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Other Narnia Solo Games™:

Return to Deathwater

Upcoming Narnia Solo Games™:

Leap of the Lion (June 1988)

The Lost Crowns of Cair Paravel (August 1988)

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Charlottesville, VA 22902.

ISBN- 0-425-11029-X

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Distributed by The Berkley Publishing Group, 200 Madi-
son Avenue, New York, New York, 10016.

NARNIA Solo Games™

Home of the Underdogs
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THE SORCERESS AND THE BOOK OF SPELLS

by Anne Schraff

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Based on

THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA

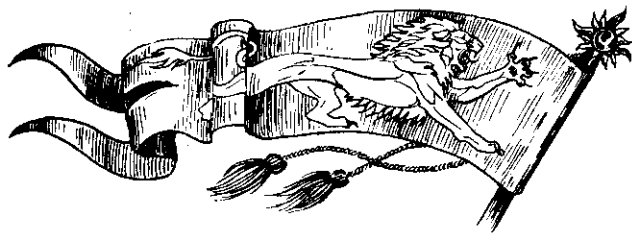
by C.S. LEWIS



BERKLEY BOOKS, NEW YORK

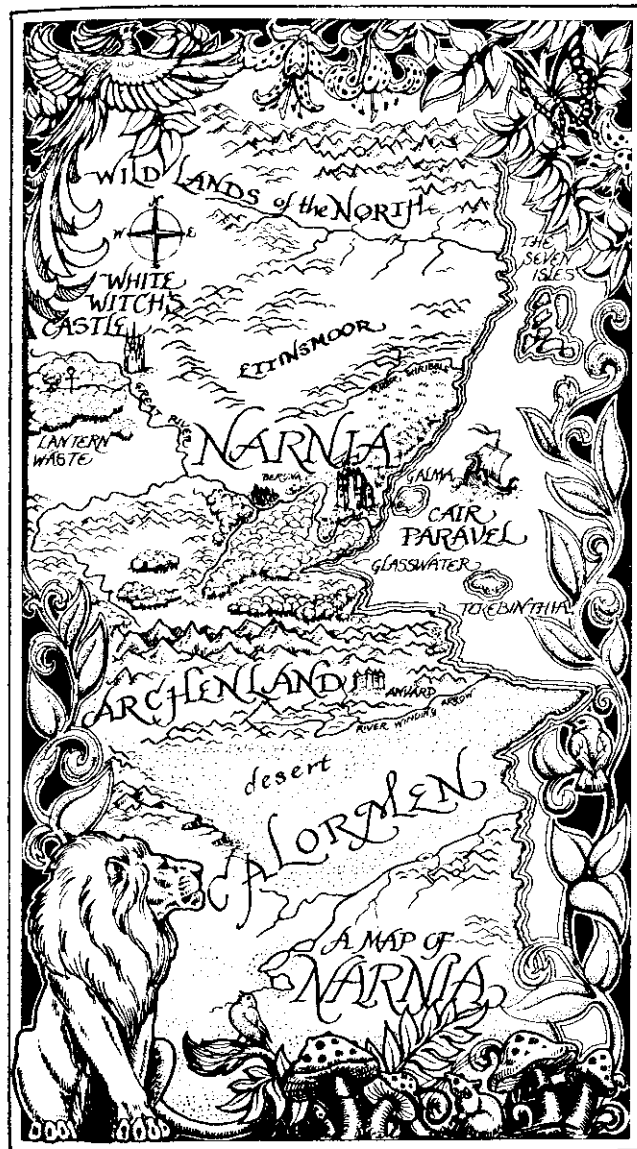
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LAND OF NARNIA

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



THE FOUNDING OF NARNIA

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



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

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

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

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

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

ADVENTURE IN NARNIA

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

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



**Go now, and seek the adventure that
Aslan sends!**

Character Record

Name: _____

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

Treasures & Equipment:

NOTES:

KEY SHEET

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USING THE GAMEBOOK

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

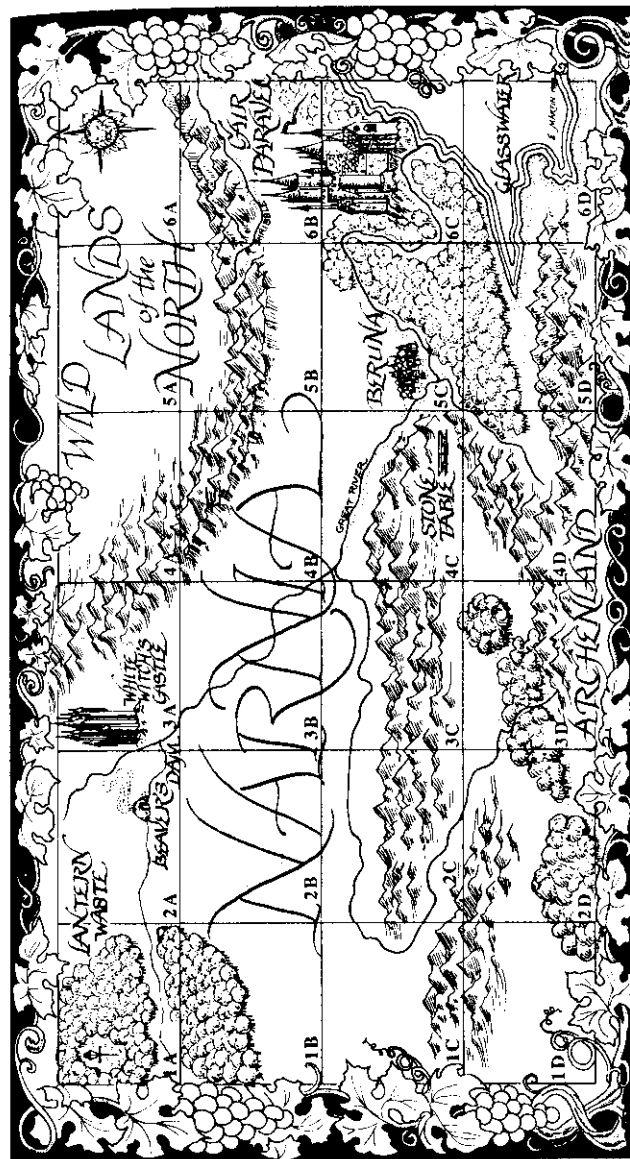
THE MAPBOARD

The mapboard provided in this Solo Game gives an overview of part of the area in which your adventures will take place. This map shows what you know about the area, but it does not tell you everything that may happen.

There is a copy of the mapboard on the opposite page **and** a copy on the last page of the gamebook. For ease of play, that page can be removed from the gamebook.

Each space on the mapboard is labeled with a number and a letter (i.e., 1A, 1B, ... , 2B, 2C, ... , etc.). Each of these labels refers to a section of the text, with the same number and letter, near the beginning of the book. This "*Location Text*" tells you what you find and directs you to further "*Encounter Text*" that gives you choices and more detailed information to guide you in your adventures.

Keep track of your location on the mapboard during play. This is done by remembering the label of your location, by using any small playing piece (i.e., a coin) to mark your location, or by tracing your path with a pencil.



THE GAMEBOOK

As mentioned earlier, *Location Text* sections are in the beginning of the gamebook and are matched to the spaces on the mapboard. These sections are labeled with a number followed by a letter. *Encounter Text* sections are toward the back of the gamebook and are listed by three-digit numbers only (e.g., "365"). Read the Location Text as you move into the matching space on the mapboard, and read the Encounter Text only when told to do so by the text.

Often Encounter Text will direct your "movement" in areas that are not represented on your mapboard. In these cases, it can be very useful for you to keep track of what you encounter and where you go (i.e., you should record and map your path of travel).



MOVING ON

When the text tells you to ***move on***, you may choose to move into any one of the spaces on the mapboard next to the space you are in (including the diagonal spaces); then read the matching Location Text. This text can of course lead to more detailed adventures by directing you to a section of Encounter Text.

KEYS

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

PICKING A NUMBER

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

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

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

YOUR CHARACTER

CHOOSING A CHARACTER

There are two ways to choose a character:

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

TREASURES AND EQUIPMENT

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

SKILL BONUSES

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

STARTING TO PLAY

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

Character Record

Name: *Robin Traverstock*

Skill	Bonus
Fighting	+1
Trickery	+1
Action	+1
Talking	+1
Perception	+1
Inner Strength	+1

Treasures & Equipment:

*5 pennies tucked in the pocket of
the waist of your swmsuit*

NOTES:

CREATING YOUR OWN CHARACTER

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

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

SKILLS

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

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

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

SKILL BONUSES

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

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

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

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

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

BACKGROUND

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

Just as the school term was ending, your older sister, Sophia, became very unwell with scarlet fever. For a day, Dr. Davenport feared the worst, and Mother hovered over Sophia's pillow with a white face. You hid outside in the garden (under the boxwoods) and wouldn't come indoors for supper. (Even Harold's call, "Robin, there's bread pudding, your favorite!" couldn't lure you to the table.)

The next morning, your sister's fever was gone, and the morning after that she demanded breakfast. Now she's as bossy as she ever was, and Mother insists that you be nice about it! Dr. Davenport has recommended that Sophia be removed from the company of her noisy siblings (Harold, you!, Alice, Bertram, and Aubrey, the baby).

One evening (while Mother and Father talk), Harold whispers in your ear that the family might not spend the summer by the seaside. Before your eyes can fill with tears, Father's voice booms, "Sophia shall stay with her grandmother in Cornwall." Your sister's eyes brighten with delight, but you still worry. Then Father continues, "When she is stronger, she may join the rest of you at the shore. I shall stay in London, as usual, and visit both Cornwall and the shore later this month."

"Hurrah!" you burst out, unable to contain your glee. Mother's gentle, "Hush, Robin," makes you hang your head. But, Father ruffles your hair, and you know it's alright.

Several days pass in a pleasant bustle. Two huge traveling trunks are filled with swimsuits, beachtowels, a folding canvas chair, sunsuits and bonnets for Aubrey, sandals and sailor hats for the rest of you, and a wide beach umbrella for Mother.

At last it's time to go, and Father sees you off at the train station. With many hugs and kisses and a few tears, you say goodbye. Aubrey is the funniest, hanging on to Father's necktie and refusing to let go. You feel a little lost and forgotten amid all the laughter, until Father gives you his special wink. You grin, knowing he'll bring you a surprise (a yoyo, a beachball, or perhaps that watercolor set you've wanted for so long) when he visits in a few weeks!

THE SORCERESS AND THE BOOK OF SPELLS

by

Anne Schraff

PROLOGUE

The horrid days of school are over at last, and you've begun your summer holidays. The best part will be lazy hours at the seashore, and this morning starts your first day to do just as you please. Scampering across the sand, stopping only once to examine a circular golden sundial shell, you gaze out over the English sea and dip your toes into the water lapping across the sand. The days have been hot and muggy, and with rare delight you wade into the bracing, cold water. It splashes and bubbles against your legs as you swim from shore.

Like a crab discarding its shell, you shed all the chalk-dusty schooldays and play in the waves of the clear blue-green sea. The kelp tangles in your toes as you kick and tread water. Swirled patterns of sand at the cool sea bottom beckon, and a marvelous purple shell lies half buried there. You hold your breath for a dive down, but the shell resists your groping fingers. It will not come free. Reluctantly leaving the shell, you rise to break the surface of the water.

"By Gum!" you cry in amazement, for an entirely different scene from that which you left meets your gaze! A great sea buoys you up and down on its wind-ruffled waves. In the distance, shining towers perch upon a small hill on the shoreline. The pebbly beach is strewn with rocks and little tide pools of salt water, starfish, anemones, and sea weed. Along the water's edge, miles and miles of bluish-green waves crash on the beach. Overhead, more seagulls than you have ever seen before cry and swoop!

Suddenly, you realize you are not alone in this strange sea. Mer-men and Mer-women drift through the currents with melancholy grace! The Mer-women have strands of seaweed woven into their long braids and their garments glitter with blue-green scales. The Mer-men have olive webbing between their fingers and green fins, but their faces are gray.



As you float in their midst, the Sea-folk join hands in a mournful dirge:

*"Our Queen has left her throne,
We are left all alone,
She has left the watery bower,
Seeking the Throne of Ultimate Power."*

Their voices are strange, sweet, and piercing, but you'd just as soon take leave of the Mer-folk. The memory of wild tales about Mer-folk who are the spirits of drowned sailors and who sometimes take vengeance on hapless souls that come their way raises goosebumps on your arms. You scramble eagerly from the sea and tramp over the sand.

"Gracious me!" says a strange creature with a reddish face and a pointy little beard that is all atremble. "Alas! What has the sea spawned here?"

"I'm quite as mixed up as you are," you admit.

"You appear to me — though I cannot be altogether sure — to be a human child of some sort. We have had those before come to us here in Narnia," says the agitated creature. "Oh dear. My manners! I do forget sometimes. I am Vircuns the Faun. If you are a human child sent to help us, as other human children have in days of yore, well, you have come not a moment too soon. Do hurry! You absolutely must hurry!"

"Hold on," you plead. "I am really and truly mixed up. I don't understand a bit of it!"

"You popped in from the Eastern Sea of Narnia," patiently explains the Faun. "There are the towers of Cair Paravel. It has been quite lovely here in Narnia, but now it is all so dreadful at the castle. Gracious me, we haven't a moment to lose!"

You trot along side-by-side with the Faun, to the splendid Great Hall of Cair Paravel, with its ivory roof and the West door hung with peacock feathers. The Eastern door opens to the sea, shimmering as if silver spangles have been scattered over its surface. Astonished by the spectacle, you've forgotten that you're still dripping wet in your bathing suit!

"Should I be right in thinking you require proper attire?" Vircuns asks, leading you off to a dressing room.

"Goodness knows, I'd be a record stinker to appear before royal folk dripping sea water on their exotic rugs," you say. Quickly Vircuns finds you decent clothes, and you return to the Great Hall.

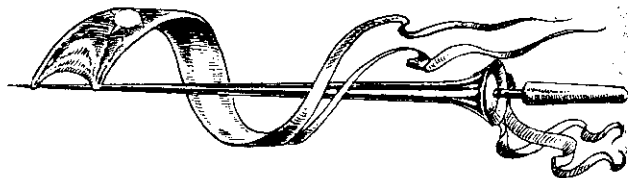
To the sound of trumpets, you hear cries of: "Long Live King Peter the Magnificent, Queen Lucy the Valiant, King Edmund the Just, and Queen Susan the Gentle!"

You watch wide-eyed as the Four Monarchs make their grand entrance. In spite of the crash of cymbals and the loud boom of trumpets and kettle drums, you sense the tension and hostility in the hall. Lords and Ladies whisper nervously together; Red Dwarfs mutter bitterly of "a rotten misfortune in the kingdom."

"It's all wraiths and wreckage!" grumbles Friskfoot, a Red Dwarf who seems to have considerable authority. "Treason is in the air!" (Friskfoot reminds you of the Head at your school, as grumpy as a frog with dry skin.)

You are invited by Vircons to sit at the far end of a long table and feast. (You certainly want something to eat, especially since you left your lunch back on the beach, and by now, waves have washed over it — it's perished for good!)

You partake of hot roast turkey with thick giblet gravy and large hot crispy potatoes dripping with melted butter. The loaves of bread are just as you like them, crusty and brown on the outside and soft and buttery on the inside. For desert there is steamed raisin pudding and large purple plums. But though you've had a wonderful fill, you are worried because everybody around you seems miserable. Everybody is acting like you and your classmates at school when summer holidays are over and tomorrow is the first day of the new school term.



Queen Lucy is confiding to a Lady-in-Waiting, and you overhear her say, "Our most trusted Lord Clodian was killed! They say it was a hunting accident, but shame on them for such lies! Why, he was treacherously slain for his loyalty to us!"

King Edmund adds to the sad tale and you listen with growing worry. "Every day more double-dealing. Two Knights await execution for treason. At this very moment, dear Lady Magritha, a most gentle person who never did anyone any harm — a jolly woman in every way — is shut up in a tower as a madwoman. It's rotten unjust, I say!"

You watch in silence as Queen Susan nods. She is much too upset to eat any of the rosy peaches set before her, though peaches are her favorite fruit. "The whole kingdom is divided by wars and jealousies. Centaurs stand against Unicorns. Birch girls whisper lies against Beech girls. Ooooh, it's purely wicked. It's as if some Dark Spirit has sown poison amongst us!"

King Peter slams his fist on the table, making the raisin pudding jump. "By Jove! It's all angry roaring and barking and squealing in our once peaceful kingdom! I won't have it!"

Friskfoot takes you aside after dinner. (You weren't able to eat as much as you would've liked, but perhaps it's just as well because you have a weakness for making somewhat of a pig of yourself when the food is delicious.) "Beards and bedsteads," Friskfoot mutters, "the Four Monarchs cannot make an end to this turmoil. They are as puzzled as babies seeing their toes for the first time! Mark my words — the four of them will be beheaded before the season changes! And more's the pity, because they're a fine lot!"

"Hang it all," you say, "Don't be so downhearted, Friskfoot. I've got here by magic, haven't I? There's got to be a purpose to it, don't you think?"

"A poor jackanapes such as you will not change the foul fates, child of Adam and Eve, much as I would like to believe otherwise. I've found it mostly true that the ill one expects is more likely to come than the good one hopes for."

"You are too gloomy. All I need is a good rest and in the morning I'll be fit as a fiddle and ready to help in any way I can," you declare.

After taking a hot bath, you curl up on a soft bed in the castle. It's so lovely and comfy, with a mattress stuffed with young goose feathers, that you really ought to have a good night's sleep, but you don't at all. You toss and turn as if you were lying on prickly thorns instead of finest down.

A few seconds after finally nodding off, you see the face of Aslan, Son of the Great Emperor-Beyond-the-Sea. The thick golden mane surrounds his lion's head like a halo, and the royal solemn wonderful eyes gaze on you with such love that you want with all your heart to do his bidding. You're not asleep at all! This is not a dream. You're almost afraid to look at the Lion but, trembling, you do anyway because of the compelling love in his eyes.

- If you have been to Narnia before, turn to 494.
- If not, turn to 317.

LOCATION TEXT

Read only the text for the space you are in.

1A

In Lantern Waste, firs, oaks, poplars, and maples cluster among the dead leaves of years gone by. You see the legendary lamp-post in the middle of the wood, standing exactly where the first Daughter of Eve saw it so many years ago. (Nobody knows exactly how long.)

- *If you have met Lord Palrian (checked Key 1), turn to 142.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 138.*

1B

The lovely Heather Mountains, their bluish-red flowers running riot, rise to the north. Moist, tangled forests strangle their lower flanks; under the trees, the earth is dark and moldy, the leaves wet and darkish beneath your feet.

- *If you've travelled through the woods before (checked Key 2), turn to 472.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 522.*

1C

Daisies and primrose sprinkle the grassy slopes of these foothills. To the west rise the broken ridges of high mountains, and beyond them, peaks crowned with shimmering ice.

- *If you have met both Jacinth and Maudred (checked Keys 10 and 11), turn to 536.*
- *If you have met only Jacinth (checked Key 10), turn to 419.*
- *If you have met only Maudred (checked Key 11), turn to 287.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 117.*

1D

A large cavern opens in the side of a bone-white, stony wall. It seems a fine place to conceal the enchanted book; even as you look, bats swarm out like trailing plumes of black smoke.

