

A Funnels & Frolls Solo Adventure

Banquet in Stringwater!

A Dainty Dish To Set Before The King

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TRANter



**SOLITAIRE ADVENTURE FOR
TUNNELS & TROLLS™**

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INTRODUCTION

In the whimsical kingdom of Stringwater the monarch's birthday is a big deal: King Wilf hosts a huge banquet for a thousand of his subjects, chosen by lot. What will be served as the main dish at this feast is decided by a contest on the previous day. A dozen or more winners of earlier heats are sent into the King's Woods to gather ingredients, which they later use to prepare the finest meal they can manage. The King samples each and makes his choice, awarding a unique and enviable prize to the favoured chef.

Owing to extraordinary good fortune (the other competitors in your heat having accidentally poisoned themselves with the mushrooms you had generously shared with them), you have won through to the final! Accordingly, you arrive early in the morning at the Royal Park, where you and the other finalists stand around eyeing each other suspiciously. The King will not attend until the evening, but his blue and yellow pavilion is already erected, as is the large cooking tent where you will create your culinary masterpiece. Behind the tents, to the north, stretch several square miles of the King's Woods, sunlit and inviting.

Lester the King's Wizard comes forth from the pavilion. He's an amiable fellow in blue robes, with the requisite matching pointy hat. He stands on a box to address you all:

"Good morning and welcome to the final of *Banquet In Stringwater!* You have all done very well to reach this far in the competition, but it is now that your true test begins. You have from now until five o'clock to forage and hunt in the King's Woods, gathering the ingredients for your dish. You may find your way out from the Woods and commence preparing your evening meal whenever you choose, but be aware that the King follows a strict common-sense diet. Consequently, **no dish may be presented to the King that does not include, as a minimum, a portion of meat and portions of two different vegetables.** If you leave the Woods without these necessities, you will be disqualified. Oh, and you must be alive when you emerge.

"To prevent unfairness and to ensure the Woods are not depleted, you are not permitted to carry more than one portion of any given meat or vegetable. For reasons of hygiene, you will be provided with a clean satchel in which to carry meat and vegetables, divided into five compartments that will each hold one portion. Basic ingredients such as flour, water, milk and gunpowder will be provided; additional garnish and flavouring is at your discretion. All dishes will be tested for poison by His Majesty's loyal, if short-lived, tasters, and judgement on the presentation, nutrition and general more-ishness of the dish will be made by King Wilf himself, aided by the opinions of the King's Own Confectioner Paddy d'Midriff.

"As regards your conduct in the Woods, the laws of the realm of Stringwater are clear: corruption, bribery, double-dealing, theft and acts of violence will NOT be tolerated, except when they occur and in all circumstances. In order to ensure good clean fights and prevent forest fires, **only the following spells may be cast within the King's Woods: *Cateyes, Freeze Please, Knock Knock, Know Your Foe, Little Feets, Oh There It Is, Poor Baby, Take That You Fiend!, Vorpall Blade and Will-o-Wisp.*** Should you attempt to cast any other spells, you will be instantly killed by lethal death until you are dead. Same applies to flying, which is vulgar.

"And so, ladies and gentlemen, the King's Woods await you! May the best chef win!"

With that, and some half-hearted cheers and applause from assorted onlookers, you are each handed a satchel, soon to be led away to a different path into the Woods.

HOUSEKEEPING

Equip yourself with some scrap paper for notes! In particular, mark 5 'compartments' for the contents of your satchel. Each can hold only one portion of meat or vegetables (though a 'portion' might turn out to be more than one piece...).

Between now and five o'clock, 50 turns will pass. During the adventure you will often be told to "ADD 1 TURN", or sometimes more. Keep a running total of turns passed. **If this tally reaches or exceeds 50, complete the paragraph you are dealing with and then go to 238.**

Often you will arrive at a woodland path and encounter something. It's important that you **record the paragraph number of the woodland path** so that you can return there after the encounter.

Rarely in a forest do you have a clear view of the lay of the land, so you would be well-advised to pay heed to the compass directions given as you travel.

Spells have their normal effects. Combat spells, *Poor Baby*, *Cateyes* and *Will-o-Wisp* may be cast at your discretion. Other spells (*Knock Knock*, *Know Your Foe* and *Oh There It Is*) can be cast only when the text gives you the option. (For the purposes of this adventure, the 7th Edition spell *Know Your Foe* is not impeded by *Kremm* resistance.) **If at any time you try to cast a spell other than those that Lester listed, or if you choose to fly, go immediately to 78.**

In this solo, AP, Adventure Points (also known as XP or EP, Experience Points) are noted only for special events. Also take AP after saving rolls, spell-casting and combat, in accordance with your normal practice.

You must apply common sense when revisiting places during the same adventure: it is not usually necessary to fight the same battles over again, nor will items you've taken be replaced that day. For example, if you eat the Frizzy Fruit at paragraph 355, then next time you visit 355 the Frizzy Fruit will not be there. However, always roll for an encounter if told to do so.

There are different editions of the rules for *Tunnels & Trolls*™. This solo is suitable for all editions but is phrased with 7th Edition rules in mind, and 7th Edition characters may of course use their *talents*, if relevant. 7th Edition players should please ignore alternatives sometimes provided in brackets for 5th Edition players.

5th Edition players please note: 7th Edition abbreviations are used for Prime Attributes throughout, so Intelligence is *INT*, Strength is *STR* and Speed is *SPD*; you may be used to *IQ*, *ST* and *SP* respectively. If you don't use the optional Speed attribute in your games, then when the text calls for a saving roll on *SPD*, use *DEX* instead. Where differences between editions are significant, appropriate alternatives are given in brackets. For example: "Make an *L2SR* on *WIZ*. (5th: *L2SR* on *INT*.)" Finally, AP have quite a different function in 7th Edition and are given out sparingly: 5th Edition players should *multiply by 5* the amounts of AP given in the text. (Compared to 5th Edition, 7th Edition characters tend to have easier saving rolls and harder combat, so it kind of balances out.)

If at any point you fall unconscious or die, go to 361, unless directed otherwise.

THE CONTEST BEGINS!

While you are waiting for the contest to start, Honest John the Apothecary comes by, with his pedlar’s tray of wares around his neck. You join the other contestants hurrying over and craning their necks for a look-see.

Honest John the Apothecary is a crook-backed withered old fellow in tight, well-worn tan leather that wraps his head and limbs. “Marnin’, folks,” he says, tugging at an imaginary forelock. “Git yer potions, all fresh and/or legal.” He offers you a gap-toothed grin along with his wares, a selection of little bottles containing murky and unappealing fluids. You and the other contestants start rummaging among them, shaking them and holding them up to the light for no good reason. “In the int’rists of fairness,” Honest John explains, eyeing the stewards grumpily, “I is only permitted to sell one performance-en’ancing potion to each person.”

On sale today he has potions of *Nimbleness* (adds 5 to DEX), *Good Fortune* (adds 5 to LK) and *Might* (adds 5 to STR). Each costs 10GP (or he will accept any bladed weapon in good condition) and its effect will last till midnight. However, a steward warns you all that some people find the potions ‘disagree’ with them. Nor do they keep well, so there’s no point buying one for some other day. If you buy one and glug it down, you must roll a D6. If the result is odd, then as well as the advertised effect you lose 2 from CON from indigestion caused by the foul gunk. You may keep the little bottle.



Finally the stewards call you to order! It is time to be on your way. Roll 2D6 in order and go to the appropriate paragraph shown below. Good hunting!

First D6	Odd						Even					
Second D6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6
Starting Point	56	561	499	220	602	101	389	522	15	148	339	641

1 You reach a wide clearing high on the hillside. In the centre of the clearing is a standing stone 5' high, overgrown and weathered, but clearly shaped by human hands. Brushing the weeds aside and looking closely, you can see worn grooves spiralling over its rough surface. ADD 1 TURN. If you would like to trace the grooves with your finger, go to 49. If you would like to go downhill to the northeast, go to 413. To descend on the more northerly path, go to 460.

2 Ash Brown is visibly alarmed by your attack! Hard on the outside, soft in the middle, it seems. Indeed, although that nice armour provides 12x2 protection, his CON is only 4. He fights with a cleaver for 3+1 and has Adds of 5, with WIZ 11.

If you incapacitate or kill Ash Brown, go to 46. If (somehow) you end up unconscious or dead, note that his Penchant is 3 and go to 182. On any round that he loses after the third, Ash will attempt to flee: it's up to you whether you let him go or block his retreat to continue the fight. If you let him scurry off, harrumph and return to your woodland path paragraph.

3 This Meat's Scrumptiousness is 12. Pretty tasty! Return to 102.

4 You step carefully over to one of the fallen nests. There are eggs in it! Three of them have broken in the fall, but the fourth is intact. This might make a tasty additional ingredient in your meal for the King. If you want to pick it up, go to 138. If you want to leave it, go to 185 to look at the other nest.

5 "All mushrooms in these woods are poisonous," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

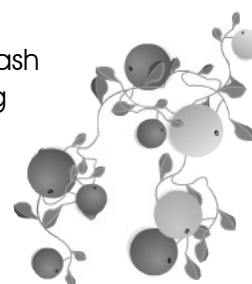
6 A fish!! A salmon shoots out of the current just in front of the tree! You will need to roll an SR on DEX to catch the supple creature as it flashes by in the air – hard enough sitting precariously on a narrow tree trunk, and all the more difficult if the fish happens to leap at the limit of your reach. Roll 1D6. If the result is 1-2, make the SR at level 2; if it's 3-4, level 3; and if it's 5-6, level 4.

If you make the roll, the slippery fish is a-wrigglin' in your hands! Quickly bash its brains out on the trunk and stuff the salmon into a (surprisingly accommodating) compartment of your satchel, before rising and moving on at 191.

If you fail the roll, the damned thing slips from your grasp and plops back into the water. Rats! Return to 332 to decide whether to try again, starting the LK rolls at level 5 again if you do.

7 Dripped from a floppy pink flower that grows on a branch high above, this yellow resinous mass solidifies on the ground like earwax, but melts easily in a meal. Its light, sweet flavour particularly enhances bird-based dishes, for which it adds 25 to your DD score. For meals without birds it adds 10. Now return to 79.

8 The white goo is tough stuff. To move through it quickly you'll need to thrash at it with a weapon. Roll an L5SR on the *total* of STR and LK if you're using a blade. If you're using something less sharp, make the roll at L6. If you succeed, then you've made your way through quickly and cleanly, albeit with a great deal of effort: go to 315. If you fail, you haven't gotten far when – go to 269.



- 9** Gradually, the fawn begins to trust you a little, and introduces himself as Voda. You chat to him for a time (ADD 1 TURN), and soon you find yourself sitting beside him, both of you dangling your feet in the cool water as he trills on his flute. Reaching the end of his tune, he says, "I say, do you know any songs?" You rack your brains, trying to remember the words to old tunes.

Attempt a saving roll on INT. If you have not entirely fumbled, work out at what level you have succeeded. (For example, if your roll plus your INT totals 27, then by exceeding 25 you have succeeded at level 2.) If the level is 1, then you can sing him 1 of the songs below; if it's 2, you can sing him 2; and if it's 3 or above, you can sing him all 3. You can choose which to sing. For each performance, go to the appropriate paragraph.

<i>The Ballad of the Weeping Princess</i>	– 206
<i>My Heart Is Like A Red, Red Red Thing</i>	– 306
<i>Summer, Is He Comin' In?</i>	– 439

After all that, much as you've enjoyed your break, it's time to be moving on: go to 390.

- 10** Alarmed by your attack and much hampered by his armour, Harry has to spin on the spot to swing his sword effectively. But his armour is devilishly effective! You'd need some kind of special device designed for opening cylindrical metal containers to get at him!

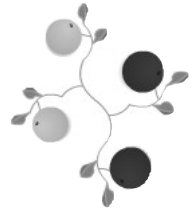
Harry's toothy terbutje scores 3+5, but the armour impacts on his DEX so that his Adds are a measly 7. His CON is 16, his WIZ 9, and his Tinkan armour takes 22x2, with a further 7x2 for his pavise shield. If you kill or incapacitate him, go to 281. If he clangs you into unconsciousness or death, note that his Penchant is 1 and go to 182. If the combat goes for 10 rounds, Harry is dehydrated and exhausted! He will sink to the ground, pull in his limbs and seal the lid from inside, hunkering there in uncomfortable safety until the danger has passed. Return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 11** You're on the eastern riverbank, where somebody has left some used quills. Not far to the north is the lake, and to the south is an arched stone bridge. The woods rise up hillsides on either side of the river. Roll an L1SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (11) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	444	136	116	444	415	283	202	415	166	202	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To climb the path to the east, go to 458. To wander upstream along the bank to the northeast, go to 95. To stroll downstream to the south, go to 186.

- 12** You come to a wide clearing, free of trees though clogged with bracken. In the centre stands the remains of a tower, jagged against the blue sky. Two ruined walls make a corner that still rises above the treetops to a height of 60 feet, but the bulk of the building has crumbled into a huge heap of broken stonework. ADD 1 TURN. If you want to climb the precarious remnant for a view over the woods, go to 99. If you want to pick over the pile of loose masonry to see what you can find, go to 422. To take the path downhill to the northwest, go to 130. To follow the other path south, go to 213.



- 13** A hare!! It's nibbling on some daisies and hasn't noticed you. If you want to ignore it, return to your woodland path paragraph. Otherwise, roll an L3SR on LK. If you make it, go to 341. If not, go to 160.
- 14** Carefully you take a long stride to stretch to the plain stone – but your foot never reaches it! Just as you are about to touch down, the air shimmers blue and yellow, and when it clears you find that your step has taken you somewhere else entirely! Go to 585.
- 15** A steward in blue and yellow tabard invites you to sit in a little gig pulled by a pony. He climbs up beside you and with a "Giddy-up!" he sets forth. The pair of you drive for a mile or more on a gravel path around the western side of the woods, rising for a while and then levelling off. Finally the steward reins up beside a rugged part of the forest, where a path leads eastward through an arch of living willow. He bids you wait a little longer. Soon afterwards, you hear a distant boom. "Off you go, then," says the steward cheerfully. You step through the archway – and are immediately met with a choice. Go to 404.
- 16** Syrix looks sad and sighs, but does not cry. "Well, you'd better take some tea with you," she says, handing back your empty cup. You thank her and tuck it into your pack. In due course you learn that once a day you can drink imaginary tea from the cup to restore 2 points of CON. Now climb back down the rope ladder and wave a regretful goodbye, heading off to 327.
- 17** The depleted river has left a fish flopping at the edge! It's a salmon – good eating! If you want to take it with you, gather up the slithery creature and slip it into a vacant compartment of your satchel (which, surprisingly, turns out to be exactly the right size). Meanwhile, the deliquesced elemental oozes back into the river, grumbling wetly. Return to 123 and choose again.
- 18** Your chosen dish required a total of 5 saving rolls: 1 x L2SR on DEX, 2 x L1SR on INT and 2 x L1SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in 1 DEX roll, 1 INT roll and 1 LK roll, your Execution will be 4. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 60 to your DD score. If your sandwich includes Tomato, Beetroot, Squirrel or Cucumber, go to 411. Otherwise return to 173.
- 19** You scoff the thin plant with little leaves. It is *thyme*, and naturally it is enchanted too. From now on, at the stroke of midnight you will suddenly taste the herb's strong flavour in your mouth again. If ever you are imprisoned for a long period, this will help you count the days... Return to 585 to choose again.
- 20** Roland Butter lies flat on his back (though in truth he looks much the same shape as when he was standing). Add 45 AP. Rifling through his stuff, you find:

War Butterknife (3+3; STR Req.: 10; DEX Req.: 10; 30WU; 1-handed; 25GP)

Open-face Helm (2; STR Req.: 2; 35WU; 15GP)

Cabbage (Vegetable)

6 live Blackbirds (Meat) – counts as 1 item

Pouch containing 3 small bloodstones, each worth 14GP – counts as 1 item

You may take one item from this list before proceeding to 520.

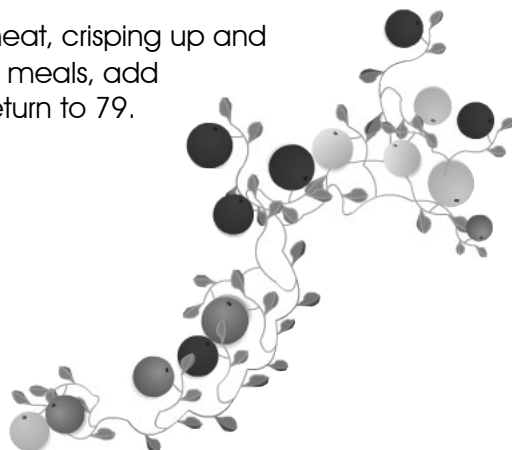
- 21** Roll an L3SR on DEX. If you fail, you mistimed your chance: go to 550. If you make it, you are tossed from the creature's back to float elegantly through the air and twirl around a branch, settling your feet firmly, if dizzily, on solid earth at last. However, that is scarcely the end of the matter: go to 288.
- 22** Although these mushrooms add 10 to the DD score of any meal, they are actually best served fresh. If your meal was Raw or a Sandwich, you may add 25 to your DD score instead. Return to 79.
- 23** You're on the riverbank, which is swathed with buttercups. Across the river to the south you can see reed banks with more woodland beyond, whilst in the distance upstream to the southwest you can make out some rocks standing in the water. The river seems to flow out of the woods to the east, but there is no path through the marshy terrain that way. If you'd like to take some flowers to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Yellow Buttercups* (G20).

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (23) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	41	283	166	116	202	136	444	415	41	283	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To climb the path to the north, go to 549. To wander upstream along the bank to the southwest, go to 188.

- 24** You stare at the unpromising agglomeration of sticky white threads. If you cast an *Oh There It Is* spell, go to 559. You could begin cutting into the mass if you have a blade, but it looks like a long job. To do so, go to 104. If instead you think better of the whole idea, return to 590 and choose again.
- 25** If your Vegetable was a *Royal Clumberlump*, go to 524. If not, you shouldn't be here! Return to 102.
- 26** A plump dwarven woman, with a deep tan beneath a sheen of perspiration, comes along the path, carrying a 7-foot falx-arr, an intimidating weapon like a curved sword on the end of a pole. She nods warily as she passes. If you attack her, go to 98. If you hail her and encourage her to trade, go to 349. Otherwise, let her go on her way and return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 27** These mushrooms come alive wonderfully in a high heat, crisping up and oozing with flavour. For Grill, Spit-roast and Deep-fried meals, add 35 to your DD score. For other meals, add 15. Now return to 79.



- 28** The following night is the banquet! A thousand merry citizens crowd into the feasting hall of the King's Palace, while thousands more celebrate on the streets outside. You are one of the lucky ones, at a crammed table in the giant hall, 'neath cartwheel chandeliers and tapestries of great hunters mastering their prey. King Wilf himself appears, far off at the end of the hall, and makes a speech, too quietly to be heard even if everyone would shut up. But why should they shut up? Everyone, like you, has quickly found drinking companions and the first-class ale and wine are flowing freely.

In due course, after three cheers for the King's birthday, the long-anticipated meal comes around; but nobody heard the announcement properly, and so there are endless arguments about whether underneath the rich sauce is roasted boar and venison, or broiled hare and salmon. Some buffoon even suggests it's manticore, ho ho! But whatever it is, it's splendid. Second and third portions come around and are carried out into the streets, and the entire population of Stringwater drinks, laughs and dances far into the night.

Your adventure is at an end. Add 5 AP for every turn you spent in the King's Woods, plus 100 for the fun you had. Perhaps you can try again next year...

~ The End ~

- 29** The wooded island is only 100 yards long, perhaps half that across, and you've reached its southern tip. Its rugged slopes are breached by rocky outcrops among the undergrowth. A little stair of neat yellow flagstones leads up from the water's edge to the modest summit, where stands a tasteful gazebo, just visible through the trees. ADD 1 TURN. To visit the gazebo, go to 441. To search the island thoroughly, go to 428. To swim to the eastern or western shore of the lake, go to 395.

- 30** "– The forest?" you respond, somewhat at a loss. The owl tuts and shuffles his claws. Go to 425.



31 Sawyer Prawtean prepared a spicy stew of turnip, potato, onion and celery, with only a few frogs' legs to make up the meat quota. Tasty as it was, for the carnivorous King it was not a strong competitor. The meal scored 264½. Now return to 586.

32 You have strayed into a wide and very boggy area! Mud squelches as your feet fall and sucks at them as they rise. Did you just miss something, as you strolled along gazing at the blue sky and getting wet feet? What was it? Roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (32) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	415	166	392	136	77	392	77	136	392	415	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To squelch to the northeast, go to 293. To slurp to the northwest, go to 215.

33 You stand thoughtfully beside a willow archway that leads out of the woods. Two paths diverge here, heading southwest and north. This is a bright and pleasant part of the woods and you think you can hear running water to the north. To go east and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go downhill to the north, go to 97. To follow the other path uphill to the southwest, go to 241.

34 If you cooked a *Swan*, go to 606. If not, proceed to 578.

35 You launch, for some reason, your best attack on this mighty oak. Calculate the damage as for one round of combat and go to 89.

36 An old dwarf woman gabbles to her friends: "If you've a lot of vegetables, put 'em in a stew! Who doesn't know that?" Return to 610.

37 Up ahead the trees close in on a dark and silent place. Around you fine white threads trail between the branches and ahead they gather and thicken into shrouds cloaking the way. Nothing moves there. Not a leaf rustles, not a bee buzzes. Whatever this white stuff is, if you go on you'll have to cut your way through. If you want to press on, go to 590. If you'd rather turn back, return to 600, rolling an SR again when you get there in case you spot something.

38 The water sends a tingling chill through your body. Henceforth no boar, hog or pig can sense your presence, which makes it child's play to wander up to one and (for the sake of argument) slit its throat. In combat with such a creature you are effectively invisible and may double your score. However, you would still do well to step aside if a farmer is driving a herd of swine down the lane... Write down 'O' in your notes. Return to 593 and choose a path: no further magical effects will ensue from drinking the fountain's water.

39 The juice of this dark little fruit is so extremely sweet that too much of it will make a meal tart and set one's teeth on edge. Roll an L2SR on INT. If you make it, you got the amount right: add 30 to your DD score. If you failed, you overdid it! Add 5 to DD. Now return to 79.

40 You have a good snoop around the grotto. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, or if you cast *Oh There It Is*, go to 264. If not, your search is fruitless and it's time to leave: go to 390.

41 A deer!! It's munching on a mulberry bush and hasn't noticed you. If you want to ignore it, return to your woodland path paragraph. If you have 'D' written in your notes, go to 243. Otherwise, roll an L4SR on LK. If you make it, go to 470. If not, go to 514.

42 You settle down with your back to the tree, its face next to yours, and close your eyes against the sunlight while it drones on:

"...that elm, fr instance, never gives me the time o' day, too good for me, 'e is, just 'cause he's taller than me, eh? Izzat it? 'Cause he's taller? No way to treat an olive, that is. Olives are *meant* to be short, allus 'ave been, modest trees, us olives, not showy. *Ven'erable*, that's what we is, ven'erable an' modest. But these big trees, oh! Oh, it's all long branches an' it's look-at-me an' it's how high can you go? Well, that's *them*, ain't it? That's them. But *I*m not like that, I'm not *showy*, I got more dignity than that, I 'az. You with me, squire? Course you are. It's like when them others come by 'ere, them elves, all tall an' 'oity-toity. They thinks 'cause they can look down on you that they got some right to look *down* on you, ain't it? But t'ain't like that, is it? Them with their fancy manners an' their where-can-we-find-the-manticore-my-man. Well, *I* knows they're on the wrong track there, don't I, on account of it don't come so far south, but I'm not gonna tell *them* that, am I, with their 'eads up in the clouds an' their noses up their backsides an' all. So I says, oh, says I, the manticore, is it? What the King so loves to eat? Well, sirs, says I, you're in the wrong corner of the forest, is what it is. You needs to be in the southwest. Well, that'll show 'em, won't it, with all their excessive *height*. You don't go messin' with Mr Olive, oh no you don't sir, well, you know, don't you, squire? What with their boots an' their knees an' their elbows an' their 'ips an' their shoulders an' their pointy noses an' all. They come trampin' through 'ere, all these people, savin' yer presence, squire, demandin' this, askin' after that, tramp tramp tramp. I say me man, where's these tunnels we keep 'earin' about, what's in that blasted tree down south there, is there really a basilisk around 'ere – it's never-endin'! I thinks to meself, I thinks, search the grotto, I thinks. A demon, I thinks, and not any more, I thinks, oh, *I thinks* it all, but I don't says it, do I? I don't says it, squire, on account of how they all look down on me. Too little for ye, am I, thinks I, too little? But you'll eat me bloomin' *olives* right enough, won't ye? Not too little for ye *then*, am I? You don't get no *respect*, is what it is, squire. 'Ypocrisy, on all sides. It weren't like this when I were a seed, I'm tellin' ya that..."

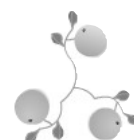
There is considerably more of this, but alas it's hard to maintain your attention, and indeed you're in grave danger of nodding off! Roll 2D6. Subtract the smaller result from the larger. The difference is the number of TURNS you must ADD, albeit you spend them enjoying a quiet nap while this grumpy tree's droning voice rambles on soothingly. When at length you shake the sleepiness from your eyes, return to 227 to choose a route.

43 This spongy pink fungus oozes and breathes even after cooking, sucking in air and fluid and gently squirting it forth again. It certainly livens up a meal! However, it is very rare and may be off-putting if the King is unfamiliar with it. Roll an SR on LK and work out what level you achieved. Multiply this by 20 and add it to your DD score. Now return to 79.

44 Grudgingly you agree to a final curse. These spices had better be good! The word-witch rattles her tiles delightedly in front of your face. "A really good blow this time!" she insists. You blow hard on her hands and she tosses the tiles high in the air, beaming widely as they drop to the ground around her. She turns on the spot, pointing a finger at the tiles, then commences snorting and sniggering all over again. She points to the sign next to her door and gasps out: "Read that! Read that!"

Sighing, you oblige by reading the sign. To your shock, you find yourself singing it out loud at the top of your voice: "*Cuuuuuurse Cooooorner, Word Witch, Best Raaaaaates!*" Alas, this will always happen from now on when you read. (Afflicted wizards won't be popular in the Guild's library.) Again, be sure to inform your GM of this curse...

The witch by now is flat on her back, her hat covering all her face apart from her frantically cackling mouth. Now and again she drums her feet on the ground as she tries to catch her breath. Flailing weakly, she nudges the cask towards you. You have given her such merriment that she is happy for you to take the entire contents of the cask. To collect your reward, go to 534 and gather up all the ingredients on offer.



45 When one of this plant's tiny and unpredictable seed-pods lands on one's tongue, it's like a gunne going off in one's mouth! Its tart astringency seems to explode through cheeks and teeth and palate – yet it subsides an instant later into cool mintiness and is often surprisingly refreshing. Roll 2D6, multiply the total by 5 and add the result to your DD score. Now return to 79.

46 Ash Brown lies flat on the ground before you: add 25 AP. Here is what you find on him:

Cleaver (3+1; STR Req.: 8; DEX Req.: 3; 60WU; 1-handed; 5GP)

Mail, golden-brown – goblin-sized, ie. $\frac{3}{4}$ human (12; STR Req.: 12; 250WU; 210GP)

4 Frogs – counts as 1 item

Pouch of 143 CP

Tiny amethyst (10GP)

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

47 The tunnel opens into a brighter space. You look warily into a cave, allowing your eyes to adjust to the light. It seems that long ago part of the roof fell in, for sharp-edged rocks are piled randomly on the ground, from large boulders to small pebbles. You could easily lose your footing on these loose stones and suffer injury in a fall. (They are, after all, rock hard.) Or perhaps you might cause a disturbance that causes the rest of the roof to collapse... A source of illumination, such as a torch or a *Will-o-Wisp* spell, might help, as might a *Cateyes* spell.

The cave opens onto daylight on the far side, to the south, but you can't see anything else of interest in here. To cross to the cave mouth, go to 270. If you prefer to leave the cave well alone, turn back into the tunnel and go to 310.

48 Your Meat's Scrumptiousness is 22. Lovely stuff! If you have another unlisted Meat to check, go to 300. Otherwise, return to 102.

49 You feel a faint tingle in your fingertip as it follows the strange curves. If you make an L2SR on WIZ (5th: L2SR on INT), go to 84. Otherwise, you can't perceive anything beyond that tingle. Return to 1 and make a different choice.

50 The nest is 15 yards away and around 2 feet high. You'll need an L5SR on DEX to hit your target. You can try repeatedly if you wish, but ADD 1 TURN for every 5 attempts. If you're simply throwing a weapon (or stone) straight up, you'll need at least STR 15 for it to arrive at the target with any force. If you do throw a dagger or other valued weapon, you must make an L1SR on LK each time to avoid its getting lodged in the high branches and lost. (Alternatively, of the permitted spells, *Freeze Please* alone might avail you as a missile attack.)

If you hit the nest and score 40 or more hits, go to 342. For 25 or more hits, go to 486. For less than 25, go to 92. To abandon the exercise, return to 162 and choose again.

51 These pale seeds are the size of a thumbnail, but quite soft, especially when cooked, and their light, tangy taste is a pleasant surprise in any mouthful of food. Sometimes they combine with the juices of other ingredients and have a mildly trippy effect, evoking a soothing sense of nostalgia in the person eating them. Roll L3SR on LK. If you make it, this extra effect arises: add 35 to your DD score. If not, add 15 instead. Now return to 79.

- 52** An elf approaches, dressed in green with frilly cuffs and collar, topped off with a purple floppy hat. He carries a trident in the crook of his arm as if it were a royal sceptre. "You there," he says imperiously, "you are in the presence of Alf Alpha. Give me all the food you've found or face the consequences."

If your satchel isn't empty and you choose to give him all the contents, go to 383. If your satchel is empty and you show him, go to 119. If instead you tell him to sod off, go and face the consequences at 617.

- 53** Pah! If you were the victim caught in the sticky mass, you would *certainly* want someone else to profit from your predicament (or so you tell yourself). Casting aside your foolishly idealistic scruples, you slip the ring onto your finger.

It's the *Ring of Winter Comfort*, worth 35GP. Wearing it keeps your hands warm at all times... Now go to 590 and choose again: you're done with searching here.

- 54** The ducks are fairly docile: you can get close enough so that you need only make an L2SR on DEX to hit one with a range weapon. The MR of each duck is 8. If you manage to kill one with a spell or weapon, the other ducks will quack and squawk and flap about madly, flying off to land on the water; so you'll have no trouble picking up the dead duck and stuffing it into a compartment of your satchel. If your attack fails to kill one, however, all the ducks flutter off to the water, and you get nothing for your trouble. Now return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 55** It transpires that Paddy d'Midriff adores this Meat when it's prepared this way. Add 50 to your DD score and return to 589.

- 56** A steward in blue and yellow tabard invites you to sit in a little gig pulled by a pony. He climbs up beside you and with a "Giddy-up!" he sets forth. The pair of you drive for a couple of miles on a gravel path around the eastern side of the woods. Halfway around the road descends to cross a pretty stone bridge over a river, and then rises again. Finally the steward reins up beside a particularly dark and dense part of the forest, where a path leads westward through an arch of living willow. He bids you wait a little longer. Soon after, you hear a distant boom. Then there is a strange screeching noise. The steward dives under the gig and the ground just in front of you explodes! Soil and sods rain down on you, but fortunately you are uninjured.

"That was the starting signal," the steward explains with a nervous giggle. His trembling finger points into the woods. With a heavy sigh, you shoulder your pack, pick your way around the crater and step through the archway. Follow the path to 179.

- 57** The King first announces third place – and it's your name he calls out! Excited to be placed at all, you step forward to the crowd's cheers and accept from King Wilf the coveted chef's hat, whose stitching bears the arms of Stringwater with a bronze crown. Wearing this, you will be given a meal and an ale for free at any inn in the Kingdom, and it adds 2 to CHR. You are also presented with the Chef's Choice Chopper, an enchanted cleaver (6+2; STR Req.: 8; DEX Req.: 3; 60WU; 1-handed). So cleanly does this blade cut that anything severed by it, be it a melon or an arm, can be rejoined simply by aligning the parts in contact again within an hour of the cut.

After second and first place are announced, when the cheering is at its peak, you are gently guided to the edge of the dais. Go to 457.

- 58** Your desire to strike the tree is growing by the moment. What is this disturbing urge? Are you in the grip of some power? Roll an L3SR on CHR. If you make it, go to 318. If not, go to 291.
- 59** You have vanquished Robert Tripe and his body lies before you. On it you find:

Sabre (3+4; STR Req.: 9; DEX Req.: 10; 60WU; 1-handed; 110GP)
Sabre (3+4; STR Req.: 9; DEX Req.: 10; 60WU; 1-handed; 110GP)
Misericorde (2+1; STR Req.: 1; DEX Req.: 2/15; 14WU; 10 yds, 14GP)
Heater shield (5; STR Req.: 10; 400WU; 65GP)
Quilted silk (3; STR Req.: 6; 100WU; 50GP)
Portion of Boar (Meat)
Onion (Vegetable)
Pouch of 60GP

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 60** Your SPD and CON are magically swapped around! (5th: DEX and CON.) Go to 580.
- 61** What you've found is a *Flavouring*, a potentially useful ingredient for your meal but not appropriate to serve as a portion in itself. It's not officially a Vegetable and does not need to be stored in your satchel. Roll 2D6 to see what you've found. Then either bung it in your pack or ignore it, and return to your woodland path paragraph.

Roll	Find
2	Monstermoss
3	Knobbleweed
4	Golden nectar
5	Boogie nuts

Roll	Find
6	Black mushrooms
7	Horse chestnuts
8	Brown mushrooms
9	Tommen cherries

Roll	Find
10	Faraway seeds
11	Mistlefinger
12	Liche lichen

- 62** To follow the yellow stair down to the south, go to 29. To spend some time studying the intriguing pattern of the tiled floor, go to 158.
- 63** The owl proceeds with his versifying:

*This rarest of birds was handsome as well,
 With colourful plumage that made him look swell.
 He was famous again for his beautiful eyes,
 But what mattered most was just this –*

He breaks off and slowly tilts his head at you significantly. To stroll on to the north, go to 241. To follow the path southwest, go to 443. To answer the owl, roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, go to 226. If not, go to 463.

- 64** This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 3. Could be scrumptiouser. Return to 102.

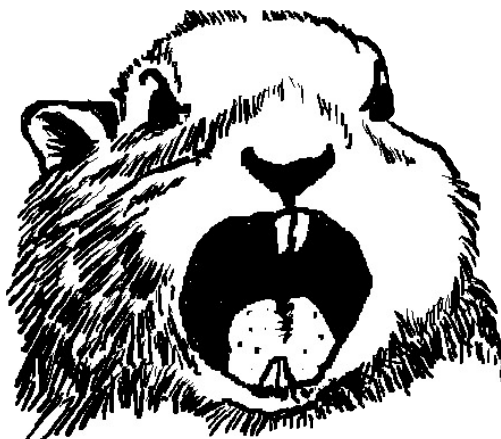


- 65** Ah. As Lester says, not quite the correct outcome. You now have the little hind legs of boar, ropey tail and all. Adjust your height and weight accordingly. Although you are now differently tall, these sweet hairy limbs are surprisingly fast: add 3 to DEX. (They don't call 'em trotters for nothing!) Whilst you might expect this odd modification to negatively affect your charisma, as it turns out people seem to find the look quite cute: add 2 to CHR.

Take AP equal to 5 times the number of turns you spent in the woods, plus 50 for the undeniably *formative* experience of being chopped in half and put back together. Then say farewell to Lester, stand up (not that anyone will notice) and trot away from the palace, and perhaps from the Kingdom of Stringwater – reflecting that it was half exciting, and half a boar...

~ The End ~

- 66** Roll an L3SR on DEX. If you fail, you mistimed your chance, butterfingers! Go to 550. If you make it, you just manage to get your fingertips onto the flailing horn. Go to 579.
- 67** Wahey! You now have a huge acorn. Good. Hmm. Well, it's big enough to count as a vegetable for the King's meal, so you can slide it into one of the obligingly accommodating compartments of the satchel: write down Giant Acorn. Make a note that if at any time you want to bury the acorn somewhere, you should record what paragraph you're at and then go to 414. Now, worn and scratched, make your way back to 245 and choose again.
- 68** You are pelted with nuts and acorns from all sides! News travels fast in the world of squirrels. If you fail an L1SR on LK, one hits you in the eye, costing you 1 point of CON! Proceed to 240, but if you wish to use a range attack your roll will be at L4, not L3, as the squirrels are wise to your atrocious behaviour!
- 69** This soft, moist cheese is especially tasty in a Sandwich, or a Pie, or Raw, or on a Pete's-a. For those dishes, add 30 to your DD score; for other dishes add 15. Now return to 79.
- 70** A rotund dwarf with a high tuft of spiky brown hair waddles up the path towards you. His white underthings are visible through the gaps in his too-small leather armour, which has the name *FRY DUNNYANS* stitched across it. An unnervingly large axe dangles lightly in his hand. He stops and looks you over. "Hmm," he says thoughtfully, his expression indecipherable behind his bushy brown beard.



If you want to attack this ill-mannered (and frankly rather smelly) dwarf, go to 604. Otherwise, roll an L2SR on CHR. If you make it, go to 333. If not, go to 183.

- 71** You cunningly flattered the King by using the national colours of Stringwater! Add 50 to your DD score and return to 437.

- 72** As the fawn's trill ends, he gasps from the impact of your attack and ducks behind the waterfall! You feel an odd tickle in your throat. "Come back and fight like a goat!" you call out – but your voice is very strange indeed! The fawn evidently thought you were a bully, and he seems to have enchanted you with the voice of an angry dog! Henceforth you will find that you can still make yourself understood, but your rough tones and growls and yaps are decidedly off-putting: deduct 3 from CHR.

Of course, by the time you have composed yourself following this setback, the fawn has somehow disappeared. Bah! Oh well, at least with him gone you're free to explore the grotto. Go to 40.

- 73** "Somewhere in these woods is an old tower where a mighty wizard was starved to death!" your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 74** Duke Al Orronj served pleasant pheasant, with overlapping layers of its carved grilled flesh forming the waves of a sea in a harbour whose hills were sculpted of mashed potatoes, with chopped rhubarb standing in for port buildings and turnip chunks for boats. With this splendid presentation, the meal scored 845½. Now return to 586.

- 75** Gastro Gnome tastes death! Add 60 AP. He lies before, bearing the following:

Great Axe (5+3; STR Req.: 20; DEX Req.: 10; 190WU; 2-handed; 110GP)

Lamellar – gnome-sized (9; STR Req.: 13; 120WU; 90GP)

Duck (Meat)

Beetroot (Vegetable)

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

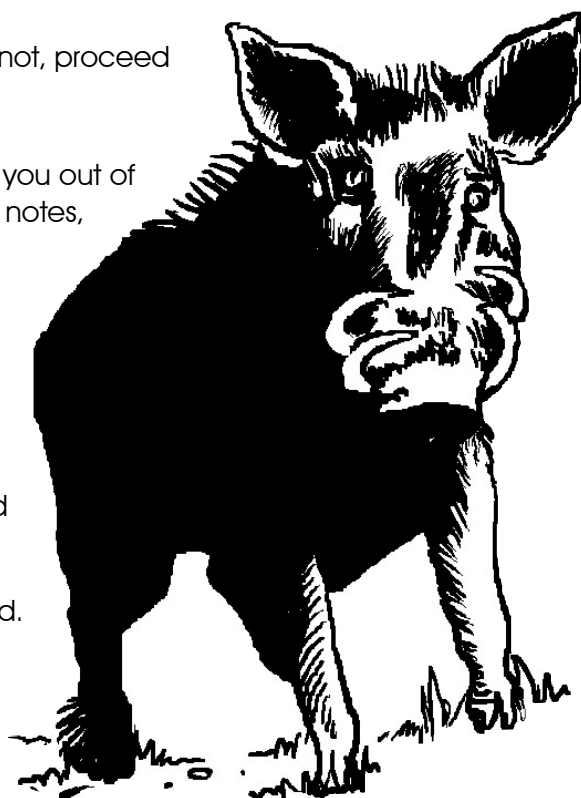
- 76** If your Vegetable was a *Giant Acorn*, go to 295. If not, proceed to 236.

- 77** A slaverling, raging, hairy black boar is charging at you out of the bracken! Criminy! If you have 'O' written in your notes, then go to 516. Otherwise, go to 643.

- 78** You are instantly killed by lethal death until you are dead. Do not go to 361. Do not pass Go. Close the book. Goodbye.

(Well, all right, if you have 'R' written in your notes then it's a slightly different matter, as you know. Add 5 AP for every turn you spent in the woods, plus 50 for the not quite once-in-a-lifetime experience of dying, and wake up where you were told you would. But your adventure is still over!)

❧ *The End* ❧



- 79** What of the *Flavourings* you added? Too much? Too exotic? Not enough, leaving the meal too bland? Find each of the *Flavourings* you used in the table below and visit the paragraph indicated.

Black mushrooms	190
Boogie nuts	442
Brown mushrooms	22
Faraway seeds	51
Ginja	398
Goat's cheese	69
Golden nectar	7
Green mushrooms	369
Holly berries	623
Honey	566
Horse chestnuts	375
Kingsfoot	91

Knobbleweed	633
Lemongrass	539
Liche lichen	552
Lover's Lace	635
Magpie's egg	489
Manduck	177
Mistlefinger	454
Monsternmoss	314
Olive oil	223
Olives	113
Owl's egg	321
Parchmoth	581

Pebble	231
Prunesqualor	39
Red mushrooms	27
Rook's egg	508
Rootroot	640
Sinnerman	248
Tommen cherries	594
Whatato	461
Whuffle	43
Witchhatty bugs	154
Wyrmeric	451
Zyx	45

And then of course there's the final presentation to think of, the decorative Garnish you added to the plate... Go to 437.

- 80** You stand beside a willow archway that leads out of the woods. Two paths diverge here, heading south and northwest. Dense, thick foliage above and around you makes this a dark and quiet place. To go east and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go gently downhill to the south, go to 549. To follow the dark path northwest, go to 488.
- 81** A roguish-looking rogue is holding forth to a group of hangers-on: "Curried hare, you know, you don't see enough of it. I knew this feller from the south, over the Azure Ocean somewhere, an' 'e said it's all they eat there! Mind you, 'e was crazy..." Return to 610.
- 82** You shake the rest of the old nest off the curious twig and examine its runes. It is the Birch CONduit. If you hold on to one end and press the other to another person's heart, you can transfer (temporary) CON points to that person at a rate of 2 per round (ie. 1 per minute). Naturally your own CON goes down as theirs goes up. Contact must be maintained throughout the transfer, so this is not something you can do in mid-combat... Now return to 466 to choose again.
- 83** A fish!! A salmon shoots out of the current just in front of the slab! You will need to roll an SR on DEX to catch the supple creature as it flashes by in the air – all the more difficult if the fish happens to leap at the limit of your reach. Roll 1D6. If the result is 1-2, make the SR at level 1; if it's 3-4, level 2; and if it's 5-6, level 3.

If you make the roll, the slippery fish is a-wrigglin' in your hands! Quickly bash its brains out on the stone and stuff the salmon into a (surprisingly accommodating) compartment of your satchel, before rising and moving on at 313.

