

THE
♦
K I N G ' S
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Q U E S T
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C O L L E C T I O N

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IMPORTANT: READ CAREFULLY FOR REVISED
COPY PROTECTION INFORMATION REFER TO
KQ III PAGE 25 AND KQ IV PAGE 32

ENGLISH

COLLECTION CREDITS:



In which we list those individuals who
participated in the making of this collection



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Resident Historian

John Williams

Special thanks go to:

- All the *King's Quest* veterans whose contributions have made the series possible.
- Jane Jensen, Lorelei Shannon, Josh Mandel, and Ken Williams
- And Roberta Williams, who continues to test the limits of interactive entertainment.

AN EXPLICATION OF THE KING'S QUEST COLLECTION

Discourse on the benefits of evolving technologic
endowment and Sierra's ever-increasing
understanding of computer gadgetry



long time ago, in a kingdom far away, Roberta Williams created the first *King's Quest*. At the time, the technology used to make *King's Quest* was unprecedented. The quality of the game was heralded throughout the land, and Roberta was proclaimed the Reigning Queen of Adventure Gaming.

Much has happened between "A long time ago..." and "... the rest is history." Technological advances, many made for subsequent chapters in the *King's Quest* saga, have made it possible for the wizards at Sierra On-Line to create a magical but realistic world in which players become one with the rulers of Daventry.

The games herein are offered in their entirety, and no attempt has been made to alter them in any way. As you advance through the saga, you will see the technology and the characters develop simultaneously. Chapters one through four utilize a "parser interface," while chapters five and six offer the "point-and-click interface." Know you, in any case, that no matter what form the story assumes, the magic of the *King's Quest* saga lies herein, and is ever-present in the lives of those it touches.

And the rest is history.



GAME INSTALLATION

In which the player is instructed on the proper method
to introduce the *King's Quest* CD to the computer

The *King's Quests* Serie can be played through MS-DOS with the possibility of playing *King's Quest V* and *King's Quest VI* through Windows. Refer to each game's Readme file for more information. For further technical assistance on Windows installation, please see your Windows manual.

WINDOWS™ INSTALLATION

IMPORTANT: All individual games must be installed to the same drive on which the *King's Quest Collection* was initially installed.

1. Insert the CD into the CD-ROM drive.
2. Invoke Windows in Standard or Enhanced mode.
3. Select «Run...» from the «File» menu.
4. Type d:\setup, where d is the letter of your CD drive. Press [Return] or click OK.
5. The Setup program will now run automatically. During the Windows installation process a message will appear on the screen saying:

«Please enter the letter of the drive to which you wish to install»

NOTE:

«All games must be installed to the drive you have selected.»

The response to this message should be the letter of the disk drive to which you wish to install. The response should not be the drive in which you placed your CD.

6. After the *King's Quest Collection* installation, individually install each game you want to play. You accomplish this by double-clicking on the KQ Game Install icon. A list of games will appear. Simply click on the game you'd like, and then click OK. Follow the on-screen directions. When the game has finished installing, you'll see its icon in the Sierra group. Click on it to begin playing.

To play the game:

1. Insert the game CD into the CD-ROM drive.
2. Invoke Windows.
3. Double-click on the Sierra group if it is not already open.
4. Double-click on the game icon.

Windows is a trademark of Microsoft Corporation

DOS INSTALLATION

1. Insert the CD into the CD-ROM drive.
2. Type the letter of your CD-ROM drive, for ex. «D:». Press [ENTER].
3. Type "INSTALL" and press [ENTER].
4. A menu will appear. Select the letter corresponding to the game you wish to install, and type it at the prompt.
5. Follow the on-screen prompts.



GAME PLAY

➤ In which the player becomes acquainted with methodology of play and the Main Menu ➤

THE CROSSROADS OF DAVENTRY

Inside the Chest: Use your key on the rusty lock and throw back the creaking lid. Inside the chest you'll discover the *King's Quest* legacy. Peruse at your leisure copious press clippings and magazine articles acclaiming the epic saga of Daventry.

Behind the Developer's Shield: Sneak a peak behind the developer's shield and you'll find a vast archive of *King's Quest* design documents, original background art, and character sketches.

A View from Inside the Mirror: Step through the looking glass for a unique view from inside the mirror. Roberta Williams reflects upon her role as the Reigning Queen of Adventure Gaming and premier designer of the *King's Quest* series.

Hold onto your Adventurer's Cap: What will Roberta Williams think up next? Hold onto your adventurer's cap and prepare yourself for a sneak preview of the amazing and enchanting experiences awaiting you in the near future.

The Royal Scribe: Through the wee hours of the night, the royal scribe's pen scratches out a chronicle of Sierra On-Line and the *King's Quest* series. Read her words, but be foretold that a mere touch on text of a different hue will transport you to another domain.

The King's Questions: Test your wisdom and knowledge of the magical land of Daventry.



KING'S QUESTS OF TIMES GONE BY

✦ In which we take a brief moment to discourse on those
King's Quest games included in the collection ✦

THE PARSER INTERFACE: KING'S QUEST I THROUGH KING'S QUEST IV

The King's Quest series commenced with what is known as a "parser interface." Using this method, the player types instructions at a cursor on the screen. If, for example, King Graham has a cake in his inventory and he is hungry, the player types EAT CAKE. In the event the parser recognizes the words, King Graham will comply. The results of Graham's actions, however, may be either to the good or to the bad. Mayhap the King's hunger is sated. On the other hand, mayhap the cake is poison, and shall kill the King. The player must live by — and die by — his decisions; at least, until he restores his game.

This interface was utilized by the good folk at Sierra until the fifth chapter in the series. At that time, technology had advanced to such an extent that a "point-and-click interface" was developed. Now no typing was required; rather, the player used something called an icon bar.

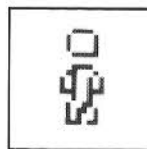
ICONS AND CURSORS: KING'S QUEST V AND KING'S QUEST VI

At the top of the screen the player will find an icon bar containing several icons that can be selected to execute certain command choices. To open the icon bar, the player must press the [ESC] or [DEL] on the keyboard, or move the cursor all the way to the top of the screen. Some icons have a menu of choices. The mouse or keypad allows the player to move between choices within the icon menu.



The WALK Icon

Choose WALK when you want to move the character from place to place on the screen. A walking character will move until it encounters an obstacle in its path.



The WALK Cursor

When you choose WALK, the cursor will change to a walking figure. Place the feet of the figure at the place where you want to move the character and click the mouse button. If possible, the character will move to that spot.



The LOOK Icon

Choose LOOK when you want to have the character look at something onscreen.



The LOOK Cursor

When you choose LOOK, the cursor will change to an eye. Place the eye at the desired place on the screen and click the mouse button or press [ENTER]. If there is something to be seen at this place, a message will be displayed.



The ACTION Icon

Choose ACTION when you want the character to perform an action on an object.



The ACTION Cursor

When you choose **ACTION**, the cursor will change to a hand. Place the hand at the desired place on the screen and press [ENTER] or click the mouse button. The necessary action for this screen position will be performed.



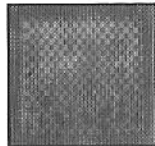
The TALK Icon

Choose **TALK** when you want to initiate a conversation between game characters.



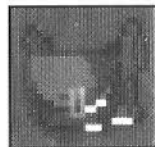
The TALK Cursor

When you choose **TALK**, the cursor will change to a talking head. Position the mouth on the person (or thing) and click the mouse button or press [ENTER]. If conversation is possible, the character will talk, or a conversation will begin.



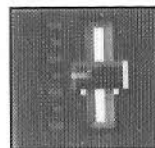
The ITEM Icon

The **ITEM** icon shows the last inventory item you selected. Choose **ITEM** when you want to see or use this item.



The INVENTORY Icon

Choose **INVENTORY** when you want to see and select from the items you are currently carrying.



The CONTROLS Icon

This icon allows three game variables to be adjusted. **SPEED** adjusts the speed of the game animation. **VOLUME** adjusts the sound volume. **GAME DETAIL** adjusts the amount of non-essential game animation in the game. **SAVE**, **RESTORE**, and **QUIT** functions are also accessed via the **CONTROLS** icon.



The INFORMATION Icon

Choose **INFORMATION** when you need to be reminded of what the various icons do in the game. The cursor will change to a question mark. Move the question mark to the icon you want and click the mouse button or press [ENTER].



ING'S QUEST I

QUEST FOR THE CROWN

A long, long time ago, when unicorns still roamed the forests and the merfolk still dwelt in the shallow waters frequented by men, there ruled in the kingdom of Daventry King Edward and his lovely Queen. The people of Daventry were prosperous and happy, and everywhere peace reigned. But the King and Queen were sad because they were childless. They had no son to inherit the throne, nor daughter to gladden their hearts.

One bright, sunny day King Edward the Benevolent (for so he was called) and his Queen were walking in the castle garden when suddenly before them appeared a powerful sorcerer. "I know your problem and I can cast a spell that will bring you a child," he said.

"Oh, great sorcerer, if you can help us, we will be everlastingly grateful," said the Queen.

"We will bestow upon you many honors, and great riches," said the King.

"I have no use for honors or riches. My payment will not be so great. All I ask in return is the mahogany-framed Mirror that hangs in your private chamber."

The sorcerer's words gave them pause, for that Mirror was priceless. It had the power to read the future, and helped Daventry prosper. The royal couple used it to foretell the weather for planting and harvest, as had the kings and queens before them.

It had been hundreds of years since a crop had been planted before the last frost, or had been ruined by autumn rain. What the sorcerer desired was indeed valuable. The King and Queen retired to their chamber to consult the magic Mirror.

