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The Lost Crowns of Cair Paravel (August 1988)
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Based on
The Chronicles of Narnia
by C.S. Lewis

LEAP OF THE LION

Scanned and compiled by Underdogs
Home of the Underdogs
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by Curtis Norris

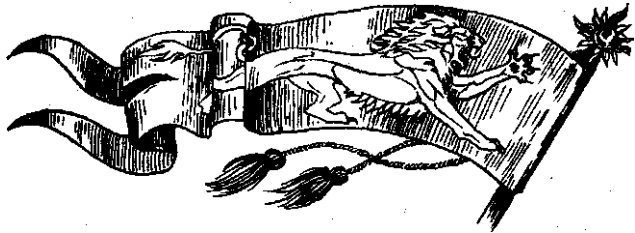
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AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LAND OF NARNIA

Based on **The Chronicles of Narnia** by C.S. Lewis, **Narnia Solo Games™** invite the reader into the magical realm of daring children, talking animals, evil witches, Asian the Lion, and noble kings and queens. The enchanted land of Narnia, rich in conflict and wonder, provides the perfect background for solo games. Welcome to the fantasy and excitement of C.S. Lewis' Narnia!



THE FOUNDING OF NARNIA

Near the very beginning (but not quite exactly at it), the Lion named Asian opened his mouth and blew a long, warm breath over the creatures who stood in a wide circle around him. There were rabbits and moles and badgers. There were dogs and leopards and horses. There was even a pair of elephants! The beasts swayed as though pushed by a strong wind, and clear, silvery voices from beyond the sky (it was the stars) sang in chorus. A quick flash like lightning (that burnt nobody) made every drop of blood in the animals' bodies tingle. Then Asian spoke in a deep, wild voice.



"Narnia, Narnia, Narnia, awake. Love. Think. Speak. Be walking trees. Be talking beasts. Be divine waters." Wild people stepped out from the trees, gods and goddesses of the wood holding the hands of Fauns and Dwarfs and Satyrs. The river god and his Naiad daughters rose from the watery depths of the river. All these and all the beasts answered the Lion in their different voices, low or high, thick or clear. "Hail, Aslan. We hear and obey. We are awake. We love. We think. We speak. We know."

Thus Narnia became the land of the Talking Animals, waking trees, and living waters. It was not a country of men (as Trufflehunter the Badger later told Prince Caspian), but it was a country for a man to be King of. At the Lion's order, the Dwarfs forged two crowns from a tree of true gold; they set the one with rubies and the other with emeralds. When the crowns had been cooled in the river, Aslan placed them on the heads of King Frank and Queen Helen in solemn ritual.

"Rise up King and Queen of Narnia, father and mother of many Kings that shall be in Narnia and the Isles and Archenland. Be just and merciful and brave. The blessing is upon you."

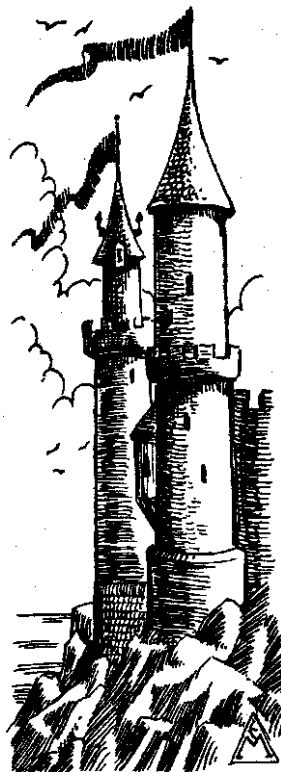
The royal pair and their children lived happily in that pleasant land. The boys married nymphs and the girls married wood-gods and river-gods. The second son became King of Archenland, and his descendants were always great friends to their cousins in Narnia. And their subjects prospered in joy and peace.

Many hundreds of years later, evil came to Narnia. A wicked Witch brought the snow and ice of everlasting winter: a winter that would last one hundred years without Christmas or Spring. Four children (named Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy) brought an end to her rule and took the four thrones in Cair Paravel at Aslan's command.

ADVENTURE IN NARNIA

Now, Aslan will challenge you to show honor, courage, and courtesy during your own adventures in Narnia. But fear not — if you fail to do the Lion's bidding, just play again! And keep in mind Prince Rilian's words to Jill, Eustace, and Puddleglum the Marshwiggle:

"Friends, when once a man is launched on such an adventure as this, he must bid farewell to hopes and fears, otherwise death or deliverance will both come too late to save his honor and reason."



Go now, and seek the adventure that
Aslan sends!

Character Record

Name: _____

Skill	Bonus
Fighting	_____
Trickery	_____
Action	_____
Talking	_____
Perception	_____
Inner Strength	_____

Treasures & Equipment:

NOTES:

KEY SHEET

☐ 1 _____

☐ 2 _____

☐ 3 _____

☐ 4 _____



KEY SHEET

Name:

Skill

Bonus

Fighting

Trickery

Action

Talking

Perception

Inner Strength

Treasures & Equipment:

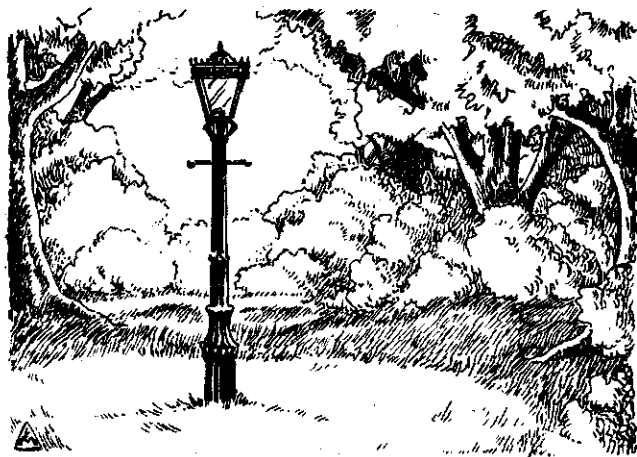
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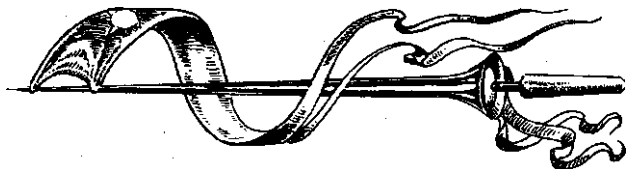
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USING THE GAMEBOOK

This gamebook describes hazards, situations, and locations that may be encountered during your adventures. As you read the text sections, you will be given choices as to what actions you may take. What section you read will depend on the directions and whether the actions you attempt succeed or fail.



THE GAMEBOOK

Text sections are labeled with three-digit numbers (e.g., "123"). Read each section only when told to do so. Often text sections will direct your "movement" in areas described by the text. In these cases, it can be very useful for you to keep track of what you encounter and where you go (i.e., you should record and map your path of travel).

KEYS

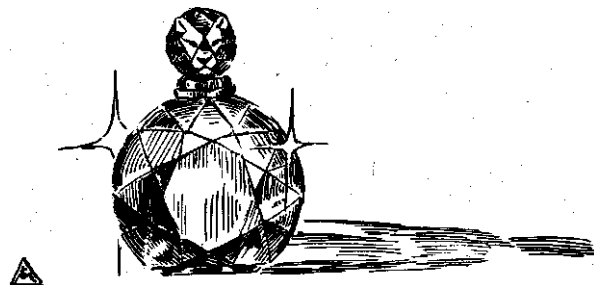
In this gamebook, you may gain information and take actions that may be important later on. So the text will sometimes instruct you to: Check Key xx ("xx" is a number). When this occurs, check the appropriate box on the "Key Sheet" found at the beginning of the book. You should also record the information gained and note the text section number on the line next to the box. You may copy or photocopy these sheets for your own use.

PICKING A NUMBER

Many times during your adventures you will need to *pick a number* (between 2 and 12). There are several ways for you to do this:

- 1) If you have two six-sided dice, roll them. The result is the number which you have picked. (You can also roll one six-sided die twice and add the results.) or
- 2), Flip to a random page in the book and look at the small boxed number in the inside, bottom corner of the page. This number is the number which you have picked, or
- 3) Turn to the Random Number Table at the end of this gamebook, use a pencil (or finger or pen or similar object), close your eyes, and touch the Random Number Table with the pencil. The number touched is the number which you have *picked*. If your pencil falls on a line, try again.

Whenever you are instructed to *pick a number and add a "bonus"*, treat results of more than 12 as "12" and treat results of less than 2 as "2".



YOUR CHARACTER

CHOOSING A CHARACTER

There are two ways to choose a character:

- 1) You can use the completely created character provided on the opposite page. If you choose this option, read the "Background" section just before the "Prologue", or
- 2) You can create your own character using the blank *Character Record* and the simple character development system included in the next section of this book.

TREASURES AND EQUIPMENT

Whenever you acquire treasures and equipment, record them on your *Character Record* in the provided spaces. Certain equipment may affect your abilities; the text will show you how.

SKILL BONUSES

For each skill on your *Character Record*, you have a Bonus that is used when you attempt certain actions. When the text instructs you to "add your bonus", it is referring to these *Skill Bonuses*. For an explanation of these skills refer to the Creating Your Own Character section.

STARTING TO PLAY

After reading the rules above, begin your adventures by reading the Prologue found after the rules section. From this point on, read sections as indicated by the text.

Character Record

Name: *Jesamy Haverfield*

Skill	Bonus
Fighting	<u>+1</u>
Trickery	<u>+1</u>
Action	<u>+1</u>
Talking	<u>+1</u>
Perception	<u>+1</u>
Inner Strength	<u>+1</u>

Treasures & Equipment:

3 pennies

a small bag of lemon drops

NOTES:

CREATING YOUR OWN CHARACTER

If you do not want to create your own character, use the pre-created character found in the front of this book. If you decide to create your own character, follow the directions given in this section. Keep track of your character on the blank *Character Record* found in the front of this book. It is advisable to enter information in pencil so that it can be erased and updated. If necessary, you may copy or photocopy this *Character Record* for your own use.

As you go through this character creation process, refer to the pre-created character on the preceding page as an example.

SKILLS

The following "Skill Areas" affect your chance of undertaking a successful action during your adventures.

- 1) **Fighting Skill:** This skill reflects your ability to fight.
- 2) **Trickery Skill:** Use this skill when trying to move without being seen or heard (i.e., sneaking), trying to steal or take something, picking a lock, escaping from bonds, etc.
- 3) **Action Skill:** Use this skill when directed to perform certain physical activities by the text, including: Running away, Swimming, Climbing, Tracking, Hunting, and Riding.

- 4) **Talking Skill:** This skill reflects your ability to talk with and gain information from intelligent beings.
- 5) **Perception Skill:** This skill reflects how much information you gather through observation and exploration.
- 6) **Inner Strength:** Not really a skill, it is a representation of your goodness and your resistance to the forces of evil. During an adventure it may change due to your actions and reactions.

SKILL BONUSES

For each of these skills, you will have a Skill Bonus that is used when you attempt certain actions. When the text instructs you to "*add your bonus*" it is referring to these Skill Bonuses. Keep in mind that these "bonuses" can be negative as well as positive.

When you start your character, you have six "+1 bonuses" to assign to your skills.

You may assign more than one "+1 bonuses" to a given skill, but no more than three to any one skill. Thus, two "+1 bonuses" assigned to a skill will be a "+2 bonus", and three "+1 bonuses" will be a "+3 bonus". Each of these bonuses should be recorded in the space next to the appropriate skill on your Character Record.

If you do not assign any "+1 bonuses" to a skill, you must record a "-2 bonus" in that space.

During play you may acquire equipment or injuries that may affect your bonuses. Record these modifications in the "Bonus" spaces.

BACKGROUND

(Read this section if you are using the Pre-created Character.)

You're in Mother's rose garden with Phoebe and little Stephen (your younger sister and brother), rolling hoops. It's a glorious afternoon; the roses are blooming, the sun shining, a breeze blowing, and it's your birthday! At teatime Mother will bring out sugar cookies, cherry tarts, butterscotch pudding, raspberry jello, and lemon ices, as well as a luscious plum cake covered with icing and candles. You lick your lips and turn to tickle Phoebe and Stephen. They both roll in helpless laughter on the short, soft grass until you stop. Still giggling, Phoebe taps your wrist and darts away shouting, "Jesamy, you're it!" You scramble to your feet, hoist Stephen up to ride piggyback, and chase after her.

"I'll catch you long before the moon rises!" you call, feet pounding.

Stephen squeals with glee and clutches your hair in his fists as you draw closer to your sister's flying heels. Faster and faster you run. Now you're close enough to touch her shoulder. "Race you to the gate and back," you shout.

Suddenly your vision goes black. You gasp and fumble in the darkness with nervous fingers. Where are you? What happened?



Blankets, flannel sheets, a plump pillow and downy quilt meet your touch; and it all comes flooding back. Summer holidays are over, and you're at school once again. The rose garden and your birthday were just a dream. But, oh, how you wish you hadn't woken up!

Term-time is horrible! Just because this isn't your first time at boarding school (that was last term) doesn't make it any better. You miss Phoebe and Stephen (it's several years before they'll be old enough to leave home) and the games you played all summer together. You miss Mother and the stories she used to tell you at bedtime. And, most of all, you miss Father: his deep, friendly voice; his wildly wonderful hugs; and the exciting trips to the zoo or the fair or the circus with him.

Blinking back tears, you stare into the shadows of your dormitory room. If only your friend, Colin, would pay more attention to you. It's not that he doesn't like you (you know he does; you were best buddies last term), but everyone else seems to like him just as much as you do. With the crowd of boys and girls that gathers about him after class, it's hard to get him away to kick around a soccer ball with you, or watch the thrush whose nest is just outside your window, or read adventure stories together out of your favorite books.

"Maybe I'm a pest," you murmur to the silence of the night. "Maybe he doesn't want to be pals this term after all."

Then you remember the time he showed you his secret hideaway in an old, hollow oak tree in the woods behind the playing fields. There were two stumps for stools and a curiously carved walnut box with Colin's treasures in it: a robin's egg, a stone with a fish fossil, and a story he was writing. There were some apples and a bag of toffees, too; there were even a few old bottles from the cherry pop he sometimes drinks there. The bottles made it look like a smuggler's cave! Surely Colin wouldn't have shared his secret place with you unless you were special too. Or would he?



LEAP OF THE LION

by
Curtis Norris

PROLOGUE:

It is a perfectly dreadful day, and you are in a foul mood. With the summer holidays over, and the new term beginning, there's nothing to look forward to for months. What's worse, the weather has taken a rather beastly turn in the past few days. Why this morning the fog rolled so thickly up the Thames it seemed to cover the entire city and even the schoolyard.

You shouldn't be out on a day like today anyway. But after all, your very best friend in the whole school did leave you behind to go play charades with those two new girls, Lucy and Susan Pevensie. What a silly game and how nasty it was of him to go in the first place. (Actually, you were invited along, but you were certain you were just being humored.)

That's why you are outside, alone on such a miserable day, pacing through the wet morning fog. As the air grows brisker, you begin to wish you had brought along a scarf and start back in the direction of the dormitory. But the fog grows strangely thicker. You cannot see much beyond the length of your arm. You have walked a good deal further than you think you should have, when you suddenly see a pale light through the mist. It must be a light in somebody's window. But you soon discover that it's only a street lantern. That's odd. You couldn't have wandered out of the schoolyard. Could you?

- If you go to the lantern, **turn to 309.**
- If you take another direction, **turn to 129.**

No sooner have the words left your mouth, than the door swings wide. Two beavers stand in the light. They seem surprised to see a child on their doorstep (especially one in such odd clothing), but they usher you quickly into their house. Inside it is cozy and a cheerful fire blazes on the hearth. Before another word is said, you are seated at the low table in the center of the room. Mrs. Beaver serves you a bowl of asparagus soup and spreads a quilt over your lap.

"I wish it could be more," she says, concerned. "But we're lucky to have any vegetables at all left over these days."

Mr. Beaver, who has lit his big black pipe, looks you over and asks, "You're not from these parts, are you?"

"No, sir," you say, looking up from your soup nervously.

"Don't be afraid, child," he says. "There's no danger here. I just like to know about the people who sit at my table."

Encouraged by their friendliness, you retell your entire adventure. After you have finished, Mr. Beaver puffs a while on his pipe, then says, "Mother, it seems I recall some ancient stories about children from other worlds. I think this child should be at the Gathering tonight."

"I agree," says Mrs. Beaver stroking your hair. "But not on an empty stomach. Have some more soup!"

You eagerly accept a second steaming bowl. Then the Beavers put out the lights and secure the house. All of you follow the orange glow of Mr. Beaver's pipe through the woods. After a short hike, Mrs. Beaver points to the top of a grassy hill where a fire burns and whispers, "The Gathering." Reaching the top, you discover many men and Talking Animals. Mr. Beaver tells them your story, and they welcome you into the circle with warmth and a certain amount of awe (you don't know why). They have important matters to discuss amongst themselves, however, and for the moment you are left alone, wondering. **Turn to 111.**



"I don't know what to do," you sputter. "How can I search for a Lion I don't even know?"

"Hmm, no, I don't blame you for being uncertain," Daliar mutters, stroking his beard. "How can you decide, when you know nothing about the nature of what we are doing?"

"Perhaps I can help," says the centaur. "I would like to tell this youth a little something about who is at the heart of this matter. Perhaps then the child can decide."

"Speak on," says the King.

Quietly the centaur moves to the middle of the ring. His bearded head remains bowed for a moment before he goes on. "I am older than any here, and even I was very young when Asian was last seen in this land. It was not a great event, as those who do not know or believe in the Lion think of as great."

"But the time of the year was autumn, and the people of Narnia, the beasts and the folk, were gathered for the last festival before winter. We danced, drank cider, and ate apples as we had done for countless autumns before. Yet this time there was sadness mixed in with the merriment. No one could understand, but we all wished that Asian could be there."

"The night had deepened with a hunter's moon sinking toward the horizon, when Asian finally appeared. He did not bound in, as he had times before, but padded amongst us quietly, with a gentle kiss for each. When he came to me, I remember thinking him the most beautiful creature in Narnia. He was as large as a horse, larger, in fact than my father. His mane was full and soft, and he looked as if he could be defeated by nothing. And yet there was sorrow in his eyes. Those eyes seemed to look far beyond me and all that I thought I was into a time that was not the present. He kissed me then, and the sweet perfume of his breath filled my nostrils. Perhaps only that gave me the strength not to cry as he walked out of our gathering never to be seen again."

"That was the first and last time that I stood in the presence of Asian. But the memory has always been with me, the sweet smell of his breath, the living gold of his mane, and the fathomless depth of his eyes. All my peace and all that is good in me flows from that event. I cannot express more clearly the specialness that belongs to the Lion. But, perhaps you can find reason enough in my tale to search for this Asian, who means so much to we Friends. Perhaps my child's heart of the past can speak to yours, here and now."

With a silence (for silence is something, too) the centaur ends his tale. You stand motionless, and all about, the others are just as still, looking at you. Overhead, the stars are still, straining to hear you answer the unuttered question.

- If you decide to join the Friends, **turn to 166.**
- If you still want to return home, **turn to 112.**

"Not guilty," you utter clearly. A profound silence follows. The Satyr looks up unbelievably. Then a smile comes over his face and he shouts, "Praise the child! Justice is done!"

A confused babble arises in the room. Some of the bolder beasts and people shout, "hurrah!" until others begin to join in. Soon almost everyone is giving joyous praise for your judgment. Happily, you look to Haadreh for his approval, but he shows not the slightest trace of it. Rather, he is shaking with rage.

"Watchers!" he shouts, when he has finally found his voice. "This child has broken the Rules. Take it to the dungeon! And kill any who dare try to defend the heretic!"

The guards are quick to act. The nearest of them advances, while others set their spears to repel any heroes from the crowd. There are many things you would like to tell Haadreh to his face right now, but you'd better try to escape the grasp of the Watchers or you'll land in the dungeon! **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 247.**
- If 6-10, **turn to 233.**
- If 11-12, **turn to 204.**

The Lion may be a terrible beast, as the Scribes, and professors, and Watchers of the Temple seem to think, but these Friends are much nicer than the Keepers of the Rules. "I want to help," you say.

"Fine!" replies the King. "When we get back to our camp in the woods, I'll tell you more. But first we must escape from this prison, and for that you must get the key. Now rest until night falls!" **Turn to 227.**

"If you please, sir," you answer quietly, "I miss my home very much, and..."

"Say no more, child," replies the King. "This is our responsibility. As soon as we get out of this prison, we'll see you get back to your own world. Now get some rest."

Quietly, you retire to a lonely corner to curl up. As the others continue to whisper of their plans, you drift off to sleep. Seconds later a loud commotion brings you to your feet. All the others, men and beasts alike, are rushing through the open door into the corridor where young lords in cloth of gold greet them. Full of joy, you follow after.

"Not that way, child," calls out a deep voice at your back. Turning, you see that it is a lion. *The Lion!* Behind him stands another open door with bright sunshine streaming through. "You wanted to return home. Your way lies through this door. Go now. And when you are ready to return, I shall be here. Farewell."

With a sad nod, you walk past the golden Lion and into the schoolyard of your own world. The door shuts noiselessly behind, leaving only the hope of returning someday to the land of Narnia.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just turn to the Prologue and begin again!

"Is that a spider on the wall?" you say, pointing across the corridor.

"Spider?" The guard turns about (just as you had hoped).

For a brief moment, the spare key on the back of the man's belt comes within reach, and you make a grab for it. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 107.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 109.**

Surely, there must be some better way of getting down inside the well. If only you could find it! **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

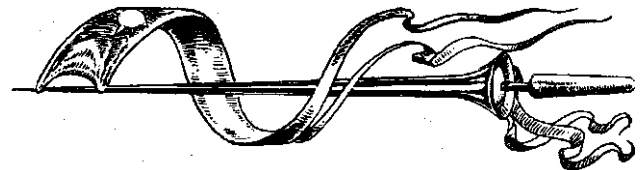
- If 2-4, **turn to 183.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 225.**

"I don't see a —Hey! What are you doing back there?"

Locks and Limpets! He's caught you in the act! Now there's no choice, but to run away. And so it's off down the corridor with the guard close behind. As you fly down the passage you find yourself shouting, "Asian! Help me, Asian!" Suddenly the hall is filled with a deep, resounding roar that drops you to the stone floor, no, to the grassy lawn! You're back in the schoolyard. The fog has lifted and the red brick buildings await your return. Relieved and dismayed, you walk indoors, wishing for the day when you might return to Narnia.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just turn to the Prologue and begin again!

You are no warrior, but a lucky star hangs overhead. Swinging your arms wildly, they become tangled in the guards' bowstrings. The weapons are yanked from their hands, and the two Watchers soon run up the lane to get help. You don't wait, but speed into the safety of the woods. Pausing by a bush, you are startled by a voice. **Turn to 254.**



"I don't see any spider," the guard says, scratching his head.

"Must have been a shadow," you smile and drag the gruel bucket into the cell.

"Did you get the key?" asks the King eagerly.

Triumphantly, you pull it from your pocket and display it with pride.

"Well, done! Now we must await the signal from our Friends outside. Until then, let us strengthen ourselves on this gruel, and grant our little hero an extra helping!"

The gruel tastes terrible, but the extra dollop is appreciated none-the-less (you're hungry!). You sit down to wait for the signal with a full stomach. At last, after hours of waiting, it comes; a single horn blast from somewhere outside.

"This is it!" Daliar cries as everyone moves toward the door. "Come, child! Bring the key and open the door while the guards are distracted. There isn't a moment to lose."

Trembling all over with excitement and fear, you push through the crowd with the key. It takes three tries, but at last the key slides into the lock and turns it easily. Once the door is open, the crowd sweeps you out and down the corridor and through the large copper door at the far end into the open air beyond. A fierce battle rages there with several lords fighting from horseback and many other animals coming to their aid. The prisoners join in, as do you, until it seems the world is full of arms and legs and teeth mingling in the fray.

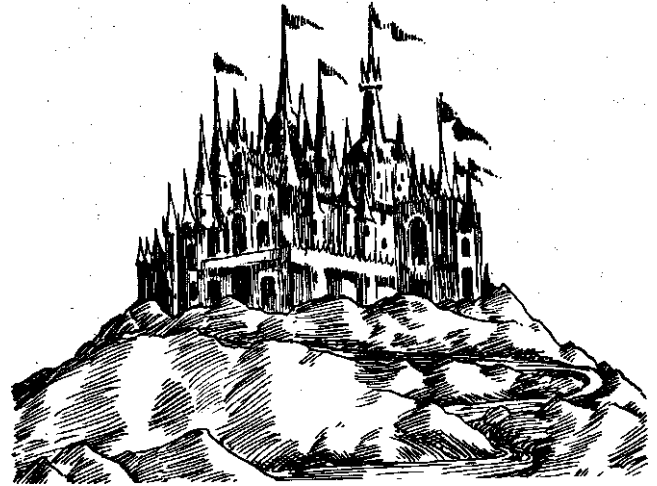
At first the guards inflict some terrible wounds on the Friends, but when the King and the other prisoners rally for battle, the Watchers soon turn tail and run howling up the hill. "Bravely fought, Friends!" cries Daliar to all. "Have we many losses?"

"Shaketail has been wounded!" moans Grumblebelly with the Squirrel in his arms.

"Only a light wound to the shoulder, sire," the Squirrel insists. "It's nothing, really."

"Well, then. Take to the horses and let us ride back to the woodlands! Come, child, you shall ride with me. Three cheers for the Friends of Asian!"

Joining in on the cheers, you leap into the King's saddle to take a thrilling ride to his camp in the woods. **Turn to 313.**



As you creep as close to the hill as you dare, snatches of conversation reach your ears.

"It is a fine night for a Gathering!" says one voice.

"Here, Friend, let me help you with that," says another.

These and like phrases drift down from the warm fire, mingled with soft laughter and whispers. They certainly do not sound like dangerous people!

• *If you approach the fire, turn to 296.*

• *If you return to the Lamp-post, turn to 122.*

You are not left alone long, before two animals come to chat with you. One is a large squirrel with a bushy tail that twitches excitedly from time to time. His companion is a large brown bear, who appears rather sleepy.

"Hello," chirps the squirrel. "My name is Shaketail, and this is Grumblebelly." The bear smiles warmly. "You looked rather lost, so we decided to see if there was anything we could do to help."

