

## KING'S QUEST V: ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GO YONDER

*This script is reconstructed from the floppy disk version of KQ5.*

Have you previously played King's Quest V?

You cannot save a game right now.

You cannot restore a game right now.

Do you wish to start over?

Do you really want to quit?

King's Quest V

by Roberta Williams

Version: %s

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### Introduction

CASTLE DAVENTRY

"Come on! Up here!"

"Follow meeeeeee...!"

GRAHAM"My castle! What has happened?"

CEDRIC"I can tell you what happened."

GRAHAM"What?!"

CEDRIC"I know what happened to your castle. I saw it all. Yes, I did."

GRAHAM"You did?! Well, then...what happened?!"

CEDRIC"It was the powerful and evil wizard Mordack who did it. I just happened to be visiting with an old friend when I saw him materialize out of thin air. Thank goodness he didn't notice ME!"

GRAHAM"Don't stop now! Go on!"

CEDRIC "He conjured up a terrible whirlwind that swirled faster and faster around the castle. With another incantation Mordack then caused the wind to draw the castle up into the sky and out of sight. Oh, it was something to see, all right!"

CEDRIC"Perhaps I can help you. My employer also happens to be a wizard, which is why I recognized Mordack. Unlike Mordack, though, my employer is a very good wizard."

CEDRIC"His name is Crispinophur...but we all call him Crispin for short. The only problem is, you see...,"

CEDRIC"Wh-Whoa...!"

CEDRIC"Ahem! Anyway...where was I? Oh yes."

CEDRIC"The only problem is that Crispin is getting on in years and tends to be a bit forgetful."

GRAHAM"I don't know. This doesn't sound as if it would work."

CEDRIC"Oh, sure it would! Crispin is a very qualified wizard...one of the best. He just gets a little forgetful now and again, that's all."

GRAHAM"Why? Why would this wizard...Mordack...want my castle? What could he have against me and my family?"

CEDRIC"That I don't know. I only know that it was Mordack who took your castle...and your family."

"Now where is it? I know I brought it with me. Aha! Here it is!"

GRAHAM"What is that?"

CEDRIC"Well! It is my opinion that you don't stand a chance against the likes of Mordack."

CEDRIC"Excuse me for saying, Your Majesty...but you don't have a choice. You MUST

come with me. I'm sure Crispin can help you!"

GRAHAM "What is that stuff?"

CEDRIC "Oh, just some old, left-over fairy dust I've been carrying around. It'll help you to fly."

CEDRIC "You can follow me to the land of Serenia, where Crispin and I live. It's MUCH too far to walk, you know. I think the fairy dust is still good."

GRAHAM "Okay...here I come!"

CEDRIC "There it is! Down here! Come on!"

GRAHAM "Looks like the fairy dust just wore off."

CRISPIN "Cedric! Where have you been? I've been calling for you!"

CRISPIN "Well, well, what have we here?"

CRISPIN "A bit clumsy, are you? Well, come on in the house and dry off. No sense sitting around like a wet dog."

CRISPIN "Cedric, go on in the house and pour each of us a nice hot cup of tea."

CEDRIC "Aye, aye, Crispin."

CRISPIN "...The Society of Wizards has always taken a dim view of Mordack and his abuse of his power. Why, he's even been put on suspension a few times. It never seems to do any good, though."

GRAHAM "Crispin, why would Mordack want to take my family or castle? What did WE ever do to him?"

CRISPIN "I'm afraid I don't know the answer to that. Mordack is a very unpredictable wizard. I've NEVER understood that evil mind of his."

CEDRIC "I thought perhaps you could help His Majesty, Crispin. That's why I brought him here."

CRISPIN "Well, let me see now..."

CRISPIN "I used to be a very powerful wizard at one time, you know...but I've gotten a little rusty lately."

CEDRIC "A LITTLE rusty!"

CRISPIN "That's quite enough from you, Cedric!"

CEDRIC "Yes, sir, Crispin...sir."

CRISPIN "I don't know what I have that would be of much use to you. Most of my wizard stuff is pretty old and worn out. But, let's see what I can find."

CRISPIN "Hmmm. It might work."

CRISPIN "Here, eat this."

GRAHAM "What IS that?"

CRISPIN "That's an old piece of magical white snake I had left over from last year."

CRISPIN "With it, you'll be able to communicate with the natural and animal world. You could find that quite helpful."

CRISPIN "Here's my old wand. I don't even know if it works anymore. Most of its power may be gone. You should know that wands are like pets."

CRISPIN "They've got to get to know you before they'll work for you. Just treat it with care and respect and hopefully it will do something for you."

CRISPIN "You'd better get going, my boy. No telling WHAT that confounded Mordack could be up to."

CRISPIN "You go with him, Cedric. Show him the way."

CEDRIC "M-m-me?"

CRISPIN "Yes, you! Don't be such a coward."

CRISPIN "Now, go on! You'd better get started!"

GRAHAM "Thank you, sir. I appreciate all you've done for me."

23 "No, that won't do."  
24 "That's all used up."

### **Inventory/Trite**

Graham gently carries his friend Cedric, who has been wounded by the horrible harpies.  
King Graham, heavy of heart, searches far and wide for his beloved family who've been stolen by an evil wizard.

Graham is already wearing the warm cloak.

Here, the air is too warm to be wearing heavy outer garments.

Mmmmmmm! That was the best custard pie Graham has ever eaten!

Graham finds the leg of lamb a bit tough, but tasty enough. Filling up quickly, he saves the other half for later.

Feeling a bit hungry, Graham finishes off the other half of the leg of lamb.

Cedric is in too much pain to carry on a conversation right now.

Talking to yourself again, Graham?

Poor Cedric is hurt and needs help. How can Graham help him?

Graham gives the wand a good shake, but it only fizzles and dies.

Graham waves Mordack's glowing wand...but nothing happens. Could it be that Crispin was right?

That wands only respond to their owner...like a pet?

A brown empty sack.

The amulet glows softly with a power of its own.

Crispin's wand glows brightly with renewed power.

Graham waves Crispin's wand which now pulsates with renewed power, but nothing happens.

Mordack's wand doesn't seem to have much life left in it.

Choose the inventory icon to select a spell.

Cedric doesn't need anything at the moment.

Cedric isn't listening to Graham at the moment.

Cedric isn't paying any attention to Graham.

Cedric isn't in the mood to talk right now.

Cedric doesn't have anything important to say at the moment.

GENIE "Ah! Freedom at last! Now YOU spend the next five hundred years in that bottle!"

### **Section 1: Forest, Desert, Haunted Woods, Little Town**

#### **Crispin**

CRISPIN "Don't be wasting your time coming in here, young man! I've done all I can for you. Now it's up to you."

CRISPIN "Well, anyway...I'm not going to be here for a little while. There's an emergency I have to attend to in a neighboring land."

CRISPIN "I'll try to keep an eye out for you... but... this is something you and Cedric are going to have to do yourselves. I wish you the best, King Graham."

GRAHAM "I appreciate all you've done, Crispin. I'll be on my way now."

### **Outside Crispin's**

CEDRIC "I suggest we visit the town first. How about it, Your Majesty?"

GRAHAM "Please don't call me Your Majesty, Cedric. It's much too formal. I'd like it if you'd just call me Graham."

CEDRIC "I'd be delighted to...Graham. Anyway...what was I talking about...Oh, yes! The town! You might be able to find some supplies there. It's just over a little hill to the south; not too far."

GRAHAM "Well then, let's get going, Cedric."

Graham gazes down into Crispin's well, but sees nothing of interest.

The cool pond water quenches Graham's thirst.

The hand-hewn, wooden door is recessed within a small porch.

The door to Crispin's house is now locked.

Thick-paned windows adorn the small house. It is difficult to see through them.

Nestled among the trees of the forest sits the wizard Crispin's worn, but cozy, cottage.

A small well is located near the cottage.

An unusual ornament decorates Crispin's front yard. Crispin being a wizard, it must have some magical significance which Graham could never understand.

CEDRIC "That's Crispin's Universe Interpreter. Be careful! You might accidentally realign the stars!"

A tiny pond adds charm to Crispin's forested home.

A small cellar door is located under the house.

CEDRIC "Oh, don't bother with the cellar door; there's nothing there. Besides, it's locked."

A small stone bridge crosses the pond below Crispin's house.

### **Scene with the snake**

Having entered the warm valley sometime back, Graham has removed his uncomfortably heavy cloak.

CEDRIC "Watch out! A poisonous snake!"

Frightened by the noisy tambourine, the snake reluctantly slithers away.

A worn dirt path wanders through a thick wood alive with the sound of many creatures. Between the trees, to the east, Graham can see the outline of a great mountain range.

A large, venomous snake blocks Graham's passage to the east.

This snake has a menacing look which Graham should heed.

The snake looks at Graham with cold eyes and doesn't answer.

That won't scare the snake away.

### **Outside town**

CEDRIC "If you go on into town I'll wait for you here. I had a nasty run-in with a dog once and I'd feel safer out here."

CEDRIC "Wait, Graham! Be careful...!"

The quaint little town of Serenia nestles at the base of a great snowcapped mountain range which rises sharply to the east.

A wild river tumbles down from the eastern mountains and flows swiftly below the small town.

Any journey across the great mountains promises to be perilous indeed.

A rutted road leads into the town from the west while a smaller path joins it from the north.

A small tributary of the larger river powers an old waterwheel as it flows through the town.

Secure within a small pen, a pretty cow quietly chews her cud.

The cow doesn't have anything to say. Her mouth is too full of cud.

CEDRIC "Come on, Graham! Don't waste your time with that cow!"

Cedric waits for Graham just outside the small town.

CEDRIC "If you follow this road along the river you'll come to the town bakehouse. You might find something delicious...I mean, useful there."

Cedric isn't listening to Graham at the moment.

Cedric isn't paying any attention to Graham.

Cedric isn't in the mood to talk right now.

Cedric doesn't have anything important to say at the moment.

## **Serenia Town Square**

Graham leans into the barrel and removes...phew!...the smelly old fish.

Bending down, Graham quickly retrieves the silver coin from the street.

GRAHAM "How goes it with you, good fellow?"

MAN "Not well, I'm afraid. This old wagon's always giving me trouble."

GRAHAM "Can I help you in any way?"

MAN "Thank you kindly, but I think I can handle it."

GRAHAM "All right then. Good luck."

MAN "Thanks. With this wagon, I'm gonna need it."

Inside the barrel, Graham sees an old fish.

The inside of the barrel is empty.

Quaint houses and cute shops line the town's main cobblestoned street.

A broken wagon blocks access to a smaller side street.

The cart is too heavy for Graham to move by himself.

A prosperous-looking tailorshop occupies the town's main corner.

A cute toyshop fronts the town's cobblestone street.

Nearly hidden at the end of the street sits a small shoeshop.

Blocking an alleyway, a frustrated man fixes a broken wheel on his wagon.

The man is too busy with his work to notice Graham.

Seeing the man is busy, Graham does not want to bother him again.

Graham notices an old wooden barrel on the street.

You couldn't carry around a big barrel.

Inside the old barrel, Graham sees an old fish.

The town is busy with people going about their daily chores.

The people are too caught up in their own business to pay much attention to Graham.

The people are too busy to spend much time talking to Graham.

Graham notices a shiny silver coin lying forgotten on the street near the broken wagon.

## Tailor

TAILOR"May I help you, sir?"

Graham sees nothing else of interest in the tailor's shop.

TAILOR"My golden needle! Wherever did you find it?"

GRAHAM"It was found in a haystack by the inn."

TAILOR"By the inn? Oh, yes. I remember visiting there not long ago. Vulgar man, that innkeeper! He has no scruples at all."

GRAHAM"Well, I'm glad to see you've got your golden needle back."

GRAHAM"I wonder...could you possibly see fit to give me that wonderful cloak in exchange for it?"

TAILOR"The cloak? Well, why not. It's yours...for the price of a golden needle!"

GRAHAM"I would like to buy that fine cloak hanging in the corner. Will you take a gold coin for it?"

TAILOR"Why, yes. I guess a gold coin would be adequate. Here...let me get it for you."

GRAHAM"I would like to buy that fine cloak hanging in the corner. Will you take a lovely golden heart for it?"

TAILOR"This is a lovely piece! Of COURSE you may buy the cloak with this! Here...let me get it for you."