If you fail the roll, the damned thing slips from your grasp and plops back into the water. Rats! Return to 479 to decide whether to try again, starting the LK rolls at level 5 again if you do.

- 84** As your finger wanders the labyrinth, the tingling sensation wriggles up your arm and into your head. At first it's quite stimulating, a mild dizziness, but it quickly becomes more intense, like a blinding headache bloating your skull. Your vision blacks out, and then, as the pain eases, clears to reveal a startling scene.



It seems as if you are looking *out* of the stone, in all directions at once! The woods are gone, and the stone stands on a gentle hillock on a green plain. In the distance the sun is rising over majestic mountains that cannot be anywhere near Stringwater. A dozen men surround the menhir, all squat and thick-set, with wild beards and ragged robes made from the furs of animals unknown to you. One man, staring up at the sky, has a gnarled staff raised over his head and is chanting madly in a tongue you don't recognise. The other men shout responses in unison, jabbing their staves into the earth. As the chanting man reaches a screaming climax, he lowers his staff and his gaze to the stone, and for a moment you know that he sees you, looking out at him. Reeling away from the scene, you black out again.

You awaken in a heap among the weeds, your head throbbing. Your finger still rests in a groove, and you discover with a shock that your whole hand is now made of stone! It's gray and rough, cold and solid; yet you can still flex it, albeit a little more slowly (you must deduct 1 point from DEX), and it seems it will be hard to injure (add 1 to CON and you now get 2 dice instead of 1 in a fist-fight). Later you will learn by experiment that if you lay your stone hand against a wall and concentrate for a couple of minutes, you can *feel* how thick the wall is.

ADD 2 TURNS. Your strange and mystical experience is over. Add 25 AP and return to 1 to make a different choice.

- 85** Your CHR and LK are magically swapped around! Go to 580.
- 86** Bloody Mary spills all over the ground. Add 45GP. On her person you find:

Sax (2+5, STR 7; DEX Req.: 10; 25WU; 30GP)
Sax (2+5, STR 7; DEX Req.: 10; 25WU; 30GP)
Quilted cotton (3; STR Req.: 6; 100WU; 50GP)
Turnip (Vegetable)
Pouch of 17GP

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

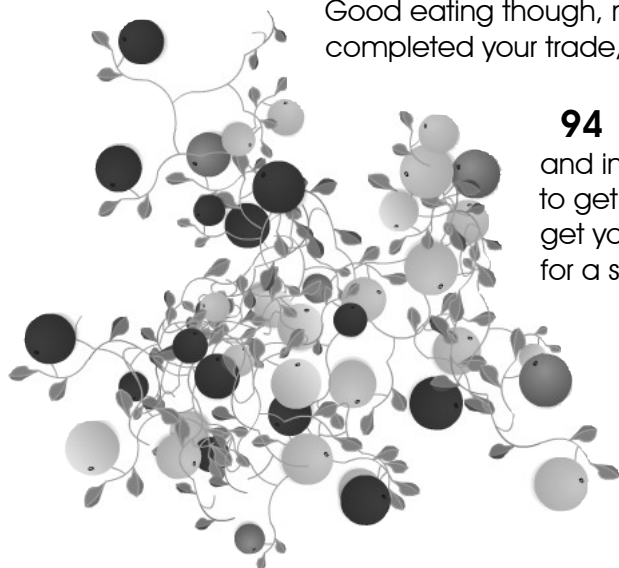
- 87** You fish out a jewel or jewelled item as you tread water and pass it over to the nymph. She examines it, angling it into the sunbeams. If it's worth 50GP or more, go to 337. If it's worth less, go to 568. (If you're unsure of its worth, use the *Treasure Generator* in the Rule Book.)
- 88** Following a little stream on the floor of the tunnel, you emerge into blessed daylight and step out from behind a waterfall! Go to 599.
- 89** The tree is like cast-iron, equally impervious to attacks both physical and magical. Your damage rebounds on yourself! If this leads to unconsciousness or death, go to 361. Otherwise, go to 583.
- 90** You look warily into the cave, allowing your eyes to adjust to the dimness. It seems that long ago part of the roof fell in, for sharp-edged rocks are piled randomly on the ground, from large boulders to small pebbles. You could easily lose your footing on these loose stones and suffer injury in a fall. (They are, after all, rock hard.) Or perhaps you might cause a disturbance that causes the rest of the roof to collapse... A source of illumination, such as a torch or a *Will-o-Wisp* spell, might help, as might a *Cateyes* spell.

There seems to be a dark cleft on the far side of the cave, to the north, but you can't see anything else of interest. To cross to the cleft, go to 270. If you prefer to leave the cave well alone, return to the path at 107 and choose again.

- 91** The distinctive bitter flavour of this bulb is well suited to put an edge on rich Meats, but overdominant with lesser fare. If your meal included Rat, Frog, Squirrel, Blackbird or Goat, add 5 to DD score. If not, add 20. Now return to 79.
- 92** A silver something tumbled to the ground and plopped into a patch of heather. Rooting it out, you find that it's a brooch in the shape of a fox, with sapphire eyes, worth about 30GP, and quite a natty way of fastening a cloak around one's neck.

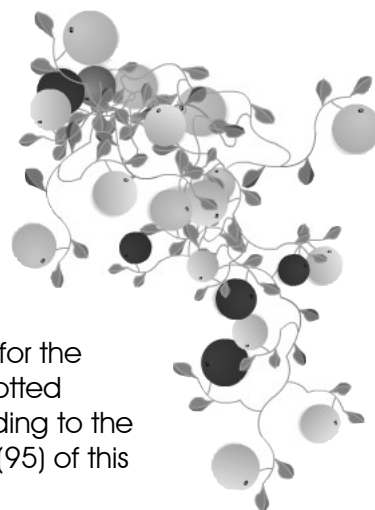
Accepting that you've gotten all you're going to get from the magpie's nest, you decide that it's time to choose a path. To take the gentle path downhill to the southwest, go to 262. To follow that path the other way, uphill to the northeast, go to 458. To take the steep uphill path to the east, go to 622.

93 "I heard there was a fearsome manticore in here somewhere. Good eating though, manticores," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.



94 Oops! Butterfeet! You slip with a yelp off the tree and into the barrelling current. As you flail around trying to get upright, the river sucks you downstream. You just get yourself oriented in time to see that you are heading for a set of stepping stones that cross the river. In the centre is a long, low slab that should be easy to climb out onto. Roll an L1SR on DEX. If you make it, go to 313. If not, go to 497.

- 95** You're on the eastern shore of the lake, just a little north of where it drains into the river. The island is northwest from here. The woods rise up hillsides on either side of the lake, and just here the trees come right down to the water's edge, so it is only when you are almost upon it that you notice the basilisk! But as your heart thumps madly, you realise that the 2-foot-high doom-lizard is made of stone. Surprisingly lifelike though... It's gazing due west over the water.



Perhaps it was a confluence of woodland enchantments that drew you here, and perhaps other living things might be here for the same reason. Roll an L2SR on WIZ. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (95) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	444	116	415	326	202	444	326	116	166	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To climb the steep path to the southeast, go to 458. To wander northeast along the bank of the lake, go to 320. To stroll downstream to the southwest, go to 11.

- 96** Up ahead the trees close in on a dark and silent place. Around you fine white threads trail between the branches and ahead they gather and thicken into shrouds cloaking the way. Nothing moves there: not a leaf rustles, not a bee buzzes. Whatever this white stuff is, if you go on you'll have to cut your way through. If you want to press on, go to 590. If you'd rather turn back, return to 427, rolling an SR again when you get there in case you spot something.

- 97** You're on the south riverbank, where it dissolves into beds of tall reeds. Across the river to the north you can see a sweep of yellow buttercups with more woodland beyond, whilst in the distance upstream to the southwest you can make out some rocks standing in the water – perhaps a crossing place? The river seems to flow out of the woods to the northeast, but there is no path through the marshy terrain that way.

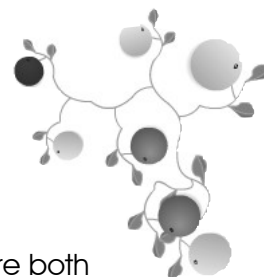
Around here seems a likely place to find things, if you can just figure out the most promising spot. Roll an L2SR on INT. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (97) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	41	283	166	116	202	136	444	415	41	283	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To climb the path to the south, go to 33. To wander upstream along the bank to the southwest, go to 156.

- 98** You're in combat with the hot-tempered dwarf! "Trifle with Rose Turcki, eh?" she growls, waving her falx-arr at you. "You'll regret it!"

Rose scores 5+2 with her weapon and has 24 Adds. Her CON is 19, her WIZ 14, and she bears a target shield that takes 4 hits (no warrior double-bonus, as she can't make best use of it while wielding her polearm). If you kill or incapacitate her, go to 222. If she leaves you unconscious or dead, note that her Penchant is 3 and go to 182. If you're both still standing after 6 rounds, Rose will break off with a grumpy "Bah!" and seek to walk away: if you let her, return to your woodland path paragraph; otherwise, block her way and continue the fight.



- 99** To ascend the tower, you have to climb up the ragged edge of a crumbling wall. The stones are loose and seem eager to fall, wobbling under your hands and feet as if with malicious glee; and as you rise higher, so the slope gets steeper... Roll an L2SR on DEX six times. The first time you fail, roll 1D6: this is the number of stones that suddenly slide and tumble away underfoot, clattering and thunking onto the pile far below. On the second fail, roll 2D6 for dislodged stones; on the third, 3D6; and so on. Keep track of the total number of fallen stones. If the total exceeds your LK at any point, go to 634.

If you're getting nervous and want to mince back down, feel free – but you must make the same number of rolls on the way down as you did on the way up... If that doesn't lead to the number of fallen stones exceeding your LK, you can return to 12 to make another choice.

If you reach the peak without incident, ADD 1 TURN and go to 316.

- 100** At this broad, open crossroads of paths, white roses grow all around, a lovely sight. If you would like to take some flowers to decorate your meal for the King, write down *White Roses (G20)*.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (100) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	166	415	116	13	565	116	13	166	415	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To take the long path down the hill to the northeast, go to 267. To stroll uphill to the west, go to 577. To follow the trail northeast towards a distant cacophony of bird calls, go to 466. To head downhill to the southeast, go to 217.

- 101** A steward in blue and yellow tabard escorts you to an arch of living willow not far behind the King's pavilion, through which a path leads north into the woods. However, you are required to wait for half an hour before you can enter, since the other contestants have farther to travel to their starting points. Sitting around and twiddling your thumbs, you see Lester the King's Wizard touching a flame to a brass cannon. There is an enormous BOOM! Woe betide anyone where that cannonball lands! But apparently this is the starting signal, and the steward bows, extending his hand towards the arch. You get up, take a deep breath, and set forth on your adventure. Follow the path between the trees to 542.

- 102** How did you do? There is much to consider as you anxiously stand in line behind the King, staring over his head at the excited crowds. First of all, how good were your main ingredients? Does the King prefer frogs to pheasants? Does Paddy d'Midriff favour carrots over turnips? For each Meat and Vegetable that you included, visit the paragraph indicated in the table below to find its *Scrumptiousness*.

Rhubarb	Tomato	Beetroot	Onion	Carrot	Potato	Turnip	Cabbage	Cucumber	Celery
388	225	343	498	284	421	157	64	252	560

Squirrel	Goat	Hare	Rat	Boar	Duck	Frog	Pheasant	Blackbird	Deer
261	208	3	384	307	616	360	502	484	118

If you included a *Meat* not listed above, visit 193.

If you included a *Vegetable* not listed above, visit 76. (*Flavourings* and *Garnish* are to be considered later.)

Then total up and record the *Scrumptiousness* of all the Meat and Vegetables you included.

After you've 'chewed over' your ingredients, you start reminiscing about the preparation itself... Go to 173.

- 103** "Huh. Pity," says Chris. "Say, I tell you what, friend, you come across any meat, you come find me, okay? I'll be in the woods all day. Or if you can't find me, pass the meat to any other contestant you come across, ask them to pass it on to me. You'll find it's worth your while, if you know what I mean, eh?" He beams at you, slaps you on the back, and strides off down the trail.

Worth your while, eh? Sounds like a tempting offer! You're half-resolved to do as he says; but as the moments pass, you gradually realise that he promised you nothing at all. Soon you can't begin to understand what was so appealing about the fellow's smooth patter. It's almost as if you were under an enchantment, ho ho!

Add 5 AP for the slightly humbling recognition of your own gullibility and return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 104** With a deep breath, you begin cutting into the mass. The threads are surprisingly tough and of course insufferably sticky. This is difficult work, and the deeper you cut, the more the mass wobbles ominously.

Roll an L1SR on DEX to cut without making too much disturbance. If you fail, go immediately to 269. If you make it, roll an L5SR on LK to see if you find something. (If earlier you cast an *Oh There It Is*, you have some idea of the lay of the land and can make the LK roll at L4.) If you make this roll, go to 417.

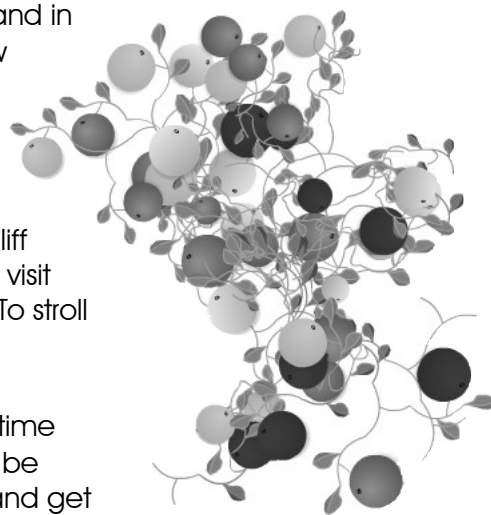
Otherwise, you may continue searching, repeating the two rolls each round; but each round the level of the DEX roll goes up by 1, while the level of the LK roll falls by 1. You can give up at the end of any round. If you do that, or if you are still here after 5 rounds (in which case ADD 1 TURN), go back to 590 and choose again.

- 105** Carefully you take a long stride to stretch to the plain stone – but your foot never reaches it! Just as you are about to touch down, the air shimmers blue and yellow, and when it clears you find that your step has taken you somewhere else entirely! Go to 340.

106 "I hear tell that there's a creature kept marooned on the island in the lake because it's so dangerous," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

107 You're on a woodland path. Just north of the path gray rock breaks through the grass of the slope, forming a little cliff that is itself broken by the mouth of a cave. ADD 1 TURN. To visit the cave, go to 90. To trudge uphill to the west, go to 563. To stroll downhill to the northeast, go to 217.

108 "Ah, excellent," says Lester. "And you still have quite a lot of time left," he adds, consulting a sundial on his wrist. "Meals must be ready by six o' clock. I suggest you go find your work area and get started. Good luck!" And with that, he is off to his next bit of business.



Subtract from 50 the number of turns you spent in the woods. Multiply the result by 5. This is your Dainty Dish (DD) score at present: the extra time you left yourself for preparing your meal will allow you to make a better job of it, checking everything thoroughly and presenting it well. Your DD score will build up as you go along. Now move on to the cooking tent at 610.

109 A hobb is wobbling along the path towards you. He has taken a safety-first approach to adventuring: armoured in the style of the island of Tinka, he is clad in a wide cylinder of thick shiny steel, from which only his arms and feet protrude. His eyes are just visible under the heavy disc that forms the lid. A toothed sword hangs from his right hand and a huge rectangular shield from his left. "Hullo," says the hobb, his voice rendered metallic and echoey by the drum around him. "I'm Harry Cottbeens. How d'you do? I may have something in here to trade, but don't even think of taking it by force. You'll not get in!" He sounds a little nervous, not to say out of breath: that armour must weigh a ton! (And in this heat, what must it *smell* like in there?)

If you'd like to discuss a trade, note that his Penchant is 1 and go to 644. If you want to attack the ludicrous little fellow, go to 10. If you have had enough of Harry Cottbeens, give him a friendly clang on the back with some suitably hard object and send him on his way, before returning to your woodland path paragraph.

110 *But what mattered most was just this* – Aha! You have a sudden brainwave! "His fat thighs!" you shout.

The owl opens his beak in silent horror and coughs up a pellet of bones. Without another word he flaps up to the topmost branches of the elm and hides in the foliage, and no amount of coaxing will bring him down again.

Oh well. Stupid bird! To stroll on to the north, go to 241. To follow the path southwest, go to 443.

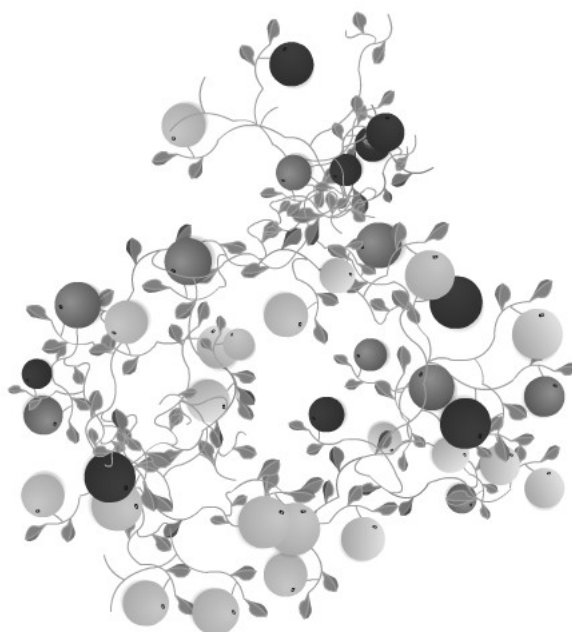
111 "I would never put a blackbird in my mouth," a frumpy woman declares. "You don't know where it's been." Return to 610.

- 112** A woodland trail crosses a babbling stream here, and somebody has discarded a snapped bow in the heather. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (112) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	166	136	41	116	415	116	41	166	136	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To follow the stream south down the hill, go to 599. To follow it upstream to the northeast, go to 251. To take the path southeast, go to 227. To stroll along the path to the northwest, go to 622.

- 113** These are sometimes an unwelcome addition, depending on the dish. Fortunately, the King likes them more than Paddy d'Midriff does: add 10 to your DD score, unless your meal was a Grill or Pete's-a, in which case add 30. Now return to 79.
- 114** You will need to succeed at an L4SR on STR to finally free the acorn. You may try 3 rolls per turn: after 3 attempts, ADD 1 TURN. If you succeed, go to 67. If instead this is proving too difficult or time-consuming for you, you can try hanging from the acorn at 199, or give up and anxiously pick your way down to choose again at 245.
- 115** "Watch out for the gorgon! It lives on the west side of the lake," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 116** A pheasant, just a few feet away! It spots you at the same moment that you spot it, and beats its wings in a panic, shooting into the air like a cannonball. To bring it down you'll have to either cast a combat spell (its MR is 8) or make an L3SR on SPD to snatch it out of the air. If you succeed, you can readily wring its neck; the dead bird will fit neatly into a free compartment of your satchel. If you fail the roll, the pheasant flies above the trees and off into the distance, to land at some safer paragraph far away. Now return to your woodland path paragraph.



- 117** You're down at the edge of a lake. Here by the eastern shore you can see the lake extend far to the north, although the woods soon peter out on the slopes in that direction and the shore, frilled with reeds, drops straight down into the water. This is as far north as you can go on the bank. Across to the west is the northern end of a wooded island, and between here and there a group of darling little cygnets are gliding in a line over the surface.



A little too late, you realise that one of the parent swans is in the reeds to your right. Taking exception to your presence, it now emerges, hissing and angrily beating its powerful wings at you. Your placating gestures are rebuffed: the bird means to attack you! Dangerous creature, too. Break your arm, a swan will. Have your eye out.

The swan is one of several that dwell on the lake, each with its own MR. To find this one's MR, roll 3D6 and add 30. At the *end* of any round of combat, you may choose to flee at 203. If the fight leaves you unconscious or dead, go to 361. If you defeat the swan, go to 378.

- 118** This Meat's Scrumptiousness is 20. Oh my, that should be wonderful! Return to 102.
- 119** "Harrumph," says Alf, curling his lip. "Lucky for you you weren't holding out on me, that's all. Well, I suppose you can go about your business then. If you find anything, mind you bring it straight to me!"
- If you'd like to attack the infuriating fellow, go to 574. Otherwise, let him trail off down the trail with his nose in the air and return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 120** "Erm, hallo?" you call out. The humming stops, and after a moment a little girl's face appears at the door of the treehouse. She smiles in delight and says, "Hallo! Have you come to play? Come up and see my house!"

Tentatively you climb the rope ladder and squeeze into the little den, where wooden toys are scattered and picture books lie open. The girl pours you a cup of imaginary tea while you get the measure of her. Her eyes are a startling shade of green that you seem never to have seen before, and chestnut curls dance around her face as she moves. She's barefoot, dressed in a simple brown shift that somehow seems more like wood than fabric. Beautiful as she is, it's clear that she is no ordinary child. Introducing herself as Syrix, she chatters away about animals she knows and her favourite places in the King's Woods, while you sit charmed, politely sipping at your empty cup.

Eventually you hand back the cup, thinking that you should be on your way. Syrix looks up at you with wide eyes and says, "Won't you stay and play with me?"

You sense that something very significant is being asked of you; but time is pressing. If you agree to stay, go to 254. If you sorrowfully decline, go to 558.

- 121** "Oho!" screeches a spritely brown-faced hobb, popping out from behind some shrubs. His clothes are green and curiously crinkly, so that he looks like a squashed lettuce with a chunk of bread on top. "Have at! Seizer Sallad at your service, but you can call me death!" The stocky little fellow charges you with a crazed grin, waving a hatchet in his left hand and a katar in his right. He seems to be serious! You'll have to fight him.

Seizer scores 2+4 for his katar, 2+3 for his hatchet, and 16 Adds. His CON is 30, his WIZ 7, and his cuirass protects him from 5x2 hits. If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 480. If you are left unconscious or dead, then Seizer seizes! Note that his Penchant is 0 and go to 182. On the other hand, if you are both going strong after 7 rounds, go to 338.

- 122** Frogs are the perfect Meat for this dish! Add 2 to Execution. Now return to 173.

- 123** Here the river heading south is just beginning to bend to the east. You stand on the eastern bank. Upstream is a stone bridge, downstream a fallen tree across the river, and partway up the slope on the far bank is a pretty fountain. Next to you are two poles supporting a crossbar, from which hangs a brass bell with a strap dangling from its clapper. The poles are painted with red and white stripes, and engraved on the bell in big letters is:

IN CASE OF FIRE

ADD 1 TURN. To take the northern path along the riverside towards the bridge, go to 186. To follow the southeastern path towards the fallen tree, go to 296. To grab the strap and ring the bell, go to 308. Or to start a fire in the grass and *then* ring the bell, go to 367.

- 124** Alas, you have failed to make a flame and by wasting time you have lost any chance of defending yourself! Go to 620.

- 125** "Mm," says the nymph as she pulls away, evidently a little surprised. "That was quite nice actually." With a grin, she ruffles your hair, which immediately turns a rich dark green, like her own. It's a cool look: add 1 to CHR and go to 507.

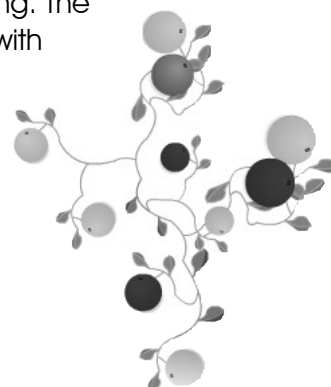
- 126** "Hallo! What are you doing, sat 'ere?" you enquire.

"I'm not a satyr, I'm a fawn!" he complains, a little hurt. You can see he's not entirely convinced of your good intentions. You need to win him over with reassuring body language, friendly expressions and gentle conversation! Roll an L2SR on CHR. If you fail, go to 407. If you make it, go to 9.

- 127** "Drink at the spring if you can, the water's marvellous," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 128** The ring is iron, flecked with silver, and is known as the Twice Metal Ring. The wearer's hair will, over the course of a month, turn black, peppered with grey, and remain that way. Any non-magical sword you use will score double, if wielded with the hand that wears the ring.

Sol nods a farewell and departs down a trail. Return to your woodland path paragraph.



129 You are heading into dark tunnels. If you do not have some form of illumination, or enhanced vision such as that provided by the *Cateyes* spell, you will be Groping throughout. Vague minimal light is provided by thin patches of some weird purple fungus that glows slightly (enough for *Cateyes* to work with), but this is in itself insufficient for easy travelling. When you are Groping, you must take extra care to avoid cracking your skull, stepping into a chasm, etc, so you will travel more slowly. Therefore, while Groping in the tunnels, you must *double* the number of turns you are told to add. Now return to the paragraph that sent you here.

130 Bright yellow tulips 2 feet high enfold the track along here, where three paths meet. If you would like to take some flowers to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Yellow Tulips* (G25).

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (130) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	166	136	521	392	415	116	13	136	392	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk slightly uphill to the east, go to 179. To stroll gently downhill to the southwest, go to 474. To follow the southeast trail uphill, at the end of which there seems to be a clearing, go to 12.

131 ADD 1 TURN. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, go to 304. If you fail, go to 527.

132 Donna Kib'ahb has crumbled on the grass! Add 55 AP. She has the following:

Forkspear (5+2; STR Req.: 14; DEX Req.: 12; 130WU; 2-handed; 110GP)
Sax (2+5; STR Req.: 7; DEX Req.: 10; 25WU; 30GP)
Robe (2; STR Req.: 6; 55WU; 45GP)
Pheasant (Meat)
Pouch of 20GP

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

133 The northern end of the fir tree bristles with dense branches still clinging to their needles. There is so much to hold on to for support that there is little chance of falling off; but so thickly packed and stiff are the branches that you can only push your way forward by main force. The clear trunk 'below' (south of) the branches over the middle of the river is at 191. The northern bank of the river is at 296. Roll an L2SR on STR. If you make the roll, you may push through the branches to your preferred paragraph, but if you fail the roll you must return defeated and needle-scratched to the location from which you set out.

134 You've heard tell of bee-keepers using smoke to pacify the critters. If you want to try that and have means of starting a fire, go to 253. If not, go to 412.

135 At the end of the faint trail is a quiet green clearing, shady under dense foliage, its lush grass still heavy with dew. There is a ring of mushrooms in the grass, about 2' across. The mushrooms are a rare pale green, a colour that almost glows, like sunlight through a leaf. ADD 1 TURN. If you would like to step into the ring, go to 163. If you would like to pick a handful of green mushrooms, go to 280. To walk back along the trail to the west, go to 165.

- 136** You have found something edible on the ground! Roll 2D6 and find the total on the table below to identify your Vegetable. Remember that each Vegetable that you carry needs its own compartment in your satchel. (You have found one whole 'portion' of the Vegetable, perhaps comprising several individual vegetables, enough for your meal.) Pick up your find or ignore it, then return to your woodland path paragraph.

Roll	Find	Roll	Find	Roll	Find
2	Tomato	6	Potato	10	Carrot
3	Beetroot	7	Go to 61.	11	Onion
4	Celery	8	Cabbage	12	Rhubarb
5	Cucumber	9	Turnip		

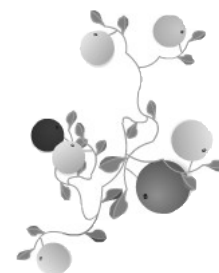
- 137** The sticky shrouds of goo really don't lend themselves to being pushed aside: they cling to you and stretch and snap as you go, causing the whole tangled filigree in the clearing to vibrate. What the consequence of this disturbance might be you don't know, but to avoid it you'll need to roll an L5SR on the *total* of LK and DEX. If you make it, go to 315. If not, go to 269.
- 138** As you bend to touch the nest, angry birds come screeching down at you! They peck and claw at your exposed skin, flying in for a quick attack and immediately flapping away again. This makes it very hard to mount a defence against them.

Roll 2D6 to see how many birds are attacking you. Then, each round, roll 2D6: if the result is less than or equal to the number of birds attacking, then the parliament (for such is a group of rooks called, no matter their mood) succeeds in removing 1 point of CON from you. At the end of each round a further 1D6 rooks *join* the fight. By way of defence, roll 1D6, plus 1D6 for every 15 points in the sum of your DEX and SPD. (5th: For every 10 points of DEX.) That's the number of birds that you manage to bat away and that don't come back. Work out the new total of birds attacking and proceed to the next round.

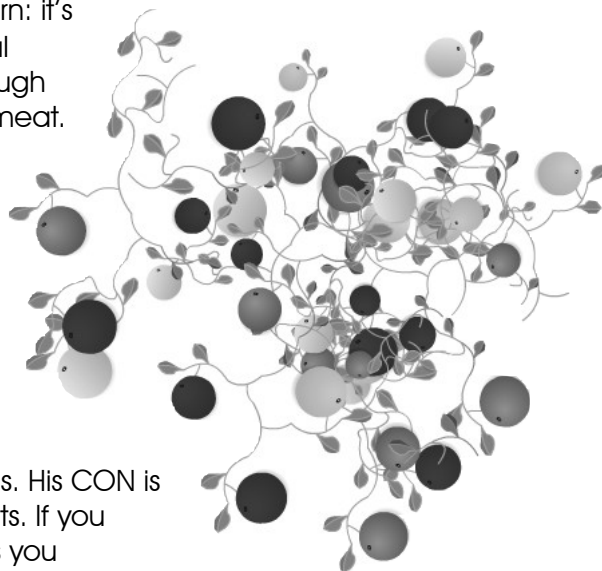
Go on until there are no more birds bothering you, or until you are unconscious or dead (in which case go to 361). You may then recover the egg: write down Rook's Egg. To investigate the second nest, go to 185. Otherwise, return to 466 to choose again.

- 139** "I've heard tell that a thief lived in tunnels under these woods," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 140** "So!" exclaims Tripe, stepping easily forward to meet your attack and gracefully sliding out two sabres with his crossed hands. He scores 3+4 for each of these in combat, plus 26 Adds. His CON is 17 and his WIZ 14. His quilted silk armour protects 3x2 hits. His heater shield, strapped to his arm, ordinarily provides 5x2 protection, but since he has chosen to fight with two weapons he can't make best use of it, so it counts only for 5, giving him a total of 11 hits protection.

If you incapacitate or kill Robert Tripe, go to 59. At any time after the first 3 rounds, Tripe will nobly allow you to retreat in humiliation to your woodland path paragraph, while he takes another path. If you are left unconscious or dead, go to 182.



- 141** The unicorn is dead! You may break off its horn: it's worth 150GP, though there is nothing magical about it without the unicorn's life running through it. You may also take a portion of its flesh as meat. If you want to take its pelt, ADD 3 TURNS for the time required to skin it. The fur can later be made into a snazzy white coat (at a tailoring cost of 30GP) that adds 3 to CHR while worn. Now return to 29 and choose again.



- 142** Gastro Gnome settles his feet apart, finds a good grip on his axe, and sets upon you! He scores 5+3 for his great-axe and has 36 Adds. His CON is 8, his WIZ 7, and his armour is good for 9x2 hits. If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 75. If he chops you unconscious or dead, note that his Penchant is 4 and go to 182.

If you're both still going after 3 rounds, Gastro pauses to say, "Now we can trade!" If you'd like to do so, note that his Penchant is 4 and go to 644. If you decline, the affronted gnome will not stop till one of you lies on the ground!

- 143** You're in a dark tunnel, with a trickle of water flowing between your feet. (Honestly, it's not *that* scary!) If you haven't already, write 'G' in your notes. ADD 1 TURN. To head south towards daylight, go to 88. To head north into the darkness, note this paragraph number, visit 129 and then go to 168.
- 144** You recognise one of the plants: the thin one with small green leaves is *thyme*. Return to 585 to make a choice.
- 145** Fortunately for you, you *suspected* that there was a bear around here somewhere, and so you have been extra *extra* careful! You freeze in horror while your foot is still an inch above the sleeping beast's nose. Gently withdrawing the offending limb, you assess the situation. You could, you think, creep out of here without waking Ursula: to do so, go to 198. On the other hand, you have the jump on the bear. If you want to attack it, go to 632, but allow yourself one free round of damage (spell or combat) against it for the element of surprise! If you want to cast *Know Your Foe*, go to 358.
- 146** You notice something odd, and can't help pointing it out. "I say," you tell her, squirming onto a stool in front of her, "you do realise that you're pulling wool off one end of your shawl to knit it onto the other, don't you?"

The old lady smiles at you beneficently. "Why bless you, how else would I stop it from wearing out?" You can't argue with the logic, what with there being none. "Still, I can tell you're a smart one, eh? So how about you spin that manticore wool there while I knit you a nice little Bobble-Hat of Prowess?"

This is a woolly hat that adds 5 to STR, though it can't be worn at the same time as a helmet. If you'd like to accept the bargain, go to 459. If not, she doesn't mind: you can drink your tea and then step out to 245 to choose again.

- 147** A tall, pale, skinny elf mooches up the path towards you. He has long unkempt hair and wears a knitted smock of bobbly orange wool, with long necklaces of nuts and acorns strung together and dangling to his knees. Strapped on his back is a large bowl, a soup tureen or somesuch. "Oh hey," he says, by way of greeting. "May the Soil Goddess bless your footprints! Aren't these woods *groovy*?"

You look around. "Er. Certainly some of the tree-trunks have a lot of grooves, yes."

"Oh man!" laughs the elf. "You're so *square*! I'm Len, Len Tilstue. Have you got, like, stuff to *trade*, dude? I don't dig *commerce*, man, money's such a *downer*, you know? But an exchange of *gifts*, yeah? Manifesting the love of the *Leaf Deity*, you grok?"

Er. Whatever. If you'd like to trade with this buffoon, note that his *Penchant* is 0 and go to 644. If you want to attack him, go to 324. If you decline his offer, he spreads the fingers of both hands in the air, lowers his head and whispers, "Peace, man," before loping off into the woods. Return to your woodland path paragraph.

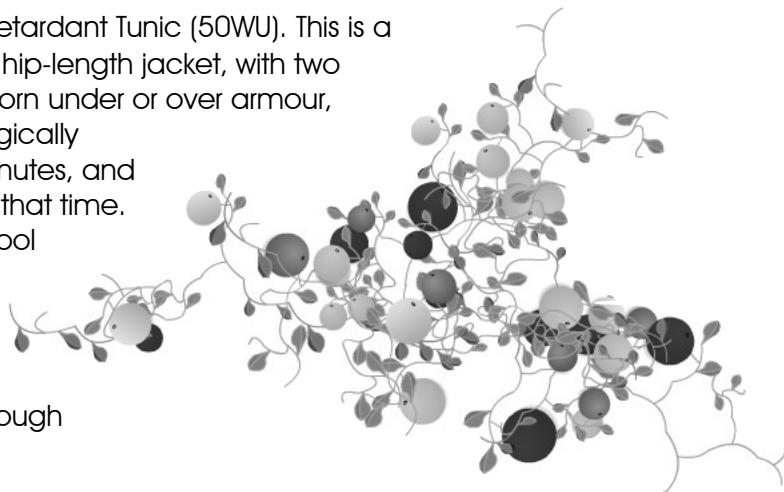
- 148** A steward in blue and yellow tabard invites you to sit in a little gig pulled by a pony. He climbs up beside you and with a "Giddy-up!" he sets forth. The pair of you drive for over a mile on a gravel path around the western side of the woods, rising for a while at first. Finally the steward pulls up at what feels like a remote part of the forest, where a path leads eastward through an arch of living willow. He tells you that you must wait a little longer for the starting signal. Soon afterwards, you hear a distant boom. "Good luck!" says the steward cheerfully. You step through the archway and follow the path to 563.

- 149** After an uncomfortable journey through the rugged narrow passage, you enter a larger space, a chamber in the rock. ADD 1 TURN. Fumbling about, you find a bedmat on the ground, and on the mat a skeleton. Eugh! There's a water jug (now empty) and a chamberpot (also empty, fortunately). A few clothes are heaped up but they have rotted to rags.

And there's a chest. It's locked. If you have 'Y' written in your notes, this is not a problem for you... Otherwise, you can use some suitably thin item to pick the lock slowly with an L3SR on DEX, or smash it repeatedly with a rock and an L3SR on STR. If you try either of those methods, ADD 1 TURN. If your roll fails, you can try again, ADDING 1 TURN each time. (If you are Groping this will of course take twice as long, and you must make the rolls at level 4.) Alternatively, you can cast a *Knock Knock* spell in no time.

If you get the chest open, go to 608. If you abandon the effort, move on. To squeeze to the west, go to 370. To squash your way to the east, go to 168.

- 150** You are awarded the Chef's Flame-Retardant Tunic (50WU). This is a double-breasted high-collared white hip-length jacket, with two columns of silver buttons. It can be worn under or over armour, according to taste. The wearer is magically protected from fire for the first two minutes, and nothing on or of you will ignite during that time. It takes two minutes for the Tunic to cool before its power can be relied upon again. This effectively makes you immune to flame spells, unless they are repeated on consecutive rounds, and you can scurry safely through a burning kitchen. Now return to 266.



- 151** The beast launches itself at you, its tombstone teeth gnashing before you and spraying spittle on your face. It swipes at you with paws big as flour sacks sporting claws as long as a thumb. With more fury than design, it shoots six-inch spines at you from its flailing tail. This is not a foe that gives quarter (though it might *take* a quarter!).

The manticore's MR is 100. In each round of combat you must roll an L2SR on LK. If you fail, you are struck by a hurled spine. Roll 2D6. If the result is more than your effective armour total, or if it is double-one (snake-eyes!), then the spine finds exposed flesh. Deduct 1 from CON for the wound; but of more concern is the venom, which takes effect at the end of the next combat round, sluggishly clogging your veins and halving your SPD (5th: DEX) for the next hour (6 turns). Adjust your present Combat Adds accordingly. The effect is not cumulative, but you must still roll for spine impact in subsequent rounds because those one-CON wounds might prove vital...

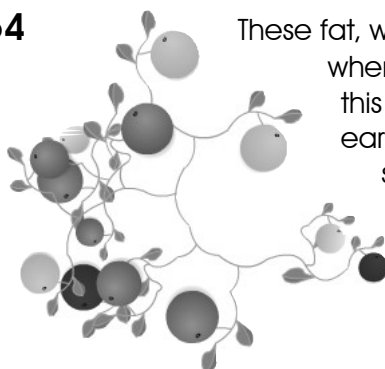
If you end up unconscious or dead, go to 347. If you vanquish this mighty foe, you may hack off a ham for your meal for the King, slipping it into a free compartment of your satchel. From the remaining spines you may squeeze out 3 doses of Manticore Venom, effect as described above, into some appropriate vessel, such as an alchemist's potion bottle. The head might make a fine trophy, but nobody would want that hideous face on their wall. If you want to prise out the beast's steely claws, ADD 1 TURN; they can be turned into bagh nakh (spiked knuckledusters) scoring 1 + 3 for each hand. Finally, you could skin the manticore: its purple fur could later be turned into a fine cape, tunic or trousers, a garment that, though not magical, would add 1 to CHR with its beautiful sheen and impressive provenance. If you choose to skin the beast, ADD 2 TURNS. Now return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 152** "You can keep your squirrel sandwich, friend," an elf tells her companion. "The best thing I ever tasted was baked salmon. I know what you're thinking, dry and spoilt. Well, it has to be just right, I grant you, timed to perfection to be warm and moist. But if it *is*, oh my!" Return to 610.

- 153** A fellow rushes out of the trees at you! Thick-skulled and broad-shouldered, he tapers down to dainty boots like a joint of meat stood on end. Muscle and bone seem almost ready to burst open his tight skin as he waves his mighty sword wildly around his head. "Prepare for Ham Shank!" he cries, and wastes no time in attacking you!

Ham's huge Bonesplitter sword scores 7 + 3, in addition to his 18 Adds. His CON is 14 and his WIZ 8. He wears Leather armour for 5x2 hits. He roars madly and will not let up! If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 423. If you are left unconscious or dead, note that Ham's Penchant is 4 and go to 182. If you are both standing after 10 rounds, the toll of swinging the Bonesplitter exhausts Ham, and with a furious growl he will stalk off down a trail while you return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 154** These fat, wriggly, conical bugs generally survive through cooking and only die when one's teeth crunch through their crispy carapace. In Stringwater, this is regarded as a 'fun' food, helping to turn over the meal much as earthworms do with soil, sometimes even continuing their work after swallowing, so aiding digestion. Add 20 to your DD score. Now return to 79.



- 155** The King first announces third place, and then second place – and it's your name he calls out! Excited to be placed at all, you step forward to the crowd's cheers and accept from King Wilf the coveted chef's hat, whose stitching bears the arms of Stringwater with a silver crown. Wearing this, you will be given a meal, an ale and a room for the night for free at any inn in the Kingdom, and it adds 3 to CHR. You are also presented with the Chef's Cruel Carver, an enchanted carving knife (3+3; STR Req.: 8; DEX Req.: 5; 40WU; 1-handed). Although on the face of it this is not particularly damaging when used as a weapon, its blade is so sharp that it severs armour like butter: non-magical armour and shields afford your opponents no protection.

After first place is announced, when the cheering is at its peak, you are gently guided to the edge of the dais. Go to 457.

- 156** You're on the south bank of a river, where it runs busily east, bending to the northeast. Upstream to the west you can see a fallen tree lying across the river, but the riverbank between here and there is impassable, dense with high nettles and thistles. South, trees crowd the upward slope, though there is a path up by the side of a scree of blue stones. Another path runs northeast along the riverside to reed banks. On the other side of the river the ground rises again to form another tree-covered hill.

Crossing the river here is a strange set of stepping stones. There are four stones arranged in a square, then a long slab in the middle of the flow, then another square of four. They are uncomfortably far apart, but manageable. In each square, the two stones to the west are plain, whilst the two to the east are each carved with a face, peering skyward. The one nearest the riverbank is the face of a woman with snakes for hair, and the next one seems to be a gnome, complete with little conical hat. The other two, beyond the central slab, are too far away to make out. At the edge of the water you stand on a slab of stone, a launching point that bears a chiselled inscription:

*You surely will not place your feet
On the face of who you wish to meet?*

ADD 1 TURN. To step onto the plain stone to the west, go to 271. To step onto the stone carved with the snake-woman's face, go to 357. To take the steep path up the hillside to the south, go to 363. To go northeast along the river, go to 97.

- 157** This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 4. Middling scrumptious. Return to 102.

- 158** The subtly-curved tiles contrive to suggest both triangles and squares in their complex arrangement. You spend a few minutes squatting and tracing their fascinating lines with your fingers. For every 10 minutes you spend this way, ADD 1 TURN and roll an L4SR on the total of LK and INT. If you succeed in the roll, go to 575. If instead you eventually abandon the exercise, take the yellow steps down to 29.

- 159** You put the creepy hickory tree behind you. To walk west, go to 453. To take the slightly downward trail to the northeast, go to 542.

- 160** The hare is 20 feet away. There's not a chance of your approaching without it bolting away, but you could target it with a range attack. To use a missile weapon you'll need an L4SR on DEX, or you could cast a spell. The hare's MR is 10. If your attack fails or leaves the hare with an MR of more than 2, it shoots off into the undergrowth and is gone. Otherwise it is unconscious or dead, and you can pick it up and pop it into a free compartment of your satchel. Now return to your woodland path paragraph.