- *If you have met the Hag of the Cavern (checked Key 12), turn to 466.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 350.*

2A

Pines and firs grow thickly on a steep slope that slants down to the Great River. The strong current rushes noisily over its shallow, pebble-lined bottom. A dam built across the water creates a small lake in the meadow grasses that fringe the river bank. In the middle of the dam perches a neat, beehive-shaped house with smoke rising from the roof.

- *If you have met Woodchipper (checked Key 13), turn to 192.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 195.*

2B

Towering fir trees march up the hills in stately procession, and the deep scented carpet made by their fallen needles puts a joyful spring in your step. Looking up, you spy a weather-beaten pine, bent but not broken by storms.

- *If you have chased the White Stag before and gained a wish (checked keys 14 and 9), turn to 179.*
- *If you have chased the White Stag before without gaining a wish (checked Key 14), turn to 304.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 258.*

2C

Among the scattered rocks in the rolling foothills is a small cave. It's an ill-kept place with debris littered about. No doubt whoever lives in such a place isn't too respectable, though you've known decent chaps before who were very messy and neat ones who couldn't be trusted.

- *If you have met Growler (checked Key 15), turn to 113.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 147.*

2D

The shallow stream of the Great River near its source chatters over sparkly pebbles and stones. Reeds and rushes line the banks. To the south, pine covered mountains dip to a grassy saddle — it's the pass leading into Archenland.

- *If you have been here before (checked Key 16), turn to 512.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 529.*

3A

The land levels, and a valley opens between two hills. There leers the old castle of the White Witch who, long ago, brought everlasting winter (but never any Christmas) to Narnia. Her castle still stands with its long, pointed, spear-like spires, sharp as needles. One wall of the courtyard lies in ruins as if battered down in a long ago siege. The place doesn't look inviting, but could it contain what you seek?

- *If you have entered the castle before (checked Key 24), turn to 239.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 400.*

3B

Along the shores of the Great River you notice a village of small, gaudily colored houses. You have noticed there are few buildings in Narnia since most of the creatures live in trees or burrows, except the comfort-loving Fauns. But before you are bright pennants, banners and streamers fluttering from every roof, chimney, doorway and window. Who is making such a jolly show, and why?

- *If you have met Snowthatch, Punchkinder, or Marblepate (checked key 25), turn to 423.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 414.*

3C

Tall, willowy trees, as white as a bone after a dog has gotten all the meat off, loom against the sky. The trees seem to be moving in a slow graceful dance, their branches swaying like the arms of women.

- *If you have passed through these trees before (checked key 26), move on.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 120.*

3D

Down the slope of the mountains, you reach a solemn place among the rocks and fir trees. The earth trembles, as if someone is hammering down below. You spot a round hole with heat and steam pouring out.

- *If you have met Hurlyburly and Smoothkins (checked key 27), turn to 514.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 307.*

4A

These wild, rolling, barren lands are said to be infested by the lairs of ferocious wolves. Among the jagged red rocks that shade to pink, the infamous Fenris Ulf did the bidding of the White Witch in years past. These sinister creatures still serve the designs of whatever wicked power is afoot in Narnia. At night, the lonely tangled moors reveal glowing orangy eyes of the beasts who hope to regain their former stature before they are forever destroyed. Under the Four Monarchs many have been stamped out, and these are the bitter, savage remnants. *Move on.*

4B

Great oaks and beech trees tower overhead while ferns, ground pine, and mushrooms flourish underfoot. The distant hammering of a woodpecker startles you. Then the earth begins to tremble with the approach of some great creature. Your blood chills.

- *If you have met Bumblebuffin before (checked Key 29), turn to 228.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 408.*

4C

Standing atop a hill is the great Stone Table, cracked. The turf sheltered by the Table's slab is velvety smooth and green as jade. Far below, the swift waters of the Great River loop around the hill, hastening to the distant Eastern Sea. Could *Runes from the Sceptre of Grace* be concealed in the Table's shadow?

- *If you have searched the ground below the Table before (checked Key 30), turn to 124.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 371.*

4D

Freshwater springs feed numerous murmuring brooks and placid natural wells among the rolling hills southwest of Beruna. The breeze ripples the surface of a nearby cistern. Perhaps you should drink of the clear, sweet water.

- *If you have met Maenia (checked Key 31), turn to 123.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 302.*

5A

Among wind-twisted trees (whose trunks have cracked the rocky beds they rise from) stands a grove of giant mushrooms. Drawing closer, you see that the mushrooms are great, flat stones piled atop pillars of granite. Perhaps some strange ceremony or ritual takes place here by night. Wondering, you pass slowly through the mysterious site. **Move on.**

5B

Grey rocky slopes lead up to the heathery moors in the north. The River Shribble (a shallow, chattering stream farther east) rushes through a narrow ravine here near its source. A lonely hawk circles high above in the pale, colorless sky.

- *If you have been here before (checked Key 33), move on.*
- *If not, turn to 519.*

5C

A beautiful cherry orchard spreads before you, the trees heavy with red, ripe fruit. Beyond, lies the town of Tilarune, several miles north of the Fords of Beruna. You pause, sniffing the fragrant air of the orchard. A feast of nutritious cherries would surely increase your stamina!

- *If you have been here before (checked Key 34), turn to 367.*
- *If not, turn to 415.*

5D

The smooth grey trunks of stately beeches rise from a tapestry of ferns and mosses. Dappled sunlight speckles the woodland floor.

- *If you have met Grisela before (checked Key 37), turn to 484.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 206.*

6A

The coastal forest gives way to treeless marshlands that stretch to the sea. A fresh wind blows salt from the waves and rattles the reeds and rushes. You walk across the endless sandy plain, coming suddenly upon a deep blue pool. Precious stones sparkle beneath the water.

- *If you have a gem from this pool (checked Keys 38, 39, 40, or 41), turn to 187.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 428.*

6B

The River Shribble glistens like an eel in the rolling countryside. Delicate willows edge the water, and from the shallows rise large-leaved arrowheads. Dragonflies skim over the water, sunlight making their wings luminous.

- *If you have met Musky or Ringlegam (checked Key 18), turn to 493.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 418.*

6C

The shadow of Cair Paravel swallows your own and the pounding surf of the Eastern Sea sounds in your ears. The mouth of the Great River pours a ponderous current of water into the ocean just south of the turreted castle.

- *If you have met Rosethatch the Woodchuck (checked Key 42), turn to 502.*
- *If not, turn to 460.*

6D

The mouths of many dark caves peer from the sea wall like the hollow eye sockets of skeletons. Green, slimy mold clings to the outer rocks. Could the book you seek be hidden in this frightful place?

- *If you have met Scarstie before (checked Key 43), turn to 322.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 223.*

ENCOUNTER TEXT

100

Squinting through the driving rain, you spy an ancient, moss-encrusted, fallen oak that shields a shallow hollow in the ground. Perhaps you could wait out the storm there?

- If you crawl under the fallen oak, **turn to 160.**
- If you race on through the storm, **turn to 102.**

101

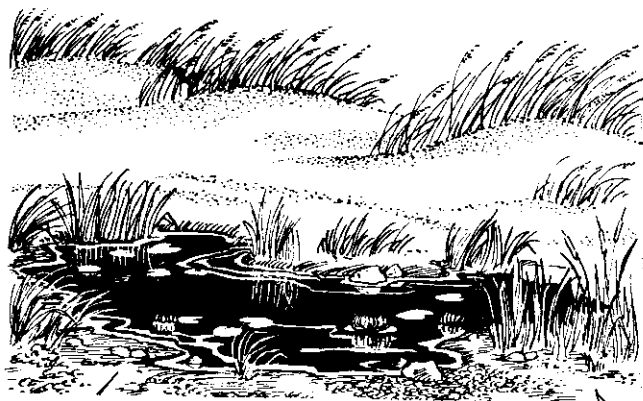
Cramps grip your stomach like a giant's hand, and you double over in pain. The Nymph is weeping bitterly.

"I have poisoned you, child of Adam and Eve!" she cries. "The Sorceress warned me that a human child might pass by my well. She ordered me to poison such a one, since the child was surely bent on foiling her plans. She promised to blast the trees to ashes, and to cast the vile ashes into my well, turning the waters venomous if I disobeyed!

"What's to be done?" you ask, gasping for breath. Poisoned!

The woeful Nymph gathers herbs and leaves with which to brew a bitter tea. "Drink this; it will heal you," she declares while holding the vile potion to your lips.

- If you drink it, **turn to 537.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 125.**



102

Leaping over gnarled roots and diving under wind blown branches, you dart through the raging tempest. Crack! Lightning strikes a beech tree, and it topples toward you! Can you dodge fast enough? **Pick a number and add your Action bonus.**

- If 2-6, **turn to 105.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 112.**

103

"If I give you the carbuncle, will you give me the key that I seek?" you demand.

The Crone glares at you, then removes a curiously carved box from the cupboard. The lid shows Fauns dancing around a well, bunches of grapes held high in their hands. The Crone opens the box; four bronze keys rattle in the small compartment. One has a crescent moon on the haft, one has a snake, one a rose, and the last bears the eye of an octopus.

"Give me the carbuncle and choose a key," the Crone hisses.

- If you choose the Moon key, **turn to 548.**
- If you choose the Rose key, **turn to 154.**
- If you choose the Snake key, **turn to 215.**
- If you choose the Eye of the Octopus key, **turn to 236.**

104

Clinging to the cliff with both hands, you feel for toeholds. Your arms start to ache, then your fingers.

Suddenly the rock under your right hand crumbles! You hang for a terrifying moment by one hand, before your grip gives way. Your stomach lurches into your throat as you plummet to the ground. The world goes black.

You awaken in the midst of an extensive sandcastle. Slender turrets and spires sprout from the crenelated walls that form the courtyard where you were sleeping. You sit up, and see your little sister filling the moat with a sandpail of seawater. **THE END.**

If you want to return to Narnia, just go to the Prologue and start again!

105

Your feet skid on drenched leaves as the massive tree looms above you. A last, frantic kick pushes you clear of the trunk, but one of the branches cracks across your forehead. The world goes black. **Turn to 521.**

106

Leaping into a brushy ravine, you and the pair of Archenlanders elude the treacherous Lords who race by with murder in their eyes. Breathing a sigh of relief to hear their harsh voices disappearing into the wind, you bid a warm farewell to the Archenlanders and all of you fervently hope for a better tomorrow in Narnia and Archenland. *You are in Space 5B. Move on.*

107

By Gum! You've done it! The wolf howls and lopes off into the woods. Your legs are shaky and you sink to the ground, staring at the blood dripping from your knife blade. It's not quite like all the books tell it to be. It's so, so lovely to be alive, but the moment when you plunged the knife into the brute's eye was sickening!

When your legs stop trembling, you climb to your feet and step out through the forest. "I am still lost," you remind the shadows. **Turn to 291.**

108

Suddenly, clouds blow up overhead and the sky darkens dreadfully. Winds as savage as a cyclone whip the leaves into a frenzy, and the world turns a ghastly darkish color. Lightning cracks, and a birch tree lurches to the ground where you are standing and shivering. You dodge it, breaking into a run. Icy rain falls in sheets, soaking your hair, clothing, and shoes. Should you take shelter somewhere? **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus.**

- If 2-4, **turn to 451.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 100.**

109

You stare at the cave beside the Gopher cave.

- If you decide to enter it, **turn to 152.**
- Otherwise, you are in Space 1B. **Move on.**

110

Clinging to the cliff with both hands, you feel for footholds. Your arms start to ache, then your fingers. Suddenly the rock under your right hand crumbles! Your feet find a ledge just in time! Another second and you would have fallen.

Shaking, you find another handhold and pull yourself upward. Ledge by crack, you approach the top of the cliff. At last you pull yourself onto level ground. **Turn to 443.**

111

You walk the silent streets of Tilarune and soon you meet an ancient man, leaning on his cane every few steps.

"Sir, where has everyone gone?" you ask politely.

"Ah," he says, "once we were a happy, prosperous lot. Here lately, neighbor tells slander against neighbor, as if some poisonous vapor was in our midst, darkening our heart. Many good folk left in disgust. Others remain behind shuttered windows and barred doors. There are dangers here....I would not tarry, were I you..." The old man hobbles away.

Suddenly a harsh voice shouts at you, "You there! Ho there!" A vigorous man with a full, curly beard looks from a crumbling house. He seems fierce; could he grow even angrier if you ignore him?

"Quickly! This way, hurry," beckons another voice, from a handsome-looking cave near a clump of trees.

- If you go to the house, **turn to 156.**
- If you go to the cave, **turn to 306.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 305.**

112

A mad dash carries you clear of the trunk, but one of the long branches cracks across your skull. The world fades as you crumple to the ground. **Turn to 521.**

113

Your mouth turns up in a smile as you gaze at the mess. Only the Dog-Fox would scatter his belongings about like a wave scattering shells.

"Growler!" you call, but he seems to not be home. You walk on with a spring in your step. *You are in Space 2C. Move on.*

114

A few paces up the slope takes you to the sheltered nook in the mountain's flank that you visited before. *Turn to 213.*

115

"Come into my modest dwelling," says a Dwarf with apple cheeks. "I am Punchkinder. I hope the woman likes blue, for I've painted my house blue. There's a contest, you know. The Lady is very particular about colors and I think she likes blue. Would you care for a slice of home-made fruitcake?" Dare you eat fruitcake from this strange Dwarf? *Check Key 25.*

- *If you eat the fruitcake, turn to 211.*
- *If not, turn to 338.*

116

Splash! The chill water surges into your nostrils, and your limbs go numb. You must get out before it's too late and the cold paralyzes you entirely! *Pick a number and add your Action bonus:*

- *If 2-5, turn to 221.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 321.*

117

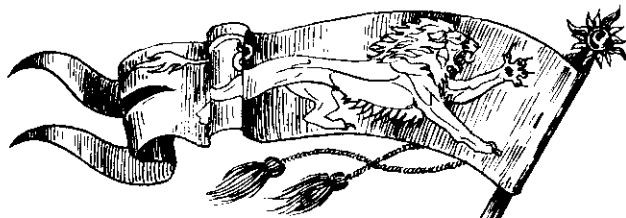
A creature gleaming like watery grey satin gallops across the crown of a nearby hill. Legends abound of magnificent Unicorns that roam these slopes. Some are noble beasts, while others are ferocious monsters who bite like tigers and kick like wild horses. Which is this?

- *If you avoid the grey unicorn, turn to 118.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 149.*

118

Crouching down beside a mulberry bush, you watch the beast disappear behind the hilltop. The wind strengthens, swaying a lusciously ripe berry that dangles next to your cheek. Your mouth waters and your stomach growls.

- *If you eat some mulberries, turn to 184.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 353.*



119

You clamber over the jagged granite surfaces, but can find no caves. The Heather Mountains are much too sunny to be the dark place where the book is concealed. "I'll have to keep searching," you murmur. *You are in Space 1B. Move on.*

120

A soft, silky voice beckons you forward.

"Come closer, come now, come..." the voice sings.

Is this some evil siren song luring you to your doom, or the strange cries Aslan told you about — the ones that might mean you are near what you seek. *Check Key 26.*

- *If you follow the voice, turn to 262.*
- *Otherwise, you are in Space 3C. Move on.*

121

Nervously you grasp the knife that Vircuns packed in your satchel. "I must aim for its eye," you have time to think, and then the wolf is snapping at your throat! *Pick a number and add your fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-9, turn to 254.*
- *If 10-12, turn to 107.*

122

Soaring on great wings, the Owl flies away. You turn back to the tiller and discover a bluebird perched on the smooth wood.

"Bluebird! Can you speak?" you ask.

"Indeedy," chirps the Bluebird.

"Since you fly about, old chap, have you seen anyone taking a large book to a dark and secret place?" you ask.

"You seek a cozy nook?" asks the Bluebird.

"Not nook," you insist, "book!"

"You seek to be a good cook? Go to a king's castle — seek a chef to cook by the book!" twitters the Bluebird.

Laughing, you thank the Bluebird, who flutters away. The water grows choppy, and it's harder to hold course. Perhaps you ought to steer toward land.

• *If you remain on the river, turn to 297.*

• *If you steer for shore, turn to 430.*

123

Cupping your hands, you scoop a generous portion of water from the cistern and gulp. The chill liquid soothes your dry throat and mouth. But where is the Nymph? Shading your eyes, you peer into the natural well. Maenia seems to be wandering far from home. At least her well is undefiled by the Sorceress! *You are in Space 4D. Move on.*

124

Knowing that the enchanted book of runes lies elsewhere, you approach the Table in the hope that Aslan may be there. A soft wind blows through the cracked stone and ruffles your hair. Peace enfolds the hilltop, by the Lion is not present. *You are in Space 4C. Move on.*

125

"No," you groan. "More poison! I won't."

The cramps feel like knives in your stomach. You feel hot and then very, very cold. Your skin grows moist and clammy. With the Nymph's tears raining onto your face, you faint.

You awake with Mother's cool, soothing hand on your forehead. "You're dreadfully hot, darling," she murmurs. "I've poured you a glass of iced lemonade from the thermos. You'd best drink it slowly and sit in the shade of the beach umbrella for a bit." Your quest in Narnia is over.

If you want to return to Narnia, just go to the Prologue and start again!

126

Diamonds roll against emeralds, carbuncles and amethysts. You cannot take everything (you'd need a mule train for that), but even one of these jewels might prove a jolly handy bartering chip in gaining help during your quest.

• *If you reach for a carbuncle, turn to 485.*

• *If you reach for an emerald, turn to 346.*

• *If you reach for a diamond, turn to 449.*

• *If you reach for an amethyst, turn to 333.*

127

As you enter the Great Hall of Cair Paravel with the book in your arms, Aslan, the great golden Lion, son of the Emperor-Beyond-the-Sea, the King above all High Kings in Narnia greets you. He stoops to breath on your hair, and the brightness of his strength and wisdom floods your heart.

"Open the book, Child. and read the Rune on the first page," he commands.

"But, Aslan," you ask, "is not this book a thing of evil? Will it not corrupt me?"

"Little one, remember the adventure of the cave," the Lion replies. "You cannot be corrupted so easily now. And this book is a thing of power, not one of evil."

Gingerly you pry at the ironbound tome; its hinges creak as the binding opens to reveal the first page. A curling letter from a beautifully strange alphabet blazes on the vellum. You gaze at the curving script for a long time — or is it only a moment — before gently closing the book and handing it to Aslan.

You stride to the Eastern door that opens on the sea and gaze out at the waves. The Sorceress stands on the beach among the host of her evil Minions.

"Come forth, vile Sorceress from the Sea, Fountain of Loathsome Evil!" Your voice rings out in a way it has never done before, and will never again.

The Sorceress emerges from the evil creatures she has gathered (Ogres, Hags, the spirits of poisonous plants, Werewolves, and Minotaurs), as if drawn by a force she cannot resist. She is reeling and panting, a look of horror in her eyes.



"Pity, pity," she moans, clutching her throat. "Oh, pity ..."

The treacherous Lords and wicked creatures of the Sorceress' horde draw back from her, laughing contemptuously. (They are like all cowards, hailing a person soundly when she is on top, and deserting her in a minute when things go wrong.)

The Sorceress grows meek as a kitten (though not nearly so nice). She stands vanquished at your side and confesses her foul scheme to all the gathered creatures of Narnia: how she provoked quarrels and fights within the realm, how she urged war between Narnia and Archenland, how she plotted the deaths of the Kings and Queens that she might rule the land as Empress.