King Edward and his wife gazed into the Mirror's depths and saw a young princely figure with a gold crown upon his head. Imagining the youth to be the son they yearned for, the royal couple gladly bestowed the Mirror upon the sorcerer. He took it to his dwelling, where he set one of his beasts to guard over it.

The months passed and the Queen did not conceive a child. For the first time in four hundred years, Daventry lost the harvest to an early autumn rainstorm. The King and Queen wept, and everyone tightened their belts. Instead of having excess produce to sell to neighboring kingdoms, the people of Daventry had to supplement their stores with food bought elsewhere.

With famine came the dreaded Plague, and the Queen was stricken. For three days she lay in the grip of a great fever, with Edward maintaining a constant vigil by her side.

On the fourth day of the Queen's illness, a diminutive figure pushed his way between the legs of the castle guards. "I have a cure for the Queen," he claimed. Quickly the courtiers ushered him into the Queen's chamber, where the King despaired.

"I have traveled a great distance to bring relief to your dear wife. This powerful root known only to dwarves will cure any plague."

The dwarf leaned over the Queen and touched the root to her lips. Her eyes fluttered open and she smiled at Edward.

The Queen's attendants looked at each other in wonderment. "Only a touch revived her," they whispered. "Imagine how fast she will recover when given the whole root!"

"Ask any reward for this miraculous gift, oh small one," exclaimed King Edward.

"I ask in repayment the Shield left you by your father when he died," said the dwarf softly.

The King paled at the thought. The Shield, made of titanium and set with emeralds, was traditionally carried in battle by the ruler of Daventry. Legend held that he who bore the Shield was invincible, and his army always victorious. Thus there had been no successful attack on the kingdom of Daventry for over five hundred years.

"Ask again, little man. I will give you your weight in gold, but please do not ask for the Shield," said the King.

"You do not appear to value your wife's life, your Highness," said the dwarf. "I will take no other reward than that which I have requested." Haughtily, he turned to go.

"Come back," Edward called. "I'll give you the Shield." The Dwarf took the Shield, and secreted it away in a hole in the ground, in the way of Dwarves.

The Queen partook of the root, but to no avail. She worsened and died. Daventry's church bells tolled in mourning, and the King vowed vengeance against the false dwarf. Years passed, and the news of the loss of the Shield spread. Armies attacked the weakened Daventry, and the King went out to lead his armies without the Shield. Never before did they have need of the Mirror to foretell enemy moves. Now, that protection too was gone.

Many years passed, and the King was very lonely. One day, while out riding with his courtiers, Edward came upon a pack of wolves tearing at the lower limbs of a big tree. When the group approached, the wolves scattered to reveal a beautiful young woman perched in the tree.

She descended regally. "I thank you for the rescue, kind sirs. I am the Princess Dahlia, of Cumberland. I was traveling through this land when that pack of wolves fell upon my group. My bodyguard fled in terror from their fangs, leaving me quite alone. I owe you my life, and my heartfelt gratitude."

The King was charmed with the Princess Dahlia, and brought her back to his castle to visit. He felt new life coursing through his veins, and knew it was because he had met someone who might fill the loneliness left by his late Queen.

In due time Edward asked Dahlia to marry him, and she accepted. The people of Daventry were wildly excited at the prospect of a new Queen (and hopeful again of an heir), and made preparations for a glorious wedding celebration.

On the night before the wedding, when the air resounded with toasts and merriment, Princess Dahlia bid Edward good night. He never noticed her hand stealing up to his belt and extracting the ring of keys hanging there.

Much later, the Royal treasurer approached the King with alarming news. He had discovered the treasury door standing open, with the King's own key in the lock. The Princess Dahlia had been inside, holding a small Chest of gold.

The treasurer stood frozen to the spot. The Princess' bright laughter changed to a witch's cackle as her form grew old and withered. She grasped the Chest and mounted her broom to fly out the open window. The treasurer watched with horror as she swooped up through the clouds and disappeared.

When the King heard the news, he wept in despair. That Chest was magic, and the last great treasure remaining in Daventry. No matter how much was taken from it, the Chest always remained brimming with golden coins. Without the Chest, Edward could buy no more food, pay no more soldiers.

Many more years passed, and Daventry grew poor and weak. King Edward was old and feeble, and saw that his end was near. Fearing that the country would fall into even greater disorder when he died, he sent for his favorite knight, Sir Graham.

"You are the bravest and truest knight in my kingdom, Sir Graham. Long ago I envisioned your form in my magic Mirror, and thought I was seeing my son and heir. The years have proven me at least half wrong. But the prophecy may yet be fulfilled.

"To prove yourself worthy of my crown, I command you to journey out into the world and retrieve the three great treasures taken from Daventry by treachery and stealth. Fail, and our beautiful Daventry will grow ever weaker until it is invaded and conquered by an unfriendly nation. Succeed in this great quest, and you shall become King upon my death. This I promise by all that is honorable and right.

"May you return victorious, Sir Graham!"

Become Sir Graham and travel through lands of myth and magic to recover the great treasures. You must retrieve them all, for only the combined magic of the three will restore Daventry to its former glory.

Look to the fables and fairy stories of yore for clues. Leave no stone unturned, no avenue unexplored, and you will triumph in your quest. Along the way, collect as many treasures as you can. The kingdom of Daventry will need everything you can bring back. And you will profit from the experience.

It may be possible to accomplish each task in more than one way. The more imaginative your solutions, the better fitted you will be to rule Daventry.

The road you must travel is long and perilous; you will be beset by many dangerous beings. You must have the wisdom to know when to stand and fight and when to flee from superior strength. But take heart - you may receive help in unexpected places.

Go now, Sir Graham. And in the words of King Edward, "May you return victorious!"



KING'S QUEST II

ROMANCING THE THRONE

A long, long time ago, when creatures of myth and magic walked the earth openly with lesser mortals, there dwelt in the kingdom of Daventry a king named Graham. He had won the crown by his wit and courage when he went forth to uncover and reclaim the three lost treasures of Daventry. Now Graham ruled over the land, with the aid of the Mirror that foretold the future, the bottomless Treasure Chest, and the invincible Shield. The people of Daventry prospered under the reign of the kindly monarch.

Just one year after returning from his first victorious quest, King Graham arose and looked into the Mirror as he was wont to do daily. Much to his astonishment, he beheld the face of Edward, the king who came before him in the succession.

King Edward spoke. "Graham, your kingdom is strong now, thanks to the recovery of the three treasures and to your wise leadership. But it will soon grow weak again, if you do not provide an heir to the throne. Marry, my son, and give your people a prince that will make their future secure."

The vision faded. King Graham pondered how he might find a bride fit to reign over Daventry. He consulted with Gervain, his wise prime minister.

"She must be good, and kind, so that she will love my people and they will love her," said Graham. "She must have the wisdom to counsel me in my daily problems, and a loving heart to bring me comfort. I wish my queen to glow with an inner beauty of spirit as well as beauty of face and form."

Gervain suggested that Graham host a celebration, and invite all the maidens of marriageable age from his whole kingdom. He could then observe and converse with the likely candidates, and see if any one of them fit his idea of a queen.

The invitations were sent out, and the whole kingdom turned out for the celebration. From every corner of Daventry the maidens came. Short and tall, slender and plump, fair and dark, pretty and plain. There were maidens from all stations in life, from dukes' and earls' daughters to the village goose girl and the scullery maid from the castle kitchens. They all had but one thing in common: they greatly admired the handsome King, and were eager to catch his eye. Word had spread that the King was looking for a bride, and they were all thrilled by the prospect of marrying the charming Graham.

For two days the celebration wore on, and though he tried to be cheerful, Graham gradually became somber. None of the maidens he had met quickened his pulse. One maid squinted, another tripped over everything in sight. Another was too coy, and the one after her giggled constantly. They all had some fault, however small. It was with great relief that Graham saw his guests ride away at the end of the celebration. He retired to his room to reflect gloomily.

"My kingdom is home to hundreds of lovely maidens," he mourned. "Why is there not one among them who touches my heart and my dreams?"

As he asked the question, King Graham was standing near the Magic Mirror. He glanced toward it, and noticed that the glass had grown inexplicably cloudy.

The mist cleared. All at once, King Graham beheld the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. She had hair of glowing auburn, and eyes of midnight blue. Her skin was the color of rich cream, but alas, no roses bloomed in her cheeks, and the corners of her pretty mouth drooped in sorrow.

She was standing at a window, motionless except for the stray breeze that stirred her hair. A tear fell from one eye, and sparkled on her cheek like a diamond on velvet. She put up one hand to brush it away, and Graham was struck by the grace of her movement.

The King's heart was suddenly enveloped in a strange fever. He knew that this was the maiden for whom he longed — this was the woman who must be his queen. He wanted to find her and bring a smile to her lovely face. He wanted to take her in his arms, and protect her from trouble forevermore. Eagerly he consulted the Magic Mirror.

"Oh Mirror wise," said Graham, "I have vowed to make this maiden my bride. Where may I find her?"

The Mirror clouded again, and a voice was heard. "This is the maiden Valanice. She is from the kingdom of Kolyma, and is known for her goodness no less than her beauty. The jealous crone Hagatha whisked Valanice away to an enchanted land, and imprisoned her in a quartz tower guarded by a ferocious wild beast."

"I must rescue her or die in the attempt," declared King Graham. "How may I find this enchanted land?"

"You must travel to the kingdom of Kolyma," said the Mirror. "There you may search for the keys which unlock the three doors to the enchanted land..."

The voice faded and the Mirror cleared. Graham stared at his own reflection. Vainly did he call for its return, to give him more clues to the whereabouts of the magic keys. He then shouldered his provisions, and set out on his quest of love.