161 Alf Alpha has been mown to the ground! Add 32 AP. On his body you find:

Trident (4+3; STR Req.: 10; DEX Req.: 10; 75WU; 1-handed; 60GP)

Pouch of 66SP

Coin of Wise Dreaming (Silver coin, can be used once each day. If you go to sleep for an hour with a question in your mind and this coin in your mouth, you will wake up knowing the answer. The question must be simple in nature - "Where is the key to the chest?", not "How do I achieve world peace without bloodshed?")

You may take one item from this list before proceeding to 520.

162 Here where a downward path meets the one crossing the slope there is a slender birch tree overlooking the river to the west. The bark is a dark grey, cold to the touch. High in its branches is a big untidy nest, twigs pointing all ways. As you gaze at it, noting the sun glinting off one or two shiny objects, a magpie emerges from the top and flies off into the woods. Hmm! What might a magpie pick up in an enchanted wood like this, visited by adventurers like yourself?

Alas, the nest is high among the newest, thinnest branches of the tree, which would not bear your weight even if you could climb that far. But perhaps if you hit the nest with a stone or an arrow, you might knock something loose. Or, if you're feeling macho, you could try shaking the tree and see what drops out.

ADD 1 TURN. If you want to try a range attack on the nest, go to 50. If you want to try shaking the birch tree, go to 424. If you want to chop the tree down, go to 275. To take the gentle path downhill to the southwest, go to 262. To follow that path the other way, uphill to the northeast, go to 458. To take the steep uphill path to the east, go to 622.

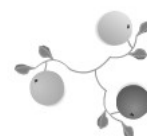
163 Roll an L1SR on INT. If you fail, proceed to 397. If you make it, go to 570.

164 Smiling in what you hope is a winning way, you pucker up for a kiss. The nymph rolls her eyes, muttering "Another cheapskate," and then glides forward and meets your lips with hers. Roll an L2SR on CHR. If you make it, go to 125. If not, go to 294.

165 An 'X' is chalked on the trunk of a tall aspen at the head of one of the three paths that meet here, in this quiet and seemingly little-visited part of the woods. Roll an L3SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (165) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	136	136	415	13	77	166	13	136	136	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To wander southeast and gently uphill, go to 340. To stroll northwest and gently downhill, go to 477. To follow the faint overgrown path past the chalked tree to the east, go to 135.



- 166** A group of blackbirds are pecking at the ground nearby. They seem unconcerned by your presence, but then they probably think they're at a safe distance. Your best chance to grab a few might be to simply dive at them and trap them under your body! To do so, roll an SR on LK and see what level you achieve. If you make the roll at L1, you capture 1D6 blackbirds; at L2, 2D6; and at L3 or above, 3D6. (If you fail altogether, the whole lot of them flutter up into the branches and are gone.) The birds, fortunately, are all alive, if a bit squashed. A compartment of your satchel, it appears, will hold up to two dozen blackbirds, contentedly chirping away. Stuff 'em in and return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 167** Jerry Yoggirt served up a classic roast duck, glazed with honey and surrounded by beautifully prepared vegetables. The meal scored 876½. Now return to 586.
- 168** After a long but uneventful walk through the dark tunnel, you reach a junction and something metallic clangs against your foot. Seems to be a rusted lantern, smashed and empty of oil. So far as you can tell, there's a passage going roughly northwest that continues to the south, and a branch going west. ADD 1 TURN. To head northwest, go to 513. To fumble south, go to 143. To struggle west, go to 149.
- 169** You tumble out of the oak tree to the grass far below! Roll 3D6 damage. You may count your armour (but not shield) at half effectiveness. If you make an L1 SR on LK, you may deduct 3 from the damage for landing in a handy patch of soft heather. If the fall leads to unconsciousness or death, go to 361. Otherwise, pick up your abused body and return to 245 to choose again. (You can take another stab at climbing if you're a glutton for punishment.)
- 170** "They do say there's leaping salmon in the river, you know. Good eating," your rival tells you. Write down 'S' in your notes. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 171** You've already seen that the little critter can move fast, so you'll need to act quick! Roll an L1 SR on SPD. If you fail, go to 407. If you make it, go to 344.
- 172** The water sends a shiver through your body. Hereafter no spider can sense your presence, which puts you at the front of the line when you and a team of dungeon delvers find a chamber full of cobwebs... (A spider would notice the disturbance you caused to its web, but would be unable to find you when it got there.) In combat with spiders you are effectively invisible and may double your score. Write down 'P' in your notes. Return to 593 and choose a path: no further magical effects will ensue from drinking the fountain's water.
- 173** The King and his Confectioner continue to talk quietly to each other while the conversation among the crowd gently grows towards a hubbub. But you are staring up at the evening sky, where a few stars are now visible, and thinking back over the cooking of your meal. Did you chop that finely enough? Did you sprinkle too much of this or not enough of that? Find your meal on the table below and visit the appropriate paragraph to assess your *Execution*.

Raw	Sandwich	Baked	Stew	Curry	Deep-fried	Pete's-a	Spit-roast	Grill	Pie
205	18	487	221	495	287	426	548	589	364

Now multiply your *Execution* by the total *Scrumptiousness* of your ingredients. Add the result to your DD score. You're still concerned about the Flavourings, though: go to 79.

174 You throw yourself into the mass of shrouds, hoping to hide or at least give the spider pause. But you are immediately stuck in the clingy stuff, and writhing only makes things worse! You have done half the creature's job for it – it only needs to seal up the gap in front of you to preserve you as a food supply. But it seems to regard your thrashing about as a nuisance: it looks like it means to finish you off! As its jaws move in on you, you flail your limbs and weapons with what little freedom of movement you have... Go to 620.

175 An unusually slim hobb approaches, sword at his side, in white trews and tunic of quilted cotton, topped off with a shiny steel cap. "Good day to you," he says. "I'm Sammy Skimdmylec."

"A very good day to you too," you reply chirpily.

"Oh, not a very good day, I hope," he says worriedly. "All things in moderation, you know. Hmm, well, I suppose we might engage in a little trade. A *little* one, mind you, nothing too much."

If you would like to see what's on offer, note that Sammy's Penchant is 1 and go to 644. If you want to fight him, go to 464. If you decline the offer, return to your woodland path paragraph while he walks away, not too slow and not too fast...

176 The owl fluffs himself up and begins:

*What's fair can be foul. Be wary, bold stranger.
What lives on the isle is delicious danger!*

He seems to be just warming up. Go to 286.

177 This lumpy root must be crushed and pressed to extract a few drops of its intensely flavoured essence. There's a knack to this: roll an SR on DEX and work out what level you achieved. This is the number of drops you extracted for your meal. Each drop adds 10 to your DD score. Now return to 79.

178 You watch in dismay as the last of the woods go past on either side! The river has carried you right out of the King's Wood. Soon it widens and calms, and you are able to clamber out beside a little stone bridge in a dip. Go to 244.

179 There is a dead bat on the ground. Charming. This is a dark and dank part of the forest with heavy wet undergrowth and damp soil. Three paths meet here, one leading to a distant willow archway out of the woods.

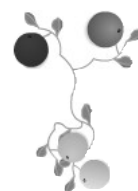
Perhaps it was a confluence of woodland enchantments that drew you here, and perhaps other living things might be here for the same reason. Roll an L2SR on WIZ. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (179) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	415	116	166	521	136	13	136	392	166	116	415

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go east and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go gently downhill to the west, go to 130. To follow the dark path south, go to 515.

180 Rat is surprisingly tasty done this way! For each Rat you may add 1 to Execution. Return to 287.

181 You have the opportunity to fire or throw a weapon once, or to cast a spell. At this range you must make an L2SR on DEX to hit. Whether or not you succeed, you alert the creature to your presence. Work out what damage, if any, you have scored and deduct it from its MR of 120. Then go to 288.



182 Your rival is going to pilfer an item from your helpless body! Find your rival's Pendant on the table below and read across to see what s/he will take, which will be the first item you encounter that corresponds to something in your possession. In this table, the phrase "Anything else" does *not* include ordinary clothes, pack and footwear, nor your official satchel.

For instance, if your rival's Pendant is 3, then his or her first preference will be for a blade; if you have no blade, then meat; failing *that*, armour (suit of, if available); and so on. If you have more than one item in the relevant category (for example, two blades, a falchion and a poniard), choose between them randomly.

Pendant	First preference → → → → → → → → → → → → → → → → Last preference
0	Vegetable → Magic item → Armour → Meat → All gold → Anything else
1	Magic item → Vegetable → Meat → All gold → Shield → Anything else
2	Jewel(led item) → Blade → Meat → All gold → Vegetable → Anything else
3	Blade → Meat → Armour → Jewel(led item) → All gold → Anything else
4	Meat → Range weapon → Shield → All gold → Vegetable → Anything else

When you have removed the stolen item from your character sheet, proceed to 361.

183 "No," says the dwarf, after some reflection. "I can't say I like the look of you. Put up!" And with that he readies his axe and advances on you! Go to 604.

184 As per plan, you rupture the hive, pull out a glob of honey and gunk and race away, bagging the stuff as you go. Naturally you are attacked by a trailing swarm of outraged insects. Cover your face as you may, the damn things get inside your protections and sting you like crazy.

Roll a D6 for the resulting damage to CON (armour won't help), and then roll an L3SR on SPD. If you don't make it, the bees are still with you: roll D6 for damage again, and then an L2SR on SPD. If you still haven't made it, they're still at it, so roll D6 for damage and this time an L1SR on SPD. If you fail that, take one more D6 of damage, and then at last you're clear of them – albeit you're in agony all over!

If all this leads to unconsciousness or death, go to 361. If not, write down Honey, ADD 2 TURNS while you lie in the undergrowth recovering from the worst of the pain, and then carry on back up the path to 217.

185 The second nest is empty and uninteresting, except to architects who work in twigs. Roll an L2SR on INT. If you make it, go to 282. Otherwise, return to 466 and choose again.

186 A quaint little stone bridge arches over the river here. You're on the eastern bank. Looking south, you see the river bend to the east, and there's some kind of bell on a stand at the bend. On the far side of the river down that way you can see a fountain a little way up the hillside. Looking north, you see the lake from which the river flows, with a pretty wooded island in it. East and west the woods rise up slopes away from the river.

ADD 1 TURN. To cross the bridge, go to 374. To stroll south along the riverside, go to 123. To walk north towards the lake, go to 11. To climb the hill on the southeastern path, go to 262.

187 You are awarded the Chef's Spice Rack. This wooden rack weighs 20WU and comes in its own little satchel. It has two 'shelves', each bearing 4 small jars. Each jar contains a different spice in powdered form. They are: HorSTRadish, CONnamon, CorianDEX, SPearmint, JasmlNT, WIZabi, EucalLUCKtus and CHRives. Consuming a pinch of a spice adds 1D6 to the indicated Attribute for 6 turns. However, to take effect the spices must be snorted up the nose, a deeply unpleasant experience that makes you gasp, sneeze and weep: on each occasion, deduct one from CON, and another one if you roll odd on a die. The Spice Rack can be used indefinitely, so small is each pinch, but you can only tolerate three snorts in a ten-minute turn and can't do anything else (such as fight) during the two memorable minutes following a sniff. Now return to 266.

188 There's a little shingle beach along the riverbank here, where three paths meet. You stop to toss a pebble or two into the water. The river runs northeast here and you are on the northern bank. On either side of the river the woods rise up the hillsides.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (188) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	283	166	116	202	41	444	415	136	283	116

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk downstream to the northeast towards a swathe of buttercups, go to 23. To stroll gently upstream to the southwest, where there seem to be some stepping stones, go to 237. To follow the trail north up into the woods, go to 535.

189 ADD 2 TURNS. You clamber around the island, but although you find many pretty little spots and have fun climbing over the rocks and fighting through the plants, you don't happen upon anything unusual. However, as you are returning to the southern tip of the island – roll an L3SR on LK. If you make it, go to 569. If not, go to 359.

190 These mushrooms have a gentle, pungent taste. Their inclusion in your meal adds 15 to your DD score. However, the flavour oozes forth and suffuses the surrounding food if the mushrooms are heated slowly and steadily, and so for a Baked meal they add 25 to DD score. Now return to 79.

191 You're halfway along the tree, over the middle of the fast-rushing river. South of this point the trunk is narrow and bare, whereas the northern half of the tree is dense with bushy branches. If you have 'S' written in your notes, go first to 332. To struggle north, go to 133. To tiptoe south, go to 406.

- 192** Against your better judgement, you agree to let the witch 'do a curse'. Happy as a skylark, she snaps a few letter-tiles off their threads around her hat and rattles them together in her cupped hands right under your nose. "Blow on 'em!" she insists. You comply warily, and she rattles the tiles some more and then casts them on the ground. She stares at them, pointing and giggling: "Oh, good one! Ain't that funny?"

Meanwhile you feel a funny tingle in your fingers and toes. The curse has shifted your muscle memory! Henceforth, any attempt to write with your hands will just result in clumsy scribble. You can now write with an elegant copperplate 'handwriting', but to do so you must clutch the quill with the toes of your right foot!

"Hey, can I do another?" the witch pleads. "Can I, can I?" To let her curse you a second time, go to 605. To collect your reward and leave, remember that you have accepted one curse and go to 534.

- 193** If you used *Bear Meat*, go to 48. If not, proceed to 300.

- 194** Though the shore of a lake is only yards away, here the woods are dense, dark and wild. The trail is merely a thinning in the undergrowth, and you have come face to face with a gorgon! Her face is contorted with malice, her mouth and eyes wide with fury, her raised hands curled into tense claws. Dozens of serpents are knotted in convolutions around her head, straining forward with fangs bared.

Lucky for you, then, that she is made of stone. Almost petrified, you lean back against a tree, gasping for breath and listening to the deafening hammering of your heart. You wonder what sick joker placed this (remarkably lifelike) statue *here*, in among the weeds at the end of a dark trail, gazing west over the lake. Nutcase!

Roll an L1SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (194) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	415	116	202	444	326	326	444	444	136	166	116

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To push through the undergrowth northeast along the shore, go to 267. Or you could ease yourself into the lake from here, under the gorgon's stony gaze, to swim across to the eastern shore or over to the island just to the north: to take a dip, go to 395.

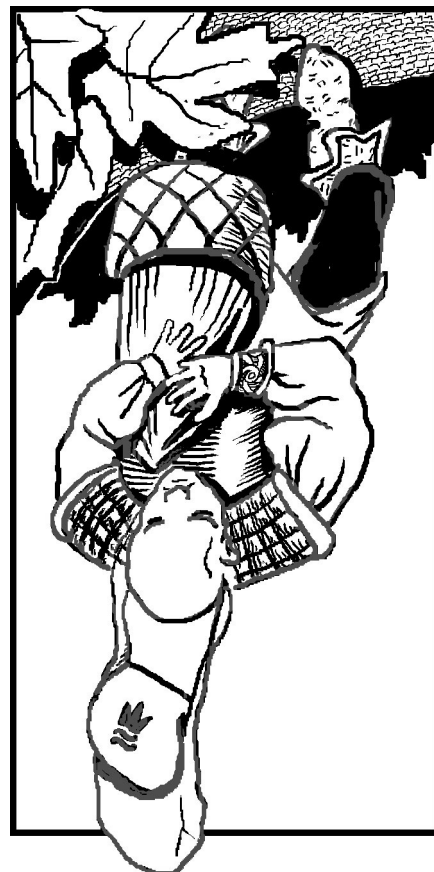
- 195** Birds are particularly suited to this form of preparation. Add 2 to Execution. Now return to 173.
- 196** Up ahead the trees close in on a dark and silent place. Around you fine white threads trail between the branches and ahead they gather and thicken into shrouds cloaking the way. Nothing moves there: not a leaf rustles, not a bee buzzes. Whatever this white stuff is, if you go on you'll have to cut your way through. If you want to press on, go to 590. If you'd rather turn back, return to 529, rolling an SR again when you get there in case you spot something.
- 197** Your WIZ and STR are magically swapped around! (5th: INT and STR.) Go to 580.

198 Phew! You're safe! You can exit the cave through the dark cleft to the north at 310, or out into daylight through the cave mouth at 107.

199 Perhaps unwisely, you lower yourself off the branch and hang beneath the acorn. Add together your own weight and that of your equipment. For each 100lbs (= 1,000WU), you may deduct 1 from the level of the STR saving roll. For instance, if you and your kit weigh 230lbs, you may reduce the SR from L4 to L2. You may need to swing your legs up and press them against the underside of the bough for leverage...

Again, you may try 3 rolls per turn: after 3 attempts, ADD 1 TURN. If you succeed, go to 299. If instead this is *still* proving too difficult or time-consuming for you, you can give up, swing carefully back up onto the branch and anxiously pick your way down to choose again at 245.

200 A woman in a thick, sandy-coloured robe approaches, carrying a 7-foot forkspear. Open at the front, her robe reveals brown trousers and tunic, and the sartorial flourish of a waistcoat patterned in red and green. She peers at you calmly and stops in front of you. "Good day," she says. "Donna Kib'ahb, pleased to meet you. In my experience, a well-mannered person is happy to listen to an offer of trade."



Are you that person? If you want to hear her offer, note that her Penchant is 4 and go to 644. If you decline, or attack, go to 410.

201 "A fellow stepped inside a mushroom ring in these woods and didn't come out for a hundred years!" your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

202 Ducks! A bunch of ducks are standing around near the water. Roll 1D6 and add 2 to see how many. If you want to run in among them to grab one, go to 553. If you want to use a range weapon or cast a spell at one, go to 54.

203 To go southwest along the shore of the lake, go to 320. To climb the steep hillside southeast into the woods, go to 474.

204 A fish!! A salmon shoots out of the current just downstream of the bridge! You will need to roll an SR on DEX to catch the supple creature as it flashes by in the air – all the more difficult if the fish happens to leap at the limit of your reach. Roll 1D6. If the result is 1-2, make the SR at level 1; if it's 3-4, level 2; and if it's 5-6, level 3.

If you make the roll, the slippery fish is a-wrigglin' in your hands! Quickly bash its brains out on the parapet and stuff the salmon into a (surprisingly accommodating) compartment of your satchel, before rising and choosing a route at 374.

If you fail the roll, the damned thing slips from your grasp and plops back into the water. Rats! Return to 249 to decide whether to try again, starting the LK rolls at level 5 again if you do.

- 205** Your chosen dish required a total of 6 saving rolls: 2 x L1SR on DEX, 2 x L1SR on INT and 2 x L1SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in 2 DEX rolls, 1 INT roll and 1 LK roll, your Execution will be 4. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 50 to your DD score. Now return to 173.
- 206** You warble away at *The Ballad of the Weeping Princess*, a 34-verse tear-jerker in which everyone dies. The fawn is in tears by the end. "Oh, that's terribly sad!" he moans. "It's terribly sad!" He dabs at his eyes and sighs. "D'you know, when I'm feeling sad," he confides, "I go for a nap in the tunnel. It's nice and quiet in there, once you move back from the waterfall."

Oh! A tunnel behind the waterfall, eh? Another path to follow... Bearing that in mind, write down 'G' in your notes and return to 9 to continue your singing, or to move on.

- 207** There are the remains of an old campfire here, and some fish bones scattered in the dirt. You're on the west bank of the river, where it begins to bend from flowing south to flowing east. Not far north is a stone bridge, whilst downstream a fallen tree crosses the river. Across the river is the end of a hill, on which the woods rise from close to the water's edge.

Roll an L1SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (207) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	166	415	444	202	116	202	415	136	444	202

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To take the uphill path to the south, towards a fountain on a little terrace, go to 593. To stroll north towards the bridge, go to 277.

- 208** This Meat's Scrumptiousness is 10. Good eating! Return to 102.
- 209** Cazzarak, the demon possessing the tree is impressed with your prowess! It transfers itself into your weapon as a new home, there to feed on death! From now on, every time you kill a humanoid with this weapon, its *dice* will increase by 1. However, your CHR will decrease by 1 at the same time, eventually reaching 0 and going negative as you yourself gradually take on the appearance of blasted, split, burnt wood. The weapon wants to be used: if you want *not* to use it in any given combat, you must make an L2SR on CHR to resist its pull. If the Cazzarak weapon leaves your possession, you will lose 1 CON per hour until you get it back. Now move on at 159.

- 210** "Finely chopped," Asparogus Tipps gasps, and then he is still. Add 40 AP. Upon him are:

Pilum (5; STR Req.: 12; DEX Req.: 8; 100WU; 1-handed; 40GP)

Pilum (5; STR Req.: 12; DEX Req.: 8; 100WU; 1-handed; 40GP)

Green coat – elf-sized (2; STR Req.: 5; 50WU; 80GP)

Celery (Vegetable)

The Fine Green Hat (18" tall, adds 2 to CHR and compels wearer to include "fine" in every sentence)

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 211** You climb a long way up the shaft. At the top you shove open a trapdoor above you, cunningly fitted into a tiled floor. Write 'Z' in your notes and go to 441.
- 212** A huge salmon leaps out of the river in front of you! Rearing back to avoid being hit in the face, you are winded as the thing collides with your chest. If only so as not to be swatted, you wrap your arms around the fish – and gradually realise that you have made a good catch! Breaking your streak of cack-handedness, you manage to cling on to the flopping, fidgeting delicacy, and in due course you can slither it into a free compartment of your satchel (though if your satchel's full you'll have to jettison something else first). Drift on to 178.
- 213** Three paths meet in a quiet spot, where a ground nest lies with broken brown eggshells in it. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (213) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	521	415	13	392	116	392	13	136	521	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To stroll south and downwards, go to 418. To take the southwestern path downhill, go to 588. To go north along the crest of the hill, go to 12.

- 214** "Now, a sandwich, if you ask me, is a meal in itself if it has a tomato on it," declares a leprechaun fellow, licking his lips. "Or beetroot! Or cucumber!" Return to 610.
- 215** A broad, strong cedar tree stands at a bend in the path. Hanging from it is a rope ladder, and looking up you see a pretty little treehouse 15 feet above the ground, gaily painted in blue and yellow. A girl's voice is quietly humming a tune up there, you now notice. ADD 1 TURN. If you want to call attention to yourself, go to 120. Otherwise, go to 327.
- 216** You can swim to the eastern shore at 320, to the western shore at 267, or to the nearest part of the island, its southern tip, at 29.
- 217** You reach a pretty, secluded crossroads, beside which is a broad patch of large daisies, white-petalled and, unusually, pink in the middle. If you would like to take some flowers to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Daisies* (G15).

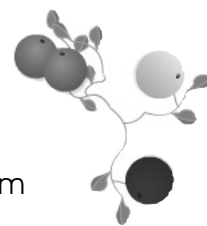
Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (217) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	136	166	415	116	13	565	116	136	415	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To take the uphill path to the northwest, go to 100. To stroll uphill to the southwest, go to 107. To follow the trail southeast down along the slope, go to 277. To head downhill to the east on a less travelled path, go to 350.

- 218** Your Meat's Scrumptiousness is 30. No Meat in the world could taste better! Now return to 102.

219 It's impressive how quickly the fire spreads from your spark: the threads of web strung in every direction carry the flames outwards and upwards in seconds. The great mass of cobweb in the centre of the clearing becomes for a short time a blazing inferno. The lumpy nodules burst and pop in the heat, releasing dozens, hundreds of young spiders in a variety of sizes. They fall to the ground and begin wriggling and crawling, some of them towards you; but they are all alight already, and they curl and shrivel as you watch.



Meanwhile the leaves on the ground, the bracken, the limbs of the surrounding trees, all take flame in moments, while the webs extending out of the clearing carry the fire farther. The giant spider itself cannot evade the flames and its huge hairy body is soon a fireball. Even as it lowers its head and gnashes its unholy mouth at you, you can see flames inside the orifice. With a devilish scream, the thing lurches away, pushing trees over as it goes and setting light to everything around it.

Alone now in the clearing, you find that the web quickly burns away. Alas, the trees continue to burn, and as the foliage crisps to ash you can see outward to the north, down the hillside, where the rampaging spider, blazing like a beacon, leaves a trail of fire in its wake. Animals roar and squeal and tear away, and birds rise out of the trees in panic like smoke. In the heat and sunlight of summer, the woods are only too ready to take flame, and in just a few minutes whole swathes of the King's own forest are burning furiously to the ground; nor does there seem any way of stopping the spread before the entire woodland is reduced to black smoking ash.

You suspect that this outcome may adversely affect your chance of winning the contest. With a furtive glance around and a tuneless whistle, you shuffle quietly out of the woods, shuffle out of the Royal Park, and continue shuffling towards the borders of the Kingdom. Behind you a giant smoke column rises from the forest and spreads out in the high air, like the dying spirit of a vast oak tree, or a huge toadstool cloud. Soot falls softly over the entire Kingdom for days afterwards, so that when you look back your countenance is transformed to a pallor of silt...

Take 5 AP for every turn you were in the woods, plus 50 AP for the undeniably significant experience of burning them all down and ruining the King's birthday. I hope you're proud of yourself. Since the woods are destroyed, if you want to play again you'll have to throw this solo away and buy another copy.

~ The End ~

220 A steward in blue and yellow tabard escorts you on a walk of about half a mile to the east, passing through an unfortunate boggy patch. You reach an arch of living willow through which a path leads westward into the woods. The steward waits with you for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which you hear an impressive boom, from off towards the tents. The steward nods once, bows, and extends his hand towards the archway. You step through – and are immediately met with your first choice. Go to 293.

221 Your chosen dish required a total of 4 saving rolls: 2 x L2SR on DEX, 1 x L2SR on INT and 1 x L2SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in 2 DEX rolls and 1 LK roll, your Execution will be 6. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 80 to your DD score. If your Stew included Goat, go to 303. If it included 3 or more Vegetables, go to 572. When you're done, return to 173.

222 You have carved up Rose Turcki! Add 48 AP. Searching through her stuff, you find:

Falx-arr (5+2; STR Req.: 14; DEX Req.: 16; 180WU; 2-handed; 80GP)

Target shield (4; STR Req.: 10; 300WU; 35GP)

Portion of Goat (Meat)

Band of Might and Fury (a bronze wristband that adds 5 to STR but makes the wearer angry all the time, deducting 2 from CHR)

You may take one item from this list before proceeding to 520.

223 This much-prized oil enhances all preparations, but particularly graces a salad (Raw) or a Deep-fried meal. For those dishes, add 25 to your DD score; for others, add 10. Now return to 79.

224 It finally dawns on you that the unicorn is *never* going to calm down! You are hanging onto a maddened beast that would sooner tear itself apart than consent to be ridden. Reaching for a weapon is impossible while you're desperately clinging to this demonic pony, nor could you concentrate to cast a spell. You can see only two ways to end this: either allow the beast to throw you, choosing your moment so that you can clutch at a branch and break your fall; or, partly to steer the unicorn and partly just to see what happens, make a wild grab for its horn! If you want to jump for a branch, go to 21. If you want to grab the horn, go to 66.

225 This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 9. Much prized hereabouts! Return to 102.

226 *But what mattered most was just this* – "He was wise," you conclude, in a tone of calculated admiration. The owl hoots and spins his head around a few times, then preens his feathers happily. Write down 'XX' in your notes and go to 448.

227 Where the path bends there stands a squat old olive tree. Curiously, the tree has a face, about 2 feet off the ground, and it is mumbling away to itself. You offer a greeting, but the tree barely glances at you, merely inserting a perfunctory "G'day, squire," into its grumbling monologue. It seems to be complaining about other trees and the state of the world today, but you'd have to sit close and pay attention for some time to find out if it has anything interesting to say. ADD 1 TURN. If you want to sit and listen, go to 42. If you want to pick a few olives as a Flavouring for your meal, write down Olives (duh!). Otherwise, stroll downhill and east to 535, or northwest along the brow of the hill to 112.

228 You stalk warily around the burnt tree. There seems to be an air of malevolence about it, almost as if it is watching you with scorn; but it's probably just your imagination. In fact, to prove to yourself that it's just a dead tree, you have a hankering to strike the thing with your weapon and hack chunks out of its black bark. The more you think about it, the better the idea seems.

If you want to act on this urge, go to 291. If instead you want to resist the impulse, go to 58.

229 "You should never stew anything," says a wealthy-looking gent in a frock-coat to his lady. "It destroys the flavours." Return to 610.

- 230** The angriest, maddest, ruddiest dwarf you've ever seen comes roaring out of the undergrowth! He's whirling an enormous wide sword that curves at the end and splits into two tips. It looks more than anything like a giant cheeseknife! He's dressing in lacquered cuirboille armour that is shiny and red and tailored to his almost spherical body. "Fall to the sword of Red Lester!" he yells as he attacks you. (If he's at all related to Lester the King's Wizard, it must be a very distant part of the family...)

Red Lester scores 6+4 for his strange sword, plus 35 Adds. His armour provides 7x2 hits of protection. His CON is 20 and his WIZ 9. If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 472. If you end up unconscious or dead, note that his Penchant is 2 and go to 182. If you're both conscious after 5 rounds, Red Lester shouts a dismissive "Ah!" and charges off among the trees in search of more satisfying opponents, roaring and waving his sword all the time... Return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 231** Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, the pebble is passed over as an unfathomable piece of culinary whimsy and moved to the side of the plate. If you fail, the King breaks a tooth on it: deduct 200 from your DD score! Now return to 79.

- 232** You're going fine across the water when suddenly a water nymph pops up in front of you with her arms folded, blocking your way. There's a pale green cast to her translucent skin and her eyes are dark green like the water – as is her hair. Her wafting veils are disconcertingly revealing. "And who said you could cross my lake?" she demands. "Don't you *ask permission* where you come from? Didn't your mother teach you any manners?"

"Erm," you flounder, floundering. "I didn't know, erm..."

"Didn't know?" she repeats. "Ha! Whoever heard of a lake without a nymph? Mm?" She sighs. "Well, since you *have* jumped in *without asking*, you'll just have to pay a toll now. I will accept," – she ticks off the options on her fingers – "a kiss, a lock of hair or a jewel. I'm supposed to accept first-born children too, but I can't *stand* kids. Had my way, I'd drown the lot of 'em."



You're in no position to attack or evade the lady, so you'd better choose. To offer her a kiss, go to 164. To offer a lock of your hair, go to 607. To offer a jewel, if you have one, go to 87.

- 233** "I do hear," an elf woman confides to her fellow, "that the King can't abide pheasant unless it's in a sandwich." Return to 610.

- 234** The old lady smiles at you beneficently as you squirm onto a stool in front of her. She reaches out and squeezes your upper arm. "Ooh, you're a strong one!" she says. "No problem there. Perhaps you'd like a little more going on upstairs though, eh? So how about you spin that manticore wool there while I knit you a nice little Bobble-Hat of Wisdom?"

This is a woolly hat that adds 5 to INT, though it can't be worn at the same time as a helmet. If you'd like to accept the bargain, go to 459. If not, she doesn't mind: you can drink your tea and then step out to 245 to choose again.

- 235** Chris P Baykan lies sizzling in the sun. Add 40 AP. On him you find:

Broadsword (3+4; STR Req.: 15; DEX Req.: 10; 120WU; 1-handed; 140GP)

Crinkly stiff leather (6; STR Req.: 8; 80WU; 60GP)

Portion of Boar (Meat)

Pouch of 70GP

You may take one item from this list before proceeding to 520.

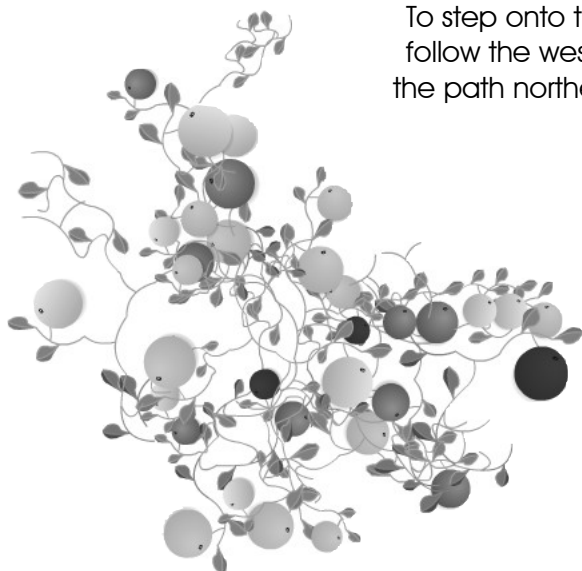
- 236** If your Vegetable was an *Imperial Brainsprout*, go to 504. If not, proceed to 25.

- 237** You've reached the north bank of the river where it runs east, bending to the northeast. To the north the woods rise up a hillside, and across the river to the south they rise up too. A scree of blue stones litters the slope on that side. Northeast of here the river seems to flow out of the woods altogether, whilst upstream to the west it passes under a fallen tree and bends north, out of sight around the hill.

A large slab of wet stone on the riverbank leads on to a strange set of stepping stones. There are four stones in a square, then a long slab in the middle of the river, then another square of four. In the nearer square the two eastern stones are carved into faces, the first being that of an owl and the second a witch with a pointy hat. The other two stones are plain. In the farther square, the pattern is repeated, but the faces are too far away to make out. Chiselled into the slab at the riverside is an inscription:

*If you seek to look me in the face,
Tread not there but in some other place.*

ADD 1 TURN. To step onto the stone carved like an owl, go to 419. To step onto the plain stone pairing it to the west, go to 271. To follow the western path along the riverbank, go to 501. To follow the path northeast, downstream along the riverside, go to 188.



- 238** TIME'S UP!! 50 turns have passed and it's 5 o' clock! Whatever you were doing, you suddenly see the air around you begin to shimmer, rippling with bands of blue and yellow, until you can see nothing but the wavering colours. When the air clears again, you are no longer in the King's Wood! Instead, you and a handful of other contestants are grouped before Lester the King's Wizard, who now relaxes after his teleportation spells. Looking around, you find that you are in the Royal Park, between the King's pavilion and the large cooking area covered by a canopy. Crowds have gathered and there is a little round of applause for Lester's spell and your arrival.

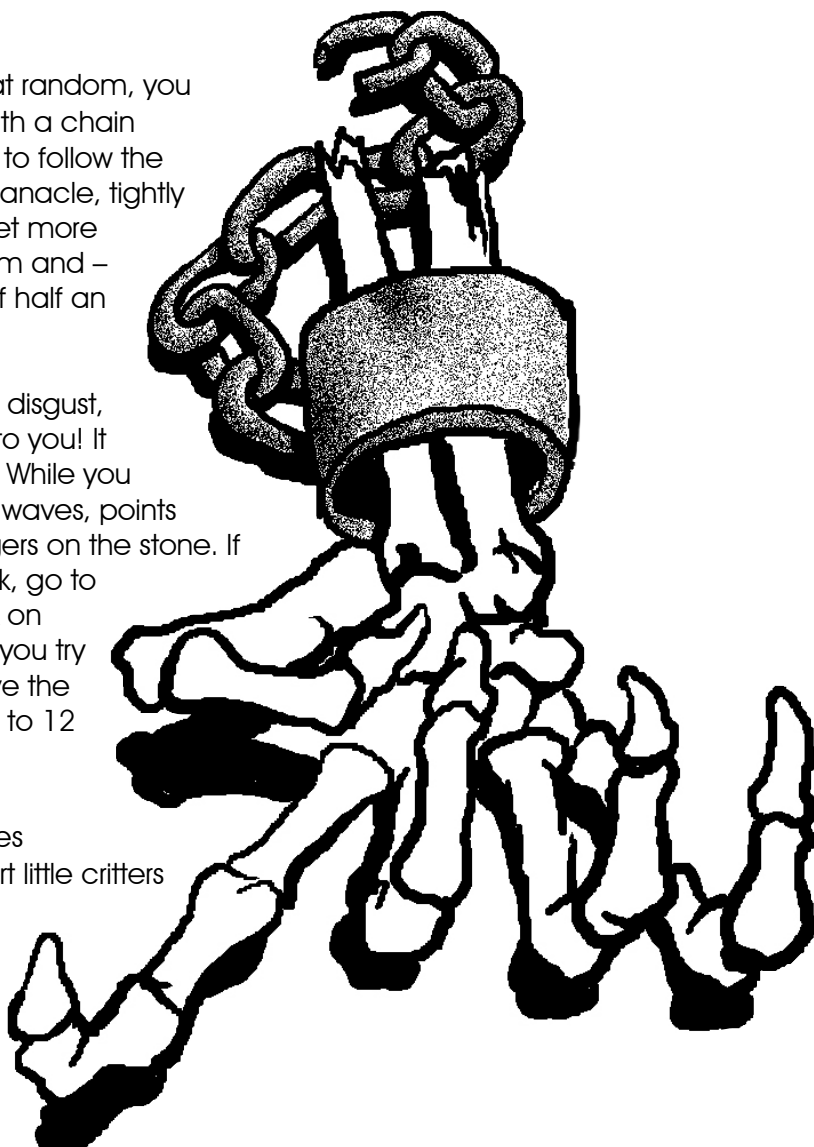
"Welcome back," says Lester. "I hope you've had a good day. Those of you who do not have at least one meat and at least two kinds of vegetable, I'm afraid you will be unable to participate further. The rest of you, please make your way to the cooking tent and begin preparing your meal. You have one hour."

If you don't have the required ingredients, go to 309. If you do, set off to the cooking tent and get cooking! You will build up a Dainty Dish (DD) score as you go along: this begins at zero. Go to 610.

- 239** Tossing aside a few cobblestones at random, you uncover a broken section of wall with a chain attached to it. Shifting more stones to follow the chain, you find at the end of it a manacle, tightly enclosing a skeletal wrist! Moving yet more stones reveals the hand, the forearm and – nothing more. Just the dry bones of half an arm.

You're about to discard the thing in disgust, when suddenly the hand beckons to you! It points significantly at the manacle. While you stare at it in shock for a moment, it waves, points again at the cuff and drums its fingers on the stone. If you cast a *Knock Knock* on the lock, go to 624. If you attempt to pick the lock on the manacle, go to 571. If instead you try to break it open, go to 481. To leave the creepy, filthy thing well alone return to 12 and choose again.

- 240** There are several squirrels in the trees around you, but they are highly alert little critters and there's no way you can get close to them. If you want to use a range weapon against one of them, you'll need to make an L3SR on DEX. Alternatively you could cast a spell. A squirrel's MR is 8, but as soon as you hit one of them, the rest instantly scatter off into the woods. If you kill one, write down 'Q' in your notes and place it into a compartment of your satchel, which you reckon will hold up to 3 dead squirrels. Now return to your woodland path paragraph.



- 241** The boughs of the trees here are draped with heavy curtains of hanging moss, making for a dark junction of three paths where every sound is muffled. Perhaps it was a confluence of woodland enchantments that drew you here, and perhaps other living things might be here for the same reason. Roll an L2SR on WIZ. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (241) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	415	116	166	136	41	77	41	136	166	415	116

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk downhill to the northeast, go to 33. To stroll gently downhill to the west, go to 363. To follow the trail south, go to 354.

- 242** A tall, distinguished-looking middle-aged fellow strides confidently up the path toward you. He's in white quilted silk sewn in an irregular honeycomb pattern, and bears a heater shield painted to match. You notice that, unusually, he wears a sword on each hip. "Good day to you," he says courteously. "I am Robert Tripe. I hope you have had good hunting? I wonder if you would be interested in making a trade?"

If you would like to trade with Tripe, note that his Penchant is 3 and go to 644. If you politely decline, pass on and return to your woodland path paragraph. If you fancy your chances, you can attack Robert Tripe at 140.

- 243** You realise that the deer can't sense your approach, thanks to that handy fountain water. Since it is standing placidly, if you wish you can simply walk over and slaughter the animal with one well-placed cut (or one mighty blow, if you're not using a blade). Then you can slice off a goodly hunk of venison and slip it into a free compartment of your satchel. Wipe your fingers and return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 244** You step under the willow arch, but rather than taking the next step out into the sunshine, you find instead that you are frozen in place! The air around you shimmers with waves of blue and yellow, and when it clears you find yourself standing in the Royal Park, between the King's pavilion and the cooking area under its canvas canopy. There are more people hanging around now, chatting and pointing, the beginnings of the evening's crowds.

Lester the King's Wizard is nearby, apparently giving instructions to some kitchen boys: "...two of those, two of the dead ones as well, and forty powdered kittens. Go easy on the jellyfish. Off you go now." The boys scatter and Lester turns and spots you. "Ah! Jolly good. I trust you've had a good time? Do you have some meat and at least two kinds of vegetables?"

If you don't, go to 309. If you do, go to 108.

- 245** The path brings you to a clearing under the most enormous oak tree you have ever seen. Its knobby trunk is wide as a road and its canopy of leaves could shelter a small village. Acorns the size of ostrich eggs hang at the height of a ship's yard-arm from branches thick as barrels. As you walk around open-mouthed, gazing upward, you glance sideways and see a little green door in the trunk, just 4 feet high. It bears a brass knocker in the form of a smiling gnomish face, and you can lift the nose to knock.

ADD 1 TURN. To knock on the door, go to 353. To climb the tree in hope of harvesting an acorn, go to 334. To chop down or attack the tree, go to 35. To follow the path southwest, go to 535. To take the fainter trail northwest, go to 251.

- 246** While you worked, the crowds have formed an aisle leading to the pavilion. A steward now arrives and helps you place your precious meal on a silver serving tray, over which he places a silver dome. You join the procession with the other contestants, each of you preceded by your own steward carrying his cloched tray. The crowds cheer and whistle as you pass. Lanterns have been strung along the way and on all sides people are enjoying themselves and pushing forward to the King's pavilion.



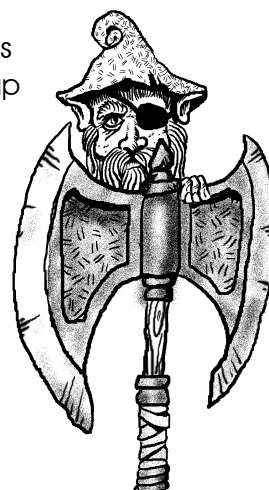
A dais has been set up at the front of the pavilion and chefs, stewards and dishes all line up before it. Lester stands at one side and calls for silence; then trumpeters issue a cheery fanfare as first Paddy d'Midriff, the King's Own (red-nosed and tubby) Confectioner, emerges onto the dais in his white tunic and hat, and then, to an enormous cheer, King Wilf himself! The King is a short, middle-aged fellow with a bushy moustache and a modest, slightly skew-whiff crown. His robe is blue, trimmed with yellow fur. He nods happily to his adoring subjects, lifts his robe daintily, and seats himself at the tasting table, which is fronted by a banner bearing the arms of Stringwater. Paddy d'Midriff sits at the King's right hand, while a trio of pale, perspiring tasters sit at a separate table.

As the ceremony proceeds, each chef is led up onto the dais to bow before the King. The steward first lifts the cloche so that the anxious tasters can take a bite, and when they don't keel over in agony clutching their throats, the full meal is placed before the King for first dibs, after which Paddy gets a turn. Then, following a polite approving nod from King Wilf, the chef is led to the back of the dais to line up and await the judging.