GRAHAM"Thank you, kind sir. I'm sure it will help me in my travels."

TAILOR"I'm sure it will. Good luck...au revoir."

TAILOR"Oh, that cloak fits you PERFECTLY! It just looks WONDERFUL on you!"

TAILOR"Let me tell you... it will certainly keep you toasty warm during the coming winter."

TAILOR"Let me know if you wish to buy it."

"I don't like THIS at all!"

"You expect me to wear THIS!"

"Why, these trousers don't even fit!"

"This shirt's too tight in the shoulders!"

"This isn't my style at all!"

"Take these back. I don't like any of them."

"The sleeves aren't long enough!"

"This material's too thin. I like something thicker."

"How am I supposed to get my boots on over these trousers?"

"This tie isn't the right color."

TAILOR"Here, take this. Let me try on another one."

CUSTOMER"I'm interested in buying something."

TAILOR"Ah! Let me show you some things."

TAILOR"A fine piece of cloth. With this material I could make you beautiful shirts."

TAILOR"There isn't a more beautiful piece of fabric to be found anywhere! With this, I could make you the finest trousers you've ever had."

TAILOR"Well, what do you think?"

GRAHAM"Well, right now I'm just looking. Thanks anyway."

TAILOR"Sure, sure. Whatever you say. I'm just here to help."

The tailor hopes that Graham will be happy with his newly-purchased cloak.

The tailor, an aristocratic-looking man, attends solicitously to Graham as he looks at the wares in the tailorshop.

Having lost all interest in Graham, the tailor now attends to other business.

Being a good businessman, the solicitous tailor would love to sell something to Graham.

GRAHAM"I would like to buy that fine cloak hanging in the corner. Will you take a silver coin for it?"

TAILOR"A silver coin! You MUST be joking! That beautiful cloak is worth MUCH more

than that!"

TAILOR"I'm afraid I have nothing else in my shop at that price."

The tailor wouldn't find that suitable for his business.

Not wishing to be put through another speech about fine shirts and trousers, Graham wisely keeps his mouth shut.

In the corner of the shop, draped casually over a tailor's form, Graham sees a thick, fur-lined cloak.

TAILOR"Here. Let me help you with that."

GRAHAM"It's a fine cloak. It could be very useful."

TAILOR"I hope you enjoy your fine cloak."

TAILOR"No, that doesn't even begin to cover the cost of the material."

At the back of the shop, Graham notices a dressing room in which a finicky customer tries on, and rudely rejects, many items of fine clothing.

The dressing room appears to be occupied at the moment.

The rude customer doesn't care to talk to Graham.

An employee of the tailor, a friendly, good-looking young man, caters hopelessly to a disagreeable customer in the back dressing room.

The young man is too busy with another customer to be bothered by Graham.

The busy tailorshop bustles with activity as Graham looks around with interest at all the tailor's wares.

### **Shoemaker**

WOMAN"It's you again, is it? We still don't have any shoes for sale."

WOMAN"Take a look around if you want, but we don't have any shoes to sell you right now."

WOMAN"We sold our last finished pair yesterday. Our business ain't doin' so good anymore and we're gettin' too old to keep tryin'."

GRAHAM"Is there anything I can do to help?"

WOMAN"There ain't nothin' you can do short o' buyin' us out. But, like I said, if you want to look around, feel free."

GRAHAM"Okay, thanks."

SHOEMAKER"What have we here? Mama, take those shoes from the young man. Let me see them."

SHOEMAKER"These are the finest pair of shoes I've ever seen. The leather is soft and pliable, yet sturdy."

SHOEMAKER"The craftsmanship of the shoes are superb. And, Mama, look at the solid gold buckle! Why, I could retire with the sale of these shoes!"

GRAHAM"Then the shoes are yours. I don't think I could find any use for them."

SHOEMAKER"You're a godsend, young man! How can we ever repay you?"

GRAHAM"You don't need to repay me. Just knowing I helped you is enough for me."

SHOEMAKER"Well, it ain't much, but it's all I've got to give. Here, take my cobbler's hammer. Perhaps you can find a use for it."

SHOEMAKER"Since I'll be retirin' I won't need it anymore...thanks to you."

GRAHAM"Why...thank you. A hammer could come in mighty useful on my journey."

SHOEMAKER"Take care, young man. We'll never forget this."

WOMAN"That's right, son. We'll finally be able to retire in comfort. You'll be in our hearts from now on."

SHOEMAKER"Come on, Mama. Let's go home. Let's celebrate our good fortune!"

GRAHAM"You don't have any shoes for sale, huh?"

WOMAN"That's right. No shoes at all. We're makin' a pair right now, but it'll take awhile...we're not as fast as we used to be."

GRAHAM"Well, that's okay. My trusty boots should carry me through the rest of my journey."

WOMAN "Sorry, son. We're doin' the best we can."

The old shoemaker, eyes squinted and fingers calloused from years of making shoes, drives tiny nails into a shoe sole with a small cobbler's hammer.

The shoeshop looks even more empty now that the shoemaker and his wife have left.

The old shoemaker wearily hammers tiny nails in a shoe sole. He doesn't even seem to notice Graham.

The shoemaker isn't even paying any attention to Graham.

The shoemaker's wife, looking haggard and worn, tiredly stitches away at a large piece of shoe leather.

The poor woman has enough troubles of her own without worrying about Graham's.

So as not to upset the poor woman further, Graham politely decides not to question her again.

The old woman isn't interested in that.

A skinny old dog lies down on the shoeshop's hard floor.

This old dog doesn't look very appealing.

The old dog pays no attention to Graham.

The dog doesn't show any interest in it.

Business doesn't seem to be so good for the shoemaker and his wife. There isn't one pair of shoes for sale, and the old couple look worn out.

The old shop is empty now that the shoemaker and his wife have retired.

## **Toymaker**

SON "The shipment of carving wood hasn't come in yet. What should we do?"

TOYMAKER "If it's not in by tomorrow I'll send you to visit the sawmill."

SON "Papa, where did you put those new doll clothes Mama made?"

TOYMAKER "Look in the trunk upstairs. I think I put them there."

SON "Papa, Mama wants you to know that it's almost lunchtime."

TOYMAKER "Okay, son. Tell her I'll be in soon."

SON "I'm going to count up the cash receipts from yesterday, okay?"

TOYMAKER "That's a good idea, son."

SON "Is Katrina behaving herself, Papa?"

TOYMAKER "She's fine, son. I've got my eye on her."

SON "Okay, but let me know if she's bothering you."

TOYMAKER "Okay."

SON "Papa, where is the puppet string?"

TOYMAKER "HmMMM. I think it's in the small cupboard. Look there."

SON "Papa, don't forget Mr. Richards is coming by tomorrow to pick up the wagon for his son."

TOYMAKER "I haven't forgotten. It's all ready to go."

SON "Okay, Papa."

15 "I'll do that."

TOYMAKER "Come on in! Look around! Let me know if you're interested in anything."

TOYMAKER "That's a fine sled, isn't it? Any child would love to have it."

GRAHAM "Yes. I was just admiring the workmanship."

TOYMAKER "Thank you. If you'd like to buy it, let me know."



GIRL "Grandpapa?"

TOYMAKER "Yes, my darling?"

GIRL "Can I keep this doll? I really like her."

TOYMAKER "Now, Katrina. You know these toys are for sale for other children. Besides, you've got plenty of dolls. You can play with her, but just be careful."

GIRL "All right, Grandpapa. I'll take care of her."

GRAHAM "This is a fine little toyshop you have here. You must be very proud."

TOYMAKER "Thank you, son. I've worked very hard at it over the years. But you know, you need to really love it... and I do."

GRAHAM "Are most of these toys your creations?"

TOYMAKER "Yes, most of them. But not all. Some my son made, some I bought, some I traded for."

"You're very talented."

TOYMAKER "Thank you, thank you. Well, let me know if I can help you."

TOYMAKER "Where did you get this wonderful marionette? The craftsmanship is excellent!"

GRAHAM "Well, I don't know if you'll believe me or not, but I got it from a little gnome."

TOYMAKER "I must have it! Can I buy it from you?"

GRAHAM "Actually, you may have it...IF you'll give me the sled in trade."

TOYMAKER "Why, of course! But I must tell you...I think I'm getting the better deal. I can always make another sled, but finding another marionette of this quality...I don't know."

GRAHAM "So, I can have the sled?"

TOYMAKER "Yes, yes! Take it. It's yours."

GRAHAM "Will you take a golden needle in trade for the sled?"

TOYMAKER "This is an awfully small needle, but... I'm in a generous mood today. Okay, why not! Go ahead and take the sled. It's all yours!"

GRAHAM "Will you take a golden heart in trade for the sled?"

TOYMAKER "This beautiful golden heart is worth MUCH more than the little sled! Are you sure about this?"

GRAHAM "Yes, I'm sure. I would like to have the sled."

TOYMAKER "Well...okay. But I'm getting the MUCH better deal. Go ahead and take the sled."

GRAHAM "Will you take a gold coin in trade for the sled?"

TOYMAKER "This gold coin is worth MUCH more than the little sled! Are you sure about this?"

GRAHAM "Yes, I'm sure. I would like to have the sled."

TOYMAKER "Well...okay. But I'm getting the MUCH better deal. Go ahead and take the sled."

GRAHAM "Thank you very much. I think I'll find this sled very useful."

TOYMAKER "Well, you enjoy it. And thank YOU for the marionette."

TOYMAKER "Well, you enjoy it."

The plump old toymaker, who seems a jolly sort, carefully mends a toy while sitting comfortably behind the counter.

The old toymaker gives Graham the courtesy to look around the shop without pestering him.

Not wanting to bother the toymaker again, Graham instead looks around the toyshop.

Graham sees nothing else of interest in the toyshop.

GRAHAM "Can I buy the sled with a silver coin?"

TOYMAKER "No, I'm sorry. I'd love to sell it to you, but I'm afraid I need a bit more than that."

The toymaker wouldn't find that suitable for his business.

Hanging on a side wall, Graham notices a strong little sled.

The little sled has captured Graham's interest.

Apparently the toymaker's son, working in the back room, is learning the toy business from his

father.

The back door is for employees only.

A pet goldfish swims endlessly around its fishbowl.

A pretty little girl, who must be the toymaker's granddaughter, plays with a doll while Grandfather looks on.

The little girl seems happy enough playing with the doll. She needs nothing more.

The little girl is too interested in her doll. She pays no attention to Graham.

The little girl only seems to care about the doll she's playing with.

A child's wonderland of toys fills this cute little toyshop.

### **At the bakery**

CEDRIC "I'll wait for you out here, Graham."

CEDRIC "No, don't...!"

Frantic squeakings alert Graham to a mangy cat chasing a terrified rat.

RAT "Oh, thank you, thank you, good sir! You saved my life! My children and I will never forget your kindness. Maybe someday I will be able to return the favor. Oh! I hear my children calling! Good-bye...until we meet again."

The cold river courses swiftly by the town bakehouse.

A rutted, dirt road travels east and west beside the rushing river.

Thick, multipaned windows surround the bakehouse.

A huge pile of logs to fuel the bakehouse ovens.

With a fine view of the rushing river, the bakehouse sits a bit out of town along an old, rutted road.

The bakehouse door beckons to all hungry travelers.

A scroungy cat catches a large, grey rat in its wicked claws.

Too late! The poor rat is already in the clutches of the wily cat.

Graham could never catch this mangy cat.

AMANDA "And how is your poor dear mother doing, William?"

WILLIAM "She hasn't been doing too well lately, but my brother and I keep an eye on her.

Thanks for asking, Amanda."

AMANDA "Austin, don't touch that pie!"

AMANDA "The pies look delicious. I think I'll take one."

WILLIAM "Yes, they were just made fresh this morning. Here you go."

AMANDA "Yes, this will be a fine dessert for our dinner tonight."

AMANDA "Let's go home, Austin."

WILLIAM "Here's the last of the pies."

WILLIAM "Welcome to our bakehouse, traveler! Of course ALL of our wares are wonderful, but today we've got a special on custard pies."

WILLIAM "Just one silver coin each. But take your time...let me know when you're ready."

WILLIAM "Welcome back to our bakehouse, traveler! Of course ALL of our wares are wonderful, but don't forget our special on custard pies."