"Well," you reply, "you could tell me what this is all about, if you please."

"Perhaps over dinner?" says the bear hopefully.

"You just ate," snaps Shaketail. Then to you he says calmly, "There's not much time to explain, but we call ourselves the Friends, and we're all searching for someone very important."

"Who?" you ask.

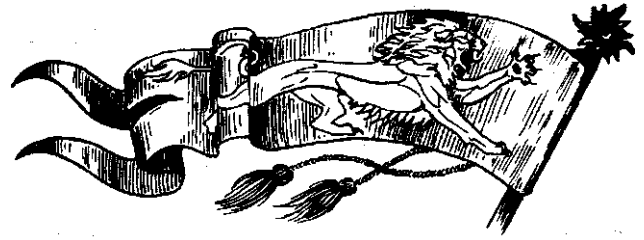
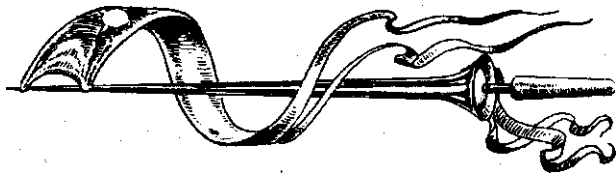
"Asian the Lion," answers Grumblebelly in a lovely deep voice.

"Yes," says the squirrel. "No one has seen him forages, and we must find him before it is too late. That's why we're all here. To make a plan. Why, even the King will be here!"

"Good heavens, a King!" you gasp.

"Indeed! And he'll be very interested to meet you, child!"

Just then, a centaur at the edge of the light puts a hand to his mouth and shouts, "The King approaches!" The thrilling sound of hoofbeats rumbles in the darkness beyond the glow of the fire. **Turn to 255.**



"I'm sorry," you mutter. "I just cannot do it."

"We understand," says the King sadly. "This is not your world, and we are not your responsibility. If you are ready, then, we will escort you to the Lamp-post and wish you a safe journey home."

Head bowed, you walk beside Daliar toward the lamp-post. The others, all the lords, ladies and Talking Animals of Narnia, follow quietly behind, friends you will never get to know. As you go, the King talks softly into the darkness. "When I was a boy," he says, "I used to dream of going to other worlds where people didn't dress or live the way I did. How wonderful the world would be, I thought, and how wonderful I would be in it..."

The King's words bring a painful sadness to your throat. Then you notice something odd. Daliar's voice has been getting steadily fainter and farther away. With a start, you look up from the ground to see that the King has vanished along with the others and the woods and everything! You are back in your own schoolyard with the red brick buildings not more than three yards away. With a profound feeling of loss, you enter the dormitory to dream of the day when you might return to Narnia.

It's easy to return to Narnia. Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

Like a fox before the hounds, you nimbly outmaneuver the clumsy Watchers and escape to the safety of the woods beyond. Still, you do not stop running until it is certain that the guards and the Scribes are far behind. For several futile hours, you search for the lamp-post that brought you here in the first place. The sun goes down, and it is not until hours later that the comforting glow of the lantern can be seen through the trees. Just then, however, a blazing fire appears on a nearby hill. Dark figures encircle the flames and voices moan faintly across the distance. The mystery beckons; but so does the lantern...and home.

- If you go to the lantern, **turn to 122.**
- If you listen to the voices, **turn to 110.**
- If you approach the figures, **turn to 296.**



"Oh, Norian!" you cry, grabbing onto the man's sleeve. "They're going to throw you in the dungeon. They think you're dangerous!"

"Slowly, child," says Norian. "What are you talking about? Who's going to put me in the dungeon?"

As clearly as possible you tell him everything about what you heard earlier.

His expression grows very serious (and rather sad) as you finish. "Dear me," he says quietly. "What could I have done wrong? Oh, well. Tomorrow will be time-enough to worry about that. Now you must be getting along. Peace be with you, child."

- If you leave Norian to face his fate alone, **turn to 145.**
- If you think Norian should come with you, **turn to 118.**

With a defiant shout, you jump out into the lane and rush at the two guards. The result is less than could have been wished for, however, as the men just laugh saying, "Careful, little one! We don't want to hurt you." And, of course, they do not. But Rules are Rules. **Turn to 175.**

"Stop! Leave her alone!" you cry, glaring at the boys.

While one of the boys grabs the mole's hands, the bully and his companions surround you. The bully looks you over.

"Does there seem to be a problem here?" he sneers.

Suddenly, your throat has gone dry, and it seems unlikely that the boys are going to listen to reason. **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 200.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 126.**

"Listen," you say, pushing aside their peculiar questions, there's a lion in the woods!"

This gets their attention; the Scribe who first spoke leans closer and asks "Are you a Friend of the Lion?"

- If you say yes, **turn to 329.**
- If you say no, **turn to 269.**
- If you are not sure, **turn to 228.**

"I'm not leaving you here to go to the dungeons," you say. "Come with me!"

"But there are children here who need my guidance," Norian argues.

"What good are you going to do them in prison? Can't you see that the Temple is bad? If you don't get out and tell people the truth, soon everyone will be in the dungeon. You don't want that, do you?"

"Certainly not!" he admits, though obviously struggling with his choices. At last he says, "All right. Maybe it *would* do me good to get out and see some of the world. I'll escort you to the lamp-post."

"Good! Let's go!"

Together, you creep through dusty, unused corridors and down empty stairwells. At last, you emerge into the fresh night air. There is very nearly an encounter with the guards at the base of the hill but you get by safely. With a light heart you walk at Norian's side toward the area known as Lantern Waste. When your feet are sore and your destination draws near and the lantern glows just ahead, a fire suddenly appears on the top of a nearby hill. Dark figures can be seen and their voices carry faintly across the distance. Mystery beckons, but so does the lantern...and home. *Check Key 2.*

- *If you go to the lantern, **turn to 335.***
- *If you listen to the people, **turn to 323.***
- *If you approach the people, **turn to 333.***

"I've seen it!" you call out.

All eyes turn on you. King Daliar, his own eyes open wide with surprise, says, "What was that? Did you speak, child?"

"Yes, sire," you stutter, feeling very uncomfortable. "I said I've seen the lion. In the woods."

A loud gasp rises from the crowd, and the light seems to grow brighter. Worse still, the King strides over to where you are standing and stares at you intently for what seems ages. Had he put you under a microscope and painted you blue, you could not feel more strange. At length, he strokes his beard and says, "You do not come from here, do you, child?"

"Why, no," you answer. "At least, I do not think so. You see, I'm not too sure where I am either."

At this, the King gives a small laugh, resting his hand on your shoulder warmly. "Why Narnia, of course! Oh, me! I see this needs some explanation. How to begin? We Narnians find ourselves imprisoned because of something we failed to do towards that Lion you saw in the woodlands. We failed to love him with our whole hearts. We failed to love our neighbors as ourselves, as he commanded. We have done much that we ought not. And we have left much undone that we ought not."

"Aslan the Lion is the creator of Narnia and King above all High Kings. Yet, the chill of hatred and fear and doubt can hold at bay even his power. Only the praise of a loving heart may act as an open door to him, the son of the Emperor-beyond-the-Sea. But our souls have grown cold and faithless. And the Lion has not roamed our land for a generation. In his absence, Haadreh the Wise moved in and built this Temple,"

"And ruined everybody's lives!" adds Grumblebelly.

"In any case," continues King Daliar, "those of us who still believe have vowed to search the land for the Lion and declare our faith that he might return. I must admit that I was becoming discouraged, but your presence here has given me new hope. Other children have come to Narnia from another world and done the land great service. And you! You say you have actually seen the Lion! Child, there is no doubt in my mind that you are the hope of Narnia. You must help us!"

"I will!" you cry, filled with a new strength. But as the cautious cheers of the crowd rise, you wonder if you have not made a very foolish mistake. Is the Lion what they say he is? Or is he a dangerous beast as others would have you believe?

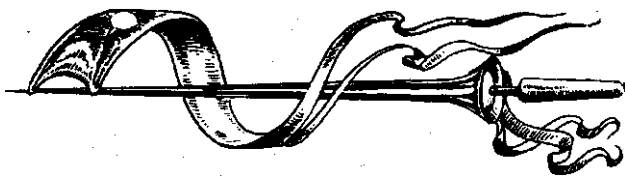
"Of course," says the King, restoring order, "we must still get out of this dungeon. Now, as we planned earlier, those Friends who are still free outside will be making an attack on the Temple tonight. We must have the dungeon door open by then, so that we can make full use of the distraction and escape. Whoever is assigned to get the gruel bucket this evening must try to get the key from the guard. Child, as the newest arrival, I'm afraid that job falls on you tonight. Will you do it?"

Seeing no other choice (and eager to help), you declare, "I will." **Turn to 227.**

120

Recklessly, you charge the guards. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-9, **turn to 221.**
- If 10-12, **turn to 270.**



121

The guards are not monsters; they're men. Certainly, they will listen to reason. If not, the dungeon may be your new home. Good luck! **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 243.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 201.**

122

It is with gladness that you walk to the lantern. But as you hug the warm iron and watch the fog settle in around it, sadness tempers the joy of returning home. Something very dear is slipping away until it seems all but lost, as the fog chickens and you know that your own world has returned. Now that you are back, you have no greater wish than to return to that land of wonder called Narnia. Slowly, you walk back to school to await the day when it will be yours to explore again.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

123

Turning away from the bonfire on the hill, you spy the silhouette of the lamp-post against the half moon. **Turn to 122.**

124

Not enough look in your leap! In your haste to escape you run right over Haadreh. Together, the two of you roll down the steps, stopping at the bottom with a loud thud. Then it's a furious unfolding of robes as Haadreh untangles himself angrily.

"Watchers!" he sputters. "Take this beast away from me! Lock it in the dungeon, and see that it doesn't escape!"

Too bruised to resist, you let the guards lead you out the door and to the dungeon. **Turn to 175.**

125

Best to stay with the men, you think to yourself, even if they are dressed strangely. Three of them are draped in red sheets gathered at the shoulder. The other four wear brown tunics and carry bows and spears. All of them are fair skinned, and rather handsome, though they have disturbing expressions on their faces. **Turn to 134.**

With as steady a nerve as possible, you look the bully in the eye and say, "Look here. Why don't you leave the mole alone? It's four against one and she's smaller than any of you. And she's a girl! How is it going to make you feel beating on such a poor creature? Beastly! That's how you'll feel. But if you want to go on acting foolish, than you might as well fight me too, because I won't stand by and watch it happen."

The boys seem to consider attack, but suddenly they let the mole go and shuffle away in the din, looking sheepishly at their feet. The freckled-faced boy glares at you evilly, but dares not fight a battle on his own. After they have all left, you go over to the mole to make sure she is all right. **Turn to 215.**

"Please, don't," you whisper politely to the boy, but he rewards your courtesy with a painful pull of your hair. You find yourself shouting, "Leave me alone!"

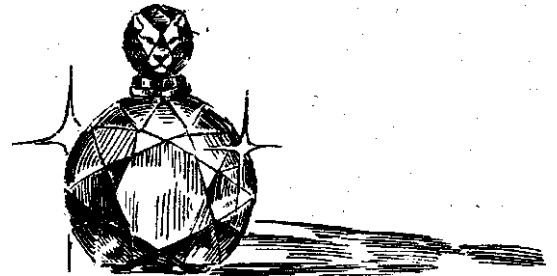
All heads in the classroom turn at this sudden outburst. The professor (who does not like to be interrupted) raises his eyebrows unimaginably high and says, "You wished to say something, child? How selfish of me to take up all the time with my own rambling nonsense. Of course, you should have a turn. I was just about to tell the class what the Golden Rule is. Why don't you do that for me?"

Oh, bother! What is the use of travelling to another world (even it was an accident) just to go to a school that is worse than the one you left?

- *If his High-browness told you the Golden Rule (checked Key 1), turn to 248.*
- *Otherwise:*
 - *If you think you know the Golden Rule, turn to 267.*
 - *If you do not know the Golden Rule, turn to 305.*

Looking about in the rubble uncovers nothing that might be of use in finishing the tunnel. Still, you cannot go back. Not now. So, you fall to your knees and begin to dig with your hands. At first, it is very difficult to move the dirt and rocks aside, but then it becomes easier until it is no harder than building a sand castle. Suddenly a small hole opens up and light pours in. Pushing your body through the tiny opening, you come out in a thick cluster of bushes. Standing up, you are surprised and dismayed to discover that you have returned to your London schoolyard. Sadly, you wander into the dormitory to dream of the day when you might return to Narnia.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!



Well, if you have gone in the wrong direction, the best thing to do would be to turn right round and head back to where you started. You follow what appear to be impressions your galoshes made in the moist grass, but before fifty yards have passed, another street lantern glimmers not ten feet ahead! Could it be the same one you saw before?

- *If you go to the lantern, turn to 309.*
- *If you take another direction, turn to 257.*

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," you answer. (Correctly, I might add, in spite of what others might say).

The old man sits back in his chair quickly, upsetting his shiny hat. The Scribes shift nervously, and an excited murmur flutters through the stands.

"What? What?" stammers the old man finally. "What did you say? What did that child say?"

Before you can answer, the Head Scribe replies, "You see, your Profundity. That is just what I was talking about. The child is very confused."

"Confused?" says the old man, looking at you more directly than is comfortable. "Bewitched is more like it. Tell me child, where did you learn to speak this insane substitute for the Golden Rule?"

- *If you say you learned it at home, **turn to 169.***
- *If you say you learned it at school, **turn to 338.***
- *If you say you learned it at church, **turn to 258.***

As long as the guards don't turn around, you've made it safely. Oh! They've gone and done it! They've turned around! Before you can say "What's all this then?" the Watcher's have made some frightful faces and are chasing after you. Blindly, you flee into the woods, crying, "Aslan! Aslan, help me!" The sound of a distant roar reaches your ears. Past the next tree you can see daylight, and beyond the tree after that you can see your old schoolyard. Turning about, there is nothing but the red brick buildings of the school. A bit sadly, you go inside, wondering about the land called Narnia and the Lion called Aslan.

Why not return to Narnia? Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

Retracing your steps, you hope the hunters are still where you left them. What if you must wander alone in this forest for days?

As tears gather under your eyelids, you stumble into a clearing among the pines. Three men, draped in red silk gathered at the shoulder, stand watching four others (who wear brown tunics and carry bows and spears). The four are examining the lion's trail. All of them are fair-skinned and rather handsome. **Turn to 134.**

Ducking under the professor's grasp, you dash out of the room, up the corridor toward the open door beyond. Just then, a man in brown robes steps out and brings you gently to a halt. "Slow down, child," he says. "What's your hurry?"

"Oh, please help me," you manage to stammer. "I'm lost and have to get back home!"

"I'll take care of that little rascal!" cries the professor coming up from behind. "Tried to vandalize my chambers!"

"Now, now, professor," says the man in brown. "I'm sure things aren't as bad as they must seem. Let me have a talk with the child. If any harm was intended, then I'm sure we can think something out. Besides, don't you have a class to teach just now?"

For a moment, the old man just fumes and sputters (reminding you of an angry tea pot); then he says, "Very well. But let me warn you child. There are Rules here in the Temple, and you may be very sorry someday if you do not follow them."

With those words, the professor turns in a swirl of purple robes, and marches angrily away. "Well, now," says the man in brown. "Come into my room and we will discuss this matter further." **Turn to 171.**

One of the men in red takes you gently by the arm and asks, "What are you doing here, child?"

"I'm lost," you answer truthfully.

The man smiles at his companions and says, "We are all lost, even those of us named Scribes of the Temple. But what has brought you to this clearing?"

Goodness, you were hoping they could tell you that. "Who are you?" you reply.

"Who are we, indeed? Who can say? But tell me, are you a Friend of the Lion?"

- If you say yes, **turn to 329.**
- If you say no, **turn to 269.**
- If you are not sure, **turn to 228.**



Giving the problem considerable thought, you decide to try to scare the guards away. Slipping behind a bush, you give your best roar (a bit high for a lion, but deep enough for a child). The guards seem convinced that a lion is nearby. Only they don't run away!

"The Lion!" shouts one, putting an arrow to his bow string.

"At last we have him!" says the other, eagerly drawing his bow string all the way back to his right ear.

This is not at all what you had hoped for! You spring away from the bush and speed down the narrow lane. One of the arrows cuts into the grass at your feet, while a second sparks off of a stone less than a yard ahead. Surely, all is lost, for how can the next arrow fail to miss?

Just as you are certain death is at hand some very extraordinary things happen. Out of the dark ahead, somewhere just out of sight, a silver spear like a bolt of lightning flies over your head. At the same time a high, piercing horn sounds triumphantly. Turning about, you find the guards have stopped in their tracks, the silver spear vibrating in the ground at their feet. The horn sounds a second time, and several horses gallop out of the darkness. Their riders are all young men, broad and handsome like the princes in your picture-books. They wear cloth of gold, fine spun hose, and boots inlaid with precious stones. One of them (a blonde youth with a beard) rides toward you and says, "If you are a Friend, hop on!"

Without hesitation, you let the strong young man pull you onto his horse. Then its right about and a breathtaking charge into the dark embrace of night. As the black stallion races ahead, the young man says, "We are the Friends of Asian. We ride toward a Gathering. Great things are about to happen, child. Will you join us?"

"Yes!" you shout into the wind.

Onward and still onward the horse gallops, until a mighty blaze appears on top of a hill in the distance. Reigning in the horses by the light of the fire, you and the riders dismount to join a group of other lords and ladies (not to mention Talking Animals, of which there are several in attendance).

"Come! See our new Friend!" call the riders, and soon you are the center of attention. All those terrible feelings of loneliness you've borne all day vanish with the warm greetings and hearty handshakes. Everyone wants to know your story, and for the next few moments all ears are yours. They are awed by your tale and show you a great deal of respect. So much respect, in fact, that you are left alone for awhile to gaze into the flames of the bonfire. **Turn to 111.**

136

Being lost is better than being locked away in some strange school any day! Gasping, you lunge for the woods. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 202.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 113.**

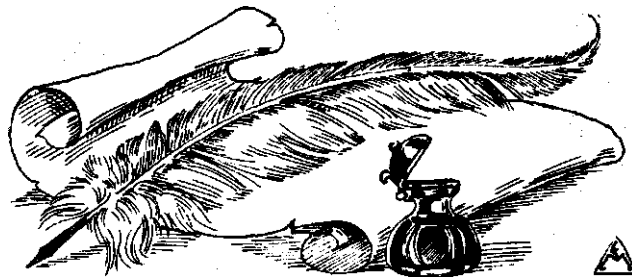
137

You crawl up the steep slope of the hill until you can clearly hear the voices of the figures concealed by the massive tree trunk.

One of the voices is booming and deep. "Be you a Friend, Shaketail. Climb up to that crack in yonder tree. I do believe I can hear some honey bees in there."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, Grumblebelly," comes another voice, higher and faster than the first. "I've had a long journey getting here, as, no doubt, you have as well, and we're both going to need plenty of rest for when the others get here. So I suggest you forget about your ever-hungry stomach and get some rest."

Had not so many odd things happened to you already today, you might have thought this an interesting conversation with persons of such curious name. As it is, though, you find only that you have become rather hungry. Perhaps Grumblebelly might share some of that honey! **Turn to 230.**



138

At last, the Temple comes into sight on top of a large hill in the distance. It is an immense building, made all the larger by its gaudy red and purple and green windows and countless spires. At first you think it's a magnificent spectacle with the sun shining from its copper roof, but the nearer you draw, the more it seems to be grossly out of place in this land of simple, hues and gentle contours. The Watchers escort you through a crowded (and a trifle smelly) market filled with sellers and their wares at the base of the hill, then up a long flight of stairs toward the main gates of the Temple.

Inside, the building is even more lavishly decorated. Garish paintings of stern men in purple robes and elaborate carvings run amok along the walls and ceiling. Intricate oriental rugs spread haphazardly between the marble vases and pedestals on the floor. In all, the place is rather frightening, with a heavy, sinister feeling in its crowded rooms.

"Where are you taking me?" you demand to know.

"To the School," is all the Watcher says, leaving you to wonder what schools in this land are like and how long you will have to stay. Fortunately, an answer is soon to come, for that massive door coming up ahead could be no other than the entrance to the School. **Turn to 319.**

After several more miles of walking, the Temple finally comes into sight at the top of a large hill. It looks something like a jewel glittering in the distance with its flashing colors and countless spires. "Magnificent!" you think to yourself at first, but change your mind as the building draws nearer. Something about its red and purple and green windows and hundreds of domes and turrets makes it seem wholly out of place in this land of gentle hues and contours.

While walking through the crowded market filled with sellers and their wares at the base of the hill, the Scribes stop and one says, "Well, here we suppose we are, child. Will you be going on to the School, or does some other divine errand demand your perplexed attention?"

Not knowing of any other place to go, you declare, "I think I'd best go to school." **Turn to 280.**

In the next moment you do several things which will seem hardly possible when you think about it later, but fortunately there is no time to think at all. Throwing a satin cushion across the floor, you trip one of the Watchers, who falls into the fountain with a tremendous splash. Spinning rapidly, you pull the rug out from under the second Watcher and give the third a nasty bump on the head when you throw the fruit platter at him like a discus. Haadreh, in the meantime, has taken shelter behind one of the pillars, allowing you enough time to dash out the door and away. **Turn to 163.**

Something inside says that you are only being selfish. The mole does need your help, and right away. But how?

- *If you try to reason with the boys, turn to 116.*
- *If you decide to fight the boys, turn to 185.*

"Fleeing the Watchers?" echoes the little man, cocking his head to one side inquisitively (he seems to have forgotten his anger). "Well, come in, my little one! You shall enjoy sanctuary here in my humble quarters. My name is Haadreh. Come!"

So that's what that funny word was. How quickly he can change moods! Still, he seems friendly enough, and you enter the grand chamber quietly. Before another word is exchanged Haadreh seats you upon a large green cushion beside the fountain. With his small, monkey-like hands he claps for a large platter of red grapes and a pitcher of apple juice. The servants appear as if from no where (they blended in with the decorated walls).

As a third glass of juice is served, Haadreh leans closer, stroking his thin beard, and asks, "Now tell me, child. Why were you fleeing the Watchers?"

Wiping your mouth on your sleeve (for there are no napkins) you begin to tell your story. **Turn to 264.**

There must be a better way down than swinging in an old bucket! As you peer into the darkness, something takes shape out of the shadows. What is it? Why, it's a ladder! An iron ladder securely affixed to the side of the well! Recklessly, you swing the bucket back and forth across the gaping mouth of the well. On the third swing your fingers just miss the bars and on the fourth you've got it!

After that, the ladder seems as safe as walking on a broad avenue, and you climb easily down into the damp darkness. It's a long descent; the star-filled opening above has shrunk to the size of a ten shilling piece when your hand discovers a hole in the side of the wall. Further exploration reveals that it is a tunnel of good size. Warily, you step inside. **Turn to 290.**



144

A second thought does nothing to change your mind. Norian would never feel at home in London. (And whatever would Mother and Father say if you brought him home!) He'll just have to stay in the Temple and face his problems alone. So, with one backward glance, you venture by yourself through the maze of corridors and stairwells that lead to the outside. Shutting the last door, you turn to take a lungful of the fresh air, but receive a terrible shock, instead. Five guards with lowered spears are waiting for you on the grass!

"See!" says one. "I told you there was going to be trouble, but don't ask me how I knew. Come on, child. You've broken curfew, and the Rules say it's off to prison."

Suddenly, you wish very much that Norian was along. Fear shakes your legs as the men lead the way back into the Temple. Somewhere in the far distance a lion roars. **Turn to 175.**

145

Wouldn't you like to reconsider? **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 144.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 118.**

146

After much hesitation, you finally decide on the red hat and put the pointy cone of felt upon your head. Though it must look as silly as it feels, no one laughs or takes any undue notice, and you are allowed to take a seat near the back of the class.

The professor (whose glare, it seems, is a permanent part of his expression) returns to the front and assumes that deadly sort of posture teachers do when they are about to deliver a lecture of an especially dull nature.

"Now then, class," he begins slowly, "today I wish to discuss with you a matter of great confusion, and, therefore, great importance. It is essential that you listen very closely, for what I am about to explain can save you a good deal of trouble in the future. The subject of this discussion is Asian the Lion."

The lion again! Perhaps now everything will be cleared up about the strange beast and all the trouble he seems to have gotten you into.

"Some of you," continues the professor, frowning in your direction, "have some unacceptable feelings concerning myths of this — creature — and the disreputable beast that prowls the land claiming to be him. Others of you have parents who have related stories from dim and ignorant times when this Lion is thought to have lived and worked wonders.

"In those distant, unenlightened times it was easy for people to believe that a mere lion could have created this land. It was easy to believe that this Lion could have saved the land from evil and destruction by giving his own life, and that he rose again from the dead. Believing all of these absurd tales, people were wont to support the Lion blindly and follow his commands to the best of their ability.

"But, of course, all this was silly. Nowhere in the universe can we find powers such as those the Lion claimed to possess. Look where you will and you shall never find an example of such fantastic magic. Why, only an insane person would say he could come back from the dead. And indeed that's what the Lion was. Only the pitiful ignorance of such times can explain why the people and beasts ever followed the mad Asian.

"Today we know better. Since Haadreh the Wise has brought us the Temple, we have been freed from ignorance and superstition. Now the Rules guide our lives from day to day, from one moment to the next. At last, we are happy. Still, there is danger. An evil-minded Lion calling himself after that Asian of a best-forgotten time roams the land, trying to turn people against the Temple and drag the land back into its dark age of ignorance. That is why of all the thousands of Rules, one is put above all the rest and called Golden."

Up to this point, you have been listening intently to the lecture, but now you are faced with a distraction. Sitting on the stool to your right is a sturdy boy of about your age. Despite a rather friendly dash of freckles across his cheeks, his other features make him look mean, and his behavior proves this true. Now, just as the lecture is getting interesting, the bully pulls at your sleeve and pinches your arm. What a nuisance!