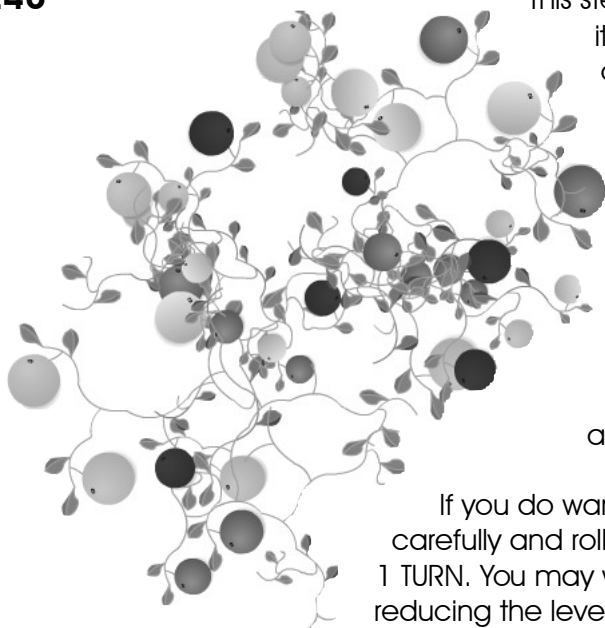
Roll 2D6. If you roll 5, you are placed first in line, so that your meal arrives while the King's appetite is at its sharpest: add 50 to your DD score. If you roll 9, you are last in line, so that even though the King is full and his palate jaded, there is a sense of occasion and completion attached to your dish: add 50 to your DD score. Now stand and wait at 102.

- 247** A gnome comes around a bend, the ferns around him taller than he is. He's dressed in lamellar armour and has a stern look about him. He walks right up and stares up at you, letting you take a good look at the great-axe resting on his shoulder. "Hm," he says. "Good day to you. I am Gastro. I may have something to offer in trade, but I would test your mettle first. I won't parley with someone whose courage I can't respect. Will you take a turn?"

If you'd like to accept his challenge and fight, go to 142. Otherwise, decline (respectfully, if you've any sense) and return to your woodland path paragraph.



248



This stem best releases its flavour when soaked in fluid, be it a Stew, the sauce of a Curry, the glaze poured over a Spit-roast or the juices in a Pie. For those dishes it adds 30 to your DD score. For other dishes, its sweet flavour is subdued and adds only 10. Return to 79.

249 It occurs to you that standing here on the bridge, you might have a chance to catch one of those leaping salmon that go up the river – but it would need patience, luck and agility.

If you don't fancy your chances, go back to 374 and choose a route.

If you do want to try, lean over the parapet, watch the river carefully and roll an L5SR on LK. If you make it, go to 204. If not, ADD 1 TURN. You may wait as long as you like, with one SR per turn, reducing the level of the LK SR by 1 each time. If at any point you prefer not to waste any more time on this fishy mission, sigh and return to 374 to choose a route.

250

You are awarded the Chef's Hot Sauce. This is a small bottle (5WU), square in cross-section, containing a red sauce that glows with its own fierce light. Even bottled, the sauce provides meagre illumination and a comforting warmth on cold nights. Gulping down one searingly hot mouthful of this volcanic concoction confers 600 Attribute-point-turns, to be arranged how you choose. For instance, you could add 600 points to 1 attribute for 1 turn (10 minutes), or 100 to each of 3 attributes for 2 turns, or 50 to 2 attributes for 6 turns (an hour). You can choose any combination in which the total Attribute-increase multiplied by the duration in turns equals 600. The bottle contains 5 mouthfuls. Now return to 266.

251

A woodland trail crosses a babbling stream here. A broken antler is embedded in a tree trunk – a handy coat-hook – and hanging from it is a tuft of purple fur. – Did you just spot something in the corner of your eye, as you studied that antler? Roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (251) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	415	166	415	521	41	116	41	136	166	136	521

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To follow the stream southwest down the hill, go to 112. To follow it upstream to the northeast, go to 382. To take the path southeast, go to 245. To stroll along the path to the northwest, go to 418.

252

This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 2. Barely scrumptious at all! Return to 102.

253

You gather materials for a little fire. If you then cast a forbidden flame spell, such as *Call Flame* or *Blasting Power*, go to 543. If you light it by other means, such as a tinder-box, matches or some relevant magical item, go to 613.

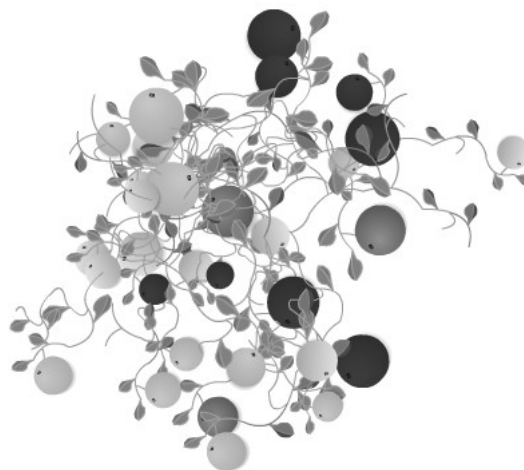
- 254** You decide to jump in with both feet. "Of course I'll stay," you tell Syrix, smiling. The little girl is thrilled. One by one she begins showing you her toys, and soon the two of you are sprawled on the floor, sharing imaginary adventures with tunnels and dragons and trolls and dungeons. A painted soldier puppet becomes an ogre, and a doll's rocking horse a unicorn ("like the one in the lake," says Syrix, mysteriously).

As time passes, you wonder why you thought the treehouse was so small. The games go on endlessly, yet the pair of you are never bored, and though you see the leaves fall from the trees outside and snow heap on the branches, the sunlight never ceases to stream through the little windows. Buds burst into blossom that floats away as new leaves uncurl. Summers pass, and winters, and still the two of you laugh and play in the quiet treehouse, out of harm's way and away from the troubles of the world.

There comes a time when you become aware of a third presence. You look up to see a radiantly beautiful woman sitting close to Syrix and stroking her hair. She shares the chestnut hair and deep green eyes of the girl you guess is her daughter, but there is also about her a soft glow, as of sunlight glancing off pale wood. "Come, little one," she says at length. "Time to let your playmate go." Then she turns to you. "For your kind companionship you will be rewarded," she says. "The years you have given shall be returned to you at need, and I and my sisters will be honoured to count you our friend."

Years? Sisters? As you slowly return to yourself from this dreamlike time, you discover that you are younger! Deduct 1D6 years from your age and ADD THAT MANY TURNS. If you are killed, your body and possessions will fade away and reappear in this treehouse, from where you can go where you like, and you will have ahead of you the years you shed here with Syrix. (Write 'R' in your notes. Should there be a conflict of claims, this 'reincarnation' takes precedence even over one proffered by some other nymph.) Nymphs and sprites will always recognise you as a friend. (Write 'N' in your notes.) Now hug Syrix, say a respectful farewell to her mother, and climb youthfully down to 327.

- 255** Carefully you take a long stride to stretch to the plain stone – but your foot never reaches it! Just as you are about to touch down, the air shimmers blue and yellow, and when it clears you find that your step has taken you somewhere else entirely, a woodland path! Go to 354.
- 256** A tradesman respectfully interrupts a lady: "No, the best thing you can do with a goat is make a *stew*, ma'am," he tells her. "Brings out the flavour like you wouldn't believe." Return to 610.



- 257** Excitedly, you hand over all the Meat you've found, as the modest entry fee to this wonderful scheme! Chris shakes his head and grins at you. "Boy, you're a sport! What a guy! Say, I'm gonna take this here meat – I'll look after it, don't you worry about that," (and he tucks it into his own satchel) "and I'm going straight from here to see the board members and tell 'em the good news, that we got ourselves a real *winner* on the team! This is a great day for all of us, partner!" He pumps your hand enthusiastically. "A great day! Now, I'll be seein' you later, and you be sure to start collectin' from the other folks you run into! Good hunting, my friend!"

With that, Christ P Baykan waves and disappears around a bend of the trail while you're still waving in return. Well! What a stroke of luck! Now everybody that you meet will hand over their Meat to you, just because... Er, what was it he said? Something about a Meat Pile...

Gradually you realise that this deal was perhaps not the golden goose it appeared, and that Mr Baykan may not have been *entirely* transparent about its operations... Sigh, add 10 AP for hard-won wisdom, and return glumly to your woodland path paragraph.

- 258** Bladesman 'Chops' Hughie prepared venison on a Pete's-a, with tomato, sliced rat and, regrettably, celery. The meal scored 760½. Now return to 586.

- 259** Phew! There, just below a humongous scar around your waist, are your legs, just as you remember them. Well, *almost* as you remember them. They appear to be back to front. In future you will have to walk backwards, or look where you've been instead of where you're going. Alas, this reduces your DEX by 5 and your CHR by 4 (although who knows, with the novel placement of your downstairs equipment you may meet some adventurous romantic partner intrigued by the possibilities...).

Take AP equal to 5 times the number of turns you spent in the woods, plus 50 for the undeniably *formative* experience of being chopped in half and put back together. Then say farewell to Lester, rise up (easier said than done) and walk away from the palace, and perhaps from the Kingdom of Stringwater – but not without a backward glance...

The End

- 260** One mouthful of water from the pool gives you an instant blinding headache! The pain makes you squeeze your eyes shut, and when it fades and you carefully open them again, strange to say the sculptures are gone! Water seems now to stream out of mid-air. How puzzling...

From now on, you can no longer see boars, hogs, pigs, deer, moose, elk, caribou, wolves, dogs, jackals, coyotes, serpents and spiders – or images of them, such as paintings and statues. You can still perceive them with your other senses, but in combat against any of these creatures you must halve your score, as your opponent is invisible to you. Write 'Z' in your notes. Return to 593 and choose a path: no further magical effects will ensue from drinking the fountain's water.

- 261** This Meat's Scrumptiousness is 4 per animal: if you have 1, it's 4; for 2 animals, it's 8; and for 3 it's 12. Can be yummy if the portion is big enough! Return to 102.

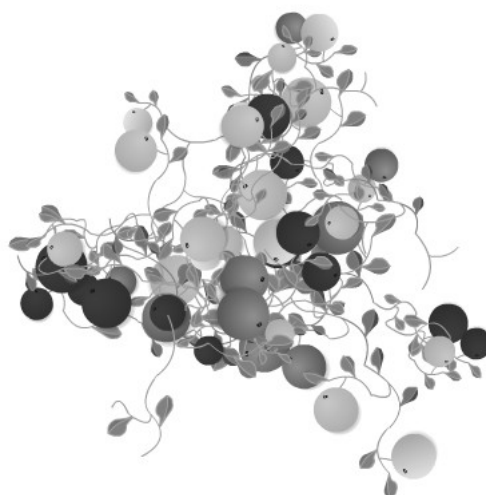
- 262** The trees are sparsely scattered on the lower slope of this hill, and you can see the river bending from south to east below, between a stone bridge to the west and a fallen tree to the south. Yellow roses grow here and might make a fine decoration for your meal for the King. If you want to take some, write down *Yellow Roses (G30)*.

Roll an L3SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (262) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	166	136	415	392	116	415	392	166	136	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To head northeast and gently up the slope, go to 162. To stroll northwest down towards the bridge, go to 186. To wander south towards that far-off fallen tree, go to 296.

- 263** "You can only find deer in the east of these woods, but they're damned tasty," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 264** Something about the sunlight passing through the waterfall catches your eye, and upon examination you discover a cleft in the rock behind it. It's a tunnel! Bearing this in mind, write down 'G' in your notes and go to 390 to move on.
- 265** You munch away on the trailing plant with the pretty little flowers while the gnome looks away with a suspicious smirk. Alas, the plant you have chosen is *seigebreaker*, a fast-acting herb used for loosening the bowels. With a cry of alarm, you rush off and hide yourself in the bushes for a few minutes, urgently fertilising a surprisingly wide area of ground. So violent is your evacuation that you feel shattered afterwards: deduct 3 from CON and return to 585 to choose again.



266 The King first announces third place, and then second. Finally it is time to announce the winner, and for a moment you can't take it in. Was that *your* name he called out?! Dazed, pushed forward by the other cooks, you step to the front of the dais while the crowd roars, and accept from King Wilf the coveted chef's hat, whose stitching bears the arms of Stringwater with a golden crown. Wearing this, you can eat, drink and stay as long as you like for free at any inn in the Kingdom, and it adds 5 to CHR. That said, although you will *enjoy* food as much as ever, the hat's enchantment is such that you never *need* to eat and drink while wearing it: you cannot starve or die of thirst.

You are also presented with this year's special prize! Visit the first paragraph listed below that doesn't have a tick against it, then return here and tick it off with a pencil. When you've triumphed 6 times in this solo(!), rub out the ticks and start over. (PDF players, make notes!)

Win:	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
Visit:	432	336	250	150	187	537

All the other cooks are led from the dais while the cheering is at its peak, but, revelling in your victory, you barely notice. In due course King Wilf is seated, and you are permitted to spend the evening drinking wine with him, Paddy d'Midriff, Lester and a few other selected lords. They are all delighted to hear the tales of your adventures in the King's Woods. During the celebration you eat 6 of Paddy's special iced buns, each of which adds 1 to an attribute of your choice. At the end of the night you're invited to take home 3 jewelled items from a pile brought from the King's Treasure House: roll these up using the *Treasure Generator* in the Rule Book.

The following day is a busy one for you, as you oversee the speedy preparation of a thousand portions of your meal at the King's Palace! Lester is called upon to magic up the necessary ingredients, and in the huge, hot and frantic kitchens you feel less like a winner and more like somebody who has never worked so hard in his life!

But it is all worth it, for in the evening is the banquet! A thousand merry citizens crowd into the feasting hall of the King's Palace, while thousands more celebrate on the streets outside. You are seated at the top table in the giant hall, 'neath cartwheel chandeliers and tapestries of great hunters mastering their prey. King Wilf himself appears beside you and makes a speech praising your achievement and commending the dish to the assembled throng: "It's reet good, folks, I'm tellin' thee!"

In due course, after three cheers for the King's birthday, the long-anticipated meal comes around, and your heart swells to see so many happy faces tucking in to your creation. It seems that everyone present has quickly found drinking companions and the first-class ale and wine are flowing freely. Second and third portions come around and are carried out into the streets, and the entire population of Stringwater drinks, laughs and dances far into the night.

Your adventure is at an end. Add 5 AP for every turn you spent in the King's Woods, plus half your DD score, plus 100 for the fun you had. Winners may not compete again, but you have a standing invitation to every one of King Wilf's Birthday Banquets. Happy feasting!

 **The End** 

- 267** You're on the western shore of a lake that extends to the north, out beyond the King's Woods. To the east is a wooded island, and just here there is a little jetty, with a kayak made of stretched hides bobbing at the end. Farther east, across the lake, the woods rise up another hill, and on the crest you can see a cairn to the southeast and the remains of a tower poking over the trees due east. South from here, the lake drains into a river.

ADD 1 TURN. To follow the path northwest, a little away from the shoreline and into the woods, go to 433. To climb up the hill path southwest, go to 100. To pursue the very faint and overgrown trail southeast along the shore, go to 194. To swim across the lake, or to the island, go to 395. To get into the kayak, go to 493.

- 268** You have sliced up Belle Peppers! Add 40 AP. On her body you find:

Dagger mace (3+4; STR Req.: 15; DEX Req.: 7; 160WU; 1-handed; 100GP)
Scutum shield (5; STR Req.: 10; 450WU; 60GP)
Carrot (Vegetable)
7 live blackbirds (Meat) – counts as 1 item
Pouch of 32GP, 100SP

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 269** Uh-oh. Something very significant is moving nearby. The boughs of the trees begin to shake. Leaves and twigs shower down all around you, and those dark, crooked trees around the edge of the clearing *shift* of their own accord! Following them up with your eyes, you realise that they are the legs of a vast spider blotting out the sky, which now turns and thrusts its head down in front of you! The head is the size of a kitchen, while the body behind it is as big as the rest of the building. You stare into eight globular eyes like opened casks of oil, above busy writhing mouth parts that could swallow a cow, in turn fronted by clashing mandibles big as tower shields and eager to snap you in two like shears cutting a long-stem rose. It's a face about which the best that could be said is that it's symmetrical.

Impeded by the webbing and facing such a foe, speed will not avail you! Desperate measures whirl through your head. If you want to dive into the central mass of goo, go to 174. If you want to set fire to the web and have ready means of making a flame (such as a forbidden spell, some magic item, or just possibly a tinder-box), go to 408. If you want to make your stand and just fight the damned thing, go to 381. If you have 'P' written in your notes, go to 519.

- 270** You mince carefully over the loose rubble, nervously eyeing great slabs ready to totter and slide at a touch. Stones shift and scrape beneath your feet and you can't help thinking about the fantastic weight of rock over your head. Roll an L4SR on the total of LK and DEX. (If you have a source of illumination or enhanced night-vision, you may make the roll at L3.) If successful, go to 198. If not, go to 401.

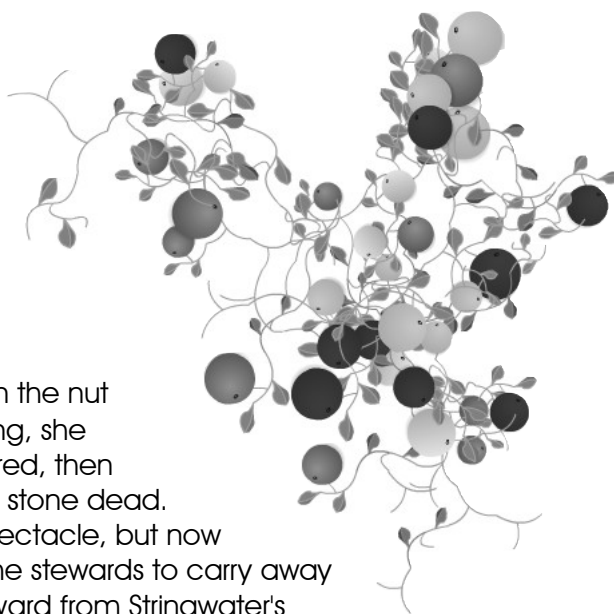
- 271** Carefully you take a long stride to stretch to the plain stone – but your foot never reaches it! Just as you are about to touch down, the air shimmers blue and yellow, and when it clears you find that your step has taken you somewhere else entirely, a woodland path! Go to 194.



272 You know how to open the trapdoor in the gazebo's tiles, so if you want to climb down into the deep shaft, go to 462. To follow Instead the little stair of yellow stones down to the south, go to 29.

273 As you act, the fawn startled fawn plays a quick trill on his flute. If you scored 40 or more, go to 379. If less, go to 72.

274 Your meal includes enough nuts to bring on the nut allergy of one of the King's tasters. Spluttering, she stands up in horror, grasps her throat, turns red, then purple, then white, and finally topples over, stone dead. Everyone had fallen silent, watching this spectacle, but now they turn back to the meal. Lester signals the stewards to carry away the body and another taster is brought forward from Stringwater's stock of people convicted of Bad Cooking.



It seems that hereabouts a one-in-three mortality rate is considered an acceptable risk in pursuit of a good meal. Indeed, the unexpected diversion wins you approval: add 15 to your DD score and return to 79.

275 You'll need to use a swingable blade to hack the tree down – an axe, sword or similar. If you have one, roll a round of damage and go to 387.

276 Asparogus is surprised to be attacked, but not unready. With the advantage of height, he wields a pilum in each hand, stabbing down with the lengthy spears. He scores 5+0 for each, along with 14 Adds. His CON is 14, his WIZ 12, and his green coat counts as armour for 2x2 hits.

If you are rendered unconscious or dead by Asparogus' spears (how humiliating!), note that his Penchant is 0 and go to 182. If you kill or incapacitate the elf, go to 210. Affronted by your attack, Asparogus will not readily concede; but if the combat goes to 10 rounds, he will be willing to walk away if you are, in which case return to your woodland path paragraph.

277 A quaint little stone bridge arches over a river here. You're on the western bank. Looking south, you see the river bend to the east, and farther around you can see a fallen tree forming a natural bridge. On this side of the river down that way you can see a fountain a little way up the hillside. Looking north, you see the lake from which the river flows, with a pretty wooded island in it, though the riverbank between here and the lake is too marshy and overgrown to traverse. East and west the woods rise up the slopes, away from the river, and high up on the crest of the hill to the northeast you can see a cairn.

ADD 1 TURN. To cross the bridge, go to 374. To stroll south along the riverside, go to 207. To walk northwest and gently up the slopes into the woods, go to 217. To climb the hill on the southwestern path, go to 585.

- 278** This passage is difficult work! It rises and twists endlessly and is barely wide enough to squeeze through. ADD 1 TURN. Eventually, breathless and sweating, you see daylight ahead! You hurry forward on all fours to the tiny opening, in front of which ferns grow thickly. Crawling out, you miss your footing (handing?) on loose rocks and find yourself tumbling through the undergrowth down a steep slope! Over and over you go, sky and bracken whirling before your eyes. Precious little chance of your ever finding that tunnel mouth again!

After a few moments you come to a bumpy rest, close to the edge of a lake. What's this here? You had grabbed one of the loose stones that slipped under you at the tunnel mouth, and it's still in your hand. Only it turns out it's not a stone, it's a bright yellow Imperial Brainsprout, a hard, round, wrinkly and much prized vegetable! You can take it with you in a free compartment of your satchel. Don't forget to write it down!

Getting to your feet and dusting yourself off, you find yourself at 194.

- 279** When the dome was lifted, the golden-brown pie remained intact, and the birds stayed silent until the King inserted his knife, whereupon they began chirruping like a choir of minstrels! The presentation was a triumph! Add 10 to Execution and return to 173.
- 280** You bend and pick a couple of mushrooms – and the air inside the ring sparkles. A fairy appears, hovering above the dewy grass, clad in leaves sewn together with stems. Green and yellow gleams flicker in her eyes as she points at you and trills a sweet melody:

*Oh brute, because you broke our ring
We think it only right
That just as fairies dance and sing,
So you should sing and fight!*

A puff of yellow powder bursts from the end of her finger and fills your face! After a few moments of frantic coughing and sneezing, you wipe the stuff away and find that the fairy is gone, and the rest of the mushrooms have withered and rotted. Note down your Green Mushrooms. Note also that from now on, whenever you engage in combat you will be compelled to sing sweet ballads in a high falsetto voice. Add 15 AP, and then, since the mushroom ring is no more, return along the path to 165, with a *hey-nonny-nonny*.

- 281** Things got too hot for in the Tinkan of Harry Cottbeens! The lid's come off and he's spilled on the ground. Add 40 AP. He has:

Terbutje (3+5; STR Req.: 6; DEX Req.: 10; 35WU; 1-handed; 65GP)
Tinkan armour – hobb-sized (22; STR Req.: 20; 900WU; 900GP, halves DEX)
Pavise shield (7; STR Req.: 14; 700WU; 130GP)
Tomato (Vegetable)

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 282** You're just about to turn from the scruffy old nest when one of the twigs catches your eye. It's the same twiggy colour as the rest, and it has twiggish knobby bits; but it's perfectly straight, and now that you lean down for a look you can see small runes roughly cut in a spiral around it. If you want to work it free and pick it up, go to 322. If you want to leave it, return to 466 and choose again.

283 You see a salmon leap out of the river! The magnificent fish is as long as your arm, but it has no sooner flashed in the sunshine than it disappears with barely a splash into the water again. A salmon would surely make a wonderful meal! But to catch one, you'd need to intercept it in mid-leap somehow. Hmm... Write down 'S' in your notes and return to your woodland path paragraph.

284 This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 6. Quite tasty! Return to 102.

285 You turn upon Chris P Baykan with a roar! He winces and whips out a broadsword, waving it feebly. He scores 3+4 with 8 Adds. His CON is 11, his WIZ 13, and his stiff leather armour takes 6 hits, but as a rogue he does not get a x2 bonus. On the first round you get a 2D6 bonus for righteous fury! If you incapacitate or kill Chris, go to 235. If you are left unconscious or dead, note that his Penchant is 4 and go to 182. If you choose to let him go at any point, he is only too ready to run away: return irritably to your woodland path paragraph.

286 The owl cryptically remarks:

*Where the beasts spit out water, do not be a fool:
Drink from a stream, but not from the pool!*

It looks like he has more to say. Go on to 386.

287 Your chosen dish required a total of 6 saving rolls: 2 x L2SR on DEX, 2 x L2SR on INT and 2 x L2SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in 2 DEX rolls, 1 INT roll and 1 LK roll, your Execution will be 8. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 100 to your DD score. If you included Rat in your meal, go to 180. If you included Turnip, go to 311. When you're done, return to 173.

288 The unicorn turns and charges you, rearing up to clobber you with its hooves and twisting its head to gore you with its horn! It has MR120 and will not stop, and it's too fast for you to escape. It leaves you no option but frantic defence. If you beat it, go to 141. If instead you are trampled into unconsciousness or death, go to 361.

289 "Oh, you would, would you?" cries Sly Stayprikott, leaping into action. He draws a gladius and makes his stand, popping something in his mouth with a loud crunch.

You don't know what's going on with that gladius, but somehow it scores 6+4, and Sly has Adds of 12. His CON is 18 and his WIZ is 10. His yellow armour, which is quite bad on your eyes close up, takes 3x2 hits. If you're both still standing after 5 rounds, Sly's sword suddenly reverts to a 'normal' score of 3+2. If you incapacitate or kill Sly, go to 429. If he slices you into unconsciousness or death, note that his Penchant is 0 and go to 182.

290 "— Knowing!" you exclaim. The owl wiggles his head around happily. Write an 'X' in your notes and go to 63.

291 Enough of this damned tree! You run at it waving your best weapon and belt it repeatedly about the trunk. Roll a round of damage using your chosen weapon. If your score is 50 or more, go to 209. If not, go to 368.

- 292** "They say the King's Own Confectioner likes to tuck into bear steak!" your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 293** You ponder beside a willow archway that leads out of the woods. Two paths diverge here, heading southwest and northwest. The woods here feel wild and unvisited. To go east and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To take the muddy path to the southwest, go to 32. To follow the drier path northwest, go to 443.
- 294** "Hmmpf," says the nymph, breaking away. "It'll have to do, I suppose." Go to 507.
- 295** Your Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 12. Very pleasing! If you have another unlisted Vegetable to check, go to 236. Otherwise, return to 102.
- 296** You're on the north side of the river, where it bends from running south to flowing east. On either side of the river the woods rise up the hillsides. Downstream to the east you can see stepping stones in the distance, while far off around the curve of the river to the north is a stone bridge.

Three paths meet here, and the bushy top of a fir tree fallen from the south side rests on the bank, providing a way to cross the river. Pine cones are scattered on the ground and might make a nice decoration for your meal for the King. If you want to take some, write down *Pine Cones (G20)*.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (296) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	202	392	444	326	415	202	136	116	444	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk downstream to the east towards the stepping stones, go to 501. To stroll gently upstream to the northwest, go to 123. To follow the trail north up into the woods, go to 262. To cross the river over the fallen fir, go to 133.

- 297** A pair of fairies are hovering up against the canvas. "I wonder if these people know," one of them is asking the other, "just how unhealthy duck-meat is?" Return to 610.
- 298** Coming up the path is a roly-poly fellow wearing, regrettably, only boots, a helmet and a loin-cloth, like three tight bands around a bursting barrel. His tubby white flesh gleams with sweat in the heat, so that his appearance calls to mind a cob of fresh, doughy bread dipped in a melted glaze. "Hullo," he says, panting a little, his globular face creasing in a smile. "I'm Roland Butter. Umm, would you like to do a swap?"

If you might want to trade with Roland, note that his Penchant is 1 and go to 644. If you want to decline and walk by, return to your woodland path paragraph. If you want to attack him, go to 587.



299 At last the acorn pops off, and of course you tumble out of the oak tree to the grass far below! Roll 3D6 damage. You may count your armour (but not shield) at half effectiveness. If you make an L1SR on LK, you may deduct 3 from the damage for landing in a handy patch of soft heather. If the fall leads to unconsciousness or death, go to 361. Otherwise, pick up your abused body and go to 67.

300 If your Meat was *Salmon*, go to 544. If not, proceed to 34.

301 Coco Anne Biskitz, lady hobb, presented a curry of boar, beetroot and tomato, an unusual taste sensation that earned her a score of 688½. Now return to 586.

302 Your DEX and LK are magically swapped around! Go to 580.

303 That Meat works especially well in that dish: you may add 2 to Execution. Now return to 221.

304 After a few minutes of wandering through the undergrowth, you notice something shiny in the grass. Wrenching the plants aside, you stare into the empty eyes of a skull. It's wearing a helmet that's been partly crushed by some blunt object, something as big as a fist and flat, judging by the dent. You find the rest of the luckless chap's body a few yards away, with similar indentations ruining his lamellar armour, as if he had been struck very hard with the end of a staff. He had with him a food satchel like yours, but it's mostly rotted away now. There's a sword too, but it's bent and rusted. And there's a ring. When you prise it from his bony finger and brush the dirt off, the sapphire set in the silver band glows a brilliant blue. Once a day the Azure Ring can be rubbed to provide blue light bright as a lantern for 3 turns; it's worth around 30GP.

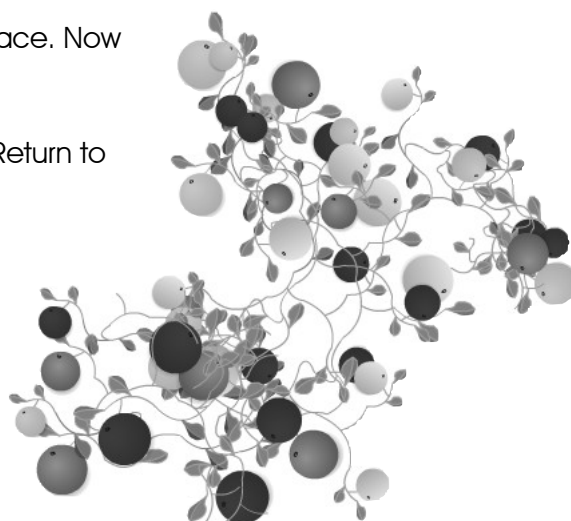
Roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, go to 555. If not, go to 527.

305 "Somewhere in the northeast of the woods is a basilisk!" your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

306 You give your best performance of *My Heart Is Like A Red, Red Red Thing*, a soppy love song. "Well!" says Voda. "That was lovely, I must say. D'you know, speaking of lovers, would you like to see some Lover's Lace?" He takes you over to some rocks near the waterfall and points in among them. Down in the cleft there is a white plant growing in filigree, like a net strung between the rocks. "Adds a lovely piquant flavour to any meal, I'm told," says the fawn, "if you drape it over the top during cooking."

If you'd like to take the plant, write down Lover's Lace. Now return to 9 to continue singing or move on.

307 This Meat's Scrumptiousness is 18. Lip-smacking! Return to 102.



- 308** *CLANGA-CLANGA-CLANGA-CLANG!!* This is a spiffing bell, it makes a right old din! But turning around you see the river surging in turmoil. It heaps itself up into an unnatural mountain of water, which rises still farther, 30 feet high, and shapes itself into an amorphous body, long dripping limbs, and a head whose ill-defined watery features are nonetheless all too clearly furious...

"*WHEEERRRE'S THE FIIIIIIIIIRREEE?*" roars the water elemental, gleaming in the sunlight. As you glance guiltily from side to side, the elemental thunders "*FOOOOOOOLLL!!!*" and dives over you, collapsing in a pummelling wave that slams you to the earth. Take 6D6 damage and don't do it again. Return to 123 and choose again.

- 309** Lester speaks: "Alas, you have emerged from the King's Woods without the requisites to make a meal for the King. The Kingdom of Stringwater thanks you for your interest and endeavour, and awards you this goody-bag in recognition of your efforts. You are also invited to the King's Birthday Banquet tomorrow night at the Palace. Please enjoy the rest of the event. Oh, and don't eat the toffee apples from that guy over there with the squint, they're foul."

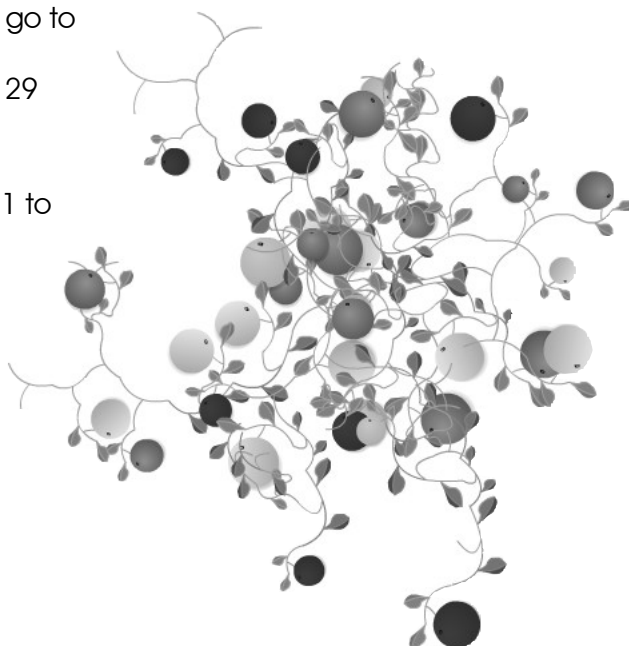
With that, the King's Wizard turns to other business, and you are left to wander among the tents and growing crowds, absorbing the building excitement and the varied and wonderful smells as night comes on. In due course the time for cooking is complete, and the dishes are taken to the King's pavilion for tasting. This takes place on a platform, but you can see very little through the crowds; nonetheless, caught up in the atmosphere, you cheer with everyone else when eventually the winner is selected.

Your goody-bag contains 3 iced buns made by the hand of Paddy d'Midriff, the King's Own Confectioner, which you can't help but gobble down at a sitting, so deliciously sumptuous are they. Each adds a point to an attribute of your choice. There is also a bronze clasp bearing the arms of Stringwater, that can be used to fasten a cloak or some such garment. Worn, this clasp serves as 5 points of magical armour (not doubled for warriors). Finally, there is a jewelled item plucked at random from the King's Treasure House for you. (Use the *Treasure Generator* in the Rule Book to establish the details.)

If you'd like to buy a toffee apple from the guy with the squint, hand over 1 SP and go to 402. Otherwise, proceed to 28.

- 310** You're in a narrow passage through native rock. ADD 1 TURN. To go south, where there is some light, go to 47. To go north, where the tunnel bends into darkness, note this paragraph number, visit 129 and then go to 352.

- 311** Prepared this way, Turnip is a sensation! Add 1 to Execution. Now return to 287.



- 312** A sturdy woman seemingly dressed in red and white walks briskly toward you on the path. Seeing you, she breaks into a run and a roar, pulling out her daggers! As she closes on you, you see that her white quilted armour is streaked and spattered with dried blood, and her face half-covered in fresh blood that streams from a wound on her forehead – a wound so neat and symmetrical that you guess it's self-inflicted!

"Another one!" she cries gleefully, attacking you at once with her knives.

"Hey, what's your problem?" you protest, trying to dodge her swings.

"I believe in bettering my odds," she snarls. "They call me Bloody Mary. But not for long, because then I kill them!"

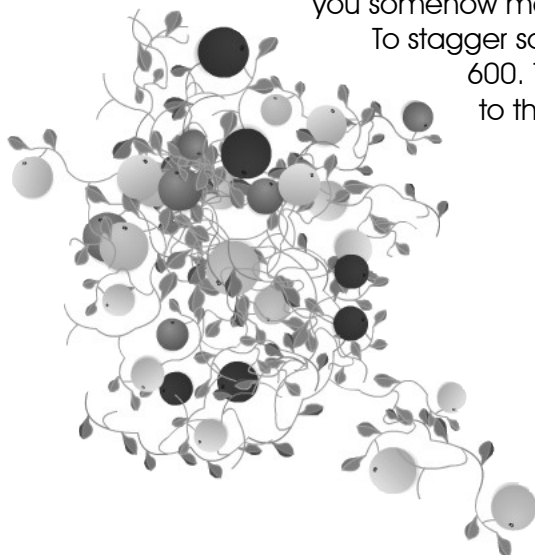
This does not seem like a person open to reasoned debate. Mary uses 2 saxes, each scoring 2+5, and has 20 Adds. Her CON is 19, her WIZ 6, and her armour takes 3x2 hits. If you incapacitate or kill her, go to 86. If she bleeds you into unconsciousness or death, note that her Penchant is 1 and go to 182. Bloody Mary will fight to the death even if it takes all day...

- 313** You reach the solid safety of the long slab in the middle of the river, a very nice place to sit and have lunch with the sparkling water babbling all around. From here you can clearly see all the stepping stones, a square of four on each side of the slab. To the south, the eastmost two are carved with the faces of a gnome and then a woman with snakes, with plain stones pairing them to the west; while to the north a witch and then an owl are carved on the eastern stones, with, again, plain stones pairing them to the west.

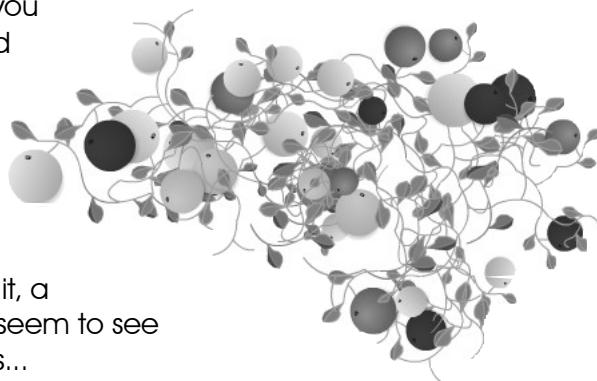
If you have 'S' written in your notes, go first to 479. To step onto the face of the gnome to the southeast, go to 509. To step to the plain stone pairing that one to the southwest, go to 14. To step onto the face of the witch to the northeast, go to 618. To step onto the plain stone pairing that one, northwest of you, go to 105.

- 314** This is a soft moss green moss with a purple sheen that has a disturbing habit of moving around like a slug. Still, it usually stops once it's cooked and it gives a nice earthy flavour to your dish. Add 20 to your DD score, *unless* your meal was Raw or a Sandwich, in which case the continued slow movement of the moss is rather off-putting and *deducts* 20 from your DD score. Now return to 79.

- 315** Dripping with sweat, draped with shreds of white goo and panting in silent terror, you somehow make it across the clearing! Which path did you head for?
To stagger south, gently uphill, go to 427. To stumble west, go to 600. To totter downhill to the north, go to 529. Or to wobble to the southeast, go to 443.



- 316** Balancing shakily atop the corner of the tower, you peer out over the King's Woods. To the north and east the woods give way to parklands and fields just a few hundred yards from where you are. Looking west, rooks flutter above the distant hilltop, in front of which the land falls to a lake that extends far out of the woods to the north. In the lake is a wooded island and you can just make out a little building on top of it, a summerhouse or somesuch. For an instant you seem to see something white move among the island's trees...



A river flows from the south end of the lake, soon passing under a stone bridge before bending gently to the east. Though it's lost to your sight before the bend, you can see the woodland on your side of the river falls down to meet it, and the woods on the far side rise steeply to the south and west. About half a mile from you, roughly southeast, the top of what must be an enormous oak forms a dome protruding above the other trees. Far to the southwest across the river there's a clearing on high ground that seems to have a large stone standing in the middle. Lower down that hill a rocky outcrop breaks through the trees – and someone is waving hallo from there, no doubt one of your competitors! The better angels of your nature cause you to grudgingly wave back.

You absorb the splendid view over the sunlit woods for a few minutes, but no matter how long you put it off, you're going to have to climb down again! Roll L2SR on DEX six times again, rolling 1D6 for loosened stones on the first fail, 2D6 on the second and so on – but carry on counting from the total dislodged on the way up! If at any point the total exceeds your LK, go to 634. Otherwise, stagger off the stones gasping and trembling, return to 12 to choose again.

- 317** You carefully cooked the pie with its vegetables and other ingredients, and then, after lifting it from the oven, removed the lid and gently inserted numerous chirping blackbirds. Then you replaced the crust and placed the pie on the steward's tray. All was well when he covered it with the silver cloche, but there was no way of knowing what the birds might get up to on the way to the King's table... Roll an L4SR on LK. If you make it, go to 279. If you fail, go to 612.
- 318** With a wrench of your spirit, you hurriedly step away from the tree and out of its cloud of malice. Whatever is trapped inside it gives out a furious ear-piercing wail and the branches shudder in outrage. Then, all is still and quiet again. You decide not to hang around! Take 15 AP for resisting the evil entity and trot off to 159.
- 319** "The bees in these woods don't sting!" your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 320** You've reached that point on the eastern shore of the lake that is closest to the island, due west from here. The hillside to the east is very steep and there's no path up. ADD 1 TURN. To walk southwest down towards the mouth of the lake where a river flows out, go to 95. To stroll northwest along the shore, go to 117. If you want to try swimming over to the island, go to 395.

321 Hard to find, this egg has a very distinctive flavour, a little like hedgehog's kidneys but saltier. It makes a very poor addition to a Raw meal or a Sandwich, adding 0 to DD score; but heated in any form it is much more palatable, so for other dishes add 25 to DD. Now return to 79.

322 As you bend to touch the second nest, angry birds come screeching down at you! They peck and claw at your exposed skin, flying in for a quick attack and immediately flapping away again. This makes it very hard to mount a defence against them.

Roll 2D6 to see how many birds are attacking you. Then, each round, roll 2D6; if the result is less than or equal to the number of birds attacking, then the parliament (for such is a group of rooks called, no matter their mood) succeeds in removing 1 point of CON from you. At the end of each round a further 1D6 rooks *join* the fight. By way of defence, roll 1D6, plus 1D6 for every 15 points in the sum of your DEX and SPD. (5th: For every 10 points of DEX.) That's the number of birds that you manage to bat away and that don't come back. Work out the new total of birds attacking and proceed to the next round.

Go on until there are no more birds bothering you, or until you are unconscious or dead (in which case go to 361). If you're still standing, go to 82.

323 If your DD score is 1,000 or more, go to 266. Otherwise go to 586.

324 "Hey, man!" Len complains as you move to attack him. "Not cool!" It *is* actually quite warm, but you can't see what that has to do with anything. Len quickly slips the big bowl off his back, drops it to the ground and stands in it while you fight. Weirdo. Oddly, as the fight proceeds, the bowl gradually fills with lentils.

Len fights with a baton for a measly 2+0, and a dirk giving 2+1, plus his Adds of 5. His CON is 9 and his WIZ 15. He wears no armour, but his smock takes 1 hit and through magical means he takes only half the damage to CON that would otherwise be inflicted. If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 629. If he renders you unconscious or dead, note that his Penchant is 0 and go to 182. If you get bored and walk away, return to your woodland path paragraph.

325 "Yer rat, y'know, gets overlooked," a disreputable-looking fellow tells his wife. "But a deep-fried rat on a stick, hot an' crunchy... Oh, me mouth's waterin' just thinkin' about it!" Return to 610.

326 There are frogs leaping around here! The total number is D6 x D6. Their legs are reckoned to be tasty, but they are hopping around like crazy. If you'd like to catch some, roll an SR on LK and see what level you achieve. If you make it at L1, you can catch one third of the frogs (rounding down). If you make it at L2, you can catch two thirds. And at L3 or above, you manage to bag all of them. Squash them into a free compartment of your satchel, which can hold up to 40 frogs, and return slimy-fingered to your woodland path paragraph.



327 It's time to leave the treehouse behind. Follow the western path to 427, or stroll southeast down the slightly damper trail to 32.

328 Hammond Deggs the dwarf somehow found a goose in the woods, and perhaps unwisely served its carved flesh between layers of beetroot and cabbage. The meal scored 432½. Now return to 586.

329 A bushy alder tree grows sideways out of the hillside, overshadowing the junction of three trails. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (329) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	13	166	136	13	415	77	13	136	166	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk uphill to the northwest, go to 404. To take the falling path northeast, go to 585. To follow along the slope to the southeast, go to 619.