Only you, my bold adventurer, have the power to finish this tale. Become King Graham on his quest to find the magic keys. Encounter characters of legend, folklore and fantasy. Explore underground caverns, eerie towers, and ocean wonderlands. Help Graham rescue the enchanted maiden, so he can lay his kingdom and his heart at her feet.

You will be faced with challenges that would intimidate those of lesser timbre. Summon all your strength and courage. Leave no stone unturned, no avenue unexplored, and your perseverance will be richly rewarded.

It may be possible to find each key through more than one avenue. The more imaginative your solutions, the greater your reward.

Study all the ancient lores for clues. Along the way collect as many treasures as you can — treasures fit for a queen.

The road you must travel is long and perilous. You will be beset by many dangerous beings, both mythical and magical. You must have the wisdom to know when to stand and fight and when to flee from superior strength. But take heart — you may receive help in unexpected places.

Go now, and remember that True Love conquers all!



ING'S QUEST III

TO HEIR IS HUMAN

A long, long time ago, when magic was the only science known to man, there dwelt in the land of Llewddor a wizard named Manannan. He was very learned in all matters of the heavens and earth.

Of great age, Manannan presented a frail appearance, as though his skin were made of bleached and weathered parchment. Manannan's impression of fragility lasted only until one looked into his coal-black eyes, which burned with a strange fire. This was, indeed, a powerful wizard.

Although he was powerful, and capable of conjuring up vast armies of spirit servants to sweep his hearth, prepare his meals, and other menial tasks with which he would not soil his hands, this solution to his everyday needs was not satisfactory to him. For he liked his solitude, and didn't want a lot of spirits (who besides all else, are quite inquisitive and mischievous) cluttering up his house. Instead, he apprenticed a very young boy to do his bidding, taking the lad when he was only a year old, so that the boy would have no memories to tug at him in the years to come.

Unfortunately for Manannan, boys grow up and become adventuresome young men. As his slave grew in stature and in strength, Manannan was irritated to find him poking around in areas of the house where he didn't belong. Or he would climb down the narrow path leading to Manannan's mountaintop retreat to explore the surrounding countryside. Even punishment did not stop him for long.

One day, when his slave was 18 years of age, the wizard found him practicing magic spells. This was the last straw!

"YOU!" Manannan screamed. "You have read my books of spells and plundered my supplies of powders and potions. You have even ventured into Llewddor again, against my expressed command, for nowhere else could you have gathered some of these ingredients!

"You think you will win your freedom with these tricks?" the wizard sneered. "You shall see your mistake! You have earned only your own demise!" And with that, Manannan raised his hands menacingly.

Suddenly the earth began to shake and his slave was no more. Only a small pile of ashes remained where he had stood.

"Next time, I won't make the same mistake," Manannan snarled. "I'll never let any of my slaves reach manhood. I'll have no more accidents."

And so the years passed. Manannan went out and found another small boy to be his slave. He stole him from a country some distance from Llewddor, to direct suspicion away from himself. Manannan was more careful with this child, and watched him closely. The wizard punished the boy severely when he caught him away from the house. And he made sure the boy didn't get his hands on even any ordinary items that might be transformed into magic charms or potions. On the whole, Manannan didn't have much trouble with him, but still, on the lad's 18th birthday, the wizard zapped him out of existence.

"It's a nuisance, having to train a slave all over again," he mumbled complainingly. "But it's better than having trouble like the last time."

And so he went on, every 17 years kidnapping a small boy from his loving parents, then slaying him on the 18th anniversary of his birth. (Occasionally the cycle was shortened slightly, when he unfortunately chose a precocious child that learned too much before his 18th year.)

And time went on...

UNDERSTANDING THE LANGUAGE OF CREATURES

INGREDIENTS

one small feather from a bird
one tuft of fur from any animal
one dried reptile skin
one rounded spoonful of powdered fish bone
one thimbleful of dew
one magic wand

DIRECTIONS

- I. Put the small feather in a bowl
- II. Put the fur in the bowl
- III. Put the reptile skin in the bowl
- IV. Add a spoonful of powdered fish bone
- V. Put a thimbleful of dew in the bowl
- VI. Mix with hands (mixture will now be doughy)
- VII. Separate mixture into two pieces
- VIII. Put dough pieces into your ears
- IX. (Recite this verse)
Feather of fowl and bone of fish,
Molded together in this dish,
Give me wisdom to understand
Creatures of air, sea and land
- X. Wave the magic wand

You will now be able to understand the speech of animals, birds and fish. You will not, however, be able to speak to them. The spell will last as long as the dough is in your ears.

FLYING LIKE AN EAGLE OR A FLY

INGREDIENTS

one tail feather from any eagle (to become an eagle)
one pair of fly wings (to become a fly)
one pinch of saffron
rose petal essence
one magic wand

DIRECTIONS

- I. Put a pinch of saffron in essence
- II. (Recite this verse)
Oh winged spirits, set me free
Of earthly bindings, just like thee.
In this essence, behold the might
To grant the precious gift of flight.
- III. Wave the magic wand

You now have a potion which will allow you to cast the transformation spell. To cast the spell any time later:

Dip the eagle feather in the essence (if you want to become an eagle). or
Dip the fly wings in the essence (if you want to become a fly).

You will turn into an eagle or a fly. If you do not transform back into yourself, the spell will wear off after some time has passed. You can use this spell until your rose petal/saffron potion is gone.

To return to your own form before the spell wears off, recite this verse:

- Eagle begone!
- Myself, return!
- or
- Fly, begone!
- Myself, return!

TELEPORTATION AT RANDOM

INGREDIENTS

one spoonful of salt grains
one sprig of dried mistletoe
one smooth rounded stone of unusual color
one magic wand

DIRECTIONS

- I. Grind a spoon of salt in a mortar (with a pestle)
- II. Grind the mistletoe in the mortar
- III. Rub the stone in the mixture
- IV. Kiss the stone
- V. (Recite this verse)
With this kiss, I thee impart,
Power most dear to my heart.
Take me now from this place hither,
To another place far thither.
- VI. Wave the magic wand

You now own a charm which will allow you to cast the random teleportation spell. To cast the spell, rub the stone. It will instantly whisk you away from where you are. Remain alert, however — even though you can use the spell to run away from danger, nothing guarantees that you will not arrive in a more precarious situation than the one you left. The power of the charm remains for as long as you retain the stone.

CAUSING A DEEP SLEEP

INGREDIENTS

three dried acorns
one cup nightshade juice
one magic wand
one empty pouch

DIRECTIONS

- I. Grind the acorns in a mortar (with a pestle)
- II. Put the acorn powder in a bowl
- III. Put the nightshade juice in the bowl
- IV. Stir the mixture with a spoon
- V. Light a charcoal brazier
- VI. Heat the mixture on the brazier (boil the mixture until the night shade juice is almost gone, then remove from the heat)
- VII. Spread the mixture on a table (wait until dry)

VIII. (Recite this verse)

Acorn powder ground so fine
Nightshade juice, like bitter wine,
Silently in darkness you creep
To bring a soporific sleep

- IX. Wave the magic wand
- X. Put the sleep powder in the pouch (for safekeeping)

You have now mixed a powder for casting a sleep spell over whoever is nearby. To cast the spell, pour the sleep powder on the ground (or floor) in a dank, dark place. Then recite:

Slumber henceforth!

TRANSFORMING ANOTHER INTO A CAT

INGREDIENTS

one half cup mandrake root powder
one small ball of cat hair
two spoonfuls of fish oil
one magic wand

DIRECTIONS

- I. Put the mandrake root powder in a bowl
- II. Put the cat hair in the bowl
- III. Put two spoons of fish oil in the bowl
- IV. Stir the mixture with a spoon (dough will be oily)
- V. Put the dough on the table (let harden on table)
- VI. ^{shape} Mold the dough into a cookie (let harden on table)
- VII. (Recite this verse)
Mandrake root and hair of cat
Mix oil of fish and give a pat
A feline from the one who eats
This appetizing magic treat.
- VIII. Wave the magic wand

You have just created a cookie that, when eaten, will turn the victim into a cat. Forever!

BREWING A STORM

INGREDIENTS

one cup of ocean water
one spoonful of mud
one pinch of toadstool powder
one magic wand
one empty jar

DIRECTIONS

- I. Put a cup of ocean water in a bowl
- II. Light a charcoal brazier
- III. Heat the bowl on the brazier (heat slowly, but not to boiling, then remove from heat)
- IV. Put a spoon of mud in the bowl
- V. Add a pinch of toadstool powder
- VI. Blow into the hot brew
- VII. (Recite this verse)
Elements from the earth and sea,
Combine to set the heavens free.
When I stir this magic brew,
Great god Thor, I call on you.
- VIII. Wave the magic wand
- IX. Pour the storm brew into the jar (to store)

You have mixed a potion that you can use to brew a storm. To activate the spell, stir the storm brew with your finger and recite:

Brew of storms,
Churn it up!

Outdoors, a rainstorm complete with thunder and lightning will occur. It will last for some time, but will eventually rain itself out. If you wish it to subside earlier, recite:

Brew of storms,
Clear it up!

BECOMING INVISIBLE

INGREDIENTS

one jar of lard
one cactus
two drops of toad spittle
one magic wand
one spoonful of cactus juice

DIRECTIONS

- I. Cut the cactus with a knife
- II. Squeeze the cactus juice on spoon
- III. Put the cactus juice in a bowl
- IV. Put the lard in the bowl
- V. Add two drops of toad spittle
- VI. Stir the mixture with a spoon
- VII. (Recite this verse)
Cactus plant and horny toad
I now start down a dangerous road
Combine with fire and mist to make
Me disappear without a trace.
- VIII. Wave magic wand
- IX. Put ointment in the empty lard jar

You now have a magic ointment that will allow you to turn invisible (but beware, the ointment only works in a place where there is both fire and mist). To cast the invisibility spell, rub the ointment on your body. You will be invisible for a short while. You have enough for one application.