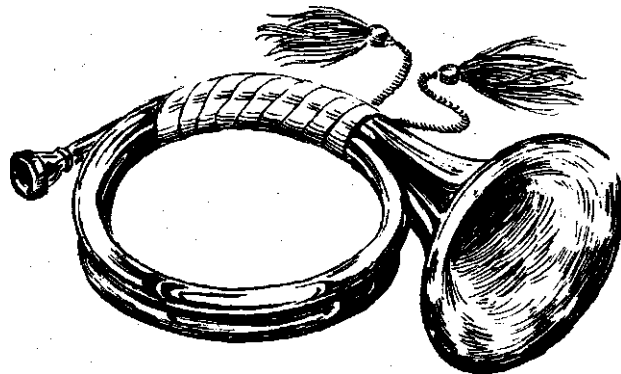
- *If you suffer the pinches and listen further, **turn to 304.***
- *If you decide to do something about the pest, **turn to 127.***

147

"Now then," says the King. "We have never been inside the Temple, and know of no easy way to the prison. However, there once were others among us who attempted to burrow in from the outside. The entrance of the tunnel is within the Great Well near the base of Temple How. We don't know if they ever finished their work for the men were all captured and put in the very prison which they were trying to invade!"

"What if I can't get in?" you ask.

"Then, of course, you are to come right back here. But let us not expect the worst, child. Once you *do* get in, then the other Friends will help you get back out, and we shall never be far away. Here, take this horn. The moment you get outside with the prisoners, blow it just as hard as you are able, and we shall ride in for the rescue. Understood?"



"Yes, sir," you mumble, taking the horn. Then, after a number of tearful goodbyes and solemn handshakes, you steal quietly into the night. Footsore, you finally arrive at the base of Temple How. The many-tiered edifice looks frightfully like a monstrous birthday cake with its countless torches and sharp spires. Just ahead is the giant round wall of the Great Well.

The well is not guarded, and the short wall is easily climbed. Inside, however, lurks a dark and seemingly endless drop. And you have no idea how to get down to the tunnel entrance! A stout rope holds a huge bucket, but perhaps climbing down the stones would be better. *Check Key 3.*

- *If you use the rope, **turn to 229.***
- *If you climb down the stones, **turn to 197.***
- *If you want to look for another way, **turn to 106.***

148

Before you get far enough away to make a proper escape, one of the Scribes turns about and snaps, "Stay close, Friend of Asian. The court wouldn't appreciate our losing you."

Oh, dear, there seems to be no way out! Only one thing cheers you: the guards return without the Mice. **Turn to 236.**

149

Butting your head into a Watcher's round stomach, you knock the wind out of him and turn to your next foe. A smart kick to the knee takes him out, while tossing your jacket over yet a third's head defeats him. Grinning, you look around. Your grin fades. The rest of your side isn't doing so well!

Then a few Friends rush from the woods and lend aid. Gladly, you notice that Shaketail and Grumblebelly are among them. Together, you manage to beat off the cowardly Watchers who run up the hill, wailing like dogs. Limping off into the woods, you head for the site of last night's Gathering. There, you discover that the Squirrel received some bad wounds to the shoulder. How do people and places get in such a state? **Turn to 293.**

150

"I guess I'll stay," you say with reluctance, since there doesn't seem to be any way to return home anyhow.

"Fine," Norian replies cheerfully. "I'll take you on as my special pupil. That should help. Now then, there's one thing you could do for me."

"Anything."

"Return this book to the Dean of Enigma, please. His room is at the other end of the corridor. We'll plan your course of study afterward."

Eager to return his kindness, you take the heavy, leather-bound tome and hurry out of the room. The blue and green carpet in the corridor runs up to a door with a giant question mark carved into its yellow wood. Thinking this must be the place, you prepare to knock, when the sounds of a serious conversation reach your ears from the other side.

• *If you pause to listen, turn to 205.*

• *If you simply knock, turn to 316.*



151

You've slipped! Back away from the wall you fall, tumbling over and over again. Is this how Alice felt? How awful! What will it be like at the bottom! Suddenly there is a terrific jolt, and things go dark. No, they were dark before, so now they must be light. Yes, it's light out, and there are some familiar buildings here. Why, it's the schoolyard! You've returned home! Picking yourself dazedly up off the ground, you wonder if Narnia will ever be yours to explore again.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

152

The professor (as he calls himself) grabs you painfully by the ear and marches you out of the room.

"Luckily for you," he says, "I have more important matters to attend to at the moment. So I am going to return you to the School for now. But don't think I shall forget about what you tried to pull on the old Professor! Before the day is out, you'll know how it pays to get yourself into trouble."

You feel some (just some) relief at hearing that your punishment is to be delayed, but new fears creep into your heart at the professor's mention of School. What are schools like in this odd world? There was something in the way the old man smiled that spoke of a cruel, cold place — not school as you know it. With a shudder you follow the professor and your mistreated ear back down the winding corridor. There, he turns you over to the grasp of a Watcher. **Turn to 319.**

153

With a hasty apology, you attempt to flee the professor.
Pick a number and add your Action bonus:

- If 2-3, **turn to 224.**
- If 4-5, **turn to 213.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 133.**

154

Oddly enough, it is very easy to sneak away from the preoccupied Scribes. Slipping into the woods, you wonder if they will even remember you had been there in the first place! Wandering aimlessly, you lose all sense of direction and soon become hopelessly lost. Just then, someone calls out from the nearby bushes. "Over here!" says the voice.

It's the two Mice (Teekicheep and Peepileep), and they've eluded the Watchers! They thank you profusely. Grateful for the company, you tell them the whole story of your adventure so far, and how you want very badly to go home.

"Hmm...", says Teekicheep, thoughtfully. "I don't know if we can help, but one thing is certain. You must come to our Gathering tonight!"

Peepileep agrees, and before you can find out anything further, they are leading you away by the hand. The sun eventually sets, and there is only the moon to see by. Then suddenly a great fire comes into view atop a grassy hill with a single tree growing on its crest. The Mice lead the way up the gentle slope at the top of which gathers a crowd of lords, ladies, pages, squires, and Talking Animals. They treat you with polite caution at first, until the Mice tell them of your adventures. Then they are very warm, indeed, and welcome you into their circle with a certain amount of awe. Still, it seems they have some important matters to discuss amongst themselves. So, for the moment you are left alone to drowse by the warm bonfire with a bit of bread and fresh clover honey that they give you for refreshment. **Turn to 111.**

155

A silly-looking pink marble donkey kicking up its heels at a butterfly provides excellent cover while you wait for the Scribes to continue down the main corridor. When they don't seem to notice you're missing at all, you step out from behind the statue and venture further down the passage.

After passing several strange sculptures of tigers and giraffes and goats, you come to another passage that branches off to the right and to the left. Peering down both ways, you feel uncertain and further repelled by the unpleasantness of the place. It's like being lost in a circus in the dark. Which way should you go?

- If you wander down the right-hand passage, **turn to 187.**
- If you explore up the left-hand way, **turn to 237.**

156

Angrily, you throw the horn at the man, who looks less like a genie now that he is upset. Then you run as fast as you can to the other end of the corridor. Fortunately, he does not follow. *Erase the check on Key 3. Turn to 291.*

157

A small stone about the size and color of a bluebird's egg lies on the ground by your feet. You throw it across the lane into the darkness, where it rustles the bushes and startles the guards. Neither one wants to investigate the noise alone (after all, it could be a bear) and they decide to go together. Once their backs are turned, you run through the opening and flee into the cover of night. The first mile of freedom is wonderful, but soon the rough path underfoot becomes unbearable, and the night chill sets you to shivering. What's that little house nestled in a secluded hollow to your right? It's built low to the ground out of stout logs and the roof is thatched with long silvery grasses. A light shines through one of the windows, and you think of food and friends. Still, it may be dangerous to approach lonely homes in this land.

- *If you want to peek in the window, turn to 302.*
- *If you knock on the door, turn to 251.*
- *If you pass by the house, turn to 340.*

158

"I'm lost," you say, hoping to be let inside. But you are disappointed.

First there is a sharp gasp from the other side of the door followed by some frightened mumbling. Then a bolt slides home and the light goes out inside. It's odd, but no amount of knocking or calling out can make them open up. Shivering, you leave the house and continue the search for the lamp-post.

After another hour of stumbling through the woods, the lantern glows softly ahead of you. You start to run all the way, when suddenly a fire appears on top of a nearby hill. Dark figures stand about the blaze, and voices carry faintly across the distance. Mystery beckons, but so does the lantern...and home.

- *If you go to the lantern, turn to 122.*
- *If you listen to the people, turn to 110.*
- *If you approach the people, turn to 296.*

159

"Thank you, but...but..." you stutter, "but I really want to go home."

"How dare you refuse the hospitality of Haadreh the Wise!" shouts the little man, leaping to his feet. "Home, you say? You have to go home? There is no home outside the Temple! But there's still room in the dungeon for an ungrateful wretch such as yourself! Watchers! Take this child away!"

From out of nowhere, three men in brown tunics appear and advance, leaving you barely enough time to attempt escape.

Pick a number and add your Action bonus:

- *If 2-6, turn to 271.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 140.*

160

After several moments of chilly waiting, the chance to sneak in presents itself. The copper doors open and a casual changing of the guard takes place (with much chit-chat amongst the bored Watchers). Without wasting a moment, you inch your way towards the door. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- *If 2-7, turn to 131.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 256.*

161

In a harsh world such as this one, it is best to think of yourself. Or is it? Running to the door to tell the guards, something makes you stop a moment and think. *Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:*

- If 2-5, **turn to 170.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 181.**

162

Turning right about, you close your eyes for a moment. The garish paint and profusion of ornament is giving you a headache. Looking at the floor you retrace your steps, stopping before two doors on the left wall. One stands ajar. The other is tightly closed.

"I've got to rest," you mutter. "If I stay here, the Watchers will discover me!" But which door leads to safety?

- If you try the open door, **turn to 326.**
- If you try the closed door, **turn to 191.**

163

As in a dream, you run breathlessly through the nightmarish passages. You pass horrible statues of two-headed monsters and gargoyles breathing fire in dark alcoves. You imagine guards at every corner. The pounding of footsteps seems to grow nearer behind you.

At last (when it seems you can go no further and surrender seems the only sensible thing left to do), you round a corner and run straight into the arms of a guard. There's no doubt that it's a Watcher you've collided with. Nearly fainting with exhaustion and fear, you sink to the floor. The man's strong hands hold you up, however, and his voice is gentle.

"Good heavens, child. Where's the dragon?" he asks.

"Dragon?" you repeat, opening your eyes with surprise. Now you can see that he is not at all dressed like a guard, but in a brown robe without any sort of weapon.

"Yes, dragon," he says. "The way you were running, I fancied you must be fleeing some terrible monster."

"Yes!" you gasp. "That is, no. There is no dragon, but the Watchers are after me. Oh, please, you've got to help me escape. I have to get home!"

The man's features are pleasant and concerned. "This sounds serious. Quickly, now, come into my room so that we can discuss this further."

Somewhat relieved, you follow the man through a nearby door. Beyond there is a small room with a bed on one wall and a writing desk opposite. Except for the confusion of orange and blue walls, the place is very tidy and holds a sense of peace. **Turn to 171.**

164

"Pardon me," you say. "I don't quite understand. Why should we shun the Lion? I know he is a little, well, frightening, but not in a bad sort of way. He seemed the friendly sort."

The professor looks as though he cannot believe what he is hearing. He leans closer and tilts his head to hear better. "Are you saying you are a Friend of the Lion?"

Until somebody gives a good reason for not being the lion's friend, you are determined to answer as truthfully as you can. "Why, yes, I guess I am."

The professor nearly falls over. "I was warned about you, child! I suppose you want to cause a sensation with such ridiculous talk. Well, if it's attention you want, attention you shall have! Take off that hat and put on the green dunce cap."

Without knowing exactly why, you do as you are told. The children laugh at the formless green cap, and the professor does nothing to stop them. "Now come, dunce," he says. "You know what happens next."

Of course, you don't, but what is there to do? **Turn to 222.**

Smiling shyly, you let Haadreh approach. Then, as further praise sounds from all corners of the room, he takes you by the hand and leads you out the door, through the confusing maze of corridors. Many rooms and hallways pass by unnoticed while Haadreh chatters, and at length you arrive at his quarters. The room is immense, colorful, and filled with abundant decoration. Rugs, cushions, tapestries and vases sprawl across the marble floor and climb the paneled walls. Haadreh offers you a seat next to a fountain that splashes noisily in the center of the room. With a clap of his monkey-like hands, he has a servant bring in a platter of plump red grapes and a jug of cold apple juice. You readily accept the refreshment and wonder what delights are next. **Turn to 264.**

A little thought, and you decide, "Yes, I will help!" "Hurray for the child!" cheers Grumblebelly, and the entire gathering chimes in.

The King claps you on the shoulders heartily, but soon he quiets everybody down. He clears his throat and goes on. "There is just one more matter of great consequence indeed. As you know, we Friends of Asian are considered outlaws in our own land. Many of us have been taken prisoner in the past few weeks and face death at the hands of Haadreh's Watchers. Asian would agree that it is these brothers and sisters we must attend to first. Tonight, one of us will go to the Temple and try to find the prison to set the others free. Those of us who remain behind will cause a distraction to cover the escape and provide support in all cases. I would go myself, but those more stubborn and wiser than I have made it clear that my responsibility is to stay here and lead the search. It is my grave duty to ask for a volunteer for this perilous mission. Who among you will risk his life for the others?"



Several hands go up at once. Everyone seems eager to accept the dangerous mission. You are wondering whether or not you should be volunteering as well, when the old centaur approaches the King and says, "Pardon me, sire. Something occurs to me that, but for the great importance of this mission, I would not have the heart to mention."

"What is it?" asks the King.

"Only this (and may my hooves split in two if any harm comes of my words): Of all of us, the child is the one least likely to be noticed in the Temple. We others are too familiar to the Watchers."

At first, the King shakes his head, but gives in to the reason of the centaur's argument. "Will you do it?"

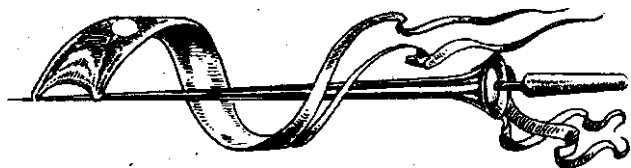
- *If you accept the task, turn to 332.*
- *If you refuse the mission, turn to 168.*

Why should you get mixed up in someone else's affairs? All you want to do is go back home. So you do nothing as the boys catch up to the helpless mole and ball up their fists. Suddenly, a mighty lion leaps over the wall and into the yard. It is the lion you remember from your first moments in the forest. Now he seems so big and his angry visage so horrible to look upon that you are quite beside yourself with fear.

The lion crouches before the boys (who have released the mole) and growls, "I am Asian! King above all High Kings! Harm the least of my children and you harm me!" The boys fall on their faces in terror. Then the Lion turns his terrible gaze on you. "You failed to give this mole aid when she needed it most. ; You want to go home; I do not want you in my land as you are. So I am sending you back. Now. And you shall not witness the falling of this Temple nor the return of happiness to Narnia."

Tears fill your eyes, and you rush toward the Lion to beg his forgiveness. But with your every step forward the Lion gets farther away. Soon, he is miles away from you, and at last vanishes altogether. You find yourself alone in the schoolyard, your own schoolyard, back home. Sadly, you walk toward the buildings, hoping someday to return to Narnia.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and start over!



168

"Pardon me," you say meekly. "But I don't think I'm up to such a mission. I'm sorry."

Disappointed mutterings pass through the gathering, but King Daliar raises his hand and says, "No! The child is right. This task is for Narnians. Indeed, I will not send a single one of us alone to face the forces of the Temple. Follow me, and we shall ride together!"

- *If Norian left the Temple with you (checked Key 2),*
turn to 263.
- *Otherwise, turn to 179.*

169

"Home, sir," you answer timidly.

"Home?" the old man echoes (a bad habit many adults seem to have). "By the spire, child, wherever do you come from?"

A difficult question, to say the least! With an attentive rustle, the people in the stands lean forward (or rather upward) to hear your response.

- *If you say you come from another world, turn to 328.*
- *If you say you don't know, turn to 199.*

170

This is probably just a dream, anyhow. Best to get yourself out of it alive. Pulling yourself up to the bars in the door, you say, "Psst! Say there! Guard!"

Looking about suspiciously, the guard ambles up and asks what it is you want.

"The prisoners are planning to escape! Let me out!"

With a sly wink, the guard fumbles for his key. When the door finally opens a crack, you push through. Only, it isn't the vaulted corridor that meets your gaze, but another darkened cell.

A lion sits in the shadows and says, "Child, though you thought to escape a prison, you have laid the foundation to a deeper and colder dungeon than those you have left behind shall ever experience. Yet, you are young and need time to earn. Go home now and do just that. Perhaps, someday, you will be ready to return to Narnia."

With a click, the cell door opens to warm sunshine. Turning sadly, you walk back into your London schoolyard.

If you are ready to return to Narnia, go to the Prologue and again!

"My name is Norian," says the man after you have found a seat at the desk. "Why not tell me everything from the beginning, and I'll see what there is to be done for you."

Slowly, you retell the events of the day from the strange fog by the street lantern at your schoolyard to your disastrous arrival at the Temple. You expect Norian to disbelieve most of the story (such has been your experience of adults before), but he listens politely and with an amazed interest to all you have to say. When you have finished, he pours you a cup of water from a red glass pitcher on the desk, then settles back on the bed to think.

It is not until two glasses of water later that he rises to his feet and says, "Clearly, since this is not your home, you should not be forced to stay here, though I daresay you would be a welcome addition to our world. Now, the problem comes with getting you back. I must fully admit this is a problem which I have never confronted before. However, one idea does occur to me. Since it was the lantern that seemed to bring you here, perhaps it is the lantern that must take you back. At least it can do no harm to go there and try."

"Will you go with me?" you ask hopefully.

"Alas, child, I cannot. You see, I too have my place and my responsibilities. Many children here in the Temple also seek my guidance. But fear not. The lands betwixt here and the lantern are not dangerous. And if the attempt should fail, then you may always return to the Temple and find a friend in me."

Sadly, you agree, and the two of you lay plans for your escape. Norian thinks it best to leave after sunset, still a couple of hours away. He passes the time by telling you of the world you have stumbled into.

"This land," he begins, "is called Narnia. It has always had kings and queens, and though one still reigns, the true power now lies in the enlightened hands of the Temple and its leader, Haadreh the Wise. As you know, both people and Talking Beasts live in the land of Narnia."

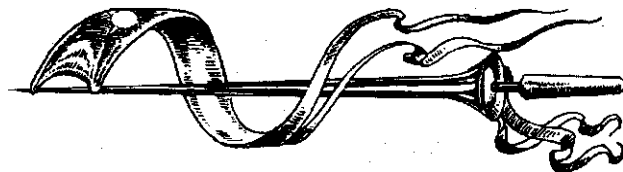
"Like the lion I met when I first arrived," you point out.

"Well, yes," Norian says, frowning thoughtfully (what is it about the lion that makes people react so strangely?).

Eventually the sun sets and it is time to leave the Temple. Norian cautiously leads the way down abandoned passages and at last to an unused wooden door. Outside, it is amazing how bright the stars in the sky are (they are actually closer to the ground than in your own world). Norian gives you the directions to the Lantern one more time then kneels down to give you a long hug. You return the embrace warmly, and bid him a teary good bye, before sliding off into the shadows.

After an exhausting walk through the dark, bramble-filled woods, the lantern finally comes into view in the distance. At last, home is just around the corner. Then suddenly a fire leaps to life on a nearby hill. Several dark figures stand around it, and their voices waft faintly across the distance. The mystery beckons, but so does the lantern...and home.

- *If you go to the lantern, **turn to 122.***
- *If you listen to the voices at a distance, **turn to 110.***
- *If you approach the people, **turn to 296.***



But, what about Norian? "I must explain before I go," you mutter.

The King continues, "Now then, we have never been inside the Temple, and know of no easy way to get inside. However, *several moons ago* -"

"Excuse me," interrupts Norian, stepping into the light. "I am a teacher of the Temple. At least, I was until now. Now my teachings are regarded as heretical by Haadreh. I am curious about Asian. And I would like to help." (You wink at your friend to show you support his courage.)

"If you are a true Friend," replies Daliar, "then you are welcome. Pray, speak on."

"There is a safe route to the prison through the inside of the Temple. You, child, could reach it without any problems as long as you followed my directions precisely."

Startled at his sudden appearance, you still nod your head to let Norian know that you are paying the greatest attention.

"Getting inside the Temple will be easy. Many children pass in and out during the day. Once inside the main hall, you must go down the first stairs you come to. At the bottom of the stairs is a room with two doors. You must go through the one with the blue yak's head painted on it. That door will lead you to a long corridor. Turn left into this corridor. At the end a man will ask you for the password, and you must answer 'Turkish Delight.' He will then let you pass to a much longer flight of stairs that lead to the underground prison. If and when you get the prisoners out of the cell, you have only to leave through the large copper door at the base of the hill. Remember: the blue door with the yak's head and Turkish Delight.' That path will take you past many dangerous places. A wrong turn could be disastrous."

"Thank you, Norian," says the King. Seeing your apprehension, he adds, "Do not worry, child. The prisoners will see you safely out of the Temple, and the rest of us will be waiting not far off to come to your aid. Take this horn. As soon you get back outside, blow it as hard as you are able, and we will ride in to take you all away to safety. Understood?"

Uncertainly, you take the horn from the King. The adventure is swiftly assuming serious proportions. Do you remember everything Norian said? Will you have forgotten everything by tomorrow?

After a sleepless night, a subtle disguise of ashes is smeared on your face, and you set off for the Temple. Hours later, you are standing once again outside its huge front doors. Feeling a trifle foolish, and uncomfortably conspicuous, you enter the smoky shade of the inner hall. Inside you find two ebony staircases painted with white stripes. One goes up and the other down. What was it Norian said you were supposed to do now? *Check Key 3.*

- *If you go down the staircase, **turn to 281.***
- *If you go up, instead, **turn to 299.***

"You are a heretic spy!" cries the guard, drawing an ugly curved sword.

With a gasp, you dash back up the corridor crying, "Asian! Help me, Aslan!" As you turn the next corner, a distant roaring reaches your ears; there is a terrific jolt, and the next thing you know England and the schoolyard are around you. Relieved and dismayed, you go inside, to dream about returning someday to the land of Narnia.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

174

The yew tree is rather lovely, you think, even if it is all black. Admiring the painting as you open the door, you fail to notice the little man sitting in the brocaded chamber beyond.

"How dare you enter into the inner sanctum of Haadreh the Wise," he shouts (you notice him now!). "No child enters this room and lives to tell the tale. Come back here!"

Of course, you have no intention of going back! As you flee the angry little man, you find yourself shouting, "Aslan! Aslan help me!" A distant roar reaches your ears and what you find through the yew door is a big surprise. For you do not come out into the small triangular room, but into your own school yard! Bewildered, you walk into the familiar red brick buildings to wonder about a strange land called Narnia and the Lion called Asian.

Why not return to Narnia? Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

175

It's a rough tour of the Temple for those going to the dungeons. At length, however, you arrive at a long arched hallway with a heavy, barred, oak door in the right-hand wall. Expressionless, the guard opens it a crack and shoves you through. On the other side huddles a sad collection of prisoners, men and animals, who look sadder still now that you're a prisoner too.

Shuffling through the straw, you find a clear space near the wall. You think of having to spend the rest of your life as a prisoner. But some sort of end must be near! Noticing your sadness, a large squirrel comes to your side with a crust of bread and says, "Don't be glum, little one. My name is Shaketail. We're all Friends here."

"Thank you," you answer, taking the stale crust politely.

"Besides," continues the squirrel, shaking his tail excitedly, "do you see those others there?"

Shaketail points to the center of the room where several men and animals have gathered around a huge stone slab that is broken in the middle. "Those are the Friends of Asian, and they are working on our escape right now! Won't you help?"

Escape! It sounds like dangerous business to you. But, perhaps, there is another way out. If you were to warn the guards that the other prisoners were going to try to break out, they just might let you go. A slow second passes by, while you try to make up your mind how to act.

- *If you want to help the others try to escape, **turn to 289.***
- *If you want to warn the guards, **turn to 161.***
- *If you just want to be left alone, **turn to 337.***

176

Judging by the circumference of their bellies (very round, indeed!), you think there is a good chance of outrunning the guards. With a skip, you take to your heels. *Pick a number and add your Action bonus:*

- *If 2-5, **turn to 210.***
- *If 6-12, **turn to 320.***

177

The wind blows the cloud-lion's mane back from its majestic brow. You blink and the lion has blown away entirely. **Turn to 451.**

178

Walking to the man's side, you say, your voice trembling, "Please, sir, can you help me? I'm so lost." **Turn to 171.**

There does not appear to be any flaw in Haadreh's proposal, and you accept his offer gladly. Leaping to his tiny feet, he grasps your hands in his (rather painfully), and dances across the room, calling out servants from every corner. Within the blink of an eye, a long robe of yellow and pink silk is draped around your shoulders and a large blue turban is placed on (very nearly over) your head.

It is a delight to be receiving so much attention, especially after the miserable morning spent alone in the fog, and you let Haadreh dance you onward into the banquet hall. It is a long, high room with painted marble pillars and a wooden floor set with smooth river stones. In a virtual fit of gaiety, Haadreh seats you at one end of an unbelievably long table, then skips his way down to the other end (nearly the distance of a good sized rugby field, you guess). After a rapid firing of loud hand claps, the table is laid with a magnificent, if somewhat bizarre feast. Besides an entire mountain range of exotic nuts, berries and other fruits, there is a baked peacock with all its feathers still on, and a roast pig stuffed with larks wings. The servants also offer what look suspiciously like spiders dipped in honey and rolled in sugar, but you decline them politely.

After what seems a lifetime of eating, two burly servants bring out the dessert. Between them on a large silver platter is the biggest tortoise shell you have ever seen in your life. Why, there must have been room enough for five normal tortoises inside! But now it is being used as a huge bowl, and is filled to the pearly brim with a quivering yellow custard.

"Eat all you can!" Haadreh shouts down from his great distance at the other end of the table, and, of course, that's just what you had intended. "Then get some sleep. Tomorrow will be a very busy day."