The moment the Sorceress admits her wicked design, cheering breaks out amidst the Talking Animals, the Lords and Ladies, the Giants, the man-head bulls, the Satyrs, and the Nymphs. King Peter, Queen Susan, King Edmund, and Queen Lucy are hoisted up on the Centaurs' and River-gods' shoulders, and applauded. Best of all, the Sorceress is stripped of her gaudy finery and, in a great whoosh, plunged back into the Eastern Sea from whence she came. Even the Mer-Folk will not welcome her back as Queen, but allow her to stay on to tend kelp.

You turn to see Aslan at your back. His great, golden mane blazes like the flames of a bonfire, and his mouth grins red and warm and alive. You smile with happiness greater than any you've known before. And though Lions — even this Lion — don't smile as we do, you can feel the warmth of his affection upon you like sunlight.

"Dear heart, you have done well! You were summoned from your world to serve me — it shall be forever to your honor that you flinched not from the task!"

- If the White Stag granted you a wish (checked Key 9),
turn to 227
- Otherwise, *turn to 235.*

128

Unable to leave or stop eating, you remain in the cherry orchard, growing lazier by the day, like the dreadful old Tom Cat back home who lay in the sun and slept his life away.

In the midst of a dream, you imagine you are eating cherry pie and cherry cobbler, both at once! Suddenly you see the sad, disappointed face of Aslan, shaking his great golden mane and reminding you that he warned you against making a glutton of yourself. With a stiff jolt you awaken by the English sea where, it seems, you've just eaten everybody's lunch and spoiled the first day of summer vacation. *THE END.*

If you wish to go back to Narnia, just turn to the Prologue and begin again!

The Dwarf's arrows streak past you like lightning, and although one pierces your satchel none of them punctures you. (The Dwarfs have atrociously bad aim!) With a last burst of speed, you leave them behind, stomping their feet and cursing. You hope the wicked boys who tried to trap you are in a peck of trouble! *You are in space 4C. Move on.*

130

By lying still in the boat and allowing its natural seaworthiness to take over, you get free of the maelstrom and reach calmer waters. You are jolly glad that you read an adventure book once which described how these clever little wicker boats were made just to spin and tumble and somehow right themselves in the end. What if you had not known what to do? You might have drowned! **Turn to 430.**

131

Struggling, you are pulled to the bottom of the river by a pair of fierce Mer-men. (They have come from their natural home in the Eastern Sea.) Just when your lungs are about to burst, you emerge from the water in a column-filled grotto.

"Our Queen has abandoned us," the Mer-men explain "So we came inland to form a new colony, thinking things would go better with us here. But now we are beset by an Octopus with a great appetite for Mer-people. He lives in a cave where our precious chest filled with pearls has been stashed. Our rare black pearls are within the chest and now we cannot reach them, for the Octopus would devour us!"

The larger Mer-man gives you a sword with a jade handle.

"I'm not an Octopus-killer," you protest. "I'm not an anything-killer in fact. I'm no good at all at such things!"

"No," the Mer-man explains, "you must only snatch the chest and bring it here. The Octopus will not notice a small, swift creature such as you. His taste is for Mer-People, not humans. If, by some unlucky fate, he spies you and attacks with his wicked sharp beak, this sword will save you." You stare at the gleaming sword nervously.

- If you take the sword, **turn to 518.**
- If you refuse it, **turn to 450.**

Your silvery pursuer paces over the crest of the hill. It is a wolf! And it doesn't see you! You hold your breath until it passes from sight. Whew! On trembling legs you run through the hills. Best to be far from here soon! *You are in Space 1C. Move on.*

133

The massive chain is too strong; you cannot break loose. Gathering more oysters in the kelp basket, you carry them back to the Ogres. They make hideous noises, slurping and slopping down the shellfish. Then they pound the empty shells on the slimy walls of the cave and yell: "More! More!"

Wearily you return to the beach. Your hopes for rescue fade, but you cannot give up. You tug at the chain again. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 393.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 296.**

134

With the key in your pocket and the carbuncle tucked in the Crone's apron, the old lady opens the cottage door. "Be on with your quest, child. And leave me in peace!"

You wave, but she has already shut the door! *Erase your check on Key 38 and subtract the +1 Inner Strength bonus that the carbuncle gave you. You are in Space 2D. Move on.*

135

Knowing you cannot outrun a wolf, you stand your ground. The beast lunges at your chest. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus.**

- If 2-8, **turn to 197.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 201.**

136

The Crone snaps open the box. You must choose the Rose, Snake, or Eye of the Octopus key.

- If you take the Rose key, check Key 23 and **turn to 253.**
- If you take the Snake key, check Key 19 and **turn to 253.**
- If you take the Eye of the Octopus key, check Key 6 and **turn to 253.**

137

You stare at the night sky while the last bits of life flow out of your limbs. Three of the summer constellations can be seen from where you lie: the Ship, the Hammer, and the Leopard. "Dear old Ship," you murmur.

Then, all of a sudden, you are thrashing about in the chill English sea. Alas! Your quest is over. *THE END*

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

138

The trees cluster thickly at the edges of the small clearing. One massive oak casts its looming shadow across the lamp-post. It seems a strange place to set a lantern.

- If you draw near to the lamp-post, **turn to 299.**
- Otherwise, you are in Space 1A. **Move on.**

139

The mirror is heavy in your hand as you halfheartedly thank the Lord. You walk from Cair Paravel's grounds, glancing nervously at the glass. Nothing terrible appears.

Suddenly, tongues of fire flare from the nostrils of a dragon in the mirror! You spring into a gallop, thinking the horrible creature might be just behind you (but too far back to actually see without the magic mirror!) You wonder if it's all just a hoax. Perhaps you should toss the mirror away? **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 487.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 378.**

140

The werewolves are gone, and you climb out into a silent wood. Some of the slender trees are battered and torn from the assault of the beasts. You move sadly among them, hearing the weeping of the Dryads when suddenly you hear strange music.

A minstrel in a bright orange suit comes along playing a sweet flute. "Come walk with me," he invites you. He has golden curls and a conical cap, but his face is that of a pig. He's not terrible looking, but neither is he very handsome.

- If you walk with him, **turn to 284.**
- Otherwise, you are in Space 3C. **Move on.**

6



141

Pocketing the key, you walk back to the tower. As Growler raises a great row with shrieking black birds and barking dogs (like many good dogs back home, Growler has many dog friends who rally around when they're needed), the guards flee. They show their true colors as the cowardly hirelings that they are.

You climb the tower stairs, winding up and up and up. Lady Magritha peers forlornly from her dungeon window. A padlocked chain imprisons her, holding a barred door fast. You insert the rusty key you got from the wood-rat and turn it once to the left; the door swings open.

"Lord love you!" cries Lady Magritha as you help her down the tower steps.

Growler suggests that the Lady take refuge in his humble dwelling. You can't imagine a Lady in such rude surroundings, but she accepts. And you know she'll be safe there.

11

"Dear Human Child, I know not what you seek, but I know by your courage and kindness that you will reach your goal," Lady Magritha says, taking your hand. You see her safely to the Dog-Fox's dwelling and as she bids you farewell she says, "I wish I had a wondrous reward for you, but all I have is my gratitude!"

You walk off, feeling wonderful inside. You've gotten a reward that is better than gold. (*Increase your Inner Strength bonus by 2.*) *You are in Space 2C. Move on.*

142

You remember your encounter by the lamp-post with that scoundrel, Lord Palrian, and his lying tongue. Best to avoid this place! *You are in space 1A. Move on.*

143

The tunnel's a tighter squeeze than the Squirrel's front door! Wiggling and squirming, you push past the roots hanging down from the tunnel roof. Pop! You stumble out of the earth among rocky foothills. *You are in Space 2C. Read the text for 2C.*

144

A large rock lies in a narrow crevice at the back of the cave. How might it be useful? "I have it!" you whisper. *Turn to 161.*

145

You stand before the caves and glance at the flowers nodding in the wind.

- *If you've met Mr. and Mrs. Gopher (checked Key 7), turn to 340.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 389.*

146

"I've come to warn you, oh most powerful Sorceress of the Western Wilds," you say. "At this very moment Lords loyal to the Kings and Queens are advancing on your castle from the South and the East!"

"Dogs!" screams the Sorceress, "Foul dogs! They would dare challenge me as if we were equals?" The Sorceress blows a sea-green horn and assembles her warriors. They are a motley lot — a few beastly Lords, wretched Dwarves who were too lazy to carry their own weight in their community, Ogres and Wolves, and Cruels and Incubuses (who were so perfectly dreadful that they hadn't been seen for years, not since the time of the White Witch.)

The lot of them scurry into the woods to take up defensive positions and you are free to search the castle for the book. You dash in and out of rooms until you see what may be a diary. Time is short for the Sorceress will soon realize she's been deceived and you must not be here when that happens.

You read a single line with great interest, on the first page of the Diary: "The key shall be like other keys but on its form will be the Eye of the Octopus."

Then the tumult of the returning warriors floats in through the window. You must flee, but you keep the possible clue in mind for the future. Racing out the back door, you dash into the trees. *You are in Space 3A. Move on.*

147

Coming from the entrance of the cave is a furry reddish Dog-Fox with a large head and little pointy ears. He has kindly brown eyes, not greedy eyes like some foxes. You suppose it is the dog part of him that gives him that kindly look.

"Come in to my dwelling place, I am Growler, though I never growl without good cause," says the Dog-Fox.

You hope the whole ramshackle thing won't fall on your head the moment you are inside. "Thank you for asking me in," you say, but still you hesitate. *Check Key 15.*

- *If you enter, turn to 183.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 363.*

148

You stare around the place you've stumbled into. Stubby, rough-looking Dwarves are hauling shiny rocks in small carts. Most have wild, red beards and reddish skin. Those surrounding you have picks and axes and seem ready for a row.



"I come in peace," you say quickly, explaining your quest. You've heard that Red Dwarves are generally good chaps.

The Dwarves grunt and nod. A stout one says, "Oh, what a plaguey fuss! Oh, botheration and balderdash! We have enough grief without a clumsy human child dropping on our heads like a giant hailstone!"

"Hush, Hurlyburly," says Smoothkins. He is a Dwarf with a long, velvety beard and an amused smile. "You are welcome as rain in a drought, Child of Adam and Eve."

"Go, get out, scat, off with you!" Hurlyburly continues to shriek. "Dwarfs for the Dwarfs!"

You like Smoothkins and you think he may be helpful to you in your quest. He might know of pitfalls to avoid on your journey, but you would hate to have Hurlyburly put a welt on your noggin with that pick he's swinging! *Check Key 29.*

- *If you stay, turn to 405.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 314.*

Curious, you trot up to the grey beast. "Hi there! Wait!" you call.

The Unicorn halts and turns as you approach. "Come nigh and let me feast mine eyes upon you!"

You walk closer, then jump in alarm. "Hang it all! You're not a Unicorn! You're a wolf wanting to feast your stomach, not your eyes, on me!"

- *If you run, turn to 329.*
- *If not, turn to 135.*

You pull the carbuncle from your pocket, wondering if it will satisfy the Crone. The jewel glows a deep, ruby-wine color, warming the hill cottage with its light. The Crone's face tightens and her gnarled hand reaches out.

"Give it to me, give it to me now!" she rasps.

- *If you give it to her, turn to 470.*
- *If not, turn to 103.*

Sudden courage gives strength to your limbs, and you sprint toward the beckoning daylight. ***Pick a number and add your Action bonus:***

- *If 2-8, turn to 274.*
- *If 9-12, turn to 373.*

You've taken three steps into the cave when a great, ancient Owl swoops down almost into your face. It is Sagefeather who has held Public Office in Narnia, and shared many important decisions.

"Oh, Child of Adam and Eve," he says, "last night as I flew in the moonless sky, a task was given to me. I must ask you, do you have the key which shows the Eye of the Octopus?" *Check Key 8.*

- *If you have it (checked Key 6), turn to 370.*
- *If you do not, turn to 552.*

"Do you wish help in returning to Cair Paravel with the book?" asks Sagefeather.

"Yes, I need to go quickly," you say.

"Well, I cannot provide you with a grand way to go, human child. But the birds of Narnia might carry you in a rope basket, or else Braywell the donkey might bear you on his back. What is your wish?"

• *If you choose the birds, turn to 385.*

• *If you choose the donkey, turn to 496.*

154

You recall a picture in the book of fairy tales you were reading to your little sister. It was a maiden queen, perched on a filigreed chair amidst a bower of roses, butterflies, and bumblebees. You slip the Rose key into your pocket on an impulse. *Check Key 23. Turn to 134.*

155

"What can I do?" you ask boldly, gaining more courage the longer you look at Aslan.

"Human child," the great Lion says gently, "there is a wicked creature known as the Sorceress of the Western Wilds. She is also called the Sorceress from the Sea for the blue-green robes she favors. This Sorceress has conjured from another world an enchanted book; whoever reads the book gains perfect mastery of Persuasion. The Sorceress has used the book to corrupt the people and the animals of Narnia. She has turned neighbor against neighbor. She conspires to inflame war-like urges which lie asleep in the dark corners of men's souls, for she strives to cause war between Narnia and her old friend, Archenland. When all is fighting and dissension, the Sorceress will have discredited the Four Monarchs, who will be killed. Then the Sorceress shall become the ruling tyrant of Narnia."

"What a rotten pig!" you cry indignantly. (You have quite a temper and it has gotten you into many a jam at school.) "What can we do to stop her, Aslan? Where can I find her?"

Aslan's deep insight tells him much about you. "Before you begin, human child, take care of your own dark nature. Anger flares in you as a flame in dry brush. Temper might unsettle your judgements. Tempting foods may lead you astray. Do not be drawn off from your quest by idle amusements or dubious companions."

"Oh bother! I'll do none of those silly things," you snap. But then you realize you have already almost lost your temper with the noble Aslan! You hang your head in shame as Aslan speaks.

"You must depart on a quest to locate the enchanted book, Runes From the Sceptre of Grace. Bring it to me here, and I will show you how to use it to save Narnia."

"I'm game," you say, "but where shall I look for the enchanted book?"

"Bear towards the mountains, human child. Seek the book in a dark and sunless place. When you hear strange cries such as you have not heard before, you may be near what you seek. On your quest, dear child, be ever courteous and show compassion to those in need who cross your path."

"What if I meet the Sorceress? Will she have power over me?" you ask.

"I will give you an enchanted melody to sing if you meet the Sorceress, child of Adam and Eve. You may not teach this melody to anyone; it is for you alone. If you meet the Sorceress, you must sing:

*'Spirit of evil,
Spirit of shame,
Touch me not,
leave me the same.'*

Suddenly you are sitting up in bed, eyes wide open. The sun streams through an open window, and the scent of cherry blossoms drifts in on the breeze from a nearby orchard. You dress quickly and run down the stone stairs into the new day. As you look up at the banner over Cair Paravel, which bears the red rampant lion upon it, fear and excitement surge through your body.



Clasping your satchel, you check the contents. You have a blanket and tinder box, a good knife and some bacon and biscuits. Friskfoot packed it all for you. (You feel a bit sorry he packed nothing tastier, but it's practical anyway. If only the biscuits wouldn't dry out so quickly, as they do in your school lunches!)

"Ah, wait a minute there," comes the voice of Lord Lidian. Lord Lidian has a very long nose shaped like a shovel. He sniffs a lot, like someone smelling eggs that are bad. "You seem to be in a bit of a hurry, or so it seems to me. Are you on some urgent errand for the four Monarchs? I must assure you, I'm not a chap to dance attendance on those Monarchs, especially these days when they seem to be making a rather jolly mess of everything."

"Are you disloyal to the Kings and Queens?" you ask bluntly. Then you realize that your question was foolish. It was feeble to show your hand like that. Maybe it cheated you out of useful information.

"Don't get uppity with me, young one," snaps Lord Lidian. "We jolly well can't get the best of whatever has gone sour in Narnia if we don't stick together. I know you are a human child, and when one such as you is whisked from your own world to help out — well, it must be the doings of the Lion, and I've no quarrel with the Lion! I suppose you were on school holiday. That's usually the way. Well, just because I think the Monarchs are as dull as mud, it's no reason I don't want to end this infernal unrest in the kingdom. And if you are about doing the Lion's bidding, I wish you jolly good luck!"

Is Lord Lidian friend or foe? You dislike his beady little eyes perching like black buttons over his sniffly nose, but he might be a decent chap for all you know.

"I do declare! You don't put any stock at all in what I say, do you?" Lord Lidian says. "Well, fancy going on some horrid journey beset by hags and wolves and the most frightful kinds of creatures one sees in nightmares without any help from anyone. That is your task, hmmm? I offer you this magical looking glass which has remarkable properties. Carry it and whenever perils loom, you shall be forewarned by seeing the thing that threatens you before it has got you."

You suspect it's a jolly good hoax, but what if it's not? What if, instead, it's a handy tool? It's as when the chap you didn't like much at school offered you a gift of something held behind his back. You are just about certain that if you take it, it'll pop off, or drop slime on you or some such dreadful thing — but such a thing doesn't always happen.

Lord Lidian holds out the looking-glass. "Take it, child, and it will serve you in good stead. You may trust me for I am of noble blood."

- *If you take the mirror, turn to 139.*
- *If you refuse the mirror, turn to 238.*

156

The bearded man leans from the window of the shabby old house. He has a long, angry face and reminds you of an old billy goat who used to live at a farm where you spent the summer. The goat had a terrible temper! This man demands harshly as you approach, "Are you friend to the Kings and Queens or do you plot against them?" **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- *If 2-5, turn to 391.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 364.*

157

You run from the cherry orchard, feeling like someone on a diet who has resisted a double strawberry ice cream cone. Sad to miss such a treat, you are pleased to have the stamina to do it.

- *If you go to Tilarune, turn to 311.*
- *Otherwise, you are in Space 5C. Move on.*

158

You hand the dark boy his watch.

"I think this belongs to you. It fell from your pocket!"

Amir opens his eyes and sits up. "O, child of fearless eye and honest hand, your bounty knows no end! How may this humble and grateful person increase the glory and honor of thy fortune?"

Amir's elaborate sentences confuse you, but you understand enough to know that he wants to repay you for your good deeds.

"Saving your life and returning your watch were what Aslan would want me to do," you explain. "You don't owe me anything."

The Calormene boy's eyes widen. "Tash is not so gracious!" he exclaims, and then blushes. "If truly there exists no deed or treasure by which this debtor may exalt thy honorable station, accept his thousand praises of thy noble name and his infinite gratitude." Amir bows deeply and strides away into the forest. **Turn to 495.**

159

"Oh, thank you very much!" you exclaim. "But I can't ride at all! I'd fall off as soon as you took a step forward! Truly, I would."

"Child," replies the Unicorn, "the danger here is great, and I will not let you fall. Come! Let me take you to safety!"

- *If you get on the Unicorn, turn to 171.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 417.*

160

As you scrunch down under the tree, in a deep pool of shade, you notice pale, ghostly toadstools and pale green, web-footed sprites on and around them. They chatter like crickets and seem angry. Worse, they have sharp little blades. If you want to share the hollow with them, you will have to make friends! **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- *If 2-5, turn to 261.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 345.*

161

Pushing and shoving at the boulder, you try to move it toward the water. Surely the octopus will investigate the loud splash when the rock tumbles into its lair! And you can dive in for the casket of pearls while the beast is distracted! Can you move the rock? **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- *If 2-4, turn to 168.*
- *If 5-12, turn to 175.*

162

You stumble and fall, bumping your head. The Witch hovers over you, threatening to stuff the bristles of her snaggly old broom right up your nose! You must search for the cat!