WILLIAM "Welcome back to our bakehouse! I hope you enjoy our custard pie."

WILLIAM "Welcome back to our bakehouse! I hope you enjoyed our custard pie."

WILLIAM "Would you like a pie, sir?"

GRAHAM "Well...yes, actually. I would."

WILLIAM "That'll be one silver coin then."

GRAHAM "Let me see if I have one."

WILLIAM "Well, let me know if you do."

GRAHAM"Everything looks so delicious. It's hard to decide what to buy."

WILLIAM"(Laughing) Everybody has that problem! But what a problem to have!"

GRAHAM"Those custard pies look awfully good."

WILLIAM"Yes. Made from a recipe handed down from our dear Mama...and her Mama before her."

GRAHAM"Hmmmmmm. It's still hard to decide, though."

WILLIAM"Well, take your time. There's no hurry."

GRAHAM"Oh, sir! I would like to buy a pie!"

WILLIAM"The pies cost one silver coin each."

GRAHAM"I've got it right here. Here you go."

GRAHAM"Will a gold coin do?"

GRAHAM"Will a gold needle do?"

GRAHAM"Will a golden heart do?"

WILLIAM"Sure!"

WILLIAM"I hope you enjoy your custard pie."

GRAHAM"Oh, I'm sure I will!"

WILLIAM"Okay. Here you go."

GRAHAM"What's your name?"

AUSTIN"My name's Austin. I'm here with my mama. We're buying a pie."

GRAHAM"That's nice."

GRAHAM"Good day, madam. That pie looks awfully good."

AMANDA"Ah, yes. My family will enjoy it."

The baker, a large, sturdy fellow, waits for customers behind a pie-covered counter.

The baker bides his time behind the counter while Graham looks hungrily at all the delicious wares.

Graham waits to further bother the baker until a decision for purchase has been made.

GRAHAM"It looks delicious! I'm sure I will."

Graham has already eaten a pie and is not hungry right now.

The baker wouldn't be interested in that.

Graham already has a pie and is not interested in any other baked goods.

In the kitchen of the bakehouse, Graham can see another big, burly man doing the day's baking.

The kitchen is off-limits to customers. Besides, Graham would only be in the way.

The baker's brother is too busy to chat with Graham.

The man in the kitchen is doing the baking and NOT tending to customers.

The Baker brothers seem to have a pet; a large, mangy cat.

The cat doesn't appear to like Graham, much less answer him.

The cat doesn't look too friendly.

The cat is too lazy to care about it.

Delicious, mouthwatering custard pies lining the countertop attract Graham's eyes...and nose!

Graham doesn't need another pie.

Graham would love to buy a pie if he could.

Graham can see the bakehouse kitchen through the partially-open Dutch door.

Only employees are allowed in the kitchen.

Mmmmmmm. The wonderful smells of the bakehouse set Graham's stomach to rumbling and his mouth to watering.

The little boy looks all dressed up for a special occasion.

He appears in too much of a hurry to talk to Graham.

This lady looks like she's in a real hurry.

She appears in too much of a hurry to talk to Graham.

### **Bluebird/Fiance scene**

GRAHAM "Excuse me, young man."

GRAHAM "Sorry to bother you, but I couldn't help but notice you sitting there on that log. I was wondering if there was anything wrong."

FIANCE "Why, yes...as a matter of fact, there is. I've been searching everywhere for my fiancée. She's a beautiful princess with long golden tresses, fetching blue eyes, and smooth, creamy skin. Have you seen her anywhere about?"

GRAHAM "No, sorry. I haven't seen anyone like that."

FIANCE "That's what I figured. No one has seen her. I think that old witch who lives in the Dark Forest had something to do with her disappearance."

GRAHAM "I'll keep an eye out for her. If I see her I'll let her know you're looking for her."

FIANCE "I would appreciate that. Well, I guess I'd better get back to looking for her. I'm not ever going to find her just sitting around here. Thanks for your concern."

Graham feels the eyes of many creatures upon him as he follows a meandering path through the thick wood.

In a nearby tree trunk, an old wound has created a perfect birdbath.

There's nothing here but a little water.

CEDRIC "Let's say 'hello' to the young prince, Graham. He looks like he could use a cheering up."

Upon a fallen log sits a dashing young prince who looks very sad and confused.

Despite his own troubles, Graham feels sorry for the young man who obviously has troubles of his own.

The young prince is too despondent over something to even notice it.

What a wonderful bluebird. It could almost make Graham happy again if it wasn't for his family.

Graham could never catch the bird.

The bluebird is too busy taking a bath to answer Graham.

The bluebird doesn't care about it.

### **Weeping Willow**

GRAHAM "Uh, Miss... Willow?"

WILLOW "Yes?"

GRAHAM "You can talk?"

WILLOW "Why, of COURSE I can! What did you expect?"

GRAHAM "Well, I've never seen a talking tree before. What's wrong?"

WILLOW "Everything's wrong! Can't you tell? I'm not really a tree...I'm really a princess. (Sigh.) You see, my fiance and I were walking through this wood when a nasty old witch came along and was instantly charmed by my handsome prince."

WILLOW "When he naturally refused her advances, she jealously banished him to a faraway land and turned me into a tree. Then she stole my heart!"

GRAHAM "Stole your heart?"

WILLOW "Yes. She turned my heart to gold and took it away with her. The only way I can become human again is to have my heart brought back."

WILLOW "Now all I have to cheer me up is my harp. It's quite magical, you know. It plays the sweetest music you've ever heard. Now please! Leave me alone in my sorrow."

WILLOW "My heart! You found it!"

WILLOW "I don't need this old thing anymore!"

WILLOW "Look at me! I'm a princess again!"

WILLOW "Herbert!!"

FIANCE "Alicia!!"

FIANCE"Where have you been all this time, my love?"

WILLOW"Oh, darling. Just take me home. I'll tell you on the way."

WILLOW"Leave my harp alone! It's mine!"

CEDRIC+"What's wrong, Graham?!"

GRAHAM "That's SALT water! Yech!"

Bending down, Graham picks the harp up off the ground and takes it with him.

A lovely little pond surrounds the base of a beautiful weeping willow tree.

There is a small pond here near the edge of a dark forest.

To the north, Graham can see the gnarly edge of a deep, dark forest.

CEDRIC"What a sad song she plays. Let's try to cheer her up, Graham."

A graceful weeping willow tree grows beside a small pond created from...her tears? In her branch-like arms she clutches a beautiful harp as a child would a cherished toy.

Following the willow tree's wishes, Graham politely decides not to bother her further.

The poor tree is too distraught to care about any of Graham's possessions.

A beautiful harp lies on the ground near the small pond.

## **Gnome's house**

GNOME"Where did you git this? I thought I had lost it."

GRAHAM"Oh, is it yours? I found it in the old witch's house in the Dark Forest."

GNOME"So that's where it got to...the old hag took it, eh? You know, this ain't no ordinary spinning wheel."

GRAHAM"It's not? What's so special about it?"

GNOME"Why, this spinning wheel can spin straw into GOLD, that's what! 'Cept...you gotta know how to use it."

GNOME"I doubt even the witch could figger that out. Thankee for bringin' it back to me."

GRAHAM"Wait! Not so fast! How about that marionette? Don't you think the price of the spinning wheel is worth at least twice that of the puppet? I'd love to have it."

GNOME"Yeah...I guess so. Boy! Give that there marionette to the man here. I'll make ya a new one."

GNOME"Come on, boy. Let's go gather up some wood for a new puppet."

GRAHAM"Excuse me, sir..."

GNOME"What're you doin' here? Don't you know this is private property?"

GRAHAM"Oh! I'm terribly sorry to bother you. I was just noticing your son's marionette. It's very interesting. Where did you get it?"

GNOME"It's grandson, not son...and I made it fer him. Why d'ya care?"

GRAHAM"I just wanted to comment on its artistry. It's very well done. I don't suppose it could be bought?"

GNOME"If it could, the price would be very steep; I reckon you couldn't afford it. Now...leave me and my grandson be!"

Graham attempts to open the little window but finds it bolted shut.

Graham tries to open the small door but finds it locked.

The entrance to the small house is through a crudely-constructed door.

Graham has not been invited into the gnomes' home.

The key won't fit this lock.

One small, shuttered window fronts the gnome house.

The shuttered window is closed tight.

Utilizing fallen logs, a gnome has built himself a little forest home.

A young gnome happily plays with an exquisite marionette.  
The marionette belongs to the boy gnome!  
An old grandfather gnome sits contentedly on an old stump and smokes a large pipe. He watches his grandson at play.  
The old gnome seems to ignore Graham.  
The old gnome has nothing more to say.  
GNOME "I don't take charity, young man. I got everythin' I need."  
Sitting on a stool in front of his house, a young gnome happily plays with an exquisite marionette.  
The young gnome is more interested in his marionette than in Graham.  
Graham attempts to speak to the young gnome but the boy seems to be very shy and doesn't answer.  
The young gnome is too bashful to respond.  
In the distance to the north, Graham can see a lovely willow tree surrounded by a small pond.  
Graham can see a small pond in the distance to the north.

### **Bear and bees**

CEDRIC "Watch out for the bear, Graham!"  
CEDRIC "Oh, oh! Stay away from those bees!"  
CEDRIC "There's nothing but a hot, dry desert further west. Most people avoid it, because there are bandits out there! If you insist on going, I'll wait for you HERE!"  
CEDRIC "Well, there you are! I was starting to get concerned!"  
GRAHAM "Don't worry about me, Cedric. I'm used to this kind of thing."  
CEDRIC "No, don't...!"  
BEE "I am Queen Beetrice, kind sir. I wish to thank you ever so much for saving our hive from the claws of that horrible bear."  
BEE "In return, I offer you a luscious honeycomb from our hive. Please feel free to retrieve one. I promise my bees won't harm you. It may come in handy on your travels."  
Graham reaches a hand into the beehive and retrieves a very sticky chunk of honeycomb. Wrapping it in a protective piece of cloth, he then pockets it.  
Graham bends down and picks up the large stick from the ground.  
The swift river turns sharply to the south here.  
A swarm of bees buzz around a hole in a rotted old tree.  
It appears the bees have a hive inside the hole of the old dead tree.  
Graham has already taken a honeycomb. It wouldn't be wise to antagonize the now-friendly bees.  
Graham notices a huge anthill in the distance to the north.  
A large bear seems to be mighty interested in the honey inside the old tree.  
Graham should be very careful around a big old bear!  
The bear is too intent on the honey to listen to Graham.  
The bear is more interested in the honey.  
Bees don't have much to say.  
It would be wise if Graham didn't bother the bees.  
The bees don't care about it.  
Graham notices a large stick lying on the ground near the old tree.

### **Ants**

CEDRIC "There's nothing but a hot, dry desert further west. Most people avoid it, because there are bandits out there! If you insist on going, I'll wait for you HERE!"

A bully of a dog terrorizes the poor ants as he digs up their large anthill.

CEDRIC "Well, there you are! I was starting to get concerned!"

GRAHAM "Don't worry about me, Cedric. I'm used to this kind of thing."

CEDRIC "Is that a new dance, Graham? The BUG-a-loo?"

GRAHAM "Here, boy!"

ANT "Allow me to introduce myself. I'm King Antony the Great. May I ask who you are?"

GRAHAM "Why certainly. I'm King Graham of Daventry and this is my friend, Cedric.

We're seeking a way to cross the Great Mountains to the ocean on the other side."

ANT "That is a very perilous undertaking. I wish you would reconsider. But if you shall not, in return for rescuing our home from that flea-bitten cur I wish to offer you our help if perchance you may ever need it."

GRAHAM "Thank you very much, King Antony. Cedric and I appreciate your kind offer. We look forward to meeting you again."

CEDRIC "Oh, Graham! That dog looks mean! I don't like dogs!"

A colony of large ants parade up and down a huge anthill built amid some scrubby bushes.

The ants are too busy to engage in conversation with Graham.

The ants don't seem to take kindly to uninvited trespassing.

The ants aren't interested in it.

A mangy old dog digs playfully at the huge anthill while the poor ants scurry frantically around.

The dog doesn't seem to be a friendly sort at all!

The dog doesn't pay any attention to Graham.

That wouldn't divert the dog's attention from the anthill.

A gypsy wagon can be seen in the distance to the north.