Haadreh leaves the room, and after you've swallowed as much custard as possible, the servants take you to bed. Lying in the dark on a cloud of quilted satin, your newfound euphoria suddenly seems to vanish. Uncomfortable thoughts threaten your sleep. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 189.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 190.**



180

You consider it best not to get involved, and look on as the Watchers lead the two Mice away at spear point. A nagging feeling of guilt follows you onward in your journey. The only thing that keeps you going is the thought that, perhaps, once you know more, you may be able to right the wrongs you have seen. **Turn to 139.**

181

How could you ruin the hopes of these friendly people? Clearly you cannot! Turning back to the Squirrel, you hear him repeat his question, "Will you help us?" **Turn to 289.**

A weak escape, child. So weak, in fact, that Haadreh takes your hand easily and mistakes your efforts for eagerness. "Patience, patience!" he laughs dryly. "We shall be free of this court soon enough. Now follow me."

With a shrug, you accept the situation, and follow Haadreh out the door. As you walk through the confusion of corridors outside, he keeps up a steady stream of babble until you arrive at a large door with Haadreh's head carved on the front. Inside is a spacious room lavishly (if somewhat garishly) decorated. The floor smothers under a violent sea of multicolored rugs and cushions, while on the walls paintings fight with tapestries for space.

A three tiered fountain splashes noisily in the center of the room; Haadreh bids you seat yourself next to it atop a precarious pile of pillows. Once settled, he claps his small hands loudly. Servants come out of nowhere, bringing grapes and cold apple juice. Gratefully, you accept the refreshments, and, settling back into the cushions, think it was not a bad idea after all to come along with Haadreh. Just then, with his eyes sharp and bright, he leans in close and commands, "Now then, child. Tell me your story." **Turn to 264.**

Straining your eyes, you scan the well for another way to descend. Alas, in this darkness an elephant could be sitting beside you without your realizing it. After a while, it becomes apparent that there are only two ways down.

- *If you try the rope, turn to 229.*
- *If you attempt to climb down the side, turn to 197.*

"He's a very odd bird, indeed," says one of the voices.

Could they be talking about your friend? Just then another voice says, "I've always thought that Norian had some dangerous attitudes concerning the Lion. Why, just the other day it seemed he was coming out in the beast's defense! How do such confused people ever become teachers?"

So they *are* talking about your friend, and such hateful things, too!

"Yes," says a third voice, "but at least we'll be rid of him by tomorrow night. I've brought the matter before Haadreh, and he agrees that Norian is too dangerous to have walking about in daylight. The dungeon will soon be his home."

How awful! Hurrying down the hall, you take the horrible news with you into the dormitory. The room is filled with bunks stacked twelve high. You must climb a precarious ladder to reach an empty bed, where it is a long wait until nightfall. The sun sets at last, however, and shortly thereafter the Watcher at the door calls your name.

Norian is waiting in the hall. "I've figured out the best route away from the Temple. Listen closely." Following some simple directions, he adds, with a hug, "Peace be with you."

- *If you leave Norian now, turn to 253.*
- *If there is something you feel you must do first, turn to 114.*

The idea is rather frightening, and you would just as soon not fight, but it doesn't look as though the boys are ready to listen to reason. So you ball up your fists and step up to the bullies angrily. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- *If 2-6, turn to 232.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 186.*

186

Though they have the greater numbers, the bullies are by nature a cowardly lot. You, on the other hand, are filled with the strength of one who fights selflessly for another in the name of justice. The scuffle is furious and you bloody the freckle-faced boy's nose. That puts a swift end to the fray. As the bullies flee, you go over to check on the mole. **Turn to 215.**

187

Turning down the right hand corridor, you pass by tapestries woven with unicorns and maidens, and striped panels of gold embroidered threads. A few steps later, two doors come into view on the left hand wall. The nearest one is closed, while the other stands slightly ajar. Though another encounter with the adults of the Temple is not to be desired, standing exposed in the hallway is hazardous as well. You pause a moment beside an orange pedestal, wondering what to do.

- *If you check the open door, turn to 326.*
- *If you check the closed door, turn to 191.*

188

The man in brown leads you to a quiet chamber. "My name is Norian," he says. "Pray, tell me your misfortunes."

Encouraged by his gentle understanding, you tell your tale, explaining all you can about your entry into this world in the terrible fog and what a beastly place you think it is.

"Oh, but you're wrong," he says when you've finished. "Narnia is a lovely place, full of good people and animals. I know life in the Temple can be difficult, but that's just because you're not familiar with the Rules. As long as you are true to yourself, then there is no problem. I feel that there is a purpose behind most things, but if you think that you do not belong here, then I will help you to return home. Which shall it be?"

- *If you decide to stay in Narnia, turn to 150.*
- *If you want to return home, turn to 208.*



189

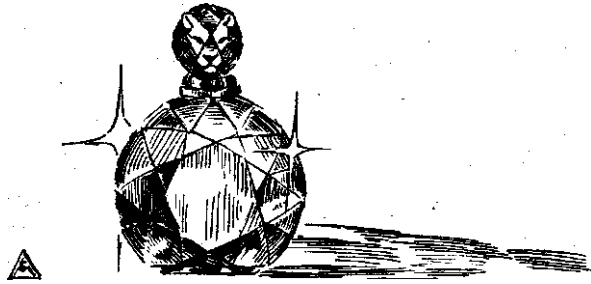
Your bothersome thoughts find you very nearly asleep and depart unnoticed to leave your rest undisturbed. **Turn to 195.**

190

As the events of the day pass haphazardly through your mind, some disturbing scenes return. Images of the less fortunate folk of Narnia present themselves in the dark. Their grim faces, as they work in the fields, stare out at you again. So many seemed far less than happy, especially the two little Mice who were trying to gather a little extra grain for their children.

Suddenly, it doesn't seem quite right to be lying in such a large comfortable bed, warm and full of custard while others shiver at home with nothing. Haadreh has been very kind to you, but it appears he hasn't given much thought to his people even if he says he has). Obviously, you cannot stay on in the Temple, at least not like this. The question is, how should you leave?

- *If you leave the Temple now in the dark, turn to 192.*
- *If you wait till morning to tell Haadreh, turn to 194.*



191

A listen at the closed door reveals nothing about what waits beyond, nor is there a keyhole through which a rude peek might be taken. So, with a shrug, you try the knob. Unfortunately, it turns easily (you had rather been hoping it would be locked), and the door moves a trifle inward. With inheld breath, you listen for any disturbance on the other side, but hear nothing. After a moment, you push the door open wider, and survey the room beyond.

It is a small chamber (though its green and yellow walls make it appear larger) with a bed against one wall and a writing desk against the other. Other than that, it is completely empty. Or is it?

"Aha!" cries a man in purple robes, leaping out from his hiding place behind the door. "Thought you would do the old Professor some mischief while he was out, did you? Put a frog between the sheets, perhaps, or spill the ink, eh? Well, this time I've caught you in the act, and you shan't escape punishment! We shall see what the Rules have to say about truant little beasts like yourself. Come here!"

You've been discovered! Will you be captured as well?

- If you surrender to the Professor, **turn to 152**.
- If you attempt to escape his clutches, **turn to 153**.

192

With brave resolve (for the bed is so warm and the floor so cold) you slide out from under the perfumed quilts and hastily put on your clothes. Using a quill and paper on the bedside table, you leave a note for Haadreh, thanking him for his hospitality. Then it's through the open window and a quiet journey homeward.

It is only a guess, but you believe that if the street lantern can be found again, it might return you to your own world. Outside, the clear night sky is a marvel of bright stars (much brighter than here) that light the way. For a long while, you walk on in wonder; at last (when your feet are tired and sore), it seems you must be getting close to where the lantern stands. Looking about the darkened countryside, you suddenly see a fire come to life on top of a round hill nearby. Several figures can be seen around the blaze, and their voices can just be caught floating across the distance between you. What a very curious thing to be happening at such a late hour! The mystery beckons, but so does the lantern and home.

- If you continue to search for the lantern, **turn to 123**.
- If you try to listen to the people from a distance, **turn to 110**.
- If you approach the people, **turn to 296**.

193

A proper distraction is what's needed here! A thrown stone, perhaps. Or a bird call from behind a bush? Oh, well, I'm sure You'll think of something! **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 135**.
- If 6-12, **turn to 157**.

Certainly, you cannot leave without first thanking Haadreh and saying good bye (besides the bed is just too cozy to leave right now). Hoping he'll understand, you roll over and drift off into perfumed sleep. The night lasts long and not even the rays of the morning sun are able to pry open your lazy eyelids. In fact, the servant at the door must pound (much to his embarrassment) very loudly on his copper gong before you return to the world of the wakeful and get out of bed.

Once all the clothes have been pulled on and the silk robe slid over them (don't forget the turban) you are escorted to a chamber modestly known as the breakfast room, (though it is large enough to seat an army and more decorated than a fir tree at Christmas). Haadreh is not there, so you dine alone on a large breakfast of turtle eggs, fish eyes, and goat's milk accompanied by the usual platter of fruit and nuts.

Finally, the little man does arrive, looking a trifle rumpled from sleep; but he still manages smile a bit distantly, and asks if you are ready for the busy day ahead.

"Actually," you stutter, "I need to talk to you about that."

"Go on, my child," Haadreh says, slurping his goat's milk from a silver goblet.

"Well," you stammer, "it's not that I'm not grateful for all you've done. I am very much. Only, well, I don't think I belong here. Especially when I think of the others who won't be eating a fine breakfast like I have this morning."

"Nonsense!" laughs Haadreh. "They eat just as well as their stations in life say they should. Look it up in the Rules!"

You think this over for a moment, but it still doesn't make things right. "I must go home. Right away. I'm sorry."

Haadreh stops in the middle of a loud slurp. A thick drop of milk runs down his beard as an angry look comes over his face.

"Sorry?" he shouts. "You ungrateful little cur! How dare you refuse the house of Haadreh! If you're not with me, you're against me. There's no home outside the Temple, but there's still much room in its dungeons. Guards! Take this louse away and see that it walks among the blessed no more!"

Good heavens! Can you believe your ears? Can this be right? Indeed yes, for two strong men in brown tunics have already taken hold and are dragging you from the room. In the struggle your silk robe and turban fall away like the last of a pleasant dream turned nightmare. *Turn to 175.*

The night passes pleasantly with dreams of feast-laden tables and silken servants gliding about at your command. Only the sound of a copper gong at the bedroom door is able to dissolve the fairy palace and bring you back into the real world. But you do not regret having to climb out of bed and into your clothes, for there are the fine robes and the turban and the promise of unexpected delights ahead.

After feasting alone on a breakfast of turtle eggs and small, salty fishes, you are taken to a quiet chamber to meet with Haadreh. The tiny man sits in an immense chair behind a table piled ponderously high with books. He is scribbling busily in one of them with an ostrich feather when the servant announces your arrival.

Haadreh stops his writing and says, "Good morning, child. We have plenty to do today, so sit down and we shall get started." Since there is only one chair in the room and Haadreh is sitting in it, you remain standing. Haadreh takes no notice of this and continues to speak. "As I told you last night, you are a very special sort of person. Very special, indeed, O, traveller between worlds. And it is obvious to me that you have come here for a very special purpose."

"I have?" you say, thinking it might be true, but not quite wanting to believe it.

"Of course. Never doubt the word of Haadreh the Wise! I have given the matter the benefit of my keen insight." Before you can interrupt, the little man goes on. "The life of a wise man is a continual journey. We are ever evolving to greater heights, leaving the lower realms behind us. I, too, am always improving my magnificence, and someday it will be my privilege to leave behind this world to ascend to still loftier realms. Yet this world cannot bear to lose the influence of my enlightened self. The Rules, of course, are eternal, and shall remain so after I have cast off this mortal shell, but Narnia will need someone to see that the Rules are adhered to. You, my fortunate mite, are that someone. You shall learn the Rules and ways of the Temple and carry on in my place after I am long gone. Come. We shall begin your instruction right away."

And so your studies begin. Long hours are spent each day learning the endless Rules that are detailed in the heavy tomes. Some of them make no sense at all, and most of them seem rather silly. For example, there is one Rule that on Haadreh Day (which occurs on every full moon) people are required to stay indoors and leave a bit of something sweet on the stoop. It doesn't say, but you rather suspect Haadreh spends the day sneaking from doorstep to doorstep.

Other Rules are rather frightening, and many of these have to do with the Lion called Asian. Absolutely everyone is required to hunt the Lion and report any sightings of the beast. There are also some especially gruesome Rules that apply to those who befriend or help the Lion in any way. What a monster this Lion must be to attract such cruel attention!

After an exhausting week of study, Haadreh comes to the study to say, "Well, child, you have worked hard. Now we shall see what you have learned!"

Taking your hand, he leads you to a long hall full of lords, ladies, and exotic animals unknown to England, (camels, emus, and many more you don't recognize), as well as a horde of Watchers. At one end is a high platform with two ornate chairs. Haadreh takes one (a very high one, indeed), and waves for you to take the other, lower seat. Whispering, he says, "Pay close attention, child." Then he shouts to the general assembly. "Be blessed, Narnians! Haadreh's court is now in session. Bring on the first case and marvel at the wisdom!"

Two Watchers move forward up the center aisle with a miserable looking satyr held fast between them. In front of the platform, they meet a Scribe who says, "Your Benevolence, this Satyr is accused of the worst of crimes, namely, being a Friend of the Lion!" A many-throated gasp rises in the hall. "We caught him interfering with the Watchers' hunts, and he does not deny being a Friend. The case is clear!"

Haadreh rises to his feet in the chair, and says, "Inferiors! Before judgment is passed, I have a surprise for you. Today, I would like to introduce my pupil and very special ward. And since I expect you to treat this child with every bit of respect due my superior self, I shall let the child pronounce this Satyr's guilt or innocence!"

A weak cheer rises from the audience while Haadreh tugs you to your feet. "So, child, which is it? Guilty, or not guilty?"

How should you answer? All eyes are on you, including the sad ones of the Satyr.

- *If you say the Satyr is guilty, **turn to 295.***
- *If you say he is not guilty, **turn to 102.***

Whatever they're saying is their own business. Without stopping to listen in, you continue on to the dormitory. The room is filled from floor to ceiling with tiny bunks stacked twelve high. You climb a precarious ladder to reach an empty bed where it's a long wait until nightfall. The sun finally sets, however, and the Watcher at the door calls out your name.

Norian is waiting in the corridor outside. "I've discovered how you can get out of the Temple safely, but there may be guards outside." He gives you specific directions on how to get out, then adds, "Peace be with you child, and be careful!"

A warm hug is exchanged and then, alone, you must navigate the complex corridors and stairs that will take you safely outside the Temple. Norian's instructions were good ones, and before long the night air is filling your lungs and the stars can be seen shining brightly in the heavens. The hill seems unguarded, but when you sneak down to the bottom, you find several men with spears patrolling the narrow lanes of the marketplace. A careful examination shows a point of escape guarded by only two men with bows. Surely, somehow, you can get past them.

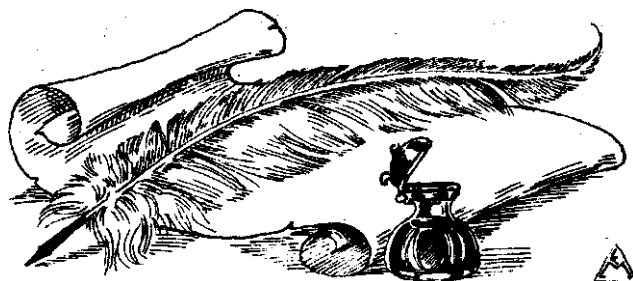
- *If you try to sneak by the guards, turn to 193.*
- *If you try to fight your way by, turn to 212.*
- *If you think talking might work, turn to 121.*

Perched on top of the wall, you take a deep breath and lower yourself into the well. Not very far down, the rocks become wet and slippery. Slimy moss grows on them as well, making matters worse. While searching for a handhold, you wonder if other children have ever found themselves in such a situation. What if you slip? *Pick a number and add your Action bonus:*

- *If 2-7, turn to 151.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 317.*

"Splendid!" Haadreh declares when you say, "Yes."

The rest of the day whirls by like a dream. Servants drape a silk robe around your shoulders and pile a heavy blue turban onto your head. A magnificent feast fills the lengthy evening, and when the time comes to sleep, you climb into a giant feather-bed covered by quilts scented with rose petals. Tomorrow you start your new job in the Temple. **Turn to 195.**



After careful consideration, you have to admit to yourself that you do not exactly know how to answer, and shrug your shoulders to say as much.

"So, the Lion's got your tongue, has he?" replies the old man to your silence. "Well, then, I guess we shall reach the end of this charade. You can return to the School before any more sense leaks out your ears than already has. The Watchers will take you there directly. Oh, and in case anyone asks, the Golden Rule is this: Shun the Lion and follow the Rules. Now off with you!"

Of course, what the old man said was wrong (at least as far as you know the Golden Rule), but that doesn't keep you from being led to the Temple School by the Watchers. Will the confusion never cease? *Check Key 1. Turn to 319.*

Under the dark gaze of the bullies, you stutter, "I, well, I don't think you should pick on the mole. I mean, four against one isn't fair."

"You're right," says the freckled leader, winking at his friends slyly. "Four against one isn't fair. But four against two sounds pretty square."

"Two?" you ask nervously.

"Two," echoes the boy. "The mole and you. That's two. Get 'em boys!"

Now you're really in the middle of things. Oh, well, there's nothing for it, but to do your best *Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:*

•If 2-5, **turn to 232.**

•If 6-12, **turn to 186.**

"Halt!" cries one of the guards as you approach out of the shadows. "Who goes there and what is your business?"

"It's only me," you say. "I'm on my way home."

"Sorry," says the guard. "No one is allowed to go in or out of the Temple after dark."

"What am I to do then?" you ask.

"Why, go back in, of course."

"You just said no one can go into the Temple after dark!"

This brings a confused look onto the guard's face. He turns to his companion for some advice and a whispered conference follows. In a few moments the first one says, "I guess you're right. We can't let you go in, so we'll have to leave you on your own. Go now, and please don't come back; my head hurts!"

With a proud tilt of the head, you strut past the guards and into the darkness of the countryside. The plan now is to return to the lamp-post, but suddenly you are stopped by a voice out of the darkness. **Turn to 254.**

The Watchers have been especially trained to chase children, and have no problem catching you. Out of breath and hope, you go with them to the Temple. **Turn to 278.**

Looking over the hats very carefully gives no clue as to which one to choose. The professor starts tapping his foot and insists that you put one on right away.

• If you put on the red hat, **turn to 146.**

• If you put on the blue hat, **turn to 297.**

• If you put on the green hat, **turn to 238.**

"Over here, child! Jump!" cries the Satyr, nimbly applying his horns to the stomach of an advancing Watcher.

With spear points at your back, you leap from the platform. All is mayhem on the floor, where the guards are frantically trying to control the excited crowd. From time to time, the Satyr can be seen struggling with a guard, as you draw nearer and nearer to his side. At last, his small, brown hand grabs yours and pulls you toward the door. Before long you are both outside and fleeing into the cover of the woods.

When it seems safe enough to pause and catch some breath, the Satyr turns to you and says, "You are a true Friend, Child of Adam and Eve. Come, I must take you to the Gathering!"

You would like to ask the Satyr what he is talking about, but he has too many questions of his own at the moment. Passing through the woods at a brisk pace, he has you tell everything about your adventure so far. The more you tell him, the more excited he becomes until he can contain himself no longer. "Child, you shall be an absolute blessing to the Gathering!"

By this time the sun has set, and there is nothing but a half moon to light the way. Stumbling over roots and brambles, you walk and walk and walk. At last, a fire comes into view atop a hill. The Satyr leads the way to the crest where there are several humans and animals gathered around the blaze. The Gathering! Everyone looks at you with curiosity (and some with caution), but the Satyr is quick to tell your tale. Upon hearing that you come from another world, they welcome you into their circle. They seem very busy, however, and soon you are left to your own devices. **Turn to 111.**



205

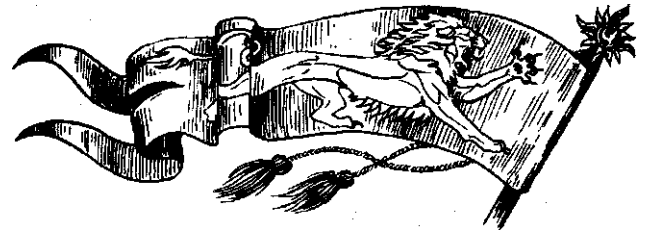
Placing your ear to the dot of the question mark, you hear this curious conversation:

"You say the child is different?" says one high voice.

"Yes, your Intelligence," answers a deeper one. "And the difference may be a dangerous one. There is something very alien about the child. I daresay it's as if it came from another world altogether!"

Good heavens! It almost sounds as if they were talking about you. Next the high voice says, "I want to see the child as soon as possible. I do believe it could be very useful to me, that is, to the Temple, heh, heh."

Odd talk, indeed. With the book under one arm, you knock on the door, hoping to find out more. **Turn to 316.**



206

The hats cannot speak (otherwise, they would surely tell you which of them to put on), but the class may be able to give you some clue. Looking over the group of students, you find that the children near the front of the class are wearing blue hats, while those further back have on the pointy red ones. Nobody at all seems to have on a green hat. As you examine the class, the professor starts tapping his foot and insists that you put on one of the hats right away.

- If you put on the red hat, **turn to 146.**
- If you put on the blue hat, **turn to 297.**
- If you put on the green hat, **turn to 238.**

207

The professor, followed by his giggling students, drags you to the center of the room. Upon seeing the green hat, others join the procession until a small army is in tow. At the room's center is a wooden platform with a tall stool. With the crowd gathering around it, the professor sits you atop the stool, and announces, "Behold! What you see before you is no ordinary dunce. This child did not come to wear the hat of green through the usual slip of the tongue or forgotten Rule. No! This child chose to become the dunce and seems to be proud of it. Let the Rite of Humiliation be performed, and may we all learn through the child's mistake!" **Turn to 220.**

"I'm sure Narnia is a good place," you begin, "but I've had a beastly time of things ever since I arrived. If there's any chance at all of my returning home, then I must at least try."

"And I shall do my best to see you succeed," assures Norian. "Mind you, I am not at all well versed in such matters as travelling to other worlds, but something does occur to me. If it was the lamp-post that brought you here, then the lamp-post must take you back."

"Yes. I suppose that might work," you agree.

"Good, then all we must do is get you out of the Temple. I will call for you tonight on some pretext to get you out of the sleeping quarters. Sneaking past the guards may be more difficult, but perhaps I can think of something. In the meantime, go to the dormitory and wait for me to call."

Quietly, you leave the room and wander through the maze of colorful corridors toward the dormitory. Along the way, you pass a door that is partially open. Voices come from the other side and you are positive you heard Norian's name. Curious, you consider stopping to listen.

- *If you listen to the voices, **turn to 184.***
- *If you continue on to the dormitory, **turn to 196.***



You decide to do as the extraordinary lion has asked and follow him into the woods. He is very fast, however, and he soon leaves you far behind. Out of breath, you are forced to stop, more lost than ever, and wonder how you can possibly find the lion again. Then, looking down at the ground, you see a spot of blood. It could be from the wound in the lion's shoulder and might lead you to where he is; but he must be miles away by now. And what good would it do to find him, anyhow (even if he is a Talking Lion)?

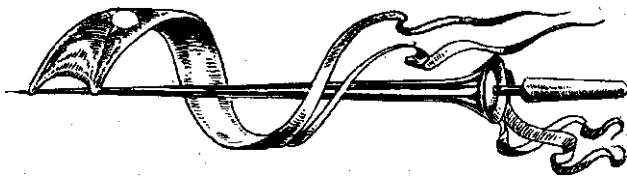
- *If you return to the men, **turn to 132.***
- *If you want to follow the blood trail, **pick a number** and add your Perception bonus:*
 - *If 2-5, **turn to 325.***
 - *If 6-12, **turn to 330.***

Goodness! They are much faster than you thought! Holding you securely in their hairy arms, they lead the way back up Temple How. **Turn to 175.**

It seems you are going to reach the safety of the shadows when the strong hand of one of the Watchers grabs you by the shoulder. He says nothing, but one of the Scribes mutters as though to himself, "Mustn't lag behind!" Sighing deeply, you let the Watcher lead you onward. **Turn to 259.**

It takes a brave soul to confront two guards with no weapons other than your two young fists! May Asian protect you! *Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-6, **turn to 115.***
- *If 7-12, **turn to 262.***



213

"Thought you could outrun the old Professor, eh?" the man cackles as he grabs you by the collar. "Well, there's some energy left in me yet; enough to take care of a young truant such as yourself, anyhow. Now then, I'll have no more of your tricks. It's back to the School with you!"

With no further allowance for protest, you are hustled forward, down a maze of corridors, towards the School. What will it be like? If the Professor is any indication, you are not at all sure it will be pleasant. In any case, it will not be long before everything is revealed, for that large, forboding door ahead could be nothing but the entrance to the School. There, the Professor turns you over to the firm grasp of a stern Watcher. **Turn to 319.**

214

You stand first on one leg and then the other, waiting for the Watchers to return from their hunt. After what seems like an eternity, they march back through the fields with red faces and panting breath, but without the Mice. (At least your plea did that much!) The Watchers glare at you, and the Head Scribe takes your arm and shakes you.

"Don't you know the Rules, child?" he hisses in your ear. "No, don't answer me. Obviously, you do not. It'll be School for you when we get to Temple How!"

Releasing your arm to the grasp of a Watcher, he stalks ahead of you. **Turn to 278.**

215

"I'm all right," says the mole (her name is Furshine) with a near-sighted look of appreciation. Together you wander slowly back toward the animal quarter. Furshine asks many questions and soon knows everything about you and your curioussituation.

At the line between the two quarters, she stops a moment, deep in thought. Then she brightens and with wide eyes (by mole standards) exclaims, "I can help you! I can dig a tunnel under the wall of the yard and you can leave when it gets dark!"

"Oh, but you'll get into trouble," you protest.

"That's my affair," Furshine replies. "Besides, I think I'd like to return home to my parents, too."

With everything settled, you separate to await nightfall. When darkness does come, you sneak out into the yard and meet the mole by the wall. "The tunnel is a bit close," she says, "but it's good, clean dirt." It's a quick crawl underground, then up and out on the other side. "My parents live south of here," states Furshine. "The lamp-post you're looking for is to the west. I wish you weren't going, but I hope you make it just the same. Good bye!"

One last hug is all either of you can bear. Then you part, friends forever. After hours of hiking alone through the darkened landscape, the lamp-post can finally be seen in the distance. Home seems to be just around the corner, when a fire appears suddenly at the horizon on a nearby hilltop. Several shadowy figures stand around the fire, and the sound of their voices drifts toward you. Mystery beckons, but so does the lamp-post...and home.

