branches.

Using that on the wall would not help anything.

Alexander closely examines the stone wall, but doesn't see anything other than gray bricks.

A gray brick wall runs to the east and west on either side of the path.

There's no reason to use the shield on the WALL!

The wall seems to be fresh out of topics to converse on.

Beast's Garden

Alexander can't do anything with the castle from here.

Alexander can't reach the castle from here. Besides, he wasn't invited inside the gate.

Beast's castle has a different, more welcoming air as the bridal home of Beauty and her prince.

Beast's castle seems forlorn and far from any human warmth.

Alexander's voice only gets lost in the hedge maze and never reaches the castle.

There's no reason to put that in the fountain.

The drink me bottle is already full of potion.

The fountain water is cool and clear.

Alexander has already gotten some fountain water.

The lamp is not ready for the fountain water.

Alexander fills the hunter's lamp to the brim with the fountain water.

Why would Alexander want to put fountain water in the hunter's lamp?

There's no time to do anything with the fountain now! Alexander's about to turn into a beast!

The fountain water might do for 'falling water,' it's true, but the "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That lamp has a spout, handle, and lid, but the spout is blocked. It's not quite enough like a teapot. Why would Alexander want to put fountain water in that?

The fountain water might do for 'falling water,' it's true, but the "Make Rain Spell" calls for a teapot. That looks nothing like a teapot.

A fountain in the middle of the clearing bubbles with fresh, glittering water.

The milk bottle is already full--with milk.

The Oracle's vial is already full.

The fountain gurgles thoughtlessly.

Alexander doesn't need to do that to the hedge maze.

The hedge maze stands like a moat between the castle of the two new lovers and the rest of the world. Alexander has no desire to disturb them further.

The maze of hedges seems to be a final obstacle protecting Beast's privacy. Having seen the result of his other violations, Alexander has no desire to test the maze.

The hedge continues back towards the castle and forms what appears to be a maze.

There's no reason to chop up the beautiful hedge maze. It isn't blocking the way to anywhere that Alexander needs to go.

There's no one in the hedge maze to answer Alexander.

Alexander doesn't need to do that to Beast's gate.

The gate has been firmly shut and latched. It looks like the prince and his Beauty need some time alone.

The gate has been firmly shut and latched. Beast doesn't seem to welcome Alexander's company right now.

An iron gate leads to a maze of hedges.

The gate doesn't answer Alexander.

The path, like destiny, cannot be altered.

To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.

The path ends here at a circle of hedges.

The path silently proceeds ahead, heedless of Alexander.

The path ends here at a small clearing. A gushing fountain dominates the clearing and an iron gate leads off into a maze of hedges. In the distance, a castle stands out majestically against the sky.

Alexander sees no one to address here.

BEAST "I see you wear my ring. You willingly agree to spend your life here with me? Do you know what that means?"

BEAU "Yes, m'lord, I do. I have been touched by your story."

BEAST "Pity alone need not sentence you to endure this face."

BEAU "(ENTHUSIASTIC) Oh, but it is a gentle face, and kind."

BEAST "(EXULTING) You look at me so sweetly and are not repulsed.... Oh! By the light of your eyes my spirit soars!"

BEAST "(EXULTING) The enchantment! It is broken!"

BEAU "(SADLY, VERY QUIETLY) I am pleased to have served you, m'lord. Do you still wish me to stay?"

BEAST "(SURPRISED, FIRM, TENDER) What? Speak not such nonsense, Beauty! Do you think that I learned nothing of true love during my time here? You are my queen."

BEAU "(AWED) Oh! My clothes...! This gown...!"

BEAST "How well it suits your noble heart."

BEAU "(WHISPERING) Alexander, how can I ever repay you? I have nothing to offer except my gratitude. But, please, take these old clothes. Perhaps you'll find someone in need during your travels."

ALEX "You have already repaid me by your example of courage, Beauty, and by your friendship, I hope."

BEAST "You will always have our friendship and loyalty, Prince Alexander. But from a fellow adventurer, take some advice. If you find your true love, protect her with your life. We are all beasts without the redeeming humanity of love."

BEAST "And to aid you, accept my mirror. Now that my life is no longer hung in false shadows, I have no need for it. Give it to someone with nothing to fear from the truth it reveals."

ALEX "Thank you. I wish you both well."

BEAST "Come, Beauty. Let me take you home."

BEAST "<GROWL!> Who dares enter Beast's garden?"

ALEX "My name is Alexander. I didn't mean to disturb your private garden."

BEAST "NO? And yet, Monsieur, you could hardly have 'accidentally' broken through the three enchanted traps of the Isle of the Beast!"

ALEX "Er... I suppose it is simply my nature to break through enchanted traps."

BEAST "<Grrr> You must be a prince, then. I know the nature of princes all too well. This face you see before you is hideous, is it not?"

ALEX "Well...for the face of a beast, it is really quite noble."

BEAST "Ha! I'm glad you like it, for you will soon own one just like it. I, too, was once a pretty prince--caring for nothing but adventuring and rescuing fair maidens."

BEAST "But I rankled one too many evil hags. One dark night, I was turned into this obscenity you see before you; warped in shape and trapped on this enchanted island over a hundred years ago."

ALEX "Surely, there is a way off this island."

BEAST "Oh, surely. You broke in, did you not? And yet, think; where would I go clad so 'eloquently' as I am with this silk--and this PELT?"

BEAST "You see, my prison is also my sanctuary. You are the first to break through the barriers in lo these many years. That is--except for the Druids who stole my heirloom coat of arms!"

ALEX "If there's any way I can help...."

BEAST "Help? You? I'm afraid you don't understand. The enchanted barriers were a warning and protection for YOU more than for me. Your prize for forcing your way past them is to join me in this dire life."

BEAST "By the laws of this sorcery, you are doomed to be trapped in the form of a beast. Your reward for broaching this garden is to be my slave, a slave as beastly as I am. You have only a few hours of humanity left."

ALEX "But that's not possible! There must be some way to break the enchantment! Spells always have a weakness somewhere."

BEAST "The enchantment you are under is tied to my own. The sorceress left me a 'way out,' all right, but I'm afraid it was only her final bitter joke."

BEAST "(VERY BITTERLY) You see, I need only find a maiden to join me here; to share my castle, my life...willingly. Take another look at me. You can't help but admire the hag's terrible cruelty and cunning."

ALEX "(FIRMLY) I shall try to find such a maid, for Cassima's sake."

BEAST "Truly? How determined of you. I, personally, would not waste my last few hours as a man on an impossible errand. However, you may do as you please. I give you this token."

BEAST "It's my family ring and the only heirloom I have left. If, perchance, you should...."

If you think you have found a maid.... <Grrrf>"
ALEX "I shall give her this ring."
BEAST"Yes. She must accept it of her own free will. By doing so, she accepts me. Not
that you shall find anyone, mind you!"
BEAST"Your time is short. Count the minutes on your fingers while fingers you have,
pretty prince. Your master will await you."

ISLE OF THE SACRED

Logic Cliff Beach

Not while Alexander is on the steps!
Using that on the cliff etchings would accomplish nothing.
There appears to be something etched into the face of the cliff. Alexander decides to get closer.
Alexander can't see the words on the cliff from where he is. Besides, there's nothing more to be
done with the words now that the steps are out.
The sound of Alexander's voice doesn't seem to have any effect on the cliff etchings.
That has no effect upon the cliffs of granite.
The granite cliffs cannot be scaled by hand.
Tall granite cliffs rise from the base of the island and stretch upward as far as the eye can see.
There appears to be no way past the cliffs. Though roughly hewn, the cliffs do not provide regular
handholds for climbing, and they seem otherwise impenetrable.
Boulders emerging from the cliffs provide a tricky stairway to the top.
The cliffs ignore Alexander.

There's no reason to use that on the feather.
Alexander takes the feather.
Alexander notices an unusually large, coal-black feather lying on the beach.
The feather does not respond.

There's no reason to use that on the flower.
Alexander picks the flower and is startled by its hideously strong, skunk-like odor. For a moment,
he can smell nothing else.
There's an ugly flower growing near the base of the cliff.
The flower does not respond.

There's no reason to throw that into the sea.
Alexander has no taste for salt water.
The ocean appears calm, but there's a dimpling pattern to the surface which indicates a strong
undertow.
The currents continue to murmur, but they do not reply to Alexander.
The ocean is not as calm as it appears. Underwater currents tug at Alexander's legs.

The rocks are too heavy to be moved.
Jagged boulders surround the small cove of this rocky island.

There's no reason to use that there.

There's nothing of interest there.

Alexander is standing on the small sandy cove of a rocky island. Around him, sheer granite cliffs block any further movement north, east, or west. To the south he is blocked by the sea.

Alexander is standing on the small sandy cove of a rocky island. Around him, sheer granite cliffs block any further movement east or west. To the south he is blocked by the sea. Boulders have emerged from the cliffs, providing a staircase to the top.

ALEX "Hello? Is there anyone here?"

The only reply is the sound of Alexander's voice echoing back at him from the cliffs.

Alexander cannot get to that step from here.

ALEX "Whoa! Wait a minute!"

Logic Cliffs

Huge blocks of stone erupt from the granite cliffs.

Alexander stares with wonder. That's quite a way to welcome a guest--if, indeed, it IS a welcome.

Nothing happens.

The correct pattern seems to be fixed into place now, and the other stones no longer move.

Reading about the Ancient Ones in the "Guidebook to the Land of the Green Isles" may help a puzzled journeyer.

Alexander gets the feeling that was the wrong button.

ALEX "Oops!"

Four, plain, stone buttons have been carved into the cliffs. One may need to read about the Logic Cliffs in the "Guidebook to the Land of the Green Isles," in order to understand these stones.

The stone beneath Alexander's feet trembles as more steps emerge from the granite cliffs.

Nothing happens.

The rock has been etched by some unknown hand. One may need to read about the Logic Cliffs in the "Guidebook to the Land of the Green Isles," in order to understand this mystical inscription.

There's no reason to use that on the stone steps.

The steps cannot be moved any further backwards or forwards.

Large boulders have pushed their way from the cliffs to form a rough staircase.

The stone steps pay no heed to Alexander's voice. They remain fixed in place.

Alexander has the feeling the tricky granite steps might not approve if he tried to turn back now.

Alexander has a feeling the tricky granite steps might not approve if he tried to turn back now.

Oh, no! Alexander loses his balance!

ALEX "Whoa, whoa, WHOA!!!"

The unforgiving rocks break his long fall!

Oh, no! Alexander loses his balance!

ALEX "Whoa, whoa, WHOA!!!"

ALEX "Ow! Hey!"

Alexander cannot get to that step from here.

ALEX "Whoa! Wait a minute!"

Clifftop

There's no reason to use that on the berries.

ALEX "All right. I'll try some of your berries."

SHA "(GLEEFUL) Oh, goody! Eat quickly, dear boy, and I'll show you the way to the lord and lady of this isle!"

ALEX "Wha....? <choke>"

SHA "Hee, hee, hee! Slightly BITTER, pretty one?"

Alexander decides to try some of the black berries on the plant.

A bitter taste fills his mouth. His stomach convulses in pain.

ALEX "<gasp>"

As the poison takes effect, Alexander is left wondering if this is the kind of 'flying' the old lady meant.

Black berries grow only at the top of the bush, as though straining towards the sun.

Alexander crawls through the small opening in the rock.

It would be rather rude to crawl into that cave with the old woman standing right in front of it.

There's a natural opening in the rock near the nightshade bush.

Alexander would feel a bit foolish talking to the opening in the rock.

The cliff steps cannot be moved any further backwards or forwards.

The strange granite steps lead down the cliffs to the beach.

ALEX "(FRIENDLY) Would you be interested in this?"

SHA "(ENTICINGLY) Oh, you don't need to offer me anything, you sweet boy! My only interest is in seeing that you get what you deserve!"

Grabbing at the old lady wouldn't solve anything.

ALEX "I have this hunter's lamp...."

SHA "A lamp? Oh, that old thing. Why would I be interested in that?"

The old woman has a pleasant, grandmotherly face, but something about her makes Alexander uneasy.

ALEX "(ENTICINGLY) Would you care for a mint?"

SHA "(EXCITED) Mint? Really? OOOH!"

SHA "HMMM! <CRUNCH> <SMACK> <SLOBBER> YUM!"

SHA "Er...oops <hic>. Heh-heh. I'll just be <hic> going now."

How odd. That woman simply disappeared.

ALEX "(CURIOUS, FRIENDLY) But...who are you, matron?"

SHA "(IMPATIENT) Who cares? Er... I mean, I am only a poor old woman who wishes you well, handsome stranger. Think of me as your grandmama, if you like."

ALEX "(CURIOUS, FRIENDLY) How can this plant give the power of flight?"

SHA "(IMPATIENT) Listen, son! I'll be happy to answer any questions you like, but only if you at least taste these delicious berries."

There's no reason to use that on the closed doors.

Alexander doesn't need to do anything with the open doors of the catacombs.

The huge doors are locked tight.

Somebody obviously wants to keep something out--or something IN.

Alexander has no wish to shut the newly-opened doors of the catacombs.

Huge doors are set into the solid rock of the mountain.

The doors to the catacombs have been flung open now that the minotaur is dead.

The heavy doors give away nothing.

Alexander sees no reason to use that on the rocks.

The minotaur's secret exit lies open and requires no manipulation.

Alexander sees nothing unusual about that boulder.

The minotaur's secret entrance lies open now that the minotaur is dead. There's no reason to move the boulder now.

A group of boulders are piled, in a seemingly random way, against the face of the mountain.

The boulder that hid the minotaur's secret entrance has been pushed aside now that the catacombs lie open.

Night Mare merely eyes the object in Alexander's hand with suspicion, and goes back to eating the nightshade.

Alexander holds Beast's mirror out towards Night Mare.

!!!Do sound effect here:"WHREE!"

Night Mare whinnies with fear at the sight of her own reflection. She gathers her muscles and flies off!

Any spell that Alexander might wish to cast must be spoken over prepared spell ingredients. Night Mare is not spell ingredients!

Alexander would never get the horse to drink a bottle of potion!

Night Mare only eyes her own wing feather with a snort of unease and continues her feeding.

Night Mare only shakes her head at the smell of the stinky flower.

Determined to beguile the creature with his great musical skill, Alexander puts the flute to his lips.

The winged horse seems unimpressed.

Alexander decides to take the straight-forward approach and grab the black creature.

!!!Do sound effect here: "WHREEE! <snort>"

Night Mare is not amused.

A mighty winged horse the color of midnight is feeding from the nightshade bush. The creature must be Night Mare, the one the Druids spoke about.

Alexander would not be able to charm the creature with words of love!

The horse can fly just fine without the map.

The note may have struck Alexander to the heart, but the black creature appears unmoved.

The creature seems content with the nightshade and ignores Alexander's peppermint.

Night Mare eyes the rabbit's foot with disdain and continues eating.

Night Mare eyes the slip of velvet with disinterest.

Night Mare doesn't appear to be impressed with Alexander's credentials.

Alexander wouldn't get very far with Night Mare that way! (scythe)

Alexander holds the skull out to Night Mare.

Night Mare is unmoved by the skull, at least in its current state.

Why would Alexander want to use the spoiled egg on Night Mare?

ALEX "Calm down, girl."

Night Mare ignores Alexander.

Night Mare doesn't show the least bit of interest in that teacup.

The tinder box does not impress Night Mare.

Alexander winds the bird and plays it for the black creature....

Night Mare just continues to eat.

There's no reason to use that on the bush of nightshade.

ALEX "Perhaps one of the leaves...?"

SHA "Not the leaves, dearie, the BERRIES! On top of the bush!"

Alexander isn't interested in the nightshade leaves, and there are no berries there.

A bush with dark, shiny leaves grows against the east cliff wall. The old woman identified it as nightshade.

A small cluster of black berries tops the bush.

The nightshade bush says nothing.

Alexander can't reach the cave in the mountain without help.

There's a jagged cave opening at the pinnacle of the mountain.

A dirt path leads toward the towering mountain.

Alexander can't reach the mountain without help.

In the distance, Alexander can see the peak of a majestic mountain rising into the clouds.

An old woman is standing nearby. She peers at Alexander with friendly interest.

Alexander is standing at the top of tall cliffs. To the north is the peak of a mountain, rising to meet the clouds. To the left is an ominous set of bolted doors.

Alexander is standing at the top of the Cliffs of Logic on the Isle of the Sacred Mountain. To the north, the peak of the Sacred Mountain, scarred with the opening to the Oracle's cave, rises to the clouds. To the left, the doors to the catacombs stand open.

A winged horse is feeding from the nightshade bush. Its coat is as black as midnight, and its eyes are as blue as rain.

There's no one there to talk to. Alexander might try addressing the old woman if he's in the mood for conversation.

Alexander refrains from shouting to the wind for fear of startling the winged horse.

There's no one to speak to here.

The sound of Alexander's footsteps startle the black horse.

!!!Do sound effect here: "BREEEAA!"

She flies off, leaving Alexander alone at the top of the cliffs.

ALEX "Oops."

Alexander has plenty of time to rethink his logic as he falls past the riddles of the logic cliffs.

The skull does not respond to Alexander's incantation. The embers have grown cold since Alexander gathered them, thus ruining the spell.

Night Mare regards Alexander with disdain and continues her meal.

Alexander solemnly speaks the incantation over the skull.

ALEX "Creature of Night, to me succumb!

Fire and Brimstone leave thee numb.

Purity bind thee like a chain.

To do what 'ere I now ordain!"

Night Mare flares her nostrils at the scent of the fire and brimstone.

ALEX "That's it! Come on. I need passage to your homeland, fiery one!"

Unable to resist the power of the enchanted smell, Night Mare approaches Alexander. Her eyes appear glassy and sightless. In her hypnotized state, she is unaware of the human so close to her flank or of anything at all except that marvelous smell!

ALEX "Now ride!"

Alexander finds himself...finally...at the top of the cliffs. Exhausted, he steps over the lip of the plateau and stands.

SHA "(SWEETLY) Why do you make such an effort to climb the cliffs, young man? The

Winged Ones who live on this island have the power of flight."

SHA "You can have it too if only you would eat a berry from this magical flying nightshade bush!"

SHA "(SWEETLY) See? The sweet berries will make you float like a petal on the wind! Try some!"

WG "So! You have chosen to come back and face the catacombs when you could have escaped! I admit, I am surprised. You are either a complete idiot or vain enough to think yourself invincible."

Alexander arrives at the top of the cliffs somewhat winded after his long but uneventful climb. The Winged Ones' guards, bored with the pointless waiting, are startled by the sound of rock moving against rock.

WG "(TREMBLING) Lady Celeste, bide thee well?"

CEL "(DISDAINFUL, SLIGHTLY ANGRY) I'm QUITE well, thanks to the bravery of a mere HUMAN! So much for your SUPERIOR intellects!"

WG2 "(SHAMED) Yes, m'lady."

CEL "(ORDERING) Now, bring him along! I'm going home!"

WG "Why did you tell Lord Azure you were ready and willing to face the catacombs? No one is ever ready--and only a fool could be willing!"

ALEX "And you are far wiser, I suppose, to leave a maiden to die--to not fight this plague on your own people?"

WG2 "Bravery and suicide are two different things, human! You will have a chance to renounce your choice soon enough--when you lay trembling under the minotaur's hooves!"

ALEX "We shall see. Thanks for the...escort."

WG "We only escort you to your death! May the Fates make it quick so that you do not have to scream long!"

SHA "You're just gonna walk away, aren't you? Well, you'll be sorry about THAT!"

SHA "(LESS FRIENDLY) Come, stranger, trust me! Think of what I'm offering you!"

SHA "(HARSHER, IMPATIENT) Young man, you offend me! I try to help you, and you insist on being rude!"

SHA "(VERY ANGRY) ALL RIGHT THEN! Stay tied to the ground like a load of lead! See if I care, you...you...you human!"

How odd! The old woman just disappeared in a cloud of smoke. Perhaps those berries are even more powerful than she led Alexander to believe!

Village Gate

Alexander cannot reach the distant city from here.
Beyond the gates is a strange city made of nests atop tall pillars.
No one in the city could hear Alexander from here.

Alexander cannot get close enough to the gate.
Alexander cannot reach the gate while the guards are in the way.
An imposing marble gate blocks the path north.
The gate does not reply.

Alexander cannot reach the Oracle's cave from here.

Rearing tall behind the city is the peak of the Sacred Mountain. The Oracle's cave is gashed into the face of the mountain like a wound.

No one in the Oracle's cave could hear Alexander from here.

The Palace Nest, as befits its status, is taller than the other nests in the city.

The Winged Ones' guards would not approve of Alexander leaving things lying around the city gates.

The Winged Ones' guards would not appreciate Alexander poking around outside their city gates.

Alexander is standing in front of the gates to the City of the Winged Ones. The city entrance is accented with huge marble pillars and an ornate marble gate. Beyond the gate, Alexander can barely make out a community of nests atop large pillars. The peak of the mountain that makes up the Isle of the Sacred Mountain towers above the city.

Two extremely handsome and athletic-looking young men with large white wings are standing guard in front of the city gates.

If Alexander wishes to speak with anyone here, he might address the Winged Ones' guards.

WG"(AMAZED, ALARMED) Look! An intruder!"

WG2 "(COLD, VICIOUS) Hold! How did you get up here, human?"

ALEX "(POLITE, A LITTLE NERVOUS) I climbed the cliffs."

WG "(DISDAINFUL) That is not possible! No one has solved the Cliffs of Logic in several centuries--and if the cliffs WERE to be solved, it would certainly not be by a HUMAN!"

ALEX "I...I didn't mean to trespass. I only wanted to visit this beautiful island."

WG2 "No visitors have been welcome on the Isle of the Sacred Mountain in years! Not since the red and white queens had spies in the guise of 'friendly visitors' steal our island's sacred golden fleece!"

WG "But we will not display such foolish trust again! You will have to answer to Lord Azure and Lady Aerial. They will determine what will be done with you! I can assure you, it will not be pleasant!"

ALEX "Would you have any interest in this?"

WG "We have no interest in anything of yours, human!"

The cold attitude of the guards makes Alexander reluctant to touch them--however tempting the sheen of their beautiful wings might be.

The Winged Ones' guards are perfect specimens--tall and straight, regally formed. Their wings are thickly muscled and incredibly strong, like the legs of a thoroughbred horse. But their faces, however handsome, reflect a certain cold haughtiness.

ALEX "Are you sure I can't revisit the city?"

WG "You are not welcome here, human! Be gone!"

ALEX "Greetings, guards of the City of the Winged Ones. Would you be able to take me back to the city, or perhaps, the Oracle?"

WG "Lord Azure asked you to not return and you agreed! Dare you break your word?"

ALEX "Er...no. I suppose not. Sorry."

Little cave

Alexander already has a lit candle.

Alexander takes the candle from his tinder box and uses the flint in the box to light it.
There's no need for the tinder box here. The natural window in this cave provides enough light to see by.

Alexander doesn't need to use that on the opening in the rock.
Alexander crawls back through the passage to the top of the cliffs.
Alexander crawls back into the first room of the cave.
The exit to the cliffs is more visible now that the tinder box candle is lit.
In the dark cave, Alexander can barely make out the small opening in the rock that provides passage back to the top of the cliffs.
A small opening in the rock provides a passage back to the first room of the cave.

Alexander doesn't need to use that on the opening in the rock.
Alexander crawls through the opening in the rock.
Alexander can't do much of anything in the dark cave.
On the wall opposite the cliffs is the vague outline of another opening in the rock.
Alexander can't see much of anything in the dark cave.

Alexander sees nothing on the floor of the cave except dirt.
The floor of the cave is covered with a fine, dusty dirt.

There's no reason to use that on the plant.
Alexander already took some peppermint leaves.
Alexander takes a few leaves from the plant. As he does so, a strong smell of peppermint is released. Ah!
A plant grows on the grassy ledge. Hmm. Smells like peppermint!

Alexander sees no reason to use that on the rocky cave.
That won't help Alexander in the dark cave.
Alexander sees nothing to do with the rocky walls of the cave.
Since it's so dark, Alexander can't do much inside the cave.
Alexander is standing in a rocky cave. The dim light of the tinder box candle reveals a dank, musty place. But then, Alexander's nose told him that much without the light!
Alexander can't see much of anything in the dark cave.
Alexander is standing in a second room of the cave. A natural window to the outside world provides a little more light here, and even helps clear the musty smell.
Other than a few bats, there doesn't seem to be anyone in the cave to converse with.
ALEX "Hello? Is anyone here?"
There's no response from the darkness.
Dead end! Nothing that way!
There's no going that direction!
The lighting in this part of the cave is better. Alexander extinguishes the candle's flame and places it back in his pack.
Alexander can't see a thing.
Alexander finds himself in a dark cave.

There's no reason to use that on the window in the rock!
The window in the rock is too small for Alexander to fit through.
A natural window-like opening in the rock provides a view to the outside world. A peppermint plant grows on the window's ledge.

Lord Azure and Lady Aerial

- AZU "(DEMANDING) With what trickery did you master the Cliffs of Logic and reach the City of the Winged Ones?"
- ALEX "(FIRM AND CALM) Only the magic of clear thought, my lord. I meant no harm."
- AER "(WHISPERS TO HER HUSBAND) The Cliffs of Logic? It is the sacred Oracle's prophecy, Azure!"
- AZU "(RESTRAINED VIOLENCE) Yes, Aerial. Hmm. It is lucky for you, human, that climbing the Cliffs of Logic is part of a prophecy that I cannot ignore."
- AZU "We have just been ordered by Vizier Alhazred himself to 'dispose' of any strangers that might land on our fair Isle. But the prophecy would have a different fate befall you."
- AER "(COLD, CONDESCENDING) The prophecy predicts that whosoever climbs the Cliffs of Logic will defeat the minotaur."
- AER "The minotaur has violated our sacred catacombs and eats our young in sacrifice. Our own daughter, Lady Celeste, was taken there only this morning as his most recently demanded offering!"
- AZU "(FINDING HIMSELF CLEVER) A dilemma then--whom shall I obey in regards to your fate? The Oracle or the Crown? But since Alhazred did not dictate HOW I was to dispose of intruders, and since you cannot possibly survive the catacombs, your imprisonment there should serve both purposes quite admirably."
- ALEX "(FIRM, CALM) I will not resist you in this, my lord. I shall do my best to save your daughter."
- AZU "(CONDESCENDING) Hmph. First I must tell you that the catacombs are a labyrinth of rooms, a place of exceeding danger. You will need many tools and clear wits to survive it."
- AZU "(COLD, RELUCTANTLY RESPECTFUL) I see you have proven yourself the 'hero' of the prophecy. Well, I am expected to thank you for saving my daughter's life, so I thank you."
- AZU "I am obliged to thank you for the restoration of our sacred catacombs. It means much to our people. We have already begun the process of clearing the deadly traps from its rooms."
- AZU "It is also my duty to grant you a visit with the Oracle, so this I do. I will grant you the freedom to leave here unharmed, despite my orders to the contrary from the Crown. But there my obligations to you end."
- AZU "I have no love for Alhazred, but he is my liege, and if Princess Cassima trusts him and wishes to wed him...."
- AZU "My guards will take you to the Oracle now. When your time with her is through, I want you to leave the City of the Winged Ones and never return."
- AZU "I don't know who you are or what you want here, but I will not disobey my Crown further."
- ALEX "(BOWING, RESPECTFUL) I thank you, Lord Azure. I will respect your wishes."
- AER "(COLD, LOGICAL) Azure, he must be allowed time to prepare for the task--if only in the slight chance that he could actually save our Celeste."
- AZU "(RELUCTANT, THREATENING) Hmm. Very well. Intruder, my guards will take you to the beach. Prophesied hero or spy, any soldier must be granted time to prepare for battle."
- AZU "Be warned! If you have the courage to actually return to the Isle of the Sacred Mountain and face your destiny, my guards will have orders to take you to the catacombs on sight."
- ALEX "(SERIOUS & RESPECTFUL) I understand, Lord Azure."
- AER "If by some miracle you succeed, human, the prophecy grants you a visit with the

sacred Oracle. Her powers are mighty, her vision all-seeing."
AER "Many of our own citizens would be willing to risk certain death in the catacombs for a chance at a meeting with the Oracle. May that thought give you the courage to return."
ALEX "Oh, I will return, Lady Aeriell. You have my word."
ALEX "(SERIOUS & RESPECTFUL) I am ready."
AZU "(DECISIVE) Very well. My guards will take you there now. You seem courageous enough, but the catacombs will determine how brave you really are."

Catacombs

Alexander can't use that in the dark.

Alexander takes the candle from his tinder box and uses the flint in the box to light it.

ALEX "Aha! So that's why it's dark in here! A torch is out."

Alexander lights the extinguished torch and puts his tinder box away.

Alexander doesn't need to use the tinder box. The room is light enough already.

Alexander wants nothing to do with that bat.

Alexander is already as close to that bat as he ever wants to get.

The dank catacombs seem to be a perfect habitat for bats.

The bat is on a different frequency altogether.

Alexander has no wish to disturb the skeletal remains.

Alexander doesn't want to disturb that skeleton--he seems to have all his bones intact, and it'd be a shame to break up the set.

The remains of several unfortunate souls haunt the room. These bones seem more recent than the ancient catacomb bones that Alexander has seen so far. Perhaps they were victims of the minotaur; or perhaps they died while wandering lost in the maze.

Three of the skeletons are completely intact.

That skeleton already has its skull and isn't in need of another.