## **The country inn**

CEDRIC "I'll wait for you out here. I don't like that place."

The key won't fit this lock.

The door is locked.

Graham watches with surprise as a contingent of ants marches into the haystack and begins to swarm through it.

Carefully, Graham searches through the haystack but doesn't see anything of importance.

ANT "I'm glad to see there was a way that we could be of help to you. Look here...we found a golden needle in the haystack. I'd like to present it to you. Perhaps you can find a use for it."

GRAHAM "Why, thank you, King Antony. I'm honored."

ANT "Good luck in your travels, King Graham. And be careful."

CEDRIC "No, don't...!"

Narrowing to the west, the dirt road widens as it heads eastward.

The brisk river rushes swiftly by the quaint country inn.

A large haystack dominates the area in front of the barn.

An old, uninteresting barn is located behind the country inn.

Graham can see an unbreakable padlock on the barn door.

Just off a rutted dirt road, a country inn overlooks the picturesque rushing river.

Weary travelers can enter through the inn's front door.

This is a side entrance of the country inn.

GOON 1 "You know dat job we pulled yesterday? Where's da rest of da loot...huh? I think one o' you guys is holdin' out on me!"

"We gotta plan our next job, you guys. Hey! How did you get outta da cellar?"

GRAHAM "Gentlemen, please excuse me. I didn't mean to interrupt your..."

"Da inn's full. Ain't got no more rooms."

"Hey, boss! Dis guy looks like a real troublemaker! Whaddya want me ta do wid 'im?"

"Rub 'im out!"

"Dis time...rub 'im out for good!"

Huddled over the bar, Graham notices three rough-looking men deep in a serious conversation.

Since they're talking in such low tones Graham can't quite hear what they're saying.

The three men haven't noticed Graham yet. Perhaps if he got closer...

A flea-bitten old dog lies asleep in the corner.

The dog is just out of Graham's reach.

Graham has nothing to say to a dog.

Through an open doorway, Graham can see part of the inn's dining room.

The inn's dining room is just a few steps away.

The country inn's tavern looks a bit shabby and run-down. At the bar, Graham notices three men.

Playing the harp has attracted the attention of the men at the bar.

Graham stoops down and picks up the sturdy rope from the stone floor.

Using the cobbler's hammer, Graham pounds on the rusty padlock until it breaks apart.

Struggle as he might, Graham cannot escape his bonds.

RAT "I told you I'd repay your kindness when you saved me from that horrible cat. Good luck, friend."

A small set of rickety, wooden stairs lead up to the cellar door.

In the corner of the cellar, Graham notices a large rathole.

There is nothing that Graham would be interested in inside the rathole.

Graham has unceremoniously found himself in the country inn's dusty, dirty cellar.

A rusty padlock on the door keeps Graham locked in.

The key won't fit this lock.

The lock has already been broken.

That won't help Graham unlock the padlock on the door.

Lying in a heap on the cold, stone floor, Graham sees the rope that once held him captive.

Graham unlocks the kitchen door before going outside.

There is nothing else of interest inside the cupboard.

Inside the cupboard, Graham sees a large, juicy leg of lamb.

Reaching into the open cupboard, Graham pulls out the savory leg of lamb.

Graham looks around the inn's kitchen and finds it rather sparse and untidy.

It appears that this door leads to the outside.

The sound of several men talking and laughing floats through this door.

At the back of the room, Graham spies a large kitchen cupboard.

## **Outside Madame Mushka**

CEDRIC "There's nothing but a hot, dry desert further west. Most people avoid it, because there are



bandits out there! If you insist on going, I'll wait for you HERE!"

CEDRIC"Keep your eye on the gypsies, Graham. I don't trust 'em."

CEDRIC"Well, there you are! I was starting to get concerned!"

GRAHAM"Don't worry about me, Cedric. I'm used to this kind of thing."

GYPSY"Eet veel cost you one gold coin to see Madame Mushka."

GYPSY"Zee cost eez one gold coin."

GYPSY"Vell, eet eez not a gold coin, but I guess eet veel be fine. Go on een and see Madame Mushka."

GYPSY"You may see Madame Mushka now."

Not seeing the tambourine's owner, Graham bends down and rescues it from the ground.

A gypsy wagon is encamped here at the edge of the woods. On the side of the wagon, the words "Fortune Teller" have been painted.

The wagon door looks inviting to those who wish to have their fortunes told.

A large ox, tied to the gypsies' wagon, peacefully munches on grass.

Graham finds the huge beast completely uninteresting.

The ox's mouth is too full of grass to even attempt a conversation with Graham!

The ox is not interested in any of Graham's possessions.

Within the gypsy encampment, Graham notices a dark, burly man who keeps a suspicious eye on him and Cedric.

The burly man keeps a watchful eye on Graham and Cedric.

GYPSY"Madame Mushka eez tired. No more for today."

GYPSY"Eet costs one GOLD coin to see Madame Mushka, not one SILVER coin!"

The sullen man doesn't look like the conversational sort.

GYPSY"Zat eez NOT a gold coin!"

The dark gypsy man bars Graham's entry into the fortune teller's wagon without proper payment.

A steaming pot of stew bubbles over a small campfire near the gypsy wagon.

Obviously, the man wouldn't tolerate Graham taking his supper.

Graham notices a grassy clearing at the edge of the woods.

A tambourine lies on the ground near the abandoned gypsy encampment.

### **Madame Mushka**

MUSHKA"So, you are here to see Madame Mushka, no? Vell, come closer. Seet down."

MUSHKA"I veel tell you your fortune. Already I can tell zat you are on a quest of great urgency. Ve vill see vat we can find out for you."

MUSHKA"Look, King Graham. Look into zee crystal ball."

MORDACK"Look, Manannan, look what I have for you."

MORDACK"Take a good look at what you did to my brother, Alexander. Because of you he's doomed to spend the rest of his days as a cat and there's nothing I can do about it."

MORDACK"But YOU can do something about it. Since you're the one that did this to him you're the only one who can turn him back again...back to the wizard Manannan."

GRAHAM: "Alexander!"

ALEX "I don't know how, Mordack! I'm not a wizard. I just happened to stumble across some magic spells and accidentally turned him into a cat."

ALEX"I didn't mean it! Please believe me, Mordack. I don't know HOW to turn him back into a wizard!"

MORDACK"You're holding out on me, little man! You're taking advantage of my good nature...but not for long! If I don't get a change of tune from you soon, I'll feed your family to the cat...starting with your dear mother!"

MORDACK"Remember what I said. I'll only give you a little more time to decide before your family becomes cat food!"

MUSHKA "Zat eez all. But I see zat your mission eez very dangerous indeed."  
MUSHKA "I veel give you somezink to help you. Here...wear zis. Eet eez a magic amulet.  
Eet veel protect you against all but zee most powerful magic."  
MUSHKA "Good luck, King Graham. Be careful; zat Mordack eez a bad one!"  
GRAHAM "Thank you, Madame Mushka"

The scraggly bushes of the brushland taper off to dry, sandy desert as far as the eye can see to the west.

Beyond the large boulders, Graham can see the brushland extending to the north for many miles. The woods meet the desert here in the scrubby brushland.

A rocky cliff ending in a string of huge boulders blocks travel to the north from here.

In the distance to the north, rocky cliffs loom like sentinels across the barren desert.

It looks like something's after him.

Beep! Beep!

### **The desert**

The hot sun and choking sands are taking their toll on Graham. He must drink...soon!

Too late! Graham collapses and dies of extreme thirst in the hot desert sun. If only he could have found an oasis!

Ah! Life-giving water! Nectar of the gods! Graham can now feel renewal flowing through him.

Uneasily, Graham reaches down and removes the old shoe from the desert sand.

All around him, Graham sees nothing but more desert. How much further can he go on? Thankfully, though, a nearby pool of water can relieve Graham's overwhelming thirst.

The scorching sun burns down on the dry desert as Graham struggles through the hot sand. He looks around, but all he can see is...more desert!

Oh, oh! A picked-clean and sun-bleached skeleton of a man lies in the sand of the hot, dry desert.

What happened? Who can say...but it makes Graham uneasy nevertheless.

Graham can't do much to help the poor man now...and vice versa!

It's too late for conversation now!

An old shoe lies, forgotten, near the poor man's skeleton.

A rope and water basket sit near a small well.

Graham has drunk all the water he needs for now.

A small oasis! It's tantalizing water, so sparkling in the desert sun! Graham's hot, thirsty body is irresistibly drawn to it.

Don't step on the scorpion!

Stay away from scorpions!

The hot sun and choking sands are taking their toll on Graham. He must drink...soon!

Too late! Graham collapses and dies of extreme thirst in the hot desert sun. If only he could have found an oasis!

Looking south, the desert seems to extend forever.

Rocky cliffs rise high above Graham's head.

The cliff is too steep. Graham could never climb it!

From across the desert sands, Graham can hear the sound of approaching hoofbeats.

BANDIT"A spy! Get him!"

Looking south, the desert seems to extend forever.

The facade of a magnificent temple has been carved into the cliffs by some unknown ancient civilization.

Graham finds the unusual shape of the two rocks at the cliff base interesting.

The rocks look interesting but too large to do anything with.

Sheer rock cliffs rise straight up from the desert floor forming a plateau at the top.

Graham contemplates attempting to climb the rocky cliff but wisely chooses not to.

A small oasis has formed in the space between the two rocks.

That wouldn't be a wise idea now.

GRAHAM"Whew! That was close!"

GRAHAM"Open sesame!"

GRAHAM"Oh, no! The staff broke!"

The temple door won't open. Perhaps there's something missing....

Looking south, the desert seems to extend forever.

Stone statues of Pegasus guard the old, crumbling temple.

Graham examines the statue carefully but doesn't see anything interesting.

Looming before him, the huge temple door beckons tantalizingly to Graham.

It has no effect on the massive door.

Built into the rocky cliffs, an ancient temple towers above Graham as he surveys its ornately carved columns and friezes.

The staff lies in several broken pieces on the temple steps.

The staff is broken and is of no use anymore.

### **Bandits' camp**

This is no time for talking!

Whew! Holding his nose against the drunken bandit's pungent odor, Graham searches him but doesn't find anything of importance.

BANDIT"An intruder!"

Ah! Life-giving water! Nectar of the gods! Graham can now feel renewal flowing through him.

A large clay jar full of water stands by the campfire.

Graham has had all the water he wants for now.

The bandits' horses rest in the desert sun while their unsavory owners revel within the large tent.

Disturbing the horses would be very unwise at this time.

It would be unwise to disturb the horses right now.

A lone camel waits near the large tent while his owner celebrates inside.

The bandits would notice if Graham disturbed the camel.

It would be unwise to disturb the camel right now.

Overhearing loud music and laughter from within the larger tent, Graham guesses the bandits must be celebrating their latest plunder.

Two tents sit silently in the desert apparently deserted for the moment.

There doesn't seem to be any activity going on within the smaller tent.

A beautiful harem girl belly dances for the rowdy bandits.

\*\*\* This guy really knows how to party!

With disgust, Graham looks at a drunken bandit lying face down in the desert sand...completely passed out.

BANDIT"Who are you?! A spy!"

Taking care to be very quiet, Graham reaches out and takes the staff into his possession.

A long staff, at the back of the tent, catches Graham's interest.

Snoring loudly upon a beautiful carpet, Graham spies a sleeping bandit.

Graham should avoid the bandit at all costs!

Assorted odds and ends clutter the inside of this small tent while upon a lovely carpet sleeps another despicable renegade.

Assorted odds and ends clutter the inside of this small tent.

GRAHAM"Excuse me....."

### **Outside the witch's forest**

CEDRIC "Oh, no! I'M not going in there! Can't you read the sign?"

GRAHAM"Come on, Cedric. There might be something important in here."

CEDRIC "Go if you want to. I'll wait HERE!"

CEDRIC "Thank goodness, Graham! I didn't know if I'd EVER see you again!"

CEDRIC "Oh, I'm glad to see you're okay! I was beginning to worry!"

GRAHAM You were right to not want to venture in that dark forest, Cedric. I thought I'd NEVER get out of there alive!"

The wide dirt path ends at a crude warning sign placed before an ominous-looking forest. Beyond the sign, the path narrows to nothing more than a root-ensnarled trail.

The sign seems self-explanatory enough: ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK!