- *If you go to the lamp-post, turn to 122.*
- *If you listen to the people from a distance, turn to 110.*
- *If you approach the people, turn to 296.*

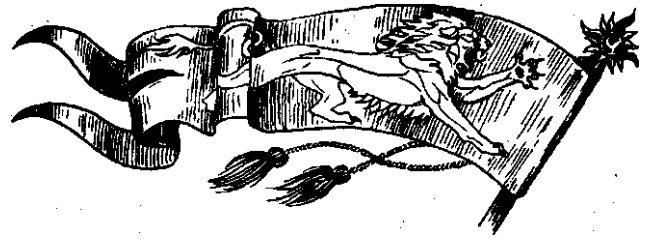
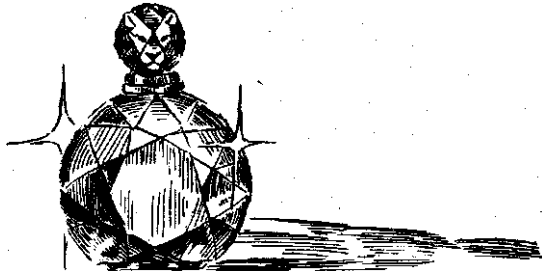
Certainly you knew it once, but with the old man staring at you that way and everyone awaiting an answer, the Golden Rule leaps right out of your mind. At last, you have to say, "I don't know."

Upon hearing this, the old man sits back with a look of disgust upon his wrinkled face. Then he turns to the Head Scribe and says, "No wonder this child is confused. It has obviously been neglected by those tottering tutors in the School. See that it is returned at once and taught right this time!"

"Please, your High-browness," says the Scribe, "do not be too hard on the Teachers. For, indeed, what can anyone truly know, and, therefore, truly teach? Is not Truth as elusive as a breeze in a tempest? Is not -"

"Enough!" rasps the old man. "I've made my judgement. Now see that it is carried out. Oh, and child. Should your teachers fail to teach you the Golden Rule again, it is this: Shun the Lion and follow the Rules. Good bye."

In an instant, you are turned about and marched back down the stairs. As you pass out of the curious chamber, the Golden Rule you were trying to remember comes back to you: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. But that isn't what the old man said, was it? What a funny world. Deep in thought, you follow a Watcher to the School. *Check Key 1. Turn to 319.*



"I come from another world," you answer truthfully.

Haadreh's eyes grow wide with excited interest. "How wonderful," he chirps. "How absolutely wonderful. You must have great powers to have travelled such a long way. And there must be a special purpose behind all of this. Yes! I believe you *were* meant to join me here in the Temple and help to rule the land. Why, I can offer you everything you have ever dreamed of. Beautiful robes like mine, soft beds to sleep in, foods from the furthest reaches of the universe. Will you join me?"

Something awful lights Haadreh's tiny eyes, but his offer is very tempting.

- *If you accept Haadreh's offer, turn to 198.*
- *If you reject his offer, turn to 242.*

You certainly do not want to go on a lion hunt, so decide not to mention the beast at all. Besides, there are more important matters to attend to, like where you are, and how are you ever going to get back home? The men have begun to gather up their things, ready to move on, when the Scribe who first spoke says, "If your path lies along ours, child, then you are welcome to join us."

"Why not?" you ask yourself. And there seems to be no good answer. *Turn to 334.*

"But before we can continue in our quest," says the King, "we must free ourselves from this prison. As you know, those Friends who are still outside, shall mount an attack on the Temple this very night. We must have the dungeon door open by the time they arrive in order that we may escape during the distraction. This means that whoever has the job of getting the gruel bucket this evening must get the key from the guard."

"That would be the child, sire," chirrup Shaketail, much to your surprise.

"Child?" says Daliar, peering across at you. "Why, yes. You're new here. In fact...you're not from here at all, are you?"

"No, sir," you tremble. "I -I come from another world."

Everyone gasps with surprise, but the King says, "Aha! I thought so! This is a good sign. You are not the first, child. Others like you have come before, and they've always done this land of Narnia great service. Child, I will be brief: Narnia is in terrible danger. Asian the Lion, creator and King above all High Kings, no longer roams Narnia. The chill of our own doubting and faithless hearts bars him from our land and our lives. In his absence, Haadreh the Exile moved in, built this Temple, and created the abominable Rules that say nothing of honour and courtesy and love."

The King pauses long enough for you to say, "Heavens!"

"Now, before it is too late, we must find the Lion and declare our faith to him. Perhaps then he can return life to Narnia and rid us of Haadreh the Unbearable. This is what I hope, child. And I think you arrived here to help us in our search. I think that if anyone can, you can find the Lion. Will you help us?"

- If you want to help, **turn to 103.**
- If you just want to go home, **turn to 104.**



The professor steps down into the cheering crowd, and the Rite begins. It starts with a terrible bout of name-calling followed by a barrage of paperwads and bits of rotten food (which the meaner individuals must have carried around for just such an occasion). You begin to cry, but the more you weep, the more the crowd laughs.

What a horrible land this is! You wish you had never arrived and hope that it will all be over soon. Then a professor in brown robes rushes up onto the platform. "Stop!" he says. "Let us not shame ourselves more than we shame this child!"

"Down from there!" shouts a green-robed professor. "These are the Rules!"

The man in brown puts his arm protectively around you and answers, "The Rules say that a dunce may be claimed by any professor desiring his service. I claim this one."

Angry stares are shot at him, but it seems no one can argue against him, and the crowd slowly disperses. Though he has just saved you from the Rite, you are not sure the service he has claimed you for will be any better. Trembling, you say, "Please, sir. I'm lost."

"Come with me," he replies, as he gently wipes away some smeared fruit from your clothing. **Turn to 188.**

221

These guards (a grumpy lot) do not find your hopeless attack very amusing. Wielding their spears, they snarl and give chase. Fleeing into the safety of the woods, you find yourself crying, "Asian! Asian help me!" To your surprise, a terrific roar fills the air. To your even greater surprise you run out of the dark woods and into your lighted schoolyard. Turning about, the forest is gone, replaced by the red brick buildings of your school. Sadly, you wander inside, your head full of questions about the wonderful land called Narnia and the mysterious Lion called Asian.

Why not return to Narnia? Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

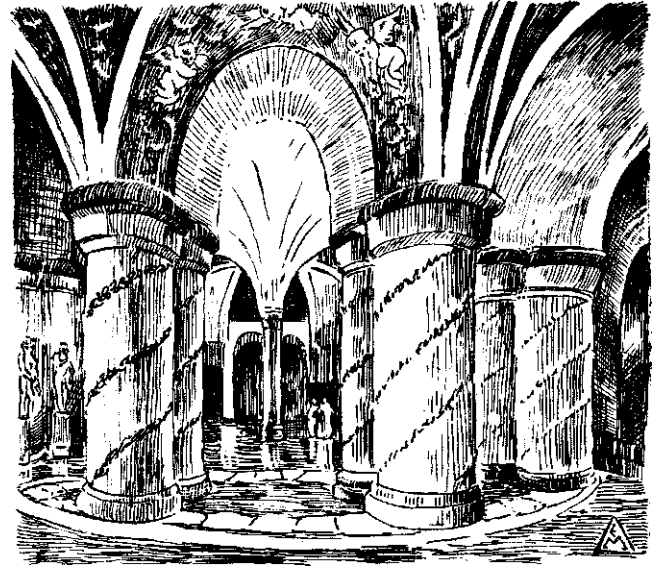
222

The professor, followed by his giggling students, drags you to the center of the room. Upon seeing the green hat, others join the procession until a small army is in tow. At the center of the room, a tall stool rests on a wooden platform. With the crowd gathering around it, the professor sits you atop the rickety stool and commands, "Let the Rite of Humiliation be performed!" **Turn to 220.**

223

The interior of the Temple is no less gaudy than its exterior. Elaborate carvings of cherubs tangled in leafy vines are draped around brightly painted columns that support the ceiling. And what a ceiling! It almost makes you dizzy to look up at the murals of gods and angels dancing amid the heavens. You pass through one cluttered room after another, down long unlit passageways filled with statuary, paintings, and the faint smell of woodsmoke.

But where are the Scribes taking you, and why? You fear the worst. Their faces have that adult look you've seen before.



Some sort of punishment (at the very least a scolding) awaits you and you are wise enough in the ways of the world to know that your ignorance of the crime will not prevent it from happening.

But why should you take a scolding at all? If they won't tell you what you've done (and they won't), then they have no right to keep you. Besides, they could be very bad men themselves without any sense of what's right or wrong. Of course, they do have the Watchers along with them, and that's a very strong argument for not misbehaving. However, they've all become rather inattentive since you entered the Temple. Perhaps you could sneak away down a side passage?

- *If you sneak away down the next side passage, turn to 235.*
- *If you continue along with the Scribes, turn to 259.*

You duck easily under the professor's outstretched arms and run back up the corridor. Upon reaching the wider passage to the left, you make a quick turn and run directly into a man in a brown tunic. Oh, no, it's one of the Watchers! Without a word (but a firm hold on your arm), the grim man leads you back to the Scribes who continue forward as though you had never escaped them. **Turn to 259.**

Your eyes scan the well again and again without result. It seems that there are only two ways down: either in the bucket, or down the rocky wall. But wait! What's that shape in the darkness? Why, it's a ladder, an iron ladder fixed securely into the side of the wall. How silly to have missed it!

Carefully, one rung at a time, you descend into the dark throat of the well. The bars are cold and wet. Could they be rusty? Let's hope not! The opening above becomes increasingly smaller. You imagine you must have reached somewhere very close to the center of the earth, when all of a sudden your hand pushes against nothingness. Further investigation, reveals the nothingness to be part of a good sized tunnel. It must be the one Daliar was talking about, and you have found it! Cautiously, you step inside. **Turn to 290.**

It only takes a moment to realize that greater Rules than the ones in Haadreh's books are involved here, rules that cannot be written down and may only be found in a strong heart. No stretch of the imagination can convince you that the friendly Satyr is guilty of anything. Your duty is clear. **Turn to 102.**

After several hours of tense waiting in the silence of the cell, the guard appears at the door and calls out, "Gruel!"

With every eye on your back, you walk slowly across the room. The door opens a crack allowing you to exit out into the corridor beyond. On the floor stands a large wooden bucket filled to the brim with a thin, green gruel. Looking nervously at the spare key on the back of the guard's belt, you suddenly notice something else, something you wish you hadn't. A wind blows through the large copper door standing wide open at the end of the corridor. Beyond it is the fresh outdoors with enough dark cover to hide an army. Why, a quick child could be out that door before anyone noticed!

- If you run out the door, **turn to 298.**
- If you try to get the key, **turn to 105.**

"Gosh! I don't know," you tell the Scribe "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" he gasps, his eyes wide. "By the spire, child, haven't you learned your Rules? What do they teach children these days?" He exchanges exasperated glances with the other Scribes before saying, "Such a silly child should never be allowed outside. No, you had best return to the Temple and learn your verses more thoroughly. What do I mean, indeed. Why, I've never heard the likes of it! You two Watchers, there, take this child back to the Temple for good keeping!"

The men in brown tunics approach, and you realize that there remain scant seconds before they have you in their grasp.

- If you go along with them, **turn to 278.**
- If you want to run away, **turn to 136.**

The thick rope dangles far out in the very center of the well. Only a sickening leap into the air will let you reach it! Can you do it? **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 286.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 282.**

230

Walking around to the far side of the tree on the knoll, you are surprised to find a huge, brown bear and large gray squirrel talking to each other. They, too, seem rather startled to find a child sneaking up on them.

"What's this," chatters the squirrel.

"A child, I think," answers the bear, slowly.

"I can see that, but who is it, and what's it doing here?"

The bear is just thinking up a good reply when you interrupt by saying, "Please, have you seen the lion?"

At this their eyes open wide. "Have you?" asks the squirrel cautiously.

"Why, yes," you answer. "I was just following him along this way, when I lost his trail. Did he pass by?"

Neither of the two animals gives an answer. Instead, they put their heads together and whisper excitedly. This goes on for some time (until you have a good mind to leave them to their secrets), when they finally approach you with broad smiles on their faces.

"Child of Adam and Eve," squeaks the squirrel. "My name is Shaketail, and this is Grumblebelly. We are Friends of the Lion, and if what you say is true, then you must stay here with us until the Gathering. But, come, tell us more about yourself."

You try to remember that it is unwise to let strangers know all about you, but the squirrel soon makes you forget this. In a very short time, you have explained all about how you arrived in this strange land, and what has happened to you

since. In return, the animals answer some of your own questions. They say that the land you have arrived in is called Narnia, and that the lion you saw may be the one they call Asian. It seems that no one in Narnia has seen Asian for very many years, and that it is very important that they should find him before it is too late. Why this is all so, you are not able to make out from the squirrel's report (especially since Grumblebelly keeps interrupting with what Shaketail refers to as "trivialities"). It all sounds rather big and important, however, and you have become a part of it.

"You see," says Shaketail. "That is why we are having this gathering tonight. All the Friends of Asian will be showing up to make plans on how to find him. Why, even the King will be coming!"

King? This is serious! After enough information has been exchanged to fill an afternoon, the animals seat you beneath the tree. They give you wonderful fresh bread, honey and nuts to eat as the sun begins to set. Over the next few hours other men and animals make their way up the hill. There are dwarfs with long red beards, satyrs with the hind legs and horns of a goat, and a graying centaur who appears near evening followed by two fairies in gossamer dresses made of butterfly wings.

Shaketail and Grumblebelly compete for the privilege of telling each new arrival about you and your adventure. Everyone greets you warmly and with a certain amount of awe. Soon, you have made several new friends and as the night falls and grows deeper, you become more and more comfortable in your new surroundings. Then comes the sound of a great horn from the distance; it sends a thrill of delight and nervous dread down your spine.

The centaur goes to the edge of the firelight, listens a moment, then declares, "The King approaches!" **Turn to 255.**

231

As you lay into the nearest Watcher, he just laughs and grabs you by the collar to toss you aside. "You might get hurt, little one," he advises. "You'd best stay out of this." Then he returns to the fight,

With tears in your eyes, you watch the guards subdue the valiant Friends. The battle is tost! Prisoners and guards run in all directions. One of them is running at you! Dashing for the cover of the woods, you cry, "Asian! Asian help me!" A tremendous roar fills your ears, leaving you stunned for a moment. When you recover, not the woods but the schoolyard surrounds you! Dazed and lonely, you wander into the familiar dormitory to dream of the day when you might return to Narnia.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

232

Fortunately, the mole flees unhurt to the safety of the animal quarter of the Yard. Alas, you do not fare as well. All four of the boys attack you in a very unsporting manner, and do not leave until they have bloodied your nose. Alone in the dirt, trying to hold back the tears, you cannot remember a time when you felt more alone and miserable.

You are just wondering if there are any friendly people at all in this world, when a gentle hand rests upon your shoulder. A man in a brown robe kneels at your side and says, "Rules and regulations, child! Who did this to you?"

Where you come from it is considered very bad form to snitch on others (even bullies). So, instead, you wipe eyes and say, "Please, sir. I'm lost."

The man seems to consider your words carefully, then says, "I want to help. Come with me." **Turn to 188.**

233

"Over here!" shouts the Satyr, knocking his guards to the floor with a bump of his short horns.

Nimble escaping the grasp of the nearest Watcher, you leap down from the platform and try to push your way to the Satyr. There are just too many excited people in the way, however, and you cannot push through. Meanwhile, more guards are advancing from this side of the crowd and you are forced to run in the only available direction, namely, away from the Satyr.

It is less than a merry chase out of the hall and through the confusing corridors of the Temple, but at last you manage to evade the Watchers and find a way out of the building. Once outside, you sneak from bush to bush for cover until the hill is left far behind. Breathless, you pause beneath a small oak, wishing only to return home. After some moments to reflect, it seems that the best way to get there is to find the street lantern and hope it takes you back. Sadly, you push onward as night falls. **Turn to 273.**

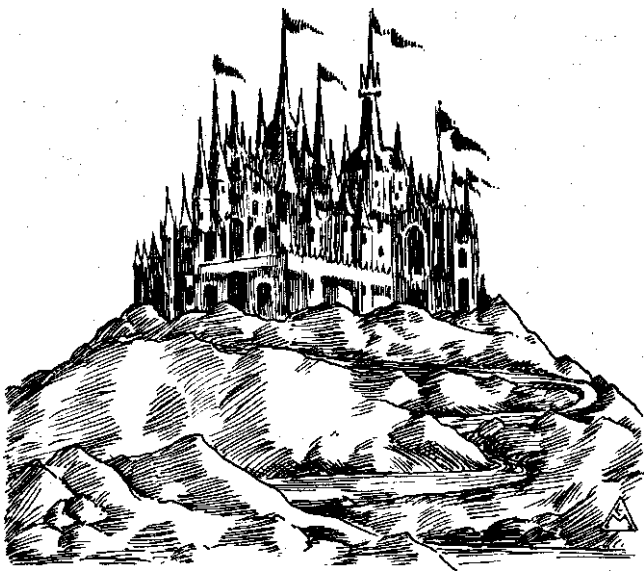
234

You were right! The peg did hold the rope in place. Of course, sometimes it isn't very pleasant being right. Now, for instance, when the rope is free from the peg and the bucket you are standing in flies merrily toward the bottom of the well. **Turn to 300.**

235

Slowly, you work your way back to the rear of the group. Ahead on the left, a shadowy side passage draws nearer. Just as you pass the archway you attempt to slip unnoticed into the darkness. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 211.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 155.**



236

As a group, you head east through the woods. Nothing more is said, and you are left to your own thoughts about what awaits you at the Temple. Could you have made a terrible blunder by claiming to be the lion's friend? Eventually, you step onto a road that ambles around hills topped by pretty green fields. You are amazed to see squirrels and chipmunks harvesting apples into baskets, while ewes draw water from a well and doves sort grain into bins. As the miles pass, your wonder turns to worry. Something must be very wrong if so many creatures wear frowns on their faces! After hours walking, just before the sun has quite set, you spy the Temple shining goldly atop a bare hill. "Magnificent," you think, but find yourself regretting the thought as you draw nearer. There is something in its hundreds of spires and gaudy red and purple and green windows that seems totally out of place in this land of simple hues and contours. **Turn to 223.**

237

A thick, blue rug cushions your footsteps as you proceed slowly down the left hand corridor. It would not have seemed possible, but the decor here is more elaborate than anywhere else in the Temple. The ceiling and walls are covered with brightly painted carvings in wood and stone and you almost miss a comparatively plain door at the end of the corridor. It is large and bronze, but bears only a single ornament, an engraved likeness of a bearded face (more ugly than funny, really) wearing a huge turban.

Approaching, you discover that the door is ajar. Distant muttering reaches you from the other side and you are both afraid and curious. You crouch a moment beside a spotted vase to figure out what to do next; should you go in?

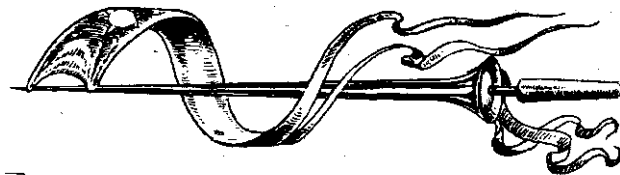
- If you investigate the sounds behind the door, **turn to 314.**
- If you turn back and head down the right corridor, **turn to 162.**

238

Putting on the green hat evokes a fit of laughter from the children in the class. The professor, however, is not amused. Shouting at the top of his lungs (very loudly indeed) he silences his students, then turns his fury on you.

"I don't tolerate clowns in my class!" he fumes. "You had best mean anything you do around me, child! Since you've chosen the dunce cap, you'll suffer the consequences!"

Consequences? Suffer? Good heavens! Couldn't you just put the hat back? **Turn to 207.**



2

"You are a heretic spy!" cries the guard, drawing an ugly curved sword.

With a gasp, you dash back up the corridor crying, "Asian! Help me, Asian!" As you turn the next corner, a distant roaring reaches your ears; there is a terrific jolt, and the next thing you know England and the schoolyard are around you. Relieved and dismayed, you go inside to dream about returning someday to the land of Narnia.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

The mole can take care of herself, you think, turning away. But the terrified cries of the tiny creature hurt your ears. What to do? **Pick a number** and add your *Inner Strength* bonus:

- If 2-5, **turn to 167.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 141.**

"Yes," you answer.

For a long, rather uncomfortable moment, the Lion seems to look inside you. Then his face takes on a wild joy that is both wonderful and frightening. Leaping to his feet, he shakes his great mane and growls playfully, "Get on my back, child."

Afraid to do as he says but wanting desperately to obey, you climb onto the Lion's broad back and bury your hands in his soft mane. He bounds away, thrilling as a locomotive or an airplane, but alive and above all, well, Asian. Then you see where he is going and are suddenly filled with fear. For he is bounding directly for the cliff! Surely, he does not mean to climb it, not with you on his back?

Oh, but he does! In the first leap he lands twenty feet up. Your heart does a flip, yet there seems to be no real danger.

Higher and higher he climbs, bouncing from rock to precarious rock as only a very special Lion can. At last you reach the top of the waterfall where you tumble onto the grass weak with joy and excitement.

"Oh, Asian!" you exclaim. "That was..."

Something makes you stop suddenly. The Lion has lost his playful look and is sitting at the edge of the cliff. He stares out over the land solemnly (you can just see the ocean from up here). "Asian, what is it?" you ask, going to his side.

"See them moving," he says in a deep voice. "The people of Narnia. They have seen the river returned to life. They know I am here. They are coming in faith and hope."

It seems there is a greatness in all the Lion says. Looking over Narnia, you too can see the dark patches of people and animals moving across the land. Within a short while they will be there at the base of the waterfall. All because of him. All because of the Lion. In the midst of this you feel rather small and confused and stupid, and you wish it was possible to just fold up and be tucked away some where.

But look! They are already here! AH the creatures of Narnia. There is King Daliar. He is saying something. "Dear Asian! We are ashamed of what we have become! And we wish for you to know that our faith is still strong in you. Please! Return to Narnia!"

Suddenly, all becomes still. Asian speaks. "You see the river run and tell me of your faith. Only one person among you was able to find me. This child at the bottom of the Dry River. This child found me. This child must take the leap of faith!"

As the Lion speaks your stomach grows tight and queasy. Is something terrible about to happen? You were the only one able to find him? You must take the leap of faith? What does he mean?

Then Asian turns to you, and in his loving eyes you see the meaning of his words. He wishes you to leap with faith and trust in him from the top of the waterfall! Good heavens! He is a special Lion, yes! But is he a *very* special Lion?

Below, the people of Narnia wait. Above, Asian the Lion waits. And within you, something - a feeling or a question - waits. How do you answer?

- *If you decide to leap, turn to 265.*
- *If you refuse to leap, turn to 306.*



242

"I am grateful for the offer," you mutter, looking down at your shoes, "but I want to go home."

"Home?" shrieks Haadreh. "There is no home outside the Temple, and no place for you except at my side. Guards! Take this sand flea out of my sight and throw it in the dungeon!"

Of all the responses, that was the least expected. But now you are glad to have refused his offer. Who would want to work beside such a madman? Still, as the guards lead you away, you wonder if this is not too high a price to pay for honor. **Turn to 175.**

243

"Halt! Hold! Stand fast!" cry the guards as you approach out of the shadows. "Who are you and what's your business?"

"It's just me," you say rather flustered. "I'm going home."

Without turning their backs the two guards put their heads together and whisper. They confer for what seems a very long time, and often point rudely in your direction. Finally, one of them says, "There's a curfew, child. No one may go in or out of the Temple after dark."

"Oh," you reply sadly. "I guess I'll go back inside then."

"But you can't," says the other. "Now that you're out, you have to stay out."

"That's silly!"

"Yes, well, those are the Rules. There isn't anything we can do about it. Now come along with us quietly, please."

"Where?" you demand to know.

"Why to the prison, of course," they answer. "You've broken curfew and the Rules say : to prison. Come on, then."

Suddenly, you've had all you can stand of the Temple and its silly Rules. "Hang it all," you mutter. "I must escape!"

- *If you want to fight your way past the guards, turn to 321.*
- *If you think you can simply run away, turn to 176.*

244

The Yard is a large, walled-in field of bare dirt without the slightest hint of vegetation. The children are very noisy and rather rough as they kick up great clouds of dust, playing such vicious games as Sack the Lion and Pummel.



Walking away from the main group of children, you notice a smaller section of the yard which is marked off by a black line. Beyond the line gather all of the young animals of the school, playing quieter games or talking amongst themselves.

Just then, a rather small mole (though bigger than any mole in your world) wanders across the black line into the section of the yard you are in. She squints in the bright daylight, and feels about blindly with her pink hands. Is she lost? You are about to lend her a hand when the mean boy with the freckles runs over to the mole and says, "Say there, blinky. Don't you know this side is for human children? Go back over there with the other beasts. Go and dig a hole like a real animal."

The little mole is obviously too frightened by the bully to move. She just stands there, her squinty eyes filling with tears.

"Don't just stand there blubbing," says the boy, feeling rather full of himself. "Go crawl back in the dirt where you belong, or I'll have my father make a soup out of you."

This sets the poor creature crying aloud, and she stumbles frantically in the wrong direction. The bully gives chase and calls to his friends to join in on the cruel fun. As three more boys fall in behind him, you wonder what you should do.

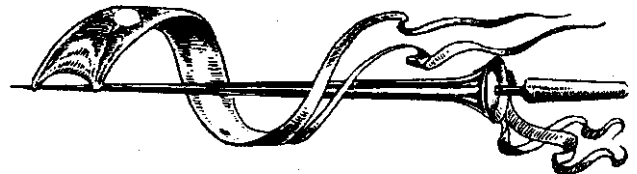
- If you go to the aid of the mole, **turn to 336.**
- If you think it best not to get involved, **turn to 240.**

A friendly young horse (whose name you can't begin to pronounce) escorts you to the edge of the Dry River, a deep, ugly gash running through the heart of Narnia. The colt seems fearful and anxious to leave; he bids you a warm (if somewhat hasty) farewell. Once again you are alone. And what a dreary place to be! Only the promise you made to Daliar keeps you from running all the way to the lamp-post and back home.