The lost souls cannot hear Alexander.

That would have no effect on the solid rock wall.

Alexander examines the wall closely, but sees only a solid rock wall.

Alexander puts the hole-in-the-wall on the east wall.

The hole-in-the-wall trembles slightly with dread at the clammy feeling of the stones.

This room forms a cul-de-sac with the dead-end wall to the east.

his room forms a cul-de-sac with the dead-end wall to the east.

The sounds came from behind the dead-end wall.

There's no reason to use that on the open doorway.

The doorway is unobstructed and requires no manipulation. Just walk through it.

All of the doorways in the catacombs look alike, giving Alexander no clue as to their order, or purpose.

Perhaps Alexander should determine what's on the other side of the doorway before calling through it.

There is no reason to use that on the floor.

The floor is as it appears and reflects itself plainly.

Why would Alexander wish to bury those old coins?

Digging up the dirt floor will accomplish nothing.

There is no point in wasting the potion on the floor.
Alexander sees nothing of interest on the floor.
The floor of the catacombs, like the walls, is comprised of massive stone tiles. It feels cold and hard beneath Alexander's feet.
The magic map will not work in the catacombs.
Digging up the dirt floor will accomplish nothing.
The shield has no business on the floor.
The skull might come in handy. Alexander decides not to leave it on the floor.
The atmosphere in the catacombs is bad enough without adding the smell of a spoiled egg!
The floor chooses not to give Alexander 'the scoop' as to its secrets, if any.
Alexander is not interested in collecting dirt from this floor.
This room is light enough already.

If Alexander wants to follow the girl, he can simply walk through the open doorway.
The beautiful Winged One girl left through that doorway. Alexander wonders where it leads.
ALEX "Miss? Excuse me, but where are you going?"
Alexander gets no response from beyond the door. Perhaps the Winged Ones girl can't hear him from in there.

There is no reason to put that into the hole-in-the-wall.
Alexander takes the hole-in-the-wall off the wall.
Alexander peers through the hole-in-the-wall and sees....
Nothing of interest.
Alexander peers through the hole-in-the-wall and sees....
Just another room in the catacombs.
Ah, ha! Not just another room at all! So that's why Alexander couldn't find the minotaur's lair!
At least Alexander now knows the lair exists...somewhere in the maze on the other side of this wall!
While Alexander contemplates what he's just seen, the hole-in-the-wall, frightened by the minotaur, makes a run for it.
Alexander hopes the little creature finds its way home to the Isle of Wonder.
The hole-in-the-wall does not like the walls of the catacombs and is not in the mood for conversation.

There's no reason to use that on the skull.
Alexander picks up the skull.
A lone skull lies on the ground among the skeletons. Where the skull came from is a mystery, since the other remains seem to have their skulls intact.
Those jawbones have long been silent.

That would have no effect on the locked door.
There's no reason to use that on the open door.
The door is locked and Alexander can't force his way out. He'll need to conquer the maze-like catacombs to escape.
Alexander doesn't need to manipulate the open door--he can just walk through it.
The main door to the catacombs leads to the outside world. Unfortunately, it's locked.
The main door to the catacombs has been left open now that the minotaur is dead.
The door is not up for conversation.

Alexander doesn't want to do anything with that rat.
Rats? No, thanks!

Rats scurry away at the unexpected approach of the living.
"Squeak!"

Alexander can't see anything in the dark.

Alexander sees nothing of interest there. It just looks like every other stone surface in the catacombs to Alexander.

Alexander can't do anything in the room until he can see.

Alexander is standing in one of the many chilling rooms of the catacombs. The maze is laid out in a seemingly random way, yet Alexander knows that there must be a way of conquering its secrets.

Alexander can see nothing in the darkness.

Alexander is standing in a dead-end room in the catacombs. The only exit is to the west.

Alexander is standing in the catacombs near the portal to the outside world. Unfortunately, the portal is locked.

Alexander is standing in the catacombs near the portal to the outside world. The portal stands open.

Alexander is standing in a dead-end room in the catacombs. A tapestry hangs on the east wall, and the only exit lies to the south.

Alexander is standing in the access room to the minotaur's lair. A tapestry hangs on the east wall. The hidden door to the lair stands open. South leads out into the catacombs' second level.

The cell-like rooms of the catacombs hold their tongues and do not reveal their secrets.

ALEX "Is...is anybody there?"

There is no reply from the darkness.

That would have no effect on the wall.

There is no need to use that on the lair door. It's already open.

Alexander sees no reason to use that on the bare wall.

Alexander examines the wall, but doesn't see anything unusual about it. It looks like every other wall in the catacombs.

The lair door is already open. Just walk through it.

Alexander sees nothing of interest about that wall.

Alexander puts the hole-in-the-wall on the wall with the tapestry.

The hole-in-the-wall must not like something on the other side of the wall! He immediately runs away in terror!

Alexander hopes he doesn't get into a situation where he really needs the hole-in-the-wall!

Alexander sees nothing unusual about the east wall.

The secret door to the minotaur's lair is open.

The east wall of this room looks like every other wall in the catacombs.

The wall does not respond to Alexander's attempts at communication.

Calling through open doorways in the catacombs is probably not a good idea--especially not when that door leads to the minotaur's lair!

The lair is now empty. There's no one here to talk to.

Alexander would feel foolish talking to the wall.

There's no reason to use that on the shield.

Alexander takes the shield from the wall.

An old, wooden shield hangs on the wall.

The shield does not speak.

occupant of the stone bed is long past caring about physical things.

If the skeleton in the stone bed has not found a use for those coins by now, he or she probably never will.

Alexander finds two coins on the skeleton's eyes. He takes the old coins.
Niches in the wall form stone burial beds. Ancient bones lie crumbling on the unyielding rock.
Alexander notices that this skeleton has old coins over its eyes.
The occupant of the stone bed is beyond the reach of Alexander's voice.

The occupant of the stone bed is long past caring about physical things.
That skeleton presumably had its own coins at one point. It probably wouldn't know what to do
with two more.
Alexander examines the stone shelf and the ancient bones, but finds nothing except the dust of the
grave.
Niches in the wall form stone burial beds. Ancient bones lie crumbling on the unyielding rock.
The occupant of the stone bed is beyond the reach of Alexander's voice.

Alexander seems to have fallen to a lower level of the catacombs.
Wherever he is, the place sure is dark! Alexander can't even see his hand in front of his face.
ALEX "They need to get a staircase in here!"
ALEX "That's odd. Where did she...."
ALEX "GOOOOoooooooooo?"
As he walks through the doorway, Alexander gets a VERY bad feeling about this room.

SHA "(URGENTLY, FRIGHTENED) Ah! You are a human only and not the monster himself! I
heard you coming and thought you were the beast. Did my father send you here to save
me?"
ALEX "Why, yes, he did, but how did you...?"
SHA "(EXCITED, WHISPERING) Hush! There is no time! I think I have discovered the
minotaur's secret exit from the catacombs. Follow me, and we'll both be saved!"
SHA "(URGENT, CONFUSED, SLIGHTLY ANNOYED) There you are! Why do you
not follow me? Do you wish for death by the minotaur? Hurry! We can tarry no
longer!"
SHA "(ANGRY) So, here you still are! You are a coward and a fool! I leave you to your
fate!"

Alexander hears the sound of a wild beast again--this time so loud that the creature itself seems to
be in the same room with him.

The noises are coming from the other side of the east wall.

Too bad Alexander has no way to see what's on the other side of that wall.

The sounds shift direction and become louder to the south.

The sounds get louder still, now coming from the west.

ALEX "Uh, oh."

MINO "<Growl> Intruder, eh? URMM, good! Just in time--for DINNER!"

ALEX "Let's not be hasty now...."

!!!Do sound effect: "Urk!"

Alexander hears sounds coming from the other side of the east wall.

The catacombs' entrance door is locked from the outside by the Winged Ones guards.

It seems that leaving the catacombs by THAT door is not an option.

Phew! That was close! Alexander was lucky he wasn't seen.

ALEX "Zounds! A trap floor!"

Alexander seems to have found the 'path' to the second level of the catacombs again.

ALEX "YIiikkeesssss...."

Somewhere far off into the catacombs, the sounds of hooves faintly echo.

Alexander hears the distant sounds of a wild animal somewhere in the maze of rooms.

Alexander hears a low growling--so faint as to seem born of his fired imagination rather than of any

living creature.

(ANXIOUS) Alexander hears the scrabble of hooves in the dark room.

ALEX "He...hello?"

!!!Do sound effect: "GRRROARR!!!"

The hole-in-the-wall must have been startled by something on the other side of that wall. Before Alexander can look through it, it runs away in terror!

Alexander hopes there wasn't anything important on the other side of that wall!

There's no reason to use that on the tapestry.

ALEX "Hmmm. This tapestry looks familiar...."

ALEX "Now let's see...I don't feel anything...."

ALEX "AHA! A hidden latch!"

Alexander triggers the little latch. A secret door rolls open.

The door to the minotaur's lair is already open, and there's no point in closing it now.

Alexander does not see anything unusual about or under that tapestry, and the tapestry itself is much too heavy to take.

A very beautiful, very dusty tapestry hangs on the wall.

The tapestry weaves its tale in silence.

There's no reason to use that on the torch.

The torch is too high to reach. Besides, carrying around the heavy, blazing torch would only slow Alexander down.

A torch flickers on the wall and casts shadows on the dank stones of the catacombs.

The torch does not reply.

There's no reason to use that on the wall.

The walls are as they appear and would only reflect themselves.

The spell book is sadly deficient in the 'enchanted walls' category.

There's no reason to use the paintbrush on that wall. Alexander can't think of anything he'd wish to paint in this dreary place.

The walls aren't ticklish.

The walls of the catacombs are rough and cold to the touch.

Alexander puts the hole-in-the-wall on the wall.

It seems to shudder in revulsion at the mere touch of the cold stone.

Alexander doesn't need to use the hole-in-the-wall on that wall--he can just walk through the door to see what's on the other side.

The hole-in-the-wall wouldn't do Alexander much good there.

The walls of the catacombs are made of massive stone tiles.

That's the east wall of the room.

The walls of the catacombs are made of massive stone tiles.

That's the north wall of the room.

The walls of the catacombs are made of massive stone tiles.

That's the south wall of the room.

The walls of the catacombs are made of massive stone tiles.

That's the west wall of the room.

The walls are unimpressed by Alexander's romantic nature.

The magic map is of no use here.

There's no need to put the shield back on a wall. Alexander might need it.

There is no lock there.

Why beat your head against the wall? Or someone else's for that matter.

The walls do not respond.

This room is light enough already.

Rotten Tomato has no desire to be smashed against a wall.
There's no reason to waste the Oracle's sacred water here.

Catacomb tile puzzle

That tile is engraved with a skull and crossbones.

That tile bears an engraving of a crown.

That tile bears the image of a dove.

The tiles directly in front of the exit doors do not bear any symbols.

There's nothing that Alexander needs to do with the doorway except walk through it.
The doors to this room appear to be like all the other doors in the catacombs.
Calling through doorways in the catacombs is probably not such a hot idea. There's no telling
who--or what--is on the other side.

Alexander had better be careful about poking around indiscriminately in this room.
Alexander has the feeling that he's got more to worry about in this room than using the hole-in-the-
wall!
Alexander is standing in a room with a tiled floor. Except for the tiles directly in front of the doors,
each tile bears an engraving. Alexander has a feeling that the unique floor isn't merely
decorative.
The strange room refuses to reveal anything about its function.
This room is light enough already.

Alexander decides to make a beeline for the exit from his current location.
Apparently, not a good idea.

Alexander feels the tile he's standing on shift beneath his feet.
ALEX "Uh, oh!"

Using that on the tiles would accomplish nothing.
Alexander can see nothing to do with the tiles except to walk on them and hope for the best!
An image of a rose has been carved into that tile.
The tiles will not give up their secrets so easily.

Using that on the tiles would accomplish nothing.
A carving of a scythe adorns that tile.

Catacomb Lowering Ceiling

That won't protect Alexander from the crushing ceiling!
The magic map won't work inside the catacombs.
That shield won't protect Alexander from the crushing ceiling!
There's no reason to use the shield in this room now.

Alexander doesn't want to disturb the brick wedged in the gears.
Even if Alexander wanted to retrieve the brick, he'd be unable to get it out of the cogs now. It's
tightly wedged in place.

The brick has wedged tightly between two cogs, thus immobilizing the gears.
The brick can't speak, but if it could it would probably complain about being stuck in the gears.

That would never stop the ceiling's descent.
Alexander has no wish to disturb the halted ceiling.
There's nothing in the spell book that will handle that ceiling.
Alexander can't stop the ceiling with his bare hands!
The ceiling has stopped for the moment, and Alexander has no desire to disturb it again.
The ceiling is grinding down with methodical determination, heedless of the human in its path!
The ceiling is stuck in its path by the brick that Alexander threw into the gears.
Alexander can't use the magic map on the ceiling.
The shield is not strong enough to stop the ceiling's descent. That ceiling is solid rock!
The skull would only be crushed under the ceiling--not unlike the fate awaiting Alexander's own skull.
Alexander can't reason with the ceiling.
ALEX "Stay up, ceiling. Good ceiling."

That won't get the doors open!
There is no reason to use that on the open door.
The doors have been sealed shut. Alexander doesn't have time to try to force them open.
The door is open. Alexander need only walk through it to exit the room.
Both exits from this room have been sealed shut by sliding panels. Alexander is trapped!
The exits stand open now that the crushing ceiling has been jammed.

As much as he might wish to, Alexander can't dig through that floor of stone.
There is nothing of interest there on the floor.
The floor in this room looks like every other floor in the catacombs. It's made of solid rock.
ALEX "Hello! Is anybody out there? Help me, please!"
There is no reply, only the noisy clanking of the gears.
The room is empty. Even the gears are silent.

That would never hold those grinding gears.
It wouldn't be wise to disturb the gears now. The ceiling might start down again.
The book would never hold those gears! It would just be ripped to shreds.
This is no time to be trying to cast a spell on those gears, even if Alexander had one which was appropriate.

In a desperate move, Alexander throws a brick into the grinding gears!
The brick is caught between two cogs! The gears shriek and shutter!
The mechanism grinds to a halt! The ceiling is stuck!
The trap is sprung!
Alexander's hands would be crushed to pieces in those gears! He can't stop them with his bare hands.

Alexander doesn't want to do anything to disturb those broken gears.
The gears are working furiously to lower the ceiling. Their great cogs interlock perfectly.
The gears have been permanently stopped by the brick.
The dangling participle would not appreciate being thrown into those grinding gears!
The shield is too large to fit in those gears.

Desperate to stop the crushing ceiling, Alexander throws a skull into the grinding gears.

The skull is caught between two cogs....

...The gears shriek and shutter....

...The skull begins to bulge!

ALEX "UH, OH!!!"

That skull wasn't strong enough to endure the pressure...and neither is Alexander's!

The gears squeak noisily.

The gears are now silent.

The tinder box is not sturdy enough to harm those gears before being turned into tin.

Rotten Tomato would not appreciate being thrown into those gears!

That won't save Alexander from becoming floor wax!

Alexander doesn't want to mess around in this trap room now that he's free to go.

There's nothing to do there that will help Alexander's predicament.

Alexander doesn't want to mess around in this trap room now that he's free to go.

Alexander is standing in a trap room with a crushing ceiling...and the ceiling is descending FAST!

Alexander is standing in a trap room with a crushing ceiling. The mechanism that lowers the ceiling has been stopped, and the trap room now stands open.

ALEX "Hello! Is anybody out there? Help me, please!"

There is no reply, only the noisy clanking of the gears.

The room is empty. Even the gears are silent.

It's a trap! The doors have sealed Alexander inside!

And the ceiling is coming down!

With a sudden lurch, the ceiling completes its descent.

ALEX "YIKES!"

And presses Alexander into the floor like a bug under a heel!

That won't save Alexander from becoming floor wax!

Alexander doesn't want to mess around in this trap room now that he's free to go.

There's no way to escape the room through the walls. They're made of solid stone.

The walls remain firm and unmovable.

The walls remain sturdy and unscathed as the ceiling descends between them.

The walls look like any other walls in the catacombs, except for the gears on the north wall.

ALEX "Hello! Is anybody out there? Help me, please!"

There is no reply, only the noisy clanking of the gears.

Minotaur's Lair

There's no time to mess with that now! That minotaur is dangerous!

That shield won't do much good in close combat against a minotaur! Alexander will have to think of something else.

There's no more danger in the minotaur's lair. The shield is not necessary.

Alexander doesn't want to do anything with that altar.

Alexander doesn't want to touch the hideous altar!

A monstrous altar towers in one corner of the room. Alexander shudders with revulsion at the thought of the rituals performed at that sacrificial table.

The altar stands grimly silent.

Alexander won't be able to do anything for the girl until he's taken care of that minotaur!

Overcome with anger, Alexander prepares to assist Lady Celeste. But as he steps forward, she sees him....

Alexander won't be able to do anything for the girl until he's taken care of that minotaur.

A beautiful Winged One girl is struggling for her life against the minotaur.

The beautiful Winged One girl watches from the altar as if resigned to seeing Alexander die. Alexander gallantly offers the lady his aid.

ALEX "Can I be of some assistance?"

Lady Celeste looks up at the sound of the strange voice and spots Alexander.

ALEX "I'll take care of the minotaur, m'lady! Have no fear!"

There is no reason to do anything with the foul animal skull.

Alexander can't reach the animal skull. Besides, he doesn't want to touch the foul thing.

The skull of some large and unknown beast guards the east exit.

There's no reason to use anything on the doorway. Just walk through it.

There's no reason to manipulate the east exit. Just walk through it.

There's a doorway on the east wall of the lair. Perhaps it's another exit from the catacombs!

That doorway leads to the minotaur's secret exit, the outside world, and fresh air!

Alexander steps forward, determined to use anything at hand to save the girl. But before he can do anything....

That would have little effect on the rampaging minotaur!

Alexander prepares to take on the minotaur with his bare hands. He steps forward bravely....

And is spotted by Lady Celeste!

Alexander prepares to take on the minotaur with his bare hands.

Hand-to-hand combat with a minotaur is, apparently, not a great idea.

ALEX "AAAIIEEE!!!"

The minotaur is a huge, monstrous beast with cloven hooves and the head of a bull.

Alexander, his back inches from the fiery pit, tempts the minotaur with the red queen's scarf.

ALEX "Look here, you bully! Nice, bright red!"

MINO "<SNORT!> RRRRRED!"

!!!Do sound effect: "GRROAARRRRrrrrrrr...!"

The minotaur drops from sight amidst the consuming flames. Slowly, his scream fades as well.

ALEX "(VOICE SHAKY) Have you been harmed, Lady Celeste? Are you all right?"

CEL "(NEUTRAL, COOL VOICE)No, I am not all right! I assume you do not intend to leave me tied up on this vile monstrosity!"

ALEX "(BLUSHING) Er, of course not. Sorry."

ALEX "Let's see. If you'll give me a moment, I'll have these untied in no time."

CEL "<sigh> I can't wait that long. Look, I wear a small dagger just inside my belt. It should be enough to cut the rope."

ALEX "Oh. All right, I...I've got it, Lady Celeste. Here we go."

CEL "Thank you. You may keep the dagger as a gift for saving my life."

ALEX "That's very generous...."

CEL "Forget it! Do you mind if we just get out of here now?"

ALEX "Excuse me! I demand the release of that maiden this instant, you fiend!"

Lady Celeste looks wildly around the room for the source of the strange voice and spots Alexander.

ALEX "Wouldn't you like to let the girl and I go?"

MINO "<snort> Don't be a fool!"

There's no reason to put that in the pit.

Ouch! That fire looks a trifle hot to warm one's hands over.

A

pit has caved in the floor in one corner of the minotaur's lair. Flames rise from the pit as though from the throat of a dragon trapped in the earth. The fire makes the lair unbearably hot.

Alexander, apparently confused by being in the deserted minotaur's lair, missteps into the fiery pit!
ALEX "HHHOOOOTT TTTTTT!"

That won't stop the minotaur!

There's no reason to use that there.

Alexander doesn't have time to examine that now! He's got more important things to worry about--
like the minotaur!

Alexander doesn't want to touch anything in the minotaur's foul lair.

Alexander has found the minotaur's lair! The chamber has the rank smell of a beast's den, but a
strange altar testifies to the minotaur's evil intelligence.

The minotaur's lair, now empty, still reeks with the foul stench of the minotaur.

ALEX "<Ahem> Excuse me."

Lady Celeste looks up at the sound of the strange voice and spots Alexander.

Crying out for help would not do any good!

The minotaur's lair is now silent and empty. There is no one here to talk to.

Alexander steps further into the room.

The movement catches Lady Celeste's eye.

She screams for help.

There's no reason to use anything on the doorway. Just walk through it.

There's no reason to manipulate the door. Just walk through it.

There's a doorway leading back into the catacombs on the west wall.

There's no reason to use that on the skulls.

Alexander has no desire to take those skulls off of the grisly altar.

The skulls of two of the minotaur's unfortunate victims have been stuck on the altar in a gruesome
fashion.

The victim's skulls speak their horror in silence.

CEL "No! I beg of you, please don't hurt me!"

MINO "<GRRROARR> Your struggles are useless <GRRR>!"

It's the minotaur! And he's struggling with a Winged Ones girl--she must be Lady Celeste!

The minotaur is still struggling with the Winged Ones maiden.

CEL "You there! Human! Help me! HELP!"

MINO "<GROWL> Who dares enter my lair?"

ALEX "I ask you to release your captive or suffer the consequences!"

MINO "<GRRRROAAARR!> Never! You die, human!"

As the minotaur advances in attack, Alexander slowly backs away....

Until he can back away no more!

MINO "Now where to, <GROWL> little man?"

Lady Celeste, looking desperately around the room for any possible means of escape, suddenly
spots Alexander.

MINO "Now you die!"

!!!Do sound effect: "Urk!"

Oracle

WG "Hail to thee, great Oracle! Lord Azure sends you this wingless male. It appears that he solved the Cliffs of Logic and...."

ORA "...defeated the minotaur in his lair. So I have seen."

ORA "So this is the one that haunts my pool of late! Welcome, young seeker. What knowledge do you desire?"

ALEX "Princess Cassima. Whatever you can tell me, great Oracle...."

ORA "Ah! Of course, the princess! That explains my images. Let us see what we can see."

ORA "I see a maiden--lovely and pure, but surrounded by evil. She is a rose set amidst bitter thorns."

ORA "It is her fate to be the pawn of dark powers..."

ORA "...and yours to try to redeem her!"

ALEX "How? How do I redeem her?"

ORA "Fate is not like the cut of a blade, young one, but rather like the myriad of paths formed when a hammer cracks ice. I will tell you what I can, but what will actually come to pass is up to you."

ORA "I see that any attempt to reach the girl will force you into battle, a struggle against a dark force. If you lose, your life will be forfeit."

ALEX "Who must I fight?"

ORA "A great darkness surrounds your adversary, preventing me from seeing clearly.... I can only make out the shape of a black cloak."

ORA "But before this final struggle, I see an infiltration--a dangerous game of hide and seek in corridors filled with enemies. The risks are high, but it is the only way to reach the one you seek."

ORA "There is more than one way into this place. Your choice will dictate much."

ALEX "What else do you see, mighty Oracle?"

ORA "<gasp> Oooh.... Such pain! I see two restless spirits crying out for revenge."

ORA "These shades could help you destroy the dark force if they were to be brought back from their spiritual form, yet this is only one possible path to your destiny."

ORA "I'm afraid this is getting beyond me. I know very little about the afterlife. I can only advise getting counsel from the Druids."

ORA "Be warned--the Druids are reclusive and dangerous. They might aid you or they might destroy you. Like their island, the Druid's nature is hidden in the mists."

ORA "There is nothing more I can do for you except to give you this...."

ORA "It is water from the sacred pool. That and my blessing go with you."

ALEX "Thank you, great Oracle."

ISLE OF MISTS

Beach

There's no reason to use that on the path.
To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.
One of the paths inland branches off to the northeast.
The misty path yields nothing in reply.

One of the paths inland branches off to the northwest.

There's no reason to throw that in the sea.

Alexander has no interest in the salty sea water.

The ocean is only visible for a few feet before it becomes shrouded in mist.

The ocean is not as calm as it appears. Underwater currents tug at Alexander's legs.

The underwater tow is amazingly strong here. It pulls ferociously at Alexander's legs.

Before Alexander can retreat, the currents grab his legs! The shifting sand vanishes from beneath his feet! Against his best efforts, he is dragged out to sea!

Alexander is standing on the beach of a shrouded island. From here, two paths lead into the island; one to the northwest and one to the northeast. Weird gnarled trees and rolling mists add to the island's eerie atmosphere.

The thick mist on the island dampens all sounds. Alexander's voice dies away shortly after leaving his lips. There is no reply.

From the northeast come the sounds of mysterious drums and chanting.

DRU1 "Great gods! Did you see that? That man just appeared from nowhere!"

DRU2 "Perhaps he was sent by the spirits! I see no boat."

DRU1 He's an intruder, no matter how he got here. Grab him!"

ALEX "Not again! Look, I'll leave. It's no problem...."

DRU1 "I think not. Let's go."

Alexander doesn't want to do anything with the haunting trees.

Alexander gets an uneasy feeling just thinking about touching the gnarled, moss-covered trees.

The island's trees are gnarled and eerie-looking. Grayish moss, growing fervently in the damp, sun-blocking mist, coats the trees' knobby branches.

The only response Alexander gets from the tree is a slight shivering of its branches in the wind.

Village

There's no reason to use that on the bearskin.

Alexander's adventures are keeping him quite warm enough as it is. He has no need for the bearskin.

A bearskin hangs on the trunk of one of the treehouses. The coarse brown fur looks warm, if a bit flea-bitten.

There's no reason to use that on the treehouse's entrance.

Alexander doesn't want to break into the treehouses.

The Druids, exhausted after the bonfire festivities, are asleep in their treehouses. Alexander doesn't need to disturb them.

The doors to the treehouses are bolted, and Alexander doesn't want to intrude into the private dwellings uninvited.

Steps lead up to the treehouse's entrance. The steps are sheltered by a worn animal hide. As Alexander peers into the dark entryway, he can make out a well-bolted wooden door.

Alexander doesn't want to break into the treehouses.

Alexander doesn't want to intrude on the Druid's privacy.

Alexander doesn't wish to disturb the sleeping Druids.

ALEX "(SLIGHTLY SOFT AND TENTATIVE) Hello? Is anyone home?"

There's no reply. Either nobody's home or the residents aren't in the mood for visitors.

Alexander wouldn't want to dirty that by putting it in the fire pit.

Alexander has already taken one lump of coal from the pit. He ought to leave the rest for the inhabitants of the tree village.

Alexander reaches into the fire pit and takes a lump of coal.

A communal fire pit occupies a place of honor in the center of the little village. The fire pit, naturally enough, contains coal.

The coals are cold. That's odd, because Alexander definitely smells the smoke of an open fire close by.

The fire pit is as silent as it is cold.

There's no reason to light the coals in the fire pit. Alexander doesn't have time to sit and warm his bones, unfortunately.

There's no reason to use that on the path.

To take the path, Alexander need only walk on it.

Two paths end at a clearing here. A path to the south leads back to the beach, and a path to the east leads inland. Around the clearing is a village of treehouses.

The dirt path says nothing.

Alexander is standing in a small village. Arranged around him in a circle are houses built into the hollows of huge trees. In the center of the village is a fire pit.

The village appears to be deserted. There's no one here to talk to.

There's no reason to use that on the scythe.

Alexander takes the scythe.

A wooden-handled scythe hangs against a bearskin on one of the treehouses.

There's no reason to use that on the skull.

Alexander can think of less desirable things to carry around than that animal skull, but not many! He decides to leave it alone.

A horned animal skull is on display in the center of the village. Based on its central location, it may perhaps serve as ceremonial protection against danger.

From the east come the sounds of mysterious drums and chanting.

The way north is blocked by impenetrable forest.

There's no reason to use that on the stairs.

The stairs look fully capable of withstanding Alexander's weight.

A short flight of steps leads part way up the trunk of one of the treehouses.

Alexander doesn't want to disturb the treehouses.

The treehouses look a bit too dignified for climbing.

A grove of giant trees has been hollowed out to make houses. The trees look cozy and dry, if a bit primitive for Alexander's tastes.

Alexander doesn't wish to disturb the sleeping Druids.

ALEX "(SLIGHTLY SOFT AND TENTATIVE) Hello? Is anyone home?"

There's no reply. Either nobody's home or the residents aren't in the mood for visitors.

Ritual Circle

Alexander doesn't want to burn that up in the smoldering embers.

Alexander has already had enough close contact with that fire!
The hunter's lamp is now empty, and there's no reason to put embers in it.
There's no reason to put embers in a lamp.
The embers from the bonfire are still smoldering, despite the rain.
The neck of the milk bottle is too narrow for the embers.
Alexander exchanges the embers in his skull for more red-hot embers from the fire.
Alexander exchanges the embers in the skull for more red-hot embers from the fire, being careful
not to disturb the rest of the skull's contents.
The skull already contains hot embers.
Alexander scoops up some of the red-hot embers in the ancient human skull.
The smoldering bonfire embers do not reply.
The china cup is too small and delicate for those large, red-hot embers.

Alexander doesn't want to do anything with that wicker cage ever again!
Alexander wants nothing more to do with that wicker cage!
The wicker cage that was to be Alexander's fiery coffin is now lying on the ground. Alexander is
glad to be out of that cage!
Alexander has no desire to talk to that wretched cage!