"I've changed my mind!" you cry. "I'll help you find your cat!" The vines go limp as you disentangle you legs. "Where did you see her last?" you ask.

"That's better!" she cackles. **Turn to 186.**

163

The wolf springs to chase you as you run for your life! **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

• If 2-8, **turn to 476.**

• If 9-12, **turn to 286.**

164

Your shoulder is slightly gashed, but the man has hurt himself in the leap and cannot pursue you as you scamper away. A narrow escape! You make haste to leave Tilarune. **Reduce your Action bonus by 1 the next time that you use it. You are in Space 5C. Move on.**

165

You scatter the stunned Ogres before you in a wild run, arms flailing. The moment you are out in the sunlight, you have them beat! They won't follow you, because the sun hurts their eyes so much. You hear their hideous groaning and snarling as you scamper down the beach, free! **You are in Space 6D. Move on.**

166

"Go on, choose a key, Child," snaps the Crone. "I shall not stand here until winter blankets my hill with snow, waiting for your decision!" There are two ornate keys in the box: the eye of an octopus stares from the haft of one key, a serpent twines around the other.

• If you choose the Eye of the Octopus key, **turn to 236.**

• If you choose the Snake key, **turn to 215.**

167

You must have said the words wrong somehow, because frightful things happen. The Leopard turns into a mouse, but continues to growl fiercely. The lost cat appears from a tree where she was perched, but she's no longer a cat: she's a very large Cat-Bat!

"Fool! Idiot!" screams Gisela. "Look what you have done. I don't want a bat! I want my Kitty-cat!"

"I'm very sorry, really I am," you say.

"You filthy worm! My Kitty-cat is now a horrid bat!"

The Cat-Bat hovers above the pair of you crying: "Biaow, Biaow, Biaow," in such a plaintive voice that the Witch's heart is moved.

"Look!" you cry, jumping in on the opportunity, "your lovely pet is now big enough that you might ride her. And anyone can see she still loves you quite as much as when she was a cat."

"Well," says the Witch in a softer voice, "you are a precious-looking Cat-Bat, not terrible looking like some bats are....."

You scurry off while you still can, leaving the odd pair to settle their fates. **You are in Space 5D. Move on.**

168

The rock will not budge! If you can't be clever, you'll have to be brave.

"I won't show the white feather now!" you declare and dive into the water. **Turn to 523.**

169

The Crone removes a curiously carved box from her cupboard. Deliberately, she closes the cupboard door and opens the lid of the box. Two keys rest inside it. One has a snake twining around the haft, the other bears the staring eye of an octopus.

"Choose, Child, choose. Choose one and choose wisely," croons the Crone.

• If you take the Eye of the Octopus key, **turn to 236.**

• If you take the Snake key, **turn to 215.**

You curl up in a beaver-bed made of cushions stuffed with soft pussy-willows. It's a bit short (your toes peek over the edge), but so comfy that you don't wake up until sunset.

Woodchipper insists that you spend the night. "Travel after dark in these woods!" he exclaims. "I won't hear of it!"

After a supper of hot milk with honey, bread pudding drenched in thick, smooth gravy, and apple muffins, the Beaver pulls a xylophone out from a corner. Striking the musical bars with a pair of small mallets, he teaches you a merry ballad about Long John Cloudyhead and his ridiculous adventures on the way to the market.

You begin to yawn and blink when the moon rises and shines through the round window beside the door. Woodchipper pulls out a quilt and tucks you back into the beaver-bed.

The sun rises early in the morning, and so do you. Thanking Woodchipper for his warm hospitality, you set off through the long, dawn shadows. Dew sparkles on the grass, and wets your shoes. *You are in space 2A. Move on.*

Jacinth's back stands far from the ground, but somehow you scramble astride it. Before you're truly ready, the Unicorn springs into a gallop. His marvelous, coppery mane whips back in your face, while his whorled, agate horn gleams in the sunlight.

Across the flower sprinkled slopes he travels, and down into forests of pine. You dismount by a dark, ancient fir.

"I say!" you exclaim. "That was better fun than a ride at the Fair! Thanks so very much, Jacinth."

The Unicorn replies with a twinkle in his eye. "I doubt I should enjoy the Fair myself, young one! But few pastimes bring more excitement than a good gallop. May friends and good cheer await you at the end of every race, child. Farewell!"

With a toss of his elegant head, Jacinth canters away. *You are in Space 2B. Read the text for 2B.*

A squirrel dashes through the rustling leaves and scurries up the trunk of a nearby maple. Should you call for help? Quickly now, or the squirrel will be gone!

• *If you call out, turn to 248.*

• *If not, turn to 291.*

Of course! you realize with dread. This woman was at Cair Paravel, chatting with the Lords and Ladies sowing dissent. She was in disguise, but you are sure now it must have been the Sorceress herself! And now she is before you, pretending to be an innocent maiden sharing sweets!

"Many thanks, but I get deathly ill from sweets," you say, hurrying away. Her snarl of rage follows you! *You are in Space 6C. Read the text for 6C.*

Snarling and slaving, a big hairy wolf leaps from the shadow of an ancient ash tree. It will be at your throat in seconds! Should you run?

• *If you flee, turn to 342.*

• *If you stand your ground, turn to 121.*

Splash! The boulder tumbles into the water and the octopus shoots across to find out what it is.

"Quickly now!" you tell yourself and dive into the pool. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

• *If 2-4, turn to 456.*

• *If 5-12, turn to 189.*

Garnering only a few scrapes and scratches, you reach the cat. "Miaow, miaow," says the cat, trying to lick your face, something you absolutely won't allow. (Even though your Auntie allows her Siamese cats to lick her face all the time.)

When the cat comes down in your arms, the Witch breaks into a frenzied dance. The last time you saw such joy was at school when a piano recital was cancelled.

"You shall have your reward, dear sweet child," Grisela cackles. She sprints back to her house in the clearing and withdraws two objects from a wicker basket. One is a dried up, discarded snake skin, and the other an old bird's nest.

"Which of these grand treasures will you have?" she asks. You can plainly see that she values both and considers you fortunate indeed to be getting such a choice. You'd like to reject them both because you jolly well can't see needing a snake skin or an old bird's nest, but you don't want to hurt her feelings.

- If you choose the snake skin, **turn to 500.**
- If you choose the bird's nest, **turn to 294.**

177

You read the script aloud:

"Quests are for fools, quests are in vain, Continue your quest, and you may be slain!"

"How did this come to be here?" you ask Maenia.

"A fair lady set a troop of Dwarfs to carve it," replies the Nymph. "If I had known what it was to say, I wouldn't have allowed her to do so!"

Eyes flashing with anger, Maenia leads you out of the grotto. **Turn to 448.**

178

Like a striking serpent, your hand darts into the chill water and out again, grasping the gleaming carbuncle. You hold the gem up to the sun to admire the flashing lights within its crystal heart. "The Carbuncle of the North," you whisper, wondering how you know. **Check Key 38. Turn to 554.**

179

"Could I get another wish?" you wonder aloud. The question brings a blush to your cheeks. Is not one wish enough? Laughing a little at yourself, you stride through the pine forest. A light breeze rustles the needles fringing the branches. *You are in Space 2B. Move on.*

180

"Hurrah!" you cry softly as the chain snaps. You don't want to make too much noise with the Ogres not that far away. You trot off down the beach, out of sight, long gone before the Ogres learn that you are missing. *You are in space 6D. Move on.*

181

Nodding vigorously, you say, "Yes! I saw how rotten unhappy everyone was. The feast was so good, but nobody seemed to like it much. It was pretty poor sport in the Great Hall."

"Listen to my words, Child. As has happened before, an evil creature threatens the peace and happiness of Narnia," Aslan says with sorrow in his beautiful large eyes. **Turn to 155.**

182

The rhythmic beating of the surf brings you to your senses. You blink and sit up to look around. Your little brother plays amidst the towers of a sandcastle by your feet. And Mother reclines in a lounge chair nearby. She chuckles as you rub the sleep from your eyes, saying, "Ready for a swim, Sleepy-head?"

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

183

You sit on an overturned barrel and eat dried meat in the dim light of the cave.

Growler the Dog-Fox says confidently, "The dogs in Arch-enland do not talk like we do in Narnia, but they understand the stirrings of war in their land as well. We have our ways of communicating with foreign dogs. Something dreadful is afoot here and out of it has come a great injustice. A most kind woman — Lady Magritha, who always put out juicy bones for hungry dogs — is walled up in a tower. Will you help her, human child?"

- If you decide to help the Lady, **turn to 507.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 439.**

184

The berries are simply enormous and very sweet. (They remind you of the luscious red jelly-candies you got at the Fair last summer — the ones you couldn't stop eating until Father snatched them away.) You grow sleepy, and are keen on resting awhile before going on. Perhaps you could curl up and nap next to this bush.

- If you curl up to sleep, **turn to 369.**
- If you walk onward, **turn to 353.**

185

You hasten through the forest where there is no path. Everywhere you see angry, writhing trees, bent in agony. You are going in circles, with the howls of the Werewolves growing closer. A large oak looms in your sight and its trunk shelters a small door. Suddenly a brown, furry creature beckons to you. It's a tight squeeze but you make it into the hollow of the tree. **Turn to 431.**

186

You prowl the shadowy woods with the witch keeping a safe distance behind, in case you should run into something nasty. "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty," you call. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 435.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 411.**



[7]



187

A red carbuncle the size of a pomegranate glows among the heaps of unset stones littering the bottom of the pool. Perhaps you should exchange the gem in your satchel for a brighter jewel.

- If you reach for another gem, **turn to 438.**
- If you toss the gem in your satchel into the pool, **turn to 212.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 210.**

188

"I'll go with Hurlyburly," you tell Smoothkins, who frowns at your decision before agreeing.

The hostile Hurlyburly conducts you safely on your way to the edge of the forest, though he scolds you soundly the entire time. He ignores your feeble gesture to make friends with a final wave, snorting and turning his back before stalking off home. You are in Space 3D. **Move on.**

[2]

Like a flash you streak through the water to the casket. In seconds, the waterstained trunk is tucked under your arm as you scramble out onto the ledge. You glance over your shoulder as you scamper from the monster's lair. The octopus is still nosing at the boulder! **Turn to 231.**

You climb into the coracle, which is a clever little wicker-and-hide boat, and head west on the winding course of the Great River. Luckily you did some sailing back home, and handling boats is not entirely new to you. An owl flies across the water and lands on the mast of the coracle.

"Tu whoo! Tu whoo! I'm so sleepy! I thank you, young one, for the use of this perch. Sensible owls wouldn't be out at this time!"

Astonished, you forget to man the tiller and stare up at the great bird.

"Tu whoo! Shut your mouth, child, or you'll have a hard time catching bats. Tu whoo! I must be off home and to sleep."

The owl stretches its wings, about to take flight.

- *If you ask the owl to wait a moment, turn to 386.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 122.*

The Flying Fish pull up before the gaping mouth of a dank, dark sea cavern! (Of all the places!) An evilly grinning Black Dwarf grabs the chains around your wrists and yanks you across slippery rocks into the cave. Through the gloom, the red, glowing eyes of hairy Ogres wink at you. Moments later, your wrists are free, but a long, heavy, rusted chain connects an iron cuff around your ankle to the cave wall.

As the chariot departs down the beach, the chief Ogre (named Scarstie) growls, "Henceforth you shall be our slave! We eat only the choicest oysters and you shall gather them for us." **Check Key 43 if you haven't already. Turn to 531.**

Peering down at the lake, you spot the Beaver swimming upstream with a branch in his teeth.

"Hi there, Woodchipper!" you call.

He splashes his tail in the water (to show he heard you) and continues work on the dam.

"Good luck to you, young one," he shouts, when his mouth is free. Woodchipper is clearly very busy. You wave and continue on your journey. **You are in Space 2A. Move on.**

The furious Musky is berating you soundly. "Thief! Scoundrel! Lazy pig who will not work and robs others! Low-down brute who takes advantage of the smallness of honest creatures who must toil for what little they possess!" You endure the tongue-lashing until the Giant is gone, then you flee, with the water-rat hurling dried-up cat-tails after you as you go. **You are in Space 6B. Move on.**

Unable to move quickly enough, you fall into the mole village with Bunglebuffin and sprain your ankle. When you finally calm the angry moles, you tell Bunglebuffin in a kindly way that you'd better go on alone. **Reduce your Action bonus by 1 the next time you use it. You are in Space 4B. Move on.**

What sort of creature lives here? Perhaps one who might offer useful clues for your quest.

- *If you go to the house, turn to 481.*
- *Otherwise, you are in Space 2A. Move on.*

You remain with the moaning Dryads, crouching behind the garlic-plants. "Is there any help against the Werewolves?" you ask. "Or must one just put up with them coming and ripping things apart whenever they jolly-well want to?"

You see a hairy thing standing on its hind-legs. It has clawed hands and a repulsive human face. It's a much more frightening thing, really, than an ordinary wolf, even a very bad wolf, and you are aghast to be face-to-face with one.

Quickly the Dryad whispers, "These Werewolves are under a spell. They were Wood-people who got in wrong with a wicked Magician; he cursed them. If you, a Child of Adam and Eve, call to them in their own names — their true names which they had before they became Werewolves — the monsters will flee from the naming."

"Quick! Tell me the true name of the one right here!" you gasp, feeling the hot breath of the beast.

"Willow-Wode," says the Dryad.

"Willow-Wode," you shout. The Werewolf turns and slinks away, like a dog with his tail between his legs. And so it goes with the others. As the Dryad gives you the names, you shout them. "Sprucin-Wode! Hemlock-Wode! Oak-Wode!" Each of the werewolves hurries off. You feel a bit sorry for them, much as you're glad to see them go. You hope there's a way for Aslan to restore them to regular Wood-folk again when things settle down. You've seen quite as much as you wanted of Werewolves so you bid farewell to the Dryad.

"Bless you," whispers the Dryad. *You are in Space 3C. Move on.*

197

His mighty jaws clamp onto your coat, holding you fast. "You really musn't struggle, young one," growls the wolf through clenched teeth. "I am Maudred, and I never let go. Give up, child!" *Check Key 11.*

- *If you surrender, turn to 303.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 313.*

198

The glint of sunlight on chainmail flashes in the distance. What is it? A company of leering Black Dwarfs with wickedly sharp arrows in their bows! The boys were luring you into a trap! Without further talk, you take to your heels. *You are in Space 4C. Move on.*

199

A short hike brings you to the base of the cliff. Taking a deep breath, you settle your satchel and start climbing. The rock face is smooth and steep, but you struggle upwards, catching your fingers in small crevices to help you along. You slip and slide and just about give up a dozen times, but something inside pushes you to go on.

"You silly goose," you tell yourself to fuel your courage. "You'll never forgive yourself if you turn out to be a beastly coward!" *Check Key 14. Pick a number and add your Action bonus.*

- *If 2-5, turn to 104.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 110.*

200

"Bow down, Minion," shrieks the Hag of the Cavern. You are face-to-face with a woman with long smoke-grey hair, a hawk nose, and a cruel, twisted smile. A dreadful tattered vulture strikes at you with his claw to make you bow. The Vulture wears a glittering bracelet on his wrinkled red leg.

"You are in the domain of my liege, show proper respect," squawks the bird in a hoarse voice. It reminds you of a nasty sound once heard in a nightmare. (Something between finger-nails on a blackboard and the rusty hinges of a door to a haunted house).

"This," cackles the Hag, "is a prison, you see. It's clear as glass that you've wronged the Sorceress, or you wouldn't be in such a fix. Since she shall soon be Queen of Narnia, you shall remain here forever." The Vulture herds you deeper into the cavern, as wolf-guards nip your heels to keep you moving. You must hop to it to keep ahead of the Vulture's slashing claws and the wolves' teeth.

When the Hag's minions at last leave you alone, you are so deep within the Cavern that you have no idea how to get out. You stand in a small, dark cave where stone icicles rise from the floor. (They're stalagmites, but you are much too worried to remember such big words just now.)

"I'll go batty if I stay here long," you mutter.

The darkness is the worst; luckily, you have a few matches to light occasionally, though they are fast running out. A few slivers of light fall from a crack overhead, illuminating the far wall. Two tunnels open in its curving stone. A low, dark passage winds off to the right, while the one to the left has shafts of light showing you slimy green, rock walls. Which is more likely to lead out? *Check Key 12.*

- *If you go right, turn to 293.*

- *If you go left, turn to 515.*

201

Dodging, you strike desperately at the beast's head. Maudred the wolf howls in anger and you strike again. The wolf crumples! Wonder of wonders! You've knocked him out! Gasping, you take to your heels. Best to be far from here when he awakes! *Check Key 11. You are in Space 1C. Move on.*

202

Kicking and scrabbling, you shake the wolf's teeth from your sock and slide down the narrow passage into a rabbit's sitting room. "Maybe I will at that!" you yell back up the hole (perhaps with a bit too much confidence).

A large rabbit wearing a striped vest and smoking a pipe blinks at you. "Very nice to have guests. Very nice, very nice!" he quavers. "But, really! Most unexpected! Do you take cream in your tea, young one?"

"I'm so sorry to barge in like this," you declare red-faced and puffing. "A wolf was chasing me, and I had nowhere else to go!"

"Quite alright, quite alright! Let me introduce myself. I am Sunbloom the Hare, the head of my family. You will take tea with me?"

The tea is wonderful. There are cucumber sandwiches, Bristol wafers topped with sour cream and caviar, chilled bean salad, freshly baked scones, cranberry muffins, cinnamon rolls, and strong, hot tea with plenty of cream and sugar.

When you swallow your last sip, Sunbloom scampers to the entrance of his warren. His nose twitches and his ears quiver as he checks for predators.

"All clear, young one," he says. "You'd best leave while you can. Maudred the Wolf is a cunning foe, and he'll be back. Be swift, child!"

You scramble out of the rabbit warren with some difficulty (a wolf at your heels makes some things easier), wondering if Maudred is lurking outside to pounce when you emerge. Sunbloom's nose proves to be right, however. The wolf is nowhere in sight. Waving to the rabbit and thanking him profusely, you hurry over the hill. You are in *Space 1C. Move on.*

203

Plugging your fingers in your ears (to block out the terrible screechings of the Wraiths), you rush through the trees toward the mountains. Your feet slip on damp leaves and trip over knobby roots. This forest is just like a haunted house on All Hallow's Eve! At last you burst from the shadowy trees onto the sunny, flower splotched slopes of the Heather Mountains. Perching on a quartz-veined rock, you pull a biscuit out of your satchel and munch contentedly.

- *If you've been to the Heather Mountains before (checked Key 3), turn to 331.*

- *Otherwise, turn to 409.*

204

Knowledge of a time and a place far distant floods your thoughts. Surrounded by flowers of the high, mountain meadows, a handsome Narnia lad clasps the fair hand of a darkly beautiful maiden.

"Dear lady!" you exclaim. "You were not betrayed by the Narnian chap."

"Do you think I am batty?" demands the Crone. "What do you know about it? You are just a child!"