CEDRIC "Look at this sign, Graham. You'd better heed it. There's an old WITCH who lives in that forest!"

GRAHAM"Not any more!"

Beyond the warning sign, the gnarled trees seem to close in, entangling and confusing all who dare enter here.

An old, hollow log lies in a small clearing before the gloomy forest.

The old log doesn't look interesting enough to bother with.

The entrance to the elves' tunnel is left exposed.

### **In the forest**

Numerous roots, rocks, and ruts choke the narrow forest path which branches either to the right or to the left.

Ensnarling roots, creeping vines, decaying logs, and twisted, gnarled trees...the close feeling of the gloomy forest quickly overwhelms Graham.

It seems to Graham that there is an unusual amount of toads in this forest.

These toads look too repulsive to catch!  
TOAD "Ribbiitttt!"

The rocky, rutted footpath staggers its way through the oppressive forest to the north or to the west. The pervasive gloom of the forest settles around Graham like a tight, suffocating blanket. All around he can hear the eerie sounds of strange creatures.

It seems to Graham that there are an unusual amount of toads in this forest.  
These toads look too repulsive to catch!

Graham tugs at the door in the tree but finds it securely locked.

Graham finds that the little key fits perfectly in this lock.

A little golden heart has been placed inside the crude door of the twisted old tree.

Reaching a hand into the open door of the tree, Graham extracts the little golden heart.

A slimy-looking path leads from the forest floor up to the base of a large, misshapen tree.

Unlike the other trees of this dismal forest, a little door has been built into the trunk of one large, grotesque tree.

A crude little door built into the trunk of a large, twisted tree catches Graham's attention.

There is nothing else inside the little door of the tree.

The door is already open.

It won't help with the small door.

A path, tangled with roots and vines, leads to the north and east through the dense foliage of the dark forest.

Unseen eyes seem to watch Graham as he stumbles confusedly through the thick maze of the gloomy forest.

A root-rutted path stumbles its way east, west, and north through the dark and gloomy forest.

Through the gloom of the forest, Graham can barely make out a small, house-like form to the north.

The dark forest seems to close in on Graham as he makes his tentative way through it.

It seems to Graham that there are an unusual amount of toads in this forest.

These toads look too repulsive to catch!

GRAHAM "Good! That old witch won't be seen here for a LONG time! But now, how to get out of this dreadful forest?"

To Graham's great relief, it appears that the witch's magic has been stopped by the amulet he is wearing, just as Madame Mushka claimed it would.

HAG "What are you doing in my forest, young man! Don't you know you're trespassing?"

GRAHAM "Oh, I didn't know this was a PRIVATE forest. Do you own it?"

HAG "Of COURSE I own it! It's mine! And what did you do to my magic?!"

GRAHAM "I don't think you need to know. Now tell me something...how does one leave this terrible forest?"

HAG "I'LL never tell. I'm afraid you're stuck, dearie. Now you're my prisoner."

GRAHAM "We'll see about that!"

HAG "Yes, won't we."

HAG "What's this?"

HAG "You're not crossing my bridge, little man!"

Though she may look like an ancient old woman, this witch is really very powerful... and much too strong to be shoved aside by a mere man as she staunchly defends her bridge.

Of all the ugly hags Graham has seen in his life, THIS is by far the ugliest!

Even though the old witch is now powerless to inflict her evil magic on Graham, Graham also finds himself powerless to do anything about her!

The amulet is already working its magic on the witch.

HAG "Don't try to bribe me with THAT, dearie! I'm not DUMB, ya know!"

The ugly old hag mumbles and mutters to herself but refuses to indulge in any further conversation with Graham.

### **Witch's House**

Sorry, the door is locked.

A crude, misshapen structure, which seems to be some sort of house, sits forlornly; surrounded by a hot, deep crevasse.

A grotesque bridge of rib-like bones crosses the hot crevasse where a path continues to the front door of the odd little house.

The path seems to dwindle down to nothing as it nears the strange structure.

Spewing hot steam and flames, a deep crevasse surrounds the strange little house.

A small door fronts the odd structure.

The dark forest seems to encase the witch's bizarre little house like a claustrophobic shroud.

An intricate spinning wheel is tucked away in the trunk.

Reaching a hand into the trunk, Graham retrieves the small spinning wheel.

A small pouch is tucked away in the drawer.

Graham reaches into the drawer and removes the leather pouch.

GRAHAM "What's this? Why, it's a little key."

A set of narrow stone steps wind precariously upward in the back of the room.

The winding steps are much too narrow for Graham to fit through.

Graham spies a crude drawer built into the trunk of a tree which is poking awkwardly through the house.

There is nothing else inside the drawer.

The old witch's house has been crudely fashioned from an old tree trunk and salvaged stone. It has a cold, creepy feeling to it and Graham would just as soon leave.

Graham sees an intricate trunk tucked under a large crack in the wall which seems to serve as a window.

The trunk is now empty.

An interesting incense burner hangs from a protruding tree branch. Occasionally, from within it, a tiny glint winks.

An interesting incense burner hangs from a protruding tree branch.

The incense burner is now empty.

### **Leprechaun**

This situation seems to require very careful thought. Graham needs to spend more time on this.

Squeezing the honeycomb as hard as he can, Graham causes the honey to drip out of it onto the ground creating a little "puddle" of honey at his feet. Now all that's left of the honeycomb is a piece of beeswax, which Graham pockets.

GRAHAM "Drat! Just missed him!"

ELF "Please! Let me go...I beg of you!"

GRAHAM "Why should I do that? What will you do for me?"

ELF "I'll show you the way out of the forest...if you let me go!"

GRAHAM "How do I know I can trust you?"

ELF "I give you my word. An elf NEVER breaks his word!"

GRAHAM "Well...it's against my better judgement, but...okay."

ELF "Move over, Rocky. You're in our way!"

ROCKY "Uh...sorry."

From here, the narrow rocky path leads east and south through the gloomy forest.

Strange plants and animals inhabit this dark and dreary place while thin rays of sunlight barely break the surface of the forest's thick foliage.

Peering curiously at him through the heavy foliage of the dark forest, Graham notices several pairs of bright, blinking eyes.

Graham can SEE the eyes, but he can't quite reach them.

GRAHAM "Hello? Who's there?"

GRAHAM "I say...who's there? Please help me."

GRAHAM "Please...oh, never mind."

No answer.

It appears that whomever is watching Graham is unwilling to indulge in conversation.

Graham decides to wait until he sees a good reason to toss away these fine emeralds.

The small creatures, whoever they are, don't seem to be interested in it.

A sticky mess of honey lies on the ground.

A large rock-like creature blocks further passage to the west.

Rocky has moved aside to allow Graham passage through the forest.

The creature is not inclined to move further.

Rocky isn't talking.

ELF "Follow me! In here!"

A small hole burrows in at the base of an immense tree.

Graham has entered a secluded clearing in a quieter, more pleasant area of the dark forest.

A narrow tunnel has been dug down into the ground. Weak sunlight brightens one end while a dim, eerie light beckons from the other end.

ELF "I never take anything without giving in return. For your generosity in giving me those exquisite emeralds I give you my finest pair of shoes. May they help you in your quest."

ELF "Follow that passage. That's the way out of the Dark Forest."

GRAHAM "Thank you very much for all your help. And I'm sure I will be able to find a use for these fine shoes."

ELF "Over here! I've got something for you."

A long wooden ladder reaches up toward the entrance of an underground tunnel.

A lower hole leads into a second underground tunnel.

The little shoemaker elf has left and is nowhere in sight.

The elf has left and taken everything with him. There's nothing here of interest.

Disappointingly, a deep chasm cuts through the underground cavern cutting off further exploration.

Graham can see no sign of the little elves previously working in the cavern's far reaches.

The elves have left and taken everything with them.

The huge underground cavern seems to be a work area for a community of elves who have abandoned it.

## Mountain cliffs

Graham begins to shiver at the sudden drop in temperature.

CEDRIC "No! Stay away from the edge...!"

Graham dons his cloak for warmth in the snowy mountains.

Graham needs warmth, not this!

A few hours later.....

An icy, treacherous path skirts the snowy mountainside as it winds its way ever upward.

Sheer, vertical cliffs plummet dizzyingly downward from the edge of the frozen path.

Graham begins to shiver violently at the extreme cold of these upper reaches and his hands and face begin to numb. He can barely muster the strength to go on.

Graham notices his stomach beginning to rumble with hunger from the exertion of the mountain climb.

CEDRIC "Graham! Don't get too close...!"

Graham dons his cloak for warmth in the snowy mountains.

Graham needs warmth, not this!

CEDRIC "Oh...be careful, Graham!"

A frozen waterfall hinders Graham's progress as in warmer seasons it has washed away part of the path on which he is travelling.

Looking upwards, Graham can see a snowy ledge above the icy cliff next to him.

The icy cliff is much too steep for Graham to climb without help.

Graham sees another possible route through the mountains from an upper ledge.

If only he could reach it...!

Graham notices a rock overhang near an upper ledge. The rope hangs from it.

Graham notices a rock overhang near an upper ledge.

The rocky overhang catches Graham's interest...

The remains of an old tree poke out of the mountainside near an upper ledge. Graham's rope dangles from it.

The remains of an old tree poke out of the mountainside near an upper ledge.

The tree branch looks interesting...

Graham's rope hangs dangerously from a rocky overhang.

The rope dangles precariously from a protruding tree branch.

CEDRIC "No! Stay away from the edge...!"

GRAHAM "Aaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiii!!!"

CEDRIC "Do be careful, Graham!"

As with the path below, the now-frozen waterfall has also washed away parts of this upper trail which skirts the mountain edge and then heads off to the east.

Graham can see tempting rock outcroppings protruding from the frozen waterfall.

An old log has fallen precariously across a washed-out portion of the narrow trail.

Graham's rope dangles from a rocky overhang down to the path below.

Graham can't reach the rope from here.

GRAHAM "What's wrong, Mr...uh, Eagle?"

EAGLE "I'm so weak from hunger. I haven't been able to catch any food for days. I can barely fly anymore."



GRAHAM "I'd love to help you...let me see what I can do."

EAGLE "Thank you. I need food...(cough, cough)."

GRAHAM "Here, take this. Perhaps it will help you."

EAGLE "You are a kind man to share your meager food with a poor bird...especially up here, in the snowy mountains."

GRAHAM "Well, I couldn't just stand there and let you starve to death! What kind of person would I be?"

EAGLE "You have shown yourself to be a kind, compassionate man and I will not forget what you did for me. Good-bye, dear friend."

A snowy path leads from the mountain ridge to a mysterious, ice-covered castle.

A castle, buried in snow and ice, perches precariously atop a steep pinnacle.

A shivering eagle perches weakly upon a small rock. Despite his own problems, Graham's heart goes out to the poor thing.

The poor eagle gives Graham a pitiful look. Graham would like to help him...but how?

That won't help the poor eagle.

The eagle appears to be too weak to indulge in any further conversation.

CEDRIC "Graham! Look out!"

CEDRIC "Graham! Watch out!"

A twisty path winds confusingly up the rocky mountainside.

A pool of water reflects the blueness of the sky where occasionally a vision of a huge soaring bird can be observed.

Within a ravine, a swift river courses its way down the mountains.

A beautiful waterfall cascades down from a high, vertical cliff.

Cedric looks cold and weary as he dutifully follows Graham across these treacherous mountains.

CEDRIC "Will we EVER find our way out of these mountains, Graham?"

GRAHAM "I don't know, Cedric. I'm beginning to wonder!"

Cedric isn't listening to Graham at the moment.

Cedric isn't paying any attention to Graham.

Cedric isn't in the mood to talk right now.

Cedric doesn't have anything important to say at the moment.

Graham's hunger grows acute. Without food, he may soon die.

It won't help Graham cross the crevasse.

CEDRIC "Help, Graham! Help me!"

GRAHAM "Cedric!"

The snowy path abruptly ends where a gradual slope continues eastward.

The shape of one particular mountaintop seems vaguely familiar to Graham.

Graham can see a breathtaking view of distant snow-covered mountains towering above a beautiful valley with a ribbon of river slicing across it.

(text 33)

GRAHAM "Drat! My sled is broken!"

For

Lisa

from O.

A snowy path zigzags its way across the top of a narrow ridge toward a deep crevasse.