The bed of the Dry River holds shifting sand and sharp stones that fill your shoes and bruise your feet. The bank is little better, overgrown with dry, prickly weeds that thrive on dust and heat. Worst of all is the deadly feeling of loneliness that rises from the dry earth. Strange thoughts swirl in your head, tempting you to desperation. Memories of the morning spent alone in the foggy schoolyard come back to haunt you, leaving you depressed and frightened.

One day goes by, and then two, maybe three. You are no longer sure. Time seems to stand still in the bed of the Dry River, but not with a stillness of importance nor with peace. The stillness is something quite different. You've been coming very close to it all the time, or it has been coming close to you, but you realize you will never find out what it is until you have stopped. Not until you have become as still as the Dry River will you understand.

Suddenly, you look up from the dusty sand, and there it is, a bleak, gray cliff a hundred feet high. A glance shows that it is unclimbable. You can go no further. You are standing still within the bed of the Dry River.





Now you understand! The Dry River is filled with the stillness of Death! A death that has no life beyond! And that is where you are, for how else could you recognize it? Dizzy, you fall to the dead sand of the river bed.

Closing your eyes, you feel your last bit of life slipping into the river of stillness. Then, just before everything ceases, something stirs within you. It's very faint, and very far away, but it is there and it is important. A promise or a memory.

Your mind plays with it, as with a bit of nothing. While it plays, a curious idea comes to life: an image of what the river was like before it died. How the water looked coursing across smooth stones, how it sounded leaping over the earth, what animals lived in its pools and drank at its grassy banks. And, oh, how the water must have tossed and tumbled over that high cliff, catching the light in a multitude of drops and a fan of colors! How wonderful it must have been! How alive!

You imagine you can taste the water on your cracked and dusty lips, imagine you can feel a fine spray of mist on your cheeks, and hear a distant roar of rapids.

Then, you look up at the cliff face and see a great, living body of water fall from the precipice to land with a terrific splash in the bed below.

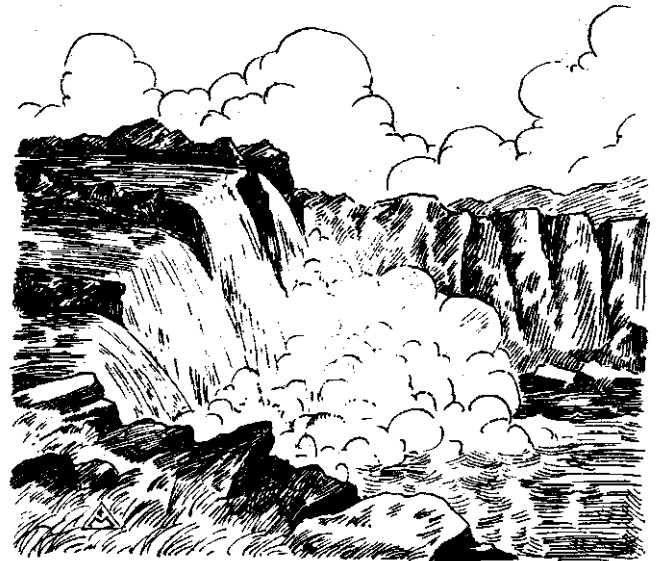
Amazed, you leap to your feet and race for the bank as the river fills before your eyes with rushing water. It is a call to all of Narnia! Laughing, you turn, and there, no more than a handspring away, a huge Lion sits regally on the grass. His eyes gaze calmly into yours as though he is perfectly at peace, waiting for you to do what you came for. Then you remember. With the river stretching behind you, you remember.

"If you are Asian the Lion," you say weakly. "There is something I have to tell you. The folk of Narnia still have faith in you. The Talking Animals, too. All of them."

The Lion raises his eyelids and says quietly, "Do you?"

Oh, dear. How awful those eyes are! How wonderful! Whatever should you tell him?

- If you say you believe in Asian, **turn to 241.**
- If you say you do not believe, **turn to 310.**



246

"I'm lost," you say.

Rather than showing any concern, the little man merely rolls his eyes and says, "Yes, yes. Very correct. You've spoken well. Now run along. You're supposed to be in school." Then with a swish of his robes he is back to admiring himself in the mirror.

A very confusing (and none too helpful) reply, that suggests no definite action. Of course, he did say you were supposed to be in school, but you already knew that. Bewildered, you hang about in the doorway a little longer, gathering the courage to continue exploring the Temple. **Turn to 162.**

247

Terns and turbans, you've been caught! Oh, if only you had realized how evil Haadreh was before you had gotten into such a mess! Held firmly between two of the Watchers, you are led off to prison. **Turn to 175.**

248

Even though it doesn't make any sense, you know what the professor wants to hear and you answer, "Follow the Rules and Shun the Lion."

A dry smile creeps across his face and he says, "Well spoken! At least there is someone who has paid the old professor some attention. Please, child, put on a blue turban and move to the front of the class."

It seems silly, but you do as he says. The boy with the freckles gives you a very mean glance as you exchange hats, and it is a relief to move away from him. The rest of the session continues unendingly with the explanation of several confusing and rather pointless Rules. At last the professor dismisses the class with a scowl, and everyone files out into the Recreation Yard. **Turn to 244.**

249

Suddenly, it occurs to you what still needs to be done. Certainly, you cannot leave without first telling Norian about the danger he's in! **Turn to 114.**

250

Pushing against the nose of the blue yak, you open the door (it's not locked!) and step through. On the other side is a long corridor running to the right and left. Ah! That sounds correct. Now which way did Norian say to go from here?

- *If you turn to the right, turn to 294.*
- *If you head down to the left, turn to 291.*

251

Stepping onto the earthen stoop, you knock timidly upon the wooden door. Inside, chairs are pushed back rapidly, followed by the sound of soft paws approaching the door. "Who's there?" an old, yet burly voice calls out.

- *If you give your name, turn to 339.*
- *If you say, "A friend," turn to 100.*
- *If you say, "I'm lost," turn to 158.*

252

Even though it might cause trouble, you decide it would be better to tell the truth. **Turn to 217.**

253

You turn to go, but stop suddenly. Curious, but it seems you have left something undone. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- *If 2-6, turn to 266.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 249.*

"Well done," is all the voice says, but it might well have been a battle cry for all the fright it causes you. Fears are laid to rest, however, when the speaker moves out of the shadows. He is a friendly looking young man with fine blond hair and a wispy beard. His clothes are different from any you have seen in the land, finely cut, but simply colored and comfortable. When it is certain that you have recovered yourself, he says, "My name is Rabian. You did well with the Temple guards. My friends and I could use a smart child such as yourself. In fact, we are going to a Gathering right now. Would you join us?"

Though you have come to suspect the motives of most of the people in this world, the young man seems incapable of deceit. "I'll go to the gathering," you say, "but then I must be getting home."

"Good enough!" he replies merrily and starts to lead you through the woods. Others can be heard moving in the trees beside you, but they are as invisible as the wind. Rabian asks many questions as the countryside passes by, and soon he has learned all about you and your curious adventure. "My, this must be a good omen!" he says, but does not explain what he means.

After some time walking, you arrive at a grassy hill on top of which there is a great fire burning. Men and animals are gathered there, and you join them. Rabian gives everyone a full account of your adventures, after which they welcome you into their circle. It seems they have important matters to discuss amongst themselves, however, and for the moment you are left alone, in wonder. **Turn to 111.**



The sound of hoofbeats grows louder and everyone holds their breath in expectation. All at once a black horse with silver flecks prances into the firelight. On her back sits a noble, elderly king with a straight back and firm chin. Long white hair flows from under his simple golden circlet. His eyes flash merrily in the firelight, but his brows show a deep solemnity. Never have you had the chance to bow before a king, but honor comes naturally in front of this gentle monarch.

As the king dismounts, the others are quick to tell him about you and your curious circumstances. Stroking his finely trimmed beard, he listens intently, and when they tell the part about your coming from another world, his eyes grow wide with surprise and wonder. Immediately, he strides over to where you stand beside the big brown bear.

"My name is Daliar. I am King of this land called Narnia." You bow again, but he catches your chin in his hand saying, "That is not necessary. I welcome you as an equal. Though it has been many years, other children have visited Narnia, and done the land great service. In fact, four such children once reigned as the High Kings and Queens of Narnia!"

It is awkward to be spoken of in the same breath with royalty, but the King just chuckles at your modesty, and says, "Humility is a good thing at the right time and in proper doses, but do not doubt that you have come here for a purpose. These are hard times we find ourselves in, child, and I suspect you may be the key to getting us out of them."

Goodness, where could this be leading? "Hard times?" you repeat inquisitively.

"Sit, and I shall tell you," replies King Daliar. You sit with the others near the fire. Daliar stands and begins his tale. "I can scarcely remember it now, but there was a time when Narnia was a land of content and plenty. Each worked and harvested according to his needs, and none interfered with the happiness of his neighbor. Men and beasts knew how to live together with a few basic rules. Yet that was a long time ago. Now we live in an age of endless toil and meagre rewards."

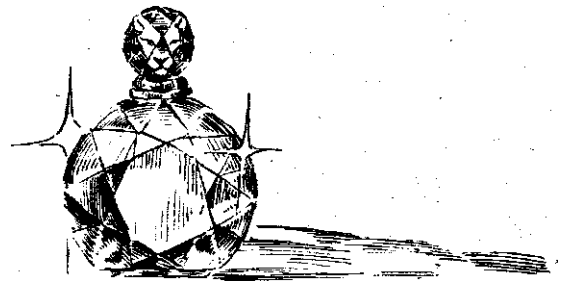
The words are simple, but their meaning is terrifying. "What happened?" you ask.

Daliar's brows come together angrily. "Haadreh die Wise and his Temple, that is what happened! He's a small, sour prune of a man, exiled from Calormen in the south like a scorpion from a den of vipers."

"Fleeing to Narnia, he worked his sly craft on our innocent people, bending them to his own, greedy purposes. He has built that ugly Temple and implemented the Rules to run our lives into the ground!"

"Temperance, sire," warns an old centaur gently, as he moves to the King's side. "There were those before Haadreh who are to be blamed more for our condition. Have we not agreed?"

"You are right, my friend," Daliar concedes, "You see, child. It is we Narnians, who are really responsible for our plight. We believe (or say we do) that one being is the cause of our happiness in this land. From him we receive all the blessings of the earth and the benefits of a just heart. The being of whom I speak is Asian the Lion."



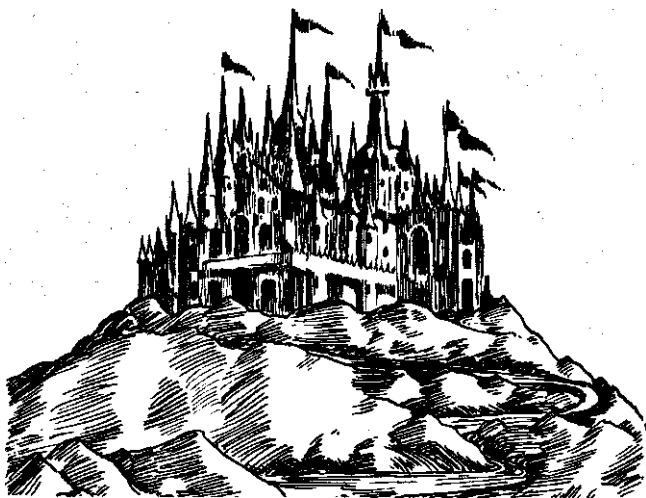
The Lion! Could it be the lion you saw in the woods was the special creature they are talking about? But the King continues. "Long before I was born, it is said that Asian no longer walked through the land. After a while, people began to doubt him. The doubts were not very strong, but were there all the same. Haadreh worked upon these doubts, distracting confused people at every turn with his colorful clothes and flowery nonsense. Soon Haadreh taught them to believe in their doubts and shun the Lion as evil!"

You are not sure you believe in the Lion either, but one question needs to be asked. "If Asian is as powerful as you say, why doesn't he just come and set things right again?"

"Ah, child," sighs the King. "The praise of a loving heart acts as an open door to the Son of the Emperor-beyond-the-sea. Yet, the chill of hatred and fear and doubt can hold at bay even the power of the Lion. If even one soul seeks him in earnest, Asian will walk our lands again. That is what we do here, now. We seek the only source of all our joy. And time grows short. The number of the faithful grows smaller every day. Will you join us? This could be the reason you came to Narnia. This could be your purpose!"

Purpose? What a heavy word! Certainly, you would like to help these people, but can you? Can you search for the Lion when you don't even know that you believe in him?

- If you want to join in the search, **turn to 166.**
- If you are not sure, **turn to 101.**
- If you do not want to join, **turn to 112.**



256

Praying that the guards will not turn around, you slip through the crack in the copper door. Beyond is a high domed corridor that stretches away into the shadows between flickering torches. On the left hand wall, you see a heavy oaken door with bars filling most of its upper half. On the other side sits a fat, snoring Watcher in a rocking chair.

Silently, fearfully, you creep up to the door and peer in. Daliar and Grumblebelly are all within, looking worn and miserable. When the King notices you, he rushes to the bars.

"You've come, child!" he whispers happily. "Be quick! Get the keys from the guard sleeping in the chair. We haven't a moment to waste!"

Swallowing hard, you tiptoe over to the Watcher and inch your hand toward the keys on his belt. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 283.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 318.**

257

As the fog seems to gather more densely than ever, you feel a little frightened. If you keep a steady course, a row of street lamps must lead somewhere and you should be able to cut across to the other side of them. But, isn't that the outline of the school, over there to the right? Uncertain, yet determined, you head in that direction. Your heart leaps at the sight of what could be the light of your own room ahead, then sinks when you find its only another of those confounded street lanterns. Now it seems certain that you have been walking in circles all along, and may never hope to see your dear old school again. You walk over to the lantern to wait for the fog to lift, almost imagining that you can hear the rumblings of wild animals in the mist. **Turn to 309.**

"In church, sir," you answer meekly.

Even though that is the truth, it obviously was not what the old man (or any of the others for that matter) wanted to hear. A dangerously excited chatter rises from the stands as the old man leaps upon his feet in the chair. You would laugh at the little figure if it weren't for the horribly angry look on his face. At your back you can hear how the Watcher's have braced themselves for violence.

"Just as I thought from the very beginning!" shouts the old man, pointing his finger rudely in your direction. "This child is nothing but a rabble-rouser and a menace. To the dungeons with the little beast! Put it in with the other Friends of the Lion, and let it share their fate!"

"Correct as always, your Sagacity," says the Scribe with a short yawn. "Your judgement will be promptly carried out. Come along, child. It's to the dungeons with you."

Like a bad dream, the faces of the crowd swim before your eyes. Most of them are frightfully angry, but it seems that some of them are ashamed, while others show signs of definite sympathy. Can't they help? As if to answer, the door to the chamber shuts with a bang and you find yourself back in the gaudy corridor with the Watchers, Wrapped in gloomy thought, you walk between them to the dungeons. **Turn to 175.**

Long after your feet have become sore from walking through the Temple's endless corridors, you arrive in a large round room. An immense chandelier with tiers of smoky candles reveals a very odd scene indeed. Rows of seats rise from the floor, not like in a stadium, but more like on a wedding cake, so that every person sitting in a seat is looking up at the person sitting in front of him.

At the very top is a high desk at which sits an old man with a tall red and green hat on his head. The room is filled with an assortment of individuals: pages in vivid green costumes, grizzled professors in purple, brown, blue, and yellow robes and mortarboards, naiads draped in gauzy veils, dwarfs with fierce red beards, moles wearing spectacles, badgers in bowler hats, a Faun with a mournful look on his merry face, and a Giant smoking a huge pipe. You look up and about you so long your head spins, but already the Scribes are leading onward, up the steps to the top.

"Pardon me, your Judiciousness" says the Head Scribe, once you have all reached the top of the platform.

The old man looks up from his papers to blink at you with red-veined eyes. "What is it?" he asks with a gravely voice.

"We seem to have stumbled upon a Friend of the Lion, and think a decision is in order."

"Why do you bother me with such trivialities," whines the old man. "You know what to do. To the dungeons with the heretic!"

Heretic? Are they talking about you? And what could he mean by 'to the dungeons?' Things are taking a nasty tone. You are about to bolt down the stairs when the Scribe speaks.

"Yes, your Wisdomship," he says, "but, as you can see, we thought that in this case the age of the offender should be taken into account. The child seems to be troubled by confusions of the most unenlightened sort, and should perhaps be forgiven for babbling things it does not understand."

The old man's bleary gaze falls upon you (there is something of the fish, a flounder perhaps, in his watery eyes). After using several long moments to determine that you are, indeed, a child, he scowls and asks, "Do you know the Golden Rule?"

- *If you do know the Golden Rule, turn to 130.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 216.*

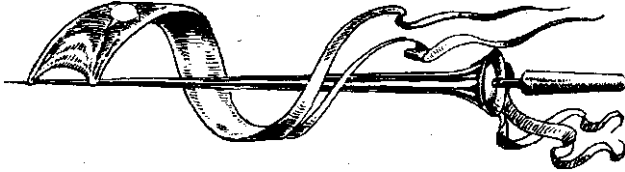
"Oh, stop! Please, don't harm them!" you find yourself shouting at the Watchers.

For a moment, all eyes are on you. Even the Watchers have turned to see who has dared to contradict them. The Scribe raises a warning finger "Stay out of this, child. You don't want to associate yourself with the likes of these two -"

He is about to say Mice, but when he turns to point to them, they are gone, halfway across the field, running as fast as they can go. "Run child!" you can hear one of them calling back to you. "Run, Friend of Asian!"

The four Watchers chase across the field after the Mice, while the three Scribes look on and talk excitedly amongst themselves. The opportunity for escape seems to have presented itself. Should you take the Mouse's advice?

- If you attempt to sneak away, **turn to 285**.
- If you decide to stay, **turn to 214**.



"I've got to get home," you remind the men.

"Watchers, take this child, and see that it gets back to the Temple!" Two of the Watchers step toward you with open hands. Being lost is still better than being locked up somewhere for who knows what! You'd best make a run for the woods! **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 202**.
- If 6-12, **turn to 113**.



Like an angry cat, you leap at the guards from out of the darkness, wildly swinging legs and arms. Both of the men are so surprised (they think you are a demon) that they are not able to put an arrow to their bows before you have completely tangled their weapons. With both of the bows wrapped about your flailing limbs, you are an even more dangerous opponent. The guards run up the lane to get help.

Hardly believing what has happened, you cast the bows aside and run out into the dark safety of the countryside. Under cover of the woods, you stop to take a breath when a voice comes out of nowhere. **Turn to 254**.

Suddenly, Norian steps into the circle of light around the bonfire.

"Excuse me, but I would like to help," declares the gentle professor. "I am a teacher at the Temple. At least, I was until now. Now Haadreh regards my teachings as heretical. I am curious about Asian. Indeed, witnessing your hope and courtesy, I am almost a believer myself. Let me help you free the prisoners!"

"If you are a true Friend," replies Daliar, "then you are welcome. Follow me as your King and your brother, and Asian himself will bring us victory!" **Turn to 279**.

As your tale unfolds, Haadreh's eyes grow wider and wider with excitement. He asks you many questions about your own world and how you got here. You answer him as best you can, considering the confusing nature of the situation. He shows a keen interest in all you have to say and his eyes take on an unusual brightness when you describe your encounter with the lion in the woods.

In turn, Haadreh is able to put some answers to the many questions that have troubled you since you left the schoolyard so long ago. He says this land is called Narnia (at last, a name!), and that it is peopled not only by humans, but Talking Beasts as well. He goes on to explain that in Narnia the greatest institution is the Temple and the highest law is its list of Rules. As the wisest man in Narnia, he is the head of the Temple and ruler of the land. His people live long and happy lives under his guidance, and are never given cause to complain.

He does admit, however, that there are a few evil individuals roaming the land who like nothing better than to disrupt the peaceful lives of the Narnians. They are led, it seems, by a corrupt Talking Lion, who bullies people into his service. (Well, that explains a lot!)

You have the distinct impression that Haadreh is hinting at something else with his story. Finally (much to your relief), he looks you straight in the eye.

"Now listen closely, child," he says. "What I am about to say could change your life forever. You are a very special sort of person, and because you are so special, I am going to make you an offer the gods would be jealous of."

You dare not ask what he means, but swallow a growing fear.

"Stay with me," he says. "Become my ward and pupil. Why, you will have everything you ever dreamed of. Fine clothing, rich foods, soft beds to sleep in, and baths of rosewater! Servants, friends, and the respect of all whose path you cross shall be yours! Tell me, what do you say to this?"

How should you answer?

- *If you accept the offer, turn to 179.*
- *If you reject the offer, turn to 159.*

"I...I will leap," you say.

The Lion says nothing, neither congratulates you nor tries to talk you out of your decision. He merely makes a little room for you at the edge. Dreamlike, you step toward the precipice. Far below, the upturned faces of the Narnians are like small pebbles, no larger than flecks of sand. You wonder how you must look to them, and how you will appear when...when you reach the bottom. Then things start to go black, and it feels as though you might faint.

The Lion growls. Not loudly, but deeply, filling your body with an unknown strength. This is what waited inside!

You step off the ledge. The sky falls away from you, whipping through your hair as it goes. There is no sound but that of a heart beating. Is it yours? Is it Asian's? There is no sensation, but an irresistible force, pulling you downward, pulling you upward. Then there is water, and a gasp from a thousand throats. Are you dead, you wonder at the bottom of the pool? The next moment there is light and sound and the joyous outburst of a world come to life. King Daliar pulls you from the water and laughs a deep and joyful laugh. The others, too, are laughing, and someone is roaring. It is Asian!

But all is not finished. Haadreh, the leader of the Temple, strides furiously to the river bank on his short legs, his mad robes waving in the wind. "Heretic! Heretic!" he shouts, pointing at you with his boney little fingers. Then he spots Asian, and begins to quake. "The Lion! Kill it! Kill the Lion!"

"The time of the Temple is over," growls Asian. "He who stood by it shall fall with it." A last tremendous growl knocks Haadreh into the river. The miserable little man bobs in the violent current like a flower of silk and is washed away to the sea.

As you join in the cheering, you notice Asian giving you a curious look. "Must I go home now?" you ask.

"No!" says Asian with a mighty roar. "There is much for you to see yet. Come! Get on my back. We must go higher up!"

And so you do. Together you journey with the Lion to the lands beyond the waterfall.

THE BEGINNING

266

On second thought, nothing important remains to be done except escape. Following Norian's directions carefully, you finally emerge from the Temple. Outside in the darkness, Asian the Lion waits for you. He seems much larger than when you last saw him, and his face is almost too angry to look upon.

"Child," he says in a deep voice that makes the earth tremble, "despite all of his help, you have left Norian alone without telling him that he is to be thrown into the dungeon tomorrow. This is not the behavior of one who calls himself a friend of mine."

Suddenly, a hot wave of shame rises in your cheeks and you cry "Is it too late? Can he be saved?"

"Yes," says Asian. "By tomorrow this Temple will no longer be standing, and he will be saved. But for you it is too late. I am sending you home with your shame. Perhaps someday you will be worthy enough to return to Narnia and call yourself my friend. Until then, good bye."

Feeling sorry, not for yourself, but for your selfishness, you sink to the ground and hide your face in the cool grass. A deep rumbling shakes the earth as the Lion gives a terrific roar. Lifting your head, you find that the schoolyard has returned. The mysterious fog has lifted. Sadly, you wander off to the buildings to await the day when you might return to Narnia.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

267

Rising politely, you recite the Golden Rule for the class: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The professor frowns tiredly. "No, no, no. Doesn't anyone ever listen? The Golden Rule is this: Follow the Rules and Shun the Lion."

Well, that isn't how you learned it! Anyhow, why should anyone shun the Lion? He seemed friendly enough when you met him in the woods and you have half a mind to tell him so.

- *If you say that the lion is a decent sort, **turn to 164.***
- *If you say nothing, **turn to 311.***

268

Where's the horn? Oh, bother! You threw it at the guard inside the Temple! Now you and the others are going to have to fight your way out alone! **Turn to 322.**

The lion was lovely, but also quite frightening. Besides, is a lion something you can be a friend to? "No," you reply.

"Well, now, there's a smart child," he says, tousling the hair on your head. "You've learned your Rules well. Your parents can be proud of you. Now, then, if your path lies along ours, you are welcome to join us."

"Why not?" you ask yourself, and fall in behind the others.
Turn to 334.



A hot and furious skirmish takes place and then is over as quickly as it began. With hardly a bruise, you watch as the frightened Watchers run madly up the hill. Could it be there is more to you than you think? With a good deal more confidence, you stride through the copper door. Beyond is an immense, domed corridor that stretches out of sight. A snoring Watcher is slumped in an old chair against one wall (no match for you, eh?). Opposite is an oaken barred door.

The prison! Rushing to the window, you are sad and delighted to find your friends within. Daliar rushes to the bars and whispers loudly, "You've come, child! Bless you! But be quick! Get the keys from the guard and let us out!"

Shaking violently, you inch toward the guard and attempt to slip the keys from his belt. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 283.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 318.**

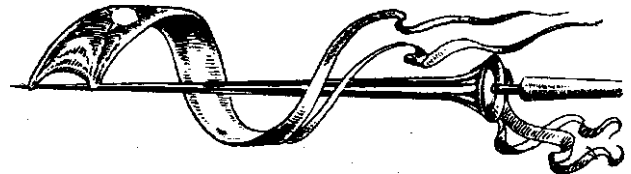
Bravely, you pull the rug out from under one of the Watchers. With a surprised look on his face, the man flies through the air and lands in the fountain with a tremendous splash. This does not stop the other two from grabbing you, however, and you are dragged from the room with Haadreh's angry oaths still ringing in your ears. **Turn to 175.**

With a sudden burst of energy, you attempt to avoid Haadreh's grasp. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 124.**
- If 5-8, **turn to 182.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 301.**

At last, familiar woods spring up around you; the lamp-post must be near. Hoping for a better view, you climb toward a bare ridge. The silhouette of a street lantern looms against the backdrop of stars in the sky. Your heart leaps at the sight and the hope of returning home sings a promise. Then a large fire bursts into life on a nearby hill. Several figures stand around the blaze and their voices drift across the distance. The mystery beckons, but so does the lantern...and home.