"You were called Lainia in those days, and the boy you loved was Falorin. Am I right?"

The Crone pales in astonishment. Her wrinkled hands begin to tremble, and her bent shoulders quake.

You continue, "Falorin was thrown from his horse. He like to ride fast (too fast), skimming over hill and dale. He died in a tumble down the mountain called Snowscarp. The last words Falorin spoke were: 'My beloved Lainia, may we meet again beyond the river of death. My darling, I'll wait there...'" Your vision ends.

Tears run down the Crone's age-creased face. As hatred drains away in grief, the lines smooth and she is almost beautiful again. It was hate, not age, that deformed her so sorely. Now, she is a wise and kindly-looking lady. (As comfy as your favorite Grandma.)

"Dear child," declares Mother Lainia, "you can little guess the value of your gift to me. May I call you friend?" She reaches out to grasp your hand.

Eyes shining and lips parted in wonder, you nod your head. You squeeze Mother Lainia's fingers. "And now might I have the key to the trunk? I simply must save Narnia from the Sorceress' dreadful plot! Aslan sent me, you know."

The gracious lady that Lainia has become chuckles. "Assuredly child. Here it is now!" She hands you a bronze skeleton key with the eye of an octopus engraved on the haft. "Be swift, now, child. And be brave."

Bursting with joy, you skip away from Lainia's hill cottage. *Check Keys 6 and 21. You are in Space 2D. Move on.*

205

You cannot break free! The more you struggle, the more tangled your bonds. Near dawn, a prison wagon pulled by vultures creaks into the clearing among the firs. The wolf-guard and the Captain of the Secret Police disentangle the netting from your tired limbs, and toss you into the wagon. Thump! You bruise both knees on the hard floorboards. The vultures lean into their harness, and the carriage lurches forward. *Turn to 354.*

206

You stumble out into a small, sunny clearing. Bees hum in the clover around a dark, twisted tree growing from the side of a low knoll. On one long branch perches a crooked little house, barely more than boards leaned one upon the other. A weird, crackling voice that sounds like dry leaves burning calls from within the house, "Young one! Would you help an old woman in need?" Is this a sincere call for help from someone in distress, or is it a trap?

• *If you stop, turn to 437.*

• *Otherwise, you are in 5D. Move on.*

207

Marnin looks closely at you. "You do seem of good heart; that is borne out by your timely silence while the Narnian Lords were near. Let us make common cause, Child of Adam and Eve." Freed of your bonds, you shake hands and continue your quest. *You are in Space 5B. Move on.*

208

The wolf draws you back out of the rabbit hole despite your struggles.

"No!" you wail as the beast takes a firmer grip on your ankle.

"You really musn't struggle, young one," growls the wolf through clenched teeth. "I am Maudred, and I never let go."

• *If you surrender, turn to 303.*

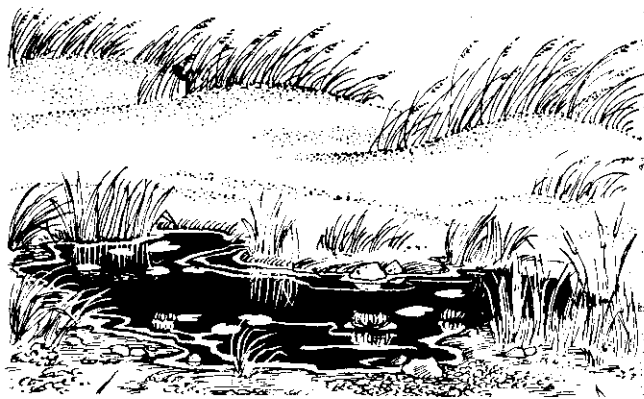
• *Otherwise, turn to 313.*

209

The pelican moves slowly down the beach, while you pry oysters from the rocks in the surf. At last the bird disappears around a promontory to the south. When your basket is full, you spy a seagull sporting in the the waves.

A shout breaks from your lungs in despair.

"Hi there! Seagull! I'm a prisoner of the Seaweed Ogres. Can you help me to escape?"



The Seagull swoops right into the Ogre cave and tells the Ogres what you just said.

"Traitor! Dastard! Beast!" you shout after the bird, but the Seagull is already gobbling up her reward: a fine, shiny, slippery oyster. The Ogres yank you back into the cave by your chain.

"So, human vermin, you try to escape, do you? Why, you are not even useful as a miserable slave!"

You feel the sharp flick of Ogre whips made from dried seaweed. Later, you are sent out again to search for oysters with a warning: you'll be eaten if your harvest isn't choice! Sitting on the beach, a strange tingling feeling races up and down your arms. Heartened, you tug on the chain with all your might. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 133.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 180.**

210

"Enough is enough!" you chide yourself. "I've better things to do! I've got a quest to complete!"

Shaking your head, you stride off through the bowing rushes. *You are in Space 6A. Move on.*

211

The fruitcake is scrumptuous! But that's the last thing you remember for awhile...

You wake up groggy, as if you've been sleeping for half a summer. You are bound hand and foot! The fruitcake must have contained a sleep potion, perhaps conjured up by the Sorceress! A team of vultures pull the wagon in which you've been dozing. The door is held shut by a huge, rusty padlock, and the window is barred. It's a prison wagon! Drat that Dwarf, you lament. **Turn to 354.**

212

Splooosh! Your gem settles to the bottom of the pool. (It looks larger there: the size of a plum or a tangerine.)

If you threw back a carbuncle, erase your check on Key 38.

If you threw back an emerald, erase your check on Key 39.

If you threw back a diamond, erase your check on Key 40.

If you threw back an amethyst, erase your check on Key 41.

Also subtract any Skill bonus you got from the gem.

What shall you choose instead? The rubi-pe carbuncle, glowing like a hot coal? Or a diamond, an amethyst, or an emerald?

- *If you pick the carbuncle, turn to 225.*
- *If you pick an emerald, turn to 346.*
- *If you pick a diamond, turn to 449.*
- *If you pick an amethyst, turn to 333.*

213

A small granite cliff face shelters two caves in its crevices. A vine, bearing white and purplish red flowers, crawls across the rock above the cave entrances, and a vein of quartz traces the outline of a fish. **Check Key 4.**

- *If you've entered these caves before (checked Key 5), turn to 145.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 478.*

214

You strike at the Octopus with the sword just as it shoots out a stream of black ink. The inky fluid clouds the water, blinding you. Where is the dratted monster lurking? Suddenly the sharp beak of the Octopus clamps down on your arm — it's got you! You fight back with the sword. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 382.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 282.**

215

You recall a picture in a book on Greek mythology that you read for school. The terrible woman in the painting had snakes for hair and an awful grimace on her face. The Sorceress is an evil creature; she wouldn't use such lovely designs as a rose or a crescent moon! You slip the Serpent key into your pocket. **Check Key 19. Turn to 134.**

216

"They must belong to someone," you murmur. "I'd be stealing if I took one!"

Before temptation can change your mind, you make an abrupt aboutface and stride off through the swaying rushes. **You are in Space 6A. Move on.**

217

Gasping, you fling your arms around the lowest branch of the massive tree. Your feet scabble against the trunk, feeling for footholds. Can you climb the tree fast enough? One more terrible bound and the wolf will fasten his jaws on your ankle! **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 490.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 275.**

218

Crouching behind a small bush, you see a Giant striding through the trees. He looks friendly, so you rise to your feet to examine him more closely. **Turn to 530.**

219

With a mighty effort you break free of the spider web-net and hurl the broken netting into the face of the haughty wolf. Your action is totally unexpected, and the wolf is now tangled in the web himself! A frightful snarling and barking rings in your ears as you make a simply enormous leap into the woods. **You are in Space 3D. Move on.**

220

While you hesitate, the Wren flies away.

"Oh, no!" you groan. "Now I've lost all chance of being rescued!"

Slumping, you rest your head in your hands. A scratching noise rouses you from despair. A Pack-Rat pokes its nose out of a hole in the wall. You whistle and he scuttles up to your toes.

"I hope you're a Talking Pack-Rat for I'm in a terrible hole," you say.

"Well, I'm Hoarder, and I seem to have more stashed away than most Pack-Rats, but I don't know what I can do for someone in your fix." Hoarder scratches his pointy chin, "Do you have anything of value I could use to bribe a guard? There's nothing more valuable than buttons and pins in my own cache."

- If you have a treasure (checked Key 38, 39, 40, 41, 44, or 45), **turn to 356.**
- If not, **turn to 260.**

221

Your bones start to ache as you thrash among the gems at the bottom of the pool. Your fingers and toes, elbows and nose, and drooping eyes grow colder and colder. You can't get out!

With a convulsive start, you open your eyes. The noontide sun is beating down on English sands, and your beach towel is soaking wet. Your baby brother just dumped the entire jug of iced lemonade over you as you lay sunbathing! Brr! **THE END.**

If you wish to return to Narnia, just turn to the Prologue and begin again!

222

The vultures pull up before the gaping mouth of a dank, dark sea cavern. An evilly grinning Black Dwarf grabs the chain around your wrists and yanks you across slippery rocks into the cave. Through the gloom, the red, glowing eyes of hairy Ogres wink at you. Moments later, your wrists are free, but a long, heavy, rusted chain connects an iron cuff around your ankle to the cave wall.

As the vulture-wagon departs down the beach, the chief Ogre (named Scarstie) growls, "Henceforth you shall be our slave! We eat only the choicest oysters and you shall gather them for us." *Check Key 43. Turn to 531.*

223

The waves crash on the beach with a dull roar as you stare into the largest of the yawning openings. Should you explore this cave?

- If you enter the cave, **turn to 290.**
- Otherwise, you are in Space 6D. **Move on.**

224

Your quest is much too important for such frivolity and scampering about on the ice. Or maybe not? But what is ice doing on the river in the midst of summer? The whole thing could be an enchantment, and you want no part of it. *You are in Space 5B. Move on.*

225

Reaching into the clear, cold water, you pluck the carbuncle from amongst its glittering neighbors. The gemstone is warm (despite its frigid resting place), easing the numbness in your hand. You hold the jewel up to the sun, admiring the glowing radiance in its heart.

"The Carbuncle of the North," you whisper, wondering how you know.

Lodging the gem in your satchel, you set off through the rushes. *You are in Space 6A. Move on.*

226

A tall, silver grey wolf appears.

"I am Captain of the Secret Police of Her Imperial Majesty, Empress of the Aqua-Sea. Sorceress of the Western Wilds, soon to be Queen of Narnia and all within that creeps or crawls, walks or flies. You pathetic fool! What made you think you could defeat my mistress? Her magic is far greater than your feeble strength!"

With a cruel bow, the Wolf leaves and you are alone, tangled in the beastly web! Soon, a guard-wolf comes to watch. You must try to escape, though you feel like a fly in a cunning spider's web. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 205.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 219.**

227

Aslan pauses before continuing, "You earned a wish from the White Stag, child. Is it still your desire that I speak your wish?"

"Yes, Aslan, it is!" you reply, sure of your decision.

"It is well, child of my heart," declares the Lion, the hint of a roar in his deep voice. "I have another name in your world. You shall learn to know me well by that name, and the knowledge shall bring you great joy! Is that the fulfillment of your wish, dear heart?"

"Yes. Oh, yes!" you whisper (or did you shout?). **Turn to 235**

228

Thump! Thump! Thump! The creature is getting closer! Crash! Knocking over a young tree, Bunglebuffin the Giant steps into the clearing where you stand.

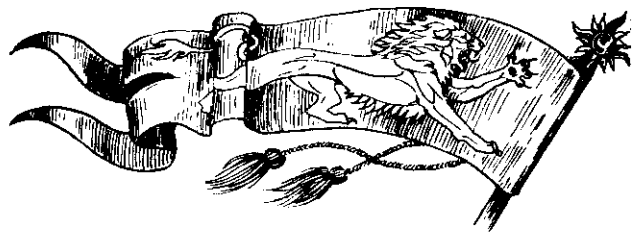
"HULLO, LITTLE-UN! he booms. "OUT FOR A WALK!"

"Yes, I see," you reply. "I'm still trying to bring the enchanted book to Aslan, so I can't walk with you. But it's jolly nice to meet you here!"

You hurry away before the Giant's clumsiness can get you in trouble again! *You are in Space 4B. Move on.*

You awaken, tightly bound and borne in the Sorceress' vulture-wagon. "We shall be done with you, minion, before you interfere with my noble plans," the wicked woman crows. "Soon you shall smell foul sea air and see the hopeless doom of your future!" **Turn to 222.**

You doubt Lord Palrian's sincerity, because few of the good Lords seem to know what is going on in Narnia; yet he seemed to know much — probably from the Sorceress. You pause a moment among the trees to be sure the Lord has truly left the clearing around the lamppost. As you step forward, a butterfly lights briefly on your nose. "A good omen?" you wonder aloud. *You are in Space 1A. Move on.*



There is great rejoicing in the grotto of the Mer-folk when you arrive with the casket of pearls. They feast you on shrimplings and crab-jelly (which is like ordinary jam, but sweeter).

At last Solfinuell and his brother, Ulfillias, take you up from the grotto to the river's surface. Among the reeds at the riverbank, Solfinuell thanks you once more.

You return the jade-hilted sword he lent you, and bid the brothers farewell. With a splash and a swirl, the Mer-folk disappear beneath the water.

A dry voice calls your attention back to land. "What have we here?" it demands. Then a duck waddles out of the reeds. **Turn to 308.**

You scramble to your knees and crawl across the slippery ice. Slipping and sliding and bruising a knee, you make it to solid ground. The thick woods rise from the bank of the River Shribble and you plunge in. The pursuing Archenlanders are lagging behind now and you push yourself to greater speed. Finally the sounds of the Archenlanders' pursuit (rustling leaves and cracked branches) cease. They've given up! You sink to your knees near exhaustion and slowly get your breath back. *You are in Space 5B. Move on.*

You reach for another choice eagerly. You must choose from the Moon, Rose, or Eye of the Octopus key.

- If you take the Moon key, check key 22 and **turn to 253.**
- If you take the Rose key, check key 23 and **turn to 253.**
- If you take the Eye of the Octopus key, check Key 6 and **turn to 253.**

Curled in a tight ball, you lie on the ground behind a thick clump of meadow grass. Thank goodness, your jacket is green! **Pick a number** and add your Trickery bonus:

- If 2-5, **turn to 267.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 132.**

There is great feasting in Narnia that night. At linen draped tables, you are served golden sweet ham and mashed potatoes drenched with yellow, melted butter of the most buttery kind and fresh sorrel with almonds. There is aspic soup and noodles in cream sauce and shrimp in lemon butter and sausages on fresh baked biscuits. There are cranberry muffins, raspberry tarts, and a three layer chocolate cake with three kinds of ice cream on top.

Then it is time to go home. (Oh! How you dread leaving all your new friends! And especially Aslan, whom you love like the best friend in all the world!) You try to say farewell, but tears fill your eyes so you smile and hug the Lion, hoping he understands.

As you gaze into Aslan's face, his mane blurs into a wondrous bright sea, surging all around you with such gentleness and love that you feel happy, wise, and good as you have never felt before. This sweet, golden moment will live in your memory, so that whenever you are sad or afraid, it will give you courage and strength.

The magnificent farewell roar of Aslan is still in your ears as you bob up in the English sea! You swim great, sweeping strokes in the refreshing water, dunking your head down and splashing. Then you head in. Your summer holiday is still before you, which makes the adventure you have just lived even more wonderful.

THE END.

236

You hesitate for several long minutes before choosing this key. Remembering that the Sorceress lived first in the sea, your fingers close over the ghastly octopus eye as you slip it into your pocket. *Check Key 6. Turn to 134.*

237

The Giants' legs are too long and your own are too short! If only you could have hidden yourself. You stumble as the Giant scoops you up in his huge hand. *Turn to 420.*

238

Remembering Aslan's council to be courteous, you smile politely and say, "Thank you, Lord Lidian, for your most gracious offer. I'm afraid seeing awful things in the mirror wouldn't make me very comfortable. I believe I'll just take my chances with my own two eyes."

Lord Lidian casts you a sour look as you hurry on. *You are in Space 6C. Read the text for Space 6C.*

239

"I'll find the Sorceress here, if I go in!" you remind yourself. "Ugh!"

Turning your back on the wicked place, you take to your heels. *You are in Space 3A. Move on.*



240

"What if they dropped me?" you think to yourself. To Sagefeather you say with a smile, "Thanks very much, but maybe I'd better walk!"

The owl blinks and nods, saying, "Very well, human child. Go swiftly and with care!" In a rush of feathers he's gone. *You are in Space 1B. Move on.*

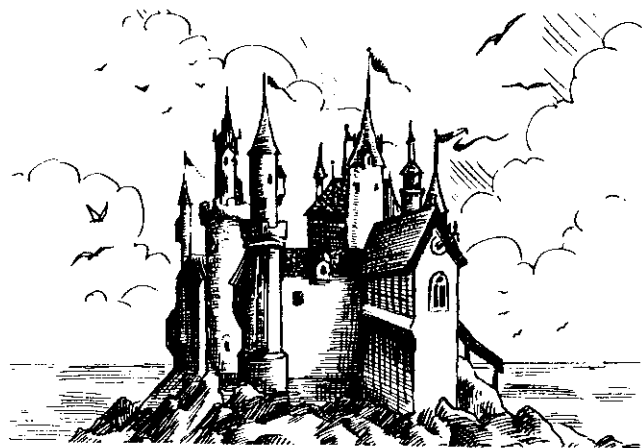
241

Eyes bulging with the effort, you strain against the trapdoor. It doesn't budge! You sink down on the steps, wondering how you can escape.

Moments later, the trapdoor is lifted from above. A troop of Black Dwarfs seize you by the wrists and ankles, dragging you out of Snowhatch's house. They bundle you into a prison wagon pulled by vultures (despite your spirited protests). Thump! You land with a bump on the hard floorboards, and the wagon lurches forward. *Turn to 354.*

The owl gives a low, whirring call as you nod your head. Moments later a flock of chattering crows descends from the sky. They carry a hammock-like netting made from twigs and grasses in their clenched talons. The netting does not look very strong. Maybe you should walk after all!

- If you prefer to travel on foot, **turn to 240.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 244.**



"Dear Grandmother, what fairness is there in a bargain that has left me with something I cannot use? Surely you can find it in your heart to let me have another pick!"

"No, never!" the Crone shrieks, snatching up a broom with stiff bristles and threatening you with it.

"Begone, wretched human child!" She is coming at you, and the bristles of the broom she wields prick your face.

"Ow!," you cry out as, suddenly, you wash ashore on the beach of the English sea. A prickly sea-weed has brushed against your face! You are home in England, feeling very sorry indeed! **THE END.**

It's easy to return to Narnia. Just go to the prologue and start again!

The chief of the crows hops up to you and screeches, "So Human Child! You'll brave our net in the sky, will you? You're braver than most! No bouncing! No jouncing! And, above all, no flouncing! Get in and we'll take you aloft!"

Sagefeather winks when you climb into the net. "The Lion's Breath speed you on your way!" he calls, as the crows bear you away to the clouds.

All Narnia spreads out below you. The Great River twists and turns eastward through rolling hills and dales to the sea.

The flight is over much too soon. You glide to earth through a cluster of pine trees and land with a bump on the riverbank. While you untangle your feet from the netting, the crows tumble and cavort in winged acrobatics.