330 "They do say that the tastiest beast of all is kept on the island in the lake," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

331 Its MR is 450 – though, for what it's worth, its WIZ is zero... Return to 590 and make a choice.

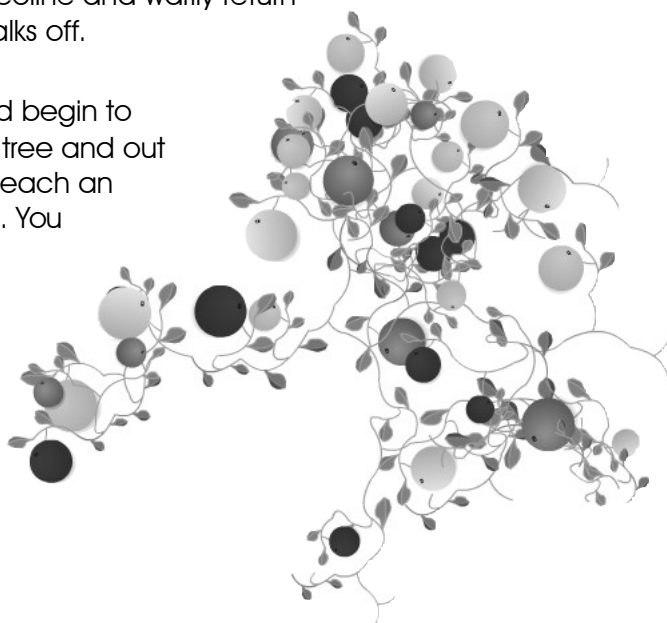
332 It occurs to you that sitting here you might have a chance to catch one of those leaping salmon that go up the river – but it would need patience, luck and agility. If you don't fancy your chances, go back to 191 and choose a route.

If you do want to try, settle yourself carefully on the fallen trunk, watch the river carefully and roll an L5SR on LK. If you make it, go to 6. If not, ADD 1 TURN. You may wait as long as you like, with one SR per turn, reducing the level of the LK SR by 1 each time. If at any point you prefer not to waste any more time on this fishy mission, clamber to your feet and return to 191 to choose a route.

333 The dwarf nods to himself, decided. "Very well," he announces, "you'll do. Let's trade."

If you might like to trade with him, note that his Penchant is 1 and go to 644. If not, either attack him at 604, or decline and warily return to your woodland path paragraph as he stalks off.

334 You set your hands on the massive trunk and begin to clamber up its lumpy bark. To climb up the tree and out along its mighty boughs to where you can reach an acorn will require 5 successful L2SRs on DEX. You may try 5 rolls per turn: after each set of 5 attempts, ADD 1 TURN. If you fail a roll, you must roll an L1SR on LK to avoid falling off! If you fail a LK roll, go to 169. If you make 5 DEX rolls, go to 399. Or if this is turning out to be too risky or time-consuming for you, pick your way nervously back down to 245 and choose again.



- 335** "Careful when you're crossing that bridge. Once is fine, but after that..." your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 336** You are awarded the Chef's Protector, an splendid enchanted apron, made from cloth of gold. This can be worn over armour and weighs 60WU. It will not tarnish and – as a kitchen safety feature – it completely protects the wearer against all damage inflicted by non-magical metal blades (including the bladesman's Adds). Now return to 266.
- 337** "Mm," says the nymph appreciatively. "I quite like that. I'll play with it later." So saying, she tosses it over her shoulder, where it disappears beneath the water. Noticing your look of dismay as you paddle, she giggles. "Oh, don't sulk!" she laughs. "I haven't lost it! Here, you can do it too."

She flips some water at your face, setting your right eye stinging. "Ow!" you complain. But as you blink your eye clear you can see tiny lights glowing on her body, even under the water – one or two in surprising places... From now on your right eye will be able to see any gemstone within 10 feet as a glowing light the same colour as the gem itself, even through solid objects. (Be sure to inform your GM!) The nymph cocks her head prettily, raising an eyebrow as your gaze keeps straying to her lights... Go to 507.

- 338** Seizer backs off. "Well, all right then!" he declares, panting for breath and grinning. "What about a bloomin' trade then?"

If you'd like to trade with this odd little firebrand, note that his Penchant is 0 and go to 128. If not, Seizer re-engages with gusto: return to 121 to complete the combat: he won't ask again.

- 339** A steward in blue and yellow tabard invites you to sit in a little gig pulled by a pony. He climbs up beside you and with a "Giddy-up!" he sets forth. The pair of you drive for a couple of miles on a gravel path west and then north around the western side of the woods, rising uphill at the start. Finally the steward reins up beside a wild part of the forest, where a path leads southwest through an arch of living willow. He bids you wait a little longer, so you stand around listening to the raucous cawing of rooks. Soon afterwards, you hear a distant boom. "Time to go!" says the steward cheerfully. You step through the archway and follow the lonely path to 577.



- 340** In amongst the trees is a tiny thatched cottage, with smoke curling from its chimney. Hung around the eaves are square tiles, each bearing a single letter; but they don't seem to spell out anything. Carved into the trees round about are more letters, some impressively elaborate, others hacked out crudely. To the left of the cottage door, which is open on a firelit interior, is a large square panel:

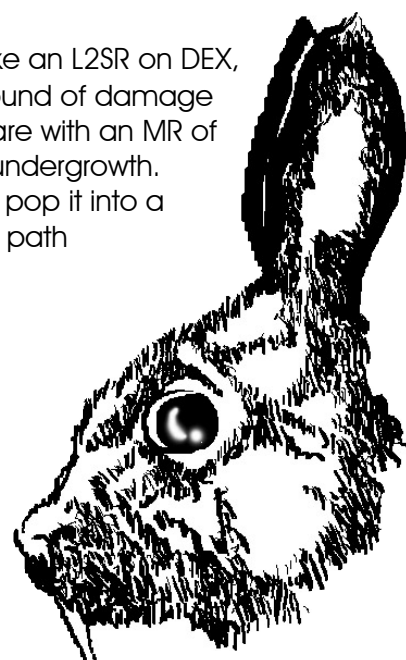
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On the other side of the door is a square window of matching size, and through this you now notice an old crone sipping tea. She spots you at the same time and leaps up, hastily donning a black pointy hat as she rushes out to greet you. Her voluminous cloaks of different colours are revealed through many letter-shaped cut-outs in each, and more letter-tiles dangle and dance around the brim of her hat.

"Ooh!" she coos. "Hallo! Ooh! Can I do a curse? Go on, go on, let me do a curse!" Noting a certain reluctance in your expression, she nips indoors and comes back with an open cask, which she shakes in front of you. "You can have one of these!" she urges excitedly. "Rare spices and roots and stuff, to use in your meal." Indeed, in the cask you see oddly shaped bulbs, twisted stems, grotesque tubers and shrunken fruits. "Take your pick," the witch offers. "You can have one for each curse you let me do. Go on, I love doing curses! Just a little one?"

ADD 1 TURN. To let the word-witch curse you, go to 192. If you prefer to leave Curse Corner, to take the gentle uphill path to the west, go to 460. To amble along the slope to the east, go to 600. To take the faint trail slightly downhill to the northeast, go to 165.

- 341** The hare is only 5 feet away! You could dive on it if you can make an L2SR on DEX, or you could cast a spell. If you successfully dive on it, roll one round of damage unopposed. The hare's MR is 10. If your dive fails or leaves the hare with an MR of more than 2, it wriggles from your grasp and shoots off into the undergrowth. Otherwise it is unconscious or dead, and you can pick it up and pop it into a free compartment of your satchel. Now return to your woodland path paragraph.



- 342** Crikey, your efforts have dislodged the entire nest! The thing creaks and slithers apart, collapsing gracelessly to the ground in a shower of twigs and mud. Oops! A speckled blue-grey egg has survived the fall intact (unlike its half-dozen oozing siblings...). If you'd like to take it as an extra ingredient for your meal, write down Magpie's Egg.

Also in amongst the wreckage you find a neck-chain of some gleaming red metal. This is the Bloodless Chain, worth 200GP, which tightens snugly around the neck. Who wears it cannot bleed, no matter how much he is cut. In practice, this diminishes the harm of wounds, so you may reduce by a third the damage you would ordinarily take, after accounting for armour. On the other hand, it adversely affects healing: the wearer's lost CON will return at only 1 point per 3 days; and wouldn't you know it, you can't take it off!

And there's a magical gold coin that always returns to its owner the night after it leaves his hands! Brilliant! (Unfortunately, when you wake up tomorrow it will have returned to the magpie...)

But didn't you see one or two other things fall away from the nest? Go to 486.

- 343** This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 8. Very tasty! Return to 102.

- 344** Quick as a flash, you launch your attack! If you're using a ranged weapon, you'll need to make an L3SR on DEX to hit the little fawn. Work out your damage from weapons and/or spells and go to 273.

- 345** Nan Bredd is torn to pieces! Add 35 AP. You look apologetically at her bereft husband, but having dropped her on the ground he is now dancing for joy! "Yes! Yes! About time too!" He runs over and pumps your hand, shouts "Ha!" at the woman on the grass, and races off unburdened into the sunlit uplands of peace.

Lowering your eyebrows, you turn to examine Nan and find:

Frying Pan (4+6; STR Req.: 10; DEX Req.: 10; 40WU; 1-handed; 5GP)
Carrot (Vegetable)
Tiny purse containing 6CP

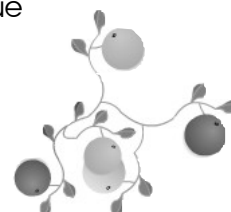
You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 346** Your STR and CHR are magically swapped around! Go to 580.

- 347** If you have 'R' written in your notes, then the manticore will go hungry... Otherwise, on this occasion wikipedia is correct. Its entry on manticores states: "It devours its prey whole and leaves no clothes, bones, or possessions of the prey behind."

~ The End ~

- 348** Against your better judgement, you start digging in the venerable accretions of bird droppings. Roll an L4SR on LK. If you make it, go to 597. If not, lose 1 point of CON from the stench and disease that the guano afflicts on you. Continue in this way, SR and then CON loss, until you either make the roll or decide you've had enough, in which case return coughing and filthy to 466 to choose again.



349 Roll an L2SR on CHR. If you make it, Rose Turcki is persuaded to trade with you: note that her Penchant is 3 and go to 644. If not, you have merely provoked her hot temperament into angry confrontation! Go to 98 to meet her attack.

350 There's a buzzing up ahead, and sure enough as you edge warily around the bole of an oak you see ahead hundreds of bees flitting around a bulbous hive, like a bubonic swelling in the armpit of that beech tree. Hmm. No doubt there is tasty honey to be had, of course. A well-placed arrow or a *Freeze Please* spell might succeeding in smashing the hive open or knocking it to the ground, but it would still be surrounded by angry bees. Even hooking out a lump of honey with a pole weapon would still draw the little fiends to you as you pulled it back to bag it.

ADD 1 TURN. Roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, go to 134. Otherwise, go to 412.

351 "King Wilf is mad for pies. Can't get enough of 'em," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

352 After a long but uneventful walk through the dark tunnel, you reach a junction. So far as you can tell, there's a passage going roughly northeast that continues to the south, and a branch going east. ADD 1 TURN. To head northeast, go to 513. To fumble south, go to 310. To struggle east, go to 370.

353 You lift the knocker's nose and let it fall. The knocker looks at you and smiles even wider. Little feet appear at the bottom corners of the door and it steps out and leans against the tree to let you in. Edging through the impractically small doorway, you enter a cosy little room with a warm fire burning on the hearth and a kettle whistling merrily. There are a couple of old cabinets with trinkets on top and a stuffed heron standing upside-down on the ceiling with a lit lantern in its beak. By the fireplace, in a well-worn armchair, sits a podgy old lady in a shawl, knitting busily. She beams up at you. With her round body, round face, round grey bun of hair and nut-brown eyes buried deep, she looks like folded dough, halfway to becoming a loaf.

"Come in, dearie!" she says. "I'm Mrs Innatree! You can help me spin some manticora while I make us a cuppa!"

She continues knitting as she speaks. Roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, go to 146. If not, go to 234.

354 The path bends under an elm tree here. As you pass beneath it, a hooty voice hails you from above: "Oho! Hallo!" Looking up, you see a small blue owl with a fluffy yellow breast and big golden eyes. He shuffles along the branch towards you, clears his throat and recites:

*Praise you the owl whose prices are prime!
No finer fowl retails reason for rhyme!
Help me pursue my poetic endeavour;
I'll help you in turn, since we're birds of –*

At that, he stops and stares at you expectantly. After a moment of awkward silence, he clears his throat again. ADD 1 TURN. To stroll to the north, go to 241. To follow the path southwest, go to 443. To converse with the owl, roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, go to 500. If not, go to 30.

355 You bite into the luscious soft Frizzy Fruit. Its skin bursts satisfyingly between your teeth, its thick blue juices dribble down your chin and its flesh melts in your mouth. Yummy! Go to 531.

356 Poor Sam O'Lina lies prone before you. Add 30 AP. Rifling through his kit, you unearth:

Short sword (3; STR Req.: 7; DEX Req.: 3; 30WU; 1-handed; 35GP)

Poniard (2; STR Req.: 1; DEX Req.: 3/14; 10WU; 10 yards, 10GP)

Heavy cloth – hobb-sized (1; STR Req.: 3; 20WU; 15GP)

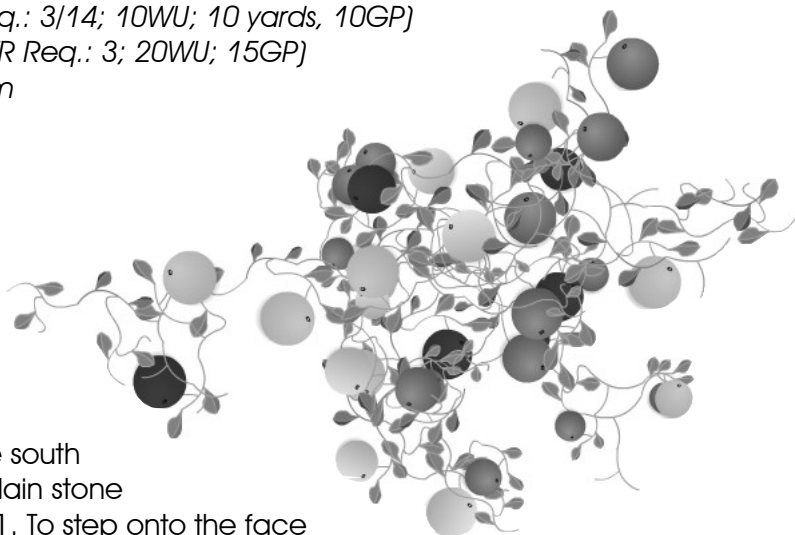
2 Rats (Meat) – counts as 1 item

Cabbage (Vegetable)

Pouch of 8GP

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

357 You step onto the carved face of a woman surrounded by serpents and – nothing happens! You wobble meditatively. To step from here to the south riverbank, go to 156. To step to the plain stone pairing this one to the west, go to 271. To step onto the face of the gnome to the north, go to 509. To step onto the plain stone pairing that one, northwest of you, go to 14.



358 Aww, she's a pussy-cat really: MR 44, WIZ 4. Return to 145 and make a choice.

359 Your lurch wildly as your foot suddenly sinks into the ground! Worse, it's because you've trodden knee-deep in a nest of biting ants! As you leap away, you can see that hundreds of the fearsome red critters are already scurrying up your leg, over and under your clothing and armour. The first bites make you yelp with pain. If you want to sit here furiously brushing them away and tearing off your clothes, go to 546. If you'd prefer to make a mad dash for the water's edge, there to douse your leg, go to 611.

360 This Meat's Scrumptiousness depends on how many there are to tuck into: it's roughly 1 per 4 animals. Divide the total number of animals by 4, rounding down. Add 1, and the result is the Scrumptiousness. Potentially quite munchable! Return to 102.

361 Gradually, you become aware of blue and yellow light shimmering over you where you lie. It being something of a surprise to be aware of *anything* at this point, reclining under nice blue and yellow light seems like not too bad a way to spend eternity.

However, after a few moments the light fades, and you find yourself lying on the sunlit grass in the Royal Park, between the King's pavilion and the cooking tent. Lester the King's Wizard is nearby, instructing some scullion girls: "...so please round up all the kittens you can, they'll be ingred– I mean, *invited* to the King's banquet."

The simpering girls scurry off, and Lester turns and sees you. "Ah!" he says. "Dead, are we? Jolly good. Well, I'm afraid you can't compete after that. We don't like to let contestants die, it puts a bit of a gloom on things, you know? But even if you have the right ingredients, another requisite is that you make it out alive, d'you see?" He smiles benignly. "Have to do the formal speech now, hang on." He clears his throat. Go to 309.

362 This is a very bad time to be fumbling around trying to make sparks! Add together your DEX and SPD and roll an L4SR on the result. (5th: roll an L2SR on DEX.) If you make it, watch in amazement as a spark catches hold in the goo and go to 219. If you fail, feel your heart sink and go to 124.

363 The hillside here slopes steeply down to the north, where you can hear the river that runs through the woods. A scree of blue stones lies across the path and a third trail runs down beside them. The stones range from rocks the size of a fox to tiny shards, some of them very brilliantly blue. If you'd like to take some to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Blue Stones* (G25).

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (363) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	166	77	41	136	415	136	41	77	166	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk downhill to the north beside the scree, go to 156. To stroll gently downhill to the west, go to 529. To climb slightly uphill to the east, go to 241.

364 Your chosen dish required a total of 8 saving rolls: 3 x L3SR on DEX, 2 x L3SR on INT and 3 x L3SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in 2 DEX rolls, 1 INT roll and 1 LK roll, your Execution will be 12. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 150 to your DD score. Also add 50 to your DD score because it turns out that pie of any kind is King Wilf's favourite dish! If your pie included blackbirds, go to 440. Otherwise return to 173.

365 A woman in leather is coming up the trail. She spots you, hesitates, and then comes on. Stopping close by but staring demurely at the ground, she says, "Erm. Hello. I'm, erm, Zola. I was just passing and, erm, I wondered if you might be interested in a trade?" There's a pronounced, though not unpleasant, cheesy smell in the air. It's hard to get a good look at Zola, as she keeps her face turned away; but you do notice the peculiar detail that under her open-face helm her coiled hair seems to be, well, *writhing*.

Oh. *Gorgon Zola*! The possibility of attacking her flies from your mind with the realisation that she can kill you with a coy glance... If you'd like to see about a trade, note that her Penchant is 2 and go to 644. If you prefer to decline, very respectfully, return to your woodland path paragraph while she strolls away.



- 366** "Ahem," you begin awkwardly, standing before the sundial. The gnome glares at you. "You taste sublime in the middle of the night," you tell him.

The gnome's eyes bug out as his face reddens. Quick as a flash, he produces a pre-loaded catapult from under the toadstool and fires an acorn at your eye! Ow! Deduct 1 from CON. "Dirty beggar," grumbles the gnome. "Third one this week. Bugger off!"

You could make something of it, but you decide it's too petty an incident to fight over. Return to 585 and choose again.

- 367** If you cast a forbidden spell to start a fire, such as *Call Flame* or *Blasting Power*, go to 543. If you have some other means of starting one, such as a tinder-box or appropriate magical gizmo, go to 490. If you have no means of starting a fire, return to 123 and stop wasting my time.

- 368** Alas, the demon in the tree rejects your puny abilities and your weapon shatters! Your head suddenly clear, you want nothing better than to get away from this ugly deadwood and its miasma of wickedness. Hurry along to 159.

- 369** These mushrooms are a rare delicacy. Although their unique flavour enhances any meal, they have extra impact when their fine colouring is readily visible. For Raw, Sandwich and Pete's-a meals they add 50 to your DD score. For other meals they add 30. Return to 79.

- 370** The tunnel is narrow, rugged and twisting. ADD 1 TURN. You reach a point where there seems to be a side-passage going upward to the north. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, go to 471. To clamber up the cramped northern route, go to 278. To wriggle east, go to 149. To writhe to the west, go to 352.

- 371** No more Mick Stappetizars! Add 60 AP. He lies before you, bearing the following:

Chauves souris (6+5; STR Req.: 15; DEX Req.: 12; 190WU; 2-handed; 250GP)

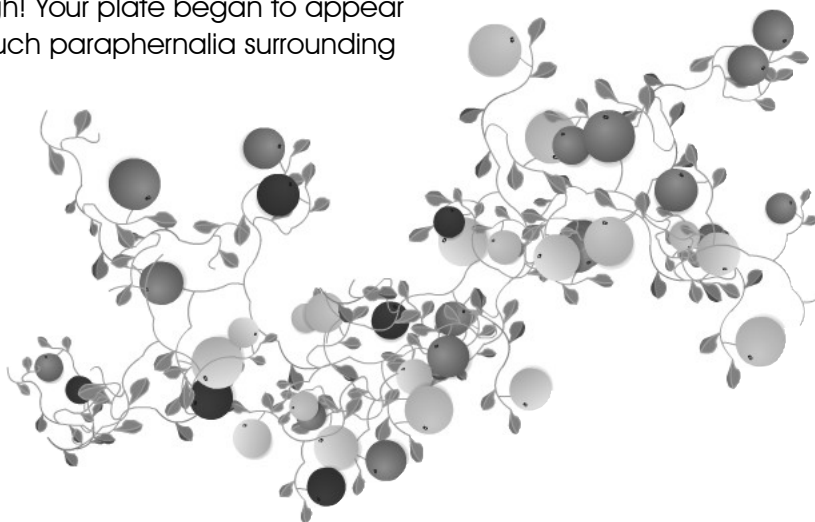
Quilted cotton – leprechaun-sized (3; STR Req.: 6; 30WU; 30GP)

Hare (Meat)

Croc-o'-gold (crocodile-shaped golden brooch that gets hotter the more gold is nearby; worth 50GP)

You may take one item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 372** Too much is more than enough! Your plate began to appear crowded and crass with so much paraphernalia surrounding the food. Subtract your 'G' total from 150 and add the result to your DD score. Now return to 437.



- 373** Three paths meet here at an ivy-covered elm high on a slope, one of them leading to a distant willow archway out of the woods. If you'd like to take some ivy leaves to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Ivy* (G10).

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (373) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	565	136	13	565	77	13	415	166	136	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go west and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go east down the slope, go to 460. To follow the descending path northeast, go to 619.

- 374** You're at the middle of the little stone bridge, where a strip of brass is bolted to the stonework, forming a line underfoot across the width of the bridge. On the northern wall, just above the line, is an inscribed message:

*You may pass back and forth as you go on your way,
But the same one won't cross here twice in one day.*



Curious. If you have 'S' written in your notes, first go to 249. If you go to the opposite bank, crossing the line, go to 533. If instead you want to return to the bank you started from without crossing the line, the eastern bank is at 186 and the western bank is at 277.

- 375** *Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding!* Jackpot! You have included in your meal the national snack of Stringwater! Their mere presence on the plate draws a happy sigh from the King and cheers from the onlooking crowd. So beloved a treat are they that you may add 100 to your DD score! Now return to 79.

- 376** The creature's MR is 120. And then there's those spines... Return to 521 and make a choice.

- 377** A fellow steps out from behind a cedar tree alongside you and lays an arm around your shoulder as if the two of you are continuing an amiable conversation. "Hey there, I'm Chris P Baykan, call me Chris. How's the hunting, eh? Going well? That's great! Here, try this, spicy jerky, can't get enough of it, mmm! Say, did you bag any meat yet?"

So quickly does all this happen that you are chewing on the jerky he thrust into your hand before you can gather your thoughts. Chris P Baykan is a tall thin chap, with a ruddy complexion and a very friendly air, clad in crinkly stiff leather. If you've found Meat and tell him so, go to 609. If you tell him no, go to 103.

- 378** Phew! Now that feathers have stopped flying, you have time to notice minor details about the defunct swan, such as what colour it is. Roll an SR on LK and see what level you achieved. If you make it at level 5 or above, the swan was an extremely rare blue specimen with a yellow bill. If you make level 3 or 4, the swan was a highly unusual blood-red, with black bill. If you make level 2, it was an uncommon black swan. If you don't manage level 2, the swan was an ordinary white one.

Since you've had to kill the darned thing anyway, you might as well take it for the King's meal. If you'd like to do so, find a vacant compartment in your satchel (or empty one out), and stuff the swan in. (For such a big bird, it fits surprisingly neatly.) Don't forget to note down the colour. Now go to 203 and leave the area, before the other swans wise up.

- 379** Your attack kills the fawn! With a disconsolate cry, he falls backward into the pool – but disappears before hitting the water! His flute sails through the air. Do you reach out to catch it? If so, roll an L2SR on DEX. If you make it, go to 595. If you fail, or let it fall, go to 469.

- 380** A hobb asserts, "Rhubarb goes well in a curry. No, really!" His companions seem unconvinced... Return to 610.

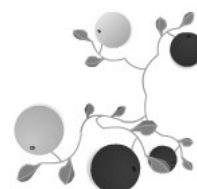
- 381** You are nothing if not brave! (Soon you'll be both.) The spider's MR is 450. Fight it in the usual futile manner. ~~When~~ If you fall unconscious or die, go to 620. If, unaccountably, you "defeat" the spider, ~~examine your conscience~~ go to 431.

- 382** A woodland path meets a stream at its spring here. It's a quiet, pretty little spot, where the water bubbles out from a cleft in the rocks with a merry burble. ADD 1 TURN. If you'd like to try the spring-water, go to 547. To follow the faint path northeast, go to 488. To follow the stream south, go to 251.

- 383** "Very sensible," sniffs Alf, scooping up your hard-won foodstuffs. "Here's a coin for your trouble, peasant." And with that, he flips a silver piece at you and strides briskly off down the trail.

If you pick up the coin, go to 551. If not, return sadly to your woodland path paragraph.

- 384** This Meat's Scrumptiousness is 2 per animal: if you have 1, it's 2; for 2 animals, it's 4; and for 3 it's 6. Nothing special, it must be admitted! Return to 102.



385 With a deep breath, you leap up onto the unicorn's back, grabbing its mane. The enraged, snorting animal instantly begins bucking like a stormy sea and you have to wrap your arms around its neck and squeeze its ribs with your knees to cling on. It swings its head around and often the point of its horn very nearly has your eye out! Leaves and twigs scrape across your face and stones fly up from the unicorn's stamping hooves. Still, you reflect as your teeth rattle, it can only be a matter of moments before it surrenders and calms down...

Roll an L3SR on STR. If you fail, you are thrown off at great speed: go to 550. If you make it, you take 1 point of CON damage for bruising. (Your armour won't help you here, as you are being shaken around inside it!) Then roll an L5SR on INT. If you make that, then go to 224.

Continue in this way each round: L3SR on STR, 1 damage if you're not thrown, and then the INT saving roll; but lower the level of the INT SR by 1 each time. If after 5 rounds of this you still haven't made the INT roll, then go to 224 anyway. (Water penetrates even the densest stone eventually...)

386 The owl declaims:

*It's said there are tunnels that go under the lake.
Go through the bear's cave – if she's not awake!*

He's not shutting up yet. Go to 601.

387 Sadly for you, the magpie is not stupid. This is not a silver birch tree, but the rarer cast-iron birch, which absorbs iron from the earth and deposits it in a column at the heart of the trunk. Your damage rebounds on yourself as your blade shudders and clangs! Since this is apparent on the first blow, you need take only half the damage of the full round you rolled, but armour is of no use to you here, excepting gauntlets. If the shock leads to unconsciousness or death, go to 361. If not, return to 162 and choose again.

388 This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 10. The king of common vegetables! Return to 102.

389 A steward in blue and yellow tabard escorts you on a bracing stroll uphill towards the west. You soon reach a path that leads northeast through an arch of living willow into the woods. However, the steward explains that you must wait for the starting signal, so you hack at the grass for a while. After almost half an hour, there is a terrific boom from back towards the tents, and the steward bows and waves you forward. You step through the arch between the trees. Go to 453.

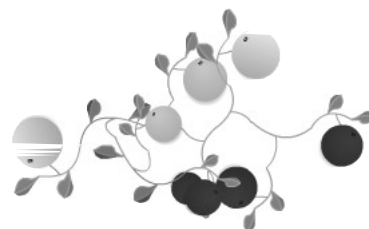
390 Take the northeast path upstream above the fall at 112, or the southern path downstream below the pool at 501. Or *only* if you have 'G' written in your notes, you are aware of another path that you can follow at 143.

391 Sol steps back and bows to you. "Our mettle is tested," he says, "and each has acquitted himself well. Let us shed no more blood. I would have you wear this token of my respect." And with that, he pulls a black ring from a pocket and offers it to you.

If you want to take the ring, go to 128. If you refuse, continue the fight at 582; Sol will not repeat the offer.

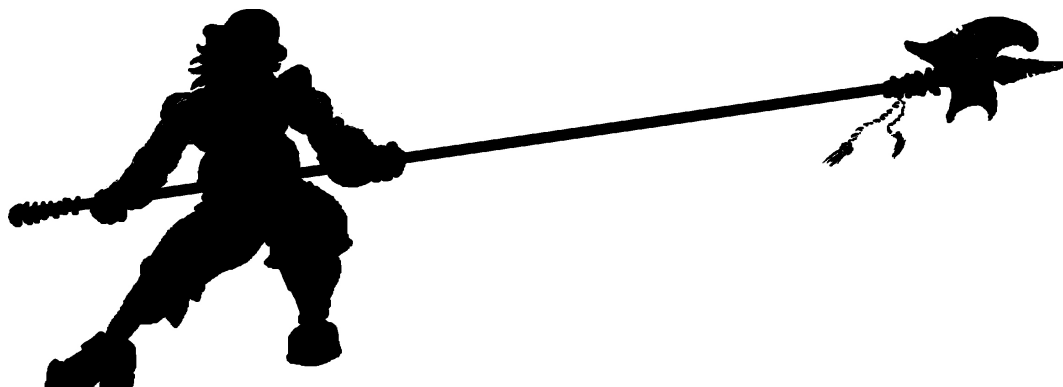
392 Squirrels! If you have 'Q' written in your notes, go to 68. Otherwise, go to 240.

- 393** Sherry Tryfull served boar as a grilled steak with onions and potatoes, though Paddy d'Midriff regarded it as just slightly burnt. The meal scored 796½. Now return to 586.
- 394** Oddly, this path is a dead end. There's an area of thoroughly trampled ferns, as if something lives here, but no other pathways out. Everything is still and silent. Perhaps it was a confluence of woodland enchantments that drew you here, and perhaps other living things might be here for the same reason. Roll an L1SR on WIZ. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (394) of this woodland path:
- | Roll | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
|-----------|-----|-----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|-----|
| Paragraph | 415 | 116 | 13 | 136 | 521 | 521 | 521 | 136 | 116 | 13 | 166 |
- Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing back down the path to 515.
- 395** You step down into the water and set about swimming across the lake. The distance isn't great, so even fully laden you don't anticipate problems. ADD 1 TURN. If you have 'N' written in your notes, go to 216. Otherwise, go to 232.
- 396** "Very bad luck to mess with a magpie's nest!" your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 397** You step boldly into the ring. Roll an L2SR on CHR. If you make it, go to 505. If you fail, go to 562.
- 398** Ground to a fine powder and sieved over the food, this hot and tasty seasoning is great with anything. Add 25 to your DD score and return to 79.
- 399** Phew! After a good deal of tense clambering, you have reached a hanging acorn, though the ground is a worryingly long way away. But now that you yank at the thing, you find the acorn is devilishly well attached! Straddling the bough so that you're firmly situated, you pull and pull until sweat breaks out on your forehead. If you would like to keep pulling in the hope of gradually loosening the acorn, go to 114. If you want to try hacking it off with a weapon, go to 449.
- 400** A dwarf opines: "If all you've got is frogs, I say put 'em on a Pete's-a. That way they're tasty but not overpowering." Return to 610.
- 401** Negotiating a very delicate step with your right foot, you pay insufficient attention when moving your left. Thus, you become aware of several things in a very short space of time. To wit: there is pit here concealed between the boulders; the pit is a bear's den; the bear sleeps in it with her head poking out; and the bear's nose is now under your foot. If you have 'E' written in your notes, go to 145. If not, go to 632.
- 402** It's foul. Go to 28.



403 "Trade with you?" you mock. "Are you taking the *mick*?"

"Sure, an' it's yer own funeral you'll be havin'," says the leprechaun calmly, hauling out from the bracken behind him an unlikely 12-foot polearm! It's a *chauves souris*, sporting a long blade and two angled side-blades, coming into very *sharp* focus as he thrusts it towards your face!



"Hey!" you protest, "I thought leprechauns were all wizards that couldn't use big weapons!"

"Aye, well, I'm by way o' bein' from the *roguish* side o' the family, where we don't hold wi' any rules we find *burdensome*." He grins. "Now, have at!"

Miek Michael Stappetizars scores 6+5 for this weapon, plus 32 Adds. His CON and WIZ are both 16, and beneath his colourful garb is quilted cotton that takes 3 hits. If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 371. If he leaves you unconscious or dead, note that his *Penchant* is 3 and go to 182. If you're both still fighting after 7 rounds, Michael mutters, "Ah, away wi' ye," and disappears! Presumably the prohibition on unlisted spells doesn't apply to his natural teleportation ability; or there again, perhaps he has been killed by lethal death until he is dead. One can but dream. Return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 404** You stand in uffish thought by a willow archway that leads out of the woods. Two paths diverge here, heading southeast and northeast. The ground descends steeply to the east. To go west and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To follow along the slope to the southeast, go to 329. To descend the muddy-looking slope northeast, go to 626.
- 405** Your Meat's Scrumptiousness is 28. Unfeasibly gorgeous! If you have another unlisted Meat to check, go to 447. Otherwise, return to 102.
- 406** The trunk of the tree is neither wide nor even. Walking over it requires careful balance. Roll an L2SR on DEX. If you fail, go to 94. Otherwise, go to 191 to proceed north across the river, or tiptoe to the southern bank at 468.
- 407** With a little trill on his flute, the fawn disappears! Oh well, at least with him gone you're free to explore the grotto. Go to 40.
- 408** If you cast a forbidden flame spell, such as *Call Flame* or *Blasting Power*, go to 543. If you successfully use a magical item or ability to make flame, go to 219; or if that attempt fails, go to 124. If you try a mechanical means of making fire, such as a tinder-box, a sword struck against a rock or frantically rubbing two sticks together, go to 362. If you think better of this whole idea, return quickly to 269 and choose again.

409 "Hey there," you say softly, not wishing to scare the gentle creature. Alas, it seems you may have misjudged its temperament... Go to 288.

410 "Ill-mannered, I see," says Donna, whirling her forkspear. "For this, many have died."

Donna gets 5+2 for her forkspear and has 19 Adds. Her CON is 12, her WIZ 14, and her voluminous robe acts as armour for 2x2. If you kill or incapacitate her, go to 132. If she pricks you into unconsciousness or death, note that her Penchant is 4 and go to 182. If you think better of this fight, she will block any attempt at escape for 6 rounds, but after that she will let you run off with a dismissive snort: return humiliated to your woodland path paragraph.

411 Tomato, Beetroot, Squirrel and Cucumber go particularly well in this dish. For each kind that you have included, you may add 1 to your Execution. Now return to 173.

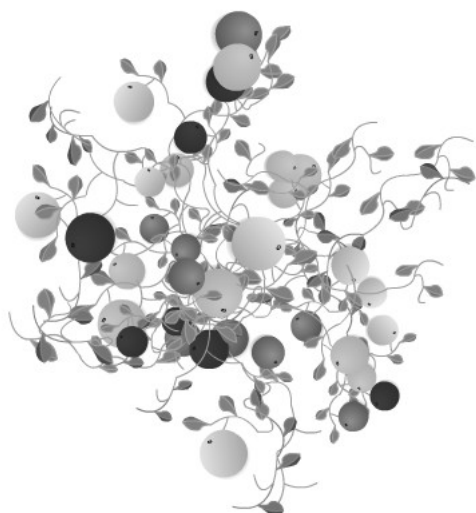
412 You can see no better option than to march up, punch a hole in the hive, grab a fistful of honeycomb and run for the hills. If you want to try that, go to 184. If not, return empty-handed up the path to 217.

413 Alongside the junction of three trails is a large rotting log, rich with livid yet repellent fungi, in many unhealthy colours and strange shapes. Around here seems a likely place to find things, if you can just figure out the most promising spot. Roll an L2SR on INT. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (413) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	415	166	77	136	13	565	77	415	13	166	136

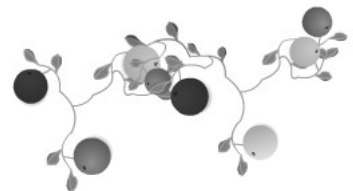
Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To stride uphill to the south, go to 453. To take the southeast path, go to 542. To climb steeply uphill along the little-travelled path to the southwest, go to 1.

414 You scoop a large hole in the earth, seat the acorn firmly in the bottom, and fill the hole in again. Stepping back, you wait. Decide how long you will wait for and ADD THAT MANY TURNS. Then go to 475.



415 You have run into one of your rivals! Roll 3D6 in order, consult the table below and go to the paragraph indicated. Write your character's name at the top of one of the blank columns on the right and pencil a tick in that column next to the paragraph you rolled. (PDF players, make notes!) If you later visit this table again and roll a paragraph you've already rolled, ignore it and roll again: there are nigh on a dozen other contestants in the woods with you, so you won't run into the same one twice. Your rivals have differing tastes, indicated by their *Penchant*, a number you may need to record when you meet them.

1st Die	2nd Die	3rd Die	Paragraph												
Odd	Odd	1	298												
		2	153												
		3	242												
		4	121												
		5	365												
		6	435												
	Even	1	70												
		2	510												
		3	26												
		4	230												
		5	485												
		6	540												
Even	Odd	1	530												
		2	377												
		3	312												
		4	147												
		5	598												
		6	496												
	Even	1	200												
		2	175												
		3	109												
		4	592												
		5	247												
		6	52												



416 Finally you squeeze through the milling citizens to your allocated kitchen area. It's provided with a large, sturdy workbench of smooth beechwood, a stone chopping-board, bowls, pans, knives and all you could need. At one end a campfire surrounded by stones and kept high by an attentive scullion heats a cast-iron range that you can use for grilling, frying and baking. A tripod with cauldron is available, as are spits for roasting, and along the far side of the bench are commonplace ingredients such as flour, water, sockjuice, sugar, bat granules and so forth. You empty out the contents of your satchel (lidded buckets are on hand to house any still living meats) and ponder on what best to do with them.

*[Note: We at **Tavernmaster Games** planned to include here a fully-functioning pop-up kitchen. However, this entailed insurmountable packaging problems. Therefore in this solo we simulate the culinary process using a sophisticated technique known as "arithmetic". Please have your scrap paper at the ready!]*

You must decide what kind of meal you will prepare. The choices are listed below in ascending order of ambition, from the relatively easy but merely satisfying, to the fiendishly difficult but heavenly (by Stringwater's tastes). You may make a better impression with a straightforward meal that is well executed than with a delicacy that is far from perfect. Good cooking involves confident crafting with steady hands (DEX), careful planning and invention (INT), and quality ingredients unspoilt by anything going wrong (LK). Take your pick:

Raw	With attention and creativity in presentation, even a cold-meat salad can be appetising and pleasing.
Sandwich	A crisp bread roll or a split long loaf can be incredibly munchy, if the innards are well-stacked and in good proportion.
Baked	Throw everything in a dish and pop it in the oven! But judgement and timing are needed to prevent a dry and boring meal.
Stew	Toss it all in the pot and simmer. Constant attention to flavour and texture can lift this dish above the ordinary.
Curry	Properly prepared, the meat and vegetables will melt in the mouth whilst infusing a stimulating heat. An exciting meal, but careful not to overdo it!
Deep-fried	Dropping dipped food into hot fat creates crispy and perhaps spicy coatings. A tasty novelty, but make sure the fat is hot enough, or you'll just get mush.
Pete's-a	Short name for a local specialty, Big Pete's "a flat disc of dough with cheese and stuff on top". Delicious and visually appealing, when elegantly arranged.
Spit-roast	Suitable for all meats, but especially for whole animals. Continuous glazing and monitoring are essential to ensure even heating without burning.
Grill	A juicy steak with grilled vegetables is a joy forever, but the preparation must be exactly right. If it crunches, you've gone too far!
Pie	Plunging one's knife through the rich crust of a pie to discover the hot delights within is culinary ecstasy! But beware a soggy, saggy, or air-filled pie...

Choose your dish. Decide what *Meat(s)* and *Vegetables* you will include; what extra ingredients (*Flavourings*) to add that you may have found in the King's Woods; and what inedible but attractive items (those with a 'G' number) to add as *Garnish*, to enhance the presentation of your meal. Write all this down: later it will be too late to change your mind!

Under the unrelenting gaze of a hundred whispering onlookers, and suspicious glances from the other contestants as they knead and chop and sieve, you labour away in the heat and smoke for what seems like hours, worrying over every detail. Twilight comes on and now it is evening! King Wilf is in his pavilion, and it is time to present your meal! Go to 246.

- 417** Your cutting finds a lumpy shape. With a little careful peeling, it's revealed: a hand! Evidently still attached to an arm, though beyond that you can't tell. On the hand is a ring. It's all rather gruesome, but this is the sort of thing you were searching for, after all! With a gulp, you quickly grab the hand and yank off the ring.

The hand is still warm!!! You stand frozen in horror for a moment. How long has this person (or part thereof?) been cocooned here, in this dark, hideous place? But you soon realise that there is nothing you can do for the poor soul, deeply clasped by the goo as he or she is. Still, while you have the usual adventurer's complacency towards looting the dead, looting the living is another matter! Disgusted by the horrific situation, you are half inclined to throw the ring away and have nothing to do with it. On the other hand (as it were), it's a very *nice* ring, made entirely of amber and with a soft yellow glow. Roll an L2SR on CHR. If you make it, go to 494. If not, go to 53.

- 418** At this intersection of three paths the woods smell very bad! Something putrid must be rotting in the undergrowth, but you aren't inclined to investigate... Hold your nose and roll an L3SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (418) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	136	166	116	415	136	521	41	166	136	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To stroll southeast, go to 251. To take the southwestern path downhill, go to 622. To go north and somewhat uphill, go to 213.

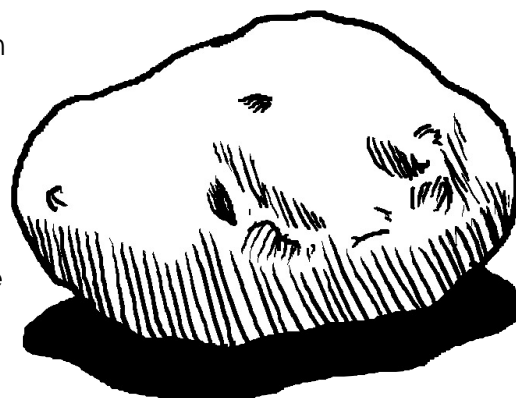
- 419** You step onto the carved face of an owl and – nothing happens! You balance on one foot, considering. To step from here onto the large slab on the north bank of the river, go to 237. To step to the plain stone pairing this one to the west, go to 271. To step onto the face of the witch to the south, go to 618. To step onto the plain stone pairing that one, southwest of you, go to 105.

- 420** Alf has slipped up! He's flipped you a magical coin by mistake. It's the Coin of Wise Dreaming, which can be used once each day. If you go to sleep for an hour with a question in your mind and this coin in your mouth, you will wake up knowing the answer. The question must be simple in nature - "Where is the key to the chest?", not "How do I achieve world peace without bloodshed?" You will also have a mysterious metallic taste in your mouth for the rest of the day.