Alexander doesn't need to do anything to the circle of stones.
The giant stones are smooth and cold, and still damp from the rain.
Alexander is standing in a circle of giant stones. He marvels at the complex yet simple design of
the standing monoliths.
The stone sentinels do not reply.

Alexander has no reason to use that on the old tree.
The branches of the old tree are well out of Alexander's reach.
A gnarled old tree stretches a wide branch out over the smoldering bonfire.
Alexander is standing in the Druids' circle of giant stones. The Rain Festival has ended, and the
Druids have returned to their village to sleep. The bonfire still smolders in the center of
circle.
The Druids have left, and there's no one here to talk to.

Alexander is frozen at the spectacle before him; robed figures are gathered around a bonfire. Some
mystical ceremony is taking place, but as to its purpose, Alexander has no clue.
DRU1 "Brothers, look!"
Uh, oh! Alexander's been seen!
AD "This must be the foreigner we were warned about. How appropriate that he should
come during our Rain Festival. Place him in the sacrificial cage!"
ALEX "(SHOUTING) Wait! I must rescue the princess!"
AD "There's an ancient Druid saying: 'A man who would save others must first save
himself!'"
Alexander is pushed into the confining wicker cage.
And the cage is swung out over the bonfire!

DRU1 "We found a trespasser on the beach, Arch Druid!"
Uh, oh! Arch Druid? Now what has Alexander wandered into?

AD "I must apologize for our rude welcoming committee. We've been feeling inhospitable ever
since the Winged Ones stole our sacred miniature oak tree."
AD "Besides, Vizier Alhazred sent a message that we were to watch out for a highly-
dangerous foreign assassin. I assume you ARE the one he meant."

ALEX "I'm sure I'm precisely who he meant. I assure you, I mean to harm no one--unless that person threatens the princess. I'm sorry to have disrupted your ceremony, but I'm running out of time."

AD "What is it that you seek?"

ALEX "The Oracle on the Isle of the Sacred Mountain told me I should speak to you about the Realm of the Dead. She told me of two souls in unrest there that I might be able to free."

AD "Free souls in the Realm of the Dead? You're mad!"

ALEX "The souls might be able to help me on my mission to save the princess. It's imperative that I do everything I can. The risks are not important."

AD "No? And yet getting yourself killed will hardly help the princess. <sigh> But I will tell you what I know."

AD "Legend has it that it is the right of any human to challenge the Lord of the Dead in order to save his own life or the life of another already passed. But the knowledge of how to do this was lost centuries ago."

AD "I have only heard of one who tried it--a young knight who came to the Land of the Green Isles from a distant land long ago. According to the story, he was determined to challenge the Lord of the Dead for the soul of his dead lover."

AD "It is said that he tamed the Lord of the Dead's horse, a black-winged, demon-hearted beast named Night Mare. Night Mare sometimes flies to the human world to feed on certain noxious plants. Those unfortunate enough to see her are glad to escape with their very souls intact!"

AD "Somehow, the knight captured Night Mare and rode off on her back, supposedly to the Realm of the Dead. But neither the knight nor his lover ever returned. If there was a means for challenge, it was lost with the knight."

ALEX "I see. Can you tell me anything about the Lord of the Dead?"

AD "Ah, that is a blacker matter still! To the Druids, he is Samhain, Lord of Coldness and Despair. Samhain was once a man like you or I, but he insulted the gods and was sentenced to rule the Underworld. Immortal he is, and mateless; robbed of sleep, robbed of movement, robbed of companionship."

AD "It is said that he hates all mortals even more for the mortality that he lost. That is all I know."

ALEX "Interesting. I shall remember."

AD "Now, look how the oak embers of our bonfire still glow hot, despite the rain. If you're bent on your course, you'll need courage that's just as impervious to the chill."

AD "<sigh> May your luck last longer than your storm, brave one."

ALEX "May it indeed. Thank you, Arch Druid."

Fire in the cage!

Alexander pulls out Beauty's old slave clothes, desperate to beat out the flames!

The flame is extinguished, but the clothes themselves burn to cinders. Alexander won't be able to keep the cage from igniting for long!

The heat and movement must have jarred something....

Something that Alexander's carrying is starting to jiggle around!

Egad! Something's REALLY percolating!

The water in Alexander's lamp is hot! It's just about....

BOILING!!!!

Alexander feels a drop. It starts to rain!

AD "That man is a powerful nature wizard! By the sacred oak, let him DOWN!"

Later, after a short but furious thunderstorm....

Mercifully, Alexander passes out from the heat before the first tongues of flame ignite the wicker. Alexander pulls out Beauty's old slave clothes, desperate to beat out the flames! As he does so, a

strand of Beauty's hair that had been caught in the mantle comes free of the clothes.
Alexander starts to feel a little warm.
The bottom of the cage is getting uncomfortably hot.
This cage is REALLY hot!
Alexander is getting REALLY hot!

NightMare

The three mortals cling to the broad back of Night Mare. At first, there is nothing but blackness all around. But the chill gradually melts into an enticing warmth, as they fly into the life-giving sun of the world of men.
Alexander clings to Night Mare's back as she flies higher and higher. They enter a darkness so deep and cold that Alexander feels his very bones penetrated by the icy blackness.

REALM OF THE DEAD

First scene

The Realm of the Dead is a very dangerous place! There's no time for that here!

The spirits that haunt the surface of the Realm of the Dead have no need for material possessions. Queen Allaria's spirit gave that ticket to Alexander and does not want it back. Those spirits have no need for the mother ghost's handkerchief. Alexander wishes to comfort the tormented spirits, but they are beyond the warmth of human hands. The spirits of Queen Allaria and King Caliphim continue their wandering. The queen acts as a silent guardian over the distraught, despairing king. Restless spirits are bound to the surface of the Underworld. Chained by earthly cares, they are unable to go below. These two spirits wander together. The spirit of a beautiful and noble-looking woman floats silently alongside that of a desperate-looking man. The tormented spirits of Cassima's parents need no further reminder of their beloved daughter. Alexander might want to find out more about the ghostly shades before showing them tokens from his beloved. The poor spirits that haunt the surface of the Realm of the Dead have no use for that bony key. The queen has already given Alexander her advice, and the king is too distressed to even notice Alexander's presence.

ALEX "(GENTLY) Who are you, grieving spirits?"

ALL "(GHOSTLY, REMOTE) I am Queen Allaria of the Land of the Green Isles, and this beloved spirit is my husband, King Caliphim."

ALL "(GETTING ANGRY) We were murdered in our beds by our trusted vizier. Like a viper, he snuck in during the night and stabbed us in our sleep!"

ALL "(SORROWFUL) Now my husband's soul is broken and he will not speak."

ALEX "(EXCITED) Then you are the ones I seek. Are you not the parents of Princess Cassima?"

ALL "(EXCITED, JOYFUL) Our daughter! Have you news of the princess?"

ALEX "(QUIETLY) I know that she is alive and safely back in her kingdom after being rescued from Mordack. But I'm afraid I have not personally seen her. Alhazred is keeping her in her room in mourning for you."

ALL "(ANGUISHED) Oh, dreaded news! I am glad to hear of her return, but she will not

be safe alone with that devil! Oh, that we could be there to protect her!"

CAL "(DISTANTLY, HORRIBLY GUILTY/HAMLETESQUE) Cassima! How I've failed thee!"

ALL "(SADLY) My poor husband will never rest while our murder goes unavenged and our daughter is in danger!"

ALEX "(RESOLUTELY) I came to take you back with me. Your people are still loyal to you. They need to know about the vizier. Cassima needs you, too."

ALL "(SURPRISED, DOUBTFUL) But this is the Realm of the Dead! We cannot leave it! Nor, for that matter, can you."

ALL "The only one who might be able to return us all to the land of the living is the Lord of the Dead, but he would never help us. He has no mercy."

ALEX "(FIRMLY) I might be able to convince him. I must try."

ALL "(RESIGNED, NOT HOPEFUL) Then, take this. It is my ticket to the Underworld. There you will find the Lord of the Dead."

ALL "I cannot use the ticket as long as I'm chained here, and if we cannot be avenged, I will never be unchained."

ALEX "Thank you. Perhaps it will save us all."

ALL "(GENTLY, SWEETLY) Be careful, young man. If you can ease my husband's torment and help our daughter, we will be most grateful."

ALEX "I will do my best. Goodbye, Queen Allaria."

Alexander can see no way to use that there, and he's not anxious to experiment needlessly in the Realm of the Dead!

The Realm of the Dead is too eerie to invite close inspection. Alexander wants to touch as little as possible!

Alexander is standing on the surface of the Realm of the Dead. The barren, surreal landscape is cold and gray. Twisted shapes loom on the horizon.

The surface is haunted by the ghoulish shapes of the undead and by the chained, tormented spirits of mortals unable to rest in peace.

Alexander hesitates to break the mournful, heavy atmosphere by speaking aloud.

Alexander can't use that on the sky.

Alexander can't reach the sky without the aid of Night Mare, and she's well and truly deserted him!

The sky above the Realm of the Dead is the deep black of darkest night.

The sky remains aloof.

**Uh, oh! One of the wandering ghouls brushes up against Alexander!
The touch of the putred flesh dissolves the living matter like acid!**

Night Mare deposits Alexander on a strange, cold world.

And some of the inhabitants don't look too friendly!

The ghoulish undead are not interested in things from the material world--except, perhaps, for Alexander himself!

The undead would not be impressed by a mirror, and Alexander doesn't want to see what their ghoulish reflections might be like!

That dagger would have little effect on those ghouls--they're already dead!

The undead ghouls are banished from the Underworld and would not be allowed in, ticket or no ticket.

Those shambling undead have no human sentiment left and do not care about the plight of a mother and her son.

Alexander decides to get closer to the undead creature....

A decision that was definitely not one of his best.

The touch of the putred flesh dissolves the living matter like acid!

The ghoulish, animated bodies of the undead roam the haunted landscape.

Those ghouls looked hacked up enough as it is!

ALEX "Who ARE you poor undead creatures?"

UND "RAARR RAARR RAH RAARR!!"

ALEX "I see. How interesting."

Second scene

The Realm of the Dead is a very dangerous place! There's no time for that here!

Alexander cannot get close enough to the moon to try that.

The moon is far beyond Alexander's mortal grasp.

The luminous moon casts a glow over the strange, dark landscape.

The moon does not hear Alexander's voice.

The spirits that haunt the surface of the Realm of the Dead have no need for material possessions.

The other spirits on the surface of the Realm of the Dead all have their own tickets.

The mother ghost gave Alexander the handkerchief. She doesn't want it back.

Alexander wishes to comfort the tormented spirit, but she is beyond the warmth of human hands.

The mother ghost still grieves for her son, but she seems to have a small bit of hope that Alexander might find him.

The spirit of a woman hangs like a puff of smoke in the air. She is weeping and appears to be very distressed about something.

The poor spirits that haunt the surface of the Realm of the Dead have no use for that bony key.

The woman's spirit is once again lost in her grief. She has nothing more to say to Alexander.

ALEX "Why do you not rest, sad spirit?"

MOM "Rest? I cannot rest! My son is lost!"

ALEX "Lost? You mean in this realm?"

MOM "No! His spirit is stuck in the land of the living--probably looking for me! But I cannot leave to go show him the way! My poor Ali!"

ALEX "Is there anything I can do?"

MOM "Take this handkerchief. If you get back to the land of the living and find him, tell him that his mother is waiting for him here."

MOM "By this kiss, he'll be able to find his way to the Realm of the Dead."

ALEX "I'll do my best to find him."

MOM "Thank you, thank you! Oh, my Ali!"

The path beneath Alexander's feet feels strangely organic. He has no desire to get any closer to it than is absolutely necessary.

The gloomy path narrows as it approaches a sinister-looking skull.

Alexander sees no way to use that there, and he's not anxious to experiment needlessly in the Realm of the Dead!

The Realm of the Dead is too eerie to invite close inspection. Alexander wants to touch as little as possible!

The surface of the Realm of the Dead feels even more oppressive here. A path leads to an ominous-looking skull that looms in the distance.

The surface is haunted by the ghoulish shapes of the undead and by the chained, tormented

spirits of mortals unable to rest in peace.
Alexander hesitates to break the mournful, heavy atmosphere by speaking aloud.

Alexander can't fly in his current fleshly state.
The otherwise dark sky is faintly illuminated by a full moon. Alexander has the feeling that it is always nighttime in this realm. He cannot imagine the light of day touching anything in this dreary place.

The passing spirits are past any interest in material things.
The mother ghost's son is not among the passing spirits.
The passing spirits are beyond Alexander's ability to grasp.
Some natural instinct draws the spirits of the newly deceased to the Realm of the Dead. They all seem to be focused on the skull that looms in the distance.
The passing spirits seem to be in a trance and don't respond to Alexander.

MOM "Ali! Where is my little boy? Ali!"

Alexander can do nothing with the skull from here. He'll need to get closer.
A monstrous skull looms at the end of the twisted path. The passing spirits are all heading for it as though it were a magnet. It must be the entrance to the Underworld!
The skull at the end of the path pays no attention to Alexander.

The gate to Styx

The Realm of the Dead is a very dangerous place! There's no time for that here!

ALEX "Would this persuade you to let me pass?"

SKE "Tickets only!"

ALEX "I have a ticket."

SKE "Go on! Next!"

The skeleton is unlikely to be interested in the mother ghost's problems.

Alexander has the feeling that trying to physically force his way past the skeleton at the door is not a good idea.

A uniformed skeleton stands guard at the entrance to the Underworld. He takes something from the passing spirits and then waves them on into the Underworld.

ALEX "I have this key of bone. Will it get me into the Underworld?"

SKE "Tickets only!"

ALEX "I must see the Lord of the Dead. Please let me pass."

SKE "Tickets only!"

The skeleton at the door seems quite determined.

Alexander can't get past the skeleton to try that on the door.

Alexander approaches the entrance to the Underworld.

SKE "Ticket, please!"

The door to the Underworld is at the mouth of the huge skull. The door appears to be made out of tendon-like filaments which retract to 'swallow' the souls which enter.

Alexander shudders with repulsion at the thought of going through that door, yet he must if he's to have any hope of leaving this realm alive!

Alexander cannot get close enough to the door to try that key. Besides, he doesn't see a keyhole.

Perhaps the key is for something else.

The mouth of the skull opens only as it chooses--and it does NOT choose to speak to a mere mortal.

The skeletons have little interest in Alexander's possessions.

Alexander doesn't want to touch those skeletons! Besides, those bones have already been picked clean!

Living skeletons are gathered around the entrance to the Underworld.

ALEX "Nice bone structure."

"Thanks."

ALEX "Would you be willing to exchange this for a ticket?"

The skeleton must not like the looks of Alexander. He refuses to give him a ticket, even in exchange for something else.

That skeleton has plenty of tickets and isn't interested in the one that Queen Allaria gave to Alexander.

The skeleton is unlikely to be interested in the mother ghost's problems.

The skeleton with the keys looks rather "grave." Alexander doesn't want to touch him.

A strange skeleton with a long, horse-like head and ceremonial armor stands at the base of the path to the Underworld. He watches over new arrivals with a discerning eye, handing tickets to the spirits desiring admittance.

A large bone keyring hangs from his waist.

Alexander COULD return the bony key, but he might find it useful. Besides, the skeleton has plenty more bones where that came from!

ALEX "Might I get one of those tickets?"

The skeleton with the tickets must not approve of Alexander's less-than-ghostly looks. He refuses to give him a pass.

It's unlikely that the skeleton would allow Alexander to just take his key.

A large keyring containing a skeleton key hangs from the 'waist' of the skeleton to the left of the path.

Alexander sees no way to use that there and he's not anxious to experiment needlessly in the Realm of the Dead!

The Realm of the Dead is too eerie to invite close inspection. Alexander wants to touch as little as possible!

Alexander is standing at the entrance to the Underworld. The entrance is a huge, tendon-covered skull. The skull's mouth is the doorway to whatever lies below. Two solemn skeletons admit the spirits who seem to be drawn, trance-like, to enter the skull.

Alexander hesitates to break the mournful, heavy atmosphere by speaking aloud.

Alexander approaches the entrance to the Underworld.

SKE "Ticket, please!"

There's no reason to use that on the bony key.

Alexander picks up the skeleton key.

A key made of bone has fallen from the skeleton's keyring and now lies on the ground.

The bony key does not reply.

Using that on the hideous skull would be pointless.

The hideous skull repulses Alexander even as it draws him. He has no desire to touch it more than is absolutely necessary to enter the door.

Looming ominously at the end of the path, a hideous skull-shaped formation provides an entrance to the Underworld below. Despite his terror, Alexander still feels drawn to its tendon-bound maw.

The skull looms silently overhead, heedless of the voice of the mortal that stands before it.

SKE "Ticket, please!"

SKE "Next!"

The skeleton to the left of the path hands something to the spirits that approach the Underworld entrance.

There's no reason to use that on the bones.

Alexander gears himself up for another round of 'dem bones.

Alexander picks up the two bones on the ground. Now what do these bones remind him of?

ALEX "Ah, yes! Now I remember!"

The skeletons are overcome with the musical call of the bones. They begin to jiggle, then to dance!"

Alexander finishes his tune and the skeletons resume their posts. Despite their frolic, they don't seem any friendlier!

A group of large bones form an interesting arrangement to the right of the path. Two smaller bones are propped up on the ground near the larger group.

The group of bones near the path does not respond to the sound of Alexander's voice.

Scene With The Armor

Alexander examines the area around the knight, but sees nothing of interest.

Alexander takes the knight's black gauntlet and examines the writing on it.

"Flesh may cross the portal,
and seek its master Death.

Flesh may go where Death has trod,
and challenge, like Scheherazade,
He Who Reins Beneath The Sod,
to spare a mortal's breath."

Zounds! That sounds serious!

The knight is wearing one black gauntlet. There appears to be some writing on the gauntlet, but Alexander can't quite make out what it says.

Alexander has no need for the old armor. He decides to leave the knight's remains as undisturbed as possible.

A knight's remains lie abandoned on the path. The knight, like Alexander, must have been alive when he entered the Underworld, but for some reason he never reached his destination.

Alexander wonders if this is the knight the Druids spoke of.

There's no reason to do that to the knight's remains.

The knight no longer needs the gauntlet.

The dead knight is most likely NOT the son of the mother ghost.

The dead knight has no need for a key--skeleton or otherwise.

Unfortunately, the knight is unable to tell Alexander his secrets.

Alexander doesn't want to experiment with the organic path beneath his feet. The path might not like being fooled with, and he's a bit dependent on it at the moment!

Alexander sees nothing of interest on the path.

A strange path, grown up from the depths of the river and out from the surrounding walls, spirals down into the Underworld.

Alexander doesn't want to try that--the eerie path just might reply!

The ribbon is so old, it would crumble at Alexander's touch.

The knight is wearing an old, tattered ribbon. It must have once meant much to him as a sign of his

lady's favor.

Alexander doesn't want to cast that in the River Styx!

Alexander can't reach the river from here.

An ebony mass of liquid flows below the path. It must be the River Styx!

The cold river doesn't answer Alexander.

Alexander will have to get a little closer to the River Styx in order to collect some river water in that teacup.

Alexander doesn't want to experiment with the organic surfaces of the Underworld. They might not like it!

The organic surfaces of the Underworld seem to ooze with life. Alexander is not anxious to get any closer to them than he has to!

Alexander is standing inside the Underworld. Organic walls form an oppressive passageway from which a spiraling path emerges and descends into the darkness. Far below, the surface of a black, glassy river eerily reflects the glow of flickering torches.

Alexander's voice echoes in the passageway, coming back to his ears as an eerie wailing sound.

Alexander slips off the path and plunges into the River Styx.

As soon as the water touches his skin, Alexander's mind and body go numb. He sinks like a lifeless stone.

The door to the Underworld refuses to budge. As with all things of this realm, there is no turning back.

Alexander doesn't want to disturb the knight's hand.

The knight's skeletal hand seems bare without the gauntlet.

The passing spirits are past any interest in material things.

The mother ghost's son is not among the passing spirits.

The passing spirits are beyond Alexander's ability to grasp.

The spirits of the newly deceased make their final journey into the depths of the Underworld.

The passing spirits seem to be in a trance and don't respond to Alexander.

Apparently, Alexander's not the only one who's curious about the body on the path!

The Underworld is creepy enough when lit! Alexander doesn't want to do anything that might extinguish those torches.

The flames cannot aid Alexander.

Extending from the walls are outgrowths spouting flickering flames. The eerie torches dimly light the passages of the Underworld.

The torches flicker silently in little, lapping tongues of flame.

Scene with Charon

Alexander decides to play his flute for the ferryman.

Charon remains unmoved.

Alexander decides to try a little of nature's music on the River Styx ferryman.

The bird's song falls on deaf ears.

Using that on Charon's boat will not get Alexander across the river.

Charon will determine whether and when Alexander will board the boat.

Charon's boat is an unearthly vessel. It bears a huge skeletal prow for slicing through the River Styx.

Charon's boat does look capable of speech, but Alexander is afraid to hear what it might have to

say!

ALEX "Will this do as fare for passage?"

That doesn't seem to be what Charon wants.

Alexander can see all he wants to see of Charon without the aid of that mirror!

The spell book has no remedy for the ghostly ferryman's silent insistence on a fare.

ALEX "Will these coins do as fare for passage?"

Charon accepts the fare and waves Alexander onto the boat.

Charon is already dead. That dagger is of little use here in the Underworld.

It probably HAS been a while since Charon had a good laugh, but tickling him would only make him mad.

Alexander decides to play his flute for the ferryman.

Charon remains unmoved.

ALEX "I have this gauntlet. Will this get me across the river?"

Charon seems unimpressed with the knight's gauntlet. Whatever the gauntlet's purpose, it apparently has nothing to do with the River Styx ferryman.

Charon would not be interested in the mother ghost's handkerchief.

Alexander can't push his way past Charon. He'll have to convince the ferryman to let him board.

Charon stands in his boat, eternal ferryman of the dead. Alexander can't quite make out what's under Charon's cowl, and he's not sure he would want to!

Though he's not carrying it at the moment, Charon's own scythe is perfectly functional.

The skeleton key would not impress Charon. He wants his fare, not more bones.

ALEX "I must see the Lord of the Dead. Please let me ride across the River Styx on the ferry."

Charon, apparently, has rules as strict as those of the skeletons at the Underworld's entrance.

Alexander is not getting on that boat until he gives Charon the appropriate fare.

Alexander decides to try a little of nature's music on the River Styx ferryman.

The bird's song falls on deaf ears.

Putting that in the River Styx would serve no purpose.

Alexander gets a chill just thinking about putting his hand in that black river.

The River Styx is an ebony mass of liquid, resembling black tar or melted black glass. Despite its incredible stillness, the river seems to have a life of its own.

The cold river doesn't answer Alexander.

Alexander scoops a little of the River Styx into the empty teacup, being careful not to get any of the black water on his skin.

Alexander scoops a little of the River Styx into the teacup with the swamp ooze, being careful not to get any of the black water on his skin.

The teacup already contains some water from the River Styx.

Alexander slips off the banks and plunges into the River Styx.

As the black water comes into contact with his skin, Alexander feels himself going numb...from the legs up! He sinks like a stone!

Alexander doesn't want to experiment with the organic surfaces of the Underworld. They might not like it!

Alexander is anxious to touch as little as possible in the Realm of the Dead.

Alexander stands on the banks of the River Styx. The black river is as still as a mirror and gives off a penetrating cold. Charon, the ferryman, and his eerie ship wait on the shore to shepherd souls across the river.

Alexander's voice echoes off the strange walls and the river, coming back to his ears as an eerie wailing sound.

The journeying spirits are past any interest in material things.

The mother ghost's son is not among the journeying spirits.
The journeying spirits are beyond Alexander's ability to grasp.
The spirits of the newly deceased make their final journey into the depths of the Underworld.
The journeying spirits seem to be in a trance and don't respond to Alexander.

Uh, oh! Charon appears to be readying the boat to leave.

ALEX "Wait! I must get across the river."

Apparently, Charon doesn't intend to let travelers without fare loiter on the shores of his river.

The Underworld is creepy enough when lit! Alexander doesn't want to do anything that might extinguish those torches.

The flames cannot aid Alexander.

Extending from the walls are outgrowths spouting flickering flames. The eerie torches dimly light the passages of the Underworld.

The torches flicker silently in little, lapping tongues of flame.

Scene With Living Demon Gate

ALEX "The answer is 'Love.'"

GAT "ARRGGH! Thou traitor of the mortal plane! How didst thou guess 'Love?' That riddle should never have been solved! Love is unknown in this realm!"

ALEX "Love cannot be banished even from this place! There are spirits still pining of it on the surface above. Still less can it be banished from my heart."

GAT "Enough! Burden me not with thine poetry! Pass through--and quickly, before I change my mind!"

ALEX "I...I don't know the answer."

GAT "Ah, don't sound so disappointed! I will make it quick...perhaps."

GAT "YUM!"

ALEX "I have this...."

GAT "What care I? I am interested in thy bones, not in bartering with thee."

Alexander sees no reason to use that on the gate.

Gate is bad enough as it is! Alexander doesn't even want to think about what he might look like in Beast's mirror!

Something about that gate gives Alexander the feeling that he wouldn't want to see its reflection in Beast's mirror!

There's nothing in that spell book that will handle a talking--and HUNGRY--gate!

There are no spells in the spell book for gates.

ALEX "I have this gauntlet!"

GAT "That has naught to do with me, human!"

Why would Alexander want to use the gauntlet on that gate?

Alexander decides to try to force the gate open.

GAT "That's very good, human! Come to me!"

GAT "Mmmm! Tasty!"

Alexander reaches out to open the gate.

Suddenly, the wood trembles beneath his fingertips!

GAT "What touch has awakened my sleep?"

GAT "I smell the blood of a mortal! Reach out thine hand again, fleshy human, that I might devour it! It has been centuries since I last ate!"

Gate is a malicious-looking, wooden gate. It eyes Alexander hungrily.
The large wooden gate at the end of the path is closed.
Alexander has the feeling that hacking at Gate would NOT be wise.
Before attacking that gate, perhaps Alexander should determine whether or not it will open.
Gate has no keyhole, nor could Alexander get close enough to use that key without ending up as dinner!

Alexander doesn't see a keyhole in that gate.

Despite his fear, Alexander summons his bravest voice to command the living gate.

ALEX "I would pass, Gate. I have business with your master."

GAT "(GREEDY, LECHEROUS) My master and thine, human! I would be pleased to introduce thee! Only step forward and thou shalt meet him shortly."

ALEX "No, thank you! I come to meet the Lord of the Dead with my flesh still intact!"

GAT "And why should I let you past, human, when I would much rather eat you?"

ALEX "I have been told that there is a way for humans to enter Death's realm. There must be something I can do; some task that will allow me to pass your doors, Gate."

GAT "Hmmm. I seem to recall something.... A trick, perhaps...a test. Hmmm. Ah, yesss.... 'Should a human try to pass, a riddle is Gate's wont to ask.'"

ALEX "(TRYING TO BE BRAVE)<ahem> A riddle it is then."

GAT "And if thou wouldst fail to answer Gate, his thirsty jaws will be thy fate?"

ALEX "Agreed."

GAT "Listen as though it meant thy life then, human, for it surely does:"

GAT "My first is foremost legally.

My second circles outwardly.

My third leads all in victory.

My fourth twice ends a nominee.

My whole is this gate's only key."

The wooden gate does not look particularly conversational at the moment.

Alexander doesn't want to experiment with the organic path beneath his feet. The path might not like being fooled with, and he's a bit dependent on it at the moment!

Alexander can feel the path through his leather jerkins. He has no desire to get closer to it than that! A tortured path has grown up from the depths of the River Styx. The path leads to a heavy wooden gate.

Alexander doesn't want to try that--the eerie path just might reply!

There's no reason to throw that in the lifeless river.

There's no access to the water from this side of the River Styx.

The eerie River Styx flows under and around the path to the gate.

The cold river doesn't answer Alexander.

Alexander already has enough River Styx water in that teacup.

Alexander would love to get some River Styx water in that teacup, but there's no access to the water from this side of the River Styx.

Unable to think of any other way around the fierce Gate, Alexander decides to brave the River Styx.

GAT "You may cheat me of your flesh, human, but you can't cheat Death of your soul!"

The black water of the River Styx numbs Alexander to the bone. He sinks like a rock!

Alexander falls from the path into the River Styx.

The black water of the River Styx numbs Alexander to the bone. He sinks like a rock!

Alexander doesn't want to experiment with the organic surfaces of the Underworld. They might not like it!

The organic surfaces of the Underworld seem to ooze with life. Alexander is not anxious to get any closer to them than he has to!

Alexander is standing in front of Gate, the guardian of the Lord of the Dead's inner sanctum. On two sides of the path is the River Styx. Charon, the ferryman, is gone. Apparently, Gate is the only way to leave this area, but he doesn't seem very accommodating.

Alexander is standing on a path in front of a large gate. The path is surrounded by the chilly River Styx. Charon, the ferryman, is gone. Alexander has a feeling that he's close to his destination; that it must, in fact, lie on the other side of the gate.

Alexander's voice echoes in the passageway, coming back to his ears as an eerie wailing sound. Charon is gone. There is no way back across the River Styx.

Alexander walks too close to the menacing Gate!

GAT "That's it, human! Come close to me!"