"Thank you!" you yell. But their chattering drowns out your courtesy. With a flap and a flutter, the flock hurls itself skyward cackling. *You are in Space 2D. Read the text for 2D.*

You dive into the water and, though it is turbulent, scramble ashore where the boys welcome you — but not with jam-and-butter bread!

"Black Dwarfs!" cries a tall boy, "Come do your worst!"

The other boys jeer and cheer as half a dozen Black Dwarfs (so named for their hair and beards that are black and thick and hard like horse-hair) run towards you with thorn-tipped arrows in their bows. With a cry of dismay, you take to your heels. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

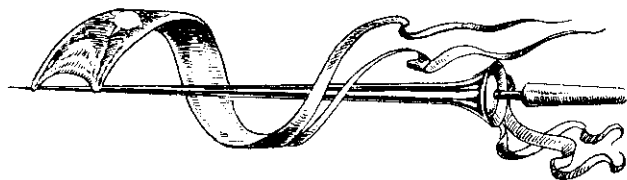
- If 2-7, **turn to 309.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 129.**

"It might be Aslan himself who awaits me," you mutter under your breath. "I must find him!" You plunge between two poplars (their trunks are so close together that the upper branches intertwine), seeking the lion's comforting presence. The shadows grow deeper, the roots knobbier, and the branches lower. But still you see no sign of Aslan. "Hang it all!" you cry. "I've been tricked!" **Turn to 172.**

With a swift look about, you satisfy yourself that the book you seek isn't here. Then you most earnestly stoop until you are at eye-level with your reluctant host, and you say: "Don't be afraid. Look at me! I am quaking with fear of that Giant up there. I wouldn't have come here without asking your leave if I wasn't scared witless!"

"Well," mutters Musky, "perhaps so, perhaps so. Not that I'm all that sure of you, but I suppose you can stay — as long as you keep your hands to yourself."

You assure Musky you will touch nothing and his rage and fear subside. You are almost — but not quite — friends when you finally leave. The Giant is gone. *You are in Space 6B. Move on.*



"Hullo! Hi, there!" you cry, half expecting the squirrel to ignore you call.

"What's that? What's that? Where are you? Oh, there you are, young one!" The squirrel now perches before your face on a low, swaying branch. "Lost, are you? What's that? Lost, I say! Nuthoarder will set you straight! Follow the trail of white, round stones. You'll not stay lost long!"

Nuthoarder dashes off, leaving you alone in the wood once more.

You look more carefully at the ground beneath your feet. Where is the path of stones the squirrel chattered about? You take another hesitant step and — by Jove, there they are! Smooth, round, white stones trail off through the trees, glimmering faintly in the shadows.

Should you follow them or not?

- If you do, **turn to 388.**
- If not, **turn to 291.**

"I say!" you exclaim. "There's a Tossaway Trove full of shoes just over the hill. Surely you might find some footgear in it! Let me take you there."

The Dwarf brightens and tells you his name: Trollybobble. Together, you hobble slowly to the quaintly tiled roofs. Tucked away on the lowest shelf, some hobnailed workboots catch your eye. They fit Trollybobble's swollen feet perfectly, and he dances a little jig after lacing them tightly.

Before you can bid him farewell, the Dwarf insists that you try on the oxfords sitting next to a huge pair of Buffin brogues. Convinced that they're too small, you allow Trollybobble to overrule your protests. And wonder of wonders! Once on your feet, the oxfords are much better than your tattered half boots.

Giving a whoop of delight, you thank Trollybobble before skipping away. *You are in Space 6A. Move on.*

The cherries were delicious, but dangerous. You remember Dimsight's words and make a wide circle around the orchard. But what about Tilarune? Maybe its citizens have knowledge you could use on your quest.

- If you go to *Tilarune*, **turn to 311.**
- Otherwise, you are in *Space 5C. Move on.*

The boys seem to be jolly nice blokes, but you'd best be cautious.

"Thanks awfully much!" you call. "But I don't swim very well! I'll just go on alone."

The tallest boy gives you a look of scorn before returning to the game of leapfrog. The others ignore you entirely.

Dreaming of all the good food you've ever eaten (roast beef dripping with gravy, fresh scrambled eggs, blueberry muffins, piping hot sausages, scones spread with newly churned butter, and apple pie topped with vanilla ice cream), you trudge along the bank of the river. Your stomach growls like a bear. *You are in Space 4C. Move on.*

252

You try to climb and rescue the cat, but the tree is a sapling and bends with your weight.

"Alas, Witch," you call to her, "I do think it's best if you fetch your broom — the kind you witches fly about on — and fly up to bring down your cat." The Witch's long nose twitches. "Ah, but I am afraid to fly. You must get my precious Kitty-cat down for me, young human."

Wrapping your arms around the sapling, you start to shinny up the trunk to the smirking cat. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 344.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 176.**

253

Exchanging your old key for the new one you've just chosen, you bid the Crone a relieved farewell. If only you've chosen the right key this time! *You are in Space 2D. Move on.*

254

You swing your knife wildly as the wolf's gleaming fangs snap on thin air. However, the speed of his rush knocks you to the ground. Your head jolts against a rock, and the world goes dark. **Turn to 182.**

255

You pocket the firestick. All the animals, led by Growler raise a tumult of distraction as you clamber up the outside of the tower. The guards are fleeing hither and thither and yon, and if you work quickly, you just might make a success of this.

"Help! Oh, do help me," pitifully cries Lady Magritha from her prison window.

You see a large chain and a padlock binding it together. Holding the flame from the firestick to the links of the chain, you find that they do not melt. You hear the guards returning. Must Lady Magritha's rescue await a better day?

"Oh please, do not abandon me," weeps the poor Lady. "I shall be perished surely if freedom does not come soon!" You look into the eyes of Lady Magritha and cry, "Cheer up! I'll think of something!"

As you flee the place (you lose Growler in the uproar), you notice a pile of rags to the back of the prison tower. Without being very sure what you'll do with them, you snatch up an armful and take them to the woods with you.

In the pilfered clothing, you find garments discarded by the guards for being too full of holes. You dress yourself in the rags and approach the tower near dusk. Perhaps the guards will think you are something other than a human child. (If only you were taller!) **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 442.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 467.**

256

The Crone's hill cottage (with shuttered and sashed windows set into the cliff-face) stands behind a grove of pines and firs. Smooth flagstones lead to a neat door and step. A capped chimney sprouts from grass atop the hill. The dark pines, standing guard like fringed sentries, sway in the playful wind that blows through their boughs. An aged face peers out from the lower window.

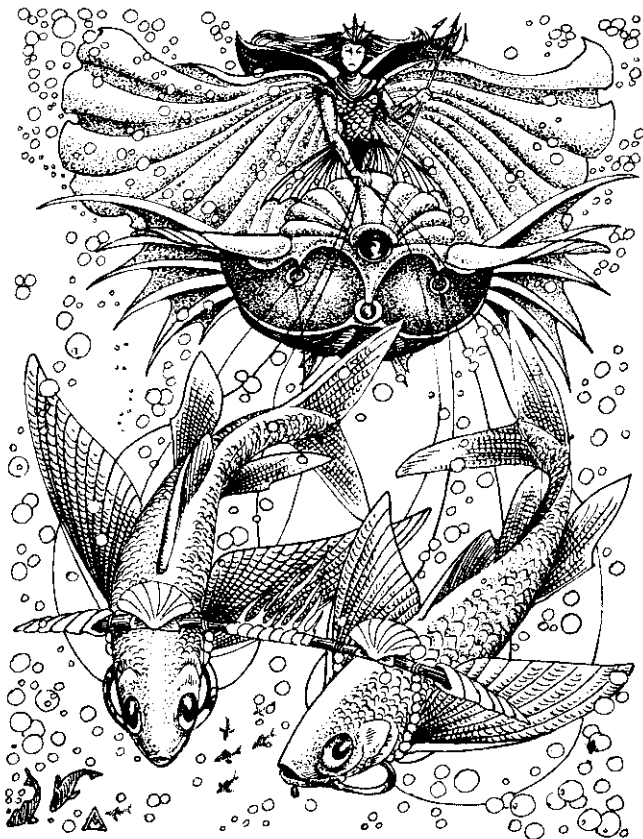
- If you are returning with the Caruncle of the North (checked Key 38), **turn to 348.**
- If you obtained a key from the Crone (checked Key 6, 19, 22, or 23), **turn to 468.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 406.**

257

As you continue talking to the Faun, he says, "I have a splendid library right here. Fauns are the most well read of all the creatures of Narnia, you know, which is a matter of great pride. Yes...right here... 'Ruses and Their Discovery.' That's close, eh? Hmmm... It's Runes you want... Here! 'Rune-Folk, Rune-Craft, and Rune-Words.' Well, if you are seeking a book hidden in a dark place...it says here to consider looking where flowers flourish. Whether this is true or not, I would not be sure, of course." You thank Porcupius for the clue and bid him farewell. *You are in Space 5C. Move on.*

You recall a legend told by the minstrel at the feast in Cair Paravel. Roaming these shadowy slopes, a marvelous White Stag leads his hunters through perilous adventures. Whoever catches the beast is granted the desire of his heart. Have you courage enough to pursue the Stag?

- If you search for the Stag, turn to 264.
- Otherwise, turn to 263.



"It's a stampede of loyal Narnian Lords!" you shout. You and the Archenlanders make a great show of turning your backs to the wicked Lords and shouting, "Welcome, friends! You have come just in time!"

The evil Lords believe your charade and take flight. After sharing a hearty laugh with your Archenlander friends, you shake hands and bid them farewell, both sharing the fervent hope for better days ahead. *You are in Space 5B. Move on.*

You have nothing to offer the Pack-rat. Trapped in the dungeon, you are soon carried off in a chariot drawn by the Sorceress' Flying Fish to the Cave of the Seaweed Ogres. The Flying-fish skim just off the ground and it's a smooth ride, but you don't enjoy it. It's like taking a comfy ride to the dentist — you are thinking so much about what's at the end of the journey that you hardly notice the trip! *Turn to 191.*

"Little Folk, the storm above threatens both you and me. Let us be good to each other and share shelter."

The sprites glare at you, but stay gathered in their shadowy corner. Perhaps they won't bother you, if you don't bother them. Curling up in the leaves that line the hollow, you find them to be snug and dry (and a little scratchy). Your eyes droop closed while the rain beats down outside. *Turn to 543.*

You approach the trees, amazed when the one closest to you speaks in a soft, clear voice. "I am Dryad, human child. Once — when there was peace in Narnia — we danced in the moonlight — our leaves shimmered like diamonds. How lovely it was to be a Dryad in those blessed times!"

You tell the Dryad of your quest. "I must get the enchanted book as quickly as I can."

"Oh, then hurry, hurry," says the Dryad.

Suddenly you hear eerie sounds such as you've never heard before.

"Werewolves, dreadful Werewolves," moans the Dryad. "They have your scent, human child. Run, oh run, like the wind!"

But how can you outrun these terrible creatures? Would you be better to hide among the trees, behind the garlic-plants which may distract them from your scent?

- *If you run, turn to 185.*
- *If you hide behind the garlic-plants, turn to 196.*

263

Hurrying between the dark fringes of pine boughs, you hear the trilling call of a thrush. A tune Father sang when you were small crosses your mind, and you start to whistle. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- *If 2-8, turn to 269.*
- *If 9-12, turn to 319.*

264

The song of a thrush fills your ears as you stalk between the dark, downswep fringes of pine boughs. Does the White Stag truly wander this forest? Or merely the forests of myth? **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- *If 2-4, turn to 269.*
- *If 5-12, turn to 319.*

265

"Aha!" shrieks the Hag of the Cavern. "Now you know how hopeless your predicament truly is. The cavern is a circular maze. Everything leads here, and from here everything leads!"

"No escape! No escape!" squawks the Vulture-guide, twirling the glittery bracelet on his leg.

You really mustn't give up, no matter how wretched things seem to be. Aslan would tell you that despair is the most beastly thing of all.

"Hag, you mistake me for an enemy," you say, "when, in fact, we could help one another."

"What nonsense is this?" the Hag demands, though she seems interested in what you have to say. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- *If 2-4, turn to 482.*
- *If 5-10, turn to 488.*
- *If 11-12, turn to 361.*

266

The fair Lady ordering Dwarfs around might have been the Sorceress! And Maenia might be less innocent than she seems.

Your stomach rumbles. "Thanks very much," you tell the Nymph. "But I'm not truly hungry. Perhaps I'll just sip some water before I go."

After bending to scoop a handful of water into your mouth, you bid the Nymph farewell. She droops sadly as you stride off through the hills. *You are in Space 4D. Move on.*

267

Your silvery pursuer paces over the crest of the hill. It is a wolf! And it's looking directly at you! "Foxes and hounds!" you squeak while leaping to your feet.

- *If you run, turn to 163.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 135.*

268

Panic sends you shooting past the oak into a small clearing — the clearing around the lamppost! By Jove! You're not lost anymore!

Relief sends courage flooding through your limbs and you turn to face your pursuer. But where is the wolf? A Lion's rumbling roar rolls through the trees, shaking the ground beneath your feet. Then nothing. The wolf is gone, and all is well once more. *You are in space 1A. Move on.*

269

A bright, red cardinal flies over your shoulder to perch amid the black-green needles of a fir tree. It stares fixedly at some point behind you, then takes to the air with a flick of its wings. You glance behind, but nothing is there. *You are in Space 2B. Move on.*

270

Taking a cup from your satchel, you dip it into the pool. As the cup fills, your gaze falls through the water, clear and light-filled near the surface, but grading into shades of black at the bottom. Could the book of runes be hidden there? It's a dark and sunless place!

Suddenly a hand grasps your wrist and pulls. Unless you pull back (and pull hard), you'll plunge headfirst into the water. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-4, turn to 278.
- If 5-12, turn to 279.

271

Reluctantly you step out of the sunshine into the shadowed forest. The air is moist and chilly; you shiver. **Turn to 108.**

272

Eager to eat the delicious cherries, you reach for some and pop them into your mouth and — oh joy! You have never tasted such fruit.

"You there! Stop! Do you hear me?" comes a voice from below. You look around. A small, furry head pops from the ground. It's a mole. "I am Dimsight, and I know a bit about the cherries there. If you eat another one, you'll grow lazy and witless! Trust me! It's true. You'll give up caring about anything. Take my word, those cherries will be the death of all that is good and worthy in your heart!"

You are suddenly, unreasonably angry. The mole is afraid you are eating too many cherries and you suspect he fears there won't be enough left for him, the little pig! (It's quite the same thing as your chum from school warning you about eating from a raspberry patch because he wants all the berries for himself!) "How would you know all these dire things?" you demand of Dimsight. Your fist is full of the next bundle of cherries you plan to pop into your mouth.

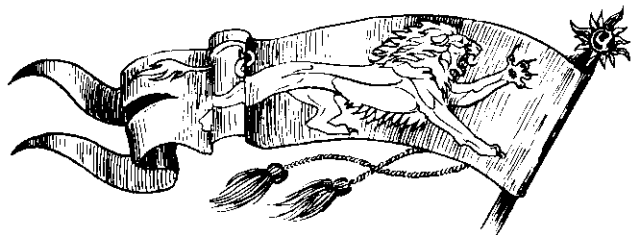
"I have seen Lords on fire with courage eat the cherries, and soon they tiddle off to sleep in the meadow like wastrels. I have seen hard working Dwarves refuse to pick up a tool after devouring these cherries. I do not understand it all, but the cherries seem part of a plot to slay the soul of Narnia!"

10

Your temper refuses to cool, though you are worried. "What if your fine words are just a hoax to save the fruits of the cherry orchard for yourself?" you say.

"I speak only for your good and the good of us all in Narnia," cries Dimsight in a noble voice whose sincerity none can doubt. Your anger dissolves and you start to toss the cherries to the ground. But surely one more mouthful of these delicious cherries can do nothing but good for you — can it? And then refreshed, you will scamper off. **Check Key 35.**

- If you eat another mouthful, turn to 359.
- Otherwise, turn to 157.



273

You cannot resist the delicious, soft jelly-like candy and sit down in the sand, eating the jar-full of Turkish Delight the lady offers you. The lady brushes off a large white boulder and sits upon it as you eat.

"Child," she says, her lip curling in a nasty way, "have you seen old 'Pussums' and has he given you a task?"

The dreadful thought passes your mind that this lady might be the Sorceress, for only those with evil hearts — real brutes — jeer at Aslan like that! But you are so sleepy all of a sudden! Your head drops to rest on her knee. "There's a book," you murmur, "in a dark and sunless place. I must bring it to the castle."

"Come child...rest your poor little head upon my lap," coos the Lady. You've had the last of the Turkish Delight and you just about topple over, feeling her long fingernails combing your hair. **Turn to 229.**

7

274

The wolves leap, knocking your pounding feet out from under you. Thump! The largest wolf clamps his jaw down on your shirt, and drags you back into the cavern's depths. Lying on cool, moist stone, you shut your eyes in despair. **Turn to 426.**

275

A desperate heave pulls you up onto the oak bough, and the wolf's fangs close on empty air. You scramble to a higher branch while the wolf leaps uselessly at your toes. It howls, sending shivers down your spine.

"Human child, your days are numbered!" spits the brute. "You have escaped me, but you shall not escape my mistress. The Sorceress from the Sea shall triumph!" The wolf glares at you before sprinting off through the forest.

Clinging to the oak, you stay trembling on a tree branch for a long time. The wolf does not return, and at last you climb down to the forest floor. On shaky legs you walk around the oak trunk into a small clearing—the clearing around the lamp post! A few tears of relief slide down your cheek (but no one thinks the worse of you for that in Narnia!) as you continue on your quest. *You are in Space 1A. Move on.*

276

You drink from the tumbling, clear water and instantly you see a kindly-faced Dwarf beckoning to you. You hurry towards him when you've had your fill of the water, but you never reach him, instead bumping into a large tan-barked tree. The water was another trick of the Sorceress! You have a beastly headache for a while. *Subtract 1 from your Action bonus the next time you use it. You are in Space 3C. Move on.*

277

You grab a fallen branch and beat at the snarling boar. You manage to knock it off its feet. As it rolls over and up to fight again, you scramble up a prickly tree branch and perch there while the boar butts the trunk, snapping at you. When the beast finally grows tired of the wait and stamps into the woods, you climb down. *You've been driven into Space 3B. Read the text for 3B.*

6

278

Losing your balance altogether, you enter the water with a splash. The hand around your wrist pulls you down and down and down, then sideways through a tunnel and up. Your lungs are aching for air when at last you emerge in a grotto filled with the music of trickling water.

A graceful Nymph with large, darksome eyes retains her grasp on your wrist. She dimples and says, "My name is Maenia. I'm so sorry to get you wet! But there are some strange runes carved here. See!" She points to the cavern wall festooned with limestone icicles. Angular markings cut deeply into the ornate surface. What do they mean? *Check Key 31. Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

• If 2-4, **turn to 486.**

• If 5-12, **turn to 177.**

279

With one desperate tug, you break the grip on your wrist and tumble head over heels in the grass. The filled cup slips from your fingers, sprinkling your shoes with water before disappearing into the depths of the cistern.