KING'S QUEST III ANSWER KEY

SPELL

SPELL BOOK PAGE# (Roman Numerals)

Understanding The Language Of Creatures	II
Flying Like an Eagle or a Fly	IV
Teleportation at Random	VII
Causing a Deep Sleep	XIV
Transforming another into a cat	XXV
Brewing a Storm	LXXXIV
Becoming Invisible	CLXIX



ING'S QUEST IV

THE PERILS OF ROSELLA

[**Editor's Note:** At this section's end you will find an Answer Key. This Key will enable you to enter the enchanted land of *King's Quest IV*. When you are asked for a word to bypass the copy protection, refer to this table. The first column represents page number, section, or tip number; the second, paragraph; and the third signifies where the word falls in the paragraph. Happy Adventuring!]

Once, in a kingdom called Daventry, there lived a King named Edward. Daventry was a very old kingdom, and it had its share of kings, both good and bad, over the thousands of years. King Edward was a very good King, but he was also very old, and without children. Disorder ruled the land since the loss of the Three Great Treasures. King Edward feared that disorder might degenerate further once he died. Besides, he knew (as well did his people) that, without an heir to the throne, the kingdom would be in dire straits indeed. Thus, King Edward sent for his favorite knight, Sir Graham.

You are the bravest and most trustworthy of my knights, quick of wit and stout of heart. I have chosen you to succeed me as king, but first you must prove yourself worthy of my crown. Far beyond the walls of this castle lie shrouded the Three Great Treasures of Daventry, stolen years ago by stealth and sorcery. This kingdom will not be restored to its former glory and prosperity until these Great Treasures are returned to their rightful hearth. Succeed in this, my request, and the crown shall become yours upon my death. Fail, and our once beautiful kingdom will fall into the hands of evil forces who will use the powerful magic of the Three Great Treasures against us.

"May you return victorious, Sir Graham!"

Thus Sir Graham ventured where most humankind dared not tread, and returned home victorious with the cherished Treasures of Daventry, as is chronicled in the tale *Quest for the Crown*.

Now Graham ruled over the land, with the aid of the Magic Mirror and the other Great Treasures of Daventry. The people of Daventry prospered greatly under the reign of the kindly monarch. But peace and prosperity can become quite dull for valiant kings. Not more than a week after the third anniversary of his appointment to the throne (on the eve of King Edward's death) did King Graham begin to feel the pangs of loneliness.

Fate would have it that Graham was standing next to the Magic Mirror as he pondered his plight. As he glanced toward the Mirror, he noticed that the glass had grown inexplicably cloudy.

As the mist cleared, Graham beheld the image of the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. She stood gazing from a window, motionless except for a stray breeze that stirred her hair. A tear fell from one eye, and sparkled on her cheek like a diamond on velvet.

See! How the tears run down her face. Oh, that I were the glove upon the hand that could brush away such sorrow!" exclaimed Graham.

The King's heart was suddenly intoxicated with longing for this maiden — indeed, this was the woman who must be his queen.

"Oh Mirror wise," said Graham, "I have vowed to make this maiden my bride. Where may I find her?"

The Mirror clouded once more, and a voice spoke forth. "This is the maiden Valanice. She is from the kingdom of Kolyma, and is known for her goodness no less than her beauty. The jealous crone Hagatha whisked Valanice away to an enchanted land, and imprisoned her in a quartz tower guarded by a ferocious beast. To rescue Valanice, you must travel to the kingdom of Kolyma, where you may search for the keys which unlock the three doors to the enchanted land ..."

As the tale is told, King Graham did indeed find the three magic keys, and faced the battles that led to the safe rescue of the beautiful maiden Valanice. The full account of King Graham's search for his bride is chronicled in the tale *Romancing the Throne*.

King Graham married the beautiful girl he had rescued, and two years later the young Queen Valanice gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. Alexander bore a striking resemblance to his father, and likewise Rosella to her mother. The family lived a very happy and peaceful life ... at least for a while.

But from deep within the forests came rumblings of a terrible beast who was ravaging a bloody trail toward the land of Daventry. Sightings of dragons had been rare in these tranquil times, and never before in the kingdom of Daventry had anyone witnessed such a beast as the terrible three-headed dragon. As the years crept by, the notoriety of the beast grew as great as the destruction it wrought. Soon the whole population of Daventry tremored with the news of the dragon's approach, and each homestead dwelt in terror.

Meanwhile, in a land far away, lived the malevolent wizard Manannan. Manannan kept a watchful eye upon the kingdoms of the world. With a sardonic grin, he watched as the three-headed dragon rampaged its way towards Daventry. Manannan's hatred of mankind had intensified with his great age, and his coal-black eyes burned a strange reflection upon the glass of the crystal as he mirthfully watched another human swallowed whole by the vicious beast.

Preferring his solitude, the powerful Manannan only allowed himself to be observed by one servant-boy, who maintained his house and performed all of his menial chores. Of course, Manannan could have conjured up spirits to do his dirty work, but he much preferred to see the toil and strain of a young mortal suffering under his thrall.

Most would call it depravity, but it was fear that fueled the flames of Manannan's hatred of humanity, a fear instilled by a vision from his prophetic crystal ball. For within its walls of quartz had Manannan seen his own hideous destruction at the hands of a conquering hero.

Time has wrought many changes, and with them much sorrow. The kingdom of Daventry was ravaged by the deplorable dragon, and the young Princess Rosella was abducted. The entire kingdom was overcome by the brutal onslaught of the beast, and though forewarned, found

themselves helpless to defend against its supernatural strength. Much weeping and wailing was heard throughout the land. Even with its power of prophecy, the Magic Mirror could provide no answers, not even a clue, for some bearer of black magic had cast a cloud of darkness upon its face ...

And the wizard watched with eyes of venom ... !

The entire tale of Rosella's rescue, the wizard's downfall, and the restoration of the royal family is chronicled in the saga *To Heir is Human*.

According to legend, shortly after Rosella's rescue, King Graham decided it was time to pass on his adventurer's cap. Gathering in his wife and two children into his arms, the King offered a grateful smile upwards, for each member of his family had given him great pride. Gazing down at his children, he couldn't help but see the glint of spirited valor in their eyes. Knowing the future of his kingdom would rest soundly in the hands of its future heir, he slowly lifted his hands to display the famous adventurer's cap.

And now the commencement of the noblest adventure of all ...

KING'S QUEST IV ANSWER KEY

When you are asked for a word to bypass the copy protection, refer to this table. The first column represents page number, section, or tip number; the second, paragraph; and the third signifies where the word falls in the paragraph.

PAGE	WORD	PAGE	WORD
2	2pp 8w	LIVED	
2	2pp 4w	KINGDOM	
2	1pp 4w	LEGEND	
2	2pp 6w	DAVENTRY	
3	1pp 4w	BRAVEST	
3	3pp 4w	VENTURED	
3	3pp Lastw	CROWN	
3	1pp 6w	MOST	
3	2pp 3w	RETURN	
3	1pp 10w	KNIGHTS	
3	3pp 8w	DARED	
4	1pp 3w	RULED	
4	2pp 2w	WOULD	
4	1pp 6w	LAND	
4	3pp Lastw	VELVET	
4	1pp 7w	WITH	
4	3pp 3w	MIST	
4	3pp 4w	CLEARED	
4	3pp 8w	IMAGE	
5	2pp 5w	SUDDENLY	
5	3pp 8w	VOWED	
5	5pp 7w	GRAHAM	
5	2pp 3w	HEART	
5	3pp 2w	MIRROR	
5	1pp 4w	TEARS	
5	4pp 8w	VOICE	
5	5pp 9w	INDEED	
6	1pp 9w	RESCUED	
6	2pp 4w	WITHIN	
6	2pp Lastw	TERROR	
6	2pp 8w	RUMBLINGS	
6	2pp 6w	FORESTS	
6	1pp 3w	MARRIED	
7	1pp 10w	WIZARD	
7	3pp 2w	WOULD	
7	3pp 9w	FEAR	
7	1pp 1w	MEANWHILE	
7	2pp 5w	POWERFUL	
7	2pp 3w	SOLITUDE	
8	3pp 2w	ENTIRE	
8	1pp 1w	SORROW	
8	1pp 1w	TIME	
8	1pp 5w	CHANGES	
8	3pp 6w	RESCUE	
8	3pp 2w	ENTIRE	
8	3pp 9w	DOWNFALL	
9	1pp 3w	LEGEND	
9	1pp 4w	SHORTLY	
9	1pp 7w	RESCUE	
9	2pp 7w	NOBLEST	
OVERVIEW		WORD	
1pp	2w	SIERRA	
1pp	6w	GAME	
2pp	1w	EACH	
2pp	3w	ANIMATED	

TIPS	WORD	TIPS	WORD			
1	1w	BASIC	4	1w	DRAW	
1	6w	INTERACT	4	9w	VISIT	
2	1pp	NATURE	5	9w	NIGHT	
2	2pp	4w	ENCOUNTER	5	4w	TAMIR
2	1pp	8w	ADVENTURE	5	7w	TERRIFYING
2	2pp	8w	CHARACTER	5	lastw	TEAMS
3	last	CLUES	6	verb list last B	BRIDLE	
3	4w	EXAMINE	7	lastw	FUNCTION	
3	1w	LOOK	8	1pp	6w	TRICK
4	7w	PLACE	8	2pp	3w	REASON
4	5w	INCLUDES	8	1pp	4w	EVERY
			8	1pp	lastw	SPELL



ING'S QUEST V

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GO YONDER!