GAT "Mmmm! Tasty!"

The spirits are past any interest in material things.

The mother ghost's son is not among the passing spirits.

The passing spirits are beyond Alexander's ability to grasp.

The spirits of the newly deceased pass right through the wooden gate. They appear to be in search of whatever lies on the other side.

The passing spirits seem to be in a trance and don't respond to Alexander.

GAT "Don't be shy, mortal. I shall make thy death quick!"

GAT "If thou wouldst see Death, I can accommodate thee. Only step into my jaws and Death thou shalt meet!"

GAT "Come forward and let me taste thee, human!"

The Underworld is creepy enough when lit! Alexander doesn't want to do anything that might extinguish those torches.

The flames cannot aid Alexander.

Extending from the walls are outgrowths spouting flickering flames. The eerie torches dimly light the passages of the Underworld.

The torches flicker silently in little, lapping tongues of flame.

Death's Throne Room

There's no time for that now! Alexander stands before Death himself!

Alexander must get closer to the Lord of the Dead if he wishes to show him something.

Alexander cannot reach the Lord of the Dead from here.

In the center of the great cavern, the Lord of the Dead reigns over the hosts of the dead. He waves spirits into the Sea of Souls in an endless stream. What things the spirits tell him are best unheard by mortal ears.

Alexander can't talk to the Lord of the Dead from here.

Alexander doesn't want to experiment with the organic path beneath his feet. The path might not like being fooled with, and he's a bit dependent on it at the moment!

Alexander can feel the contours of the path through his boots. He has no desire to touch it.

A narrow path is suspended over the Sea of Souls and leads to the throne of the Lord of the Dead.

Alexander doesn't want to try that--the eerie path just might reply!

Alexander stands in the Hall of the Lord of the Dead! This is hardly a place for him to fool around with his possessions!

The Hall of the Lord of the Dead is hardly a good place for poking around!

Alexander is standing in the hall of the Lord of the Dead. It is here that the spirits of the newly dead complete their journey and meet Death himself.

Alexander's throat tightens in awe and fear as he surveys the scene before him. He is unable to call out.

Alexander approaches the throne of the Lord of the Dead.

There's nothing that Alexander can do for the spirits in the Sea of Souls.

The Lord of the Dead's throne is surrounded by the Sea of Souls. The living sea swirls with the spirits of those who once walked the mortal realm. What awaits them?... Alexander cannot know.

The spirits in the Sea of Souls are heedless of the mortal in their midst.

ALEX "Excuse me. I have this."

The shrouded guards do not appear to be interested in anything of Alexander's. But now that he's gotten their attention, they escort him to the throne of the Lord of the Dead.

The servants of the Lord of the Dead don't seem particularly touchable, and Alexander has no desire to engage the black-cloaked figures in a fight.

The servants of the Lord of the Dead stand silently at the head of the path to his throne.

ALEX "Excuse me. I'd like an audience, please."

The shrouded guards escort Alexander to the throne of the Lord of the Dead.

The spirits are trance-like in their purpose and are uninterested in anything that Alexander might want to show them.

The spirits are beyond Alexander's grasp.

The spirits of the newly dead end their journey here. They have an audience with the Lord of the Dead and are then immersed in the Sea of Souls. What purpose the audience serves, Alexander does not know.

The spirits ignore Alexander.

Death is not in a very good mood. Alexander had better speak up, or forever hold his peace!

If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again.

DEATH"(TO KING & QUEEN) King Caliphim and Queen Allaria, I presume. Your hero has won you a few more years of mortality. May your souls be more prepared for their rest when you return."

ALL "Thank you, my lord. I hope that they will."

DEATH"(TO ALEXANDER) And you, 'man of flesh.' My steed shall take the three of you back to the land of the living. Tell her where it is you wish to go."

DEATH"Until we meet again, then. I assure you, we WILL meet again."

ALEX "No offense, my lord, but I hope that it will be many long years from now."

DEATH"It is never as long as you might wish, mortal. Now begone."

ALEX "Yes, my lord."

Alexander would probably not get past Gate again. There is only one way to leave this realm.

The Underworld is creepy enough when lit! Alexander doesn't want to do anything that might extinguish those torches.

The flames cannot aid Alexander.

Extending from the walls are outgrowths spouting flickering flames. The eerie torches dimly light the passages of the Underworld.

The torches flicker silently in little, lapping tongues of flame.

Confronting Death

There's no time for that now! That won't help Alexander convince Death of anything.

Alexander isn't bad on the flute, but he's hardly Orpheus! Death is unlikely to be amused at his amateurish playing!

Alexander touches himself to make sure he's still in one piece!

The young prince trembles with dread as he stands before the Lord of the Dead. Despite his fear, he remains determined in his cause and unwavering in his stance.

Alexander resists the urge to start jabbering incoherently with fear.

The Lord of the Dead might, indeed, miss the sounds of the natural world, but that tin nightingale would probably only make him REALLY upset.

ALEX "I have this, my lord."

DEATH "That does not provoke my tears, mortal!"

ALEX "I brought this, my lord."

DEATH "That does not explain your presence in my realm, mortal one."

ALEX "If your existence has been all that you say it has, then truth alone shall be my sword."

The mirror's surface swirls with darkness for a moment, then fills with images even blacker. Reflections of despair, of wailing souls, of shackles colder and more immutable than any forged by man, of a world of thirsts that can never be quenched.

Alexander feels the mirror tremble in his grasp and is glad that he cannot see its face, but the Lord of the Dead is transfixed to the mirror, to the screening of his life.

Things long forgotten are once more uncovered: his enslavement to this throne while still a man; the years of watching misery and horror and growing ever more numb to it; the seep of his own humanity; the slow growth of a new thing altogether which became that which he is now.

His is an existence that has no possibility of redemption, no end.

The surrounding spirits draw away in pain. The truth is so sharp, it stabs; so intense, it sears.

GHO "AEIII!"

GHO "Take it away!"

GHO "Make it stop!"

The mirror of truth cracks from the strain.... And Death sheds a single, gray tear.

DEATH "Truth is, indeed, a terrible thing."

DEATH "I have worn this mantle for so long, I had forgotten its dreadful weight. You shall take the souls and leave, as I agreed. You have been granted a stay from this inevitable reality. I almost...envy you."

DEATH (TO OFFSCREEN SERVANTS) Find the souls he has claimed and bring them to me."

Perhaps Alexander should first state his purpose before he tries something like that!

Alexander's heard the expression "bored to tears," but somehow, he doesn't think it would work in Death's case!

The Lord of the Dead would probably not be interested in a bedtime story.

There are no spells in that book that would counter Death!

That small dagger will hardly stop Death!

The Lord of the Dead is unlikely to accept something to drink from Alexander.

Tickling Death is a bit of a stretch!

The Lord of the Dead has probably smelled much worse things than that flower of stench. It is unlikely to produce any useful response.

ALEX "I did not come here to die, but to demand my right of challenge! I respectfully challenge

thee, Death, by throwing down this gauntlet!"

ALEX "Man may pass the portal, and seeks its master Death. Man may pass where Death has trod, and challenge, like Scheherazade, He who reigns beneath the sod, to spare a mortal's breath."

GHO "He has the gauntlet!"

GHO "Impossible!"

GHO "He challenges Death!"

DEATH"(CONTEMPTUOUS, ANGRY) Who are you to challenge Death?"

ALEX "(FRIGHTENED BUT BEING BRAVE) A man of flesh is all I need to be, my lord."

DEATH"(DISDAINFUL) And what is it that you seek with this challenge? The soul of some dead maiden?"

ALEX "I seek the souls of King Caliphim and Queen Allaria of the Land of the Green Isles."

DEATH"You would save two human souls AND emerge alive from this realm yourself?"

That shall be a difficult challenge indeed. The tomb does not open its doors lightly."

ALEX "(TRYING TO BE BRAVE) Either all three of us leave, or none go."

DEATH"Very well. Then let me think of an appropriate task."

DEATH"Ahhh. Yes. I have it now. Your challenge is this:"

DEATH"For thousands of years I have sat upon this throne. I have heard every sad tale that can be told by human lips."

DEATH"I have seen tragedies that ended empires, injustices that defy reason, love that would light the very stars turn cold and hard. I have seen torments that cannot possibly be borne and yet must be--for centuries."

DEATH"This thing I have never done; I have never shed a tear. Make me cry, thou 'man of flesh.' THAT is my challenge."

GHO "Make DEATH cry?"

GHO "Sooner could he turn sea to stone!"

GHO "Or fire to ice!"

The Lord of the Dead is unlikely to be moved by the mother ghost's tale of woe.

As though sensing Alexander's desire to touch him, the Lord of the Dead reaches out his hand.

As the Lord of the Dead's hand touches his shoulder, Alexander's mind fades to blackness.

The Lord of the Dead is a huge, grotesque figure. He and his throne are one--grown together over the centuries till he can no longer move. Chains further bind him, pinning him to his endless, weighty task. If he was once human, as the Druids claimed, Alexander can see no sign of it in his merciless, fathomless eyes.

The love poem might move Alexander, but it is unlikely to move Death!

Alexander doesn't want to involve Cassima in this! He'd just as soon Death not know too much about her!

Luck won't help Alexander now!

ALEX "I'm Prince Alexander of Daventry and...."

DEATH Who you are is of no concern to me, mortal."

The scythe cannot threaten Death himself!

ALEX "Perhaps a tale of my love?"

DEATH"There's nothing you could say of 'love' that would make me cry, mortal. I have had Cleopatra and Helen of Troy stand before me and they moved me not. Your common desires mean nothing to me."

ALEX "I seek a boon, my lord."

DEATH"Why should Death grant YOU anything, mortal?"

That won't save Alexander now! The Lord of the Dead awaits!

There's nothing there that can help Alexander now!

With trembling knees, Alexander stands before the Lord of the Dead. Beyond Death and his throne,

Alexander can sense the multitude of spirits in the Sea of Souls.
The souls surrounding the Lord of the Dead's throne cannot help Alexander. He had better concentrate on Death himself if he wishes to plead his case!

The Lord of the Dead's touch fills Alexander instantly with a numbing cold and blackness.

DEATH"Why have you entered my domain still wearing your flesh?"

DEATH"If you are so anxious for Death, you might have found it easily enough in the land of the living. But, since you're here, you are most welcome to stay."

DEATH"Kiss my hand, and you will be one with the spirits. There will be no pain."

DEATH"The will to live is strong, is it not? Never mind. I will reach out to YOU."

DEATH"Your time, like your life, has just run out, 'Man of Flesh.' You have failed the challenge, and now you must pay the price of your arrogance."

Easy Path:

West and East Hallway

The stairway ends here at the entrance to the upstairs hallway.

There's no reason to use that on the hallway doors.

Alexander will have to enter the north hallway if he wants to do anything with that door.

Alexander can barely make out part of a doorway in the north hallway.

Alexander can't do anything with the ceiling from here.

Alexander can't reach the ceiling from here.

The ceiling features a vaulted dome that provides filtered sunlight to the upstairs hallway.

Using that on the floor would accomplish nothing.

Alexander doesn't see anything of particular interest on the floor.

The floor is constructed from the same cool, beige marble that adorns the walls. A red carpet runner brings color to the hallway and protects the ivory floor.

The floor underfoot has nothing new to say.

Alexander winds the mechanical nightingale and places it strategically on the floor of the upstairs hallway.

Alexander walks into the hallway to use the mechanical nightingale.

The guard dogs would probably be less interested in that than they would be in, for example, Alexander's uninvited presence in the castle.

The guard dogs are talking at the end of the hall, and Alexander has no desire to disturb them!

Alexander doesn't need to use the mirror on the guard dogs. It is quite clear who they are and what their purpose in the hallway is.

The guard dog is unlikely to sit still long enough to listen to the boring book.

The spell book doesn't have anything in it that would take care of that guard dog. A "Bone of Sleep" spell would be nice, for example, but it isn't in the book.

The two guard dogs are unlikely candidates for bribing.

The small dagger would be of little assistance in overcoming those guards.
The guard dogs are unlikely to accept a drink from Alexander.
The flower of stench, while terribly stinky, is hardly strong enough to overpower those guards.
The guard dogs are unlikely to believe Alexander as to the origins of that strand of hair.
The patrolling guards are powerfully built and well-armed. Alexander decides not to test their natural advantages in the fighting arena.
The guard dogs are conveniently out of the way at the moment, and Alexander has no desire to disturb them!
The guard dogs do not have the authority to do anything about the information in that letter.
Two guard dogs patrol the upstairs hallway. The guards are short but powerfully-built, and they're equipped with strong jaws. The two look like natural fighters, but they don't look very bright.
The two guard dogs are speaking in low voices at the end of the hall, as though disturbed about something. They aren't watching the hallway at the moment.
The guard dogs look too tough to be moved by Alexander's sentimentality.
Those are guard DOGS, not guard CATS! That milk is not going to get Alexander anywhere!
Alexander doesn't want to share that note with anyone!
It's doubtful that the guard dogs would believe Alexander about that ribbon's origin.
The guard dogs are unlikely to be impressed by an intruder's credentials.
Alexander may have used the scythe on the magical rose bushes, but he is too polite to hack through the guard dogs in the same manner.
The guard dogs probably do enjoy a good bone now and then, but NOT in the form of a human skull!
Alexander decides to take the direct approach with the guard dogs.
ALEX "Er, hello there. Could you tell me how I might go about getting an audience with the vizier?"
Neither the guard dogs nor Rotten Tomato would appreciate that approach!
Remembering the guard dogs' interest in Cassima's nightingale, Alexander has a thought....

There's no reason to use that on the pillar area.
Alexander could examine the alcove area more thoroughly from the other side of the pillar.
There's an alcove recessed into the east wall of the hallway.
The alcove does not reply.

There's no reason to use that on the marble hallway.
Alexander sees nothing of particular interest about that area of the marble hall.
Alexander is standing in the upstairs hallway of the castle. Several doors lead off the hallway on the west wall. On the east wall is an alcove set behind a pillar. At the end of the hall is an exit into a north hallway.
The hallway is currently empty.
Two guard dogs are on duty in the hallway.
Although the guards have been cleverly dismissed, Alexander still feels it prudent to be as quiet as possible.
The hallway does not reply.

Alexander hears the muffled sound of crying coming from the back hallway.

BAY "By Cerebus' collar, but I'll be glad when this weddin' is over! I'm gettin' mighty tired of this patrol, Bay! It's wearied me to the bones!"
WOL "I couldn't agree with you more, Wolf! Who'd have thought we'd ever have to listen to Princess Cassima crying all day long...and be ordered to ignore it, yet?"
BAY "Something sticks in my craw about the whole thing. The vizier says that the

princess is not herself, says she's half-mad with grief over her parent's death. I can see it, the poor mite, but still...."

WOL "I agree. It seems cruel to lock her up when she's so heartbroken. Let her out in the fresh air, I say. It'd do her a world of good."

BAY "Aye. Well, she insisted on the mournin' period and it's up today, thank the stars!"

WOL "It's too bad we couldn't find that nightingale of hers. The vizier says she's been pining for it."

BAY "Hrmph! If I had an ounce of luck, I would have found it weeks ago. <sigh>"

BAY "Not only would it cheer up the princess, but the reward the vizier's offered for it would make me pretty happy too, dog-gone it!"

WOL "Ah, well. Our luck will definitely be out if the vizier catches us snappin' our jaws at our post."

BAY "Sorry, Wolf. I'll keep my muzzle shut."

Alexander steps into the main hallway while the guards are headed south on their patrol.

Alexander steps confidently out into the upstairs hallway...and sees two guard dogs.

Alexander steps into the main hallway while the guards are investigating the nightingale.

BAY "Hey! Who the...?"

ALEX "Um. Hello, there."

WOL "Don't just stand there! Grab 'em, Bay!"

BAY "<GRRR> It's that saboteur fellow the vizier warned us about, I'll bet! I say we run him through right here and now!"

WOL "No <woof>! The vizier'll run YOU through if he doesn't get a chance at the prisoner. Let's put him in the dungeon for safe keepin', then we'll go tell the Captain."

BAY "Aye, Wolf. You're right. Let's go."

The guard dogs spot Alexander on their way down the stairs with the mechanical nightingale.

Alexander hears the guard patrol coming back up the stairs from their little excursion with the mechanical nightingale.

The two patrol guard dogs, returning from downstairs, walk into the hallway and see Alexander.

From downstairs, Alexander hears the first wafting strains of music. Hmmm. It's beautiful music....
It's wedding music!!!!

The music has attracted the guards' attention.

Using that on the guard dog statue would be pointless.

Alexander can't reach the statue.

A marble statue of a guard dog in full regalia adorns the top of a pillar.

DOG "Woof! Back off, rapsallion, before I run ye through with this marble sword!"

There's no point in using that on the door.

The door is locked from the inside. There must be somebody in there.

Alexander decides to make a try for one of the bedroom doors.

A heavy wooden door leads off the hall.

There's a keyhole in the door.

Alexander decides to sneak a peek at what's hidden behind that door.

Alexander can see little of interest from the keyhole's vantage point.

Alexander wouldn't mind taking a peek through that keyhole, but it wouldn't be safe with the guard dogs around.

Fiddling with that door would draw attention Alexander does not need--either from the guards in the next hallway or from the person behind the door.

The guard dog patrol would probably not appreciate Alexander fiddling around with that door.

ALEX "Hello! Anybody in there?"

A voice from behind the door responds....

VIZ "Go away! I said I didn't want to be disturbed! <mutter stupid dogs>"

Alexander can't see anything except the corner of a desk from this vantage point.

There's no reason to use that on the urns.

Alexander has more urgent things to do than to try to move those heavy urns!

Large, glazed urns stand like sentinels in the hallway.

The urns say nothing.

There's no reason to use that on the door.

Alexander finds the hallway door unlocked and slips inside.

Alexander doesn't have time to mess with that now! Those guards won't be distracted forever!

Alexander casually bends over the keyhole and sees....

An empty bedroom.

ALEX "Is anyone in there?"

There is no response from beyond the door.

Now would not be the best time to be knocking on or calling through the hallway doors.

Alexander decides to make a try for one of the doors on the east wall.

There are two thick wooden doors on the east wall.

There are two thick wooden doors on the east wall. The doors have keyholes, but Alexander can't get close enough to look through them.

Alcove

There's nothing productive to be done with the floor in the alcove.

That's an interesting idea, but Alexander might want to rethink his placement strategy.

Alexander will have to walk out into the main hall if he wants to do something there.

It's not necessary to use that on the nail.

Alexander pulls the nail out of the wall and keeps it.

A nail protrudes from the wall.

The nail is a bit rusty in the speech department.

Alexander can't do anything in the main hallway from here.

Alexander can't see into the main hallway from here.

Alexander can't talk to anyone in the main hallway from here.

The pillar is fine the way it is and would not benefit from that.

Alexander ducks behind the pillar.

The guard dogs are gone. There's no need to hide behind the pillar.

The guard dogs have stopped at the north end of the hall and are not patrolling for the moment.

There's no need to hide behind the pillar.

A red marble pillar acts as a partial divider, helping to set the alcove off from the main corridor.

Kindly smiles light up the faces of the couple in the painting. The man has an intelligent, sensitive look about him, and the woman is quite lovely.

Alexander guesses that the man and woman in the painting are none other than King Caliphim and Queen Allaria, Cassima's parents.

There's no reason to use that on the portrait.

Alexander puts the heavy portrait back on the wall.

Alexander can't return the portrait to the wall now that he's taken the nail.

Alexander checks behind the portrait.

Alexander takes a closer look at the portrait on the wall.

The nail would only mar the lovely portrait!

The man and woman in the portrait have long been silent.

There's no reason to use that on the alcove.

The alcove marble is as smooth, cool, and featureless as the marble in the main hall.

Alexander is standing in a small, curved alcove in the upstairs hallway of the castle. A pillar partially blocks the alcove from the main corridor.

The alcove might be a good place to hold a private conversation, but Alexander does not have anyone to talk to.

The mechanical song echoes in the corridor. Alexander hears the sound of boots pounding as the guard dogs come to investigate.

BAY "Look at this, Wolf! A metal bird!"

WOL "Sure is, Bay. How do you suppose a metal bird got in here?"

BAY "You got me, but there's somethin' weird about.... Hey! Could this be Cassima's nightingale, do you think?"

WOL "What? You lapdog! The princess's nightingale isn't some tin thing!"

BAY "How do you know? Have you seen it?"

WOL "Well. No, but...."

BAY "I don't know, Bay. Humans can be pretty strange. <Growf> With THEIR sense of smell, maybe she wouldn't even know it wasn't real. I say we take it downstairs to Captain Saladin. He'll know what to do with it."

WOL "What about our post?"

BAY "Jowels and Mite are in the other hallway. They can handle it for five minutes. Think about how happy the princess'd be to get her nightingale back."

BAY "And then there's that reward money and my missus...."

WOL "Right, Wolf. Let's go."

Alexander hears the guard dogs' boots clank noisily on the staircase leading down to the grand hall.

Alexander hears the guards' footsteps pause for a moment, then start up again.

They must have turned at the end of the hallway and be on their way back towards the stairs.

Alexander hears the guards approaching from the stairs.

BAY "If you didn't have the brain of a cat, Wolf, you'd have known that mechanical nightingale wasn't Cassima's nightingale!"

WOL "Me? I was all for stayin' on patrol, but you wanted to show the thing to Saladin!"

BAY "Well.... At least the Captain wasn't too mad. He's a good honest dog, Saladin is."

WOL "Aye, <ruff>. Wish the same could be said of our...."

BAY "HUSH! Do you want to be dazzled, you fool?"

Somewhere nearby, a door opens.

BAY "<ahem> Greetings, Shamir...sir."

A petulant voice snaps a response at the guards.

SHA "The wedding is about to begin. Make sure everything's secure!"

BAY "Yes, sir!"

Footsteps retreat down the hall towards the back hallway.
Alexander hears the distant sound of chains rattling. A door opens....
There's a small commotion and a woman's sharp cry.

ALEX ...Cassima!...

Gradually the sounds fade away off to the east. All is silent.

BAY "(KEEPING HIS VOICE LOW, BUT OUTRAGED)Here now! If it weren't for him
bein' the vizier's page and all, I'd have somethin' to say about that!"

BAY "<GRRR> Wonder where he's taking her? The wedding's the other way."

WOL "You never know with that one. He's always showin' up when he shouldn't be and
goin' where he oughtn't. Let's go check it out."

The guard dogs seem to have stopped at the back hallway.

BAY "Hey! Look, Wolf! There's a man back here!"

ALEX "Hello, there! Um...nice painting."

WOL "Get 'em, Bay!"

BAY "Hey! Look, Wolf! There's a metal bird on the floor! And there's a man in the
alcove!"

BAY "Hey! Look, Wolf! There's a man in the alcove! He must have been the one who tried to
fool us with that fake bird!"

BAY "Hey! Look, Wolf! The king and queen's portrait fell down!"

ALEX "Er...sorry. I was just looking at it."

WOL "Get 'em, Bay!"

Here come the guards! Alexander does his best to hide.

The guards pass the pillar, and Alexander sighs in relief. They didn't see him!

The guards turn around at the staircase and head back.

Phew! That was a close one.

Here they come again.

And there they go.

The sound of footsteps grows louder as the guards in the main hallway turn and head back towards
the stairs.

From downstairs, Alexander hears the first wafting strains of music. Hmmm. It's beautiful music....

It's wedding music!!!!

The music has attracted the guards' attention. Alexander hears them coming down the
hallway.

BAY "Just a minute, Wolf, I want to pay my respects to the king and queen before we go
down for the weddin'."

WOL "What a nice idea, Bay. I will too."

BAY "Hey! It's a man!"

WOL "I bet he was the one what tried to trick us with that metal bird!"

ALEX "It WAS me, actually. Sorry. But now I really must get down to that wedding."

BAY "<GROWL> You'll be getting downstairs all right--but a little lower than the throne
room! Let's get 'em, Wolf!"

The curved marble wall yields nothing of interest to Alexander's fingers.

Alexander puts the nail back into the wall.

North Hallway

ALEX "Hello? Is there someone in there?"

CAS "Who--who's there?"

ALEX "Cassima, is that you? It's Alexander!"

CAS "Alexander? Prince Alexander? I...I don't believe you."

ALEX "It IS Alexander, Cassima! I sailed here to see you, and the ship sank, and....
Cassima, just tell me what to do. How can I help you? Do you want me to get you out of there?"

CAS "If you really are Alexander, please--you must get away from here! There are guards everywhere, and the vizier would have you killed if he found you here!"

ALEX "But, what about you? I can't just leave you locked up like this!"

CAS "The only way out for me is to stop the vizier. See what you can do out there. In the meantime, I should be safe enough. He hasn't harmed me yet."

CAS "Besides, if I can only get my hands on something to defend myself with, I'm pretty sure I'll get a chance to use it. The vizier feels safe around me. No one else can get that close."

ALEX "You're so brave, princess. But it's too dangerous."

CAS "Have you forgotten where we met? What is Abdul compared to Mordack? I'll be fine. Now GO."

Alexander hesitates....

ALEX "I'll do as you say. I WILL find some way to help you, Cassima. I swear it."

CAS "I believe you, Alexander. Please, be careful!"

CAS "ALEXANDER! Is it really you? When Sing Sing brought me your ring I could scarcely believe it! How did you get inside the castle?"

ALEX "Never mind that now, princess. It isn't important. What can I do to help you? Do you want me to get you out of there? There's a padlock on the door, but I think...."

CAS "No, please--don't even think about that! There are guards everywhere, and the vizier would have you killed if he found you! You shouldn't even risk being outside my door. Please go now, Alexander."

ALEX "Cassima, is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

CAS "If you have anything that might be useful to me, slip it under the door. Otherwise, just go or the guards will catch you!"

Alexander would like to do something for Cassima, but there's no way to help her with that.

Alexander has no reason to use that on the padlocked door.

ALEX "Cassima, take this small dagger. It's not much, but perhaps it will prove useful to you."

CAS "Oh, thank you, Alexander! I'm sure it will help!"

The door is locked with a heavy padlock.

Cassima has already been upset enough by that letter.

ALEX "I found this letter in the vizier's bedroom."

ALEX "I...I think you should know what it says."

CAS "(HORRIFIED)<Gasp!> I can't believe it! I had my suspicions, but this confirms everything!"

CAS "Alexander, YOU must take the letter. You might have a chance to show it to someone who can help you stop the vizier."

On the north wall of the hallway is a thick wooden door. The doorknob and keyhole are literally buried under a heavy padlock.

It looks like someone wants to make sure the occupant of this room does not leave.

The padlock on the door is too substantial to be picked with that nail.

Alexander would be sure to attract unwanted attention if he started hacking at that door.

ALEX "Cassima, is there anything else I can do for you before I go?"

CAS "I don't think so, Alexander. You'd better go before the guards see you, or we'll both be lost!"

Alexander wouldn't want to use that on a work of art!
The horse is unable to carry Alexander away from these guarded halls.
A galloping horse adorns the north wall.

There's no reason to use that on the marble hallway.
Alexander sees nothing of particular interest about that area of the marble hall.
Alexander is standing in the north upstairs hallway of the Castle of the Crown. On the north wall is a heavily-padlocked door. To his left and right, the hallway turns into perpendicular corridors.
Alexander thinks it prudent to be as quiet as possible in the castle hallways. There might be other guards around.

With guards around every corner, Alexander is much too tense to make use of that bench.
A marble bench along the wall provides a place for quiet contemplation.

There's no reason to use that on the carpet runner.
The rug would be a bit heavy to move around, even if it weren't tacked to the floor.
A red carpet runs the length of the corridor.

BAY "Good gravy, a strange man! And by the princess's door, yet! JOWELS! COME QUICK!"
ALEX "I can explain...I think. I was looking for the kitchen, you see...."
BAY "Sure, you were! JOWELS!"
WOL "Sniffed out an intruder, did ya? Good for you, Mite! Let's get 'em!"
BAY "I say we take 'em to the dungeon, then go fetch Captain Saladin."
WOL "Right. We might just get an award for this one!"

The crying is louder here.
It seems to be coming from the doorway on the north wall.
The soft crying sounds are still coming from behind the door.
Alexander hears the sounds of guard dogs approaching from the east.

There's no reason to use that on the marble wall.
Alexander sees nothing of particular interest about that marble wall.
The walls have nothing to say.

Hard Way

West Basement Hallway

ALEX "Listen, Door! I would have you open! ALI ZEBU!"
It worked!
Unable to think of a thing to say, Alexander says nothing to the door.
Having chosen his words, Alexander uses them to firmly address the door.
The door does not respond.

There is no reason to use that on the ceiling, even if Alexander could reach it.
Alexander cannot reach the ceiling.
The ceilings in the castle are vaulted and formal, giving the halls a lofty elegance.

There's no reason to use that on the dungeon door.
Alexander opens the dungeon door and slips inside.
The wedding music has begun! Alexander doesn't want to get trapped inside the dungeon now!
Three dungeon doors line the east wall of the hallway.
Alexander has not yet determined that the door is locked.
ALEX "Psst. Anyone in there?"
The dungeon cell is empty. There is no reply.

There's no reason to leave that on the floor.
There's nothing of interest on the castle floor.
The floor does not respond.