From here, the path widens and continues on to the east.  
A deep crevasse splits the snowy mountain ridge in two. A thin strip of ice crosses it. It looks too wide to jump across.  
Graham thinks about attempting to jump across the crevasse, but wisely chooses not to.  
Perhaps with some momentum Graham could use this to cross the crevasse.  
It won't help Graham cross the crevasse.  
In the distance, snowy mountains loom above a lovely river valley.  
Graham's sled lies in several broken pieces on the eastern side of the icy crevasse.  
The broken sled is now no good to anybody.

### **At the yeti cave**

ICEBELLA "I am Queen Icebella and you have entered MY domain now. I command you to KNEEL before me!"  
ICEBELLA "Since both you and your friend over there..."  
ICEBELLA "...have so thoughtlessly invaded my territory without my permission or knowledge, I have decided you shall both be put to death! Take him away, my pets!"  
It's not a pretty sight.  
ICEBELLA "Wait, my pets!"  
ICEBELLA "That was very lovely music. I've never heard anything quite that beautiful before. I think I felt my heart melting just a little bit. Just enough, that is, to allow you a chance for your freedom."  
ICEBELLA "A vicious yeti has entered the area and taken up residence in my prized crystal cave. So far, I have been unable to extricate him from either the cave OR my territory. If you can rid me of the yeti I will release both you and your owl friend and you two can continue on with your journey unhindered."  
ICEBELLA "You may rise now."  
ICEBELLA "I wish you luck in defeating the yeti. If you succeed you will have my undying gratitude."  
ICEBELLA "Go with him, Sir Greywolf. Show him the way to the crystal cave."  
ICEBELLA "You may go now. Sir Greywolf will lead the way."  
ICEBELLA "Ah, good. You have returned in victory, I presume?"  
GRAHAM "Yes, Your Majesty. The yeti is dead. He will no longer be a scourge upon your realm. Are my friend and I free to go now?"  
ICEBELLA "Yes. I keep my promises. I want to thank you for ridding my mountain domain of the horrible yeti. Please rise, King Graham."  
ICEBELLA "Yes, I know who you are and I have been informed of your quest. I do wish you luck against the wizard Mordack."  
ICEBELLA "You two may go. We wish you well on your difficult journey. Sir Greywolf will show you the way out of the mountains."  
Queen Icebella has no interest in that.

CEDRIC "If you're going to go back to that dreaded yeti cave, I'll wait here!"

WOLF "Yonder's the crystal cave. There you will find the yeti."

The large grey wolf stubbornly blocks Graham's passage back to the Ice Queen's palace. Graham's only option is to go toward a distant cave...where the dreaded yeti can be found!

The large grey wolf stubbornly blocks Graham's passage back to the Ice Queen's palace.

WOLF "I see that the yeti is dead. Queen Icebella will be pleased. Come...follow me."

GRAHAM "Sir Wolf, I don't know HOW you expect me to conquer a yeti! Why he's got to be at least TWICE as big as me...and much, MUCH more powerful! What do you expect me to do?"

WOLF "That is your problem...not mine. It has been decreed by Queen Icebella and I must carry out her wishes. Now, no more talking! Go! To the crystal cave!"

Graham's duties done, the large grey wolf sits in silence blocking the passage back to the Ice Queen's palace.

The wolf waits anxiously for Graham, having observed the yeti's demise.

As the huge wolf keeps a sharp eye on Graham there is little he can do to escape his unfair sentence.

As the wolf looks very angry at Graham's hesitation, Graham wisely decides to hold his tongue.

That won't change the wolf's mind.

Off in the distance, Graham can see the crystal cave.

Off in the distance, a large cave can be seen. Graham can only assume it to be the Ice Queen's precious crystal cave.

A dangerous, snowy path skirts the edge of a vertical mountainside toward a cave which can be seen in the distance.

A snowy path runs along the front of a crystal cavern.

A narrow ledge ends at a vertical cliff over which the yeti fell to his terrible death.

Through the yawning entrance of the cave, Graham can see many beautiful crystals sparkling and flashing from within.

Too late!!

That won't help Graham fight the powerful yeti.

The yeti! Run!

Graham could never overpower the huge yeti!

GRAHAM "Excuse me! Can we talk...?"

As strong as he is, even Graham can't break the stubborn crystal with his bare hands.

So very gently, Graham hits the beautiful crystal several times with his hammer until it breaks loose in one piece. He carefully places it among his other possessions.

Crystals flashing and sparkling, and reflecting off the numerous waterfalls, cause Graham to gaze in awe at the dazzling spectacle before him.

One especially beautiful crystal catches Graham's notice in the center of the crystal cave.

One particularly brilliant crystal catches Graham's attention among all the other glittering crystals in the cave.

It won't help Graham retrieve the crystal.

"Hang on! I'll get you out of this!"

### **By the seaside**

CEDRIC"Graham, where have you been? I've been looking all over for you!"

GRAHAM"You'd never believe it, Cedric. You'd never believe it."

A narrow strand of beach skirts the bottom of the steep cliffs while the cold water of the ocean seems to cunningly steal what little is left.

A short path, starting from a ledge up the cliffside, winds snakelike down to a narrow beach.

Further up the beach, Graham can see a lovely waterfall cascading down the cliffs and falling into the cold, blue ocean.

Graham notices a rusty iron bar lying on the sand near the bottom of the winding path.

Graham notices a boat in the distance.

CEDRIC"Good! I was getting a little seasick!"

GRAHAM"Here we are, Cedric!"

GRAHAM"Come on, Cedric. Get in the boat!"

CEDRIC"Aye, aye, Captain!"

Graham firmly wedges the softened piece of beeswax into the small hole in the boat's hull.

Hopefully, the wax will hold and make her seaworthy.

Having found help for Cedric from the hermit, Graham decides it would be best to sail there rather than risk hurting him further by carrying him.

With Cedric quietly moaning from the bottom of the boat, Graham decides it would be best to leave him there and go find help.

An old, cast-off sailboat sits forlornly on the narrow, sandy beach.

Graham notices a small hole in the bottom of the old sailboat.

Graham is not strong enough to push the massive boat.

That has no effect on the boat.

CEDRIC"Mooooaannnn!"

Cedric quietly moans from the bottom of the boat.

CEDRIC"Look Graham, there is a boat here! Maybe we can use it!"

Jagged rocks surround the waterfall at the base of the cliff and then continue on into the ocean.

The narrow beach at the base of the steep, rocky cliff widens here somewhat, while the chilly ocean continues to beat relentlessly upon it.

A cascading waterfall, though very beautiful, nevertheless cuts off further travel to the north.

There is little that Graham can do about the waterfall.

GRAHAM"Aye, aye, sir. We're off. Come on, Cedric."

GRAHAM"Aye, aye, sir. I'm off."

HERMIT"Pearl, this man needs your help. He needs you to lead him to Mordack's island. It's a real 'mergency. Mordack's holdin' his family hostage."

HERMIT"Pearl cain't speak human talk but she's agreed to help you. Just get on into your boat and folla her."

GRAHAM"I want to thank you for all your help, Mr....uh?"

HERMIT"Don't worry about who I am. You just get on over to that there island and take care of your family."

GRAHAM"Thanks again for all your help."  
HERMIT"Came back, eh? Bring your friend on in here and I'll see if I can heal him up."  
GRAHAM"What's this?"  
Graham pounds on the door, but finds it bolted from the inside. He can, however, hear activity within.  
HERMIT"Go away!"  
HERMIT"Now what were you wantin'?"  
10 "Can you tell me how to get to Mordack's island?"  
11 "My owl friend is hurt. He was wounded by the harpies."  
HERMIT"Eh? Too much noise out here! Come on inside where I can hear ya' better."  
HERMIT"Wounded by the harpies, did you say? Well, if you can bring him to me, I'll fix him right up...good as new!"  
HERMIT"Wounded by the harpies, did you say? Well, bring him on into the house. I'll fix him right up...good as new!"  
HERMIT"Who are you? What are you doing on my beach?"  
HERMIT"You still here?"  
HERMIT"Whad'ya want?"  
HERMIT"Quit botherin' me!"  
HERMIT"Don't you know you're trespassin' on my beach?"  
HERMIT"Git outta here!"  
HERMIT"Leave me alone!"  
HERMIT"I cain't help ya!"  
HERMIT"Now what?!"  
HERMIT"Go away! Leave me alone!"  
HERMIT"Skedaddle. This ain't your beach!"  
HERMIT"Now whad'ya want?"  
HERMIT"I ain't interested."  
GRAHAM"I am King Graham of Daventry and I'm on a journey to find the wizard Mordack's island. But I seem to be stuck; I don't know where to go from here."  
GRAHAM"Please help me. I need your help."  
GRAHAM"I just need some information."  
GRAHAM"Do you know where the wizard Mordack lives?"  
GRAHAM"I don't know where to go from here."  
GRAHAM"Can you help me?"  
GRAHAM"My family has been kidnapped by Mordack. I need to find him."  
GRAHAM"You've got to help me!"  
GRAHAM"Please! Take the time to listen to me."  
GRAHAM"I need help to find Mordack's island."  
GRAHAM"I think I'm lost. I need your help."  
GRAHAM"I think you can help me...if you would only listen."  
HERMIT"Eh? What's that you say?"  
HERMIT"Eh? I cain't hear ya!"  
HERMIT"What's that you say?"  
HERMIT"What? Speak louder, boy!"  
HERMIT"Eh? What's that?"  
HERMIT"I cain't understand ya!"  
HERMIT"Gotta speak up, boy!"  
HERMIT"Eh?"  
HERMIT"What? I cain't understand!"  
HERMIT"I cain't hear ya! Speak up!"  
HERMIT"Can't understand a thing you said. Gotta speak up boy! Now, get on outta here!"  
A makeshift house, fashioned from the bow of a wrecked ship, occupies the south end of a small,

narrow beach.

Graham hasn't been invited into this house.

The ocean's cold water seems to lap hungrily toward the small "ship-house" built against the steep cliffs of the narrow beach.

An old hermit, ancient and fragile-looking, inhabits the makeshift "ship-house." It appears he has lived alone on this beach for many, many years.

The hermit doesn't seem interested in that.

A crude door has been built into the side of the unusual house.

Graham notices a ship's bell near the door of the house.

HERMIT"Lay him on the bed there."

HERMIT"These poultices should fix the little feller up good as new."

CEDRIC"I'm feeling better already! Tell me, what was in those poultices? My employer would be very interested in them."

HERMIT"Eh? What was that?"

CEDRIC"I said, what was in those poultices? My employer would be interested in them."

HERMIT"Gifts from the sea, lad. Gifts from the sea. Ain't nothin' special. You just gotta know how to use 'em. I don't think he'd find them particularly interestin'."

HERMIT"Now, son. What was it you was tryin' to tell me before?"

GRAHAM"I was trying to find out where the wizard Mordack's island is. He kidnapped my family and is holding them hostage there. I MUST get to them before it's too late!"

HERMIT"Oh, I'm right sorry to hear about that. He's a nasty one, that Mordack. I wouldn't wanna tangle with him."

HERMIT"I'd try to talk you outta goin' there 'cept I can see that you cain't leave your poor defenseless family unaided."

HERMIT"I can enlist someone who can lead you straight to his island. Follow me outside."

## Sea

Many rocky islets dot the ocean just off-shore of the mountainous mainland.

Oh no! The water is too cold for swimming!

CEDRIC"Watch out, there's a hole in the boat!"

CEDRIC"Graham! Watch out!"

Graham and Cedric sail uncertainly in the vast, blue ocean.

Graham sails uncertainly in the vast, blue ocean.

Graham can see nothing but more ocean as far as the eye can see to the east.

Way in the distance, Graham can make out small, rocky islands.

Cedric isn't in the mood to talk.

Many jagged rocks stand in the shallow waters.

Graham and Cedric spy an interesting island to the north.

Graham spies an interesting island to the north.

Graham notices beautiful seagulls flying in the distance.

CEDRIC"Look, Graham! An island! Perhaps we should explore it."

GRAHAM"Yes, I think we should, Cedric."

The boat seems to be seaworthy enough as it sails over the waves.

Graham is growing tired from swimming in the icy water.

Within the sheltering waters of a surrounding reef, a craggy island rises abruptly from the sea. Just

inside an opening in the reef, Graham can see an inviting little bay.