A long time ago, there was a peaceful and prosperous kingdom called Daventry. King Graham and Queen Valanice ruled wisely, and the people of Daventry were content.

One beautiful spring day, King Graham set out for a walk in the woods. Birds were singing in the trees. It seemed an auspicious sign. As Graham was contemplating his good fortune, a sharp wind blew into the woods from the east, whirling up sticks and leaves into his path, and startling the birds into silence.

The air grew suddenly colder. It seemed an unexpected storm was approaching. Graham began to walk back toward the castle, his joyful mood broken by a dark foreboding. When he reached the top of the gentle rise overlooking his home, he was horrified to see empty space where the royal castle of Daventry had stood just minutes before. Cold fear gripped his heart.

Where was his family? What had happened to them?

"Whoohoo...whoohoo." An owl hooted behind him, but Graham scarcely heard it over the pounding of his heart. "I can tell you what happened," came a voice behind him, and Graham spun around to confront a large owl in a blue vest and spectacles. "I know what happened to your castle. I saw it all," said the owl.

Journey into the magical world of King's Quest once again on a quest for the missing castle and the royal family of Daventry.

KING'S QUEST V SYMBOLS

A		N	
B		O	
C		P	
D		Q	
E		R	
F		S	
G		T	
H		U	
I		V	
J		W	
K		X	
L		Y	
M		Z	



THE KING'S QUEST VI

HEIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

Herein lies the account of my travels in that mysterious kingdom known as the Land of the Green Isles. Lest this record be put down to the fevered imagination of a madman or the fiction of a notorious liar, let me assure you, Dear Reader, that the Land of the Green Isles does indeed exist. One can hear the name of the Land whispered in roadside inns off dusty roads from the hills of Daventry to the sea of Tamir — especially on nights when the wind howls and the rain plays havoc on the window panes. The storytellers inevitably take on that same tone of voice to use when speaking of the Fairy Kingdom. I cannot vouch for the Fairy Kingdom since I have yet to get a leprechaun in a position of compromise, yet the Land of the Green Isles... Ah!...that is a place where the feet of a man can find solid ground and his eyes feast on such wonders!

My tale begins with a broken compass. I had taken passage on a ship bound east from Llewddor. Our destination was Serenia, yet in the second week out we encountered a terrible electrical storm. Waves crashed upon the deck of our little ship, the Round About, and lightning struck the sea all around her. At one point it even struck our secondary mast and we were saved from a fiery death only by the lashing rain which quickly put out the fire. We felt sure that we were all dead men, yet on we bailed and strove throughout the

night. After long hours of the terrifying labor, we found ourselves still afloat on the other side of the storm. At first light, the damage seemed minimal despite the lightning that had struck the ship, but by sunset the Captain was forced to announce that the instruments of navigation had been magnetized by the storm—the compass spoke east, yet the sun sank low over the right of our prow.

The Captain did his best to sail by older methods, by the sun and the stars. He assured the voyagers that there was nothing to fear. Yet we seemed cursed, for a dense cloud cover settled over the sky far into the horizon—and stayed. The Round About sailed like a blind man groping in a vast, unfamiliar room.

After a week, the Captain had to admit that we had missed our destination. There was no land to be seen anywhere. It was as if the storm had caused another flood that had wiped civilization from the face of the Earth. With naught else to do we sailed on, by now so lost that turning around seemed futile. Who was to say that we were not turned around already?

A month later, I lay in a fitful sleep on my bunk—throat parched and skin stretched from the scant provisions allotted all hands from the near-empty hold below—when I heard the cry on deck, “Land Ho!” Startled from my sleep and exhilarated with hope, I sprang to the deck. The sky had cleared and its blue seemed a hue I had never seen. A sailor was wildly pointing off the prow where the bright green of a small body of land was dimly visible. The Round About responded as though leaping from the sea toward that remote shore.

Yet within the hour, the curse upon our ship took its final vengeance. As though enraged to see us within view of escape, the sea came alive and swirled around us. Currents and whirlpools materialized and sucked at the

beaten planks of the ship—turning her first one way and then another! I was thrown against the deck and rolled uncontrollably against the cables and the lifeboats. The last thing I heard before my head struck and blackness descended was the mate screaming, “She’s going down!”

Who can judge providence? I am not a hero, I am a wanderer—neither as strong nor as brave as the Captain of that good ship. Yet with no effort on my part—none greater, in any event, than the skill of getting myself knocked on the head—I awoke the following morning, not among the bones at the bottom of the sea, but on a beach. Of the crew and passengers of the good ship, there was not a trace.

Perhaps I was chosen for some destiny here. Perhaps the sea simply found me too sour an old dog for the swallowing. In any case, that is the tale of how I found the Land of the Green Isles—or should I say, how it found me. Being but a poor traveler with feet that itch and a spirit that cannot rest, I have naught to leave this world but a record of the things these eyes have seen. Being not nearly as clever as a balladeer, I set this down in humble prose.

May this account someday find its way back to the land of my youth, though I fear I myself shall die on this distant shore.

Derek Karlavaegen

❁ PART I ❁

THE LAND OF THE GREEN ISLES

The Land of the Green Isles is an ancient kingdom ruled by a royal family designated simply as the “Crown.” Its location so far from the rest of the known world, combined with the dangers of the surrounding sea, have effectively isolated it from the influence of other lands. This small kingdom might as well exist on a distant star as on the other side of an inhospitable sea.

Because of this isolation, the citizens of the kingdom have a unique culture and a quaint naivete. If one asks about the history of the Land, they are eager to speak. Yet of true answers, little can be found. They can recite the names of the holders of the Crown spanning back hundreds of years, can speak of each dwelling’s origin, of practically every citizen’s lineage, yet when I asked how the kingdom began, bewilderment is the response. “The kingdom has always been,” they say, “There has always been a royal family.” It is as if this place has existed, unaltered since the dawn of time.

But there is some basis for a different picture: that these islands have actually held a succession of kingdoms, each bleeding into the next, new civilizations building on ruins scarcely cold. I base this opinion on the traces and legends of an ancient civilization to be found on one of the islands—but more of that later.

The kingdom as it stands today, has remained relatively unchanged for hundreds of years. Four islands make up the bulk of the Land. The Isle of the Crown is the center of the kingdom. There on a magnificent rise stands the Castle of the Crown, the seat of the royal family of the kingdom and the heart of the Land. A village and docks comprise the rest of the island and run most of the kingdom’s daily commerce, such as it is.

Across a short distance of sea is the Isle of Wonder, an aptly-named place of sheer delight ruled by a pair of rival queens who are, despite their own internal strife, unalterably loyal to the Crown.

The Isle of the Beast is the least hospitable of the islands. Seemingly deserted, I did not see much of the place since obstacles made it impossible to travel far inland. Nevertheless, the place has its own history and is listed among the kingdom's holdings.

The fourth island is the Isle of the Sacred Mountain, so called for the soaring peak that rises from the base of the island into the clouds, and around which that community—both literally and philosophically—is built. The Isle of the Sacred Mountain has its own rulers who are also subservient to the Crown.

A more dissimilar set of cultures can scarce be imagined than those on these four islands, yet they seem to exist in harmony and function as a whole. The uniting factor is the Crown, which maintains loyalty both by means of its undisputed heritage as the seat of all government, and by the grace of its goodly royal family.

Peace has reigned for centuries in this idyllic kingdom and seems likely to continue. That is, as long as the Land remains hidden from the evil that we know exists in the world. Though I am a stranger here, I hope not to influence this place overly much. Who would wish to change such a paradise?

❖ PART II ❖

THE ISLE OF THE CROWN

Of the four islands, the Isle of the Crown is the one which will seem the most conventional to travelers from distant lands. It is largely inhabited by members of the human race, men and women of pleasant disposition and generous hospitality. As stated earlier, the Isle of the Crown is comprised of the Castle of the Crown, a quaint village, and the docks from which travel among the islands is commenced.

THE VILLAGE

The village on the Isle of the Crown is a small one. Its stucco walls gleam in the hot sun, its dirt paths are clean and well-maintained, its vegetation is lush. The shop merchants are friendly and seem to delight in unusual trades. Though little of mine survived the shipwreck, the few trinkets that I'd had on my person or managed to salvage from the shore were deemed unusual enough in that distant realm to obtain a few necessities. I also found the villagers eager to share what they had in return for honest work, so I have survived quite comfortably here.

Village life is one of cheerful routine. The villagers rise at first light to do their chores before the tropical sun reaches its peak. Then, a light midday meal is served. The bulk of the afternoon is reserved for indoor activities: reading and scholastics for the younger population and naps for their elders. Everyone seems to prize this quiet time. When the sun goes down, communal activities are frequent. If there are no weddings or other festivities (I must admit that I am quite fond of these local celebrations), the families often gather informally for a plain but plentiful supper, music, and conversation.

Though most families are modest, none are in want. Servants are used in the more affluent households, but most of the citizens cheerfully rely on their own strong hands for the work of daily life. What serving class exists is generally well-treated, though even in this gentle civilization, I did note a few exceptions.

THE DOCKS

Beyond the village lie the docks, a place of bustle and excitement. Even the humblest citizen of the Isle of the Crown frequently enjoys visiting the other islands in the kingdom. In return, it is not uncommon to see all manner of strange creatures frequenting the village shops from the kingdom's other islands.

All travel between the islands is focused at the docks and, indeed, at a single vessel. That vessel is simply called "the ferry," and it is a pleasant enough little ship, well-maintained as befits its value to the kingdom. The ferryman is a jolly fellow, patient even with the youngest of his passengers. His young son helps manage the vessel and keep her shipshape.