Shaken, you get to your feet. "I'd best drink elsewhere," you murmur. *You are in Space 4D. Move on.*

280

Shrinking from the wolves' fangs, you shuffle wearily back into the cavern's depths. Sinking to the cool, moist stone beneath your feet, you shut your eyes in despair. **Turn to 426.**

281

Dreaming of lemonade and lime fizz, apple juice and cherry pop, and even cool, creamy milk, you walk away from the water. *Deduct 1 from your Action bonus until you next eat a meal. You are in Space 4D. Move on.*

282

A large rock lies in a narrow crevice at the back of the cave, but you don't see how it could be any use. Unable to think of a clever plan, you declare, "I won't show the white feather now!" and dive into the water. **Turn to 523.**

8

You stride toward the riverbank, looking for the boat's owner. He's nowhere in sight. What should you do?

A snorty sort of voice addresses you unexpectedly. "Boats are risky things, child! Pesky, risky things! Stick to your own two feet!"

Peering down at your feet, you see a round and roly poly woodchuck squinting up at you through spectacles. Startled, you exclaim, "I say! Who are you? And how would you know?"

The Woodchuck curtsies, holding her apron from the ground. "My name is Rosethatch, and I've lived by the Great River all my life, young one. It's a grand and marvelous bit o' current. But don't you trust it for a moment. It's big! Too big to be taken for granted by the likes o' you and me!" Rosethatch shakes a knitting needle at you. "Be bold, young one. But don't go by boat!"

"Who owns this coracle?" you ask.

"Och! Child! I can see you've set your fancy on it! Splashstroke the Water Rat owns the boat. A fine, brave fellow! But, too much in boats!" replies Rosethatch.

A splash draws your eyes to the river's edge, where a Water Rat is climbing out of the water.

"Here he is himself. I'll leave ye boat lovers to yer fishy, splashy doings," the woodchuck declares and bustles away.

Soon, you and Splashstroke have it all arranged. You'll sail upriver to the Water Rat's cousin, Divewell, who will return the coracle downriver. With a skip and a jump of excitement, you bid Splashstroke farewell. *Check Key 42. Turn to 190.*

284

You trot along with the minstrel. Something about him seems like bosh. He's rather too merry to live in such hard times in Narnia. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 508.
- If 6-12, turn to 394.

Marn scratches his head in puzzlement. "It is true that Narnia has been a warm friend in the past. You are convincing, child. Very well, we shall let you go. But if your heart is false — beware! If we catch you again and we have proof of deceit, you are dead, Child of Adam and Eve! Thanking the men for believing you, you hasten on your way. *You are in Space 5B. Move on.*

286

You run so hard, your legs feel like they will pop right out of your body. You look desperately for a way to escape. A tree to climb? A horse to ride? There is nothing! *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-5, turn to 372.
- If 6-12, turn to 375.

287

With worried eyes, you scan the surrounding hills for wolves. "I almost didn't escape, last time," you murmur. "The next time might be the end of me!"

Hoofbeats make you jump in alarm. Then a glorious creature, with a chestnut coat shining like copper, canters over the hill toward you.

"Hail!" cries the Unicorn. "What delight is this? A child of Adam and Eve dancing on my hill! Hail, child! My name is Jacinth, and I'm a loyal subject of the Kings and Queens in Cair Paravel."

"Have you seen any wolves?" you ask anxiously. "I met a beastly creature named Maudred the last time I was here!"

"Alas!" replies the Unicorn. "I, too, have seen foul Maudred and his dastardly companions. They skulk around this hill, even as we speak! Climb on my back, child, and let me bear you to safety."

The thought of riding the noble Unicorn as though he were a common horse makes you blush with shame. But the majestic creature insists.

The Unicorn gallops across the flower sprinkled slopes with you on his back. Through the wind and the grass he travels, his bright coppery mane blowing in your face.

At last, you arrive amidst a forest of pines, and dismount by a prickly holly.

"May friends and good cheer await you at the end of every long gallop!" declares Jacinth. "Farewell, child!"

With a flick of his amber hooves, Jacinth gallops away. *Check Key 10. You are in Space 2B. Read the text for Space 2B.*

288

As you walk, you hear a fearful, groaning sound. The earth is sinking beneath your feet!

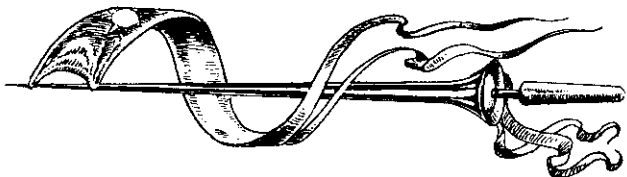
"UH-OH," groans Bunglebuffin. "LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STOMPING ON A LITTLE OLE MOLE VILLAGE. POOR LITTLE MOLE-UNS LIKELY THINK THE ROOF IS COMIN' DOWN ON 'EM!"

You hurry to reach harder ground, but the earth crumbles rapidly. *Pick a number and add your Action bonus:*

- If 2-5, *turn to 194.*
- If 6-12, *turn to 440.*

289

Three wolves leap out from the shadows, as you race toward the warm sunlight. Can you run fast enough? *Turn to 373.*



290

Bright sunlight fades to a kind of eerie twilight before all light wanes to a near total darkness. From the gloom, the red, glowing eyes of hairy Ogres wink at you. Each has a single red eye more or less in the middle of its face — if you can call it a face at all — and coarse black hair covering head, arms, and legs.

"You are in the domain of the Seaweed Ogres, and I am their chief, Scarstie," grunts the biggest Ogre in a low, guttural voice that is most unpleasant to the ear. (It sounds a bit like water scuttling down the drain.)

A long, rusty chain is brought forward. They mean to attach it to your ankle! You must make a run for it or be captured! *Check Key 43 if you haven't already. Pick a number and add your Action bonus:*

- If 2-6, *turn to 328.*
- If 7-12, *turn to 165.*

291

Trees and trees and more trees! The forest stretches on forever and your left foot has a blister on the heel. Just when you despair of ever seeing the open sky again, a fox scampers across your path.

"Hullo, friend!" smiles the fox. "You would seem to be lost. You didn't stop to speak with a huntsman, did you?"

"Y...y...yes," you stammer. "Lord Palrian told me a Friend awaited me here!"

The fox cocks his red-furred head and his pointy ears quiver. "Human child, Lord Palrian is an evil-hearted scoundrel! I saw him slay a Talking Rabbit with his cruel arrow just a fortnight past. Fie on him! He sent you into this forest to lose your way and wander til you starved. No one awaits you here with messages, but I shall stand as your friend and show you the way back to the lamp-post."

The fox trots ahead of you, choosing his way purposefully. Soon the flame of the lantern shines through the boughs of a great oak tree. Passing around the oak's massive trunk, you step into the clearing around the lamp-post.

You remember Aslan's words about being courteous to all you meet. "Thank you very much, Fox," you say. "I'd still be lost if it weren't for you!"

"On with you, young one! Complete your quest!" The fox is gone in a flash of red fur. *You are in Space 1A. Move on.*

The Giant's legs are too long and your own are too short! If only you could have hidden yourself somewhere!

A huge fallen tree catches your eye, and you dive beneath the massive trunk. It's a tight squeeze, but surely the Giants are too big to follow you!

"RINGLEGAM! WHERE LITTLE-UN GO?" thunders one Giant.

"LOST UM, DRAT!" replies Ringlegam.

The two thump around searching for you, but you sit tight. At last, they tire of looking and stump away. Phew! *Check Key 18 if you haven't already. You are in Space 6B. Move on.*

293

You crawl through the low tunnel in about an inch of water. Goodness knows, you don't want to spend a lot of time in this frightful place! Something furry races across your hand.

"Ugh! A rat! Drat it all, rats yet!" you groan.

"Well," says a small, indignant voice, "this happens to be my home, and you are a guest, albeit an uninvited and most ungracious one."

"Well, excuse me if I've been rude, but I'm dreadfully upset," you say.

"I am Squeeks, if you please. And even if you don't please."

"Well, do try to forgive me. I really didn't mean to be rude. We simply got off on the wrong foot — or paw as you'd say it, I suppose. It's just that in my world rats are...well..."

"I can imagine," Squeeks grunts.

"Do tell me, please. Is there a way out from here?" you ask.

"Of course. I come and go as I like. But I am only a small rodent and you are huge. It must be terribly inconvenient to be so large and bulky. I really do pity you, you poor big thing, but I know only of rat-sized cracks. Now I must be off." Squeaks vanishes through a rat-sized crack. You wander into another small room. Pale lizards crawl on the mucky floor. Some are pink, and some are as transparent as glass.

"Pst, hello!" you say to a lizard. *Turn to 320.*

294

You take the bird's nest and thank the Witch. Your Mother told you to always thank people properly for gifts, even for things you don't especially want. (Especially for such things!) As you walk along, you are amazed to see a lovely, glittering Hummingbird rise from the nest. It hovers a moment, then flies off, leaving what appears to be a beautiful little egg. It's a glorious opal! *Check Key 45. You are in Space 5D. Move on.*

295

You stare into the ice pool as the brilliantly colored gems seem to dance into a kaleidoscope of color.

• *If you still possess the gem you obtained last time, turn to 380.*

• *If you do not, turn to 381*

296

You stretch the chain out as far as it will go and give it one mighty yank, using every ounce of strength you have. You hear a clink! A link in the chain is weak! You repeat the effort and the chain breaks! You are free; it's night time now and the stars prick the darkness. Since the brilliant, fearsome sun is not in the sky, the Ogres will pursue you if they realize you're gone. You tiptoe away, hoping they think you are still harvesting oysters.

Some distance inland, you break into a run. Still no sign of pursuit. "Free! Oh, I'm free!" you murmur.

You spend the night cradled in the crook of a massive oak tree. Daylight shows you that it grows amidst a large forest. *You are in Space 5D. Read the text for 5D.*

297

Abruptly, the waters swirl into a dangerous whirlpool. Struggling to get control of the coracle, you are thrown to the bottom of the boat and the craft spins wildly, filling with water. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

• *If 2-5, turn to 499.*

• *If 6-12, turn to 130.*

The image of a young man and his proud, bright stallion racing into the wind fills your mind. But the meaning of the vision eludes you.

"Grandmother," you say gently, "I and all in Narnia have great need of the key you hold. If you give it to me now, the robins and the thrushes, the dryads and the naiads, the Dwarfs and the sprites, the Fauns and the Centaurs, and the Kings and Queens on their thrones will love you for this deed. Can you not release your hatred in return for the love and respect of all Narnians?" **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-3, **turn to 516.**
- If 4-8, **turn to 360.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 339.**

300

A Lord strides into view as you reach the lamppost. He is obviously a hunter from his equipment (a great, curving bow of yew; a quiver full of wickedly sharp arrows; stout, leather boots; and a hunting horn slung from his shoulder), and you fear he might be hunting Narnian Talking Animals. The Lord sees you at the same time as you see him.

"Greetings," he calls in a hearty voice. "I am Palrian, loyal subject of the Four Monarchs. I have been told to keep a lookout for a human child who may be on a quest."

"What would you say to such a person?" you ask warily, unsure if the Lord is true-hearted or evil.

"Enter the woods west of the Lamp-post. There awaits a Friend with vastly useful messages." The Lord tips his hat and marches past you into the forest.

You travel a few paces into the wood, but you see no Friend. Should you go deeper or resume your quest? *Check Key 1.*

- If you go deeper into the woods, **turn to 246.**
- If not, **turn to 230.**

300

Tears roll down your cheeks, and you are deeply ashamed. How can you succeed in your quest when you have done such terrible things?

Aslan appears at your side and says in a gentle voice, "Dear child, do not weep anymore. Your tears of sadness have already made you stronger. You are only human, and you have made mistakes as all humans do. But you shall rise above them and become a great hero. Because you once were weak, your triumph shall be all the greater. Go and take heart!"

The Lion is gone with his voice, but joy and strength remain in your heart. **Turn to 392.**

301

Your heart thumping with excitement, you hurry to the badger hole. What luck to be onto such a marvelous clue by just a chance meeting! You drop to your knees at the hole's mouth and peer into its dark recesses. You see a creature with a broad, heavy body, flattened head and long snout. The coarse grayish-brown fur is splashed with white about its head. "I am Grizzler. Come down," the Badger says, and you scramble eagerly into the leaf-lined den.

"The good lady mentioned a book..." you begin, but your eyes widen in terror as several sharp-clawed badgers surround you.

"You scoundrel," screeches Grizzler. "You've come to make shaving brushes of our fur! The Lady told us!" Before you can convince them of your innocence, the Badgers gash you with their long, sharp claws (which are strong enough to rip logs apart!)

Your scream of pain makes your brothers and sisters stare at you. You blink and look around. You have been sent back to England, and Mother is scolding you soundly for getting all scratched-up.

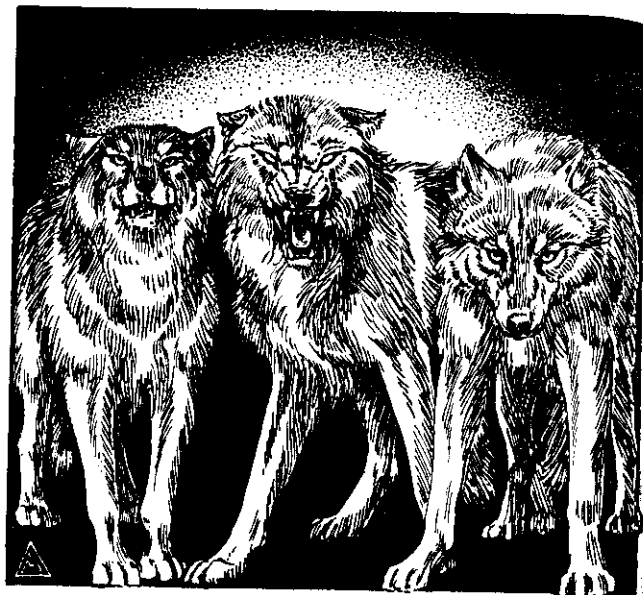
"Goodness! Did you tussle with a sawfish?" she demands. **THE END.**

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

302

The reflection on the water's surface shows fluffy, white clouds drifting in a blue, windswept sky. Is it safe to drink?

- If you drink the water, **turn to 270.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 281.**



303

Slumping and brought to tears, you allow Maudred to drag you into a prison wagon drawn by vultures. The wheels creak as it lumbers southward, jolting you over stones and roots. **Turn to 354.**

304

Blushing, you remember your failure to obtain a wish from the White Stag. "If only I'd been more persistent, more courageous, more honorable!" you exclaim, and then laugh. If wishes were horses, beggars would ride. But this wish was a stag, and you didn't catch him! *You are in Space 2B. Move on.*

305

Disliking both choices, you break into a run. Deciding to accept the advice of the ancient man not to tarry here, you ignore the curses and mutters behind you as you flee. *You are in Space 5C. Move on.*

306

You walk towards the cave which is hidden by some rocks in the side of the hill. A well-dressed Faun ushers you inside and asks you to sit down. You can tell he's well-heeled by the fine silken muffler that he wears.

"I am Porcipius, a relative of Tumnus who lived near Lantern Waste some time ago. Perhaps you have met him? Perhaps not."

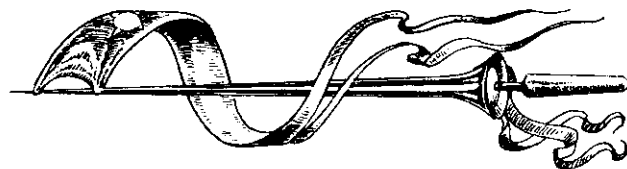
You explain your quest and Porcipius nods. "Ah, poor Tumnus helped a human child in the time of the White Witch and suffered much for it. But I shall help you anyway."

You are not so sure of this elegant-looking Faun. Has he perhaps already received benefits from the Sorceress to serve her evil designs? Perhaps you should leave before he serves you an evil turn! Still, it would be quite batty of you to rush away if the clever Faun could help you with your quest.

- If you remain with Porcipius, **turn to 257.**
- If you leave, **turn to 316.**

307

A grimy stair leads down into the hole to a strange, glowing underworld — perhaps the dark and sunless place Aslan told you of. As you puzzle over what to do, the earth beneath your feet gives way and you tumble through the roof of a cave. **Turn to 148.**



308

"Splashstroke the Water Rat lent me his coracle," you explain. "But it sank and I almost drowned! Do you know where his cousin, Divewell, lives?"

"I'm Divewell," replies the Duck. "And I live among these reeds."

"I thought Divewell would be a Water Rat," you declare. "Splashstroke said he was a cousin!"

"We are cousins, silly child! Not blood kin, of course. But his mother and mine were friends from childhood."

Apologising for your mistake, you ask Divewell what you should do about Splashstroke's boat.

"Not to worry, young one. My brothers and I will retrieve it from the river bottom. If Splashstroke lent you the coracle, your errand must be urgent indeed! You'd best not tarry here!"

Nodding your thanks, you take your leave of the Duck and travel through the rolling fields next to the river. *You are in Space 5C. Read the text for 5C.*

309

Two arrows lodge in your leg, bringing you tumbling to the ground. The wicked Dwarfs swarm over your prone form in moments, binding you hand and foot. Lugging you by the wrists and ankles, they toss you into the Great River. Down and down you sink while water fills your mouth.

Suddenly your bonds are gone! You're swimming safely in the English sea, playing a game of underwater tag with your friends. Your quest in Narnia is over. **THE END.**

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

310

You glance around the burrow to make sure the book is not here, then you say patiently to the water-rat, "My good little chap, I am no thief. I would not take a button that wasn't mine. You may rest easy about that. Just be kind enough to let me wait until it's safe to go my way, and I'll be jolly grateful to you."

Musky's face tightens with suspicion. "A glib tongue is the sure sign of a dishonest heart," he half screams. "Begone, wretched pilferer! Child of pick-pocket!"

- If you leave, **turn to 452.**
- If you stay, **turn to 193.**

311

Passing through the gates of Tilarune, you notice a strange quiet there. Within this walled town seems to lurk peril. Perhaps you ought to turn around and go back out the gates; yet there may be information here that would prove useful in your quest. *Check Key 36.*

- If you leave Tilarune, you are in Space 5C. **Move on.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 111.**

312

You rip the vines encircling your ankles with vigorous kicking and leap through the woods ahead of the howling witch. Her cackling chills your blood as she screams, "Selfish, verminous little beast!" Luckily she doesn't pursue you very far. You really hope she gets her cat back all right. But you can't help yourself. Or could you? Too late now! *You are in Space 5D. Move on.*

313

Twisting frantically, you strike the wolf on his head. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 330.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 325.**

314

You decide to go. Many of the Dwarfs seem hostile to you being among them. You feel like the teacher's pet caught behind the gym by the class bullies.

"Go, you clumsy child," snarls Hurlyburly, "before you bring real grief among us."

Scrambling above ground, you make for the cover of the woods. *You are in Space 3D. Move on.*

315

Could a cave be concealed among the rocks? **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-3, **turn to 119.**
- If 4-12, **turn to 213.**

316

"I must really be off, but many thanks for the offer of help," you say, scampering out of the Faun's neat cave.

Porcupius shrugs and says, "Your choice, young friend, but he who has not risked the taste of a new fruit may be denying himself great delight, and he who eschews wisdom is poorer still!" You turn and wave, wondering if you've made the right choice. *You are in Space 5C. Move on.*

317

"Welcome to Narnia, child of Adam and Eve," Aslan says in a deep, rich voice. Your fidgets leave you. It's like being lost in a dark place and suddenly being found by someone who wraps you all up in their arms and makes you safe again.