Now return, somewhat consoled, to your woodland path paragraph.

- 421** This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 5. Mm, not bad. Return to 102.

- 422** Clambering around this mound of rubble turns out to be a painful process. No matter how carefully you tread, the stones shift and roll beneath you, dropping you flat on your face more than once. However, prepared for a tumble, you suffer nothing worse than a few scrapes and bruises. Still, it's a big pile to rummage around in: ADD 1 TURN and roll an L3SR on LK. If you make it, or if you cast *Oh There It Is*, go to 239. If not, return to 12 and choose again.



423 Ham Shank lies face down in the dirt! Bravely done: add 50 AP. On his person you find:

Bonesplitter (7+3; STR Req.: 25; DEX Req.: 15; 190WU; 2-handed; 360GP)
Leather armour (5; STR Req.: 7; 75WU; 50GP)
Hare (Meat)

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

424 The trunk of the birch is about 6" across – pretty solid. But maybe by firmly heaving to and fro you can get the topmost branches swaying. Wrapping your arms around the trunk and pressing it to your shoulder, you commence pushing and pulling. It's hard work! You think you are making some movement way up top, but will it be enough? You need stamina as well as brute strength, in order to keep going and allow the swaying to build.

Try some saving rolls on STR at level 3. You can keep trying as long as you like, but for every 5 attempts you must ADD 1 TURN. When you achieve 3 successes *in a row*, see how long the streak continues: If you succeed in 5 rolls in a row, go to 342. If you make 4 in a row, go to 486. If you only manage 3 in a row, go to 92. To abandon the attempt, return to 162 and choose again.

425 "Ahem," says the owl:

*So deep was this bird steeped in rumour and fact,
 There was scarcely a morsel of knowledge he lacked!
 'Twas said he devoured every crumb of sense going.
 If he didn't know it, then it wasn't worth –*

The owl stares at you again. To stroll on to the north, go to 241. To follow the path southwest, go to 443. To rap with the owl, roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, go to 290. If not, go to 573.

426 Your chosen dish required a total of 7 saving rolls: 3 x L2SR on DEX, 2 x L2SR on INT and 2 x L2SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in 2 DEX rolls, 1 INT roll and 1 LK roll, your Execution will be 8. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 110 to your DD score. If your meal included Frogs, go to 122. Otherwise return to 173.

427 The ground here is littered with the husks of nuts. This is an airy part of the forest with light undergrowth and sunshine dappling the earth. Three paths meet here, one leading to a distant willow archway out of the woods. If you'd like to take some husks to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Husks (G10)*.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (427) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	415	77	166	166	136	392	392	77	415	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go southeast and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go east into a darker patch, go to 215. To follow the quiet path to the north, go to 96.

428 Although the island is small, it is bumpy and lumpy and covered with trees, ferns and bushes, and it's too big and messy an area for an *Oh There It Is* spell to be practical. After exploring for a few minutes, you realise that it will take you half an hour to search the whole thing. If you want to proceed, go to 131. If you don't want to spend the time, return to 29 and choose again.

429 You've licked Sly Stayprikott! Add 40 AP. Upon him you find:

Gladius (3+2; STR Req.: 10; DEX Req.: 7; 70WU; 1-handed; 50GP)

Yellow quilted silk – hobb-sized (3; STR Req.: 6; 70WU; 200GP.)

Crunchy Apricot Stones x5 (Eating one doubles the effectiveness of the weapon in your best hand for 5 rounds.)

Potato (Vegetable)

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

430 Salmon prepared this way is particularly fine: you may add 2 to your Execution, or 3 if you made *all* your rolls and cooked it to perfection. Now return to 173.

431 Rather suspiciously, you have survived the combat. With a noise like an avalanche, the spider's vast bulk collapses into the clearing, its head splitting open and oozing forth a foul black fluid that threatens to ruin your footwear. The central mass of webbing is crushed beneath the hideous corpse and it is trouble enough to pick your way around the beast to reach one of the paths out of this vile den. Go to 315.

432 You are awarded the Chef's Rolling Pin of Doom (STR Req.: 12; DEX Req.: 8; 40WU; 1-handed.). This is a wooden shaft 18 inches long, with pleasingly turned handles at either end. Used in cooking, the Rolling Pin spreads evenly and removes lumps and bubbles from even the thickest of doughs with a single roll. Used as a blunt weapon in combat, the number of dice scored by the Rolling Pin of Doom is $2D6 \times$ your level. For instance, a level 3 character who rolls 5 and 2 would receive $7 \times 3 = 21$ dice in that round. Note that *doubles add and roll over* in this $2D6$ roll! Making the roll commits you to using the Rolling Pin in that round: no switching to your sword because you rolled $2+1$! Now return to 266.

433 There's a statue here among the trees, just a little way west of the shore of a lake. It seems an odd place to put it, hidden away here and in the middle of the path, but then it's an odd statue: it's an elf wincing, squinting, half-turning, as if she'd had a painful twinge in her back as she twisted away from something, one arm half-raised towards her face. Still, the craftsmanship is excellent, it's highly realistic, even down to the tooled Stringwater sigil on her satchel – just like the one on yours.

Around here seems a likely place to find things, if you can just figure out the most promising spot. Roll an L2SR on INT. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll $2D6$ and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (433) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	444	415	166	444	326	202	326	444	136	116	444

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk southeast down towards the shore, go to 267. To climb uphill to the southwest, go to 615.

434 "If you want to please the King," a leprechaun tells the fairy on his head, "you should make sure everything in your meal begins with a different letter!" Return to 610.

435 A goblin steps around a beech tree and stands before you. He's wearing mail armour that's been painted a pleasing golden-brown. "I," he declares grandly, "am Ash Brown. Clearly I could vanquish you in an instant –" (he sniffs dismissively) "– so I suggest that you accede to my suggestion, which is, that I, uh, *suggest* a trade."

If you'd like to trade with the uppity goblin, note that his Penchant is 3 and go to 644. If you'd prefer to attack him and take him down a peg, go to 2. If you simply shake your head, he sniffs again and wanders off, while you return to your woodland path paragraph.

436 The water sends a fiery tingle through your body. From this day forth no kind of wolf, jackal, coyote or dog can sense your presence, so it's perfectly safe to walk up to one and (for the sake of argument) slit its throat. In combat with such a creature you are effectively invisible and may double your score. Nonetheless, it would be best to get out of the way if a pack of hounds comes barrelling towards you! Return to 593 and choose a path: no further magical effects will ensue from drinking the fountain's water.

437 The crowd is quietening down again in anticipation of an announcement, and the King and his Confectioner seem on the verge of completing their deliberations. You, meanwhile, are turning over in your mind the last details of the meal you presented: the Garnish items you placed on the plate to decorate the meal.

Each such item has a 'G' number. Add up those numbers. If the total is 75 or less, add it to your DD score. If it is more, go to 372. If you included any Garnish items that were blue, go to 625.

As it turns out, the King is charmed by visual wordplay. If any of your Meats and Vegetables began with the same letter, add 20 to your DD score for each repeated letter. For instance, if you served Beaver, Beans, Cauliflower, Capsicum and Cassowary, you would receive 20 extra points for the repeated 'B' and 40 for the two repeats of 'C'.

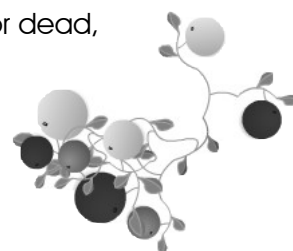
But enough of worrying over your meal! The King is rising to his feet! Lester gestures for silence and His Majesty King Wilf, Sovereign of Stringwater, first of that name, speaks to the loyal subjects of his realm:

"Eeh, that were some lovely grub! Really top-hole nosh, weren't it, Paddy? I could eat it all again! But we 'as to 'ave a winner, don't we? And so –"

Go to 323.

438 "Hey, you nasty person!" Sam O'Lina cries, shocked and hurt to find himself under attack! But he gamely whips out a short sword and poniard and gives a good account of himself. His sword scores 3+0 and his poniard 2+0, and his Adds are 5. His CON is 12, his WIZ 13, and he wears heavy cloth armour for 1x2 hits.

If you incapacitate or kill Sam, go to 356. If you're left unconscious or dead, note that his Penchant is 2 and go to 182.



- 439** You give it all you've got in a rousing rendition of the bawdy comic song, *Summer, Is He Comin' In?* Voda is on his back guffawing when you're done. "Oh!" he gasps, "I can hardly breathe!" He snorts and sniggers and gasps some more, but eventually settles down. "Phew!" he says. "I felt like I was suffocating then! Just like when I had my tonic dip."

His what? With a little gentle probing, you elicit an explanation from Voda. Apparently, if you hold your breath for as long as you can while submerged in the pool, the bracing waters make you healthier than you've ever been! "But," he adds, "it can be dangerous, you know. You have to know your limits!"

If you'd like to try it, go to 511. Otherwise, return to 9 to continue singing or move on.

- 440** Blackbirds go particularly well in this dish: add 2 to Execution. If you chose to go for the spectacular but devilishly tricky dish of *living* blackbird pie, go to 317. Otherwise, return to 173.

- 441** You're in the gazebo atop the hill on the wooded island in the lake. This is a round shelter 12 feet across, with a domed roof supported on six slender pillars, all of alabaster. A stair of yellow stones leads south from here, down to the waterline at the southern tip of the island. The floor of the gazebo is tiled in an intricate yet elegant pattern of blue and yellow.

A circular bench of marble allows you to sit in comfort in the shade, gazing at the beautiful sunlit views over the tranquil lake. The woodlands rise on the east and west shores and a river rolls south from the lake, passing under a stone bridge before turning east in the distance, just below what looks like a decorative fountain. Far to the south, you can see a wide clearing high up in the woods with a standing stone in the middle.

Looking west over the water, you see a crowd of black birds – rooks? – gathered over the treetops up the hill, and you can just barely hear them, cawing endlessly. Farther down is a splash of yellow, some bright flowers glimpsed through the foliage. On the eastern shore, past where swans glide smoothly on the water, the hillside is very steep. At its height you can see a cairn to the southeast, and due east the remains of a ruined tower on the skyline.

The whole scene is so calming that sitting here restores 1 point of CON per turn! ADD TURNS accordingly if you want to relax for a while. Then, if you have 'Z' written in your notes, go to 272. If not, go to 62.

- 442** Roll 2D6 to see how many tasty orange nuts you ended up with. Add 3 to your DD score for each nut. If your meal had more than 7 boogie nuts, go to 274. Otherwise return to 79.

- 443** A pine tree has fallen across the path here. Three trails meet in what feels like a remote, lonely part of the woods. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (443) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	166	415	41	136	77	136	41	166	77	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk downhill on a faint trail going northeast, go to 354. To stroll gently downhill to the northwest, go to 567. To follow the trail southeast, go to 293.

444 Rats! Rats in the undergrowth, creeping around just a few feet away. There are D6+1 rats, each with an MR of 12 (they've got great big teeth). Technically they are meat, albeit a radical choice for the King's meal. It's up to you whether you attack them, but if you do they will all fight as a pack, till death, regarding you less as a foe and more as a snack. If engagement leaves you unconscious or dead, go to 361. If you kill them, you will find that a free compartment of your satchel will hold up to 3 dead rats. Now return to your woodland path paragraph.

445 "Boar should be served raw," says a red-faced dwarf to anyone who'll listen. "Raw. RAW, d'ye hear me?" Return to 610.

446 Success! A spark catches and with alarming speed flames whoosh along the threads! Following them upwards with your eyes, with the help of the firelight you suddenly discern in amongst the dense leaves and branches above you the body of a spider, supported on those thick crooked trees around the clearing, which you now realise are its legs! It's about the size of *The Bewildered Sow*, the tavern you were in last night. Perhaps this wasn't the wisest move... Go to 219.

447 If your Meat was *Unicorn*, go to 218. If not, you shouldn't be here! Go back to 102.

448 The owl hoots and announces:

*I've completed my verse! Now in thanks for your aid,
With rumours and facts you'll be handsomely paid.
So prick up your ears and set aside time
(Because obviously I must do it in rhyme).*

If you have 4 'X' marks in your notes, go to 176. If you have 3, go to 286. If you have 2, go to 386. And if you have 1 'X', go to 601.

449 As soon as you apply your weapon to the stem, the bough of the tree bucks like an enraged bull! You tumble out of the oak tree to the grass far below! Roll 3D6 damage. You may count your armour (but not shield) at half effectiveness. If you make an L1SR on LK, you may deduct 3 from the damage for landing in a handy patch of soft heather. If the fall leads to unconsciousness or death, go to 361. Otherwise, pick up your battered self and go to 583.

450 Belle raises an eyebrow and a corner of her mouth as you move to attack. "Oh yes?" she says. "That kind of day, is it? Well, I hope you like spicy food."

An odd taunt. Belle fights with a dagger mace for 3+4 and her Adds are 24. Her CON is 14, her WIZ, and her scutum shield takes 5x2 hits. If you take any hits to CON, you discover that Belle regularly rubs her mace's blade with chilli peppers, which makes your wounds sting with burning pain. As this is somewhat troublesome, after each round in which this happens, lose 5 from your next round's score.

If you incapacitate or kill Belle, go to 268. If she is too hot for you and leaves you unconscious or dead, note that her Penchant is 2 and go to 182.

If you're both still standing after 7 rounds, Belle says, "Really, this is silly! Are you sure you wouldn't rather trade?" If you would, note that her Penchant is 2 and go to 644. If not, fight on till the bitter (and spicy) end!

- 451** By the gods, this is hot! After a pinch of this on your tongue, you can cook the rest of the meal with your furnace breath! Fortunately the King enjoys bursting out in sweat now and again and shovels more and more of your dish into his mouth, punctuating bites with enormous gulps of water. Add 50 to your DD score. Now return to 79.
- 452** A plump, beaming, elderly woman known as Auntie Pastur served a goat-and-hare pie with carrots and onion. Evidently delightful, it scored 906½. Now return to 586.
- 453** What looks like something interesting on the ground turns out to be a half-eaten hedgehog. This is a quiet, sparse part of the forest, high on a slope. Three paths meet here, one leading up to a distant willow archway out of the woods.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (453) of this woodland path:

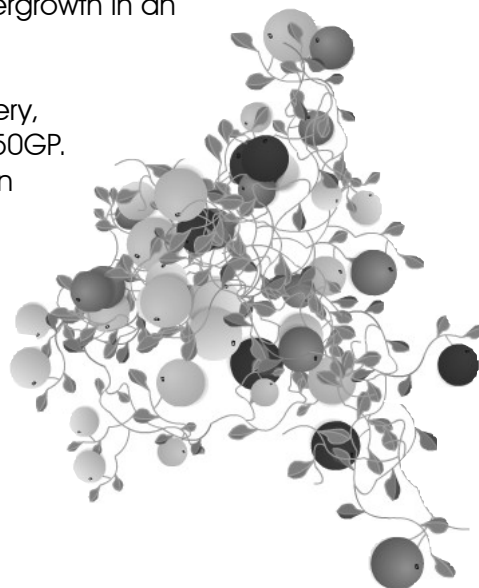
Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	415	136	166	77	565	565	565	77	136	415	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go uphill southwest and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go east along the hill, go to 538. To follow the path downhill and northwards, go to 413.

- 454** A curious choice in a meal for the King, this ribbony plant is a strong aphrodisiac, sure to arouse his passions whilst leaving him embarrassed and frustrated. However, if you succeed in an L2SR on LK, then his excitement persists through your meal and he does not connect his later frustration with your offering. In that case, add 30 to your DD score. If you fail the roll, add 5. Now return to 79.
- 455** "I'm looking out for bird droppings, me. My gardener pal reckons that stuff grows the best vegetables," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 456** Unable to repel you and unable also to tolerate your touch any longer, the enraged unicorn violently twists its head, snapping off a length of its horn. Roaring with pain and wrath, it bolts away, vanishing into the undergrowth in an instant.

Shocked at this turn of events, you examine the horn. Silvery, spiralling and beautiful, it swirls with magic and is worth 250GP. At a later date you may have it fitted with a hilt (paying an armourer 20GP for the work) so that it can be used as a stabbing dagger. It will be a clumsy weapon, so it counts for only 2D6 in the initial reckoning, but if you *do* win a combat round while wielding it, the horn fires a bolt of the unicorn's searing fury into your foe's flesh, scoring D6 x D6 x D6 hits direct from CON or MR. However, if the 3 dice add up to 6, the horn then explodes!

Your exploration is over. Now return to 29 and choose again.



- 457** You and the other losers non-winners are led from the dais. Lester the King's Wizard gives each of you a goody-bag and thanks you for competing. You wander off into the crowd even as the cheering goes on.

Your goody-bag contains 4 iced buns made by the hand of Paddy d'Midriff, the King's Own Confectioner, which you can't help but gobble down at a sitting, so deliciously sumptuous are they. Each adds a point to an attribute of your choice. There is also a bronze clasp bearing the arms of Stringwater, that can be used to fasten a cloak or some such garment. Worn, this clasp serves as 5 points of magical armour (not doubled for warriors). Finally, there is a jewelled item plucked at random from the King's Treasure House for you. (Use the *Treasure Generator* in the Rule Book to establish the details.)

Add AP equal to one-tenth of your DD score and proceed to 28.

- 458** In a clear patch at the edge of the hill stands a cairn of grey stones, 5 feet tall, carefully stacked like a beehive. The hillside to the west descends alarmingly steeply to a lake in the north, with its own island, and a river running south from it. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (458) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	166	392	136	392	116	415	521	166	166	415

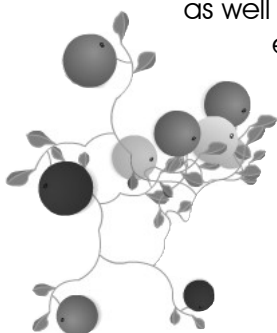
Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To trot down the steep slope west to the river, go to 11. To gallop down the even steeper slope to the northwest, towards the lake's edge, go to 95. To take the gentler slope down to the southwest, go to 162. To go on up the brow of the hill to the northeast, go to 588.

- 459** Mrs Innatree points her knitting needle at a pile of purple fur beside you. It's in clumps of short hair, and come to think of it you've seen the odd hank of moulted fur like this caught on twigs in this part of the woods. "Manticore fur," she says. "Fiddly stuff, but makes a lovely soft manticora wool." She hands you a bobbin thing and shows you how to use it, spinning it between your palms and teasing the fur onto it with your fingertips, constantly adding more to the free end of the lumpy thread.

It turns out to be fiendishly difficult. Mrs Innatree watches you over her knitting, using balls of purple manticora that she prepared earlier, shrewdly pacing her work so that you and she will finish at the same time. To completely spin the pile of fluff will require 10 successful L2SRs on DEX. You may make 5 attempts per turn: after every set of 5, ADD 1 TURN, remembering to keep a count of your successes.

When you have made 10 successful rolls, your fingers are burning and your teeth ground down through gnashing them in frustration when the thread breaks. But the promised hat is ready! It's made of thick purple wool with a round fluffy bobble on top. It's warm, and as well as the promised magical effect, it also adds 1 to CHR, being comically endearing. "Thankee, young 'un," says Mrs Innatree happily. "Now, you'd best be on your way if you're going to win the contest!"

Return, freshly behatted, to 245 and choose again.



- 460** Lying where three paths intersect is a crumbling scabbard. What little remains of it is held to the ground by plants and fouler things growing over it and through it. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (460) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	77	166	565	13	136	415	13	136	77	166	565

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To stride uphill to the west, go to 373. To take the faint, steeply rising path just west of south, go to 1. To descend to the east, go to 340.

- 461** Although big enough to be a vegetable, in fact the flesh of the whatato is too bitter to eat, and it is only the yellow skin that is used in cooking. Scraped into shreds, its piquancy explodes into the surrounding food under high heat, adding 35 to your DD score if your meal was Deep-fried, Spit-roast or Grill. For other meals it adds 15 to DD. Return to 79.
- 462** You climb down the deep dark shaft for some time, well below the level of the lake's surface. Note this paragraph number, visit 129 and then proceed to 513.
- 463** Your mind's a blank! You respond with the first thing that pops into your head. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, go to 523. If not, go to 110.
- 464** Sammy is taken aback. "A fight?" he says. "Oh well, all right. Just a little one though." He draws a short sword and poniard and stands ready.

Sammy scores 2+0 for his poniard and 3+0 for his short sword. His Adds are 9. He has 16 CON and 12 WIZ, and his white armour is worth 3x2, with an extra 1x2 for his steel cap. If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 526. If the combat leaves you unconscious or dead, note that Sammy's Penchant is 1 and go to 182. If the combat goes past 3 rounds, he is surprised that you wish to continue, and is happy to leave it at that if you're agreeable: if so, return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 465** It has MR 120. Return to 569 and choose again.
- 466** You come to a very noisy part of the woods. High, high up in the trees are dozens of rooks' nests. Rooks are sitting in them, standing over them and flapping around them, all cawing madly and continuously. You can see them vaguely, but the height, their constant movement and the leaves swaying in the breeze beneath them prevent any real chance of hitting one with a range weapon. In any case, you've seen blackbirds hopping around the woods that are rather more tame and accessible, if you were seeking that kind of foodstuff.
- The rooks' droppings have built up over time, making wide, shallow cones around the base of each tree. The smell is choking. A couple of nests have fallen from the trees. ADD 1 TURN. If you want to investigate the nests, go to 4. If you want to dig in the guano, go to 348. To follow the trail downhill to the east, go to 615. To take the path heading southeast and more gently downhill, go to 100.
- 467** "D'ye reckon we'll see the classic blackbird pie get an outing this year?" says an elderly hobb eagerly. "I loves to 'ear 'em a-chirrupin'!" Return to 610.

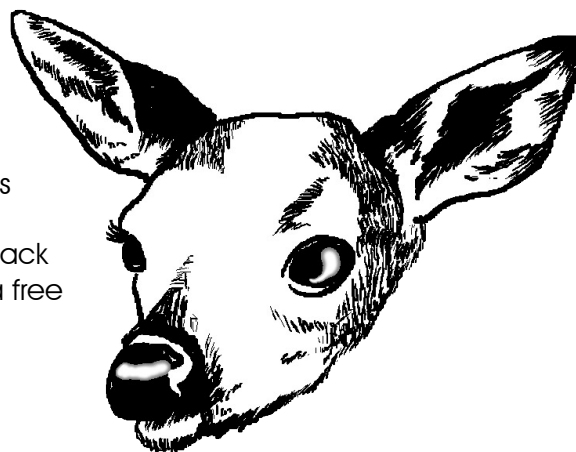
- 468** You're on the south bank of the river, right where it bends from running south to flowing east. There's a fallen fir tree here that lies across the river, its far end bristling with bushy branches. Roll an L1SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (468) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	202	392	212	444	326	415	326	202	116	166	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To stride uphill through the trees to the southeast, go to 529. To take the western path upstream that rises away from the river, go to 593. To tiptoe north along the fallen tree to cross the river, go to 406.

- 469** The flute lands end-first on a rock and shatters! Oh well, easy come, easy go. At least with the fawn gone you're free to explore the grotto. Go to 40.

- 470** The deer is only 6 feet away! You could dive on it if you can make an L2SR on DEX, or you could cast a spell. If you successfully dive on it, roll one round of damage. The deer's MR is 25. If your dive fails or leaves the deer with an MR of more than 2, it writhes from your grasp and shoots off between the trees. Otherwise it is unconscious or dead, and you can hack off a good-sized portion of its flesh and pop it into a free compartment of your satchel. Now return to your woodland path paragraph.



- 471** Feeling your way around, you place your hand in a crevice and touch something cold and smooth. You draw it out: it's a key. Hmm. Pop it in your pocket and write down 'Y' in your notes. Now return to 370 and choose a route.

- 472** You have sliced up Red Lester! Add 70 AP. His possessions are:

Giant Cheeseknife (6+4; STR Req.: 22; DEX Req.: 14; 150WU; 2-handed; 280GP)
Red Lacquered Cuirboille – fits fat dwarf (7; STR Req.: 8; 150WU; 200GP)
3 Frogs (Meat) – counts as 1 item
Large corked jug of red lacquer, with brush (30WU)
Red ruby ring (50GP)

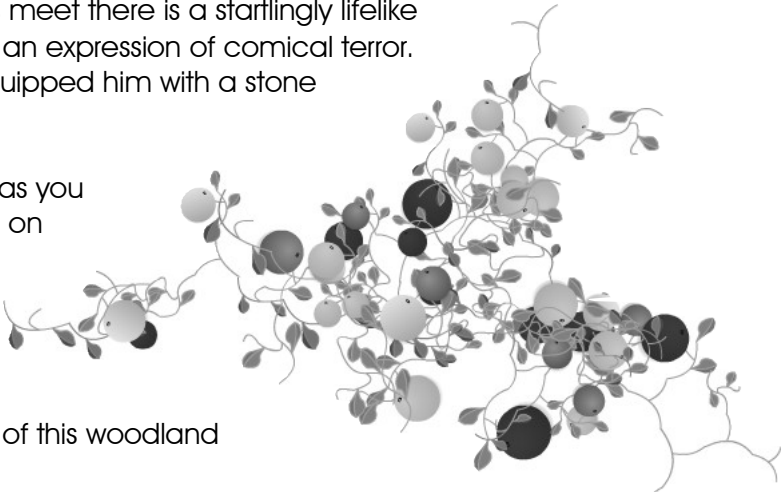
You may take one item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 473** Some nagging instinct draws your attention to those dark, bent, spiny trees around the clearing. Absently, you turn a full circle to count them, picking them out among the other trees: one, two, three...

Eight. Uh-huh. Slowly you tilt back your head. Now that you know what to look for, you can just discern in amongst the dense leaves and branches above you the body of a spider, supported on those thick crooked legs. It's about the size of *The Bewildered Sow*, the tavern you were in last night. Well, no wonder it's so dark! If you'd like to cast *Know Your Foe*, go to 331. Otherwise, return to 590 to decide what to do.

474 Right on the spot where three paths meet there is a startlingly lifelike statue of a dwarf, staring south with an expression of comical terror. The whimsical sculptor has even equipped him with a stone copy of your satchel, ho ho!

Hmm, did you just miss something, as you chuckled at the dwarf? Roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (474) of this woodland path:



Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	166	116	415	392	13	116	521	136	166	392

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk slightly uphill to the northeast, go to 130. To trot down the steep slope to the northwest, go to 117. To follow the trail south along the hill, go to 588.

- 475** Eventually, nothing happens. You dig up the acorn and find that it has been magically transformed into an acorn covered in bits of soil. Now return to where you came from and continue your adventure.
- 476** Hare and Rhubarb go very well in that dish. If you included either you may add 1 to Execution. If you included *both*, you may add a total of 3 to Execution. Now return to 173.
- 477** At a fork in the path you are startled to find a patch of rose-bushes whose flowers are blue! These rare and attractive flowers might serve as a fine decoration for your meal. If you want to take one, write down *Blue Rose (G40)*.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (477) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	166	136	77	13	415	77	13	166	136	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To wander southeast and gently uphill, go to 165. To stroll west, also uphill, go to 619. To amble northeast down towards where you think there's a river, go to 593.

- 478** Poor Ursula lies dead. You can hack off a hunk of meat if you want, adding it to your satchel: write down Bear. You discover too that, ominously, she had been sleeping on a scattering of bones, among which is a little crushed scroll. Unrolling it and angling it into the daylight, you read a scribbled message: "Memo to self – Beware of unicorns!"
- Curious. You find nothing more. Go to 198.

- 479** It occurs to you that standing here on this nice safe slab, you might have a chance to catch one of those leaping salmon that go up the river – but it would need patience, luck and agility. If you don't fancy your chances, go back to 313 and choose a stone.

If you do want to try, brace your feet apart on the slab, watch the river carefully and roll an L5SR on LK. If you make it, go to 83. If not, ADD 1 TURN. You may wait as long as you like, with one SR per turn, reducing the level of the LK SR by 1 each time. If at any point you prefer not to waste any more time on this fishy mission, sigh and return to 313 to choose a stone.

- 480** The plucky hobb lies motionless before you. Add 50 AP. Examining his body, you discover:

Hatchet (2+3; STR Req.: 6; DEX Req.: 6; 50WU; 1-handed; 8GP)
Katar (2+4; STR Req.: 2; DEX Req.: 8; 22WU; 18GP)
Cuirass - hobb-sized (5; STR Req.: 4; 100WU; 150GP)
Tomatoes (Vegetable)
Pouch of 30GP
Ball of twine (300')

You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 481** You can try hitting the manacle with the butt of a sword, the back of an axe-head, a large pebble, your forehead – or, hey, how about a piece of masonry? You stand the manacle on edge and lift a rock above it, while the bony hand frantically waves you to stop and then curls up at the last moment in a cringing fist. Down comes the rock!

Roll an L3SR on STR to smash the cuff. If you make it, the manacle breaks and you can wrench it open: go to 624.

If you fail, roll an L2SR on LK. If you fail that, go to 541. Otherwise, feel free to try again, making rolls on STR and if necessary LK as often as you like, or return to 239 to choose again.

- 482** "There are tunnels to the island, they do say," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 483** You chew down the little plant with the red leaves. The gnome seems to be tittering for some reason. A moment later you discover why: the plant is the slow-acting *dragontongue*, the hottest herb in the world. The entire inside of your mouth feels like it's on fire! Sweat bursts out of your face and you gasp in distress, fumbling for your water supply, all of which you pour into your mouth and over your forehead. You spend a few memorable minutes panting and shrieking and lose 3 from CON. Return to 585 to choose again.



- 484** This Meat's Scrumptiousness depends on how many there are to scoff: it's roughly 1 per 2 animals. Divide the total number of animals by 2, rounding down. Add 1, and the result is the Scrumptiousness. Special case: if you have 24, it's the perfect portion-size and the Scrumptiousness is 15! Very flavoursome in any case! Return to 102.

- 485** "Good day to you," says a finely-dressed elf, leaning against a pine while waxing his bowstring. (It's not what you're thinking.) His clothes fit well on his slim frame and are black with a silvery sheen. His hair too is black, speckled with silvery strands. "My name is Sol Tanpepper. You would be wise to listen to my offer, but I am ready at arms if you choose instead to be unwise." He cocks an eyebrow at you.

If you want to consider trading with Sol, note that his *Penchant* is 2 and go to 644. If you prefer to meet him in combat, step forward at 582. If you decline to engage at all, he shrugs lightly and strides away: return to your woodland path paragraph.



- 486** Something pinged out sideways from the nest, bounced off an elm and landed among some rocks. Rummaging around, you discover a very small decorated dagger (for intimate work), curving sharply upward at the end. It's a kirpan (scores 2+0, weighs 5WU, worth 30GP) and it has the curious magical property that you cannot kill an enemy while using it: your damage, if otherwise sufficient to kill, will in practice always stop just short of a fatal amount, leaving your victim unconscious but alive. This applies even if you are fighting in a group: no matter what the group scores, if anyone is wielding the kirpan then none of the opponents will die. Also, if anybody ever strips you of your weapons, they will leave you the kirpan, convinced (by its enchantment) that such a piffling little knife can only be a harmless religious token...

But you caught sight of something else too, you think. Go to 92.

- 487** Your chosen dish required a total of 3 saving rolls: 1 x L2SR on DEX, 1 x L2SR on INT and 1 x L2SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in the DEX roll and the INT roll, your Execution will be 4. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 70 to your DD score. If the Meat you baked was Salmon, go to 430. Otherwise return to 173.

- 488** A sea of red roses laps around the track here, where three paths meet under dark trees. If you would like to take some flowers to decorate your meal for the King, mind the thorns and write down *Red Roses* (G25).

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (488) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	116	166	415	136	41	13	521	116	166	136	415

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go north through dense ferns, go to 515. To take the southeast path, go to 80. To go down a faint rocky path southwest, go to 382.

- 489** Fishing out the embryo (tasteless in every sense) leaves the gooey white and yolk, whose sheen enhances the appearance of some dishes, though the mild flavour is also welcome. For Stew and Spit-roast meals, add 30 to your DD score. For Raw and Sandwich add nothing, as the raw egg is little appreciated. For all other meals, add 15. Now return to 79.

- 490** With all the time in the world, you have no trouble gathering dry grass and a few twigs and starting a little fire. As it crackles merrily, you leap up and give the brass bell a right good ring, wagging the strap madly: *CLANGA-CLANGA-CLANGA-CLANG!!* Turning around you see the river surging in turmoil. It heaps itself up into an unnatural mountain of water, which rises still farther, 30 feet high, and shapes itself into an amorphous body, long dripping limbs, and a head whose ill-defined watery features are nonetheless all too clearly furious...

"*WHEEERRRE'S THE FIIIIIIIIIRREEE?*" roars the water elemental, gleaming in the sunlight. Hurriedly you point at the little blaze nearby. The elemental thunders "*FIIIIIIIIIRREEE!!!*" and dives over you and the conflagration, collapsing in a pummelling wave that slams you to the earth. Take 3D6 damage and don't do it again.

– But also, roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, go to 17. Otherwise, watch the water seep back to refill the river, muttering crossly as it goes, and return to 123 to choose again.

- 491** Despite the respectable WIZ, its MR is 40. Return to 599 and choose again.
- 492** "Go anywhere in these woods, but don't go in among the white shrouds," your rival tells you, enigmatically. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 493** You clamber into the kayak. It sinks. You clamber quickly out again. Now you are wet. Return to the jetty at 267 and choose again.
- 494** Decency triumphs over cupidity! Revolted at the notion of profiting from the pitiable imprisonment of that luckless soul in the shrouds, you cast the ring back inside! Take 20 AP for showing such strength of character and return to 590 to choose again: you have no further inclination to search through this charnel house!

- 495** Your chosen dish required a total of 5 saving rolls: 2 x L2SR on DEX, 2 x L2SR on INT and 1 x L2SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in 2 DEX rolls, 1 INT roll and 1 LK roll, your Execution will be 8. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 90 to your DD score. If your meal included Hare or Rhubarb, go to 476. Otherwise return to 173.
- 496** An extremely tall elf approaches, in a long, narrow green coat, his height exaggerated still further by a peculiar green hat that widens before tapering to a high point. He's carrying a pair of pilums, spears as tall as he is. "A fine day," he says amiably. "A fine wood too, full of many a tasty vegetable, don't you agree? Asparogus Tipps, by the way, it's fine to meet you. You know, I may have something fine to offer in trade if you're interested?"
- If you are, note that his Penchant is 0 and go to 644. If you want instead to attack him, go to 276. If you want no truck with Asparogus, tell him, "No, it's fine," and watch him depart with enormous strides before returning to your woodland path paragraph.
- 497** What is this, Miss-Your-Footing Day? Somehow you failed to get a grip on the slab as the current rushed you along, and though you try to swim for shore, the river is too fast for you. Roll an L4SR on LK. If you make it, go to 212. If not, go to 178.
- 498** This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 7. Kinda yummy! Return to 102.
- 499** A steward in blue and yellow tabard invites you to sit in a little gig pulled by a pony. He climbs up beside you and with a "Giddy-up!" he sets forth. The pair of you drive for about a mile on a gravel path around the eastern side of the woods, pulling up just before the ground slopes down to a river. The steward parks beside the forest, where a path leads westward through an arch of living willow. He bids you wait a little longer. About a quarter of an hour later, you hear a distant boom. "That's the starting signal," says the steward, extending his hand towards the archway. You step through into the woods – and are immediately met with a choice. Go to 33.
- 500** "– A feather!" you cry triumphantly. The owl jiggles its shoulders in a gratified manner. Write down an 'X' in your notes and go to 425.
- 501** You're on the north bank of the river, between a fallen tree that spans it to the west and stepping stones to the east. Wooded hills rise on either side of the river and just here a stream joins it from the north. Roll an L1SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (501) of this woodland path:
- | Roll | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
|-----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Paragraph | 202 | 392 | 444 | 116 | 415 | 326 | 326 | 136 | 202 | 166 | 392 |
- Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To stroll upstream to the fallen tree in the west, go to 296. To ramble downstream to the stepping stones in the east, go to 237. To follow the stream north, up into the woods, go to 599.
- 502** This Meat's Scrumptiousness is 16. Now you're talking! Return to 102.

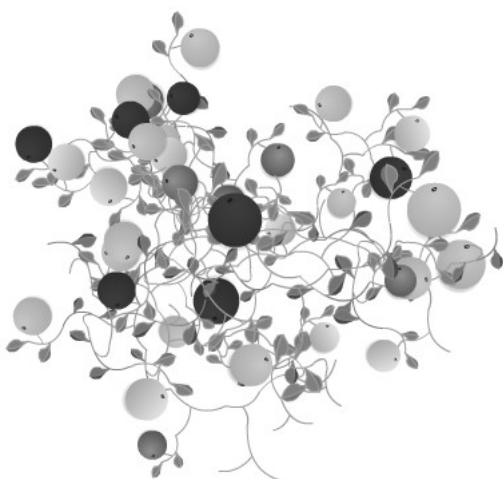
- 503** Oh dear. It would appear that one of the giant spider's half-grown offspring gave its all for you. Your upper body now rises from the front of a spidery abdomen complete with 8 legs, much as a centaur's torso rises from the horsey bit. You can now walk up walls, though your weight is too much to go upside-down on ceilings, and with all those limbs (10 in total!) your DEX rises by 5. You can also spin web – enough in a combat round to cover a doorway, say, and sufficiently tough that it would take a swordsman a round to cut through it. However, you look repulsive: your CHR is now 0. Nor will you find an armourer both willing and able to deal with your octifarious demands, so you can only armour your upper body. (If buying a suit, halve the hits.) Also, giant spiders will typically try to mate with you...



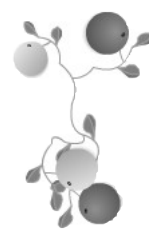
Take AP equal to 5 times the number of turns you spent in the woods, plus 50 for the undeniably *formative* experience of being chopped in half and put back together. Then say farewell to Lester, stagger to your many feet and walk away from Stringwater in search of new adventures – your spidey-sense is tingling...

~ The End ~

- 504** Your Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 14. A rare and precious treat! If you have another unlisted Vegetable to check, go to 25. Otherwise, return to 102.



505 At once, the world around you seems to soften and dissolve. Everything gets bigger: the mushrooms retreat from you and grow to the height of your chin; the trees become vast; the green grass thickens and shoots up around you. It seems that there are people around you, golden-eyed and clad in fresh leaves, dancing and laughing, singing with voices like silver bells. They flutter over the ground on lacy wings. Some of them take your hands, and suddenly you are lifted, flying with them around and around. The world spins into a flashing blur of sunshine and a thousand shades of green.



Later, when the giddy games have ended, you return with them to feast among the trees, on a long table of bark resting on the backs of snails. You drink heady honey brews from acorn cups and nibble at warm sweet seeds. Old tales are told and music is played on daffodil trumpets and harps strung with spider silk. It seems the most natural thing in the world when one gleaming-eyed fairy takes your hand and leads you to share a cool bed of moss under a hollow tree. There you enter a dream within a dream, where days pass like petals of apple blossom that flutter softly down a shaft of sunlight.

A year goes by before your child is born. You kiss the babe's forehead, knowing what a wonderful child she will become; knowing too that it is time to leave. The fairies form a procession to lead you back to the ring. They surround you, singing and waving, your fellow parent smiling and rocking the babe in arms. Showered with kisses, you step in among the green mushrooms and walk to the centre, taking your last look at your hundreds of friends – though already you are forgetting their names. As you close your eyes, the chiming voices, farewells and laughter seem to melt into birdsong, the whoosh of the breeze and the rustling of leaves.

You open your eyes sprawled on the grass. The sunlight comes through the trees at a different angle and the mushrooms kicked around by your feet have withered and shrunk – no longer edible. Fragmentary memories slip through your mind and away, leaving only the uncertain remembrance of strange dreams. It seems you have been asleep! And judging by the position of the sun, you have lost a lot of time!

ADD 20 TURNS. For some reason you have awoken with a happier outlook, and fortunately it never goes away: add 5 to CHR. No fairy will ever attack you, for they sense you are dear to them. (Are you not parent to their queen, after all? - Wait, what?) You find too that they have left you your own fairy ring: a tight silver band on your little finger, in the form of a woven stem. Who wears it need fear no poisonous mushrooms – nor will any other *ingested* poison affect you. Add 50 AP for your extraordinary nap and return along the path to 165.

506 "If it's boar you're after, look to the south," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

507 "All right," the nymph declares, "you now have a one-day swimming pass for my lake. And next time, *ask!*" With a mischievous half-smile, the nymph dives down into the water, her bottom rising momentarily like an upturned tureen before it and her legs disappear sleekly beneath the surface with nary a splash. Write down 'N' in your notes and go to 216.

508 This egg's flavour is strong, dark and unusual. It's not to everyone's taste, and it remains to be seen whether King Wilf and Paddy d'Midriff will like it. Roll an SR on LK and see what level you made. Multiply that by 10 and add the result to your DD score. Now return to 79.

509 You step onto the carved face of a gnome with a little conical cap and – nothing happens! You totter thoughtfully. To step from here onto the large slab in the middle of the river, go to 313. To step to the plain stone pairing this one to the west, go to 14. To step onto the face of the woman surrounded by snakes to the south, go to 357. To step onto the plain stone pairing that one, southwest of you, go to 271.

510 A brightly-smiling hobbb approaches. There's a soft, mushy look to his face, and his hair is startlingly white, but he seems pleasant. "Hallo, fellow forager!" he greets you. "How's it going? I'm Sam, Sam O'Lina. Isn't it a wonderful day for the contest? Would you be interested in a trade, by the way?"

If you might like to trade with Sam, note that his Penchant is 2 and go to 644. If you want to attack the fellow, go to 438. Otherwise, wish him a good day and return to your woodland path paragraph.

511 Leaving your heavy gear aside, you take a huge breath and plunge into the enchanted pool! It's shockingly cold, but you grab hold of some rocks on the bottom and stay put, while the sunlight glimmers on the surface above your head and the rolling current from the waterfall tickles you all over.

Roll a D6. (Then read the following carefully before proceeding!) If the roll is less than your CON, you may roll 2D6, adding this second roll to the total. If the total is still below your CON, you can roll 3D6 and add it on, and so on. You can stop at any time before 'going bust' by leaping up to the surface and climbing out, at which point, thanks to the magical qualities of the water, you may permanently add the total *number* of dice rolled (*not* the total scored) to your CON.

But if instead you keep rolling until the total reaches or exceeds your CON, then suddenly you can't hold your breath any more: your mouth bursts open and you start to drown! *Deduct* the total number of dice rolled from your CON. You lose 1D6 permanently from your CON because of harm to your lungs: any damage beyond that will be restored in time.

If all this has left you unconscious or dead, go to 361. Otherwise, get your breath back, wring out your merkin and return to 9 to continue singing or move on.

512 'Great' Ed Truffle the leprechaun offered a rat sandwich with cabbage and cucumber. It did not 'greatly' impress. The meal scored 180½. Now return to 586.

513 After some time, you arrive at a bend in the tunnels beneath a shaft, where there's a tiled section of floor. A set of iron rungs leads up the shaft. ADD 1 TURN. To climb up the shaft, go to 211. To follow the tunnel to the southeast, go to 168. To follow the tunnel to the southwest, go to 352.