The story of the ferry is an interesting one, particularly if you recall the fate of my own ship. The islands, it seems, have always been surrounded by terrible eddies and currents that make seagoing nearly impossible. The family that runs the ferry has done so for generations, each father passing on to his son the secret of the tricky navigation. Many believe that the ferryman's family line has an uncanny instinct for the sea around the isles. It is said that they sail "by the blood in their veins." One thing is certain: I would not venture to sail a ship in these waters, so whatever the secrets of the ferryman's family—thank the stars for it!

THE CASTLE OF THE CROWN

The Castle of the Crown is a stunning palace, giving testimony to the skill of the kingdom's architects and the richness of its treasury. The castle is a monument of marble, gold, and precious gems, with tall arched ceilings and artistic fittings. I am told that it was built one hundred years ago by King Aliphid as a present to his bride, Queen Astar. The previous castle, also called the Castle of the Crown, was large and drafty and had served as the seat of the royal family for over three hundred years. It is said that King Aliphid was cautious over his new bride's fragile health and built the new palace with thick walls for protection from the high winds and cool hallways for respite from the blazing tropical sun.

The castle is made even more exotic by the race of guard dogs that serve and protect the palace. These wondrous creatures seem to combine the best qualities of canine and human. Speaking in gruff voices and armed with swords or pikes, the guard dogs are strong and intelligent, and have loyally served the Crown through the centuries.

Despite my status as a stranger, I was granted a visit with the reigning king and queen. Their openness and accessibility, added to the lack of drawbridges, moats, or battlements of any kind, made clear to me the innocence of this kingdom that had never known war or treachery. Had I been a viper in disguise, I would have been granted an intimate audience just as readily! As a citizen of the larger, more dangerous world, it made me feel a little nervous and honor-bound not to betray such trust in me.

I met the king and queen in the castle's throne room. The throne room is a vast hall more ornate than anything these poor eyes have ever seen. Standing before the two thrones in that cavern of gold, I felt as though I

stood before fabled Olympus itself. Yet, raising my eyes up slowly to those noble faces, I saw nothing of judgement in their eyes, nothing of disdain. Indeed, their faces were full of guileless welcome and kindness.

As for the rulers of this kingdom themselves: King Caliphim, though not a large man, has an air of strength and self-assurance about him. He has the face of a scholar and the eyes of a gentle benefactor. Of Queen Allaria, his beautiful wife, my first impression was of hair the color of night and skin as pale as dawn. She smiled at me graciously and I could see the sadness there. For despite the glory of the palace around them, the halls seemed to weigh on the couple with their emptiness. They are the last of the royal family and, growing into middle age, have yet to produce an heir.

The king and queen listened with interest to my tale of shipwreck. King Caliphim asked astute questions of my homeland and the lands of my travel. He seemed to know something of other lands—perhaps from the same source that had brought the name of the Land of the Green Isles to Daventry. He was most curious and, as a thinker, seemed intrigued by any new idea I might offer. Unfortunately for him, my ideas on such things as kingdoms and civilizations were rather simple ones. I sensed that, despite his interest, he would be content to have those other kingdoms remain remote from his own. Neither hungry for conquest nor anxious for change, his kingdom would remain isolated. Indeed, except for the lack of an heir, it seemed the good king and queen did provide the kingdom with all it could ever desire.

Having met the royal couple and recovered sufficiently from my ordeal at sea, I began to feel quite curious about the other islands in the kingdom, and so I put my itching feet in the care of the jolly ferryman.

❁ PART III ❁ THE ISLE OF WONDER

Imagine a place where the very path beneath your feet might complain of your weight and the trees purposely drop twigs on your head for the sheer merriment of it all, and you'll have an idea of what it's like to be on the Isle of Wonder.

The Isle of Wonder is a comma-shaped body of land that might as well resemble a question mark, for confusion and astonishment are sure to be the lot of the unsuspecting visitor.

The island is teeming with life. Vegetation is abundant as are the island's inhabitants. In fact, the two are frequently one and the same. One can scarcely pick up a grain of sand on that shore without it demanding to be put right back...and this instant, if you please!

The history of this unusual island is an issue of fervent speculation. Many believe that it was an uninteresting deserted island until a wizard enchanted the whole place, bringing everything in it to life, and presented it to his daughter as a birthday present. Others say that the island was once the prison of a beautiful princess, held captive there by a powerful and jealous queen. The maiden was so fair that the very trees and stones themselves could not bear to hear her crying and came to life to provide her companionship. Still another group ardently claims that the Creator of the Universe simply got tired of the serious business of life-giving and decided to indulge His or Her sense of humor.

Whatever the origin, a more delightful spot could scarcely be imagined. But be warned! Those travelers who like to know exactly what to expect from life would be well-advised to go elsewhere. While most of the island's inhabitants are friendly, some of the "thornier" natives are capable of being

downright rude, and all are quirksome. Visitors are frequent on the Isle of Wonder, for it offers a refreshing respite from the ho-hum of everyday life. Even the king and queen enjoy a picnic on Exclamation Point or a stroll in the gardens, and they are on occasion to be found there relaxing and passing the time of day with the island's natives.

The rulers of the Isle of Wonder are a pair of queens, rivals in every way, and most frequently to be found arguing over everything from the color of the sky to the consistency of potato hash. Despite their eccentricities, the Isle of Wonder seems to run smoothly and be a flourishing part of the kingdom, providing many valuable exports and lending the kingdom a light-heartedness to counter its more serious countrymen on the Isle of the Sacred Mountain.

❖ PART IV ❖

THE ISLE OF THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

The Isle of the Sacred Mountain, on first impression, appears to be nothing but a great wall of cliffs rising to the sky with no apparent means of scaling it. The visitor is soon met, however, by a pair of "greeters" of the Winged Ones race.

The Winged Ones are the inhabitants of the Isle of the Sacred Mountain. Towering to a height of six to seven feet, the Winged Ones are by far the most impressive creatures I have ever seen. Each one of them, male and female alike, is surpassingly beautiful. Their bodies are muscled and athletic and gleaming with health. From their broad backs mighty wings emerge like secondary limbs, strong and webbed, and covered with large white feathers. And when they spread those massive wings...oh!...it is as if the sun itself is eclipsed.

Two of these creatures, the greeters, meet visitors at the base of the cliffs and so was I met. Gently, they took my arms and flew me upwards. Has there not been a man who has dreamed of flying? Are we all not Icarus in our heart of hearts? Imagine then, the thrill of that flight and the glory of the beings who rule the very air around us!

But, as the old saw warns, "Beauty is only skin deep." I was flown to the Winged Ones' city, a strange and haunting place whose architecture combines the two overriding elements of this culture: aviation and the classical. The city seems built to exclude those poor creatures whose lot it is to crawl like insects upon the ground, for each edifice towers into the sky with no connection to the next or to the ground itself save by flight.

Thus completely dependent on the greeters to travel about the city or even leave, the visitor is humbled and loathe to do much exploration. This appeared to me to be rather the intention, for the culture of the Winged Ones is a private one. On the Isle of Wonder I always felt welcome, despite the sometimes gruff nature of the inhabitants. They had a certain simplicity, an honesty about them. By contrast, although my reception with the Winged Ones was on the surface extremely polite, the formal words of welcome did not ring true. I sensed, in the eyes of that beauteous race, a disdain of common humanity, a haughtiness that made them suddenly lose some of their golden perfection in the eyes of this humble observer.

Despite this innate sense of superiority, the Winged Ones are valuable members of the kingdom and provide many important skills. Incredibly intelligent, the Winged Ones are master logicians and mathematicians, precise architects and planners. They disdain magic and the daintier arts, being far too logical for such goings on. Even the palace of the Winged Ones' city has a sparseness, a sense of functionality that denotes their contempt for artistic ornamentation.

The Winged Ones' culture is an old one, and they make frequent references to the "Ancient Ones," their forefathers, whose ruins and great works still abound on the island. The Isle of the Sacred Mountain is ruled by a lord and lady, who exist as monarchs on their own island but owe allegiance to the common Crown.

The name of the island derives from a lone peak which soars into the clouds beyond the city. There, in a cave, dwells the sacred Oracle, the philosophical head of the community. It is said that the Oracle is centuries old, ultimately wise, and can read the future. She is consulted by the lord and lady on every facet of the city's life, and even advises the king and queen. I, of course, did not meet the Oracle, and even most Winged Ones citizens regard her as an almost mythical being. The greatest honor any Winged Ones citizen might hope for in his or her long life is to be granted a meeting with the Oracle, for her cave is a place reserved for only the most worthy souls. Like many lofty ambitions, most of the Winged Ones never achieve this end.

I found myself fascinated by the Ancient Ones, for it was the only deep history apparent in the kingdom. From what I managed to learn from the close-mouthed Winged Ones themselves, and from the more readily available information to be found in the writings and from scholars on the Isle of the Crown, I put together the following picture of this bygone race. I include it among these records of the kingdom, for they are as much a presence in the Land as the current inhabitants.

❁ PART V ❁ THE ANCIENT ONES

The Ancient Ones inhabited the Isle of the Sacred Mountain perhaps as many as a thousand years ago. At that time, it is likely that there was no "kingdom" and that the Ancient Ones existed alone in the sea, since no similarly aged records exist on any other island.