- If you go to the lantern, **turn to 122.**
- If you listen from a distance to the people on the hill, **turn to 110.**
- If you approach the people on the hill, **turn to 296.**



There's only one hope for winning this battle. Blow the horn! Putting it to your lips, you give a mighty blast that echoes into the woods with such force that the Watchers crouch in fear. The battle rages for a few seconds more, and then there is an answer to the horn's call - the sound of pounding hoofbeats, followed by swift paws and heavy claws.

In moments, the company of Friends rushes into the middle of the fray, giving the guards their due punishment in a fair and equal fight. Of course, such battles are not the kind the Watchers are fond of waging. As soon as King Daliar lets them, they all run up the hill or into the woods, howling like frightened dogs.

"Well sounded!" laughs the King, pointing to the horn. "Have we any injuries?"

"Shaketail has been hurt!" cries Grumblebelly, carrying the Squirrel in his arms.

"It's just a small wound to the shoulder, sire! Oh, do put me down, Grumblebelly!"

"Well, then," Daliar says. "Let us return to the woods, before these Watchers rally themselves. And three cheers for the child! Hurrah!"

Everyone shakes your hand, and you ride on the King's horse back to camp. *Turn to 313.*



You dash through the trees, pushing breathlessly through their soft, dewy branches. You imagine every step to be your last, and can almost feel the lion's hot breath on your back.

Finally, you break free from the trees and into another clearing. Several strange-looking men are gathered there (you don't notice how strange at first), and one of them rushes over to see what is the matter. You collapse into his arms as the others gather round with soft exclamations of "There, there" and "Be at peace."

When you have caught your breath, and it has become clear that the lion has not followed after all, you stand on your own two feet and look at the men. Now you can see what peculiar attire they have on. Three of the men (all of whom are fair-skinned, with brown or blonde hair) wear what appear to be large, red sheets that are draped about their bodies and clasped at the shoulder with brooches of a shiny metal. The other four men are dressed in long, brown tunics, and carry bows and spears. Not a typical group of Englishmen this lot!

It is slowly becoming clear that you have wandered further astray than mere steps can account for, much further than you could ever have thought possible. Fortunately, these men seem friendly enough, and might be able to help you get back.

"I'm lost," you say meekly.

One of the men in red smiles and says, "We are all lost, child. Even those of us named Scribes of the Temple."

"Where am I?" you try.

"Where is anyone?" says another of the red-clothed Scribes. "Am I here? Or am I there? Am I really anywhere at all?"

"Oh, stop this nonsense!" you shout, stomping a foot. "Just tell me who you are."



"Yes, indeed, who are we?" says the third Scribe, rolling his eyes.

With a frustrated sigh, you give up your questioning, and look to the men in the tunics, but their stony faces promise no answers either. Their spears bring back images of the lion, however, and you wonder if you should tell them of the danger lurking in the woods.

- If you tell them about the lion, **turn to 117.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 218.**

276

You are feeling so lonely at the moment that you risk disturbing the gentleman's peace. At the sound of your gentle knock on the door, he turns to see who is there. Finding a rather bedraggled-looking child, he puts down his quill and beckons you to his side. With shy steps you enter the room. **Turn to 178.**

277

The less involved you get with the strange people in this place, the better, you think to yourself. Overhead the cloud-lion stretches into nothing very special at all, and you walk quietly away. **Turn to 283.**

278

It's a long and lonesome journey to the Temple for you, now a prisoner. A pleasant countryside of yellow fields and rolling hills passes by, but there is little room left in your heart to enjoy the scenery. You feel some surprise to see squirrels and chipmunks (who talk!) harvesting apples into baskets, while ewes draw water from a well and doves sort grain into bins. Yet, their industry does little to raise your spirits. Something must be very wrong since so many of the creatures wear frowns! **Turn to 138.**



With only enough time for a rousing cheer, the gathering of Friends steals into the night. You are left behind to await their return, feeling rather ashamed and very lonely. An hour goes by and you begin to worry. Two hours later, a proper bout of panic begins to take over. At last, however, there is a rustling in the bushes, and Shaketail, bleeding from the shoulder, falls to the ground from a tree branch.

"Heavens!" you cry, rushing to the Squirrel's aid. "What has happened to you? Where are the others?"

"I - I escaped," he coughs weakly. "The others...all captured. Must...rescue...them." Then he falls into merciful unconsciousness.

Suddenly (you are often surprised at how suddenly), you are filled with a sense of purpose. There is nothing to do now but go to the Temple and set the others free. How is just something that will have to work itself out later. Binding the Squirrel's wounds with a bit of cloth torn from your trousers, you follow the path the others have made toward the Temple. You come to the base of the great hill atop of which sits the spired building aglow with the fire of a thousand torches. The trail leads around to the back, ending at the threshold of a huge copper door guarded by four Watchers bearing spears. In front of the door you see evidence of a great struggle. This must have been where your friends were captured! And that door, no doubt, leads to the prison.

Suddenly, you wish you had volunteered to go alone when the chance presented itself. At least then the guards would have been less suspicious. Oh, well, there's nothing for it now, but to fight or sneak past. (The Watchers do not look as though they feel like talking).

- *If you try to sneak past, **turn to 160.***
- *If you decide to fight the guards, **turn to 120.***

"School?" exclaims the Scribe, with a frown. "Well, I suppose you might learn something, even if only that there is nothing at all to learn, eh? The guard will show you the way. We don't want you to get anymore lost than you already are!"

Hoping to find some answers, then, you follow the Watcher into the forbidding interior of the Temple. **Turn to 319.**

Surely, Norian said to go *down* the stairs, didn't he? Nervously, you descend wondering what dangers might await you. Fortunately, there is still time to wonder.

At the bottom of the stairs, you find a triangular room painted in red and yellow splotches. On one wall (beside a hideous bronze planter) is a door with the head of a blue yak painted on its surface. On the other wall, there is a door with the painting of a black yew tree.

Clearly, you were told to go through one of these doors, but (bother!) which one?

- *If you go through the black yew door, **turn to 174.***
- *If you go through the blue yak door, **turn to 250.***

You land safely in the large bucket with a gasp. Unfortunately, the rope does not go very far down into the well, and no tunnel entrance is visible from here. Looking about, the problem becomes apparent. A peg in the cylinder about which the rope is coiled prevents it from going lower.

You glance at the dark depths below again and shiver. Ugh! What should you do?

- *If you remove the peg, **turn to 234.***
- *If you think the rope was a bad idea, **turn to 143.***

283

It seems success is almost at hand, when the keys suddenly slip off of the guard's belt and clatter loudly against the flagstones.

"I'm awake! I'm awake!" the Watcher cries, jumping to his feet unsteadily. Then, when he sees you standing before him, he says, "So, you got out of the cell, did you? Well, I trust you won't mind if I just toss you back in, eh?"

Of course, you do mind (very much) and run down the corridor crying, "Asian! Asian help me!" Something very odd happens then. A terrific roar fills the passage. Naturally, you do not stop to see where it came from, but dash out through the copper door. On the other side is a very familiar sight, but one that is also baffling. It's your old school yard back in your own world! Wandering into the red brick buildings, you doubt very much that you shall ever have as curious a day as today. But you wish you could!

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just turn to the Prologue and begin again!

284

As you watch, the little man's dance becomes more and more energetic. Holding onto his turban with one hand, he does amazing leaps into the air. Left and right, forward and backward, from foot to foot, he hops and bounces. There is only one word to his song now, that single word "Haadreh!"

It is very amusing to watch the man dance (you have seen monkeys that couldn't dance half so funnily as he), and you find it hard to keep from laughing. In a comical grand finale, he rolls himself up into a tight ball and spins about on the polished floor. Wrapped in his colorful garb, with the large round turban on his head, he is like a giant Easter egg spinning with a very dizzy chick crying "Haadreh!" from inside. At last, you cannot help laughing, and do so very loudly.

Abruptly, the little man unfolds himself and jumps unsteadily to his feet. "Who was that!" he cries, looking about the chamber frantically. "Who dares to laugh at the wise and mighty Haadreh?"

His sudden wrath is frightening, but his rumpled appearance is so funny that you laugh again. Now, with his eyes still flashing, the angry little man spots you and snarls, "What are you doing here?"

- *If you tell him that you are lost, **turn to 246.***
- *If you tell him that you are fleeing the Watchers, **turn to 142.***

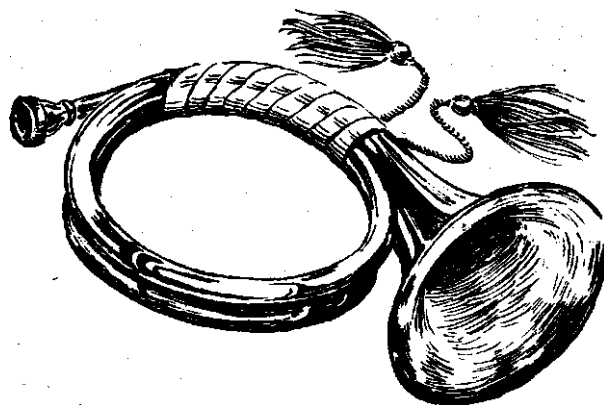
285

With cautious steps you inch further away from the Scribes. *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-4, **turn to 148.***
- *If 5-12, **turn to 154.***

286

Not far enough! Your stomach lurches as you fall. **Turn to 300.**



Digging about in the loose dirt uncovers a pick and shovel in good condition. Immediately, you set about moving the rubble aside. Several minutes of exhausting work (and no little amount of sweat) clears the passage to reveal a rock wall. At first this is daunting, and it seems all the work has been for nothing, but a few taps find a hollow echo. Perhaps there's a chamber on the other side!

With no room for thoughts of turning back, you wield the pick against the stone. A little hole opens at first, allowing but a thin shaft of light into the tunnel. Then the opening grows bigger and bigger as the pick bites away more of the stone. Finally, you are able to crawl through into the corridor beyond. It is a spacious passage (just about big enough to contain your joy) with a shadowy arched ceiling.

The hall is empty except for two doors. One is at the far end, huge and made of copper. The other is in the middle of the right Hand wall, oaken, with bars in its upper half. You rush to the oaken door and find on the other side a bedraggled collection of prisoners, people, and animals.

"Who are you?" asks one of the men angrily.

"A friend," you answer, rightly.

The same man rushes to the bars with a smile on his face. "By the Lion, I had never hoped to find such a young and brave Friend in this place. Bless you for coming! But be quick. There, under the flagstone lies the key that unlocks this door. Get it and free us, as it is your intent, good child!"

Sharing the man's joy, you lift the dirty flagstone and take the iron key out from underneath. It turns easily in the lock, and though the rusty hinges screech, loudly no guards come. Then there is only time for a few hugs of celebration before you all leave through the copper door at the end of the hall.

Outside, of course, stand several Watchers to keep you from escaping. But the prisoners, full of new strength and hope, are more fearsome foes than the best armed warrior. Still, things do not look too even. Perhaps you should join in?

- *If you join the combat, **turn to 322.***
- *If you want to do something else first, **turn to 274.***

288

You open your mouth to tell what promises to be a very convincing story, but are forced to stop a moment by a queer feeling welling up inside you. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- *If 2-5, **turn to 307.***
- *If 6-12, **turn to 252.***

289

"Yes. I will help, if I can," you tell the squirrel, whose tail begins to shake faster.

"Good," he says, then turns to a large shape in the darkness. "Grumblebelly, leave that gruel be for a moment, and come meet our new Friend!"

Out of the corner ambles a large brown bear, licking a few drops of porridge from the corners of his mouth. "Hello, little Friend," he says, eyeing your crust of bread wistfully.

"Would you like this? I'm really not hungry," you say.

"Oh, well, er, why, yes!" stammers the bear, drooling. "But, let us listen to the council. The King is about to speak!"

Suddenly, you cannot move. "King?" you stutter.

"Yes, yes," answers Shaketail. "Daliar, rightful King of Narnia!"

Stunned at the thought of meeting a real king in this awful dungeon, you allow the squirrel and bear to lead you to the circle around the broken stone slab.

In the flickering candlelight, the faces of men and animals appear worn and smudged with dirt, but still have a look of hope. In their midst stands an ordinary old man with long white hair and beard. But there is something about the way he stands, the way his brow is furrowed just so, that makes you think him rather special. Then you realize that this must be the King!

"Good citizens of Narnia," he begins, and his voice is like a glint of silver. "It is only fitting that we should hold what may very well be our last meeting here before Asian's Table. The monarch gestures at the great stone slab that lies in two pieces. "Here Asian died that we might live. Here lies the symbol of our faith in his love. We must not waiver now. We must not fail to give our whole hearts to the search for the Lion."

The lion! Could they mean the one you saw in the woods?

- If you tell the King about the lion, **turn to 119.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 219.**



290

With your first step, you stumble upon the stub of a candle with a flint and tinder. It takes a few moments, but the wick is finally set alight and the dark tunnel becomes visible, stretching away in a gentle curve as far as the light reaches. You follow the passage for what seems hours, when finally it narrows and becomes blocked by a heap of stone and dirt.

"A dead end!" you moan. Have you come all this way, then, just to turn back? Perhaps not! **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 128.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 287.**

291

At the end of the corridor, you encounter a small, yet strong man with a face like a fox. He watches you slyly with his dark eyes. Before you can say hello, he has already snapped, "Password!"

The sudden outburst so unnerves you that you nearly forget what the password is. Or *did* you completely forget it?

- If you answer "Haadreh the Wise," **turn to 239.**
- If you answer "Open Sesame," **turn to 173.**
- If you answer "Turkish Delight," **turn to 327.**

292

Standing your ground as best you can, you feel your fear being transformed into another feeling, one even more difficult to bear for it makes you just as weak in the knees, but prevents you from running away. The only thing that keeps you from fainting altogether is the desire to look at the lordly beast before you.

A rich smell, like cinnamon or frankincense, floats from his magnificently golden mane. And his great, solemn eyes gaze into yours with majesty, grace, and, strangely, with love.

"You are lost," the lion says suddenly.

Your eyes open wide at hearing the lion speak. You must have wandered farther than you ever imagined possible. Surely, this can't be England!

"Follow me," says the lion, again to your amazement.

You are just deciding what to do, when there is a loud commotion in the woods behind you. A voice shouts, "Don't move, child! We'll have the beast off of you!"

Seven men in red and brown costumes rush into the clearing. One of them fires an arrow at the lion. The lion, whose look invites you to follow him, is struck in the shoulder and turns to bound off through the woods. One of the men hurries to your side.

- *If you follow the lion, turn to 209.*

- *If you stay with the men, turn to 125.*

293

As dawn flushes the sky pink and gold above the tops of the sighing pines, everyone bemoans the wounds of poor Shaketail; but the Squirrel is only interested in how you fared and insists on being the first to cheer your successful adventure.

The others join in, but the King (being the King) is the first to stop and say, "Friends! That cheer was well deserved, but now we must turn to the most important part of our mission. It is at this time, when we all would most like to be together, that we must part. Each must turn toward a different corner of Narnia and blaze a separate trail in the hopes that we may find Aslan!" **Turn to 303.**



Turn right down the corridor. Isn't that what Norian said to do? At the far end, a large man stands before a small crimson door. He wears baggy blue pants, no shirt and a large red turban on his head. In fact, he looks so much like a genie that you half expect him to grant you a wish.

"What are you doing here?" he bellows rudely.

"Turkish Delight?" you say, remembering the password.

"I don't want to play games!" roars the man. "You're not supposed to be here. So, now I'm going to have to catch you, and I don't want to!"

Oh, bother! You seem to be in the wrong place. And if the rude man catches you, you're bound to wind up in a place even more wrong than this! Do something!.

- *If you throw the horn at the man, **turn to 156.***
- *If you simply run back up the corridor, **turn to 308.***

295

You know that the Rules clearly (if somewhat complexly) state that any Friend of the Lion is guilty of heresy, but something nags at you to reconsider. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- *If 2-4, **turn to 324.***
- *If 5-12, **turn to 226.***

296

Climbing the hill, you can see that a collection of lords, ladies, and animals gather around the fire. They are all talking (even the animals,,of course), and seem in good spirits. Their clothes are a bit worn, but they still appear simple, fine folk.

As you step into the light, one of the women turns and says, "Why, look here! It's a child! Have you come for the Gathering, too?"

Others join her as you answer, "I don't know. I'm lost, and trying to get back home."

This odd statement encourages everyone in the group to ask a number of questions. Before long, they have heard every detail of your adventure so far. The tale causes a flurry of excited chatter amongst the crowd. One knight declares, "We do not know what forces have brought you here, child, but it is clear to all of us that you belong at this Gathering tonight and nowhere else."

With that most everyone goes back to what they were doing, leaving you alone for the moment in your confusion.

Turn to 111.

297

After much consideration, the little blue turban seems best, and you put it carefully on your head. A quiet murmuring moves through the class. The professor gives a shocked gasp. The old man in the white robe, his face twisted and angry, marches over and yanks off the turban.

"So!" he cries. "We think we're special, do we? We think we get to put on the blue turban right away, do we? Come, tell the old professor. Have we gone a little mad today? Have we forgotten that there are Rules to be followed here in the school? Perhaps we have. Perhaps we need to pay a little visit to the Master of Rituals, eh?"

You have no idea who the Master of Rituals is or what a visit to him is like, but the terrified look on the faces of the other students gives you a fair indication that it is not going to be pleasant. Without a word more, the professor takes you firmly by the collar and marches you to another part of the hall.

The Master of Rituals is everything one might expect. His pale gray hair has been worried thin, his steady eyes have grown dry and sunken from the endless scanning of tomes. Once the professor has returned to his class, the Master of Rituals walks over to you, his stiff, black robe crackling.



"Discipline," he rasps between thin lips. (You are not sure if it is a greeting or a curse and do not respond.) "Discipline is that which the Temple and this land are founded upon. Without it, there is chaos and utter destruction. Even the Rules are nothing without discipline to them work. Listening?"

Though it sounded more like a command than a question, you start to nod your head, only to be cut off abruptly. "That, then, is what you are going to learn. Discipline!"

A cold sort of fire comes into the Master's dull eyes whenever he mentions that word, but there is little time to worry about it.

Suddenly he is speaking very rapidly and it is all you can do to keep up. "Take a look at these bricks," he says, pointing to a large heap. "As you can see, there are blue bricks, red bricks, yellow bricks and green bricks. Your job is to build four walls out of these bricks. First you must build a wall of green bricks. Then you must take down the green wall and put all the green bricks back in the pile. Then you must build a red wall. Take down the red wall and build a blue wall. Take down the blue wall and build the yellow wall. You may build only one wall at a time and only in that order. Do you understand?"

Though your head gives a weak nod, you do not understand at all. It would not have been so bad to have been asked to beat erasers or fill the ink wells, but this seems to serve no purpose. Yet there the Master stands, his skull of a head beginning to twitch with impatience. So you start stacking the heavy bricks one on top of the other, starting with the green ones. When you have completed a few rows, the Master takes his leave.

By the time the green bricks have been stacked into a wall as high as a mastiff's shoulder and about three yards long, your arms begin to cramp and your hands become raw and blistered. Things grow worse when, after having dismantled all your pointless work, you cannot remember what color the next wall is supposed to be. Alone, filled with a sense of hopelessness, you slump onto the pile of bricks and begin to cry.

Before long, someone lays a hand on your shoulder. You think it's the Master come to scold, but turn to see a kindly-looking gentleman in brown robes. "What's wrong, child?"

His concerned expression speaks of understanding, and you venture to say, "Please, sir. I'm lost."

He stares at you intently for a moment. Then, having obviously made a decision, he answers, "Come with me."

Turn to 188.

Someone else can get the key. Freedom beckons, and every step brings you closer to it. Far behind, the guard cries for you to stop, but, Ha! Ha!, you're already out! But, what's this blocking your path into the woods? A lion! The Lion! He's as large as a horse and too terrible to look upon. Yet, how can you take your eyes away?

"So, child!," he growls. "You would leave behind several friends to seek your own safety. Look well into your heart, child. You must do better the next time!"

Desperately, you try to explain, "Oh, but I-"

"Goodbye!"

The words hit with a terrific force. When your senses return, the Lion has disappeared, and the schoolyard is back. Walking glumly into the dormitory, you wonder if you shall ever return to that other world to prove yourself to the Lion.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just turn to the Prologue and begin again!

How quickly thoughts slip the mind! (Moments of consideration have convinced you that Norian said to go up the stairs.) Running breathlessly to the top, you bump into one of the Scribes. "Aha!" he says, his blank eyes opening wide. "Don't I know you? Do I really know anyone? Probably not! But this I do know. You ran away! That's bad, oh, very bad indeed! Now its off to the dungeons with you!"

Now you remember that you were supposed to go downstairs! But it is too late. The Scribe in red is determined to catch you and put you in prison (though he doesn't know why). Turning, you run down the stairs as fast as you can, calling out, "Aslan! Aslan help me!" Things fade before you; the sound as of a distant roar reaches your ears.

When things become clear again, your old schoolyard has returned. Sad and confused, you enter the buildings, wondering about the land called Narnia and the Lion called Asian.

Return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

Oh, what will it be like to hit bottom? Splash! Why, very much like hitting water! Only you are not the slightest bit wet!

Rubbing your eyes in disbelief, it is both a grand relief and a bitter disappointment to find yourself back in the schoolyard in England. Wandering sadly into the red brick buildings, you wonder if someday you might return to Narnia and find out more about the mysterious Lion, Asian.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!



A few precious moments slip by before Haadreh realizes you are escaping (who would have though it?). As you reach the bottom of the steps, however, the order for the guards to catch you is given. Their heavy footfalls can be heard stumbling down behind as you reach the door and hurry through. Beyond lies the maze of unfamiliar corridors. **Turn to 163.**

The view through the small windowpane is comforting. Two beavers sit at a table in the middle of the one room house. One of them wears brown trousers and smokes a big, black pipe, while the other one has on a flowered apron and is busy serving some soup from a large tureen. Their faces are serious, but they do not look at all dangerous. Certainly, it could not hurt to knock at the door of such a peaceful home, or could it?

- If you knock at the door, **turn to 251.**
- If you pass by the house, **turn to 340.**



The King (being a *good* King) allows another cheer, then continues. "My way leads east towards Cair Paravel. From there I shall journey to the Lone Islands and all the way to Silver Sea if I must! Now then, for you others. Grumblebelly! You shall cover the woods between here and Beaversdam. Shaketail, you and your relatives shall comb the land between here and the northern border."

"What about me?" you ask.

"I haven't forgotten you, child," Daliar replies. "Your way lies along the banks of the Dry River. The great waterway that once flowed with the life of Narnia."

"That was before Haadreh came, and before the Great Well, whose water is bitter to the taste and dry in the throat. Follow it as far as you will or as far as you can, and if you spy Asian, let him know of our faith in him. Can you do that, my child?"

"I can," you answer, meaning that you will try.

"Good. Now, we must part. The animals will take you as far as the Dry River. Good bye, my child. I hope we shall meet again soon, and if not, that you know nothing but happiness."

"Good bye, King Daliar," you say, hugging the graying monarch. You know then, that even if the Lion should prove to be false, at least you have known something genuinely good in the King and people of Narnia. **Turn to 245.**

Gritting your teeth, you try to ignore the taunts of your neighbor. The professor finishes his lecture, saying, "And the Golden Rule is this: Follow the Rules and Shun the Lion. Any questions?"

Several questions come to mind, but the professor does not allow time for them. The class is immediately dismissed to the Recreation Yard. **Turn to 244.**



305

It seems you knew the Golden Rule once, but now the answer eludes you. Timidly, you reply, "I don't know."

Surprisingly, the professor does not fly into a rage, but claps his hands together with delight. "Well spoken, child! Very wise, indeed! I sense you'll be wearing the red robes of the Temple when you are older. Please, put on a blue turban and move to the front of the class."

Nothing seems to make sense anymore, but you are glad not to have gotten into trouble. While exchanging hats, the boy with freckles gives you a very mean look, and it is with great relief that you take a seat in the front row. The rest of the session continues with the endless explanation of several confusing and rather pointless Rules. After a while, however, the professor dismisses the class with a scowl and everyone files out into the Recreation Yard. **Turn to 244.**

306

"No! I can't jump! Not down there!" you cry, nearly wailing. "Please, just let me go home."

"You said you had faith in me," Asian growls. "No, you cannot jump. You must go home! But before you go, this much of your story I will tell you. Many trials and much trouble will you pass through before you return again to Narnia!"

Before you can protest, the Lion gives a monstrous roar. There is a great wind, then a terrific jolt, and the next thing you know, you are back in the schoolyard, in the fog, alone.

Asian forgives you. Turn to the Prologue to begin again!

307

Though you do feel a small pang of guilt, you decide to tell a lie anyhow. "I come from the south. My father is a fisherman, and I go to sea with him for most of the year. Sometimes I find things strange when I return."

Haadreh's eyes become narrow slits of scrutiny. It looks as though he might have caught on- to the story, but then a crooked smile breaks out over his face. "Ha, ha!" he laughs. "You are perfect, child! I need someone like you to help me run the Temple. Everything you need shall be yours for the asking! Tomorrow you shall start work!"

It seems that your little lie has paid handsomely, but you must wait until the end to be sure of that. In the meantime, a brilliantly colorful robe is draped over your shoulders and a heavy turban piled onto your head. That night you dine on a baked peacock with all its feathers still on, a roast pig stuffed with larks' wings, and braised tripe rolled in sesame oil and paprika. Bowls of nuts, berries, and strange fruits follow these delicacies, while orange peel dipped in honey and rolled in sugar finishes the feast. You grow so heavy from eating that two servants must hoist you up from the table and put you to bed on a mountain of down. **Turn to 195.**

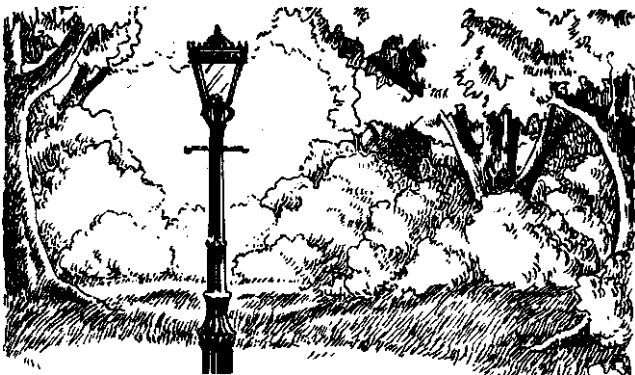
308

Whatever you do, you cannot risk losing the horn! So, you turn and run as fast as you can to the other end of the corridor. The man in the turban was serious when he said he did not want to chase you; he does not follow. **Turn to 291.**

309

Hugging the black metal of the lantern post, you are surprised to find that it is warm and dry as a bone. When you peer up through the lantern's globe, the chill leaves your body as the light seems to expand, to push back the fog with its golden glow. This is turning into a very curious morning, indeed! You hold the post closer to see what will happen next.