The guard dog would probably be less interested in that than he would be in, for example,
Alexander's uninvited presence in the castle.
The guard dog is unlikely to sit still long enough to listen to the boring book.
The spell book doesn't have anything in it that would take care of that guard dog. A "Bone of Sleep" spell would be nice, for example, but it isn't in the book.
The guard dog is an unlikely candidate for bribing.
The small dagger would be of little assistance in overcoming that guard.
The guard dog is unlikely to accept something to drink from Alexander.
The flower of stench, while terribly stinky, is hardly strong enough to overpower that guard.
The guard dog is unlikely to believe Alexander as to the origins of that strand of hair.
The powerfully-built guard is well-armed and would, moreover, surely give alarm at the first sight of Alexander.
The guard dog does not have the authority to do anything about the information in that letter.
An armed guard dog passes through the basement hallway, his eyes and nose on keen alert.
Those are guard DOGS, not guard CATS! That milk is not going to get Alexander anywhere!
Alexander doesn't want to share that note with anyone!
It's doubtful that the guard dog would believe Alexander about that ribbon's origin.
The guard dog is unlikely to be impressed by an intruder's credentials.
The guard dog looks too tough to be moved by Alexander's sentimentality.
Alexander may have used the scythe on the magical rose bushes, but he is much too polite to hack through the guard in the same manner!
Alexander decides to take the direct approach with the guard dog.
ALEX "Er, hello there. Could you tell me how I might go about getting an audience with the vizier?"
Neither the guard dog nor Rotten Tomato would appreciate that approach!
Why would Alexander want to play the mechanical nightingale for the passing guard and alert his attention?

Alexander can't do anything further with the wall through which he entered.
Alexander can't open the wall again. The magic paint is on the other side. He'll have to leave the castle some other way.
Alexander entered the castle from that wall, but the magic paint door is not visible on this side.
The wall does not respond.

The castle basement is cool after the heat of the day. The arched, domed ceilings add to the sense of spaciousness in the wide corridors. On the east wall are three dungeon doors.

This is the west basement hallway.
The hallway does not reply.

ALEX "But how did you know I was...?"

JOL "This is no place to talk, Alexander! Just trust that I know everything that goes on in this castle! Now be more careful! If you get caught again I don't know if I'll be able to get you out!"

The magic paint door fades back into the wall. So much for an easy exit!

Uh, oh! A guard dog! Alexander's been seen!

BAY "Hey! You! You're not allowed down here!"

ALEX "Er, I think I'm a little lost. I was looking for the wedding and...."

BAY "<GRRR> Be quiet! The vizier told us to look out for a saboteur! My nose tells me that's you! GUARDS!"

Alexander watches helplessly as the guards descend upon him!

Alexander hears the guard enter the east hall.

Alexander hears the guard enter the north hall.

The guard enters the west hallway.

Alexander hears the guard go into a room off the north hall, shutting the door behind him.

From the east hall, Alexander hears the sounds of a door opening and a guard's footsteps trudging heavily down a flight of stairs.

Alexander hears the guard to the east go up a staircase. A door opens, and the sounds die away.

The guard has apparently left the basement.

Alexander hears a door off the north hall open, then the sound of guard dog footsteps. The footsteps are headed this way!

Alexander hears the sound of music coming from the east. It sounds somewhat classical, but....

Oh, no! It's wedding music!

Alexander hears the sound of music coming from the east.

Alexander hears the sound of guard dog footsteps coming from the north.

Alexander will need to enter the north hallway if he wants to do anything with that armor.

A suit of armor is on display in the north hall.

That won't have any effect on the door.

There's no way to force the door open with the dagger.

Alexander doesn't see any way of opening that door manually.

There's a strange door on the west wall. There doesn't appear to be any handle or keyhole on the door.

The scythe might dent the door, but it wouldn't open it.

Alexander doesn't see any keyhole on that door.

There's no time for that now! There are guard dogs about!

Since the door on the west wall has no visible knob or handle, Alexander decides to try to open it with his voice. He composes his words carefully....

Alexander sees no reason to use that on the wall.

Alexander sees nothing to do there on the wall.

Alexander can't reach the stained glass windows.

The colors of the stained glass windows glow with filtered light.

North Basement Hallway

There is no reason to use that on the ceiling, even if Alexander could reach it.
Alexander cannot reach the ceiling.
The ceilings in the castle are vaulted and formal, giving the halls a lofty elegance.

There's no reason to leave that on the floor.
There's nothing of interest on the castle floor.
The floor does not respond.

The guard dog would probably be less interested in that than he would be in, for example,
Alexander's uninvited presence in the castle.
The guard dog is unlikely to sit still long enough to listen to the boring book.
The spell book doesn't have anything in it that would take care of that guard dog. A "Bone of
Sleep" spell would be nice, for example, but it isn't in the book.
The guard dog is an unlikely candidate for bribing.
The small dagger would be of little assistance in overcoming that guard.
The guard dog is unlikely to accept something to drink from Alexander.
The flower of stench, while terribly stinky, is hardly strong enough to overpower that guard.
The guard dog is unlikely to believe Alexander as to the origins of that strand of hair.
The powerfully-built guard is well-armed and would, moreover, surely give alarm at the first sight
of Alexander.
The guard dog does not have the authority to do anything about the information in that letter.
An armed guard dog passes through the basement hallway, his eyes and nose on keen alert.
The guard dog looks too tough to be moved by Alexander's sentimentality.
Those are guard DOGS, not guard CATS! That milk is not going to get Alexander anywhere!
Alexander doesn't want to share that note with anyone!
It's doubtful that the guard dog would believe Alexander about that ribbon's origin.
The guard dog is unlikely to be impressed by an intruder's credentials.
Alexander may have used the scythe on the magical rose bushes, but he is much too polite to hack
through the guard in the same manner!
Alexander decides to take the direct approach with the guard dog.
ALEX "Er, hello there. Could you tell me how I might go about getting an audience with
the vizier?"
Neither the guard dog nor Rotten Tomato would appreciate that approach!
Why would Alexander want to play the mechanical nightingale for the passing guard and alert his
attention?

There's no reason to use that on the door.
Alexander hears the clear sound of guard dog voices coming from behind the door. He decides
opening the door wouldn't be wise.
Against his better judgement, Alexander decides to open the door.
Somehow, he just knew that wasn't such a good idea.
BAY "And where might you think you're going?"
A closed door on the north wall bears a small brass plaque.
The plaque reads "Guard Room." Uh, oh!
Alexander has not yet determined that the door is locked.
The door on the north wall does not respond.

The castle basement is cool after the heat of the day. On the north wall is a door bearing a plaque,
and in the west corner is a suit of armor.
This is the north basement hallway.
The hallway does not reply.

Remembering what the little boy ghost said, Alexander experiments with the suit of armor. He pushes down, then pulls up on the knight's right arm.

A secret passage!

Alexander opens the secret passage.

There's no time for the secret passage now! The wedding music has started!

Alexander can see nothing unusual about that suit of armor.

The suit of armor's right arm beckons slightly.

Alexander can't open the secret passage door with that.

Alexander sees no reason to use that on the wall.

Alexander can't open the secret passage door with his hands.

Alexander sees nothing to do there on the wall.

The secret passage door is not visible when closed.

The secret passage door does not respond to Alexander's voice.

The wall is unimpressed with Alexander's voice.

Uh, oh! A guard dog! Alexander's been seen!

BAY "Hey! You! You're not allowed down here!"

ALEX "Er, I think I'm a little lost. I was looking for the wedding and...."

BAY "<GRRR> Be quiet! The vizier told us to look out for a saboteur! My nose tells me that's you! GUARDS!"

Alexander watches helplessly as the guards descend upon him!

Alexander hears the guard enter the east hall.

Alexander hears the guard enter the west hall.

From the east hall, Alexander hears the sounds of a door opening and a guard's footsteps trudging heavily down a flight of stairs.

Alexander hears the sound of guard dogs coming from behind the guard room door. Somebody's coming out!

Alexander hears the guard to the east go up a staircase. A door opens, and the sounds die away.

The guard has apparently left the basement.

Alexander hears the sound of music coming from the east. It sounds somewhat classical, but....

ALEX "Oh, no! It's wedding music!"

Alexander hears the sound of music coming from the east.

There's no reason to use that on the suit of armor.

Alexander examines the suit of armor, but sees nothing special.

In the corner is a suit of armor of ancient design. Its right arm beckons slightly.

There is no one inside the suit of armor to talk to.

Alexander sees no reason to use that on the wall.

Alexander sees nothing to do there on the wall.

Alexander can't reach the stained glass windows.

The colors of the stained glass windows glow with filtered light.

East Hallway

There is no reason to use that on the ceiling, even if Alexander could reach it.

Alexander cannot reach the ceiling.

The ceilings in the castle are vaulted and formal, giving the halls a lofty elegance.

There's no reason to use that on the door.
Alexander decides to find out what's on the other side of that door.
Alexander decides to evade the guard dog by ducking into another room.
Alexander decides to evade the guard dogs by ducking into Jollo's room.
The wedding music has begun! Alexander doesn't want to get trapped in a bedroom now!
There's a door on the east wall.
On the east wall is the door to Jollo's bedroom.
Alexander has not yet determined that the door is locked.
The door on the east wall does not respond.
There's no reason to leave that on the floor.
There's nothing of interest on the castle floor.
The floor does not respond.

There's no reason to use that on the door.
Alexander peeks through the keyhole.
 There are two guard dogs talking in what appears to be a large hall.
There's a door at the top of the stairs that must lead to an upper floor.
 The door has a doorknob and a keyhole.
Alexander peeks through the keyhole.
 There is no one on the other side of the door.
Alexander has not yet determined that the door is locked.
The door to the second level does not respond.

The guard dog would probably be less interested in that than he would be in, for example, Alexander's uninvited presence in the castle.
The guard dog is unlikely to sit still long enough to listen to the boring book.
The spell book doesn't have anything in it that would take care of that guard dog. A "Bone of Sleep" spell would be nice, for example, but it isn't in the book.
The guard dog is an unlikely candidate for bribing.
The small dagger would be of little assistance in overcoming that guard.
The guard dog is unlikely to accept something to drink from Alexander.
The flower of stench, while terribly stinky, is hardly strong enough to overpower that guard.
The guard dog is unlikely to believe Alexander as to the origins of that strand of hair.
The powerfully-built guard is well-armed and would, moreover, surely give alarm at first sight of Alexander.
The guard dog does not have enough authority to do anything about the information in that letter.
An armed guard dog passes through the basement hallway, his eyes and nose on keen alert.
The guard dog looks too tough to be moved by Alexander's sentimentality.
Those are guard DOGS, not guard CATS! That milk is not going to get Alexander anywhere!
Alexander doesn't want to share that note with anyone!
It's doubtful that the guard dog would believe Alexander about that ribbon's origin.
The guard dog is unlikely to be impressed by an intruder's credentials.
Alexander may have used the scythe on the magical rose bushes, but he is much too polite to hack through the guard in the same manner!
Alexander decides to take the direct approach with the guard dog.
 ALEX "Er, hello there. Could you tell me how I might go about getting an audience with the vizier?"
Neither the guard dog nor Rotten Tomato would appreciate that approach!
Why would Alexander want to play the mechanical nightingale for the passing guard and alert his attention?

Two guard dogs are talking in what appears to be a large hall.
There is no one on the other side of the door.

The castle basement is cool after the heat of the day. On the east wall is a door, and on the west wall a staircase leads upward.
This is the east basement hallway.
The hallway does not reply.

Alexander hears the sound of a guard's footsteps coming from the north.
Wait! There are more footsteps approaching from the west! Now what?

Uh, oh! A guard dog! Alexander's been seen!

BAY "Hey! You! You're not allowed down here!"

ALEX "Er, I think I'm a little lost. I was looking for the wedding and...."

BAY "<GRRR> Be quiet! The vizier told us to look out for a saboteur! My nose tells me that's you! GUARDS!"

Alexander watches helplessly as the guards descend upon him!

A guard enters the east hall.

Alexander hears the guard enter the north hall.

Alexander hears the guard enter the west hall.

Alexander hears the guard go into a room off the north hall, shutting the door behind him.

The door at the top of the stairs opens. A guard dog emerges and starts down the stairs.

The guard dog opens the door at the top of the stairs and leaves the basement.

Alexander hears a door off the north hall open, then the sound of guard dog footsteps. The footsteps are headed west.

Alexander hears a door off the north hall open, then the sound of guard dog footsteps. The footsteps are headed this way!

Alexander hears the sound of guard dog voices coming from behind the door at the top of the stairs.

One of them must be on his way down!

Alexander hears the sound of music coming from the top of the stairs. It sounds somewhat classical, but....

Oh, no! It's wedding music!

Alexander hears the sound of wedding music coming from the top of the stairs.

Alexander hears the sound of guard dog footsteps coming from the north.

Wait! It's coming from the west, too! Now what?

There's no reason to use that on the stairs.

There is nothing of interest on the stairs.

A staircase leads up to a door and, presumably, another floor of the castle.

The stairs do not reply.

Alexander sees no reason to use that on the wall.

Alexander sees nothing to do there on the wall.

Alexander can't reach the stained glass windows.

The colors of the stained glass windows glow with filtered light.

Dungeon

The spider is not harming Alexander and deserves to be treated the same.
Alexander couldn't--and wouldn't want--to reach the spider.
A brown spider peers down at the man in the cell with little interest.
The spider is not interested in hearing about Alexander's problems.

The barred window is very sturdy and would not be affected by that.
The bars are immovable.
Alexander looks out the small window. The hallway is empty.
The door says nothing.

ALEX "Hello! Is anyone there? Could someone let me out?"
Either there's no one on the other side of the door or, if there is, they aren't moved by
Alexander's pleas.

There's no reason to do that with the bed.
The cot looks uncomfortable, not to mention a little dusty. Alexander decides against taking a nap
there.
A plain cot is the only furnishing in the stark dungeon cell.

There's no reason to do that to the door.
Using that on the door would accomplish nothing.
The dungeon door is locked.
The dungeon door is made of sturdy wood. At eye-level is a barred window.
The door is not locked.
Alexander unlocks the door with his skeleton key.
And quickly makes his escape!

The door does not reply.
ALEX "Hello! Is anyone there? Could someone let me out?"
Either there's no one on the other side of the door or, if there IS, they aren't moved by
Alexander's pleas.
Alexander doesn't want to do anything with that gargoyle!
There's nothing to be done with the gargoyle. It is only an unpleasant door ornament, and one that
Alexander is reluctant to touch.
A gargoyle peers maliciously down on the cell's occupant. It grins as though it were gleefully
guarding the door.
The gargoyle only grins maliciously at Alexander and does not respond.

ALEX "Would this comfort you, sad spirit?"
ALI Mother! Mother come back for me!"
The little boy ghost has no interest in that.
ALEX "You must be the son of the spirit I met in the Realm of the Dead. She gave me this
handkerchief, and asked me to tell you that she's waiting for you there."
ALI "It's Mama's! It even smells like her! I can feel her now! I know where to go!"
ALEX "Wait! Before you go, is there anything you can tell me about the castle?"
ALI "I like to play in secret places. In the basement, behind the man of steel, is a door.
Nobody except me knows it's there anymore."
ALI "Farewell!"

The spirit seems to need consolation, but Alexander's human hands could provide little comfort for
the immaterial ghost.

A spirit weeps inconsolably on the cot. The spirit appears to be the ghost of a little boy.

ALEX "What's the matter, little boy?"
ALI "I'm lost! I can't find my mother!"
ALI "I don't know why she would just leave me here! I've been alone ever so long!"

ALI "Mother? Mother, where are you?"

ALEX "Is there anything I can do?"

The ghost continues to weep, ignoring Alexander.

Alexander sees nothing of interest in that part of the dungeon.

Alexander is standing in a dim, damp dungeon cell. The walls and floor are made of gray granite stones. A cot in the corner is the only furniture. A gargoyle peers down maliciously from over the dungeon door.

Alexander is singularly alone in this dank cell. Even humming doesn't seem like a good idea. There's no one here to talk to except the ghost.

Using that on the shackle would serve no purpose.

The heavy iron shackle is of no use to Alexander. He'd like to avoid chains as long as possible, actually.

A shackle, comprised of a thick iron chain set into a heavy stone block, protrudes from the wall. It is perhaps used with particularly 'difficult' prisoners.

The shackle does not even rattle in response.

Alexander wonders how he'll get out of this one!

JOL "Psst! Prince Alex!"

ALEX "Jollo! What are you doing here?"

JOL "Never mind! Quick! Before the guard dog patrol comes around again!"

BAY "You'll stay here until we find out what the vizier wants to do with you!"

The guard dogs leave Alexander to his fate, locking the door noisily behind them.

BAY "I think someone must have let our prisoner loose, Rolf."

WOL "Who would be crazy enough to do that, Howel?"

BAY "I don't know, but if I find out, that traitor will be sorry! Let's keep an extra sharp eye in the halls. We'll make sure no one can get near him again!"

WOL "Right, Howel."

The guard dogs slam the door and lock it. Alexander has a feeling there will be no help from Jollo this time!

BAY "The vizier will have our heads if he finds out that a prisoner escaped! How do you suppose he did it, Rolf?"

WOL "Well, Howel, I figure he must have had somethin' on him that he used to open the door. That's why I personally searched him."

BAY "You did? What'd you find?"

WOL "ONLY this funny-looking key! He ain't got it no more, though, now does he?"

BAY "Hah! Good work, Rolf!"

ALI "MOTHER! MOTHER! WHERE ARE YOU?"

Alexander stands by helplessly as the ghost's wails grow louder.

ALEX "Psst! Little boy! Be quiet!"

ALI "WAA! MOTHER, WAA!"

Uh, oh! The ghost's wailing has attracted the guards! Alexander hears the sound of footsteps in the hall.

WOL "I tell you, I heard somethin'. I'm checking it out."

BAY "You and your ghosts! There's nothin' in there, I say!"

ALEX "Um...hi."

WOL "I don't believe this! It's an intruder, and he's already put himself in the dungeon!"

BAY "Bones! Some humans can be really dumb! Well, shut the door then. Let's lock him in and go tell the vizier."

WOL "Right. <titter>. Thanks for savin' us some work, human!"

WOL "Let's post extra guards, though. That wailin' made me nervous."

BAY "Right. We'll get Scratch to guard the hall and watch the door. HE's not afraid of no ghosts!"

ALI "Mother? Mother, where ARE you?"

Alexander hears the guard dog leave the basement. It seems he's safe enough for the moment.

BAY "You'll stay here until the vizier decides what to do with you!"

The sound of running footsteps echo outside Alexander's cell....

BAY "What are you doin' down here, Shrew? We've already got him locked up. Go back to your post upstairs!"

WOL "(BREATHING HEAVY AS THOUGH RUNNING) The vizier wanted to know what all the commotion was about, and I told him about the intruder. He told me to post extra guards on this one!"

BAY "Extra guards, eh? So be it."

Just as Alexander realizes that he has no possible means of escape, he hears the sound of wedding music playing somewhere in the castle.

ALEX "Confound this dungeon! I'll never be able to stop the wedding now!"

There's no reason to use that on the torch.

Alexander has no need for the torch. The castle is well-lit, with the exception of these dank rooms. That torch can't help Alexander escape. Starting a fire in the cell would only hasten Alexander's demise.

A single burning torch dimly lights the dungeon.

Jollo's Room

This is NOT the time for napping!

The comfortable-looking bed in the corner is neatly arranged. It looks just large enough for Jollo's generous size.

Alexander isn't in need of a candelabra.

Jollo uses a brass candelabra to illuminate his writing.

Jollo needs that chair more than Alexander does.

The wooden chair by the desk gleams with the patina of heavy use and careful polishing.

Alexander can't reach the chandelier.

A chandelier hangs down from the tall ceiling. How on earth does Jollo reach that thing to light it?

Alexander doesn't need to leave that on Jollo's desk.

Alexander respects Jollo's privacy and leaves his desk alone.

Jollo keeps his desk neat and tidy.

There's no reason to use that on the door.

Jollo's door leads out into the basement hallway.

There's a keyhole in the door.

Alexander peers through the keyhole of Jollo's door.

It looks like the hallway outside is clear. There are no guard dogs in sight.

Ah, to consume all our earthly possessions in flame!
And burn a perfectly good hand?
A cozy little fire is ablaze in Jollo's fireplace.
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!

ALEX "I have something you might be interested in."

JOL "I'm afraid I wouldn't know what to do with that, Prince Alex. Sorry."

JOL "Please stop, Prince Alex! I'm really ticklish!"

ALEX "Are you sure you can't swap this lamp for the genie's?"

JOL "Alas, no. Sorry, Prince Alex."

ALEX "I've been thinking about what you said about swapping a replica for the genie's lamp. Do you think this lamp would pass?"

JOL "Ugg! No! That's nothing like the genie's lamp. The genie's lamp looks shiny and new. I'd never be able to make a swap with an old hunter's lamp like that!"

ALEX "I see. That's too bad."

JOL "Well, perhaps it was too much to hope for in any case. I guess you'll have to make do with your other plans, Alexander. Good luck."

ALEX "Are you sure you can't swap this lamp for the genie's?"

JOL "Alas, no. Sorry, Prince Alex."

ALEX "I've been thinking about what you said about swapping a replica for the genie's lamp. I got this lamp from the old lampseller in town. Do you think it will pass?"

JOL "No, I don't think so. I know what the genie's lamp looks like, and that's not it. It's a new lamp all right, but there's something wrong with it. I'm afraid I can't make a swap with that lamp."

ALEX "I've been thinking about what you said about swapping a replica for the genie's lamp. I got this lamp from the old lampseller in town. Do you think it will pass?"

JOL "Why...YES! It's an exact replica! That's amazing! How did you guess?"

ALEX "I suppose it was intuition."

JOL "Hmmm.... I'll have to wait for the right moment, mind you, but I should be able to get close enough to swap this for the real thing--and none shall be the wiser! Now you shall see Jollo's skill!"

ALEX "I'm sure your hands are mightier than my sword, my clever friend."

JOL "(DELIGHTED) Hee, hee! Go ahead and do as you've planned, and let me worry about swapping the lamp. If I accomplish the trickery, I'll manage to get the lamp to you somehow, never fear!"

ALEX "I have faith, Jollo. You're a true friend."

JOL "Aw, shucks! I would do anything for the princess."

Jollo is not in a position to do anything about the vizier's treachery. Reading the letter would just make him more upset.

Jollo occupies himself with his writing, but the frown on his brow indicates his anxiety about the fate of his beloved princess.

ALEX "Could you make use of this key, Jollo?"

JOL "No, thanks, Prince Alex. I can get pretty much anywhere in the castle that I need to as it is. It might serve you better."

ALEX "Is there anything else you can do that will help me in the castle?"

JOL "I'm afraid not, Prince Alex. One will get past the guard dogs easier than two. Besides, I'm not much of a fighter."

JOL "But if you intend to do as you've said, you should lose no time about it. The wedding will be starting before you know it!"

ALEX "Jollo! I've seen Cassima!"

JOL "Really? How is she? Is she well?"

ALEX "She seems fine at the moment, but she does NOT want to marry Alhazred!"

JOL Then you must do what you can to prevent that from happening, Alexander!"

ALEX "I intend to, friend."

JOL "Be careful, Alexander. Let me know if there's any way I can help."

The circus notice belongs to Jollo.

The wall above Jollo's desk sports a notice of a circus. It seems very old.

Alexander doesn't want to disturb anything in Jollo's room.

Alexander doesn't want to disturb anything in Jollo's room.

Jollo's bedroom is spacious, neat, and lush with dramatic colors. Like its resident, there's a melancholy sheen to its brightness.

Alexander couldn't possibly carry that heavy rug with him! Besides, Jollo might miss it!

A large, red rug with gold trim helps buffer the coldness of the marble floor underfoot.

JOL "Prince Alexander! I can't believe you're here! The wedding is supposed to start any minute!"

ALEX "I am well aware of that fact, Jollo. Confound it! I've seen Cassima. She does NOT want to marry him, Jollo!"

JOL "Really? Oh, my friend, I'm so happy for that! Thank heaven she hasn't lost her senses and actually fallen for that black-hearted Alhazred! Did you say that she is well?"

ALEX "She is unharmed if that's what you mean--for the moment, at least. But I have a feeling she won't be fine at all if we can't stop the wedding."

JOL "Stop the wedding? You'd never even make it to the ceremony, Alexander. The guard dogs are everywhere, and they're very loyal to the Crown. Unfortunately, right now, 'the Crown' means Alhazred."

JOL "If we had proof of something truly awful, the guard dogs might listen. As it is, they're your enemies, not his."

ALEX "(DRYLY, ALMOST BITTER) I understand. I've had no lack of 'enemies' since I got here. Still, I can hardly stand by and do nothing."

JOL "You found my room! Good! You'll be safe here for a little while. I couldn't risk asking in the hall, but what are you doing here? The wedding is supposed to start any minute!"

JOL "There's probably a good reason why so many wish to harm you. I believe the vizier's genie has learned of your presence on the islands."

ALEX "Tell me about this genie."

JOL "Alhazred brought the genie with him when he came to this kingdom. It is seldom that the genie will take human life himself. Usually, he is more of a trickster and spy, but that doesn't mean he isn't dangerous."

JOL "In fact, he is quite powerful. If, for example, we could get the genie's lamp, then you could master the genie. Alhazred and all our other problems would be solved."

ALEX "Hmmm. Is that merely wishful thinking or do you have something in mind?"

JOL "Well...I admit, I have often daydreamed about owning that lamp. My fingers are nimble enough, and I could probably find the chance to steal it. Unfortunately, the theft would be detected immediately, and I happen to prefer my neck attached to my body!"

ALEX "If the theft were detected."

JOL "(EXCITED) Exactly! So I have also thought! If I had a replica of the genie's lamp, an EXACT replica, I just might be able to...."

JOL "Bah! Where would we get a replica of the genie's lamp? Ah, dreaming is pleasant, but I'm afraid it won't help you stop the wedding. But, for Cassima's sake, I wish you luck."

JOL "I'll be here if you can think of anything I can do to help."

ALEX "Thanks, Jollo."

JOL "Prince Alexander! I can't believe it! How did you get into the castle?"

ALEX "Well, I.... Actually, it's a little hard to explain."

JOL "I bet! You run a terrible risk being here! The castle is crawling with guard dogs--especially today! The vizier will have your hide if he finds you!"

ALEX "I know that, Jollo, but Cassima is being married today. What greater risk is there than that?"

JOL "Of course, you're right. Young love--I forget what heartburn it is! But what do you propose to do about it?"

ALEX "I've GOT to try to see her, maybe even stop the wedding."

JOL "Is that all? And here I thought you would try something dangerous <sigh>."

ALEX "Don't worry about me, friend. Just tell me; where is Cassima?"

JOL "As far as I know, she's still in her bedroom upstairs. You'd never make it up there, though. The guard dogs are everywhere, and they're very loyal to the Crown. Unfortunately, right now 'the Crown' means Alhazred."

JOL "If we had proof of something truly awful, the guard dogs might listen. As it is, they're your enemies, not his."

ALEX "(DRYLY, ALMOST BITTER) I understand. I've had no lack of 'enemies' since I got here. In fact, you'd almost think I wasn't welcome."

JOL "You found my room! Good! You'll be safe here for a little while. I couldn't risk asking in the hall, but how did you get into the castle in the first place?"

JOL "Not if the princess wishes her freedom, no. Let me know if there's any way I can help. For Cassima's sake, I wish you luck. I'll be here if there's anything you need."

ALEX "Thanks, Jollo."

JOL "Hah! And they say princes have no sense of humor! Well, I can see there's no putting you off. For Cassima's sake, I wish you luck. I'll be here if there's anything you need."

ALEX "Thanks, Jollo."

JOL "I've seen you around the village! What are you doing in my room?"

ALEX "Uh.... Wrong room. Sorry."

JOL "Not as sorry as you're going to be! GUARDS!! GUARDS!!!"

BAY "What is it, Jollo?"

JOL "This man is an intruder! He's probably here to harm the princess!"

BAY "Don't worry, we'll take care of him!"

JOL "You, again? How did you get out of the dungeon?"

ALEX "Uh.... Just lucky, I guess."

JOL "We'll see about that! GUARDS!! GUARDS!!!"

BAY "What is it, Jollo?"

JOL "The intruder escaped from the dungeon! Grab him!"

BAY "He won't get away again, Jollo, and that's a fact!"

Alexander hears the guard dog leave the basement. It seems he's safe for the moment.

Alexander doesn't want to intrude on Jollo's privacy by looking through his trunk.

A plain trunk provides minimal storage for the bedroom.

Secret Passage

There's no reason to use that on the door to the basement.

A stone door fits neatly into the wall and leads back into the basement.

There's no reason to use that on the chink in the wall.

Alexander looks through the chinks in the wall to see if Cassima might have returned to her room.

But alas, Cassima is still gone.

Alexander looks through the chinks in the wall, anxious to see what the commotion was about.

Cassima is gone! Where could they have taken her? How could he have LET them take her?

ALEX "A fine rescuer I'M turning out to be!"

Talking to the chink on the wall would do little good.

Alexander peers through the chinks in the wall, trying to locate the source of the crying sounds.

Alexander's palms begin to sweat and his heart to race. It's Cassima! He's found her!

ALEX "(WHISPERING URGENTLY) Psst! Princess Cassima!"

CAS "What? Who's there?"

ALEX "It is I, Alexander! I'm here--behind this wall!"

My, how suave THAT sounds!

CAS "But Abdul would tear the castle apart if I were to disappear from my room! You shall have to do what you can to delay his plans from your end."

ALEX "I can't just leave you here!"

CAS "Alexander, do not despair for me. I have been safe in this room for nearly six months now. Abdul can be in no hurry, whatever he plans. After all, I'm to be his bride, am I not?"