## **Harpies' Island**

Cedric is near death. Taking him for a swim could be fatal.

CEDRIC"Graham, I don't like the looks of this!"

GRAHAM"Me neither!"

CEDRIC"Graham! Help me!"

Graham bends over and picks up the beautifully-colored shell.

The small sailboat seems to wait expectantly for Graham.

Graham notices a large conch shell lying delicately upon the sandy beach.

A small bay laps gently upon a coarse sand beach of the rocky island.

Through a natural rock arch, Graham can see a sandy path leading up toward the island's interior.

CEDRIC"Graham! (cough, cough) Help... me."

GRAHAM"Cedric, where do you hurt?"

CEDRIC"Everywhere... (cough, cough)."

Graham can see the sandy path winding its way upward through a second rocky arch.

From the nearby beach a sandy path continues on up to a high point of the craggy island.

Poor Cedric. Having been seriously wounded by the vicious harpies, he now lies, moaning and in pain, upon the sandy path.

CEDRIC"Mooaaannn!"

That won't help Cedric.

HARPIES"Where did you find HIM, Minotta?"

"We found him on the beach. Isn't he luscious? Yummm!"

"I don't know... he doesn't look like MY type. What do YOU think, Cruleena?"

This situation seems to require very careful thought. Graham needs to spend more time on this.

HARPIES"I think he looks too old and tough. I like MY meals to be young and tender."

"Don't be so picky. I'm tired of fish. I haven't had a man in months."

"Yes, you did. I saw you steal a man off a raft just last week!"

"Oh, he doesn't count! He was already picked over by the time I got to him!"

"Well, at least this one's fresh!"

"I don't know about you girls... but I'm ready to eat!"

"Oh, you're ALWAYS ready to eat. That's why you're so fat!"

"I am NOT!"

"You are TOO!"

"Oh, quit arguing, girls! Let's eat!"

"Trying to escape, huh?"

"What's he doing? What's that thing?"

"I don't know but I want it!"

"Hey, that's not fair! Let's get her, girls!"

"What's that he's got?"

"I don't know, and I don't CARE!"

Graham quickly bends down and rescues the fishhook from the ground.

While keeping a sharp eye out for the harpies, Graham quickly bends down and rescues the fishhook from the ground.  
Several hungry-looking harpies eye Graham greedily as he frantically looks for a route of escape.  
Horribly, he sees none.  
The harpies are vicious creatures whom Graham could never overpower.  
The harpies aren't paying any attention to Graham at the moment.  
The sandy path ends at two narrow ledges overhanging the craggy island. Perched upon them, several monstrous harpies stare hungrily at Graham.  
The sandy path ends at two narrow ledges overhanging the craggy island.  
The hideous harpies don't pay any attention to it.  
In the distance, Graham can see a few islands.  
Half-hidden in the coarse island grass Graham notices an old fishhook.

A few hours later.....  
CEDRIC"Oh, no! Watch out for the rocks, Graham!"  
GRAHAM"Brace yourself, Cedric!"

### **Mordack's Island**

CEDRIC"I think I'll stay here until you come back."  
CEDRIC"Help me, I'm caught! Oh, help!"  
GRAHAM"Are you all right, Cedric?"  
GRAHAM"Well, let me see..."  
CEDRIC"I'm fine, Graham. Just a bit ruffled, is all."  
CEDRIC"No, don't...!"  
An involuntary shiver runs down Graham's spine as an overpowering sense of evil seems to hang over this island like a smothering mantle.  
A crude set of stairs has been carved into the rocky cliffs of Mordack's island. Above them, a narrow, winding trail leads on up to his castle.  
Although very cold, the waters here are calm due to a protective reef. The small beach, however, is nothing but rocks and coarse, almost gravelly, sand.  
Oh, dear! Now what?! Poor Graham's boat has been dashed to pieces against the jagged rocks of Mordack's island and is now completely useless.  
Unfortunately nothing can be done about the wrecked boat. It appears that Graham is stuck here.  
A bit shaken, Cedric anxiously takes stock of their unsure situation.  
CEDRIC"I hate to say this, Graham, but...I don't like this place at all!"  
GRAHAM"I know what you mean, Cedric."  
A dead fish lies on the rocky beach at the foot of the stairs.

CEDRIC"I don't like this place. It's creepy."  
It won't do much good here.  
Two monstrous statues with burned out eyes face each other across the narrow trail leading to



Mordack's castle.

Two monstrous statues of grotesque, distorted serpents face each other across the narrow trail leading to Mordack's castle.

The giant figures can't be climbed without risking life and limb, and since they appear to be made of stone, can't be harmed.

The stone statues don't respond.

That won't help with the stone serpents.

The narrow, rocky trail leads straight to the front gate of Mordack's castle.

A bizarre castle, seeming to rise up out of the very rocks of the strange island like some sort of grotesque growth, beckons, yet repels, at the same time.

CEDRIC "No, don't...!"

CEDRIC "Well, it looks like there's n-n-no way in. Let's turn back."

GRAHAM "Come ON, Cedric!"

A wide chasm separates the narrow trail from the castle's massive front gate. Graham ponders the situation but can't find a way to solve it.

The chasm between the trail and the front gate of the castle is too wide to jump across. Graham will have to find another way to enter the castle.

Graham notices a small stairway leading down to another trail which winds around the left side of Mordack's castle.

The strange castle, so close now, intimidates Graham as it towers threateningly before him.

CEDRIC "See? Dead end! Let's go back now!"

GRAHAM "No! I'll figure this out!"

CEDRIC "No, don't...!"

CEDRIC "You're crazy to go down into that dark hole; you don't know what's down there!"

GRAHAM "Well, do you have any better ideas?"

CEDRIC "No...uh, mind if I wait for you here?"

GRAHAM "No, that's a good idea, Cedric. You be the lookout out here!"

CEDRIC "Yes...I'll be the lookout. Be careful, Graham!"

Graham tugs hard on the grate but soon finds it's rusted in place and can't be budged.

The open grate in the stone platform invites Graham's entry.

Graham notices a rusted grate imbedded into a stone platform of Mordack's castle.

Too late! One of Mordack's henchman is coming.

The grate is already open.

That won't help budge the grate.

The iron bar holds up the rusted grate.

Graham has found a stone platform on the west side of the strange castle.

The twisted and deformed shapes of the island's rocks seem to grow like strange weeds.

## **Mordack's Basement Maze**

DINK "Duh...DINK!"

Graham tries to open the wooden door, but to no avail. It's securely locked.

Graham inserts the hairpin into the door's large keyhole and discovers, to his amazement, that it fits perfectly! Turning it ever so gently, he soon hears a soft click and the door is unlocked!

Graham reaches down and grabs the hairpin off the labyrinth floor.

A grotesque creature scurries along the stone walls of the labyrinth.

Graham can't catch the creature... and wouldn't want to!

High above him, Graham sees the hole by which he entered these confusing underground tunnels. The hole is much too high for Graham to ever reach. He'll have to find another way out. The hole where Graham exited the dungeon. There is a wooden door here! Perhaps it will lead into the castle. The key won't fit this lock. The door is already unlocked. That won't work with the labyrinth door. A huge beast, sporting a funny-looking topknot bound in a crude hairpin on top of his head, skulks in one dark corner of the labyrinth. Graham should watch his step around this ugly beast! It makes no impression on the huge beast. DINK "Duh... Dink! Dink! Duh... duh... duh... Dink!" Graham sees the beast's hairpin lying on the stone floor of the labyrinth. Graham looks around in terrified confusion as he finds himself in a labyrinth somewhere underneath Mordack's castle.

### **Dungeon**

Water, dripping down strands of slimy vegetation hanging from the ceiling, forms a small pool on the cell's cold, stone floor. Graham finds himself in a dirty, dingy cell somewhere below Mordack's castle. CASSIMA "Hello!" GRAHAM "What? Princess Cassima! Where did you come from?!" CASSIMA "From the labyrinth. I spend a lot of time down here, you know...with my friends." GRAHAM "Friends?" CASSIMA "Yes. Like Dink...and Sam. I don't know if you ever saw Sam or not. Anyway, I found this loose stone once that led here...to this cell. Now come on! You'd better get out of here!" Graham can see a small, moldy piece of cheese just inside the mousehole. Graham finds that his hand is too large to reach very far into the mousehole. Graham can't reach into the mousehole far enough to retrieve the piece of cheese. Graham can ALMOST reach the piece of cheese inside the mousehole...but finds his hand too large to reach very far. There! Got it! The fishhook did the trick in retrieving the piece of cheese from the mousehole. Green mold covers the small piece of cheese. That won't do any good.+ That implement won't quite work here. A stone block rests on the ground near a large hole in the cell wall. It looks like someone replaced and mortared the loose stone. The stone is much too heavy for Graham to lift. The stone can't be budged anymore. Graham can see a tiny mousehole in one wall of the dreary cell. There is nothing more of interest inside the mousehole. A fallen stone has revealed a large hole in the cell wall. After observing no discernible escape route from the small cell, Graham sinks to the floor in despair, knowing he will never see the light of day again. Above him, Graham can see a damp, rusty grate leading to...who knows where? The grate is too high up. Graham can do nothing with it.

## **Kitchen Cupboard**

Inside the cupboard, Graham's eyes fall upon a bag of dried peas.  
Reaching into the open cupboard, Graham retrieves the bag of dried peas.  
A set of wide steps leads up from the labyrinth door to a pantry off the wizard's kitchen  
Graham can see into the kitchen through the open pantry door.  
Graham scans the various items lining the open shelves but doesn't see anything of use.  
Graham examines the contents of the shelves but doesn't see anything of interest.  
A set of wide steps leads up from the labyrinth door to a pantry off the wizard's kitchen.  
A cupboard in the corner of the pantry catches Graham's interest.  
There is nothing more of interest in the cupboard.  
The cupboard is already open.  
A bag labeled Peas sits in the cupboard.  
Graham's eyes fall on a bag of dried peas in the open cupboard.  
There is nothing else of interest in cupboard.

## **Kitchen**

CASSIMA "Wherever did you FIND my gold locket? I thought it was gone for good. I lost it on the island just after I was brought here by Mordack."

GRAHAM "You wouldn't believe me if I told you. Tell me, who are you...and how did you come to be here?"

CASSIMA "My name is Princess Cassima from the Kingdom of the Green Isles. My father, the King, employs a horrible Vizier who befriended Mordack. When Mordack saw me, he immediately wished to marry me and bring me here."

CASSIMA "Naturally I refused and my father agreed with me. But our refusal angered him so much that he stole me here anyway, and put me to work as a scullery girl."

CASSIMA "He says he will never let me go...that a scullery girl I will remain until I agree to marry him. But the thought revolts me! What am I to do?!"

CASSIMA "Don't come near me! Leave me alone!"

GRAHAM "I would never hurt you. I'd like to help you."

CASSIMA "I don't believe you! You're probably one of...THEM!"

GRAHAM "I'm not; believe me."

CASSIMA "Just go away...pleassee! I don't want to talk to you anymore."

CASSIMA "By the way, who are you?"

GRAHAM "I'm King Graham of Daventry."

CASSIMA "I think I know where that is! It's very far from my home, though. Ohhhhhhh!"

GRAHAM "Don't worry.

Somehow...I'll get you home again.

But first, I've got to save my family."

CASSIMA "Yes, well...(sniff), I'll stand by you, King Graham. I'll help you if I can."

GRAHAM "Thanks. I may need it."

CASSIMA "Well, I'd better get back to work. And you should keep out of sight!"

GRAHAM "Aye, aye, m'lady."

A fire burns hotly in the fireplace while something in the iron pot boils above it.

The stuff boiling in the pot doesn't look, or smell, too appetizing.

Graham surveys the kitchen in Mordack's castle in disgust. It is an untidy mishmash of dirty pots,

jars with unidentified contents, rags, and assorted junk. Graham can see nothing that interests him.

Princess Cassima (whom Graham now knows to have been stolen by Mordack from the Kingdom of the Green Isles), looks pleased to see him. She smiles in friendship.

A lovely young girl with long black hair, olive skin, and flashing green eyes laboriously scrubs the cold stone floor. Though wearing rags, her beauty nevertheless shines through.