The fog becomes thinner and thinner until vague shapes begin to make themselves visible.



But they are not the shapes you think belong in your tidy schoolyard. You could almost swear you were standing in the middle of a forest! Then all at once, the fog drops away, clean as a curtain, leaving just a heavy dew on the ground.

At last, you can see where you are! But, oh! You must have wandered much farther than expected, for you really are standing in the middle of a forest! But there aren't any forests in London. With a growing panic, you struggle to think of any parks near the school where you might have wandered in the fog. Not a single one comes to mind.

You are just wondering what a lamp-post might be doing in a forest and what you should do next, when a sound makes you freeze with fear. A low growl rumbles behind your back, too deep to be a dog, too large to be anything but a...lion! Turning about, you see it standing a few (but not nearly enough) yards away on the other side of the clearing. It's the biggest lion you have ever seen in your life (though at this range, and without bars in between, the beast might just seem larger than most).

Wherever in the world have you gotten yourself? And what to do about the lion?

- *If you flee from the lion, **turn to 275.***
- *If you stay still, **turn to 292.***

310

Asian does not roar ferociously at your answer, nor does he bare his teeth and show his claws. Instead, solemn tears appear in his eyes as he says, "You are an honest child; and that is a wonderful and necessary thing. But, child! Look at me! Am I not real? Feel my breath! Oh, child! You have much to learn!"

Without quite understanding everything, you bury your face in the Lion's mane. When you raise your head, he is gone. And the red brick buildings of your school stand around you.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just go to the Prologue and begin again!

311

In this school questions have a nasty way of making one more confused than when one started, so you sit back down. The session continues with the explanation of several confusing and rather pointless Rules. After a while, however, the professor dismisses the class with a scowl and everyone files out into the Recreation Yard. **Turn to 244.**

312

"Don't be afraid!" you call. "I'm a friend!" **Turn to 100.**

313

As dawn flushes the sky pink and gold above the tops of the sighing pines, the King's stallion gallops up to the embers of the night's bonfire. Daliar leaps from his mount's back, then turns to help you down before declaring, "Friends! It is well that none of us linger in the neglected dungeons of the Temple any longer, but now we must turn to even graver concerns. Unless we can find the source of all our hope, this joyous rescue must be in vain! Each of us must travel through a different corner of Narnia, blazing a lonely trail in the search for Asian, the King over all kings." **Turn to 303.**

After listening a moment, and judging the noises on the other side to be of the harmless sort, you dare to investigate further. Slowly, you inch the door wider open until your head just fits through. On the other side is a scene of such tasteless splendor your head swims. Though the chamber is immense, every inch is adorned to an extravagant degree. Vases, urns and planters of every shape and size squat about the floor or on stands of overworked brass. Thick carpets spread one over the other across the floor, while on the wall, tapestries fight for space with paintings of large-eyed dogs or of clowns with too much make up. Multi-colored cushions lie in great, precarious mounds around a fountain splashing noisily in the center.

What attracts your attention most of all, however, is the curious little man at the far end. He could not be over four feet tall, yet a rainbow colored turban rises two feet above his head. His silken robes are just as colorful as his hat and trail several yards behind his pointed shoes.

Just as you peek into the room, he jumps into a curious jig before a large mirror. With both hands on his hips, he hops first to the right, and then to the left, nodding his head up and down as he goes. Listening closely, you catch a bit of song that seems to go with the dance:

Oh, you blow a little smoke into their eyes! Promise them sunshine and moonbeam pies! Do a little dance and tell a few lies! Then they throw up their hands and call you wise! Haadreh! Haadreh! Haadreh!

It is difficult to make any sense out of the odd verse, and what does Haadreh mean? Should you stay and find out?

- *If you stay a little longer, turn to 284.*
- *If you leave to explore the right hand passage, turn to 162.*



315

The more you say, the worse things seem to become. On the other side of the door, a bolt slides home and the lights go out. Giving up, you wander off alone into the darkness. The way is rough and frightening, but eventually there is an encouraging sight. The lamp-post glows through the trees! It seems home is just around the corner. Then a fire suddenly appears on a nearby hill. Several black figures stand around the blaze, and their voices echo faintly across the distance. Mystery beckons, but so does the lamp-post... and home.

- *If you go to the lamp-post, **turn to 122.***
- *If you listen to the voices, **turn to 110.***
- *If you approach the fire, **turn to 296.***

316

"Come in," says a deep voice on the other side of the door.

You enter a room with seven walls and a domed ceiling. Around a triangular table in the center sit two men. One is a tall pale gentleman in a green robe, while the other is very short and plump with a tall turban on his head. You place the book on the table quietly as they seem to study your clothes, particularly the short trousers you wear to school at home.

"This is the child I was telling you about," says the man in green out of the corner of his mouth. Then to you he snaps, "Don't you know to bow before Haadreh the Wise?"

Embarrassed, you bow to the little man, who jumps to his feet and exclaims, "Yes! I see what you mean. Very different indeed. Tell me, child. Where do you come from?"

Answering such questions has never done anything but gotten you trouble. Perhaps a little fib is in order here?

- *If you make up a story, **turn to 288.***
- *If you tell the truth, **turn to 217.***

317

There must be a bit of the tree frog in your blood for you to hold on so long! Stone by stone, you measure the way down the well until your hand encounters a hole in the side of the wall. Further investigation reveals it to be a tunnel, no doubt the one Daliar told you about (how many more could there be?). Rubbing your tired eyes, you step inside. **Turn to 290.**

318

Not a single breath is allowed to pass through your lips until the key is safely in the lock of the door. The hinges screech, but the guard stays deeply asleep. Like a band of shadows you and all the prisoners of the Temple slip toward the door. The guards outside are easily overwhelmed and tied up to be found in the morning. You follow the victorious Friends back to the embers of the bonfire. **Turn to 293.**

319

The Temple school (or Institute of Enlightened Confusion as the ponderous sign above the door declares) is an immense room about the size of a good trainyard, filled with children and teachers. The noise within is almost deafening. Disorder reigns among the boys and girls, who are loosely divided here and there into groups led by one or more professors in differently colored robes. Some of the groups seem to be caught up in heated debate, the professors exchanging loud arguments with their students, while others act as if they are in the midst of an elaborate game. Only no one seems to be enjoying it very much. At first you are surprised not to find any of the intelligent beasts you have come to expect in this land, but then you discover that there is indeed such a group on the far side of the cavernous hall.

You take all this in while the guard talks to one of the teachers. Soon they are through, and an old man in a white robe approaches and speaks severely. "The guard tells me that you are an exceptionally gifted child. Well, you'll have to prove your confusion. There is to be no favoritism in this school. Now come. I will show you to your group."

The Watcher leaves while the professor takes you across the broad tile floor to a place where several children are seated on straight-backed chairs arranged in neat rows. You begin to take a seat in the back, when the professor snaps at you to remain standing. "You know the Rules! You must put on a hat first!" His bony finger points at a table where there are several piles of hats. Going quickly to the table, you find the hats come in three styles and colors. There are pointy red hats, blue hats that resemble turbans, and floppy green hats that do not resemble much of anything at all. You wonder which hat to take and if it makes any difference to the grouchy professor. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 203.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 206.**



320

With heavy footfalls, the guards give chase. They run a close race at first, but then the large dinners in their large stomachs catch up with them, and they begin to fall behind. Finally, they give out altogether, content to cast curses at your vanishing heels.

Once in the safety of the woods, you pause to take a breath. A voice suddenly rises out of the darkness. **Turn to 254.**

321

Either one of the men could probably outrun you (though their protruding stomachs do not speak well of their prowess). A battle seems unavoidable. You tighten up your fists. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 331.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 108.**

322

You want freedom, too! With both fists tight, you join the fray. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 231.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 149.**

323

Turning to Norian, you put a finger to your lips and creep closer to the bonfire. Pausing in a deep shadow at the base of the hill, you hear snatches of conversation.

"It is a fine night for a Gathering," says a deep, merry voice.

"Here, friend, let me help you with that," says another, lighter, voice.

Soft laughter and whispers drift down from the fire along with courteous phrases. They certainly do not sound like dangerous people!

- If you approach the fire, **turn to 333.**
- If you return to the lamp-post, **turn to 335.**

Something tells you that there is more involved here than can be found in Haadreh's books, some rule higher than his, but you ignore your feelings. After all, your job is to uphold the Rules (and you certainly don't want to lose your status). Besides, the Satyr knew the Rules and if he chose not to play by them, he can very well suffer the consequences.

"I find the Satyr guilty!" you proclaim loudly.

"Well spoken!" cries Haadreh with an ugly smile on his face. "Take the Satyr away. The child shall attend his execution at dawn tomorrow. Bring on the next case!"

You avoid the look of betrayal on the Satyr's face as he is led out of the hall by the Watchers and concentrate instead on the feeling of satisfaction at Haadreh's praise. Then, suddenly, there is a great commotion in the Temple and a noise like thunder. With a horribly nervous look on his face, Haadreh leaps onto his chair, shaking in every limb.

A dozen Watchers run toward the double doors as the noise grows louder. Suddenly both of the great bronze panels blow inward with a terrific force that sends them rolling backwards. The terrific rumbling grows louder until you can scarcely hear the people shouting, "Asian! Asian has come to free us!"

You are just wondering what they could mean by all this, when a mighty lion bounds into the room. He is much larger than a horse, and his eyes burn with a fierce glow. Looking to Haadreh for some sort of comfort, you find that the tiny man has gone quite pale and his eyes are wide with fright.

Several tall, strong men and a number of animals in armor rush in behind the Lion (one of them looks like a king) and set about casting off the prisoners' chains. Meanwhile, the Lion has not taken his gaze off of you and Haadreh.

At last, he opens his mouth and says in a booming voice, "The time of the Temple has come to an end. Those who have stood by it shall fall with it. So be it."

Haadreh gives a miserable whimper as the Lion opens his great jaws and lets forth an earth-shattering roar. The hot blast of the Lion's breath lifts you off your feet toward the ceiling. Chairs, books, papers, and ostrich plumes rise with you, swirling into a whirlwind of dust and rubbish.

Haadreh is somewhere in the tumult, wailing pitifully, but the dust soon gets into your eyes and blinds you. Behind the Lion's awful roar comes the sound of splitting wood and crashing glass, as if the very ground was opening up; it seems the end is near at hand.

But the terrible sound begins to fade, and the fierce wind starts to settle. Slowly you sink to earth; and when you rub the dust out of your eyes you find yourself once again in the schoolyard with the fog just lifting and the edges of the sun shining through.

Baffled, bruised, and more than a little ashamed, you stumble back to your dormitory, hoping that someday you might return to Narnia to right the wrongs you've committed.

It's easy to return to Narnia! Just turn to the Prologue and begin again!

Carefully, you scan the ground for any other drops of blood, but find none. The lion could have gone anywhere! Shrugging your shoulders, you decide to walk back to the men in the clearing. **Turn to 132.**

Quiet as a mouse, you pass by the closed door to investigate the open one further on. Shadows stir within, so it is with exceptional caution that you peer around the jamb. The small chamber beyond (heavens, are the walls really orange and blue?) proves to be a very tidy bedroom. At a writing desk against the far wall there sits a man in brown robes, scribing neatly with a white plume on a piece of parchment. His concentration seems to be so intense that you could probably run in and bounce on his bed without his taking notice. Actually, you would very much like to enter this man's peaceful room, but should you disturb him?

- *If you enter the room, **turn to 276.***
- *If you leave to check the closed door, **turn to 191.***

327

"Ah! You are a favored one of Haadreh the Wise!" replies the guard to your password. "Please, pass with the blessings of no one in particular!"

Embarrassed (and a little confused), you pass through the open door and down a long flight of stairs. At the bottom is a corridor with a shadowy, arched ceiling. At its far end shines a large copper door, while on the right hand wall is an oaken door with bars in its upper half. Norian's directions were right! This certainly looks like a prison.

Cautiously, you approach the door and peer in. As expected, a group of prisoners huddle inside. One of the men says angrily, "Who's there?"

"A friend!" you answer wisely.

The man's anger changes to joy as he rushes to the bars. "A Friend? Can it be? And so young! Well, may Asian bless you, child! But be quick! There, underneath the flagstone is a key that unlocks this door."

Quickly, you lift the flagstone and remove the iron key beneath. It turns easily in the lock. The hinges screech but no guards appear. After a few warm handshakes, you all exit out the large copper door.

Several Watchers stand guard outside, and they do not intend to let you escape. A rather unfair battle breaks out, and you nervously wonder what you should do.

- *If you have the King's horn (Key 3 checked), **turn to 274.***
- *Otherwise, **turn to 268.***

328

"I come from another world," you answer, feeling some relief in admitting it out loud. "A world where there are buses and planes, and people don't talk in riddles, and mice don't wear clothes, and — oh, I just wish I could get back there!"

"You see?" says the Scribe triumphantly. "The child is most unbecomingly confused. Or perhaps it is a genius. Who can rightly say?"

"Humbug!" grumps the old man behind his desk. "The child is nothing of the sort. It obviously wants to play us for fools, so that it might spout whatever dangerous drivel comes to mind. Well, I won't have it! The Rules have very special instructions for the handling of mischievous rascals. Watchers, take this child to the dungeons for now. I shall deal with it personally later."

Your stomach churns with dread, but suddenly something happens that gives you renewed hope. From the distant bottom of the platform comes a commanding (if somewhat shrill) voice: "Halt, Watchers! Leave the child in peace!"

An excited chatter rises from the crowd followed by a sudden, profound hush. Around you, the Scribes as well as the Watchers and the old man at the desk bow deeply, touching their chests and foreheads with a grand flourish of their right arms. Dazed, you too look down the steps. What you find is a small man (he cannot be more than four feet tall) dressed in long, silken robes and a very high, rainbow colored turban. He is ascending the stairs as rapidly as his pointed shoes can take him. His features are sharp, and his eyes shine with cunning as he inspects your school uniform and once freshly shined oxfords.

Without a word to the still bowing audience, he says to the old man behind the desk, "O, wise and benevolent Judge, Haadreh blesses your graying pate! I entered the chamber at the beginning of the child's trial, and have borne perfect witness to the proceedings. Unfortunately, your decision regarding this wayward cherub was incorrect and not in keeping with the Rules. Yet curse yourself not overly, O, noble servant, for this is a matter outside the pinched limits of your understanding. Only I, Haadreh the Enlightened, am able to deal with this situation adequately. So, call off my vigilant hounds, and let them nip no more at the heels of our special ward. The child shall come with me."

"Haadreh has spoken! So be it!" utters the old man, his face upon the desk. In unison, everyone else in the room repeats the solemn phrase. Then the little man turns to you. Certainly you are grateful for his having intervened at just the right moment, yet there is something uncomfortable, something too friendly about the eager smile in his eyes. Perhaps you should take to your heels!

- *If you go with Haadreh, **turn to 165.***
- *If you attempt to escape, **turn to 272.***

329

"Yes, I suppose I am a friend of the Lion," you stutter, for you have no reason to consider yourself his enemy.

The Scribes stiffen at your words, and their leader says, "Tsk, ts! A Friend of the Lion! Well, you are young. Perhaps you don't know what you're talking about. But we must take you to Temple How in any case. Come along peacefully."

- *If you accompany the men, **turn to 236.***
- *If you would rather not go, **turn to 261.***

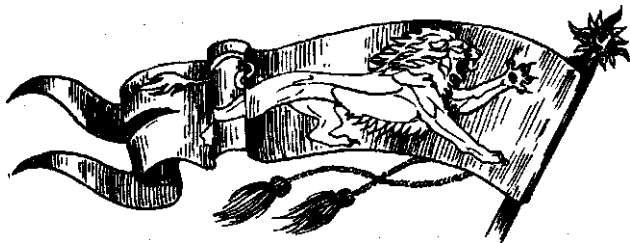
330

Ten feet from where you spied the first one, you see another drop of blood soaking into the ground. Fearing to lose the trail, you hurry. There's a third drop! And a fourth! You move faster, following the fading trail and the sweet scent that clings to it. The trail leads you through a forest of heavy-boughed trees that seem to whisper in your ears, urging you on.

You rush through deep ravines and over high ridges until fatigue washes over you. The trail of blood vanishes near the top of a lonely hill that sports only one tree at its crest; you fall to your knees. Lying on your back in the short grass, gasping for breath, you wonder if you could ever become more lost than you are now. The trail is gone, and you cannot return to those men in the clearing, for you are not at all sure how you got to be here. Staring up at the bright sky, you drift in and out of a half-sleep as the clouds roll by. Curiously, one group takes the likeness of a lion's head, so real it might roar. Drowsily, you imagine the cloud could even speak. Or could it?

Amazed, you stand again and shake yourself from sleep (though your legs are still weak and tired). Just then you hear some voices coming from the top of the hill.

- *If you want to listen to the voices, **turn to 137.***
- *If you want to go to whoever is talking, **turn to 230.***



331

Well, we both knew that there wasn't much chance of winning, didn't we? When the guards have caught your small fists in theirs, they lead you back up Temple How. **Turn to 175.**

332

"I think I should like to try to free the prisoners," you say, hardly believing it.

"Bravely said!" replies the King. "My, what a fine, noble place your world must be, where the children have the hearts of kings!"

- If *Norian left the Temple with you (checked Key 2)*, **turn to 172.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 147.**

333

"Let's go talk with them," you whisper to Norian. "Maybe they can help you!"

"Child, these are Friends of Asian!" replies Norian. "As soon as they see these robes of a Temple Professor that I wear, they'll execute me for heresy!"

"I'll go alone, then," you declare. "Once I've explained that the Temple will throw you in the dungeon if they find you, these people will surely help."

You scamper away before Norian can protest further. **Turn to 296.**

334

The men seem to be glad enough to have you along, but do not engage you in conversation. The red-draped Scribes stare at the ground as they walk, and the men in brown tunics (the ones the Scribes call Watchers) gaze intently into the surrounding woods.

You continue onward for several minutes through the dark, rustling trees, until you come upon a narrow road. The well worn track slopes gently to the east into rolling hills topped with fields. Occasionally, you pass by a person carrying a hoe or pushing a wheel-barrow; all greet you with silence as solemn as in the school room.

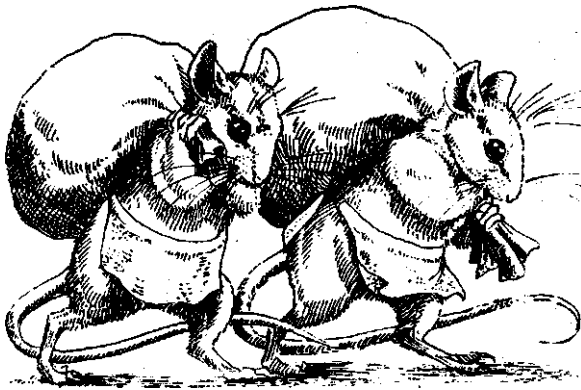
The question of where you are, of course, has never left your mind for a moment, but you have long since given up trying to get any information out of your puzzling hosts. Better to wait and watch, you think to yourself; something revealing is bound to crop up.

Just then, something does occur; something that has you doubting your senses once again. Ahead, walking along the side of the road, are what appear to be two sacks of grain, talking nervously and bumping into each other from time to time. Removing their attention from their feet, the Scribes approach the sacks with quick steps.

"What's this?" asks the one who seems to be the most talkative of the lot. "Put down those sacks at once, and tell me what this is about."

To your amazement, the sacks are placed on the ground to reveal two Mice (rather large ones), with burlap aprons tied about their waists. Once again, London seems far away. "Begging your pardon," the Mice say, bowing low.

"Stop that silly scraping," gripes the Scribe "Just tell me where you think you're going with that grain."



"We're taking it home, sir, if it pleases," stammers the larger of the pair. The other stands, head bowed, to one side.

"I assume you have already given the Temple its half?"

"Well, to be perfectly honest, no. You see, we gleaned these kernels from a field that had already been harvested. We worked all day for these two small bags." The Mouse's voice rises to a plaintive squeak. "My wife's hands are sore and blistered from the labor, and we need the food for our children. Certainly -"

"Silence!" the Scribe interrupts. "You know the Rules, and the Rules state, '...from every measure of grain let the half of it be given to the Temple, for without the Temple the fields lie waste, and the children go hungry.'"

The tiny Mouse nudges his wife close to him and replies heatedly, "And Asian says that every man shall make the fields fertile of his own hand, and by his own hand enjoy their fruits! The grain is ours!"

"Insolence!" cries the Scribe, his eyebrows gathering in angry peaks. "How dare you to mention the Lion's name! Watcher's take these Mice to the Temple and put them in the prison to await further questioning!"

This is becoming rather ugly! Ofcourse, you know nothing of the affairs of this land, but you find the conduct of the men in red entirely unfair and rather beastly. Two of the Watchers attempt to grab the Mouse who snaps at them with his sharp teeth while his wife scurries to the edge of the road. The men are much bigger, however, and wield long spears besides. You see that other animals are watching the scene from a distance with sympathetic looks on their faces, but no one moves to the aid of the Mice. Perhaps, you should do something?

- If you wish to protest, **turn to 260.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 180.**

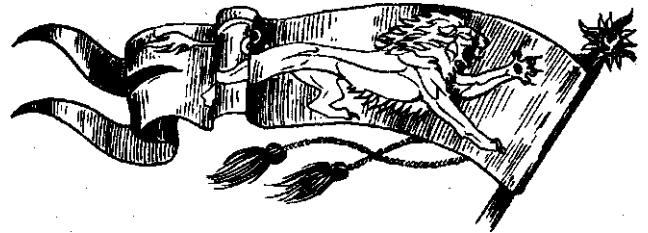
335

Bidding Norian a tearful farewell, you watch him climb the hill where the fire burns so brightly. "I hope he'll be alright," you murmur. "And I hope I get home alright!" Joy fills your heart, and you grin. **Turn to 122.**

336

Oh, how you hate bullies! Seeing the cruel treatment of the mole makes you want to give the boys a sound beating. You bounce toward them; but there are four of them and only one of you. Perhaps it would be better to talk things out?

- If you decide to talk with the boys, **turn to 116.**
- If you would rather fight, **turn to 185.**



"I simply want to go to sleep!" you grumble at last. "I want to go to sleep, and I want this whole nasty business to be over when I wake up!"

With that you turn your back rudely to the Squirrel, huddle in the corner, and drift off to an uncomfortable slumber. A few seconds later (or so it seems) you awake to the sound of cheering. All the men and animals are on their feet, rushing to the open dungeon door. Handsome lords in cloth of gold stand outside, greeting their friends and loved ones with warm embraces. Just as the last of the prisoners is passing through the door, you scramble to your feet and join them. Alas you are too late, and the door slams shut! Desperately, you beat on the door, and shout for them not to leave you behind.

"They cannot hear you," says a deep voice behind you.

Turning about, you see a huge Lion sitting between the two pieces of broken stone. "They've left me behind," you complain weakly.

"No," growls the Lion. "It is you who have left them behind. When they asked for help, you turned your back to them. Now, as you have written that much of your story, so have you written this particular ending. You must go home."

Sad and ashamed, you run towards the Lion, but he blows gently at you with his sweet breath. No amount of running can protect you. Slowly, you are blown backwards faster and faster until you are flying through the air, ever farther from the Lion. Things grow dark, until at last your feet touch the ground once again, and a familiar setting appears. It is the schoolyard in England with its red brick buildings and lonesome mornings. Shoulders drooping, you enter the dormitory to dream of the day when you might return to the world of the Lion.

This game is over. Turn to the Prologue to begin the next one!



"School, sir," you answer.

"Aha!" cries the old man. "I've always suspected **those** bumbling bookworms in the School. A den of conniving vipers they are, corrupting the minds of our youth! Why, this borders on heresy!"

"Your Prudentness, I beg of you," says the Scribe, "do not be too harsh with the teachers of the Rule. Surely, they cannot be altogether at fault in this case, for I very much doubt that this child has ever attended the School. When we found it wandering alone deep in the woods, it emitted such confused babbling as would never be endorsed by the Temple."

"Hmm. Yes," mumbles the old man, resting his head on his palm in contemplation. "Well, then, there is only one thing to be done. Return this child to the School, and see that it gets taught correctly this time." Then he looks at you again, and says, "Just in case no one ever tells you, the Golden Rule is this: Shun the Lion and follow the Rules. Good bye."

Of course, that isn't right, but before you can open your mouth to tell him so, a Watcher marches you down the stairs and out the door through a complex maze of corridors. What is this School going to be like? And how might you escape it? *Check Key 1. Turn to 319.*

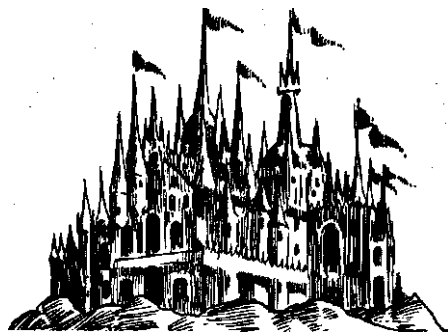
You introduce yourself and a muffled discussion takes place inside the house. A voice returns to say, "We don't know you. What is it you want?"

It's getting cold outside! What do you say? **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 315.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 312.**

Best to leave strange houses alone. Besides, all you really want to do is find the lamp-post and return home. So, you journey onward, ignoring weary pains in feet and legs and back. Finally, the lantern glows softly ahead of you. Rejoicing, you walk faster. Just then, a fire appears on top of a nearby hill. Dark figures can be seen, and their voices just reach you across the distance. Mystery beckons, but so does the lantern...and home.

- If you go to the lantern, **turn to 122.**
- If you listen to the people, **turn to 110.**
- If you approach the people, **turn to 296.**





RANDOM NUMBER TABLE

6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9	8	5	7	3
7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2	10	8	4	11
9	6	5	7	4	8	5	6	9	7	10	8
8	5	7	3	6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9
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8	5	7	3	6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9
10	8	4	11	7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2
9	7	10	8	9	6	5	7	4	8	5	6