CAS "I have been planning too, you see. I believe I can escape if I only get a chance to lay my hands on a weapon. There might be an opportunity in the hustle of the wedding."

ALEX "But, I..."

CAS "Shhh. Just a moment more, and then you MUST go. Let us not waste this time with words. Please, let me just look at you, dear Alexander."

CAS "(CONFUSED, UNBELIEVING) Alexander? Of Daventry? I...I don't believe you."

ALEX "I assure you, it is I. Forgive me if I intrude, my lady, but I have been so...concerned for your safety."

CAS "(DOUBTFUL, BUT WANTING TO BELIEVE) Why should I believe you?"

Alexander of Daventry is somewhere around the world from this small land.

(BRAVELY ANGRY) It is a trick, and an unforgivable one. You might tell your master I said so!"

ALEX "(SHYLY) Princess, I am your most humble servant. I could not offer you trickery though my life depended on it. I know this is a bit odd, but I came from Daventry to see you. I had to."

CAS "(MELTING INTO BELIEF AND RELIEF, SOFTLY) It really IS you, Alexander."

ALEX "It really is. Are you glad I'm here?"

CAS "(EXCITED) With all my heart! But I don't understand. How did you get into the castle? How did you get into the WALLS?"

ALEX "(RELIEVED, MORE CONFIDENT) It would take too long to explain. I've been on the islands for some time now, trying to find a way to get to you! I had a feeling you needed help."

CAS "(HAPPY, THEN URGENT) Oh, I AM happy to see you, Alexander. I'm afraid I

shouldn't be, though! You're endangering yourself terribly by being here!"

ALEX "I don't care about the danger! I would brave anything to learn...."

CAS "What is it?"

ALEX "Alhazred. Do you WANT to wed him, Cassima?"

CAS "Oh, please believe me when I say that I never agreed to marry that man! Even when my father trusted Abdul absolutely, I never liked him. But with Mother and Father gone, I'm afraid there's no stopping him."

ALEX "If you do not wish to marry him, Cassima, you SHALL not. I promise you. Only come with me now, and we shall escape."

CAS "How? I cannot fit through this wall. Besides, do you think I could leave my kingdom, my PEOPLE, in Abdul's hands?"

!!!!Removed line: "The kingdom! Tell me what's going on out there, Alexander! I've been so afraid, not knowing what Alhazred plans! Have the islands stopped fighting?"

!!!Removed line: "I'm afraid not. The ferry has shut down, and I gather things are worse than ever. While the villagers on this island have been kind, the other islands were not exactly...welcoming, in all truth."

!!!Removed line: "Ah! How could things have gone so awry?"

ALEX "We'll stay nearby if you want, only come away from Alhazred's power. We'll find refuge on one of the islands. They're all still true to you, you know."

CAS "(EXCITED) Alexander?"

CAS "(MELTING INTO BELIEF AND RELIEF, SOFTLY) It really IS you! I knew you were close by, but how did you get inside the castle WALLS?"

ALEX "It's a long story and not important now. You did get my ring?"

CAS "Oh, yes! It has brought me such comfort, Alexander, to know you were close by and had not forgotten...."

CAS "But you shouldn't be here! You're only endangering yourself!"

ALEX "I'm afraid I'm not the only one in danger. Princess, be brave! I have heard such vileness today! Such evil!"

CAS "What is it?"

ALEX "Alhazred...he is not what he appears."

CAS "I've known that for years, Alexander. But with mother and father gone, I'm afraid there's no stopping him."

CAS "But tell me of what evil you speak. I've been so afraid for my kingdom, not knowing what he plans!"

ALEX "The kingdom IS in trouble, but the real threat at the moment is to YOUR safety, Princess. Alhazred has such plans.... You don't WANT to wed Alhazred, do you?"

CAS "How can you ask? Of course not!"

ALEX "If you do not wish to marry him, Cassima, you SHALL not. I promise you. But we must get you out of here, NOW. You are not safe."

CAS "Oh, no! Someone's coming!"

The lock on Cassima's door rattles abruptly.

CAS "(WHISPERED,URGENT) Alexander, hurry! Step away before they see you!"

Although Alexander would gladly offer Cassima all that he owns, that item would be of little help to her now.

ALEX "Here, take this dagger. It's not much, but it might come in handy."

CAS "Why, it's perfect! This is just the sort of thing I've been looking for! Thank you,

Alexander. I'll keep it close and use it if I must."

Cassima has already been upset enough by that letter.

ALEX "I found this letter in the vizier's bedroom. I haven't looked at it yet, but I thought you might want to see it."

ALEX "I found this letter in the vizier's bedroom. I...I think you should know what it says."

CAS "(HORRIFIED)<Gasp!> I can't believe it! I had my suspicions, but this confirms everything! Alexander, YOU must keep the letter. You might have a chance to show it to someone who can help you stop Alhazred. Just be careful, please."

Alexander looks with longing at the fair Cassima. She's even more beautiful than he remembered.

Now is not the time for idle words of love. The situation is much too grave.

Cassima wrote that note for Alexander, and she doesn't need to read it again.

Cassima sent that ribbon to Alexander. It would be rude to return a token of a lady's affection.

Now is not the time for such tokens! The situation is much too grave!

ALEX "I have this key. It will work on any lock. Perhaps you could use it to escape."

CAS "I'm afraid my door is locked from the outside. A key wouldn't do me much good.

There's no reason to use that on the chink in the wall.

Alexander peers through the chink in the wall.

DOG1 "Cap'n, I've been hearin' rumors from the guards who've been watchin' the princess. They say lately she's been poundin' on her door and beggin' to be let out."

DOG1 "Ain't none of my business, sir, but news like that is upsettin' the other dogs. Ain't no guard in the castle who would willingly keep the princess anywhere she don't want to be."

SAL "<Growl>. Alhazred claims that a foreign intruder is here to assassinate her. That's why she's got to be kept under lock and key, right up until the wedding."

DOG2 "Call me an old dog that can't learn new tricks, but I say the princess should be the one givin' orders!"

SAL "Alhazred has been in charge for months what with the king's death and Cassima's mourning. Tonight the wedding will seal it, and there's nothing we can do about it."

SAL "Like him or not, he's our liege. Need I remind you of your oath to the Crown?"

DOG2 "Aye, we've an oath. For the sake of the princess we'll not be forgettin' it. He'd just better treat her well!"

DOG1 "Speakin' of the vizier; What do ya reckon he's keepin' in that magical room of his?"

DOG2 "It's not a magic ROOM, it's just the door he's enchanted somehow. I say he's still got the royal treasury in there--along with whatever else he's so eager to protect. Not even the court treasurer is allowed in there, anymore."

DOG1 "I heard him in the hall the other day. He was speakin' to that door--black magic, is what I say! I heard him say 'Ali', but then Bay came up and started yapping at me."

SAL "Enough! It is not our place to question the practices of our liege--no matter how strange. The wedding will be starting soon. Report to the throne room when you hear the music start."

Alexander takes another look through the chink in the wall.

Captain Saladin has left, and the other two guard dogs are talking too quietly for Alexander to hear them.

Talking to the chink on the wall would do little good.

There's no reason to use that on the hallway entrance.

On the west wall is an exit to a hallway.

Alexander doesn't see any use for that there.

Alexander sees nothing of interest there.

Alexander is standing in a secret passage of the Castle of the Crown. The landing is dusty, and the walls are deteriorating. To the south is the door to the basement. A staircase to the north leads up to another floor.

Alexander is standing in a secret passage of the Castle of the Crown. The landing is dusty, and the walls are deteriorating. To the west is an exit to a hallway. A staircase to the north leads down to the basement landing.

Having found the secret passage, Alexander has no desire to reveal his location behind the walls by talking aloud.

Alexander hears the sound of voices coming from nearby.

Alexander hears the faint sound of a woman crying nearby.

Phew! That was a climb!

Alexander hears scuffling and a woman's brief cry from the other side of the wall, then silence.

Alexander stands in the secret passage way--so close, yet so far, from his heart's desire.

There's no reason to use that on the staircase.

There's nothing of interest on the stairs, and Alexander doesn't have time to try his hand at carpentry.

A rickety staircase leads down to the basement landing of the secret passage.

There's no reason to use that on the staircase.

A rickety staircase leads up to another floor of the secret passage.

There's no reason to use that on the wall.

The old walls are dirty and show the neglect of a forgotten place.

The wall has deteriorated significantly in this area, leaving a chink in the wall.

Alexander doesn't see any use for that there.

Alexander sees nothing of interest there.

Alexander is standing in a secret passage of the Castle of the Crown. The hallway is dusty, and the walls are deteriorating.

Having found the secret passage, Alexander has no desire to reveal his location behind the walls by talking aloud.

Alexander hears the sound of scratching coming from the other side of the wall.

There's no reason to use that on the chink on the wall.

Alexander looks through the chink in the wall.

VIZ "Dear Shadrack. Salutations from the Society of the Black Cloak, etc., etc. My long preparations are about to come to fruition."

VIZ "In a matter of minutes, I will wed the lovely <hah-hah> Cassima."

VIZ "Once I've established my power and my crown, I can stage another 'accident.'"

VIZ "The princess has proven infuriatingly stubborn, as you know. She's becoming quite a dangerous little thorn in my side."

VIZ "In a way, it's a shame I have to kill her--she is lovely and would be amusing to keep around, but I can't risk her talking treason to one of the guards. So far, I've managed to keep her locked away, but I can't continue that forever."

VIZ "Well, on to it now. I'd send her to you but, as you know, I had no luck in doing so

with Mordack. I close in triumph--KING Abdul Alhazred."

VIZ "I think it's about time to see if Shamir has taken care of the wench as I asked. It's almost time for the wedding."

The vizier's words fill Alexander with blazing anger--and fear for Cassima's life.

ALEX "That blackguard! That murderous swine! He'll not have his way if I have anything to say about it!"

VIZ "And now to see to the final preparations. It's almost time for the wedding. Hee, hee!"

Alexander looks through the chink in the wall.

The vizier's study is now empty.

Talking to the chink on the wall would do little good.

Alexander doesn't have to use that on the door to get it open.

Alexander sees...lots of black cloaks?

There's a vague outline of what appears to be a door on the wall.

The old walls are dirty and show the neglect of a forgotten place.

The wall has deteriorated significantly in this area, leaving a chink in the wall.

Castle Central Hall

Alexander cannot reach the balcony from here.

A little balcony overlooks the grand hall. Alexander can almost picture Cassima and her parents standing there, waving to a crowd of citizens below.

Using that on the door would serve no purpose.

The door is locked.

Alexander would never make it to that door with the guard dogs in the way.

There's a door on the east wall, under the stairs.

The door has nothing to say.

Alexander can't get close enough to that chandelier to try that.

Alexander can't reach the chandelier. Even if he could, swinging around the grand hall will NOT produce anything useful.

A massive chandelier lights the large room.

The chandelier is rather short on sparkling conversation today.

wo guard dogs are on duty in what appears to be a throne room.

Using that on the door would serve no purpose.

Alexander decides to check out the door the waiter came through.

WAI "No lunch is being served today! We're busy catering the wedding!"

Apparently, the kitchen is no place to be today.

Alexander would never make it to that door with the guard dogs in the way.

There's a door on the west wall, under the stairs. It's the door the waiter came through, and probably leads to the kitchen.

The door has nothing to say.

There's no reason to use that on the urn.

Alexander doesn't need to do anything with the heavy urn.
Large urns stand formally near the staircases.
The urns are speechless.

With three guard dogs in the grand hall, it wouldn't be a good idea for Alexander to call attention to himself now!
The two upstairs patrol guards have brought the 'mysterious' nightingale to their captain.

Using that on the pillars would serve no purpose.
Alexander cannot do anything with the beautiful pillars except admire them.
Graceful pillars of orange marble give the grand hall an air of majesty.

There's no reason to use that on the urn.
Alexander doesn't need to get Beauty's clothes back. He doesn't want to be dressed as a woman when he finds Cassima!
The urns are speechless.

Alexander is standing in the grand hall of the Castle of the Crown. Brilliantly-colored marble gleams from every surface, and the floor is inlaid with geometric patterns. The ceiling spans upward to a two-story height.
Staircases on either side of the room lead upstairs, and two massive doors to the north lead to the throne room.
Alexander is in foreign territory. It would probably not be a good idea for him to call attention to himself by shouting.
The castle gates are locked from the outside. Alexander can't leave that way.

ALEX "I have this...."

SAL "That means nothing to me! Your time is running out."

That dagger wouldn't stand a chance against that sword! Besides, Alexander senses that there might be a chance to reason with the Captain of the Guard.
aladin would be unlikely to believe Alexander as to the origins of that strand of hair.
The sword at Alexander's throat makes physical resistance rather unwise at this point.

SAL "A jilted lover WOULD not believe it. But, come. See for yourself."

ALEX "Wait! If you love your princess, you'll hear me out!"

ALEX "The vizier is not what he appears to be. Cassima is in terrible danger. I have proof that this is so! For your princess's sake, you must believe me!"

SAL "Let me see that!"

Saladin reads the letter, his sword point still against Alexander's throat. Alexander watches the guard dog's noble face darken with rage.

SAL "<Growl!> This is treason! I'll have his throat! But how do I know this letter is not a forgery? You could have written this yourself!"

ALEX "But I did not! Have you no doubts of your own about Alhazred? Don't you see, all he wants is the Crown! Cassima is being coerced. We must stop the wedding!"

SAL "It is true. I have had my suspicions about the vizier--especially when King Caliphim and Queen Allaria died."

SAL "But I have seen Cassima with him several times. She appears to be quite happy. Even...enthusiastic. I don't believe she could love him if he truly were so wicked."

ALEX "I cannot believe for a moment that she loves that snake."

SAL "Then see for yourself."

Captain Saladin looks ready to obey his vizier's orders. He seems to want something from

Alexander--perhaps a reason to spare his life.

A fierce but noble-looking guard dog threatens Alexander's life. The air of command about him suggests that he serves as Captain of the Guard. He seems to want something from Alexander--perhaps a reason to spare his life.

Saladin, the Captain of the Guard, is discussing the find of his upstairs patrol guards.

The upstairs patrol guards are conversing with a regal-looking guard dog. He must be the one they were discussing upstairs; Saladin, Captain of the Guard.

ALEX "Wait! I'm a friend of Cassima's. I have a note to prove it!"

SAL "Vizier Alhazred said you were a danger to the princess! Even if she believes you to be a friend, I have no reason to doubt that the vizier is right about you."

Saladin would be unlikely to believe Alexander as to the origins of that red ribbon.

Alexander would never get a chance to use that scythe before the guard dog ran him through!

Besides, Alexander senses that there might be a chance to reason with the Captain of the Guard.

ALEX "Captain Saladin, consider! I know you cannot be blind to the vizier's true nature."

SAL "<growl> My personal feelings have nothing to do with it. I serve the Crown."

ALEX "Spare my life, if you value your princess."

SAL "Those are only words, and I know nothing of you except what the vizier tells me. Why should I believe you?"

SAL "Prince Alexander? Here? The vizier will have my head for allowing you within a mile of the royal wedding!"

SAL "Since you are of noble birth, I will give you five seconds to explain your presence here before killing you. I warn you; it had better be good!"

SAL "You must be the foreigner the vizier <growl> warned me about."

SAL "I've standing orders to kill you on sight. I'll give you five seconds to explain what you're doing here. I warn you; it had better be good!"

Alexander looks cautiously around the grand hall, but there are no guard dogs to be seen.

The wedding music is coming from behind those two large doors!

Uh, oh! Guard dogs!

BAY "Look! An intruder! Grab him!"

ALEX "Uh...I was just looking for the kitchen...."

WOL "I'll bet! You're the foreign saboteur the vizier warned us about!"

WOL "He sure fits the description! He's supposed to be dangerous, Mite! Let's throw him in the dungeon, then go tell Captain Saladin."

BAY "Right! Good idea!"

The castle guards lock the main entrance doors behind Alexander.

From the open door comes the clatter of pots and pans, yelled instructions, and other busy kitchen noises.

SER "You! Girl! Don't just stand there! There's a stack of silver almost to the ceiling that needs polishing for the wedding! Get a move on!"

ALEX "(TO HIMSELF) Phew! I can't afford to get caught up in that mess! I'd never find Cassima."

Alexander looks cautiously around the grand hall, but there are no guard dogs to be seen.

The wedding music is coming from behind those two large doors!

BAY "I think Captain Saladin is down here and...."

WOL "Hey! Look! An intruder! Grab him!"

BAY "I'll bet this is the foreign saboteur fellow the vizier's been rantin' on about!"

ALEX "Who, me? No! I just stopped by from the village for the wedding and...."

WOL "Forget it! Let's take him to the dungeon, Wolf, then go find Captain Saladin."

BAY "Right, Bay. Maybe this will make up for that soup bone incident!"

Uh, oh! So this is where they took the mechanical nightingale!

SAL "Look! On the stairs! It's Prince Alexander of Daventry! Guards, get that man!"

SAL "You were told to stay away from the castle and leave the islands! Why did you break into the castle--and how did you get past my guard dogs at the gate?"

ALEX "Well, I...I was worried about Cassima, and...."

SAL "Bah! Never mind! Your presence here has been forbidden! I'm afraid I'm going to have to have you thrown in the dungeon. I'll figure out how you got in later! Guards!"

SAL "An intruder! Guards, get that man!"

SAL "You must be the 'dangerous foreigner' the vizier has asked me to look for. How did you get past my guards at the gate, and why do you want to harm the princess?"

ALEX "I DON'T mean to harm the princess, I only...."

SAL "Never mind! I'll interrogate you later, after the wedding. For now, put him in the dungeon, guards! The vizier will be pleased to hear that he's under lock and key."

SAL "You give me no excuse to save your life, Prince Alexander. You were told to stay away from the castle, but you chose not to listen! I have no choice but to obey the vizier!"

ALEX "But, Saladin...."

SAL "You have not impressed me, foreign one. The vizier must be right about you. Now I must follow my orders!"

ALEX "But, wait...."

There's no reason to use that on the stairs.

There's nothing of interest on the stairs.

Two sweeping staircases, one on either side of the grand hall, lead up to a second level of the castle.

Using that on the door would serve no purpose.

Alexander decides to explore what's behind the massive doors to the north.

Alexander would never make it to that door with the guard dogs in the way.

Alexander looks through the keyhole.

Two guard dogs are on duty in what appears to be a throne room.

On the north wall is a set of large double doors. From his experience with castle architecture, Alexander guesses that they lead to the throne room.

There's a keyhole in one of the double doors.

Bedroom

Alexander doesn't want to leave that on the bed.

There doesn't seem to be anything on the bed except for a lot of silk.

A canopied bed, arranged with silk bedclothes and large pillows, stands in one corner of the room.

The bed is empty of bodies and comments.

There's no point in doing that to the chandelier.

Alexander can't reach the chandelier.

A candle-lit chandelier lends a soft light to the bedroom.

The chandelier has no glowing retorts.

Why would Alexander want to use that on the cushion?

There's nothing under the cushion but the floor.

A large, soft cushion has been strategically placed on the cold marble floor to provide a comfy seat near the fire.

The cushion stays demurely silent.

Alexander doesn't want to put that in the ebony box.
Alexander opens the ebony box and looks inside.
There's a box of ebony on the table.
The box has nothing to say.

The box's owner would probably notice it was missing. Besides, Alexander can't think of a use for
a box of trinkets.
The box contains various trinkets and a scrap of paper with a word written on it.

There's no reason to use that on the old brush.
The brush is old and small. Alexander isn't interested in taking it.
A worn old brush is among the box's trinkets.
The brush says nothing.

There's no reason to use that on the dice.
Finding Cassima is no game of chance!
Some old ivory dice have been left in the box.
CLACK!

It's pointless to use that on the ink.
The bottle contains only a small amount of black ink--most of it dried at the bottom. Alexander
decides to leave it there.
There's an old bottle of black ink among the box's trinkets.
The ink says nothing.

The paper would not benefit from that.
Alexander can read the piece of paper without taking it.
Inside the ebony box is a piece of paper with the word "ZEBU" printed on it.
ALEX "Hmmm. Interesting."
Paper is not a verbal medium.

Ah, to consume all our earthly possessions in flame!
What? And burn a perfectly good hand?
A fire in a small hearth warms the bedroom.
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!

Using that on the bedroom door would serve no purpose.
Alexander peers through the keyhole.
A door leads into the hall.
There's a keyhole in the door.
The door does not reply.

Alexander sees no one in the hallway. The guard dogs are still gone.
Two guard dogs are patrolling the hallway outside the bedroom.
Alexander sees nothing of interest in that part of the bedroom.
Alexander is standing in an opulent bedroom that he believes--based on the contents of the trunk--
must belong to the vizier. Knowing whose room it is makes Alexander feel even more ill-at-
ease.
Alexander is standing in a masculine bedroom. Polished marble walls rise to meet a tall ceiling,
and the furnishings have an opulent feeling. He wonders whose bedroom this is.
There's no one in the bedroom to talk to.

The rug is too heavy to lift.

A square, red patterned rug helps protect bare feet from the cold marble floor.

Alexander hears the sound of boots in the hallway. The guard dog patrol must have returned!

BAY "Wait a minute, Bay, while I check around in here like Captain...."

BAY "HEY! There IS an intruder in the castle! Quick, Wolf!"

Uh, oh! Caught in the act!

There's nothing of interest about that part of the small table.

A small wooden table graces the wall near the fireplace. On the table is a box made of ebony.

The books look interesting, but the castle is not a good place to relax and read.

A few worn leather books occupy the trunk. The top one is entitled "Guidebook to the Land of the Green Isles."

A book like that might have been a big help when Alexander first arrived! The trunk's owner obviously found it interesting too, for the guidebook is dog-eared and stained.

isn't interested in the oily perfume.

A small glass bottle filled with oily-looking perfume is in one corner of the trunk.

Alexander doesn't want to leave that in the trunk.

Alexander picks up the most recent letter and examines it.

The letter is addressed to Abdul Alhazred from the Wizard Shadrack. It reads:

"Greetings to a brother of the Black Cloak. I was sorry to hear of great Mordack's death, though he was a bit of a ninny at chess."

"It seems the plans for that little kingdom of yours are coming along. I must congratulate you on your handling of the king and queen. Isolating the islands so that no protest could develop was another brilliant stroke."

"It looks like there's not much left to stand in your way. Do as I recommended with the girl, and you shall have your crown."

ALEX "That fiend!"

There's undoubtedly more unnerving information in those letters, but Alexander has already seen enough!

It looks like the owner of this trunk is quite the correspondent. The stack of letters appears to be ordered by the date, because the top one is dated only a month ago.

The rest of the vizier's letters, probably equally as disgusting, remain in the trunk.

The trunk may speak, but only to those with eyes to see.

Alexander sees nothing to do there.

The trunk contains some old leather books, a bottle of what looks like oily perfume, and a stack of correspondences.

Using that on the trunk will serve no purpose.

There's no reason to use that on the unlocked trunk.

The trunk is locked.

Alexander opens the unlocked trunk.

Alexander decides not to return the vizier's letter to the trunk. Who knows when such incriminating evidence might come in handy?

A storage trunk sits at the foot of the bed. The trunk bears a large brass lock.

Alexander wiggles the nail in the trunk's lock until he hears a click.

Alexander opens the trunk.

Alexander inserts the skeleton key in the trunk's lock and turns it. He hears a click.

Alexander opens the trunk.

The trunk has already been unlocked.

The trunk says nothing of its secrets.

Why do that with the wardrobe?

The wardrobe is full of black cloaks and a rather sour smell. Alexander examines the clothes, but finds nothing of interest.

Alexander crawls back through the wardrobe to reach the secret passage.

A wardrobe stands against the west wall of the room.

The wardrobe is cloaked in silence.

Treasury

There's no reason to use that on the coat of arms.

Alexander decides to leave Beast's coat of arms here in the treasure room until it can be returned to its owner.

Alexander hesitates to take the treasures on the table without learning more about them.

On the table is a coat of arms with the head of a beast on the crest.

ALEX "Hmmm. Beast said that his coat of arms was stolen by the Druids. This must be it."

Beast's coat of arms lies on the small table.

The treasures on the table do not reply.

Alexander doesn't need to use that on the table's drapery.

Alexander pulls the drapery back over the table.

Alexander pulls the drapery aside, curious as to what might lie underneath.

ALEX "A.A.? That must stand for Abdul Alhazred!"

The velvet drapery has been pulled back, exposing the table's items.

ALEX The initials A. A. are embroidered on the drapery.

A small table graces the middle of the room. The table is covered by a velvet drapery.

ALEX The initials A. A. are embroidered on the drapery.

There's no reason to use that on the golden fleece.

Alexander decides to leave the golden fleece here in the treasure room for safe-keeping until it can be returned to the Winged Ones.

Alexander hesitates to take the treasures on the table without learning more about them.

On the table is a fleece made of gold.

ALEX "That fleece must belong to the Winged Ones. And they thought the Isle of Wonder had taken it!"

The Winged Ones' golden fleece is on the small table.

The treasures on the table do not reply.

There's no reason to use that on the miniature tree.

Alexander decides to leave the miniature oak here in the treasure room for safe-keeping until it can be returned to the Druids.

Alexander hesitates to take the treasures on the table without learning more about them.

On the table is a miniature oak tree. It looks very old.

ALEX "Hmmm. That must be the sacred miniature oak that the Druid's thought the Winged Ones stole!"

The Druid's sacred miniature oak tree is on the table with the rest of the treasures.

The treasures on the table do not reply.

Alexander can't see any way to use that in the treasure room.

Alexander sees nothing of interest there.

Alexander is standing in the Castle of the Crown's treasure room. The soft-toned room seems very secure. Along the walls are trunks and caskets--probably full of the kingdom's treasure. In the middle of the room is a low table.

There's no one in the treasure room to talk to.

There's no reason to use that on the shield and spears.

Alexander doesn't need the gold shield and spears. Besides, the soft gold wouldn't stand up well in a real battle.

Decorative shields and spears made of gold hang on the treasure room walls.

There's no reason to use that on the stone.

Alexander decides to leave the singing stone here in the treasure room for safe-keeping until it can be returned to the Isle of Wonder.

Alexander hesitates to take the treasures on the table without learning more about them.

On the table is a strange-looking stone that's giving off an odd, high-pitched noise.

ALEX "That must be the Isle of Wonder's singing stone. Didn't the queens think that the Beast had stolen it?"

The Isle of Wonder's singing stone is perched on the table.

The singing stone only continues to hum and does not respond to Alexander.

Alexander can't reach the skylight.

The domed ceiling has a skylight set into it that allows beams of sunlight to enter the room.

As Alexander looks at the objects on the table, he realizes the depth of the vizier's cunning. It must have been the vizier (or an accomplice) who stole that one thing most precious to each island, and then leaked rumors that one of the other islands was responsible!

ALEX "But what did the vizier have to gain by causing the islands to hate one another?"

There's no reason to use that on the table.

There's nothing of interest on the table in that spot.

On the table are four unusual items.

There's no reason to use that on the trumpet.

Alas, the trumpet won't bring these walls tumbling down, and thus is of little use to Alexander.

A gracefully curled trumpet hangs on the wall.

There's no reason to disturb the storage trunks with that.

Alexander has no wish to steal from the treasury of the Land of the Green Isles. It might be under the vizier's control now, but it still belongs to the people.

Those trunks probably contain the kingdom's treasure--once guarded so well and used so wisely by King Caliphim, now in the hands of that blackguard, Alhazred!

The storage trunks say nothing.

There's no reason to do that to the urn.

Alexander doesn't need the urns.

Graceful urns adorn the cool treasure room.

Svadebka

Alexander will have to get closer to the bride to give her anything.

Alexander decides to determine the truth of this matter with Cassima.

Alexander can't believe his eyes as he looks at Cassima. Could she possibly mean to wed

Alhazred? Is she out of her mind?

ALEX "Cassima, stop!"

Alexander doesn't have time to deal with the genie now! Alhazred has left the throne room and may be on his way to the real Cassima!

Shamir Shamazel, the vizier's genie, is throwing bright balls of light at the hapless guard dogs. The dazzling light appears to be stunning the powerful creatures!

Alexander can't help the guard dogs in their battle against the genie--the vizier is getting away!

Alexander doesn't have time to deal with the wedding guests! Cassima is getting married!

The guard dogs are engaged in a struggle against Shamir Shamazel, the vizier's genie!

Several guard dogs are witnessing the marriage of their princess and their liege.

Alexander doesn't have time to chat with the guard dogs! The vizier is getting away!

Alexander doesn't have time to chat with the wedding guests! Cassima is getting married!

Alexander can't help the man now--the vizier is getting away!

The funny little man from the book shop is here. Alexander assumes he must have a position in the castle and is here serving as a witness, like the guard dogs.

Alexander doesn't have time to chat with the funny little man now! The vizier is escaping!

Alexander can't do anything with the king and queen now! He has to find Cassima!

Alexander can't stop to comfort the king and queen now! He has to find Cassima!

The king and queen are overcome with grief. They seem convinced that their only child is dead!

Alexander doesn't have time to experiment with that now! Alhazred is escaping, and who knows where the REAL Cassima might be!

Alexander doesn't have time to experiment with that now! Cassima is getting married!

The throne room is in chaos as the castle guards drop like flies under Shamir's magic spells! Worse still, the vizier has escaped through the tower door!