The Ancient Ones had an advanced, mysterious culture. Their writings have been discovered on ancient tablets and scrolls buried beneath the current Winged Ones' city, and in the ancient catacombs on the Isle of the Sacred Mountain. It is commonly believed that they possessed knowledge and mechanical acuity far surpassing anything that exists today. This belief is based on a few remaining artifacts such as their mysterious labyrinthine catacombs and the writings on the island's cliffs. The artifacts of the Ancient Ones are fiercely guarded by the Winged Ones and are studied by scholars of that race who spend their whole lives trying to unravel their mysteries. What is known about them is derived from these delicate and treasured written records.

The Ancient Ones were believers in the power of language. They were fond of saying, "A master of languages will soar." This, presumably, refers to intellectual heights rather than physical ones, but who can say? It is also known that they were great lovers of symbols and had a complex theology which seemed to worship all things aerial, though only fragments of their belief system are understood today. The Ancient Ones gave meaning to every creature, every color, every element and mineral. In addition, they studied the emotional states of being. Every emotion, like every creature, color, and element, ranked high or low on their theological scale—the lowest being "base" or "primitive," the highest being "pure." At the top of

this scale were the Sacred Four; the emotion “tranquility,” the color “azure,” the creature “caterpillar,” and the element “air.” The color azure and the element air are obvious allusions to the sky. Similarly, tranquility is reminiscent of the heavens above. The caterpillar is the one surprise. In their reasoning, however, it makes perfect sense. After all, there are birds aplenty in the skies, but what glory is it to fly when one is born with wings? Is it not more glorious still to be born to crawl upon the ground and build one’s own wings?

It is a matter of much debate whether or not the Ancient Ones themselves possessed the power of flight. Despite their theology, the remains of the Ancient Ones do not bear the wings that distinguish the Isle of the Sacred Mountain’s current inhabitants. The Winged Ones firmly believe that the Ancient Ones flew without wings, thus proving themselves superior even to the Winged Ones themselves. Some scholars on the Isle of the Crown, however, believe that the Ancient Ones could not fly, and that their obsessive interest in flight and their secret knowledge enabled them to create a winged race, the descendants of whom are the Winged Ones. Ah, but such things we will never know for certain, for true understanding was buried along with the last of that long-dead race.

I spent some time studying the language and culture of the Ancient Ones, and, in the interest of antiquity, I set forth here as much as is understood of their works.

THE ANCIENT ONES’ ALPHABET

The alphabet of the Ancient Ones consists of graphic symbols. It is clear that their language and ours has the same root, for their writings are directly translatable by simply replacing the appropriate letter of our alphabet for its corresponding symbol in theirs. It is probable that the Ancient Ones spoke in our language and used these symbols in their writings as a code for secrecy or for their ceremonial beauty. Or, perhaps, our own “letters” for the spoken language evolved as short-hand notations for the complex symbols used by the Ancient Ones. In any case, there are twenty-six primary symbols in their alphabet. There are other minor symbols, but those were used only for accent and as representations of complex philosophical ideals and are not included here.

In addition to their alphabetical functions, each symbol also represents an emotion, a color, a creature, and a natural or metaphysical element.



A This symbol represents harmony, the cat, the color sienna, and earth.



B This symbol represents sorrow, the albatross, the color charcoal-gray, and onyx.



C This symbol represents hope, the dove, the color pearl-gray, and opals.



D This symbol represents tranquility, the mouse, the color sable, and granite.









E This symbol represents irony, the whale, the color ochre, and paper.



F This symbol represents humility, the grasshopper, the color olive, and plants.

-  G This symbol represents purity, the unicorn, the color white, and air.
-  H This symbol represents rage, the shark, the color red, and fire.
-  I This symbol represents cowardice, the sheep, the color orange, and coal.
-  J This symbol represents honesty, the parrot, the color green, and emeralds.
-  K This symbol represents wisdom, the owl, the color brown, and wood.
-  L This symbol represents loneliness, the cricket, the color beige, and clay.
-  M This symbol represents romantic love, the swan, the color gold and the element gold.
-  N This symbol represents hate, the crab, the color black, and ebony.
-  O This symbol represents joy, the dolphin, the color azure, and sapphires.
-  P This symbol represents fear, the rabbit, the color violet, and rubies.
-  Q This symbol represents faith, the caterpillar, the color turquoise, and the stone turquoise.
-  R This symbol represents grief, the jackal, the color silver, and the element silver.
-  S This symbol represents happiness, the dog, the color pink, and marble.
-  T This symbol represents perseverance, the tortoise, the color sea-green, and water.

-  U This symbol represents intuition, the serpent, the color royal-blue, and rain.
-  V This symbol represents foolishness, the monkey, the color yellow, and ivory.
-  W This symbol represents familial love, the horse, the color hazel, and leather.
-  X This symbol represents bravery, the lion, the color purple, and diamonds.
-  Y This symbol represents patience, the cow, the color amber, and pearls.
-  Z This symbol represents desire, the warthog, the color burgundy, and garnets.

THE LOGIC CLIFFS

One of the most intriguing artifacts left by the Ancient Ones are the logic cliffs. The cliffs are so named from a series of riddles written on the face of the cliffs leading from the beach of the Isle of the Sacred Mountain to the Winged Ones' city. Chiseled painstakingly into solid rock, the viewer must question what purpose the words serve. From the ancient scroll that references the cliffs, it can be determined that the riddles on the cliff were part of an elaborate mechanism designed to protect those who dwelt at the top of the cliffs from undesirables that might arrive from the sea below. The mechanism may have served as some sort of calling device designed to alert those at the top of the cliffs that a brother required admittance, or perhaps led to secret chambers within the rock itself. Whatever the cliffs' purpose was, it was obviously built to admit only those indoctrinated into the secrets of the Ancient Ones' culture and for that reason is, alas, as yet unsolved by those who live today.

The following translations from the cliffs of logic scroll may help the reader understand the mystique that surrounds this artifact.

The first challenge: "Only those pure of heart will be able to RISE the cliffs of logic."

2nd challenge: SOAR

The third challenge: "The Stones of Stealth," are associated with this riddle:

Four men standing in a row,

Third from the left and down you go,

The rest, in order, move you on,

The Youngest, the Oldest, and the Second Son.

Fourth challenge: D G Q O

The fifth challenge: "Only those of the highest order may ASCEND the cliffs of logic."

① ② ③ ④
sol: ④ ① ②

THE CATACOMBS

Another remnant of the Ancient Ones' culture, the catacombs, is tragically inaccessible to visitors today. The catacombs held the burial chambers of the Ancient Ones, and are said to be designed as a giant labyrinth. To protect their tombs from looters, the Ancient Ones built death traps into the catacombs and filled it with dead-end paths, maze-like corridors, and rooms where secret knowledge is needed to pass.

The Winged Ones were close to mastering the secrets of the catacombs some years ago, when a minotaur, taking an instant liking to the dark, funereal place, decided to take up residence. At first, the kingdom attempted to regain the hostaged artifact, but, between the dangers of the catacombs itself and the minotaur's stealth and treachery, the losses became too grave to continue the struggle and the minotaur was left to his prize. Since then, the catacombs have been bolted shut. It is one of the great sorrows of the kingdom that each year the minotaur demands, and must be given, the living sacrifice of his choice lest he emerge from the catacombs and attack the city.

The catacombs are illustrative of the Ancient Ones' obsessive interest in death. Indeed, it seems to be in the air in this part of the world, for the modern-day Green Islanders also have elaborate death traditions, as I will describe later. The catacombs were obviously a place of high reverence for the Ancient Ones, as a message on an ancient tablet that once adorned the doors to the catacombs shows:

Three roses laid upon the bower,

A scythe for he who cuts the flower,

A crown, a dove, most noble race!

Thy bones make sacred this dread place.

❁ PART VI ❁ THE ISLE OF THE BEAST

The Isle of the Beast, long ago, was called the Isle of the Forest. It was a place of woodlands, sparkling ponds, and prolific wildlife. It was used as a playground favored for jaunty hunts by the royal family and other local sportsmen, and for that reason was left uninhabited. The scenes of this treasured diversion on that beautiful island still decorate local tapestries and paintings.

One night, so the story goes, residents of the other islands could see magical lights around the Isle of the Forest. The next day the king, then King Aliphim, led his guards over to the island to investigate (and, of course, to hunt if all proved well). They found the island much changed. The forest had grown so dense overnight as to prove impenetrable save by a single path blocked by mysterious obstacles. And, most mysteriously of all, the heart-rending cries of some mighty wild beast echoed on and on throughout the forest. It is said that several guards fell into madness

immediately at the sound and that King Aliphim himself was haunted to the end of his days by the echo of those cries.

Since that time, the island has taken its new name and has remained unpenetrated, and undisturbed, in the midst of the kingdom's teeming life.

❁ PART VII ❁

LEGENDS AND MYTHS OF THE LAND OF THE GREEN ISLES

Through long nights spent before the fire with my companions on the Isle of the Crown, I learned that the Green Islanders are famous story-weavers. To me, nothing speaks more of a people than the tales they tell, for they are woven with the fears, the hopes, and the dreams of the culture. For your enlightenment and entertainment, I set forth some of the more interesting of these legends and myths here.

HIDDEN ISLANDS AND OTHER WORLDS

Every land has its tales of hidden places: lost caverns, underground treasure rooms, and secret kingdoms accessible only through some ancient oak tree. The Land of the Green Isles is no exception. Here, as might be imagined, the hidden places take the form of islands hidden in the mists and of what might lie beyond in the sea.

One popular tale seems to reflect the universal myths of harvest and planting. It is said that nearby exists a hidden island of priestly inhabitants who worship Mother Earth. These priests keep the weather and the tides in balance to insure safety from hurricanes and other forces of the sea and to plead continuance for the kingdom's bounty. It is said that these priests demand privacy above all and that they remain loyal to the Crown in exchange for secrecy. What a wonderfully conspiratorial tale!