514 The deer is 30 feet away. There's not a chance of your approaching without it bolting away, but you could target it with a range attack. To use a missile weapon you'll need an L4SR on DEX, or you could cast a spell. The deer's MR is 25. If your attack fails or leaves the hare with an MR of more than 2, it shoots off into the undergrowth and is gone. Otherwise it is unconscious or dead, and you can slice off a good-sized portion of its flesh and pop it into a free compartment of your satchel. Now return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 515** A rusted sword is jammed into the bark of a birch tree here, but it is only the first foot or so of the weapon: the rest of the broken blade lies on the ground. There's a quiet, lonely feel to the woods here, where three paths meet. Over there is tuft of purple fur on a thorn. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (515) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	415	136	166	13	116	521	13	116	136	166	415

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go north, go to 179. To take the southern path through dense ferns, go to 488. To go east down a very faint path, go to 394.

- 516** The boar halts its charge, confused. It looks around and sniffs the ground, but clearly can't find you. As it is spoiling for a fight, it will react too quickly for you to simply slaughter it; but because it can't sense you and simply flails around randomly, you get double damage in combat and the first round unchallenged. Its MR is 40 (WIZ 4). If you end up unconscious or dead (klutz!), go to 361. If instead you kill the boar, you can hack off a generous portion of its no doubt delicious flesh and plop it into a free compartment of your satchel. Or, if you're risk-averse, you could safely ignore the beast altogether. Then return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 517** "Deep-fried turnip," a fat little chap says firmly. "Nope, you can snigger all you like, but I won't be budged. Deep-fried turnip is *brilliant*." Return to 610.

- 518** Waitaminute. You give him all your Meat, and he... he... What? "Hey," you protest, fastening your satchel again. "Something's not right here. You're trying to hornswoggle me!"

Chris P Baykan spots that the game is up and turns on a copper piece: "No flies on you, my friend, eh? I hoped you'd see through that nonsense and you didn't disappoint me! Now let me fill you in on the *real* deal underneath all that –" He breaks off at the sight of your furious expression. "Hey, don't you wanna hear about the Gold Pagoda?" he pleads nervously.

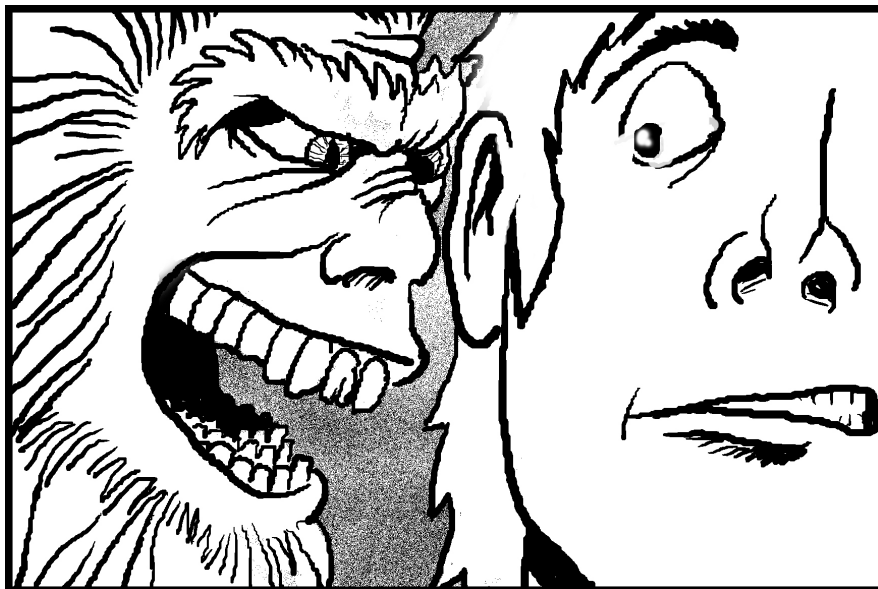
Add 10 AP for acquired wisdom. If you want to attack him, go to 285. If you want to just chase the low-down crook away, growl loudly, watch him scurry into the trees, and return irritably to your woodland path paragraph.

- 519** Strange to say, the spider chews the air for a few moments, and then, with a great heave, returns to its sentry position overhead! You lucky thing! While the going's good, pick your way to 315.

- 520** No sooner have you pilfered your chosen item than the rest of your victim's kit, and indeed the body itself, is surrounded by a blue and yellow shimmer in the air, and when it clears there is nothing left but the indentation in the grass! Stand up, swallow your disappointment and return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 521** An alarming movement in the corner of your eye makes you whirl to your left, where a mighty purple beast lopes silently down the trunk of an oak and squares up to you. It's like a lion, but larger, and its muscles ripple powerfully beneath its glossy fur. Its face is that of a man, though the slaving animal hunger of its expression is wholly inhuman. Behind the coin-sized teeth in its huge drooling mouth is *another* row of teeth, and then another! Its tail waves menacingly, high in the air, arrayed with radiating spines.

This is a manticore, and a serious enemy, hissing and panting as it stares you out. If you want to quickly cast *Know Your Foe*, nip along to 376. If you want to retreat, you sense that you need to do so veeeeeeery sloooooowly, with no sudden movements. Roll an L3SR on DEX. If you make it, return sweating and trembling to your woodland path paragraph and hastily choose a trail. If you fail, or if you welcome the fight, go to 151.



- 522** A steward in blue and yellow tabard escorts you on a trek of almost a mile around the western side of the woods, including a lot of uphill walking. You reach an arch of living willow through which a path leads eastward in among the trees. However, the steward tells you that you must wait for the starting signal before you head in. After a quarter of an hour, during which you plait a pretty wreath of grass, there is a loud boom from the southeast where the tents are. The steward bows and waves you forward and you step through the archway, following the path to 373.

- 523** *But what mattered most was just this – Aha! You have an idea! “He told lies!” you declare.*

The owl looks uncomfortable and coughs once or twice. Finally he concedes:

*Some pieces of news might be “lies” of a sort.
In my line of work we say “doubtful report”.*

Write down an 'X' in your notes and go to 448.

- 524** Your Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 16. The finest tasting plant known! Now return to 102.

- 525** You lay your hand on the unicorn's shining fur, thinking to befriend it with a tender touch. Alas, you have it confused with some other unicorn! It instantly snaps its head around and takes a bite at your hand! Take 2D6 damage, and you may count your armour in defence only if it includes gauntlets. You might consider this behaviour discourteous enough, but the jumped-up horsey is not done with you! Go to 288.

526 Sammy Skindmylc has taken a spill! Still, no use crying over it. Add 25 AP. He is carrying:

Short sword (3; STR Req.: 7; DEX Req.: 3; 30WU; 1-handed; 35GP)
Poniard (2; STR Req.: 1; DEX Req.: 3/14; 10WU; 10 yards, 10GP)
Quilted cotton (3; STR Req.: 6; 70WU; 40GP)
Steel cap (1; STR Req.: 2; 25WU; 10GP)
Cucumber (Vegetable)
Pouch containing 5GP, 20SP, 30CP

You may take one item from this list before proceeding to 520.

527 You reckon it will take another 2 turns to complete your search of the island. Either proceed with your search at 189 or abandon it and return to 29 to choose again.

528 "Likes a bit of colour on his plate, the King does," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

529 Three paths meet at a holly bush, its leaves crisp and shiny, its berries bright red. If you want to take some holly to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Holly (G30)*. You could also take some Holly Berries for flavour.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (549) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	136	41	166	77	415	41	166	77	136	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To amble east along the hillside and gently upward, go to 363. To climb uphill on a quiet path south, go to 196. Or to stroll downhill to the northwest where you can hear a river flow, go to 468.

530 Cheery whistling floats over a swaying of the ferns, progressing towards you until a leprechaun steps out onto the path! He is clad in motley, rich reds and browns and greens, each sleeve, each leg of his trousers a different colour. "Oho!" he cries, seeing you. "Another contestant, eh? Is it yerself? My name is after bein' Michael, Michael Stappetizars, and I don't take kindly to 'Mick', by the way. Now, is it a trade or a fight you'll be havin'?" He fixes you with a gleam in his eye, making it clear that those are your only options.

If you want to consider a trade with Miek Michael, note that his Penchant is 3 and go to 644. If you prefer to teach the little fellow a lesson in combat, go to 403.

531 As you swallow, an enchantment falls upon you! You are transformed at once into the kind of nosey parker who looks at paragraphs they have no business reading. Now go and do something more useful.

532 "Garnish is all very well," says an elf archly to an attentive hobb, "but one can have too much of it." Return to 610.

533 If you have 'C' written in your notes, go to 614. Otherwise, go to 580.

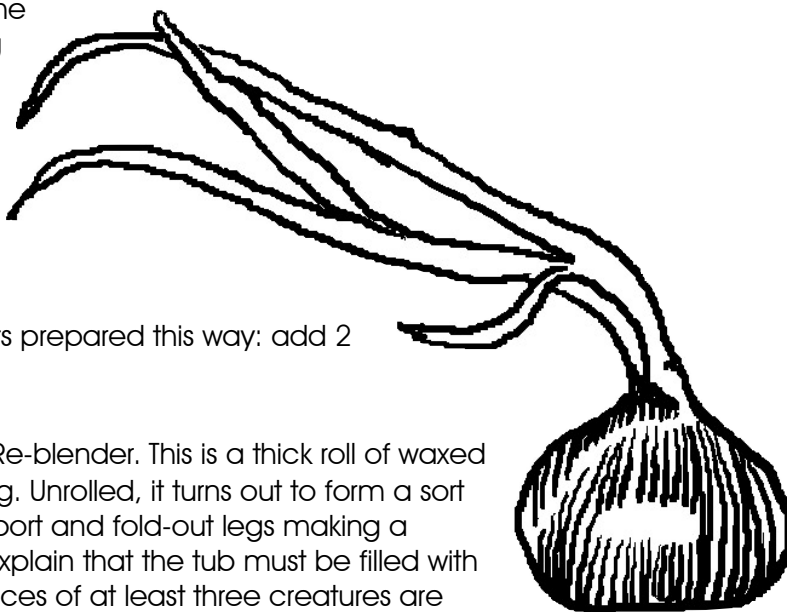
- 534** The word-witch's cask of goodies is before you. If you accepted one curse, you may take one item. If you accepted two curses, you may take two items. If you accepted three curses, you have been told already what you may take. Note that these items are neither meat nor vegetable, so they do not need to be stored in a compartment of your satchel. The ingredients available are: *sinnerman*, a sweet spice in the form of a twisty brown stem; *ginja*, a lumpy bulb that can be ground for a hot, tasty spice; *manduck*, a sour misshapen root that halfway resembles both a man and a duck; *whatato*, a heavy yellow tuber about the size of the King's foot; *prunesqualor*, a dark wrinkly fruit also known as witch's prune; *kingsfoot*, a bitter purple bulb about half the size of a whatato. Write down those you take.

The witch waves you a happy goodbye, still wiping her eyes, and staggers back into her cottage, chortling and shaking her head. To take the gentle uphill path to the west, go to 460. To amble along the slope to the east, go to 600. To take the faint trail slightly downhill to the northeast, go to 165.

- 535** In an earthen bank here there's a dark hole with a particular sharp smell about it – probably a fox's den. Presumably he doesn't mind the foot-traffic along the three paths that meet here. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make It, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (535) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	415	136	41	166	136	166	116	415	136	166

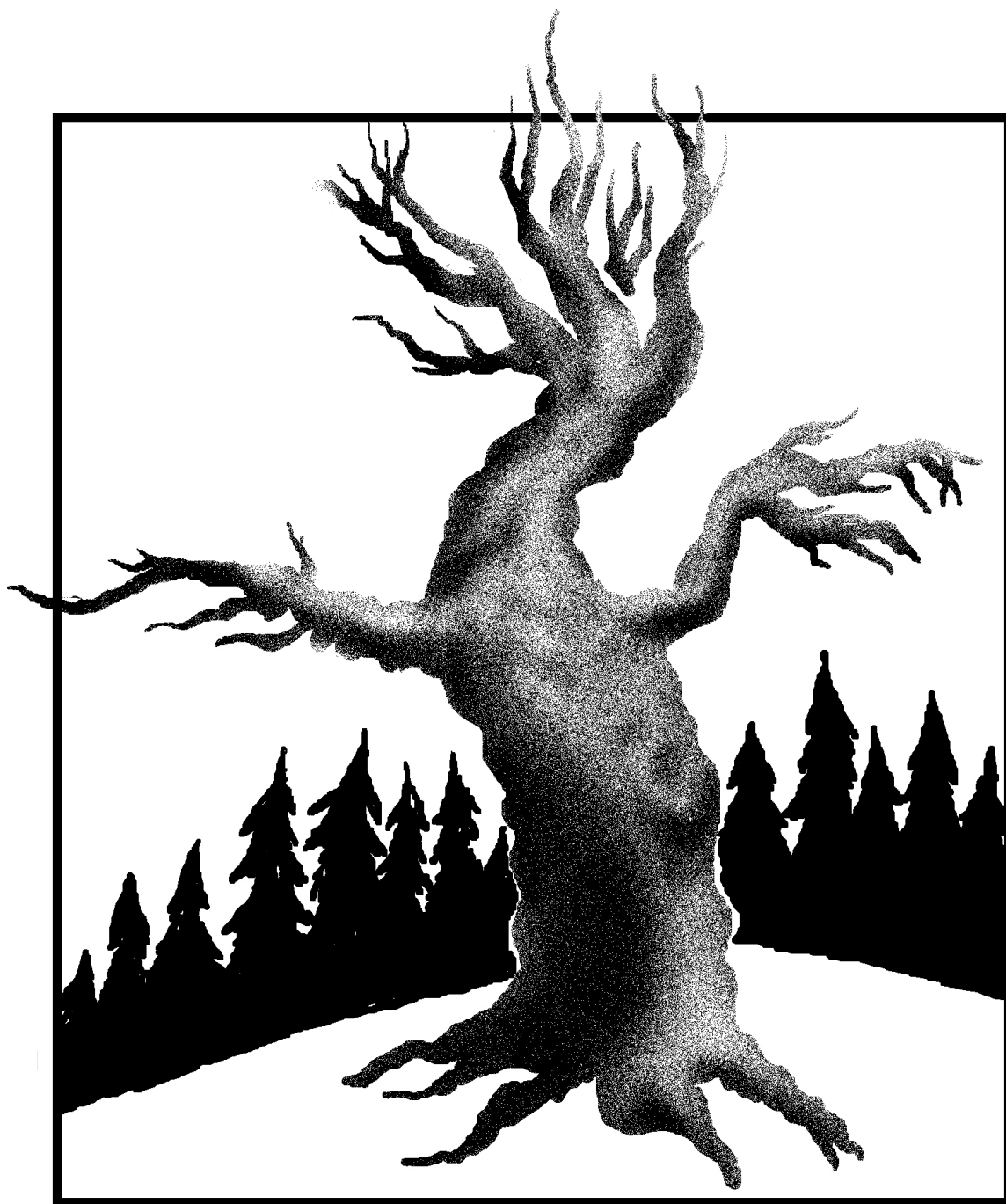
Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To stroll northeast, go to 245. To take the southern path through downhill towards where you can hear a river, go to 188. To go west and somewhat uphill, go to 227.



- 536** Onion brings out the best in Meats prepared this way: add 2 to Execution. Now return to 589.

- 537** You are awarded the Ken Stand Re-blender. This is a thick roll of waxed canvas (200WU) about 2 feet long. Unrolled, it turns out to form a sort of tub, with wooden struts for support and fold-out legs making a tripod beneath. The instructions explain that the tub must be filled with water and a fire lit beneath. If pieces of at least three creatures are boiled in the tub for one hour, they will join together to form a new chimeric creature that will clamber out and serve the chef for one day, before falling to bits again. Its MR will be 100 times the chef's level, but it is no smarter than a dog, even if the broth included the head of your cleverest friend... The Ken Stand Re-blender can be used once a day. Now return to 266.

- 538** At a bend in the path is a wide, silent clearing, in the centre of which stands a lone blasted hickory, as if other trees will not grow near it. At some time it has burned black, or been struck by lightning, or both. ADD 1 TURN. If you want to take a closer look, go to 228. Otherwise, go to 159.



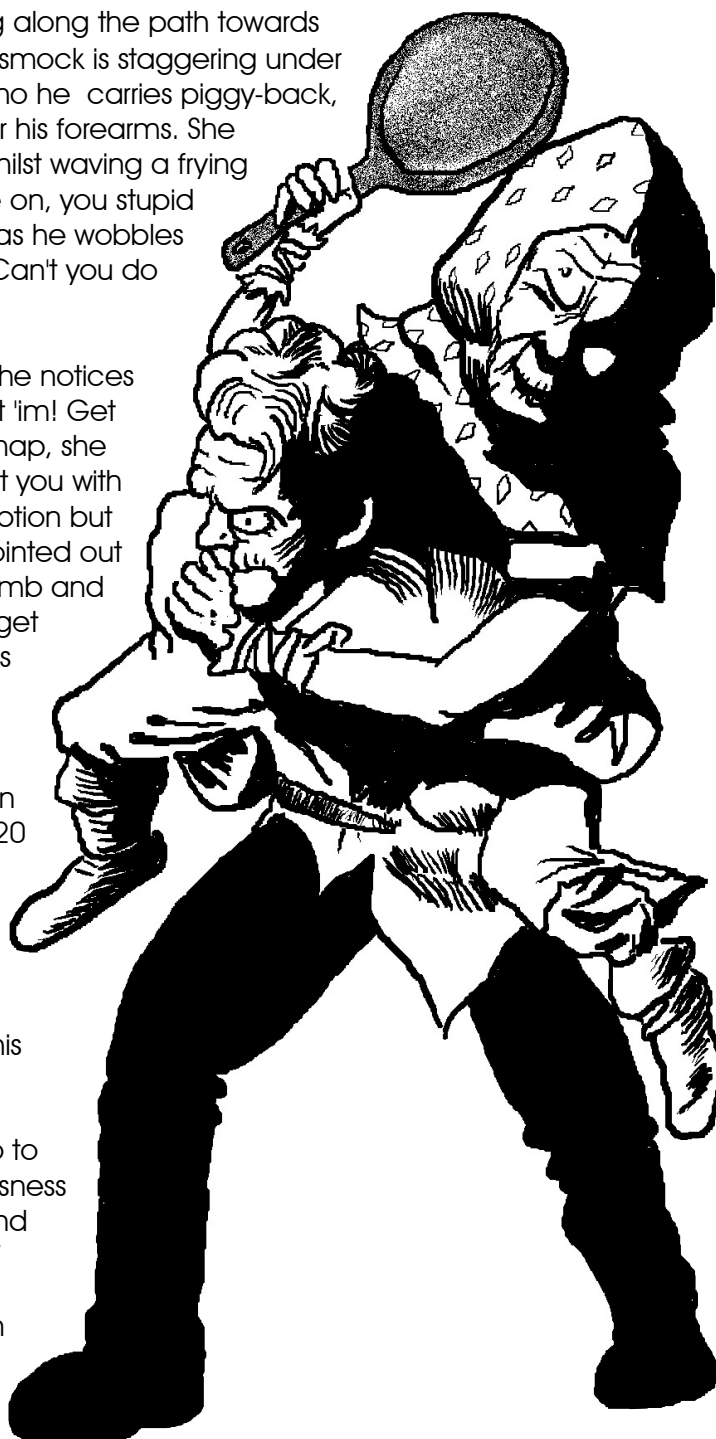
- 539** Ground up, these stalks provide a flavour that is both lemony and grassy. It's a pleasing piquancy in all meals and adds 10 to your DD score. Now return to 79.

540 A most peculiar couple are zig-zagging along the path towards you. An old fellow in a long weathered smock is staggering under the weight of an even older woman, who he carries piggy-back, her bony knees and shins dangling over his forearms. She kicks his flanks with her boots to steer, whilst waving a frying pan menacingly over his head. "Come on, you stupid –" She stops to bang him on the head as he wobbles towards a tree. "Watch where you're – Can't you do anything –"

She breaks off her croaky tirade when she notices you watching. "There!!" she shrieks. "Get 'im! Get 'im!" Wildly kicking at the crumbly old chap, she bullies him into a half-run and comes at you with her frying pan! There seems to be no option but to fight the pair, who you recall were pointed out to you before the contest as Pappa Dumb and Nan Bredd. You haven't the heart to target blows at her beleaguered and harmless old husband, so aim instead at the malevolent crone on his back.

Nan Bredd scores 4+6 for her frying pan (she's ground the rim sharp...) and has 20 Adds. Under the whiplash of her tongue, her steed reluctantly contributes another 1D6 by kicking your shins. Nan's CON is 14 and her WIZ is 8. She is heavily armoured with Righteous Indignation, but fortunately this provides no protection...

If you kill or incapacitate Nan Bredd, go to 345. If she whacks you into unconsciousness or death, note that her Penchant is 3 and go to 182. If you're all still upright after 7 rounds, she cries "Pah!" and kicks her husband into motion, tottering off down the trail at top speed: return to your woodland path paragraph.



541 Your blow slipped off the manacle and smashed the hand to pieces! Butterfingers! Of the shattered fragments, only the index finger retains any signs of "life". It stands on end, seeming almost to glare at you accusingly. Then, with an oddly shrug-like motion, it wriggles over to where you are sitting in the rubble and climbs onto your arm, thence crawling disconcertingly up to your shoulder, where it seems content to ride along. The finger will henceforth be your constant, if unwelcome, companion, and will eventually find you again even if you throw it in the sea. It may be of some use in collecting small objects from tight places.

Now return to 12 and choose again.

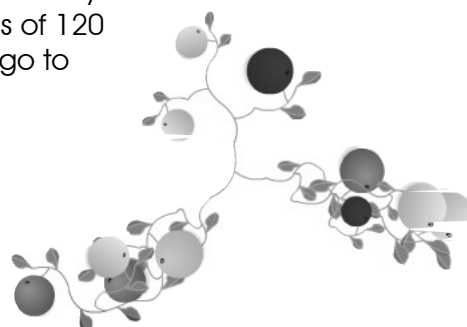
- 542** A deep carpet of drooping bluebells hides the ground here, filling the air with a cool, watery scent. This part of the forest is pretty and unthreatening. Four paths meet here, one leading to a distant willow archway out of the woods. If you'd like to take some bluebells to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Bluebells* (G25).

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (542) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	415	136	166	565	77	565	166	136	415	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go south and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go southwest and slightly uphill, go to 538. To follow the path northwest, go to 413. To trot downhill to the northeast, go to 600.

- 543** Oh, did I say 543? I meant go to 78.
- 544** Your Meat's Scrumptiousness is 24. Mouth-watering! If you have another unlisted Meat to check, go to 34. Otherwise, return to 102.
- 545** The island teems with plants, shrubs, bushes and trees. You will need to be exceptionally careful to creep forward without rustling leaves or snapping twigs underfoot. Roll an L3SR on DEX. If you make it, go to 564. If you fail, go to 288.
- 546** You need great handiwork to swat at the ants, and agility to rapidly wriggle out of your overpopulated garments. Roll an L3SR on DEX. If you make it, then although much bitten you have fended off the nasty ants without suffering harm. If you fail, deduct 1 from CON for every point by which you missed the roll: the combined effect of hundreds of poisonous little bites is very unpleasant! (If you're immune to poison, you feel the pain but escape the harm.) Beat the life out of your clothes and gingerly put them back on. Then wince and mince your way back to 29, there to choose again.
- 547** Straight from the source, the water is bracing, refreshing and healthful, if that's a word. However, it quickly loses its vitality: farther downstream, or drunk from a container, it is merely good-tasting water. But here at the spring, each turn you spend sipping at the water will restore 2 points of CON. Drink your fill, ADDING TURNS accordingly. Then, to follow the faint path northeast, go to 488. To follow the stream south, go to 251.
- 548** Your chosen dish required a total of 7 saving rolls: 2 x L3SR on DEX, 3 x L2SR on INT and 2 x L2SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in 2 DEX rolls, 1 INT roll and 1 LK roll, your Execution will be 10. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 120 to your DD score. If your meal included some kind of bird, go to 195. Otherwise return to 173.



- 549** Downhill from here you can hear the river. Large pebbles litter the path. If you'd like to take a pebble, write down: *Pebble*. It can be used as a pebble on all occasions.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (549) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	415	521	136	166	116	41	116	166	415	521	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go north where the woods are darker, go to 80. To go downhill to the south, go to 23.

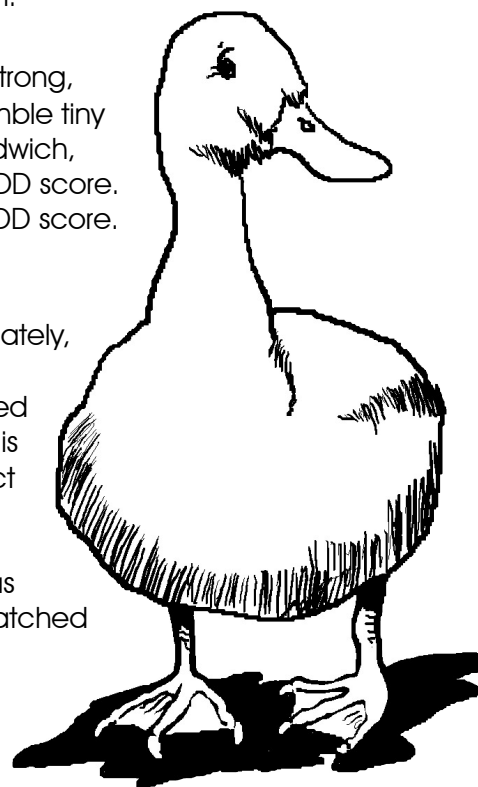
- 550** With a violent flick of its spine, the unicorn flips you into the air! You collide gracelessly with an startled ash tree, taking 3D6 hits. And still your troubles are not over: go to 288.
- 551** Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, go to 420. If not, take the silver piece as bitter remembrance and return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 552** This is a flat plant that you scraped off a stone. Although its strong, sour flavour is welcome on the palate, its white tendrils resemble tiny bones, which can be off-putting. If your meal was Raw, Sandwich, Baked or Pete's-a, the lichen remains visible: add 10 to you DD score. In other meals it is absorbed or concealed: add 25 to your DD score. Now return to 79.

- 553** You charge at the ducks and make a grab for one. Unfortunately, they all attack you at once! Each has an MR of 8. You can break off at the end of a combat round and return humiliated to your woodland path paragraph, or fight until at least one is dead. Since they flap around madly, it's not possible to direct your damage at just one duck, so spread it evenly among them until one dies. If you succeed in killing one (or more), it will fit neatly into a compartment of your satchel, though alas there is no room or use for any excess carcasses. Return scratched and bruised to your woodland path paragraph.

- 554** You have chopped up Fry Dunnyans! Add 48APs. He lies before you, and rummaging around you find:

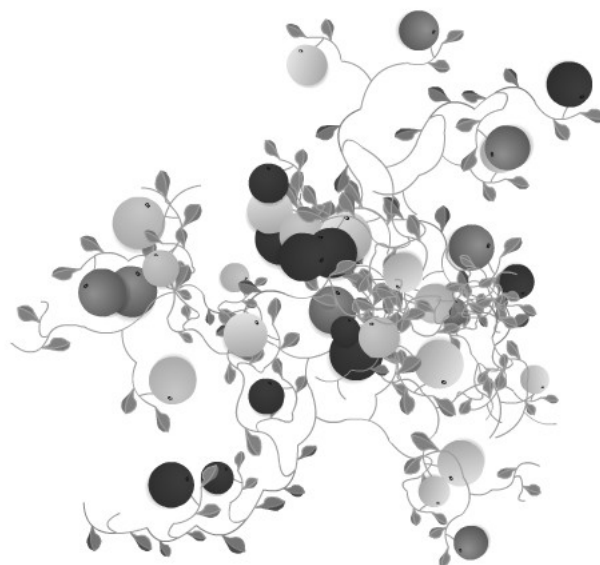
Headsmen's Axe (4+4; STR Req.: 14; DEX Req.: 11; 200WU; 2-handed; 130GP)
Leather – dwarf-sized (5; STR Req.: 7; 65WU; 40GP)
Onion (Vegetable)
Jar of Spikeybonce hair wax
Purse of 133 SP



You may take *one* item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 555** You realise suddenly what the indentations are. Hoofprints. This poor fellow was trampled to death! Go to 527.

- 556** The water sends a searing heat through your body for a moment. From now on no snake can sense your presence, which means it's a simple matter to walk up to one and (for the sake of argument) cut it in two. In combat with serpents you are effectively invisible and may double your score. Still, it would not be wise to push your luck by sleeping in a nest of vipers... Return to 593 and choose a path: no further magical effects will ensue from drinking the fountain's water.
- 557** An elf called Tom Attokechop served a triangle of roasted squirrels, the angles of the shape bisected by carrots and the spaces filled with onions. Attractive, but not delicious. The meal scored 571½. Now return to 586.
- 558** "I'm sorry, I have to go!" you explain gently. Roll an L2SR on CHR. If you make it, go to 16. If you fail, go to 596.
- 559** Your spell results in a myriad of gentle purple glows in the mass. Most of them emanate from the nodules, within which palm-sized spiders are vaguely discernible, writhing very slowly, sprinkled across your vision like perversions of stars in a hellish night. There are also larger shapes, difficult to identify at first: suggestive of bodies, yet too small. With a chill, you realise that they are *parts* of bodies: the upper half of a dwarf, the hind part of a boar, the legs of an elf, and more. This must be food for the spiderlings, stored like cuts of meat in an icehouse. If you want to cut into the webbing, go to 104. If not, return to 590 and choose again.
- 560** This Vegetable's Scrumptiousness is 1. Not very scrumptious! Return to 102.
- 561** A steward in blue and yellow tabard invites you to sit in a little gig pulled by a pony. He climbs up beside you and with a "Giddy-up!" he sets forth. The pair of you drive for a couple of miles northward on a gravel path around the eastern side of the woods, descending to cross a pretty stone bridge and rising again towards the end of your journey. Finally the steward reins up beside a quite dark part of the forest, where a path leads westward through an arch of living willow. He bids you wait a little longer. Soon afterwards, you hear a distant boom. "Off you go, then," says the steward cheerfully. You step through the archway – and are immediately met with a choice. Go to 80.



562 As your feet settle on the ground inside the ring of mushrooms, your whole body suddenly turns rigid! The air around you sparkles and laughing fairies appear, fluttering around your head and jeering at you: *Ugly mug!* – *Clumsy oaf!* – *Feckless fool!* They tug at your ears, making them hairy and stretching them upwards, not into elven points, but into the long triangle of the ears of a jackass. They plant their feet against your cheekbones and pull at the end of your nose, until it is three times as long as before. They slide their little hands into the corners of your mouth and draw it into a rictus grin. Then, pointing and sniggering, tumbling over in the air with peals of laughter, they slowly fade from sight.

Alas, the changes to your face do *not* fade! Your limbs do loosen up again, but with the best will in the world, it is hard to respect somebody who looks so ridiculous. Deduct 3 from CHR.

On the plus side, you find that you can now sniff out any gold within 30' of you, and can hear

the chink of gold coins at 100 yards' distance! Whenever either of those things occur, your mad grin gets perceptibly wider and your eyes bulge open alarmingly (even when you're asleep). ADD 1 TURN. Add 20 AP and return to 135 to make a different choice.



563 The skeleton of a large bird lies here, picked clean. This is a richly filled-out part of the forest, where the ground slopes down to the east. Three paths meet here, one leading to a distant willow archway out of the woods. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (563) of this woodland path:

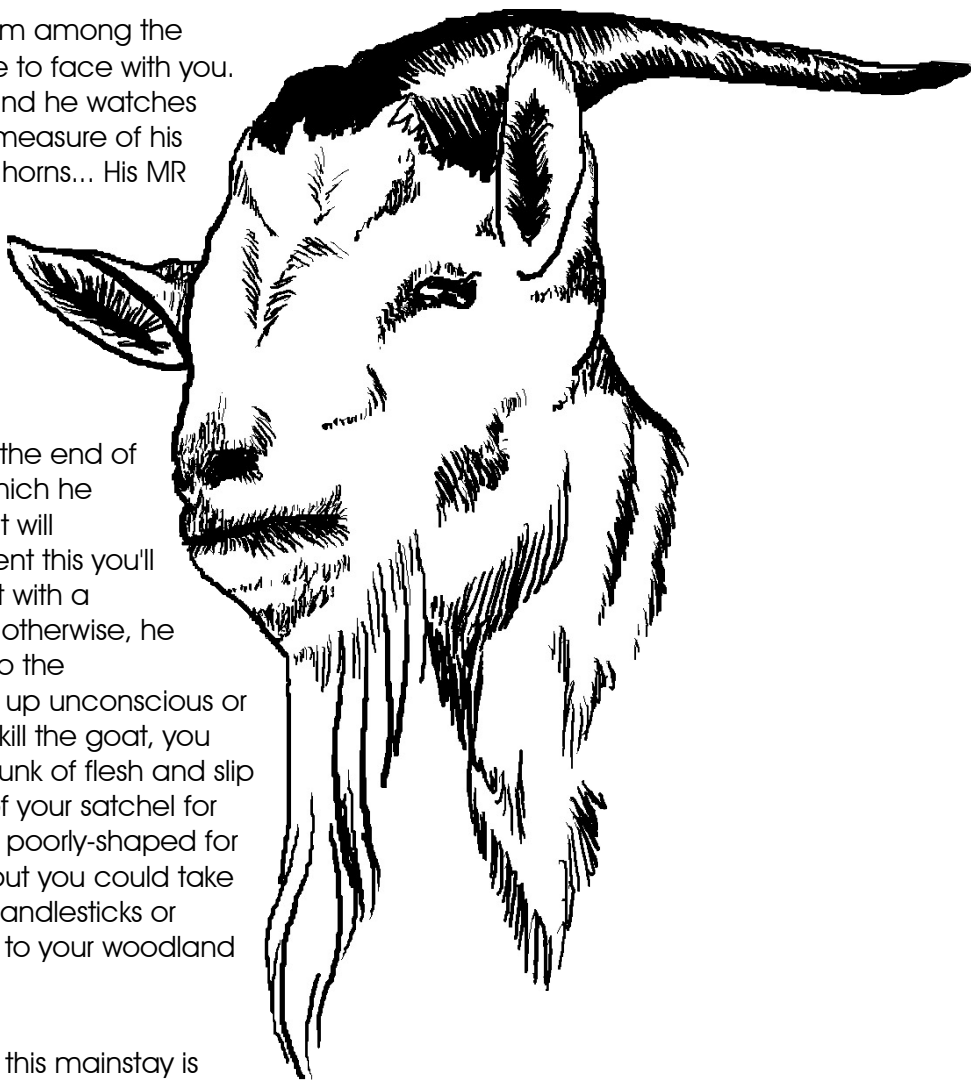
Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	415	166	13	136	116	136	415	13	166	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go northwest and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go gently downhill to the east, go to 107. To follow around the line of the hill to the south, go to 626.

564 Amazingly, you have snuck up to the majestic unicorn without it noticing you! You stand just behind its head on tense tiptoe, hardly daring to breathe as you watch it munching on a bush. What will you do now? If you want to stroke its mane to make friends with it, go to 525. If you want to leap on its back and ride it, go to 385. If you want to grab hold of its silver horn, go to 579. If you want to attack it, you fiend, go to 638.

565 A billy-goat steps out from among the bracken and stops, face to face with you. He's a fair-sized fellow, and he watches calmly as you take the measure of his gently-curved foot-long horns... His MR is 38. If you don't attack him, he simply turns and wanders off again, stopping to munch on a tasty leaf here and there.

If you do attack him, at the end of any combat round in which he takes damage, the goat will attempt to flee. To prevent this you'll need to block his retreat with a successful L2SR on SPD; otherwise, he disappears at speed into the undergrowth. If you end up unconscious or dead, go to 361. If you kill the goat, you can slice off a goodly hunk of flesh and slip it into a compartment of your satchel for your meal. His horns are poorly-shaped for forming into weapons, but you could take them to make novelty candlesticks or something... Now return to your woodland path paragraph.



566 Sweet, rich and golden, this mainstay is good with anything, but a Spit-roast with a honey glaze is a particular treat. For that meal, add 50 to your DD score. For other meals, add 30. Now return to 79.

567 Up ahead the trees close in on a dark and silent place. Around you fine white threads trail between the branches and ahead they gather and thicken into shrouds cloaking the way. Nothing moves there. Not a leaf rustles, not a bee buzzes. Whatever this white stuff is, if you go on you'll have to cut your way through. If you want to press on, go to 590. If you'd rather turn back, return to 443, rolling an SR again when you get there in case you spot something.

568 The nymph curls her lip. "Call that a jewel?" she says. "It's like a grain of sand in a suit." She rolls her eyes and tosses your offering away: you can only watch in dismay as it plops into the water fifty feet away. "Oh well," she says, "rules are rules, I suppose." Go to 507.

- 569** Your attention is drawn by something white moving in the bushes. Standing perfectly still, you watch as a small unicorn steps into the light! It's about 4' high and it's facing away from you only 5 yards away. Sunlight gleams along its silver horn and glossy coat as it nibbles quietly on some leaves. What will you do? A shameful curiosity flits across your mind as to the taste of unicorn steak... If you cast *Know Your Foe*, go to 465. If you want to creep up on the animal, go to 545. If you want to make your presence known by a spoken greeting, go to 409. If you are a cad and a scoundrel and wish to attack the sweet and lovely creature from where you are, go to 181. If you would rather leave it in peace, add 10 AP for the wondrous sight and quietly retreat to 29 to choose again.
- 570** As you lift your foot over the mushroom circle, you suddenly wonder if this is a good idea. After all, fairy rings... You've heard stories... With your boot wavering in the air, you have a final chance to back out. Proceed to 397 if you want to step into the ring, or cautiously pull back and go to 135 to make a different choice.
- 571** You'll need something slim and solid to pick the lock with. A nail would be good; a dagger is too wide. If you don't have something suitable, you can improvise with a twig, in which case you'll need to make an L3SR on DEX to defeat the lock. If you have something better, an L2SR on DEX will suffice.
- If you make the roll, go to 624. If you fail, you can return to 239 and choose again, or ADD 1 TURN and try the DEX roll again. You can try as often as you like, but ADD 1 TURN each time.
- 572** A diversity of flavours mingle well in this dish. If your meal included 3 Vegetables, you may add 1 to Execution. If it included 4, add 2 to Execution. Now return to 221.
- 573** "A copper piece?" you suggest, somewhat baffled. The owl hops in irritation, landing on the branch facing away from you. After a moment he sags a little, gives a low hooty sigh, and waddles around to face you again. Go to 63.
- 574** Alf Alpha is shocked by your attack! He waves his trident at you angrily, crying, "You won't get away with this, you uncouth lout!"
- Alf scores 4+3 for his trident and has 27 Adds. His CON is 15 and his WIZ 14. Unwisely, he is unarmoured, unable to believe that anyone would dare to attack him. If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 161. If he leaves you unconscious or dead, note that his Penchant is 0 and go to 182. He will at any time run away if you allow him to, squeaking about "The injustice!" - return to your woodland path paragraph.
- 575** Your fingers rest on a tile whose appearance has been nagging at you, as not quite fitting the pattern. To your surprise, the tile wobbles slightly under your touch. You find that pressing at one side flips the tile up, and beneath is an iron handle! Pulling on this, you lift open a trapdoor in the gazebo's floor. Below is a deep dark shaft, with iron rungs on the wall. Write down 'Z' in your notes and go to 272.
- 576** "There's a bear in the west of the woods, I hear. Watch yourself!" your rival tells you. Write down 'E' in your notes. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

- 577** You stop for a moment, to find the best way of picking around a large pile of droppings. This is a richly filled-out part of the forest, where the ground slopes down to the east. One way up the path leads to a distant willow archway out of the woods, while to the north you can hear birds cawing endlessly. If you make an L2SR on INT, pop along to 621 for a quick brainwave.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (577) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	415	565	136	13	116	565	136	13	166	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go northwest and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go quite steeply downhill to the east, go to 100.

- 578** If your served *Manticore Meat*, go to 405. If not, proceed to 447.
- 579** As you wrap your fingers around the horn, the unicorn is instantly stilled. Placing your feet firmly on the ground again without letting go of the horn, you carefully manoeuvre around in front of the animal and are shocked by the mad rage in its glaring eyes. Its nostrils flare as it snorts and pants, and its whole body quivers with anger. Indeed, you can feel its savage fury burning into your mind, compelling you to let go and run! Roll an L3SR on CHR to hold your nerve. If you make it, go to 456. If you fail, your crumbling will gives way to terror and you pull away your hand: go to 288.
- 580** Write 'C' in your notes. This might be a good time to check details such as Adds and level... Now cross to the opposite bank: the eastern bank is at 186 and the western bank is at 277.
- 581** This ingredient is easily powdered to sprinkle into wet ingredients for a peppery infusion. It does not go well in drier dishes, adding nothing to Raw, Sandwich, Bake and Pie meals; but for other meals it adds 20 to DD score. Now return to 79.
- 582** Sol Tanpepper flips his bow across his back and draws out a sabre, plain but well-crafted. Unarmoured and wielding only this unexceptional blade, with his left hand extended for balance, he gracefully steps forward for the duel.
- All is not as it seems, however. An enchantment causes Sol's sabre to score 6+8, before his Adds of 32. His black clothes protect him from 10 hits. His CON is 16, his WIZ 15. If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 639. If he renders you unconscious or dead, note that his Penchant is 2 and go to 182. If you are both still conscious after 6 rounds, go to 391.
- 583** The sky darkens, the branches shake, ten thousand leaves rustle in gathering fury! The outrage of the oak descends and settles on your shoulders, blazoning your wickedness to the entire forest. For so long as you remain in the King's Woods, you must add 1 to the level of every saving roll. Now return chastened to 245 and choose again.
- 584** A skinny old fellow taps his nose. "The King's Own Confectioner," he whispers to a child, "despises anything that's been roasted. Mark my words." Return to 610.

585 Four paths meet at a bright open space. Looking east from this hillside you can see a river rolling from north to south below, and more woods rising on the opposite shore. There is a sundial here with a gnome on: the shadow of his red hat points to the correct time. (If you want to check, the starting cannon fired at 8:40am and you can add on 10 minutes for every turn that's passed since; but you're wasting your time – the sundial is never wrong.) The gnome is seated on a little stone toadstool, chin in hand, looking bored. Now and then he looks at the sun and shuffles clockwise slightly.



"Good day," you say politely. The gnome glances at you and nods a hallo, and then sees that his shadow has moved and irritably adjusts his hat. You guess it's best not to disturb him while he's working.

Around the dial, starting at 12, a rhyme is carved. Walking around the sundial, you read:

*When day is done
The guiding sun
No longer spreads its light
So tell the time
It tastes sublime
In the middle of the night*

Some way below the sundial a little round platform surrounds the supporting column. It curves up like a dish and is filled with soil in which three kinds of plant are growing. Inscribed above is: *EAT ME*.

Roll an L2SR on INT. If you make it, go to 144.

ADD 1 TURN. To eat the thin plant with small green leaves, go to 19. To eat the short plant with oval red leaves, go to 483. To eat the trailing plant with tiny blue flowers, go to 265. To take the uphill path west, go to 626. To go up the slope to the southwest, go to 329. To stroll downhill to the southeast, go to 593. To take the steeper northeast path down to the river, go to 277. Or go to 366 if you want to tell the gnome that he tastes sublime in the middle of the night.