Alexander is standing in a magnificent throne room--finer than any he's ever seen. Unfortunately, he's not in the mood to enjoy it because, at this very moment, Cassima is about to marry Alhazred!

No one is likely to listen to Alexander during all the commotion.

ALEX "STOP THE WEDDING!"

Alexander decides to leave the guard dogs to fight the genie and follow the vizier. Maybe Alhazred has gone after the real Cassima!

Alexander attempts to escape through the grand hall doors....

SHA "Trying to leave the castle, eh? I always knew you were a coward!"

Alexander attempts to escape through the grand hall doors....

SAL "Where do you think YOU'RE going? If you refuse to defend yourself, you must have faked the letter. Now you die!"

Alexander approaches the wedding party.

Saladin has had enough from Alexander. If the guard dog is to be further convinced, Alexander will have to prove that Cassima is not wedding the vizier of her own free will!

Alexander can't help the guard dogs in their battle against the genie--the vizier is getting away!

If Saladin is to be further convinced, it won't be through force! Alexander will have to prove that

Cassima is not wedding the vizier of her own free will!
Saladin is busy battling the magic-wielding genie!
Saladin watches Alexander carefully, waiting for him to make a move and prove that Cassima is not wedding the vizier of her own free will.
Saladin has his hands full with that genie, and doesn't have time to tell Alexander what to do!

ALEX "I'm certain that Cassima cannot mean what she's saying!"

SAL "So YOU say. I would advise you to prove it--if you can--and quickly!"

King Caliphim and Queen Allaria burst into the throne room looking alive and well, and full of wrath! Behind them, a line of supporters look prepared to battle, if necessary, for their beloved royal couple!

ALL "(SHOUTING) Cassima! Darling, are you all right? Has he hurt you?"

CAL "Get your hands off of her, you murderous goat!"

SHA "If I WANT your advice, I'll ASK for it...MOTHER!"

ALL "(HORRIFIED) But...Caliphim...that's NOT Cassima! I'd know my daughter anywhere!"

CAL "(OUTRAGED, TO VIZIER) What have you done with our daughter, you devil?"
The lovely image of Cassima suddenly bursts into smoke and is replaced by...the vizier's genie!

SAL "(OUTRAGED, TO VIZIER) Why, you...you conniving serpent!"

CAL "Get him, guards! Saladin, your sword!"

VIZ "DRAT IT ALL! You may have ruined my plans, but you won't get me--OR your precious Cassima! GET THEM, SHAMIR! I COMMAND YOU!"

CAL "He's getting away! Stop him!"

SAL "Yes, Sire! As soon as I deal with this genie!"

The vizier's genie begins to throw balls of dazzling light at the guard dogs!

Uh, oh! Alexander's walked right into a couple of guard dogs!

BAY "Look! An early guest. Are you on the bride or the groom's side?"

WOL "That's no guest! That's the foreigner the vizier warned us about! Grab him!"

The lovely image of Cassima suddenly bursts into smoke and is replaced by...the vizier's genie!

VIZ "Shamir, you fool!"

SHA "It is not my fault, Master! The illusion was broken!"

SAL "Treason! What have you done with the princess?"

Enraged, Saladin and the other guard dogs begin advancing on the vizier!

SHA "DO SOMETHING, YOU WORTHLESS GENIE!!!"

The vizier, his evil nature exposed for all to see, turns and runs for the tower!

Shamir, the vizier's genie, begins to throw balls of dazzling light at the guard dogs!

SHA "(VERY INTERESTED) Hmmm? Mint?"

VIZ "(WARNING TONE) CASSIMA!"

SHA "(NASTY/GENIE, DRUNKEN) Tee, hee, hee <hic>!"

SAL "(CONFUSED, CONCERNED) Princess?"

SHA "Kill him <hic>!"

SAL "(CONFUSED) As you wish...."

The genie, finding a free moment in the battle, suddenly realizes that Alexander is still in the room and sends a dazzle spell his way.

SHA "Got you, PRINCE Alexander!"

SAL "If you refuse to defend yourself, you must have faked the letter. Since you cannot prove your point, I shall prove MINE!"

Saladin almost seems reluctant as he stabs Alexander with lethal skill, according to his princess's wishes.

The blade piercing Alexander's heart is barely felt after the greater pain of Cassima's condemning words.

The Captain of the Guard leads Alexander into the throne room, where a ceremony seems to be in progress. Alexander feels his blood run cold at the sight.

SHA "I, Cassima, declare Abdul Alhazred as my lawful and beloved husband, and KING of this realm..."

ALEX "(SOFTLY WHISPERING TO HIMSELF) But...Cassima, what are you saying?"

SAL "Do you still claim that the princess is being forced? Perhaps it's you that's the danger--as the vizier has said."

The only way to that door is past the wedding party, and Alexander wouldn't leave Cassima here to marry someone else!

There's a door at the back of the throne room. Alexander wonders to where it leads.

Alexander will have to get closer before he can give anything to the bride or groom.

Alexander decides to take matters into his own hands and challenge the vizier.

That scheming blackguard Alhazred, vizier of this realm, is in the process of marrying Cassima and securing a place as king of the Land of the Green Isles!

ALEX "Hold, villain! You shall not marry the princess!"

Svadebka Close-Up

The priest can do nothing to aid Alexander.

The old priest does not appear to be too upset by this interruption to his ceremony! Perhaps he also dislikes Alhazred.

There's no time for that now! Cassima is getting married, and Alexander's life is in danger!

Before Alexander's very eyes, Cassima is being wed to that blackguard, Alhazred!

Calling out in frustration won't bring Cassima to her senses or stop this wedding!

That will not sway Captain Saladin from his orders to kill Alexander!

There's nothing in that spell book that would bely the Captain of the Guard's sword!

Saladin would hardly agree to drink Alexander's potion right now.

Saladin is unlikely to see that small token of esteem as being enough to contradict the living Cassima.

Alexander's bare hands would be no match for the powerful guard dog's sword.

Saladin looks grim as he prepares to implement Princess Cassima's wishes.

Saladin is unlikely to regard Cassima's prior love letter as having more authority than the living princess.

Saladin already knows who Alexander is, and the guard dog is unlikely to be swayed by the offer of a insignia ring!

ALEX "I don't understand what has come over the princess, but surely she cannot mean what she says!"

SAL "Beg me not. My orders have been plainly stated. I have no choice."

Just as Saladin prepares to run Alexander through with his sword, a shout is heard from the direction of the grand hall....

CAL "HOLD! In the name of the true king!"

VIZ "(TO ALEXANDER) Prince Alexander, here? This is an outrage!"

VIZ "(TO SALADIN) How dare you allow this traitor to get past you, Saladin! You stupid mutt! Can't you even keep the castle free of assassins during your own

princess's wedding? Kill him! Kill him now!"

SAL "<Grrr>Lord Alhazred.... With all due respect, you are not quite king yet. And this IS a wedding ceremony, not an execution."

VIZ "What? How dare you contradict me, you flea-bitten mongrel? I gave a direct order. Obey me or feel my wrath!"

SAL "(TO CASSIMA) M'lady, I apologize for my behavior, but I am yours to command in all things. I wanted merely to hear your own wishes from your own lips."

SAL "Tell me what is it that you wish me to do with this young man, and I will obey."

SHA "Why Captain, you heard my dear Abdul. If he wishes this atrocious young man's death, then I want nothing more than to see him get his wish. Obey thy liege now and always."

SAL "(VERY SAD AND RESIGNED) As you wish, princess."

SAL "(GRIMLY, RESIGNED) The princess has spoken. Prepare to die."

Alhazred is interested only in ridding himself of the youthful, and threatening, Alexander.
Alhazred is not interested in Alexander's pitifully inadequate spell book, and there's no spell in there for murdering blackguards!

Alexander is not in a position to attack anyone, with Saladin's sword only inches away!

Alhazred would hardly agree to drink Alexander's potion right now.

Alexander does, indeed, feel like throttling the murdering Alhazred. But Saladin would undoubtedly kill Alexander long before he reached the vizier.

VIZ "Hah! You fool! Do you think to threaten me with that pitiful old lamp?"

ALEX "I have this lamp, Alhazred...."

VIZ "Hah! You fool! Do you think to threaten me with that cheap new lamp?"

VIZ "(SCARED, ANGRY) What? How did you get that, you thief?"

SHA "(CONCERNED, HASTY--STILL GENIE) Never mind, Alhazred! That lamp means nothing--it is a fake!"

VIZ "(ANGRIER THAN EVER) Blast it! Kill the devil quick, before I do it myself!"

The vizier's eyes glitter with hard triumph as he prepares to watch his rival die.

At this point, it hardly matters to the vizier what correspondences Alexander might have had with Cassima. After all, the rivalry between the vizier and the prince is about to be terminated.

ALEX "You fiend! What spell have you wrought over my Cassima to make her behave so?"

VIZ "The princess only speaks her mind, young fool! What makes you think she would ever prefer YOU to ME?"

That won't make Cassima come to her senses and change her mind!

ALEX "Look into this mirror, 'my love,' and show us your true heart!"

SHA "AIEEE! That mirror! NO!!!"

There's nothing in that spell book that will make Cassima 'change' her mind now!

It would probably be a little difficult to convince Cassima to drink that potion right now!

Making Cassima smell that horrible flower is hardly going to change her orders to Saladin!

Cassima doesn't seem to care whether Alexander lives or dies right now. She is, therefore, probably not interested in anything she might have sent him through Sing Sing.

Saladin's sword would stop Alexander long before he could ever grab Cassima.

SHA "(NASTY/GENIE) And a poor-looking one it is, too! Why should I care about that old thing?"

ALEX "I have this lamp, 'princess.'"

SHA "(NASTY/GENIE) What an awful-looking lamp! I'm afraid I have no interest in it, whatsoever."

SHA "(EXCITED, STILL NASTY/GENIE) That lamp! How did you get it?"

SHA "(CONFUSED, THEN ANGRY) Wait a minute! That's not...er, never mind. Kill him, Saladin!"

Alexander is horrified by the expression of malignant glee distorting Cassima's beautiful face.

Could his wishful heart have been wrong about her all along?

Cassima has just ordered Alexander's death! She's probably not in the mood to hear a love poem right now!

Cassima is not the one in need of a speedy exit right now.

It is probably a little late to be wooing Cassima with precious gems!

ALEX "Perhaps the princess would care for some delicious peppermint leaves?"

Cassima is obviously not interested in wearing Alexander's ring, since she has just ordered his death!

It is probably a little late to be wooing Cassima with flowers!

ALEX "(HORRIFIED, HURT) Cassima, what are you saying?"

SHA "(NASTY/GENIE) Silence his tongue! His voice offends me!"

SAL "Yes, princess."

The Oracle's sacred water might or might not produce an interesting effect on Cassima, but it is doubtful that Alexander could get her to drink it just now!

The Tower

There's no point in messing around with that door now! There are bigger things at stake!

SHA "I'm afraid there's not much more to see in the throne room! There will be more fireworks out here! Tee, hee!"

ALEX "Wait! Shamir, I..."

A large wooden door leads back into the throne room.

Locking the door to the throne room won't help anything! Shamir, the genie, would just poof right through, and the vizier has already gone up the stairs!

The descending staircase leads back to the throne room level of the tower.

This is no time for playing around with objects! Cassima is in real danger--Alhazred is probably headed for her right now!

Alexander can't even think about exploring at a time like this! Alhazred is getting away!

Alexander is standing in a beautiful round tower. Stairs lead upward, spiraling towards the top of the tower...and Alhazred!

ALEX "Alhazred, you coward, come back here!"

There is no reply--from the coward or anyone else.

It's Alhazred! He's getting away!

SHA "Changed your mind about chasing after my master, eh? Good idea! You never would have won, anyway, and it's so much easier to just kill you here!"

ALEX "Wait! Shamir, I..."

There he goes!

SHA "So there you are! Decided to wait around for me, eh?"

ALEX "Uh. Hello, Shamir. I was just leaving. If you'll let me pass...."

SHA "'Fraid not. I have my orders, you know."

The torches can't help Alexander now--even if he could get them off the wall!

Marbled-sheathed torches spill their glow across the tower.

A staircase spirals up to the next floor of the tower.

Final Battle

CAS "Alexander! Be careful, Alhazred has a sword!"
VIZ "Shut up, wench! SHAMIR SHAMAZEL!!! Get in here!"
SHA "Here I am, Master!"
VIZ "It's about time, you bumbling fool! How could you let him follow me?"
SHA "Well, there were the guard dogs, Master, and then...."
VIZ "NEVER MIND!! Just kill him--kill him NOW!"
SHA "<sigh> As you wish, Master."
SHA "RAZZLE DAZZLE, SNAP AND SNAZZLE...."

JOL "(WHISPERING EAGERLY TO ALEXANDER) Prince Alexander, I did it! I swapped the lamps! Here, quick, take it!"
ALEX "Bless you, Jollo! I knew you could do it! Now get clear, friend!"
JOL "No argument there, my lord. Good luck!"

ALEX "Shamir Shamazel! Hold your spells! I am your master now. I order you to go back into your lamp."
VIZ "(ASTONISHED) WHAT? How did you get my lamp! You thief! You...you...you.... You've ruined me!"
SHA "My lamp! Oh, thank Balhalla! I hated working for that loathsome creature! I already feel his nastiness leaving me! How I've longed for a master like you!"
SHA "I've got a new master! I've got a new master!"
VIZ "(CHALLENGINGLY) So you are a thief as well, Alexander? Stealing the lamp was very clever, I'll grant you that, but I am the master thief! Face my sword, if you dare! The man left standing shall have the lamp!"
ALEX "(QUIETLY ANGRY--FED UP) So shall it be, Alhazred! I don't need the genie to deal with a coward like you!"

There's no time for that now! Alexander is fighting for his life--and Cassima's!
Alexander is already doing all he can to lift the huge, heavy sword.

Alexander would gladly give Cassima all he owned, but he'll have to get past Alhazred first!
It's too late for that now! The vizier is standing in the way!
Alhazred still stands between Alexander and Cassima. Alexander cannot reach the princess unless he deals with the vizier first!

The courageous princess is being stalked by the outraged vizier!
So this is where Alhazred stashed the real Cassima during the wedding ceremony! She struggles against her bonds, but, thankfully, doesn't seem to be harmed.

ALEX "Cassima, watch out!"

CAS "Alexander, help!"

ALEX "Don't be afraid, princess."

CAS "I trust you, Alexander, but please be careful!"

Alexander should save Cassima first and worry about wooing her later.

Using that on the door would serve no purpose.

Alexander can't get past the vizier to escape out the door! Besides, he would never leave Cassima behind to fend for herself!

There's a door on the west side of the round tower.

ALEX "Look what I have here, Shamir!"

SHA "So? <tee, hee>"

The genie seems unimpressed with that.

It would be impossible to get close enough to a genie to use a weapon on it!

Shamir Shamazel would be unlikely to accept something to drink from Alexander at this point!

Alexander can't take the genie by force--the creature would only 'poof' himself free.

The genie has no reason to be interested in that lamp!

That's NOT the genie's lamp, and the genie would know that immediately!

Alhazred's genie, Shamir Shamazel, looks like he's winding up for a huge dazzle spell--and he's aiming it at Alexander!

ALEX "Look what I have here, my friend. Peppermint! Nice fresh peppermint!"

SHA "Razzle...er...Dazzle...hmmm!"

VIZ "(ANXIOUS, ANGRY/AFRAID) Forget the stupid peppermint! Don't you DARE even think about it!"

SHA "HMMM! MINT!"

VIZ "(HALF-CRYING, HOPELESS) Oh, no! Not now!"

SHA "Tee, hee <hic>. Tee, hee, hee."

VIZ "DO something, SHAMIR SHAMAZEL! KILL HIM!!!!!!!"

SHA "SEND A SMALL...I MEAN A BALL OF <hic> LIGHT TO FRAZZLE!"

The dazzle ball goes wild!

It bounces erratically around the room!

SHA "Uh, <hic> oh."

VIZ "You killed my genie! You idiot! Don't you know how valuable he was! You fool!"

VIZ "I'll kill you myself for that outrage!"

ALEX "(QUIETLY ANGRY--FED UP) So shall it be, Alhazred! I'm ready!"

It would be impossible to get close enough to a genie to use a weapon on it!

ALEX "Listen to me, Shamir! Renounce the vizier--I know you are not really evil!"

SHA "But I am a genie, and a genie has a master! You are not the one who holds my lamp!"

There's no reason to use that on the huge sword on the wall!

In desperation, Alexander fixes upon the only weapon in sight.

ALEX "Zounds! This sword must weigh a ton!"

VIZ "Good. Then you shall only fail sooner, my prince!"

It looks like Alexander will have to deal with Shamir before he does anything else, and that sword would be rather useless against a genie!

A very large, ornate, ceremonial sword has been mounted on the wall.

There's nothing there that will help Alexander in his final battle with the vizier!

It seems that Alexander is to face his destiny--for good or ill--in this round room at the top of the castle's grand tower.

Calling to the four winds will not help Alexander in his final battle!

VIZ "But I forget--I stalk a kitten and turn my back to a lion! It wouldn't do to let you gather your strength again, my prince."

Alhazred finishes off Alexander with one swipe of his sword.

ALEX "(DYING) Forgive me...Cassima!"

CAS "(HORRIFIED) Alexander, no!"

SHA "SEND A BALL OF LIGHT TO FRAZZLE!"

The dazzle ball hits Alexander!

SHA "(SCREAMING IN TERROR) Alexander, no!"

VIZ "You may have penetrated the other islands and gotten past my guard dogs and my genie, but I knew you'd never be man enough to face my sword."

CAS "Alexander, watch out!"

ALEX "I'm...sorry...Cassima!"

Alexander would never take the easy way out and escape! He couldn't leave Cassima behind at the mercy of the vizier!

A descending staircase leads down to a lower level of the tower.

That would never stop Alhazred's sword!

First things first! Alexander would love to deal with the vizier, but that dazzle-throwing genie is a bit more of an immediate threat!

Unfortunately, there's nothing in the spell book that covers black-hearted viziers!

That small dagger would never be a match for the vizier's sword--at least, not while the vizier is facing the dagger's bearer and can see it coming!

The vizier might be evil, but he's not stupid. He would hardly consent to drink Alexander's potion! Alexander's bare hands would have little chance against Alhazred's sword.

After all the effort Jollo went through to get that lamp, Alexander would hardly want to just hand it back to the vizier!

The vizier has no reason to be interested in that lamp!

The sight of that lamp might annoy the vizier, but it would otherwise accomplish very little since it is, in fact, NOT the genie's lamp.

Alhazred looks confident that his genie will be able to take care of the handsome young interloper once and for all!

Alhazred handles his sword deftly. He looks quite enraged, and more than ready to avenge himself on the interloping prince who has ruined his dreams of glory!

Alhazred, blind with rage at the princess's audacity, has turned his back on Alexander and is now attacking Cassima!

The vizier is probably not interested in Cassima's communications with Alexander at this point!

The vizier is not the one with a weakness for peppermint!

Throwing the spoiled egg at the vizier would probably annoy him, but it wouldn't stop him!

That clumsy scythe would be no match for Alhazred's sword!

VIZ "SO! The mouse would bite?"

ALEX "This mouse SHALL bite, as you shall soon see--or should I say, soon feel?"

VIZ "Hah! You can barely lift that sword, my 'prince!' Better to lay it down now. I promise to dispatch you with little pain."

ALEX "A tempting offer, but I think I'll wait and see what this sword can do."

VIZ "Suit yourself."

Alexander's arms start to tremble under the effort of wielding the huge sword. His muscles are nearing exhaustion.

VIZ "Hah! And so it ends!"

CAS "Not if I can help it, you murderer!"

Cassima thrusts the small dagger into Alhazred's shoulder with all her might!

VIZ "Yyeeiii!!!"

VIZ "You! You dare raise a finger to me?! You will regret that, princess!"

The vizier takes advantage of Alexander's exhaustion. He thrusts his sword deep into Alexander's chest.

ALEX "Cassima! Forgive me!"

CAS ALEXANDER! NO!"

ALEX "Think of what you do, villain! You will pay for your crimes!"

VIZ "The only one who will pay is YOU, for what you've done to my plans! This I assure you, my prince!"

There is no point in reasoning with that black-hearted devil!

ALEX "If you release the princess, I will guarantee you a fair trial for your crimes."

VIZ "Hah! And I guarantee that immense amounts of pain will very shortly consume you!"

ALEX "Won't you reconsider and surrender?"

VIZ "Hold your tongue and fight, you coward!"

Using that on the windows won't help anything!

Alexander can't escape out the window! Besides, he would never leave Cassima behind with the vizier!

Long, peaked windows overlook the isle and the sea below. Unfortunately, Alexander's in no position to appreciate the view!

The vizier, distracted so well by Cassima's bravery, fails to watch the sword at his back--or the enraged prince who wields it!

ALEX "Leave her alone, Alhazred! You are through harming her--and this kingdom!"

VIZ "Wha...?"

ALEX "Cassima! Are you all right?"

CAS "I'm fine, Alexander. I just was so afraid for you!"

ALEX "There's no need to fear anymore, princess."

CAS "Yes. I know. How can I ever repay you? For myself, for my kingdom..."

ALEX "It was not in me to let harm come to you. Can you find it in you, princess, to give me more than your gratitude?"

CAS "Alexander! What are you saying?"

ALEX "I love you, Cassima. Would you ever consider...do you think you could...marry me?"

CAS "Could you ever have doubted it, my prince?"

The Ending Sequence In All Its Colourful Disguises

BAY "<growl!> Ahem!"

CAS "Oh! Guards!"

BAY "Princess Cassima, are you well?"

CAS "I am quite well, thank you. Please take Abdul and put him in the dungeon. See to it that he gets a doctor."

BAY "Yes, Majesty."

One week later...

Cassima and Alexander ask Captain Saladin to perform their wedding ceremony. Saladin is honored to do so.

SAL "On this historical day of great joy in the Land of the Green Isles, we witness the union of Cassima, beloved princess of this realm, and Alexander, prince of Daventry!"

SAL "Do you, Prince Alexander of Daventry, take Princess Cassima to be your wife, to love and to cherish for as long as you both shall live?"
ALEX "I do."
SAL "And do you, Princess Cassima of the Land of the Green Isles, take Prince Alexander to be your husband, to love and to cherish, for as long as you both shall live?"
CAS "I do."

SAL "Do you have a ring?"
ALEX "I have my insignia ring."
SAL "Very good. Please place the ring on Cassima's finger."
SAL "Do you have a ring?"
CAS "I have Alexander's royal insignia ring."
SAL "Very good. Please place the ring on Cassima's finger."
SAL "Do you have a ring?"
ALEX "Er...I'm afraid I left my insignia ring in the pawn shop."
CAS "That's all right, Alexander. We'll get one later."
SAL "Well, hmmm, I guess we'll skip the ring."

SAL "Who gives this bride to be wed?"

SAL "Who gives this bride to be wed?"
CAL "Her mother and I willingly give our daughter's hand in wedlock."
SAL "Who gives this bride to be wed?"
JOL "That would be me. In the name of King Caliphim, beloved friend, I give his daughter, Cassima, in wedlock."
CAS "Thank you, Jollo."

SAL "Since the groom has no family present, I will speak on his behalf."
SAL "Alexander, your union with this woman is sanctioned and recognized in the eyes of the community."
ALEX "Thank you, Saladin."
SAL "Who will speak for the groom?"
GRA "I will. Alexander's mother and I recognize his marriage to Princess Cassima with glad hearts and sanction this union."

SAL "Then, Alexander and Cassima, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride."
CROWD "Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

CAL "Congratulations, my children! I have an important question for you both, please hear me!"
ALEX "Yes, Sire?"
CAL "Alexander, I welcome you into our family with open arms! I placed trust in Alhazred because I so badly wanted a son and a husband for my beloved daughter. I was wrong. But you are true and good, Alexander, and have proven yourself to all my people."
ALEX "Thank you, Sire."
CAL "Allaria and I have been through much. Even though we have returned to our kingdom, I do not think we are able to reign again. Will you two consider the Crown? I know as king and queen you can heal this small kingdom from all the

damage that Alhazred has inflicted upon it."

CAS "Oh, Father!"

SAL "Excuse my interrupting your joy, but I have an important question for the new bride and groom."

ALEX "What is it, Saladin?"

SAL "Alexander, Alhazred hurt this little kingdom nearly to the point of destroying all that we stand for. But you are true and good, and have proven yourself to all the people."

ALEX "Thank you, Captain."

SAL "King Caliphim and Queen Allaria are gone and can never be restored. Alhazred has, thankfully, been banished. But we are leaderless. I believe you two can heal this small kingdom from all the damage that Alhazred has inflicted upon it."

SAL "Will you two, Alexander and Cassima, consider becoming the ruling king and queen?"

ALEX "Why, I'm honored.... What do you think, Cassima?"

!!!Removed this msg "What is it that you wish, Cassima?"

CAS "I love my homeland, Alexander. I would be happy to stay and to serve it all my days."

ALEX "Father? I believe I am needed here. Would you be very disappointed if...."

GRA "Son, you must follow your destiny. I DO believe the Land of the Green Isles needs you. You will be a magnificent king, though dearly missed in Daventry."

ALEX "Then, I accept."

VAL "Oh, my boy! What a man you've become, and how I will miss you!"

ALEX "Don't worry, Mother. With Shamir's powers we'll be able to visit often! I'm not about to forget my family."

ROS "Congratulations, Alexander! I'm so proud of you!"

ALEX "Thank you, dear sister."

ALEX "I wish my father were here so that I could ask his advice."

ALEX "I will miss him, and my mother and sister, and Daventry...."

ALEX "But I love you, Cassima, and I DO feel at home here. Somehow, this land and I seem to suit each other. I don't know what kind of a king I'll make, but...."

ALEX "I accept."

CAS "Oh, Alexander, I am so happy! If only my parents could have been alive to see this day, my joy would be complete!"

ALEX "I'm sorry I could not spare you that grief, beloved."

CAS "Oh, Alexander, I am so glad! Between the return of my beloved parents and our new reign, you've made me so happy!"

ALEX "I'm glad I could make up for some of your suffering, my beautiful wife."

GRA "Congratulations, King Alexander! When we return home to Daventry, your crew will be glad to hear that their battle at sea was worthwhile--in bringing forth a new monarch!"

VAL "We were so worried when your men arrived home without you, son! I'm so thankful that you are safe and happy!"

ALEX "And I am as grateful that my crew did not pay for my driven heart!"

SAL "King Alexander, there is a long road ahead. The ferry must be repaired before we can reunite the islands."

SAL "You have only brought us ALL good fortune, Sire! With Shamir saved, and his power used for good, reuniting the islands will be far easier. He has already repaired the ferry."

SAL "Your road will be easier now that the islands are no longer feuding. Already the wounds are starting to heal."
CAS "Yes, my love, discovering the island's stolen treasures has done more to bring peace to this land than anything else. It is now clear that Alhazred had Shamir steal each of the island's most valued treasure, then blamed the thefts on others to cause the islands to hate each other."
SAL "Unfortunately, the islands are still feuding. It will take some time, and great diplomacy, to convince them to reunite and stop fighting each other."
CAS "Yes, Alexander. We will have to try to discover how Alhazred managed to make them hate each other so that we can undo what he has done."

SAL "Now, let us celebrate our good fortune! The evil that has plagued this land is done, and a new reign begins! Long live King Alexander and Queen Cassima!"
CROWD "LONG LIVE KING ALEXANDER!"
"LONG LIVE QUEEN CASSIMA!"
"LONG LIVE THE LAND OF THE GREEN ISLES!"
"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

You received out of points. You've completed approximately percent of the main-path puzzles in King's Quest VI.
We hope you'll play again!
Congratulations on your excellent performance! If you want to go "beyond" the ultimate score, we recommend that you try the other, "easier" entrance to the castle. You can do so easily by restoring back to a point just before the Druid's rain storm. DON'T GO BACK TO SEE THE DRUIDS--instead, head for the castle. New puzzle challenges await you!
Thank you for playing King's Quest VI.

Have A Nice Death

(Drowning deaths)

SHA "Tee, hee, hee! Not a very good swimmer, are you?"

ALEX "<Glub> Help me!"

SHA "Sorry! I think not! Tee, hee!"

As his head submerges for the third time, Alexander finds himself pondering the wisdom of going out on a limb for a stranger.

Alexander couldn't handle those currents. That boy must be an unbelievably strong swimmer!

The gnomes toss Alexander too far out into the sea for him to get his footing! The currents drag him under!

The currents around the island pull Alexander under!

As Alexander struggles to the surface for the third and last time, he finds himself wishing he'd paid more attention to the warning signs of an undertow!

Nothing like getting swept off your feet...

Guess those gnomes couldn't reach a con-SENSES!

(Shot by stone archer)
That move was slightly arrow-neous!

(Turned into beast)
Was that the beast you could do?

(touching the spider)
Why do you think they call her a WIDOW?

(walked into spider's web)
Well, walked right into that one!

(Fall into boiling pond)
It looks like Alexander's in a bit of a stew.

(Push wrong button in the set of 4 on the cliffs)
What a riddle! Stones of stealth! Find a Guide, to keep your health!

(hit trap floor in maze)
Don't just wander, Alexander! Let your conscience be your Guide.

(Misstep on Logical Steps)
That wasn't a very logical step!

(Get squashed under the lowering ceiling)
Alexander never was much good at SQUASH!

(Walk into druid ritual)
That was a bit too hot to handle! Alexander should have been better prepared.

(Getting caught on Mists beach by druids)
Feeling hot and sweaty? Try a shower!