A lovely young girl with long black hair, olive skin, and flashing green eyes cowers, frightened, in the corner of the kitchen. Though wearing rags, her beauty nevertheless shines through.

Princess Cassima looks glad to see Graham. Perhaps she feels he can help to get her off of this horrible island.

The young girl endlessly scrubs the hard floor. She doesn't pay any attention to Graham.

The poor girl cowers in the corner. It doesn't appear that she trusts Graham.

That won't help Princess Cassima in any way.

While Princess Cassima busily scrubs the kitchen floor Graham tries to figure out what to do next.

Since the girl seems so frightened, Graham compassionately decides to leave her alone for now.

GRAHAM "Don't worry. I'm here to save my family from the wizard. He's got them here someplace imprisoned inside a glass bottle. If I can manage to rescue them then I won't forget you, either."

CASSIMA "I know the glass bottle you're talking about! It's in Mordack's laboratory upstairs!"

GRAHAM "Keep quiet about my presence. I think this will be the most difficult part of my journey. I may not...survive it."

CASSIMA "I would NEVER give you away.

And I will help you in any way I can, kind sir."

The doorway goes into a hallway containing an unusual pipe organ.

This doorway leads into the pantry.

CASSIMA "Take that away from me!

I don't want it!"

### **Drop-In Nemeses**

A large beast rushes toward Graham with hatred in his red-rimmed eyes.

A large beast lies knocked out on the floor.

Graham could never overpower this huge beast!

Graham wants no part of this beast!

Your empty bag has no effect.

That can't be done from this position.

Too late!

THAT won't help Graham against this huge beast!

This is no time for conversation!

Now would not be a good time to bother Mordack!

Graham wisely decides to keep his mouth shut.

Through the open doorway, Graham can see the wizard lying in his bed.

Mordack lies asleep on his huge, horrendous bed.

The cat is interested in your fish.

The cat is greedily eating the fish.

The cat seems content after eating the fish.

He seems in a hurry to leave.

The cat struggles in vain inside the bag.

The black cat eyes Graham suspiciously.

It wouldn't be wise to carry around the cat.

Those claws look awfully sharp.

It won't sway the cat. Graham's in trouble!

Don't bother the cat with THAT!

CAT "Meeooooorrrrwww!!!"

MORDACK "You! How did you get here?"

GRAHAM "I have journeyed far; over land and sea..."

MORDACK "Never mind! Your journey is now over!"

MORDACK "Good-bye, KING Graham of Daventry...heh, heh, heh!"

### **Music Room**

A hideous, yet fascinating pipe organ commands attention as Graham walks through a downstairs hallway.

Two distorted figures of bird-like women flank both sides of the monstrous pipe organ.

The weird figures don't appear to have any use at all.

This doorway leads back into the kitchen.

Graham can see into a large dining hall through the doorway.

Not now!

Graham watches in horrified fascination as the grotesque organ begins to magically play a weird tune all by itself.

### **Dining Room**

A massive dining table has been placed before a large, ornate fireplace.

Graham doesn't see anything interesting with the fireplace.

The doorway goes into a hallway containing an unusual pipe organ.

Statues of weird "birdmen" line the walls of the immense dining hall.

Graham carefully examines the strange statues but sees nothing of use.

This appears to be the huge dining hall of the castle. Graham wonders who eats here besides Mordack.

Graham isn't interested in sitting around right now.

A huge dining table, placed before an ornate fireplace, dominates the cavernous dining hall.

Through the doorway Graham can see a small downstairs foyer.

This doorway leads into an unusual downstairs hallway.

Four curious statues representing strange "birdmen" line two walls of the dining hall.

Graham carefully examines the strange statues but sees nothing of use.

Graham finds himself in Mordack's immense dining hall.

### **Hallways**

Graham gapes at an odd figure of a bird-like, yet reptilian woman.

Curiously, Graham looks at the strange figure. There is nothing of use here, though.

Graham can see the huge dining hall through the doorway.

Beyond an open doorway a set of stone steps lead upwards.

Graham looks in astonishment around this strange foyer filled with an assortment of bizarre oddities.

A huge monstrosity of a skull-like figure leers over passersby of an upstairs hallway.

Graham looks up at the leering figure but sees nothing of any of use.

Graham looks out the spiked windows and views the distorted rocks and twisted forms of Mordack's strange island.

This doorway leads into Mordack's bedroom.

Graham can see a bit of Mordack's laboratory through the doorway.

The stairway leads down to a lower-level foyer.

### **Bedroom**

A hot fire burns fiercely in the hideous fireplace near the bed.

Mordack's wand lies temptingly upon the small table near his bed.

A strange statue of a winged woman sits close to Mordack's bed.

Mordack lies asleep on his huge, horrendous bed.

A large, grotesque bed occupies one corner of Mordack's bedroom.

Now would not be a good time to bother Mordack!

The thought of lying on that horrible bed is totally revolting to Graham.

The doorway leads into an upstairs hallway.

Graham surveys the bizarre furnishings and horrible figures in Mordack's bedroom.

MORDACK"Good-bye, KING Graham of Daventry...heh, heh, heh!"

Graham looks out the window and views the distorted rocks and twisted forms of Mordack's strange island.

Special thanks to Robin Bradley and the rest of the QA staff.

### **Library**

Many books and scrolls line the shelves of Mordack's library. As Graham looks them over, however, he finds them mostly unintelligible.

Since most of Mordack's books and scrolls are beyond Graham's comprehension he wisely decides to ignore them.

Graham can see into Mordack's bedroom through the open doorway.

Many book-filled shelves line the walls of Mordack's extensive, and bizarre, library.

A large tome lying upon a corner desk attracts Graham's curiosity.

Numerous books of various scholarly subjects lie scattered atop a nearby table.

The strange symbols have been burned into Graham's memory; there is no need to look at them again. Perhaps they'll be of use later.

Hmmmm, this looks interesting.

Graham wonders what the symbols mean.

None of these particular books interest Graham.

### **Laboratory**

Looking at his frantically waving family inside their glass prison makes Graham's heart break as he realizes his inability to save them from their terrible predicament.

A spiral staircase leads up to an upper level where a very bizarre machine captures Graham's curiosity.

Graham can see part of the upstairs hallway through the doorway.

Hot coals burn in an open-pit fireplace built against a side wall.

There is nothing but burning coals inside the open-pit fireplace.

Tears come to Graham's eyes as he sees his beloved family and castle held captive inside a large glass bottle.

Graham can't get a clear view from up here.

An odd machine of tubes, gears, weights, and tiny figures surrounding an unusual sphere-like object attracts Graham's attention.

Graham will have to go up the stairs to do that.

Graham has found himself in a large room filled with many unusual contraptions and magical implements. His heart feels like bursting when he notices his family imprisoned within a large glass bottle sitting upon a corner table.

MORDACK"Good-bye, KING Graham of Daventry...heh, heh, heh!"

Graham tosses the moldy cheese into the machine's bubbling liquid.

Mordack's wand now barely glows; perhaps its power has weakened while Crispin's old wand now appears completely energized.

The machine put on quite a show but didn't seem to accomplish anything!

Atop the iron platter of the bizarre contraption lies Crispin's wand.

Upon the iron platter of the strange machine lies Mordack's wand.

Mordack's wand looks dim and powerless. Graham doesn't want it.

Behind Mordack's strange contraption lurk other baffling magical implements.

Mordack's other gadgets don't interest Graham.

The strange device has returned to its original placid state. Graham is still awestruck by the incredible display of power he has just witnessed. Mordack obviously is a wizard with extraordinary talents to have harnessed such amazing power.

Graham has no idea what Mordack does with this strange contraption, but it couldn't be good!

Inside the lower portion a foul-smelling liquid bubbles while two dangling spiked gizmos hang on a massive yoke above a couple of flat iron platters.

The bizarre machine looks very intimidating and confusing which makes Graham reluctant to touch it; conversely, it also intrigues him.

Graham hesitates. This may be the wrong thing to do.

## **Ending**

MORDACK"What's going on here?!"

MORDACK"I'll take care of you... you SWINE!"

MORDACK"What the...?"

MORDACK"What have you done to my wand?!"

MORDACK"You think you can outwit me, little man?! Hah! Let me show YOU a thing or two!"

CEDRIC"Graham... I've heard from Crispin!"

MORDACK"Why you little...!"

MORDACK"You think you're so smart, don't you? Well, I've got you now!"

MORDACK"Ssssssssssay good-bye, sssssssssswine!"

MORDACK"Sssssssso! If thisssss issssss the way you want to play...!"

GRAHAM"NOW why won't you work?!"

GRAHAM"Oh...Princess Cassima! Well, I did it. Mordack is dead."

CASSIMA "Dead? Are you sure? Maybe he's only trying to trick you!"

GRAHAM "He's dead, all right. He turned himself into a fire and I put him out with rainwater. He'll never bother anyone else EVER again! But now I have a bigger problem; I don't know what to do about my family or my castle. I don't know how to turn them back to normal!"

CASSIMA "After all you've been through, there MUST be a way!"

GRAHAM "Crispin!"

CRISPIN "I have the solution to ALL your problems, Graham!"

CRISPIN "While you and Cedric were gone, I did some asking around, and found out that YOUR son, Alexander, had the dubious distinction, if you may, of turning Mordack's brother, Mannanan, into a cat some time back."

CRISPIN "Obviously, this deed angered Mordack who could do nothing about it since this particular spell could only be undone by the actual perpetrator...your son."

CRISPIN "It doesn't take a great genius to figure out that Mordack took your family and castle in revenge and to try to 'persuade' Alexander to restore Mannanan back to his old self."

CRISPIN "I DID discover, as now I see, that your castle and family were miniaturized and imprisoned inside a glass bottle. I did some research and found the spell for turning everything back to normal. Now watch!"

CRISPIN "Hocus, pocus, ALIOCUS!"

GRAHAM "Valance! My children! My joy knows no limits!"

ROSELLA "Oh, Daddy! I'm so glad you're here!"

GRAHAM "Oh...Princess Cassima! How could I forget you! Come over here."

GRAHAM "Let me introduce you to my family. This is my wife, Queen Valance; my daughter, Princess Rosella; and my son, Prince Alexander...who started this whole mess! All of you, this is Princess Cassima from the Land of the Green Isles. Without her, none of us would be standing here now. She bravely saved my life!"

ALEX "My Lady. I am deeply in your debt and I will make it up to you. With your permission, I'd like to travel to the Land of the Green Isles to see you."

CRISPIN "All right! Now that we're done with the formalities, let's get on with business, shall we?"

CRISPIN "Higgledy, piggedly, POOH!"

CRISPIN "Be assured that your castle is right back where it belongs...and the right size too! But NOW, it's time that everyone return to their homes...with MY help, of course."

CRISPIN "Alakazam, alakazoo..."

GRAHAM "Wait! What about Cedric?!"

CRISPIN "What? Where IS Cedric?"

GRAHAM "Over there! Mordack may have killed him! Is there ANYTHING you can do about it?"

CRISPIN "Hmmmmmm, let me think. Ah, yes! I think I know."

CRISPIN "Abra...abracarbara...no. Uh, abra...codora...hmmmmmm."

CRISPIN "Now, what IS that confounded word!"

CRISPIN "Oh, yes!"

CRISPIN "Abra...cadabra!"

GRAHAM "Cedric, it sure is good to see YOU again!"

CEDRIC "Likewise, I'm sure."

CRISPIN "All right. Enough is enough. Let's get on with it."

CRISPIN "Okay, Cassima. Let's send you home first. Wasn't that the Land of the Green Isles?"

CASSIMA "Yes, that's right! I can't wait to see my parents again! Good-bye, Alexander. Perhaps we'll meet again."

ALEX "You can be sure of that, m'lady."



GRAHAM"Before you send us all home, Crispin, I just want to thank you for all your help. And, you too, Cedric. I wouldn't be standing here with my family without you two. I'm deeply, deeply grateful."  
CRISPIN"All in a day's work, my boy. All in a day's work. Right, Cedric?"  
CEDRIC"Right, Crispin!"  
CRISPIN "Okay, back home you go!"  
CRISPIN"Alakazam, alakazoo, ALAKAZEE!"

GRAHAM"Well, there she is...our happy home. And we're all safe and sound once more."  
GRAHAM"Let's go home, shall we?"  
VALANICE"Yes, let's."

Your score:  
%d out of %d possible.

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