586 Of course, what also decides your chances is not only the quality of your own meal but the performance of other contestants. Roll 2D6 in order three times, looking up the result each time on the table below and visiting the appropriate paragraph. These are the three contestants whose scores are closest to yours in this year's competition, and their achievements will determine your final placing: note down their scores.

First D6	Odd						Even					
Second D6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6
Contestant	328	74	557	258	452	31	167	301	512	627	393	591

If all 3 scores are higher than your DD score, go to 631. If 2 are higher than yours, go to 57. If only 1 is higher than yours, go to 155. And if yours beats all of them, then go to 266.

587 "Hey!" Roland complains as you make your move. Hastily he pulls out a most odd weapon, a huge butterknife 2 feet long. It's completely blunt, round-ended even, but he uses the flat of it to whack at you to good effect. In combat he scores 3+3 for his weapon, plus Adds of 12. His WIZ is 10 and his CON 15, whilst his open-face helm provides 2x2 protection. If he wins a round but leaves you conscious, he will use his advantage to flee down the path, getting up a surprising turn of speed for such a large fellow.

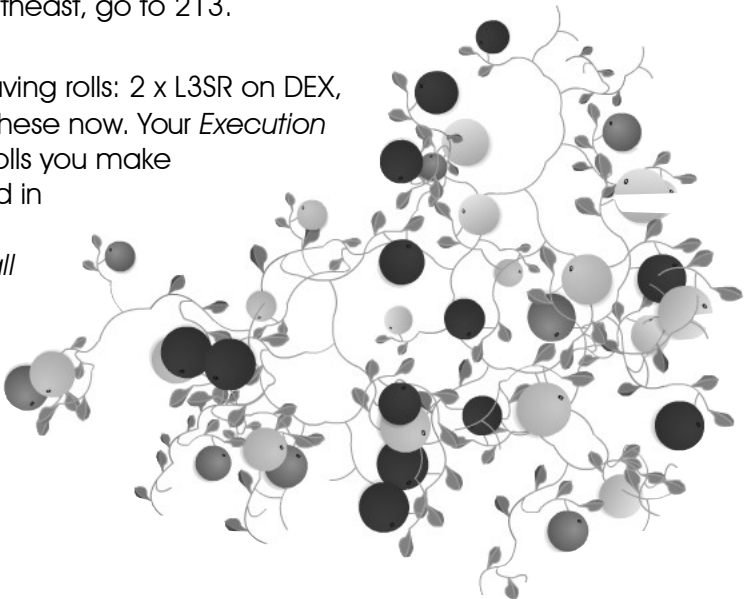
If he defeats you, note that his Penchant is 1 and go to 182. If you incapacitate or kill him, go to 20. If he flees while you were reeling, return, more smarting than smart, to your woodland path paragraph.

588 There are paw prints in the moist earth here, seeming to have come from the northern path and departed up the northeastern one. Their depth and width suggest that a large, heavy cat-like animal passed through here today. Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (588) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	166	392	116	521	415	392	136	116	166	415

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk along the hill to the north, go to 474. To stroll downhill to the southwest, go to 458. To follow the trail uphill to the northeast, go to 213.

589 Your chosen dish required a total of 6 saving rolls: 2 x L3SR on DEX, 2 x L3SR on INT and 2 x L3SR on LK. Roll these now. Your *Execution* score is the total of the *levels* of all the rolls you make successfully. For instance, if you succeed in 2 DEX rolls, 1 INT roll and 1 LK roll, your Execution will be 12. If you succeed in *all* the rolls, you prepared your meal to perfection! In that case, add an immediate bonus of 135 to your DD score. If your meal included Onion, go to 536. If it included Bear, go to 55. When you're done, return to 173.



- 590** Carefully angling and limboing through the strands and sheets of white goo, you pick your way into an area that's clear of trees but surprisingly dark, as the foliage closes in overhead. Dark crooked trees surround the clearing and at the centre the shrouds converge into a mass bigger than a haystack, peppered with dense white nodules the size of a fist. You can see four paths leading away, but from here it would be no less troublesome to pick your way backwards than it would to head to one of the other trails.

Roll an L2SR on INT. If you make it, go to 473.

ADD 1 TURN. What will you do? To slowly pick your way to one of the paths, pushing the gunk aside, go to 137. To hack through at top speed, go to 8. To investigate the mass in the centre, go to 24. You reckon that starting a fire in the King's Woods would be frowned upon, but still, if you wish to set flame to the stuff, go to 630.

- 591** 'Sticky' Mo Lassis prepared blackbirds raw (albeit dead) in a simulated 'nest' of cabbage leaves on a 'branch' of rhubarb. Though it scored points for the visual conceit, it was not especially satisfying. The meal scored 381½. Now return to 586.

- 592** A cheery-looking woman strolls up the path towards you. She's wearing puffy doublet and pantaloons, striped in green and red, with orange and yellow silk revealed in the slashes, and an odd tall green hat like a bent chimney-pot. Mace and shield fill her hands. "Well, hello!" she says merrily. "I'm Belle Peppers. Hmm, I only trade with nice people, you know. Are you a nice person?"

Are you? If you'd like to trade, roll an L2SR on CHR. If you make it, note that Belle's Penchant is 2 and go to 644. If you fail, or don't want to trade, you can attack her at 450, or bid her farewell and return to your woodland path paragraph.



- 593** You reach a little paved plaza with a clear view, overlooking the river that runs through the woods. To the north you can see a lake with a wooded island, and from the lake the river runs south under a stone bridge, bending gently to the east not far below you down the slope. You can see a fallen tree lying across the river a little way downstream to the east. Beyond the river the woods rise again to the northeast.

A fountain sparkles in the sunlight here! As you walk around its low-walled pool, you can see rainbows hanging in the spray. At the centre, water streams from the mouths of five rearing animals sculpted back to back in smooth marble, blue with yellow streaks. The animals face different directions and their streams fall into the pool near to the outer wall, so that you could simply lean in to take a drink from one. The five faces are those of a boar, a wolf, a serpent, a stag and a spider. By some strange whimsy of the sculptor, they are all blindfolded. Around the rim of the pool a rhyme is inscribed with inlaid letters of brass:

*That beast is blind
And all its kind
To you who drink its fount,
But not in haste
Choose that first taste:
None else beside shall count.*

ADD 1 TURN. If you would like to drink from one of the streams, go to the appropriate paragraph as follows: boar - 38; wolf - 436; serpent - 556; stag - 636; spider - 172. If instead you drink first from the pool itself, go to 260. To follow the eastern path down to the riverbank, go to 468. To take the path north to reach the bank farther upstream, go to 207. To climb uphill to the southwest, go to 477. Or to follow the gentler slope up to the northwest, go to 585.

- 594** These bright little cherries have a rich sugary taste and work well as a filler and thickener. Add 25 to your DD score if you used them in a Stew, Curry or Pie. Otherwise, add 10. Now return to 79.

- 595** The flute drops neatly into your hand. Write down that you have the Fawn's Flute, worth 300GP (to a knowledgeable buyer). It can do many things when the right melodies are played, but alas these secret tunes are unknown to you. At the first attempt, you can barely get a note out of it; but with long practice (after this adventure) you can learn a simple trick with it: if you play it when someone else is speaking, and make an L2SR on DEX, then those hearing the speaker will be compelled to believe him – for D6 turns. Only what he says while you're playing is affected.

Now, at least with the fawn gone you're free to explore the grotto. Go to 40.

- 596** "I'm afraid I have to go," you tell Syrix. The little girl is mortified! Tears start in her eyes and she begins to wail. Simultaneously, you are somehow thrown backwards, and the door of the treehouse slams as you tumble 15 feet to the ground! Take 2D6 in damage. You may count your armour (but not shield) for protection, but only at half effectiveness, since there's no way to avoid entirely the punishing force of the impact.

Though you are (literally) the injured party, as you pick up your bruised and battered body, you can't help feeling guilty at the sound of the snuffling sobs from above. Oh well, too late now! Limp away to 327.

597 Your gunk-slathered fingers encounter a large round object in the goo. Pulling it out, you see that it's some kind of root vegetable. You wipe it on the grass and its dark blue hue is revealed: it's a Royal Clumberlump! This vegetable is known as a rare delicacy. If you want to take it with you, slip it into a compartment of your satchel, emptying one out if necessary. Don't forget to write it down! You decide that that's a good enough prize for digging in bird droppings, and cease your search. Return, attempting to get the filth out from under your fingernails, to 466 and choose again.

598 A portly hobb comes around the bend. His quilted silk armour is bright yellow, and there's a noticeable ruddy red blush to his cheeks. The colours make him look like a peach or something!

"Say, are you a fruit?" you ask.

"None of your business!" the hobb retorts. "Honestly, how rude! I am Sly Stayprikott, and I have something to trade, if you can be civil for a moment!"

If you would like to trade with Sly, note that his Penchant is 0 and go to 644. If you want to attack him, go to 289. If you'd rather not exchange juices with the fellow, return to your woodland path paragraph while he wanders off.

599 The stream leads you to an enchanting little grotto. A bright, sparkling waterfall splutters into a deep pool surrounded by green grass and a sprinkling of varied flowers. Butterflies dance in the air and dragonflies flit over the water. The spot is overhung by an enormous drooping willow. A little path runs up around the side of the grotto, leading from where the stream drops over the fall to where it flows out below the pool.

Sitting on a rock at the edge of the pool is a darling little fawn playing a flute. He's tubby and only 3 feet tall, with a goatee beard and a goaty bottom half: brown-furred legs ending in little hooves that he swings in the water in time to his merry tune. Suddenly his eyes flick to you and he stops playing. In a trice, he jumps up and stands close to the waterfall, facing you nervously.

ADD 1 TURN. If you want to ignore him and move on, go to 390. If you want to placate the little chap with a friendly greeting, go to 126. If you want to cast a quick and surreptitious *Know Your Foe*, go to 491. If you want to heartlessly attack him with a spell (he has WIZ 10) or range weapon, go to 171.

600 You're startled to see a snake lying on the path! But as you edge around, you realise that it's long dead and falling to bits. Three paths meet here, halfway up the hill. Around here seems a likely place to find things, if you can just figure out the most promising spot. Roll an L2SR on INT. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (600) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	415	77	392	136	392	77	392	415	166	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To walk gradually uphill to the west, go to 340. To take the ominously quiet route to the east, go to 37. To climb steeply uphill to the southwest, go to 542.

601 The owl says:

*What makes a King feel happy and mellow?
Surely a meal made with blue things and yellow!*

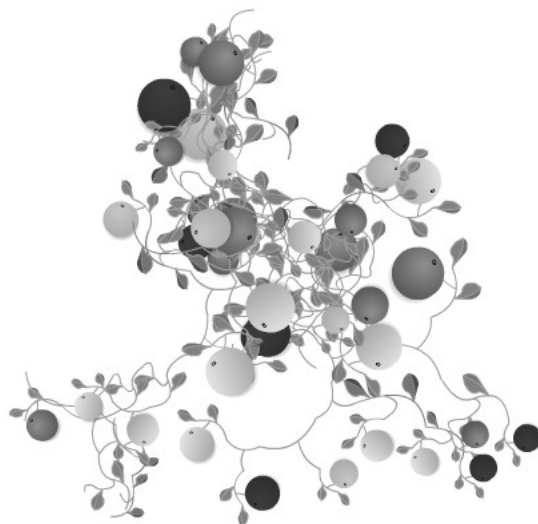
With that, he hoots a farewell and flies up into the high branches to recite his new poems to himself. Add 10 AP for the fun you had, and ADD 1 TURN. To stroll on to the north, go to 241. To follow the path southwest, go to 443.

602 A steward in blue and yellow tabard leads you on a short stroll to the east, to where a path leads northwest through an arch of living willow into the woods. However, when you step forward he puts a hand on your chest gently and explains that you must wait for the starting signal. You toe the grass and blow your cheeks for almost half an hour, until suddenly there is a terrific boom! The steward waves you forward and you step through the archway to 427.

603 "If you add a pebble to a meal, it intensifies the flavour," your rival tells you. Now that you have completed your trade, return to your woodland path paragraph.

604 Fry Dunnyans meets you with a mighty swing of his headsman's axe! He treats combat as a job of work, scoring 4+4 with 18 Adds. His armour protects him from 5x2 hits and his CON is 22, with WIZ 8.

If you incapacitate or kill Fry, go to 554. If he renders you unconscious or dead, note that his Penchant is 1 and go to 182. If you're both still standing after 5 rounds, Fry backs off: go to 333.



- 605** The witch rattles her tiles again gleefully. "You're a sport!" she declares. "Blow!" You blow on her hands and she scatters the tiles. Peering at them, she sounds at first as if she's in pain, sinking to her knees on the grass, but her wail turns out to be merely the intro to a long laughing fit. Every time she glances at you she covers her mouth and chortles some more.

Roll 2D6 in order and check the result below:

1st Die	2nd Die	Trigger	Curse	1st Die	2nd Die	Trigger	Curse	1st Die	2nd Die	Trigger	Curse
1-2	1	B	Bottle	3-4	1	J	Jugular	5-6	1	Q	Quicksand
	2	C	Crossbow		2	K	Kitten		2	R	Runcible
	3	D	Demon		3	L	Lobster		3	S	Slippery
	4	F	Fruity		4	M	Manhood		4	T	Trollwife
	5	G	Gammon		5	N	Nibble		5	V	Viper
	6	H	Hiccup		6	P	Parsnip		6	W	Wobbling

Henceforth, whenever you try to say a word that begins with the Trigger letter, you will instead find yourself uttering the Curse word above. So, if you rolled 3 and 6 and later tried to say "Please direct me to the Pontiff's Palace," you would actually say, "Parsnip direct me to the parsnip's parsnip!" Be especially sure to inform your GM of this curse in a multiplayer game, as s/he will no doubt wish to ensure fair play by forcing the player to speak accordingly...

Finally the witch recovers the power of speech. She looks at you slyly. "What about one last go?" she says. "You know you want to! We're having such fun!" To let her curse you a third time, go to 44. To collect your reward and leave, remember that you have accepted two curses and go to 534.

- 606** Your Meat's Scrumptiousness is 26. Sheer delight on the tastebuds! Furthermore, Swan is traditionally served under its feathered pelt. If the Swan was black, add 35 to your DD score for this fine presentation. If it was red, add 70. And if it was blue, then with its yellow bill attached it is dressed in the national colours of Stringwater! Add 100 to DD score.

If you have another unlisted Meat to check, go to 578. Otherwise, return to 102.

- 607** "A lock of hair then, please?" you suggest.

The nymph swims over and, rather alarmingly, *bites* off a hank of your hair, stuffing it down into her bosom. "Jolly good," she says. "Now, the way this works is, so long as I have this lock of your hair, you can't drown. But when you *do* die, I get you, immediately. No fancy reincarnations, no necromancers' rings or any of that nonsense: you'll come *straight here*, and then you can serve me for a few centuries, sweeping up the bottom of the lake and so forth. Don't bother arguing," she adds, seeing your hesitation. "It's a done deal. More fool you for not reading the small print." She tweaks your nose playfully. Write 'R' in your notes and go to 507.

- 608** In the chest you find a set of lock-picks, wiggly bits of metal. (Perhaps this chamber is a thief's lair?) Using these tools will reduce by 1 the level of a saving roll for picking a lock.

The picks were sitting atop a folded cloak of white satin, embroidered at the edges with a black decorative pattern. This is the Cloak of the Sun. When 'charged', it acts as a battery of 100 WIZ, which the wearer can use for spell-casting. (5th: 100 STR, but only for spells, not physical prowess.) A magic-user can choose on each occasion whether to use points from the Cloak or from his own power. The Cloak of the Sun is 'recharged' by being exposed to the rising sun, from its first appearance above the horizon till it has entirely cleared it.

Beneath the Cloak, in a corner of the chest, is a whetstone wrapped in soft kidskin. This you are about to discard, when you notice that it's hot. This stone too is potent: any blade, magical or not, sharpened with the Searing Stone for 1 turn will double its damage for a whole day. (The effect is not cumulative.) However, after the day is done, the blade will crumble into ash.

To squeeze to the west, go to 370. To squash your way to the east, go to 168.

- 609** "Yeah? You got some meat? Already?" Chris gives you an admiring look. "Well, don't that beat all! But I could tell at a glance that you were a handy type! Here's one who knows how to get what he wants, says I to myself. Well! Let me make you a proposition, friend, and I hope you'll hear me out, because it's a doozey. I'm part of what's called a Meat Ziggurat, okay? Now, I can hear you thinking, Meat Ziggurat? What in trolls' daydreams is *that*? And won't it fall over?" He punches your shoulder and shares a laugh with you. "No, but seriously. It's a food-share project, and the beauty of it is that *everybody benefits!* Everybody! Even you, friend, because I'm offering you the chance to join us! No, don't thank me, it's the *rest* of us who should be grateful, to have such a skilled hunter in our midst." He shakes your hand vigorously. "Listen, here's how it works. You make a small investment – say, all the meat you've found so far – which I can take charge of for you. And then everyone that you meet, you can ask *them* for the meat that *they've* found! So, if you meet three other contestants today, you'll end up with *three times* as much meat as you would have gotten on your own! And just for the *asking!* Isn't that *swell?* Ain't that a *sizzlin'* deal? And *those* guys, they'll go on to ask the *next* guys, and everybody ends up with more than they started with! You see how it works, friend? It's a sure thing, I'm tellin' ya! And it can all be yours, it can be *your future, right now*, just for the price of those little bits of meat in your satchel there. Now, tell me, friend, are you the kind to turn down a golden opportunity like this? Don't even answer – of course you're not! You're no fool! So what say we seal the deal, eh?"



Your face is aching from mirroring Chris P Baykan's infectious grin. It certainly does sound like a plum deal! And he's such a genuine, down-to-earth kind of guy that you can't doubt the success of the venture. Eager to join in, you unfasten your satchel –

Roll an L1SR on INT. If you make it, go to 518. If you fail, go to 257.

- 610** As you come under the broad canvas canopy of the cooking tent, you have to meander through the growing crowds to reach your work area. People are pointing at the foodstuffs that other contestants have already emptied from their satchels, and chattering about the best ways to prepare this and cook that. Smoke and smells drift through the air. Roll an SR on LK, work out what level you achieved and add 1. You may choose that number of paragraphs from the table below, visiting each to see what you overhear before moving on.

36	297	467	637	214	445	81	111	325	229
584	532	642	400	233	256	152	434	517	380

Having finally bustled through to your kitchen area, proceed to 416.

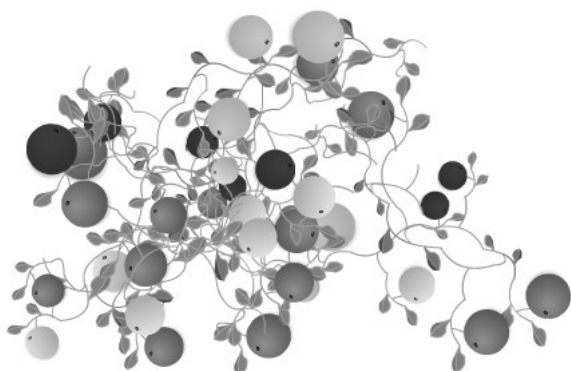
- 611** You're 20 yards from the water and the shortest path is rocky and clogged with dense ferns and shrubs. Roll an L2SR on SPD. If you make it, you pelt to the water just in time to avoid serious harm, plunging up to the waist and watching with grim satisfaction as the red ants float to the surface, flailing helplessly. If you fail, you weren't fast enough: deduct 1 from CON for every point by which you missed the roll – the combined effect of hundreds of poisonous little bites is very unpleasant! (If you're immune to poison, you feel the pain but escape the harm.) In either case, your wet clothes and footwear are heavy and clammy: deduct 2 from DEX, to be restored at 1 point per turn. Now squelch back to 29, there to choose again.

- 612** Alas, when the dome was uncovered, the birds had played merry hell, nibbling at the crust and flapping around, so that what remained on the plate, though still tasty, looked like a model village after a horde of chaos marauders had been through it... Halve your Execution score and return to 173.

- 613** You make a little fire and nervously carry the burning wood over to the hive, wafting the smoke upwards. It begins to have some effect, but it's not instant: ADD 1 TURN. Biting your lip, you reckon the bees have become as docile as they're going to get, but you're still going to have to take the plunge and punch your way into the hive. Proceed to 184, but halve any damage you receive from the woozy bees, rounding down.

- 614** As you cross the line, a strange feeling suffuses your body. Roll 1D6 and go to the appropriate paragraph:

Roll	1	2	3	4	5	6
Paragraph	346	628	302	60	197	85



- 615** You reach a clearing full of nodding daffodils! This is a richly filled-out part of the forest, where the ground slopes steeply down to the east. Three paths meet here, one leading to a distant willow archway out of the woods. If you would like to take a handful of daffodils to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Daffodils (G25)*.

Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (615) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	166	166	565	116	136	415	136	565	116	166	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To go north and exit the woods through the archway, go to 244. To go quite steeply downhill to the northeast, go to 433. To go uphill to the west, from where you can hear the cawing of birds, go to 466.

- 616** This Meat's Scrumptiousness is 14. Potentially delicious! Return to 102.
- 617** "Oh, a *rebellious* peasant, are you?" says Alf. Is that a hint of nervousness in his voice? "You should learn to know your place and respect your betters! Well, you're obviously too ignorant to behave with proper humility, so I shall let you live this time. But I shall not be so generous again! I hope you quickly realise what a narrow escape you've had!"

All this time he's been edging away along the trail. If you want to let the elven fop go, roll your eyes and return to your woodland path paragraph. If instead you'd like to take him down a peg with some good old-fashioned combat, go to 574.

- 618** You step onto the carved face of a witch with a pointy hat and – nothing happens! You balance on one foot, considering. To step from here onto the large slab in the middle of the river, go to 313. To step to the plain stone pairing this one to the west, go to 105. To step onto the face of the owl to the north, go to 419. To step onto the plain stone pairing that one, northwest of you, go to 255.



- 619** You reach a wild and open part of the woods, halfway up the hill. There's a rocky outcrop here, facing north. The place seems safe enough, so you clamber up onto the little crag for a look-see.

A mile or two to the north you can see the tip of a lake eating into the woods, which fall steeply down to meet it on either side. There's a sunlit wooded island in the middle, looking idyllic. A river runs south out of the lake. You soon lose sight of it because of the curve of the hillside, but judging by the surrounding slopes, it seems to bend east not far below you. To the northeast, across the river, the woodlands rise again. Far to the east on that side you can see what appears to be the dome of an enormous tree that reaches far above its neighbours, whilst in the distant northeast a stone structure rises. It must be some kind of tower, though it's an uneven shape. Is that somebody standing on top of it? You wave experimentally, and sure enough the tiny figure waves back. Probably another contestant.

Due north of you, way up where the lake is but high on the hill, you can see, and just about hear, a cawing crowd of rooks over the trees. West, south and east of you your viewpoint is less helpful: all you can see is trees upon trees, rising behind you and falling below you. Still, it was worth the climb for a good look around, and it's a nice view.

ADD 1 TURN. Three paths lead away from this rocky place. To walk along the slope of the hill to the northwest, go to 329. To climb more steeply uphill to the southwest, go to 373. Or to amble gently down to the east, go to 477.

- 620** The world closes in to a feverish nightmare of grotesque jaws chewing at the air and massive mandibles scissoring together. Desperately you hold the hell-spawn off as long as you can, but suddenly you see that it has manoeuvred its mandibles either side of you, and with inhuman speed and indifference it clashes them together, slicing you in two at the waist. The spider's unblinking eyes are the last and least welcome sight of your life...

– Except – you seem not to die, but to enter a long, silent sleep in which even dreams are muted and distant. You can't tell how long this has gone on when you become vaguely aware of muffled voices, and soon afterwards movement. After that, there is nothing – until you find yourself opening your eyes. You're in a fancy bed, in a pleasant sunlit room somewhere. Looking down on you with a cheerful smile is Lester, the King's Wizard, pointy hat and all.

"Hello!" he says. "Welcome back. Touch and go there for a while, what? Attacking the giant spider, what were you thinking?" He has a good chuckle. "Anyway, fortunately she wrapped you up to feed her spiderlings, and one of our patrols scooped you out a couple of weeks ago."

"A couple of weeks?!" you cry.

"Oh yes, I'm afraid you missed the banquet," Lester says ruefully. "Maybe next year, eh? Anyway, at least you're not dead or anything, so that's something, isn't it?"

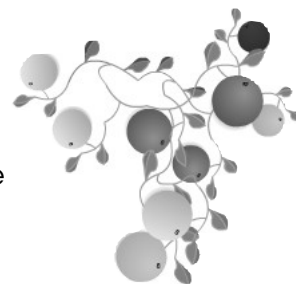
"But – but I was cut in half!" you can't help pointing out.

"Ah yes, about that." Lester seems a tad uncomfortable. "We tend to let the apprentice barber-surgeons take a stab at the hopeless – that is, the *challenging* cases. And I'm afraid your chap was a *little* cavalier with his mix 'n' match. Still, all good training, eh?"

You lift the sheet with trepidation. Roll a D6. On a 1 or 2, go to 259. On a 3 or 4, go to 65. On a 5 or 6, go to 503.

621 You recognise the droppings as those of a bear... Write down 'E' on your notes and return to 577.

622 The ground tips steeply to the west here and a swathe of red tulips cover the slope as if they had spilled over the edge. You can see a river running south below the hill. If you want to take some flowers to decorate your meal for the King, write down *Red Tulips* (G20).



Roll an L2SR on LK. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (622) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	166	392	415	116	116	116	166	392	136	136

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To cross the hill's prow to the southwest, go to 112. To head farther uphill to the north east, go to 418. To trot down the slope to the west, go to 162.

623 These are mildly poisonous to humans and a bad choice in a meal for the King. Deduct 20 from your DD score and hope they don't realise it was you who gave them indigestion. Now return to 79.

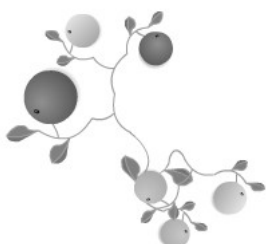
624 The manacle is open! Instantly the bony arm scurries off into the undergrowth and frolics about like a puppy, its movements traceable by the waving of the ferns around the clearing. Eventually it slows a little and scoots back to your feet, where it scribbles in the dirt with one finger:

I AM STYX DAMNABLE, A INOSENT SHEPRD WONGFLY IMPRISNED!

"Styx Damnable" doesn't sound like the name of an innocent shepherd, but perhaps it's best to let it pass. Then the creepy relic begins to climb up your body! It ruffles your hair disconcertingly and then settles on your shoulder, making a thumb-up sign and then pointing onward, into adventure!

Styx Damnable will be your constant companion (like it or not). He(?) is of no use in combat, but can crawl into small spaces and retrieve stuff, and can draw pictures and write messages in dirt, or even with a quill. By some means he senses his environment (perhaps he just knows it 'in his bones'...). If you ask him to do anything dangerous, you need to persuade him with an SR on CHR, at a level determined by your GM. Now return to 12 and choose again.

625 If you included any 'G' items that were yellow, go to 71. Otherwise, return to 437.



- 626** Eugh! You have stumbled into an extremely muddy patch where it's hard to keep your footing, let alone your good cheer. There seem to be three paths leading out of it, if you can slither and slide over to them! Wait though: did you just miss something, as you concentrated on staying upright? What did you notice? Roll an L2SR on INT. If you make it, you have spotted something! Roll 2D6 and go to the relevant paragraph according to the total, remembering to first note down the paragraph number (626) of this woodland path:

Roll	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Paragraph	136	166	136	116	13	415	116	13	166	136	166

Afterwards, or if you don't make the roll, ADD 1 TURN before departing down a path. To slip uphill to the southwest, go to 404. To skid downhill to the east, go to 585. To slide along the slope to the north, go to 563.

- 627** Bob Foarappuls the elf baked a salmon on a bed of four finely-chopped vegetables, all apparently exquisitely cooked. The meal scored 977½. Now return to 586.

- 628** Your INT and CON are magically swapped around! Go to 580.

- 629** You've thrown Len Tilstue on the ground! Have 30 AP. He has:

Baton (2+0; STR Req.: 3; DEX Req.: 2; 50WU; 1-handed; 6GP)

Dirk (2+1; STR Req.: 1; DEX Req.: 4/10; 16WU; 10 yards, 18GP)

Orange smock - elf-sized (1; STR Req.: 5; 100WU; 20GP)

Onion (Vegetable)

Rhubarb (Vegetable)

Healthy Lentils Bowl (Half of incoming CON damage is converted to lentils when standing in this, at 10WU lentils per hit; 50WU; 200GP)

You may take one item from this list before proceeding to 520.

- 630** If you cast a flame spell, such as *Call Flame* or *Blasting Power*, go to 543. If you successfully use a magical item or ability to make flame, go to 446; or if that attempt fails, return to 590 and choose again. If you use a mechanical means of making fire, such as a tinder-box or matches, go to 446. If you think better of this whole idea, return to 590 and choose again.

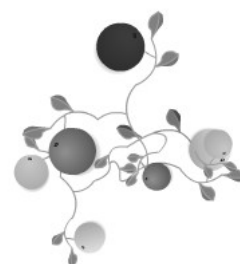
- 631** The King announces the third place winner, who steps forward to a cheer and is presented with a prize. Then the second place is announced, and then, as you clench your teeth in suspense, the winner. It isn't you! During the deafening hurrahs and applause, you let your disappointment settle on your shoulders, and sigh. Go to 457.

- 632** The bear roars awake and wastes no time in dealing with the impertinent intruder! Her claws and powerful arms and great big teeth flash before your eyes as she rears. Her MR is 44. The poor footing is equally unhelpful to both of you as you scabble frantically around; but the bear's sight is better in this dim light, so you must reduce your physical combat score by a third (unless you have a light source or enhanced vision). At the end of each round, roll a D6. If you roll 1, you have an opportunity to dive out of the cave mouth to the south if you wish: go to 107. If you roll a 6, you have a chance to leap deftly into the cleft to the north: go to 310. If you kill the bear, go to 478. If at any point you fall unconscious or die, go to 361.

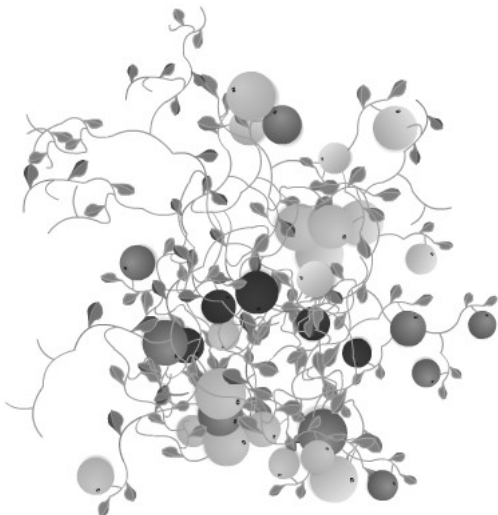
- 633** This is a stringy turquoise plant with translucent globules along it. Tiny hands seem sometimes to press against the inside walls of the globules, but it's probably just a trick of the light. The weed adds 15 to your DD score generally, but its sharp flavour is really only brought out in a Stew. If that was your dish, add 35 instead. Return to 79.
- 634** With an unmistakably ominous rumble, the whole remaining section of the tower shivers and begins to collapse! You have the slenderest of opportunities to pelt off the wall before disaster strikes. Roll an L2SR on SP. You may add 6 to this roll, but subtract from it the number of DEX SRs you are 'above' the ground. For instance, if the collapse begins when you have made 4 SRs on your way up (or 2 on your way down from the top), then you can add 6 and subtract 4, for a net bonus of +2.
- If you fail this roll, you fall in with the avalanche of rubble! As well as the hurt from the fall itself, stones drop and bounce onto you and the bruising lumps of rock roll beneath you, battering you with the bumpiest of rides. Take 6D6 of damage.
- Even if you make the roll, you have bounded off the wall and escaped being sucked in, but falling and bouncing stones still hit you. Roll D6 to see how many strike you, and roll that many D6 for damage.
- If you are left unconscious or dead, go to 361. Otherwise, return to 12 and choose again.
- 635** This rare plant gives up its flavour gently, oozing down into the food beneath it. However, it dissolves away almost instantly in any fluid, making it useless in Curry, Stew and Deep-fried meals. For other meals, add 40 to your DD score. Now return to 79.
- 636** The water sends a cold wind through your body. Hereafter no kind of deer, moose, elk or caribou can sense your presence, which makes it easy to stroll up to one and (for the sake of argument) slit its throat. In combat with such a creature you are effectively invisible and may double your score. However, you would do well not to stand in the path of a herd of migrating reindeer... Write down 'D' in your notes. Return to 593 and choose a path: no further magical effects will ensue from drinking the fountain's water.
- 637** An old woman nudges her neighbour and coos: "A nice fat bird roasted whole, that's what I'd pick. Can't beat it!" Return to 610.
- 638** Since you have snuck up on the innocent unicorn, you can launch a surprise attack. You get one free round of combat before it is able to defend itself. Deduct your damage from its MR of 120, then go to 288.
- 639** You have knocked over Sol Tanpepper! Add 70 AP. On his person are:

Vorpal Sabre (6+8; STR Req.: 9; DEX Req.: 10; 60WU; 1-handed; 300GP)
Blackcloth – elf-sized garments (10; 20WU; 400GP)
Portion of Deer, aka venison (Meat)
Beetroot
Pouch of 70GP

You may take one item from this list before proceeding to 520.



- 640** This tough fibrous root needs a long slow heat to soften it up, whereupon it is quite delicious. For Stew and Bake meals, add 40 to your DD score. For Raw and Sandwich meals, this is a positive nuisance in the mouth: deduct 10 from DD! For all other meals, add 10. Now return to 79.
- 641** A steward in blue and yellow tabard invites you to sit in a little gig pulled by a pony. He climbs up beside you and with a "Giddy-up!" he sets forth. The pair of you drive for more than two miles on a gravel path, west, north, and then east again around the western side of the woods. At the start of your journey the pony pulls you uphill, and then, after a long plateau, you begin to descend around the top of the forest to the east, where a lake comes into sight ahead. Finally the steward reins up beside a dense part of the forest, where a path leads southward through an arch of living willow. He bids you wait a little longer. Almost at once, you hear a distant boom. "That's it, then," says the steward cheerfully. You step through the archway and follow a dark path to 615.
- 642** "Onion makes the best of anything on a grill!" a youth cries, closing his eyes and smacking his lips at the thought. Return to 610.
- 643** No choice but to fight! The boar's MR is 40 (WIZ 4) and it's not for giving up. You must fight until one of you is incapacitated. If it's you that ends up unconscious or dead, go to 361. If instead you kill the boar, you can hack off a generous portion of its no doubt delicious flesh and plop it into a free compartment of your satchel. Then return to your woodland path paragraph.



- 644** Your rival is offering a trade! Roll 1D6 *once* and check the resulting row on the table below to see what form the trade takes.

Die Roll	<i>"I am offering..."</i>	<i>"...and in return I will accept..."</i>
1	"...some Meat..."	"...a Vegetable."
2	"...some Meat..."	"...a Vegetable."
3	"...a Vegetable..."	"...some Meat."
4	"...a Vegetable..."	"...some Meat."
5	"...a Flavouring..."	Roll 1D6: if odd: "...some Meat." if even: "...a Vegetable."
6	"...some Information..."	

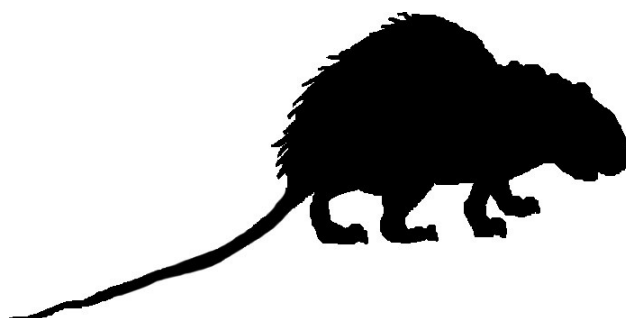
Now consult the *Meat*, *Vegetables*, *Flavourings* and *Information* tables below and overleaf as appropriate, to determine the specifics of the trade. Your rival's *Penchant* number may be used to reflect his or her preferences in trade. Remember that a portion of Meat fills one compartment of your satchel, as does one Vegetable. If you agree to the exchange, adjust your records accordingly. Either way, nod goodbye to your rival, who wanders off down a trail, and return to your woodland path paragraph.

Meat

If your rival is *offering* Meat, roll 1D6 and add your rival's *Penchant*. Check the result on the table below to see what is being offered.

If your rival is *requesting* some Meat, only those Meats whose Number exceeds your rival's *Penchant* are acceptable.

Number	Meat (Quantity <i>offered</i> or <i>sought</i> is a full portion unless otherwise stated.)
1	Rat (Roll 1D6 for quantity: 1-2 – 1 rat; 3-4 – 2 rats; 5-6 – 3 rats.)
2	Frog (Roll 1D6 for quantity.)
3	Squirrel (Roll 1D6 for quantity: 1-2 – 1 squirrel; 3-4 – 2 squirrels; 5-6 – 3 squirrels.)
4	Blackbird (Roll 3D6 for quantity.)
5	Goat
6	Hare
7	Duck
8	Pheasant
9	Boar
10	Deer
11	Any Meat not listed above is always acceptable to any rival <i>seeking</i> Meat.

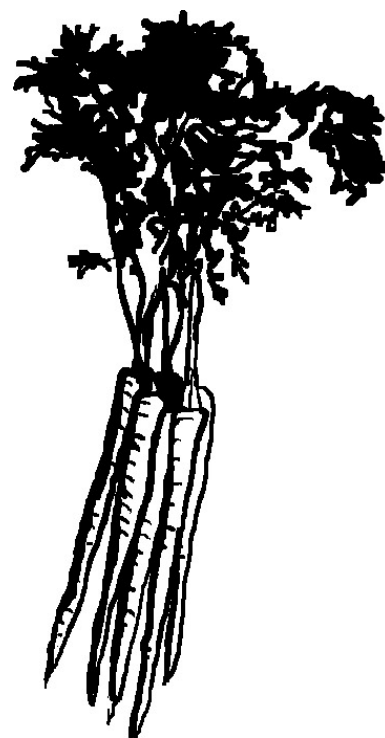


Vegetables

If your rival is *offering* a Vegetable, roll 1D6 and add your rival's Penchant. Check the result on the table below to see what is being offered.

If your rival is *requesting* a Vegetable, the only Vegetables s/he will accept are those whose Number is *less than* your rival's Penchant plus 7. For example, if your rival's Penchant is 2, then since $7 + 2$ is 9, your rival will only accept Vegetables with Numbers 0-8.

Number	Vegetable
0	Any Vegetable not listed below is always acceptable to any rival <i>seeking</i> a Vegetable.
1	Rhubarb
2	Tomato
3	Beetroot
4	Onion
5	Carrot
6	Potato
7	Turnip
8	Cabbage
9	Cucumber
10	Celery



Flavourings

"Flavourings" covers any kind of ingredient that is not a Meat or a Vegetable. If your rival is *offering* a Flavouring, roll 2D6 and check the total on the table below to see what is being offered. Flavourings do not need to be kept in a satchel compartment.

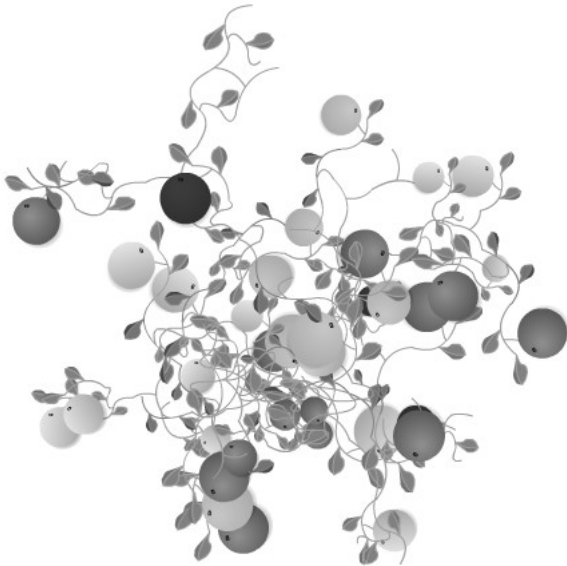
Number	Flavouring
2	Whuffle (a noisy fungus)
3	Owl's Egg
4	Red Mushrooms
5	Goat's Cheese
6	Olive Oil
7	Witchhatty bugs (bulbous grubs the shape of a pointy hat)
8	Lemongrass
9	Rootroot (very chewy)
10	Parchmoth (a big grey moth, a bit dry)
11	Wyrmeric (a fiery spice)
12	Zyx (stringy, with seed-pods, like a threaded charm-bracelet)

Information

Your rival will *only* tell you their Information if you first accept the trade and hand over your foodstuff. In that case (and not otherwise!), roll 3D6 in order, check the result on the table below and consult the paragraph shown. It is of course up to you whether you believe what you're told...

1st Die	2nd Die	3rd Die	Paragraph
Odd	Odd	1	330
		2	106
		3	351
		4	5
		5	396
		6	263
	Even	1	127
		2	455
		3	506
		4	482
		5	292
		6	576

1st Die	2nd Die	3rd Die	Paragraph
Even	Odd	1	492
		2	528
		3	603
		4	319
		5	139
		6	73
	Even	1	335
		2	115
		3	170
		4	305
		5	201
		6	93



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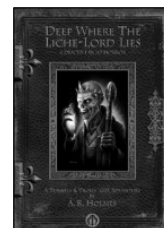
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***Rapscallion* by Sid Orpin**

A Solitaire Adventure module for play with *Tunnels & Trolls*. Any rogue character of 1st to 3rd level may explore its 142 adventure paragraphs.

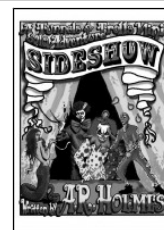
It has been written with the 7/7.5 edition of the Rule Book in mind, though it will adapt to earlier editions.



***Sideshow* by Andy R. Holmes**

Sideshow is a Mini Solitaire Adventure for use with *Tunnels & Trolls*. It was designed with the 5th edition of the Rules in mind, but can be easily adapted for other editions. It is suitable for first level characters only and some magic spells are permitted.

In addition to the Solo Adventure, this special edition includes a section with descriptions and a map that will allow it to be used as a GM Adventure.



***Tavern by the Sea* by Ken St. Andre & Andy R. Holmes**

A Mini Solitaire Adventure for use with the *Tunnels & Trolls* role-playing system. It has been designed for use with 7.5 edition of the rules, but could be adapted for use with earlier editions. You may use any humanoid character (except fairies or giants) of third level or lower, but the use of magic is not allowed, so warriors and rogues are most likely to fare best within this particular den of iniquity.

This Special Edition features an additional adventure, *The Tomb of the Sea Reaver's Gold*, as well as all-new artwork by Jeff Freels.



***Formication* by Sid Orpin**

A Mini Solitaire Adventure for use with the *Tunnels & Trolls* role-playing system. It has been designed for use with the 7.5 edition of the rules, but could be adapted for use with earlier editions.

This adventure is designed for a newly created fairy warrior of first or second level.



***Devotion To Duty* by Sid Orpin**

A Mini Solitaire Adventure for use with the *Tunnels & Trolls* role-playing system. It has been designed for use with the 7.5 edition of the rules, but could be adapted for use with earlier editions.







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