Caught in the act! Alexander's in the doghouse now!

Timing is everything....
Perhaps Alexander should have introduced himself when he had the chance!

(Fall into fiery pit after Minotaur is defeated)
From the frying pan into the fire....

It must have been love at first bite!

(eaten by gate)
Riddle, fiddle, what to do?
Somewhere sticky, there's a clue!

(Zapped by Shameer)
Genie, meenie, minie, moe...Alexander can't be slow!

Don't be taken in by a pretty face, Alexander.

(Eat nightshade when Grandma is there)
And then there's some land I have for sale in the death bogs of Tamir...

(Strangled by the Isle of Wonder vines)
Just wanna be loved by you....

(failing challenge)
"Death...where is thy sting?" Now Alexander knows....

(wait too long at Death, or touching him)
Death waits for no man!

(Pushed in the fiery pit by Minotaur)
There's something to be said for taking the bull by the horns, Alexander!

(Wait too long with lighting tinderbox in maze)
Caught in the dark, Alexander?

(Get stuck in the noisy room next to the room with tapestry without the Hole-In-The-Wall)
Caught in a blind alley! If only Alexander could have seen what was coming....

Sometimes looks ARE everything!

That wasn't berry smart, Alexander!

(Be in dungeon without handkerchief)
Too bad Alexander couldn't quiet those ghostly tears!

(fall into Styx)
Hey, hey, what a fix!
 Bathin' in the River Styx!

(Killed by Saladin if you don't produce the letter or dawdle at the wedding)
Evidently, Saladin is a dog to be reckoned with.

(Killed by Saladin after Cassima-genie condemns you)
She loves me, she loves me NOT?

(drown in swamp)
Do you ever get that sinking feeling?

(Get killed in the Decorated Tile Labyrinth)
Three spikes and you're out!

(getting touched by undead)
Alexander's mother always told him to avoid bad ghouls!

(Dawdle at Charon)
Hey! That's not fare!

(Don't give dagger to Cassima)
Too bad Cassima's all tied up at the moment....

(Don't attack Alhazred with sword)
Touche! Alexander should have been on guard.

(Get in the dungeons without key and Jollo)
'Tis a noble thing to have a means of escape, and 'tis a far, far better thing to never get caught at all!

If you need help, press F1.

ALEX "Hello. I'm Prince Alexander of Daventry, and I'm the one you'll be leading around on this quest. The success of my search for Cassima depends on you, so I thought I'd show you how to run things."

ALEX "All my actions are controlled through ICONS. The icons are available through the ICON BAR. For mouse users, move your mouse cursor to the top of the screen. For keyboard users, press the ESCAPE key or the Del key on your numeric pad. For joystick, press the right or 'B' button. The icon bar will then appear, like this:"

ALEX "The icons on the icon bar are; the WALK icon..."

ALEX "...the HAND icon..."

ALEX "...the LOOK icon..."

ALEX "...the TALK icon..."

ALEX "...the CURRENT inventory icon window (when there is one)..."

ALEX "...the INVENTORY button..."

ALEX "...and the SYSTEMS button."

ALEX "You can select an icon to use by 'clicking' on that icon on the icon bar. You 'click' with your left mouse button, your keyboard ENTER key, or your joystick FIRE button."

ALEX "You can also select icons by clicking your right mouse button. This will cycle through all the action cursors; WALK, HAND, LOOK, TALK, and CURRENT inventory item icon. Key 5 on your keyboard's numeric pad cycles icons the same way."

ALEX "As a short cut, if you have a middle mouse button, click it to cycle only between your active icon and the WALK icon. This is handy in a new area, for example, where you spend most of your time WALKing and LOOKing. Key 0 (or Ins) on your keyboard's numeric pad does the same thing."

ALEX "Once you've selected an icon, click that icon wherever you wish to execute that action. Again, you can 'click' or execute the icon with the left mouse button, the ENTER key, or the FIRE button on your joystick."

ALEX "Okay. Got it? Let's try a few."

ALEX "WALK. Use the WALK icon to move me from location to location in the game. Select the WALK icon and press it where you would like me to move. Like this:"

ALEX "LOOK. The LOOK icon triggers a printed message about objects and locations on the screen. Very often, clues and information about puzzles are in LOOK messages, so always click the LOOK icon everywhere on a new screen. To look at something, select the LOOK icon, and click it on whatever you want to look at."

ALEX "For example, see that glinting object on the sand near the water? Glinting objects are always a good idea to check out. Let's LOOK at it and see what the game has to say about it:"

Alexander's royal insignia ring lies abandoned on the sand. It must have slipped from his finger during the shipwreck. Fortunately, it was not lost in the sea.

ALEX "Hmmm. My royal insignia ring, eh? That might come in handy, don't you think? I'll show you how to get it with the next icon."

ALEX HAND. The HAND icon means 'manipulate object' and can be used to pick up things, open things, close things, move things, search things, and so on. Select the HAND icon and click it on an object that you want to manipulate."

ALEX "Let's pick up that ring on the sand now. Select HAND and click it on the ring. The ring is small, so be careful to click the tip of the finger on the HAND icon right on the ring, or the game will think you are trying to manipulate the sand."

Alexander picks up his royal insignia ring from the beach.

ALEX "The game also just told you what I did; I got the ring. Messages help make my actions more clear in most cases."

ALEX "The last button on your icon bar is the SYSTEMS button. Clicking on the SYSTEMS button will bring up the game's control panel."

ALEX "This is the control panel. From here you may select game options. You can SAVE, RESTORE, RESTART, QUIT, see game information under ABOUT, and PLAY. There are also three sliders: DETAIL, VOLUME, and SPEED. You can also see your current score."

ALEX "The SAVE button is for saving the current state of your game. This lets you try something dangerous and have a way to get back to where you were before you tried it. SAVE OFTEN, whenever you make progress in the game. That way, if I should happen to...uh...get in trouble, you can avoid extra time by just restoring."

ALEX "The RESTORE button is for restoring. You may restore any one of the games that you saved. If there was a sequence that you particularly enjoyed, you may view it again and again."

ALEX "The RESTART button will take you all the way back to the beginning of the game so you can play a new game from scratch. Remember that if you restart, the current state of the game is lost. It would probably be a good idea to save before you restart."

ALEX "The QUIT button is for leaving the game entirely and returning to your operating system."

ALEX "The ABOUT button is an information and help button. It will give you information about this game and the King's Quest series. There's also a beginner's walk-thru and a tips section available through the ABOUT button. Look at one or both if you're having problems figuring out what to do."

ALEX "The PLAY button is to leave the control panel and return to the game."

ALEX "The DETAIL slider is to adjust the amount of detail in the game. If you feel that the game is running too slow, you may turn this down. Superfluous animation will stop. This is a help on slower machines."

ALEX "The VOLUME slider is to adjust the volume in the game. This is only applicable for certain sound cards. This will not work on the PC internal speaker."

ALEX "The SPEED slider will adjust my speed. It will not affect any other animation in the game."

ALEX "There's just two more important things about the interface that will help your gameplay. First, when you have a close-up inset of something (such as a box) on the screen, click OUTSIDE the inset to exit or clear the inset."

ALEX "Second, during long dialogues, clicking the right button will skip messages and speed through the scene. BE CAREFUL with that right button, though! You don't want to clear any messages you haven't yet read or you will most likely miss important clues!"

ALEX "Well, that's the game interface. If you have a hard time getting started, you might want to look at the 'Beginner's Walk-Thru,' available through the ABOUT button. Also make sure you check out the 'Tips on playing King's Quest VI' section under the ABOUT button for strategy tips on mastering the game."

ALEX "There is much to be done before you and I accomplish our mission. Have fun and remember--take your time and really explore. There are a lot of details in this game. Take the time to look around and savor everything. GOOD LUCK!"

Do you want to leave the demo?

No. I'm fascinated.

Yes. I know all this stuff already.

ALEX During this demo, press the ENTER key on your keyboard or your left mouse button to clear each message. To exit this demo, press any key or click a mouse button when a text box is NOT on the screen.

ALEX "Your INVENTORY is the group of objects--such as the ring--that you collect during the game. Click on the INVENTORY button on your icon bar to bring up the INVENTORY WINDOW. The inventory window shows you all the items you have. Right now, all we have is a ring."

ALEX "Look! More icons! These are really similar to the icons on the icon bar, except these icons operate on the items in your inventory window. For example, the LOOK icon here is for looking at an inventory item. Let's LOOK at the ring."

Alexander's ring is made of the purest gold and has the insignia of the royal family of Daventry on its face.

ALEX "The HAND icon is for manipulating an object in your inventory window. Try this with everything new you get. HAND does different things, depending on the item; it can let you read something, eat something, open something, and so on. Sometimes there's even an item hidden INSIDE another item, and the only way to find it is with HAND."

ALEX "Of course, sometimes HAND on an item just gets a little more descriptive detail or says that you can't DO anything with the item at all. Let's try HAND on the ring."

ALEX Alexander is already wearing his ring.

ALEX "The TALK icon lets you try to talk to an inventory item. Although most inventory items will have nothing to say, a few can get downright wordy! Let's try TALKing to the ring."

Reminiscing of home is fine, but the ring is not a very good listener.

ALEX "The MORE button becomes useful later in the game, when you have many items in inventory. If there is more than one page of inventory, clicking on the MORE button will work on either page to flip between the pages."

ALEX "When there's not another page of inventory, you'll see this message:"

This is the only page of inventory.

ALEX "Finally, the ARROW icon lets you select an item to be your CURRENT inventory icon. That item's icon will then appear on the icon bar in the CURRENT inventory icon window and be one of your active cursors when you cycle cursors. Click on the ARROW, then on the item. Your cursor will now become the selected item."

ALEX "Once you have an item's cursor, you can also try to use that item on another inventory item in the inventory window. For example, you might have a KEY and want to use that KEY on another inventory item such as a LOCKED BOX. To do that, you would use the arrow to select the KEY, then click that KEY icon on the BOX in the inventory window."

ALEX "We only have one item right now, but be sure to try this out once you've picked up a few objects in the game."

ALEX "Once you've selected an icon to be current (or even if you haven't), you can just click on the OK button to erase the inventory window and return you to the game."

ALEX "See? The ring is now in the CURRENT inventory icon window and is also the cursor. The RING icon or cursor looks like a ring. Every inventory item in the game has its own icon that looks like that item."

ALEX "Inventory objects are used to solve puzzles in the game. To use an item, click the item's icon on an object on the screen. That means; try to use the item on the object."

ALEX "For example, we can try to throw the ring in the sea by clicking RING on the ocean on the screen."

Alexander doesn't want to throw his royal ring in the sea! It has great sentimental value to him!

ALEX "It's a good idea to always try any inventory item you get on me, Alexander. If I had a guitar, for example, you could click the GUITAR icon on me, and I would then play the guitar. Let's try it with the ring."

Alexander is already wearing his royal insignia ring.

ALEX "Other examples of puzzles that might involve clicking an inventory item on an object on the screen include: using a KEY on a locked door on the screen, using MONEY on a greedy guard who might be bribed, or using a SHOVEL to dig in a garden."

ALEX "Before we move on to SYSTEMS, here's something you'll find at times in the game; sometimes during certain scenes or while certain insets are up, you might notice that part or all of your icon bar is disabled."

ALEX "Look at your icon bar. If there is no color outline around a particular icon, it is disabled and you may not select that icon at the current point in the game. For example, right now WALK and HAND are disabled. Disabled icons will become available to you again after you finish with the current scene or inset."

ALEX "TALK. The TALK icon lets you talk to objects in the game. You can try TALKing to anything, although only speaking creatures will generally talk back. Select the TALK icon and click the icon on the object or person that you would like to talk to."

ALEX "Um.... There's actually no one here right now, so let's try talking to the ocean." The currents continue to murmur, but they do not reply to Alexander.

ALEX "You get the idea. Just over that hill behind me, you'll meet some people you can talk to. Try the TALK icon on them. It's a good idea to use the TALK icon frequently. The other characters in the game usually know more about what's going on than I do, and they can give you lots of important information."

ALEX "The window next to TALK shows the CURRENT inventory icon. Right now, the window is empty--but we'll fix that by going into inventory."

About

CD-ROM version of King's Quest VI available in Spring 1993. Thank you for playing King's Quest VI. King's Quest I: Quest for the Crown

Long ago, in the kingdom of Daventry, there were three magical treasures that kept the kingdom strong and prosperous: A magic mirror that foretold the future, an enchanted shield with the power to protect from any invaders, and a treasure chest that was never empty. These treasures were taken from Daventry by deception and stealth, and without them Daventry grew poor and weak. King Edward, once a stout-hearted and vigorous ruler, had become powerless and sickly. Edward had no heir, and everyone feared that chaos would result from his death. King Edward asked his bravest knight, Sir Graham, to embark upon a quest to recover the three treasures. Despite many challenges, Graham's quest was successful. As his reward, King Edward named Sir Graham his heir and granted him the throne of Daventry. Thus began the reign of King Graham of Daventry. King's Quest II: Romancing the Throne

King Graham was a wise and kindly monarch. With his great wisdom, and the return of the three treasures, Daventry prospered once more. But Graham knew that he must soon marry and establish his own royal line with an heir to the throne. The handsome young king searched far and wide for a bride, but no maiden captured his eye nor his longing heart. Then, one day, King Graham saw in his magic mirror a vision of a lovely young woman held prisoner in a quartz tower. The captive maiden was named Valanice, a girl both beautiful and wise. She had been stolen from her home and taken to a far land. Graham vowed to find her and set her free. After a long journey with many trials, he did just that. Graham asked Valanice to be his queen, and she agreed. Thus began the royal family of King Graham and Queen Valanice of Daventry. King's Quest III: To Heir is Human

Queen Valanice and King Graham soon became the parents of twins, a son and a daughter named Alexander and Rosella. Life in Daventry was peaceful and good--for a time. But the young prince

was stolen from his cradle, and the kingdom went into years of deep mourning. In a land far away lived an evil and powerful wizard named Manannan. It was his wont to kidnap infant boys and raise them to be his slaves. Before his slaves were full-grown and could pose a threat to the wizard's dominance, Manannan ridded himself of each in turn. However, Manannan's most recent vassal, a boy he called Gwydion, was unusually bright and perceptive. He mastered several of the wizard's spells and turned them against the tyrant to gain his freedom. Gwydion was, of course, the kidnapped Prince Alexander. After escaping Manannan, Alexander's travels brought him to Daventry--not the lovely and peaceful Daventry of days gone by, but a land devastated by a terrible affliction. The kingdom had fallen victim to the ravages of a dreadful three-headed dragon. The beast had burned the land all around and killed many people. Alexander was able to use his newfound magical powers to destroy the dragon and rescue an intended victim--none other than Princess Rosella, his sister--from its lair. He was taken before King Graham and Queen Valanice and the happy family was reunited. Daventry rejoiced and prospered once more. King's Quest IV: The Perils of Rosella

Shortly after Prince Alexander's return, King Graham's health began to fail. The royal physicians were powerless to help him. Only a magical fruit from the faraway land of Tamir could bring about a cure and restore the health of Daventry's beloved monarch. Graham's daughter, Princess Rosella, set off in pursuit of this healing magic for her father. On her journey, she performed many brave deeds, and had many great adventures. Princess Rosella's astounding success as an adventurer saved her father's life, and insured the kingdom's continued well-being once more. King's Quest V: Absence Makes the Heart Go Yonder

But Daventry's fortune was not to continue unchallenged. An evil wizard called Mordack, brother of the ill-fated Manannan, was plotting revenge on the royal family. One day, while King Graham was out for a swim, Mordack used his evil magic to kidnap Valanice, Alexander, and Rosella--along with the entire castle of Daventry! Heartbroken and driven, King Graham resumed his adventurer's cap once more in a quest to rescue his family from the dread wizard's grasp. After traveling far, and being sorely tested, King Graham thwarted Mordack's plans and rescued his entire family. In the process, Graham also released a stolen princess, Cassima, from her bondage in Mordack's castle and sent her back to her home of the Land of the Green Isles. But NOT, that is, before Prince Alexander had become thoroughly and permanently smitten.... King's Quest VI: Heir Today, Gone Tomorrow

King's Quest VI is the story of Prince Alexander's quest to woo Princess Cassima of the Land of the Green Isles. This tale of true love and brave challenge is proudly presented for your enjoyment by Roberta Williams and the King's Quest team.

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William D. Skirvin Directed by:

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King's Quest VI is a little different from any other King's Quest you might have played--and perhaps even from ANY adventure game you've ever played! We're proud of the design of this game, but you'll have to be on your toes to keep up! This "tips section" will give you some special

suggestions for success in mastering this game. THERE ARE NO HINTS OR PUZZLE SOLUTIONS in this section--just playing tips--so, don't be afraid to read on. We promise not to spoil anything. PLAYING ADVENTURE GAMES WELL:

To master this game, you'll need a good adventure game strategy. Here's a few things that will help:

1. LOOK and HAND on everything. Especially on a new screen, or when new items appear on a screen you've previously seen. Read the text carefully. Sometimes, you'll need to read between the lines.
 2. Pick up everything you find (using HAND). There are no limits on inventory items in King's Quest VI, so the more the merrier. If you can pick it up, you'll probably need it.
 3. Try to USE all of your inventory items on the puzzles you encounter in the game. Sometimes even an error message will give you a clue as to what WILL work.
 4. SAVE OFTEN--especially before attempting anything unusual or possibly dangerous. You may want to format several floppies just for this purpose so that you can have more than one directory's worth of save games. It also helps to label your save games explicitly. Since the order and/or timing of puzzles is often significant in King's Quest VI, save games will allow you to easily try different approaches to the puzzles--not to mention recovering from fatal encounters.
 5. READ AND SAVE YOUR GUIDEBOOK!! There are a number of puzzles which can only be solved using the "Guidebook to the Land of the Green Isles," and several others where this manual will save you much frustration.
 6. If you get stuck on a puzzle, move on and come back later. Often, just the key you need is somewhere you haven't yet explored.
 7. DRAW MAPS of the new areas you find. Most areas of the game aren't difficult to remember without a map, but there are a few in which mapping will definitely help!
 8. Making friends is ALWAYS a good idea. Prince Alexander is in a strange land. He'll need all the help he can get. Even when people push him away, it's a good idea to persevere. There's always a way to win someone over.
 9. It's always wise to TALK to every game character until they begin repeating themselves. It often takes more than one TALK to get all of a character's information. Also, try TALK again if you suspect things might have changed for that character.
 10. Go back to areas you THINK you've completed. Sometimes things change.
 11. If something, seemingly of importance, is there, there's probably a reason. Take your cue from messages. They will help let you know when things are most likely part of a puzzle rather than just part of the background.
 12. BE CAREFUL. The Land of the Green Isles can be a dangerous place! Watch your step, SAVE OFTEN, and don't believe everything you're told!
- OPTIONAL PUZZLES:

King's Quest VI has many puzzles and subplots which are OPTIONAL. This means that you don't HAVE to find them, or complete them, to finish the game. Approximately 50% of the game is optional. This doesn't mean we made puzzles impossible to find. If you keep your eyes and ears open, read the text carefully, and always pay attention to what the animation is telling you, you'll be able to find everything, never fear. There are also multiple solutions to some of the puzzles--especially the more important ones. Usually, in those cases, one solution is deemed 'better,' while one is 'easier' to find. The solutions available to you may depend upon which branches of the story you have, and haven't, done. And if you miss something the first time, you can always replay. After all, you don't want to miss any of the great puzzles and great animation! BEGINNING ADVENTURERS:

If you are a new player, and feel a bit overwhelmed, you might try moving on if you come across something you don't know how to deal with. Chances are, you may not need to solve that puzzle to see the end of the game. You can always play the game again later, once you're more confident, and pick up the threads you may have missed. Also, if you need help getting started, check out the Beginner's Walk-Thru, available from the ABOUT Button on the SYSTEMS Panel. The walk-thru will lead you through the first few puzzles in the game. If you are unfamiliar with Sierra's

adventure game interface, you might also want to watch the "Interface Demo," available from the opening screen. YOUR SCORE:

Keep an eye on your score. It is on the SYSTEMS panel. If you think you're nearing the end of the game, and have done a ton of stuff...check your score. If you have only 120 points out of the possible 231, chances are you've missed many things, and aren't as close to the end as you thought! PUZZLE ORDER:

If you missed something, you can usually go back and do it later. King's Quest VI is a relatively 'open' world. There are a few set rules for when things must happen, but not too many. Did you forget to do something on an island? Try going back--it will probably still be there. Only when you near the very end of the game will you be unable to travel freely between the islands. EVEN WHEN IT'S OVER, IT'S NOT OVER:

Have you gotten all 231 points? Good for you! Here's something you might not have done, though. There are TWO ways into the castle at the end of the game. If you got ALL the points, you probably did it the more difficult way. It's definitely worthwhile to restore your game back to an earlier point and try entering the castle another, easier, way. You'll see totally new parts of the castle, and the castle puzzles are quite different. MESSAGE CLEARING:

During extensive "dialogue" scenes, clicking the right button will clear all the messages that occur before the next programmed animation. If you've ALREADY SEEN a scene before, you may want to use this feature. BE WARNED, however! It is unfortunately easy to accidentally clear messages the first time through. Be careful with your right mouse button. The first time you see any scene, study the text carefully. There are usually clues in the dialogue that you'll need later. If you think you may have accidentally cleared text in a scene, it might be worthwhile to restore and watch that scene again. PUZZLES EFFECT PUZZLES:

You may notice things changing in the game. For instance, perhaps you solve a certain puzzle--say the cat puzzle--and observe the results. Later, you restore back to a point in the game before the cat puzzle. When you do the cat puzzle again, the results are different! Why? Probably because you solved another puzzle--say the hat puzzle--before redoing the cat puzzle. Sometimes WHEN you solve a puzzle effects the puzzle's outcome. If this happens, it should be clear what order of events is preferable, and you've just gotten one step closer to mastering the game! HINTS:

If you get stuck, you can get help in any of the following ways:

1. Sierra can provide hints through their Sierra BBS, via mail, or through their automated 900 hint line.
2. Alternately, you can purchase a hint book. This is especially recommended once you've been through the game several times. The hint book has information on the creation of King's Quest VI as well as all the maps, optimal walk-thrus, and explanations of how all of the sub-plots and puzzles are related.

See the Game Manual that came in your King's Quest VI box for phone numbers and addresses. Tips for playing King's Quest VI: King's Quest VI Beginner's Walk-thru: WARNING: This section will give you solutions to the first few puzzles in the game. Experienced players might want to avoid this section and strike out on their own, without assistance. This walk-thru is also available separately in your King's Quest VI directory. For instructions on printing or viewing this walk-thru from DOS, see the README file.

As the game begins, Alexander has been shipwrecked on an unknown beach.

- 1) Look at your surroundings. Click the LOOK icon on:

The ocean
The wrecked ship in the distance
The sand on the beach
The rocks
The plank on the beach

2) You may have noticed an odd, glinting object on the sand near the water. LOOK at the glinting object.

3) Hmm, a ring. Pick up the ring with HAND on ring.

4) Now try HAND on various locations on the screen:

The ocean
The wrecked ship in the distance
The sand
The rocks
The path
The plank on the beach

5) The plank was covering something, wasn't it? Click LOOK at the box under the plank. Now click HAND on the box under the plank.

6) You are now viewing an INSET. LOOK all around inside the inset. LOOK at the glinting object in the inset. HAND on glinting object in inset. Note: If you click LOOK or HAND outside the inset, the inset will erase. Don't worry, you can always get it back again.

7) Now it's time to leave the beach and figure out where Alexander has been shipwrecked. Click the WALK cursor over the hill to the north to leave the beach.

8) Alexander is now at a crossroads. Click LOOK all around the screen. Now try HAND. To the left is a village--a place to explore later on your own. Right now, Alexander is more interested in the castle to the right. Click the WALK cursor near the castle to the right.

9) Alexander is now standing in front of a castle. Click the LOOK cursor all around the screen. Now try HAND.

10) In front of the castle doors are two odd-looking creatures--rather like dogs in uniform. Perhaps they can tell Alexander where he is. Click the TALK icon on the dogs.

11) Aha! Now Alexander knows where he is. But what about getting into that castle? Click the TALK icon on the dogs again. And again. In fact, it's always a good idea to use the TALK icon until the other characters begin to repeat themselves.

12) Alexander wants to get inside the castle, but the guard dogs don't want to let him in. This must be a puzzle. Think about what the guard dogs are saying. They don't believe Alexander is a prince. If they did, they might let him in. Does Alexander have any proof?

Go into your inventory from the icon bar. Select the coin you got from the box under the plank. Click on OK on the inventory window. Now click the COIN icon on the guard dogs and observe their response. Try clicking the COIN on them a second time.

Well, that didn't work. Now try the ring. Select the ring and click the RING icon on the guard dogs. Aha! Watch the following cartoon for important story elements.

13) Well, now Alexander knows a little bit about his current situation--and so do you. Now it's time to explore the island--and beyond. IF you can find a way off the island, that is!

Good luck!

As you may notice, some confusion arises with the dog names: the authors mixed them up on occasion. Also, the Rolf/Mitt pair gets the same numbering as the Bay/Wolf pair. I decided to name all #6 characters Bay, and all #7 characters Wolf. There are other canine guard numbers, 81 and 82, these only occur when you're overhearing what's happening in the guard room. They are called Dog1 and Dog2.

Another problem is had with the two Winged Guards: initially there only appeared to be one, so 18 is called WG and the one I found later is WG2.

Third issue is the Genie. Besides his appearances as spy, he appears as cloaked guy, as grandma, swimming boy, Celeste, gardener and Cassima. He is given different character numbers each time (except for Cassima, which gets Cassima numbering), but Shameer Shamazzle is abbreviated as SHA, no matter what his appearance is.

The other notable thing is the amount of people called Ali: the pawn shop owner, the little boy, but also the bookstore owner. Since I did the bookstore bit before the ferryman bit, I referred to that Ali as BOOK. Both other Alis are called ALI.

99 narrator

1 Genie as Celeste (SHA)

2 Alexander (ALEX)

3 Minotaur (MINO)

4 Celeste (CEL)

5 Jollo (JOL)

6 Bay (BAY)

7 Wolf (WOL)

8 Marble statue of dog

9 Dangling Participle (DP)

10 stepmother (STEP)

11 king Caliphim (CAL)

12 Valanice (VAL)

13 Saladin (SAL)

14 Gruff (GRU)

15 Woof (WOO)

16 peddler (PED)

17 Beauty (BEAU)

18 Winged Guard (WG)

19 Oracle (ORA)

20 Azure (AZU)

21 Aerial (AER)

22 Genie swimming boy (SHA)

23 Ferryman (FER)

24 Vizier Abdul Alhazred (VIZ)

26 Arch druid (AD)

28 Cassima (CAS)

29 Shamir animations (SHA)

30 Shamir as old lady (SHA)

31 Second winged guard (WG2)

32 Shamir ending sequence (SHA)

33 bookstore guy (BOOK)

34 black cloak genie (SHA)

35 Ali the pawn shoppe owner (ALI)

36 Gnomes (GNO)

37 oyster (OYS)

38 hole-in-the-wall

39 wallflowers (WAL)
40 Mother spirit (MOM)
41 Undead (UND)
43 bookworm (BWO)
44 Oxymoron (OXY)
45 Diphthong (DIP)
46 black widow (WID)
47 Stick In The Mud (STI)
48 Bump On A Log (BUM)
49 servant
50 Rotten Tomato (RTO)
51 Tomato (TOM)
52 white queen (WQ)
53 red queen (RQ)
55 Gardener (SHA)
56 Beast (BEAST)
58 Gate (GAT)
59 Druid 1 (DRU1)
60 Druid 2 (DRU2)
62 Allaria (ALL)

61 Tom Trow (nose) (TOM)
65 Grovornor (ears) (GRO)
66 Grump-Frump (taste) (GRU)
67 Trilly-Dilly (hands) (TRI)
68 Bill Batter (eyes) (BIL)
70 Rotten Tomato (RTO)
71 baby tears (BAB)
72 sour grapes (GRA)
73 clinging vines (VIN)
75 red night (RK)
76 white knight (WK)
77 Ali the boy spirit (ALI)
78 Death: Samhain (DEATH)
79 Ghosts in the Death scene (GHO)
81 dog1
82 dog2
83 gate skeleton (SKE)
94 King Graham (GRA)
95 Rosella (ROS)

verbs

1 look
2 talk
5 hand
7 use coins
8 use dagger
12 use map
13 use mirror
14 use mystery potion
15 use Beauty's hair

16 use scythe
17 use shield
18 use black hair
19 use rotten egg
20 use tinderbox
24 use vial
25 use hole-in-the-wall
27 use riddle book
28 use spell book
29 use brush
30 use feather
31 use flute
32 use poem
33 use ribbon
34 use tomato
35 use skeleton key
37 use nightingale
39 use brick
40 use Daventry coin
42 use boring book
43 use regular lamp
44 use cup
45 use clothes
46 use coal
47 use smelly flower
48 use gauntlet
49 use ghost ticket
50 use hanky
51 use skull
52 use lettuce
53 use melting lettuce
54 use molten lettuce
62 use milk
63 use mint
64 use nail
65 use Cassima's note
66 use pearl
67 use mint leaves
68 use rabbit's foot
69 use Beast's ring
70 use Daventry ring
71 use rose
72 use scarf
83 use invisible ink
85 use sentence
92 use genie lamp
94 use participle