The Green Islanders are also fond of saying that the unpassable currents in the seas around the kingdom are there as a warning — to keep all ships from sailing further east. For it is believed that within a day's sail in that direction, a ship strong enough and foolhardy enough to survive the tempest seas would encounter the edge of the world!

"What lies beyond the edge of the world?" I asked. "Why, the next world," they replied, and with fearful glances at one another, quickly changed the subject.

DEATH TRADITIONS

Death fascinates men the world round, and there are as many philosophies about what comes after this life as there are, it seems, lives which end. I found the Green Islanders to all share a common belief, so strongly held as to seem to defy questioning.

The family of the deceased holds funeral ceremonies a few days after death to bid the soul of their loved one safe passage to the Realm of the Dead. The deceased is buried with the things he or she will need for the journey.

The Realm of the Dead is a place not of this world. There Death himself rules. Some call him The Lord of the Dead, others call him Samhain. Those souls who have died at peace with their lives are allowed to enter the Underworld and are placed in the Sea of Souls. In that safe repository, they are greeted by ultimate knowledge and are prepared for the next stage. Those souls, however, who died with unresolved trauma in their human lives cannot enter the underworld, but are consigned to wander endlessly on the surface of the Realm, chained there by their human woes. Sometimes, their life's problems will be resolved in the real world without them—justice meted out, or loved ones taken care of—and they are freed from their bonds and gratefully go below. More often, however, things are never resolved in the real world and the bonded souls, over time, become part of the mindless dead that roam the surface eternally, never to know peace or be allowed to move on.

This belief system deeply affects the lives of the Green Islanders, and is, in my estimation, the root of their peaceful lives and their aversion for friction and infighting, greed and anxiety. Certainly, as a man or woman approaches old age or infirmity, he or she strives to resolve any loose ends in their lives in preparation for the journey ahead.

GENIES

In Daventry, the poor man's idea of a great tale involved a tradesman or poor farmer falling in with a fairy and thus gaining a fortune overnight. How many wild-eyed dreamers have spent their days searching out such instant prosperity instead of buckling down and taking the long road to that end? Hah! It is a tale this wanderer has heard all too often!

Here in the Land of the Green Isles there are no fewer dreamers, but they speak not of fairies but of the djinn, of genies. A genie is an even greater temptation for the aspiring soul than ever a Daventry fairy, for a genie does not simply turn a one-time favor, however great, and then be done with it. No, a genie, like a faithful dog, belongs to its owner for life—or, that is, for however long the fortunate "master" might keep hold of the creature's lamp.

It seems every Green Islander knows the ins and outs of the djinn, though few have ever seen one. According to the stated "rules," each genie is immortal and each is permanently attached to a given lamp in which they might or might not be trapped for long centuries depending on the whims of their owner or fate. Once the lamp comes into the possession of a man or woman, that person becomes the genie's master and must be obeyed. Genies are very valuable creatures and can do a variety of tricks including transporting a man anywhere on earth, taking any shape the master might wish, and, of course, the ever-popular gathering of great treasures and wealth. A genie does have some limitations, however; it cannot cure ills, change the weather, or bring back the dead. And a genie always has a weakness.

A genie is also bound to its master in other ways. It is said that a genie is like a mirror; it only reflects its master's will. If a master is evil-minded and

cruel, the genie will be also. If a master is generous and kind, so will be the genie.

One of the most popular genie stories is the following one about a genie named Mali Mellin.

THE STORY OF MALI MELLIN

Mali Mellin was a genie with a terrible weakness for mistletoe berries (although the same are poisonous to humans). He had been trapped for a few thousand years in a crusty old lamp after being buried with his possessive master. One day a poor farmer uncovered the lamp while plowing a field. The farmer, being ignorant, took the lamp at once to his wife, and she, being no more intelligent than he, cleaned the outside brusquely without ever opening the lid. The pair took the lamp to market to sell for a few pence.

The lamp was purchased by a antiques dealer who, being equally lazy, never bothered to open the thing. (This tale continues on in this manner, passing through a dozen or so hands, much to the increased hilarity of the local listeners who seem to find this the largest joke they ever heard. But, to move on....) Finally the lamp was purchased by a poor maiden named Daltina, who desired only a little warmth and light for her ailing mother. Daltina took the lamp home and opened it at once in order to fill it with oil and a wick. But instead of dust, a cloud of smoke issued forth from the opened lamp and Mali Mellin appeared. The girl was overcome with fear, but Mali Mellin finally persuaded the poor thing that she was in no danger, and, indeed, could now have anything she wished.

In the next few months, Daltina and her mother went from being poor, sickly outcasts to being well-to-do. Their poor house became a fine mansion and their garden blossomed. The girl, with the flush of prosperity in her cheeks, grew more beautiful by the day. Mali Mellin, of course, was furnished with all the mistletoe berries he could eat. But on one thing Daltina followed the advice of her mother: "Never tell anyone of the lamp," she warned, "for we are but two lone women in the world and would be no

match for those who would wish to steal our treasure.”

Several years passed this way, and Daltina was content. Every night Mali Mellin would ask her, “What more do you wish?” and Daltina would reply “Nothing. I have all that I want.” Then, one day, a procession rode through the village. Riding at the head was a prince, the most handsome man that the girl had ever seen.

That night, Mali Mellin asked “What more do you wish?” The girl was silent for a moment, thinking “Who am I to wish such a thing?” and “He should marry a princess.” But her heart, never before touched, clamored too loudly for her to hear her own wisdom and so she whispered, “I wish for the prince.”

The next day the prince rode back to the village with haunted eyes. He had seen the girl in a dream and was sick with love. Within weeks, the two were married.

But the prince was not as good as he appeared. He wanted things: more wealth, more land, more of everything. When he mooned about for these things, the girl felt pity in her love and would in secret go to her lamp and call forth Mali Mellin to achieve her love’s desires.

At first, the prince was amazed at his wife’s powers and intuition. After a time, however, the prince grew suspicious of his wife’s seemingly magical abilities. One night, he lamented long about a certain gold sword he must have that hung in a nearby castle. He pretended to go to sleep and heard Daltina slip out. In silence, he followed her down a corridor to her mother’s room and there spied upon her as she called Mali Mellin from the lamp and, offering it some pretty mistletoe, asked her boon.

“Mali Mellin,” Daltina said, “There is a sword of gold ten leagues from here. Have it delivered to my husband in the morning as a gift of tribute.” To which, Mali Mellin replied, “Yes, Master.”

The next morning, a courier arrived with the sword, just as Mali Mellin had promised.

“How marvelous,” the prince thought, “to have a wife with such a powerful genie!” Then he thought, “How much more marvelous to possess the genie myself!”

And so, that very night, the prince waited until Daltina slept, then snuck into his mother-in-law’s chambers and removed the lamp from the trunk as he had seen his wife do. Seized with excitement, he hastened to his armory and pulled the lid from the lamp. Mali Mellin appeared.

“Yes, Master,” the genie twittered, with a new malicious grin on its face. “You are MY genie now,” said the prince, “And shall do only as I wish.” “Of course, Master,” said Mali Mellin, “But how about some mistletoe?”

The next day, the girl awoke to find the prince in possession of the lamp. Despite her pleadings that she be allowed to control the dangerous creature, the prince refused to give it back.

And, oh, what the prince did with that lamp! Whereas before, the girl had indulged his desires conservatively, the prince with the lamp knew no bounds. He kept Mali Mellin rushing to fulfill his wishes until the rooms of the castle were heaping with gold and jewels. His enemies lay slaughtered on the fields without provocation. Mali Mellin’s wicked face now became like a demon’s in the land, a demon who stole and laid scourge to everything.

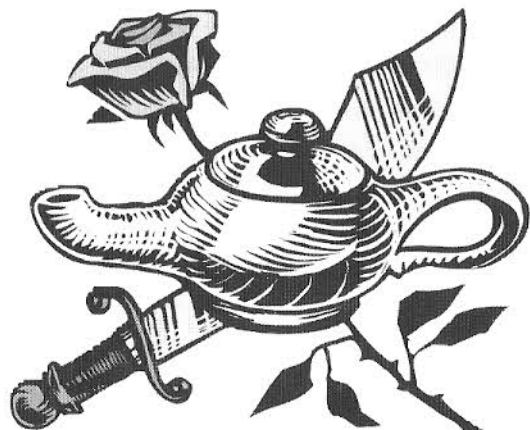
Finally, the girl could stand no more. The flame of her love for the prince was doused by bitter tears. One night, she drugged the prince’s wine and, when he fell into a deep sleep, took the lamp from his grasp. She called forth the genie once more, and, sadly, had Mali Mellin carry the prince off to a distant and deserted land where he could trouble no one ever again. With the prince gone and Mali Mellin back to his good-natured self, Daltina restored the broken land and reigned as a benign (if rather melancholy) queen for many years thereafter—reaping, always, plentiful harvests of mistletoe.

❖ **PART VIII** ❖
POSTSCRIPT

So concludes my records on the Land of the Green Isles. I have been well-treated here and have become rich in friends, in knowledge, and in countless other blessings. Though I have found my spirit forlorn at times with my inability to travel on, I must admit that my feet have itched less here than anywhere else in this wide world. Still, on occasion, I find my mind roving back to the green hills of Daventry. Perhaps, if my spirit, at least, is allowed to roam free, I've yet to see them soon.

To those who may someday follow in my footsteps, I say this; Be kind to this gentle land, be open-hearted to her whimsy, and protect her, if you can, from the harsh winds which might wish to blow in from the sea to steal her soul. She is unlike any place I have ever seen, and she has stolen my heart.

Derek Karlavaegen



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