"You know there is a great sadness in Narnia," the Lion says. "A dark spell has come to my beloved land." *Turn to 181.*

318

Heart pounding with fright and exertion, you sprint away from the giant. A long pause followed by earth jarring footsteps tells that he is chasing you. Oh no! One of his friends has joined him! How can you escape? *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-6, *turn to 237.*
- If 7-12, *turn to 292.*

319

A bright, red cardinal flies over your shoulder to perch amid the black-green needles of a fir tree. It stares fixedly at something behind you, then takes to the air with a saucy flick of its wings. You spin around, but nothing is there. Then you look up. High on a craggy rise, the White Stag gazes majestically down across the forest. Oh, what a perilous climb! If you fell, you might be slain!

- If you wish to climb the cliff, *turn to 199.*
- Otherwise, *turn to 368.*



"Hello, hello. What — or who — goes there? Man or beast? Fish or fowl?" asks the lizard in a slippery, squishy voice such as you'd expect from a slimy chap like a cave lizard.

"Hullo, I'm a child of Adam and Eve," you declare. "I say, can't you see that for yourself, Lizard?"

"Gracious no, I can't see anything for myself. I don't even rightly know what seeing is. I'm what is called sightless. We're all sightless around here: the pearly white crayfish, the wingless cave beetle, all of us."

"But why?" you ask.

"Why not is more to the point. We've not been out of this cavern in years, or centuries, or eons if you like. What's the sense of seeing when it's all dark and there's nothing new to see?"

"I guess that's right enough. But then you wouldn't know a way out of here, would you?" you say.

"Oh, no. Who would want to leave? Only the rats and the bats and mice leave, and I don't have a thing to do with any of them. Now, excuse me, I must have a word with the cave cricket."

You hear a flurry of bat wings through an opening to the right. A water-filled tunnel with a blindfish swimming down it twists off to the left.

- If you follow the batwing sounds, **turn to 432**.
- If you swim after the blindfish, **turn to 362**.



Scrambling among the gems in the freezing water, a mighty kick sends you to the pool's edge. A desperate heave and another kick tumble you out into the rushes. Shuddering and shivering, you gather a few twigs from beneath a bayberry bush and start a fire. "Ah! Warmth again!" you chatter.

Luckily your satchel stayed on the bank when you plunged into the water, so you have a dry change of clothes. But the gemstone you'd lodged in its inner recesses is gone! Worse yet, your shoes lie at the bottom of the pool next to an emerald. "Ho, hum!" you declare. "At least I'm alive!"

If you lost the carbuncle, erase your check on Key 38.

If you lost the emerald, erase your check on Key 39.

If you lost the diamond, erase your check on Key 40.

If you lost the amethyst, erase your check on Key 41.

*Also remove the bonus that the gem gave you. **Turn to 390.***

You shudder at your memories of the beastly seaweed Ogres. Ugh! What if they try to capture you again?! You scamper up the beach, away from their lairs. *You are in Space 6D. **Move on.***

You trot down stairs into the narrow, dark secret passageway that lies under an ornate rug. The moment you are in the passage, the door above you slams shut and you hear the muffled voice of the Dwarf. "Sorry, so sorry, but I shall be rewarded for capturing a human child, you see. Times are hard in Narnia. The price on a human child's head is quite high."

You have been betrayed! You go a few more feet in the passageway only to find an earthen wall!

"By Jove," you shout, "I'll have none of this! The little beast doesn't have me yet!"

You summon all your strength and push against the trap door. It's got something heavy on top of it, but you can move it up about half an inch. You rally yourself for a supreme effort and push! **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 241**.

- If 6-12, **turn to 510**.

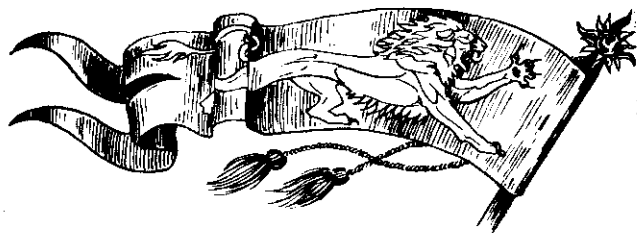
324

After the Crone gives you another chance, you stare at the three keys. You must choose the Moon, Snake, or Eye of the Octopus key.

- If you take the Moon key, check Key 22 and **turn to 253**.
- If you take the Snake key, check Key 19 and **turn to 253**.
- If you take the Eye of the Octopus key, check Key 6 and **turn to 253**.

325

Your blow was stronger than you guessed! The wolf crumples to the ground. You've knocked him out! Gasping, you take to your heels; best to be far from here when he awakes! *You are in Space 1C. Move on.*



326

You simply don't believe that it's all that easy! The book lying in a nearby badger hole, indeed! You're not batty enough to believe that. But where could it be? You glance over your shoulder at the distant figure of the Lady, before giving the badgerhole a wide berth. *You are in Space 6C. Read the text for 6C.*

327

Gulping down huge bites of jam-soaked bread and playing rough games of leapfrog, the boys seem just like your schoolmates at home. Surely they intend you no harm!

- If you swim across the river, **turn to 245**.
- If you stay on this side of the river, **turn to 251**.

328

The awful chain is attached to your ankle as the Ogres seize you — you have failed to escape! "Henceforth, you shall be our slave!" cries the Chief Ogre. "Ogres, as you may or may not know, eat only the choicest oysters. It shall be your task to bring us oysters as they wash up on the beach." **Turn to 531.**

329

Whirling around, you sprint back down the hill. The wolf springs to pursue you. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-8, **turn to 476**.
- If 9-12, **turn to 286**.

330

Maudred's jaws tighten. "Give up, child," he repeats. "I am stronger than earth or wind. Stronger than flame or wave. Give up!"

You struggle, but the wolf drags you to a prison wagon drawn by vultures. The barred door clangs as you land with a bump on hard floor boards. The wheels creak, and the wagon lumbers southward. **Turn to 354.**

331

Feeling refreshed by the mountain air, you hop to your feet. A soft breeze ruffles your hair as you climb upwards. Outcroppings of quartz and granite jut from the heather and gorse covered hills. **Check Key 3 if you have not already.**

- If you've been to the Heather Mountains before and seen a vein of quartz that traces the outline of a fish (checked key 4), **turn to 114**.
- Otherwise, **turn to 315**.

332

What if it's a wolf? There's no place to hide. Perhaps you might crouch down in the long grass, and it wouldn't see you.

- If you try to hide, **turn to 234**.
- Otherwise, **turn to 471**.

Plucking an amethyst the size of a pear from the chilly pool, you feel suddenly clever as a wizard. You aren't rightly sure what has happened, but you'd bet you could talk a coiner out of his stack of silver!

You hide the amethyst in your satchel. Should you try for another jewel? Or call it quits? *Check Key 41 and add +1 to your Trickery bonus for as long as you have the gem.*

- *If you try for another gem, turn to 505.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 465.*

Ignoring your fears, you search for a way to save the boy. Your eye lights upon a fallen tree branch.

"Hang on!" you cry. "In a moment I'll have you safe and sound!"

Grabbing the branch, you fling yourself full length on the ground and hook your ankle around the trunk of a sapling growing near the cliff edge. With your shoulders hanging over the abyss, you lower the branch to where the boy dangles. Summoning the last of his strength, he grasps the branch and pulls himself upwards. Moments later, he sprawls on the ground next to you.

"O, my saviour and the delight of my eyes, may the stars and the comets shower good fortune into your future," gasps the boy. "My name is Amir Tarkaan and I am the only son of Arbaadin Tarkaan, the son of Corradash Tarkaan, the son of Ilsombreh Tisroc, the son of Ardeeb Tisroc who was descended in a right line from the god Tash."

Amir closes his eyes in exhaustion. You notice a solid gold watch sliding from his pocket onto the grass where he rests. You've never seen such a splendid piece of work. It shines like the sun! Since you saved Amir's life, is it right to keep it as your reward?

- *If you take the watch, turn to 343.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 158.*

"Hullo, Bird. I do hope you're a Talking Bird because I'm in a frightful hole. Can you help me?" The wren turns out to be a harried mother who is trying to keep a nestful of young Wren- babies content. This is impossible because the babies want to be fed eight hundred times a day.

"I will help you if you do me a service," says the Mother-Wren. "Will you promise to fetch my eldest son back to the nest from which he has fallen?"

"Yes! Yes!" you promise.

The Wren is gone for a short time, but she's soon back with a Buffin, who bends the bars of the dungeon and frees you. You climb out, but shrill bells are ringing warning of your escape. You have been seen by the guards! You want to take off running and not spare the time to put the baby Wren back in its nest. Yet, how can you go back on your promise?

- *If you put the Wren back, turn to 349.*
- *If you run away, turn to 352.*

"Quickly now, Child," the Crone's voice cracks like a whip. "Choose one." There are three ornate keys in the box: the eye of an octopus stares from the haft of one, a crescent moon glows from another, and a serpent twines around the third.

- *If you choose the Eye of the Octopus key, turn to 236.*
- *If you choose the Snake key, turn to 215.*
- *If you choose the Moon key, turn to 548.*

You fail to trip the little beast who hops clear of your extended foot and lunges at you, knife still in hand. He gets you, making a nasty gash on your hand. As the blood spills down your fingers, you scream as if you were dying and this frightens the little coward who had orders to take you alive. In panic, he flees back into his house and locks the door. You depart, cradling your wounded hand.

In the woods, you meet a herd of reindeer who are kind enough to lick your wound, and conceal you in their meadow while you rest and recover. *Subtract 1 from your Action bonus the next 2 times you use it. You are in Space 3B. Move on.*

"Thanks very much," you declare, "but I don't eat sweets!"

Your nerves jangle as you back toward the door. Punchkin-der is smiling and nodding, but you don't trust him.

"Good luck!" you blurt out, hoping to distract him. "I hope the Lady likes your streamers and banners. They're very pretty, and blue is a lovely color."

Phew! You're out the door! You burst into a run. *You are in Space 3B. Move on.*



339

The Crone stares at you and slowly nods her head. In her dry, rustling voice she says, "I do not trust your promises of love and respect, but hatred cannot sustain me much longer. On the chance that this choice may better my future, I will give you the key. For a price: The Carbuncle of the North!"

- *If you have the carbuncle from the jewel-laden pool in the northern marshes (checked key 38), turn to 474.*
- *Otherwise turn to 402.*

340

Remembering the trouble you caused the Gopher family before when you came through, you decide not to visit them again.

- *If you've entered the other cave before (checked key 8), turn to 389.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 109.*

"I'm not a bug, and it's jolly rotten of you to be picking on me," you shout.

"BUG CHIRPS!" says Ringlegam with a look of puzzlement. "MAYBE CRICKET."

"HATE CRICKET!" says the other Giant. "SQUASH!"

"No, no!" you scream. You see a giant crow nearby. In this part of the wood, everything is too big — except you!

"CROW LIKE BUGS TO EAT. YUM, YUM!" declares Ringlegam, tossing you to the bird.

"I'm not a bug," you insist to the Crow who catches you in its beak.

"I know, you silly goose," screeches the Crow, gently putting you down. "Just because I'm big doesn't mean I'm as batty as those Giants, for goodness sakes! I have sense enough not to eat a human child! Why, I'd have indigestion for a week!"

You're surprised that the giant Crow is a Talking Bird. "Maybe you'd let me ride on your back away from these giants," you suggest.

"Well," squawks the Crow in a raucous voice. "I'm certainly not going out of my way, but I'm flying North to look for real bugs and fruit, and you can ride along if you have sense enough to hang onto my feathers. But not too tightly, mind you!"

"Thanks! Much obliged!" you say, climbing onto the Crow's back. After a long flight, he swoops down in a field and you slide off. *You are in Space 6A. Read the text for 6A.*

342

You spin about in a flurry of leaves, and race away as fast as your legs will carry you. "Oh! Oh, oh!" you pant, glancing back to see the wolf gaining ground. You cannot possibly outrun it!

Perhaps the oak just a few strides ahead will offer shelter.

- *If you climb the tree, turn to 217.*
- *If you continue to run, turn to 268.*
- *If you turn and stand your ground, turn to 121.*

Slipping the time piece into your own pocket, you stare at the Calormene boy. He speaks so strangely! It's hard to understand what he means.

Amir opens his eyes and sits up. "O, companion of mercy, how may this humble and grateful person increase the glory and honor of thy fortune?"

"Saving your life was what Aslan would want me to do," you explain. "You don't owe me anything."

The Calormene boy's eyes widen. "Tash is not so gracious!" he exclaims, and then blushes. "If truly there exist no deed or treasure by which this debtor may exalt thy honorable station, accept his thousand praises of thy noble name and his infinite gratitude."

Amir bows deeply, and strides away into the forest.

You sit and ponder the conversation. As you take Amir's watch from your pocket, your own words, "You don't owe me anything," ring in your ears. Surely Aslan is disappointed that you stole what belonged to another. *Subtract 1 from your Inner Strength bonus. You are in Space 2B. Move on.*

The tree wavers wildly as you climb further from its base. With one final wobble it flings you to the forest floor. Winded, you say to the Witch (who is behind you) "Witch, I jolly well tried, but I can't do what you ask!" you scramble to your feet, ready to leave.

"You are giving up, little wretch?" the Witch cries.

"I am sorry, really awful sorry," you say, backing away slowly.

The Witch howls at you, "Curses on this Human-child, May all yon paths be fearsome-wild!"

Vines reach up to ensnare your ankles. Breaking free of them, you make a last desperate effort to get the cat down, violently shaking the tree.

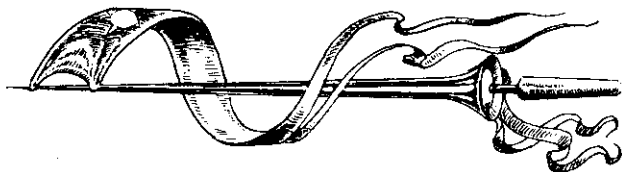
"Nooooo!" howls the angry Witch.

But the cat comes tumbling down, scratching and clawing. The Witch scoops the cat into her arms and, finding it unharmed, keeps busy kissing its whiskery face as you scamper off, glad not to have been scratched badly. *You are in Space 5D. Move on.*

Pulling out a biscuit, you say, "Can't we be friends?"

The sprites glare at you, but stay gathered in their shadowy corner. Perhaps they won't bother you, if you don't bother them.

Curling up in the leaves that line the hollow, you find them to be snug and dry (and a little scratchy). Your eyes droop closed while the rain beats down outside. *Turn to 544.*



As you pull an emerald the size of a peach from the pool, a leaf-green sprite (no bigger than your finger) hops out from the nearby reeds.

*"Your speech shall charm
And never alarm,
Your words fortune shape
And doom escape!"*

The sprite grins and skips back into the reeds as your lips form a soundless "Oh!" of delight.

Thrusting the emerald into your satchel, you gaze at the gem-filled pool. Should you take another stone? *Check Key 39 and add +1 to your Talking bonus for as long as you keep the gem.*

- *If you try for another gem, turn to 505.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 465.*

"Yes, your fame spreads far and wide, most impressive Lady. I have heard from your adoring admirers that you have gained the wisdom of the *Runes From the Sceptre of Grace*," you say, "and I should like to see the wonderful book that has made you so wise! Perhaps then I, too, shall become wiser than my present most inferior self, and I shall be able to serve you better."

"Oh, upon my word, how you do flatter me, young one," sighs the Sorceress. "You have come to the right place and chosen the right words. The book lies in yonder room. Follow my vulture-guide."

You are repelled by the hateful looking, ragged bird who beckons to you, but you go to the other room where an ancient-looking book lies on a table. You are almost overwhelmed by the filthy smell of camphor (and you think of your auntie's closet full of mothballs!)

As soon as you clear the doorway, the door slams behind you. You hear the great iron bolt scraping across metal, sealing you inside.

"Minion! Fool! Dog!" screams the Sorceress from the other side of the locked door. "The joke is on you. See what comes of mocking the Sorceress of the Western Wilds! Read the book, silly child, but it will do you no good!"

You read the title of the crumbling old book: "796 Ways to Cook Narnian Talking Animals."

Your heart sinks. You must escape, but how? Beyond the bars of your dungeon window, a wren perches at the top of a maple tree. Could the peaceable bird possibly help you?

• *If you call to the wren, turn to 335.*

• *Otherwise, turn to 220.*

With the Carbuncle of the North warming your pocket, you rap on the Crone's wooden door. You know she's home from the smoke rising from the stove-pipe, and wonder if she'll answer your knock. Footsteps shuffle across the floor; then the Crone is peering at you while clutching the door knob.

You take the carbuncle from your pocket, and her eyes gleam. "You return with the prize! Wait, Child of human spawn, and you shall be rewarded!"

She shuffles to the cupboard and withdraws a carved box from it. "Give me the carbuncle and choose a key!" She opens the lid of the box as she comes back to the cottage door.

• *If the Crone snapped her fingers at you earlier (checked key 20), turn to 336.*

• *Otherwise, turn to 166.*

You stop and fetch the loudly peeping Baby Wren from the dirt, putting it back into the nest. The Lords of the Sorceress are almost at your elbow when a swarm of birds flies at them, pecking and shrieking. You have just enough time to escape amidst the flurry. You risked your own safety to help a tiny creature of Narnia. *Add +1 point to your Inner Strength bonus. You are in Space 3A. Move on.*

You attempt to flee after one quick look, but a strong, foul wind hisses and snuffles and pulls you in. It's as if some great, wicked magnet lies in the cavern. *Turn to 200.*

Your stomach rumbles. "Oh, yes! Thanks very much!" you tell her. Before you finish speaking, Maenia's nimble fingers pluck several gleaming fish from the river. She fries them on a flat rock heated in an open fire, sprinkling the cooking pavenders with herbs and spices.

Moments later you are gobbling them down along with draughts of pure springwater. *Turn to 101.*

Failing to keep your promise to the Mother Wren, you race through the woods. Worry and guilt knot your stomach, but your legs speed onward. *Reduce your Inner Strength bonus by 1. You are in Space 3A. Move on.*

Rising to your feet, you march away from the mullberry bush to the top of the hill. A brief pause there, whipped by the brisk wind, is followed by hurrying strides down into a shallow vale between hills. Trudging, you climb the next height. At the top, you hear hoofbeats. Another unicorn?

A glorious beast with a chestnut coat that shines like copper canters toward you. It's too late too hide!

"Hail!" cries the Unicorn. "What delight is this? A child of Adam and Eve dancing on my hill! Hail, child!"

"Hullo," you gulp in surprise. "Are you ... are you one who bites like a tiger and kicks like a wild horse?"

The Unicorn prances on his tiny hooves, and gives a breathy, musical laugh. "Nay, child. Who has been telling you such stories? I am Jacinth, a loyal and steadfast subject of the Kings and Queens in Cair Paravel. I bring you warning. Wolves, sneaking and skulking, have come to these splendid hills of mine. Let me bear you safely away from the danger. Climb onto my back, child!" *Check Key 10.*

• *If you climb onto Jacinth's back, turn to 171.*

• *Otherwise, turn to 159.*

354

At last the vultures draw up before the dank mouth of a mountain cavern. Two Black Dwarfs march up to the wagon and hustle you into the cave. *Turn to 200.*

355

The Wraith vanishes in a cold wind, leaving you to stare at the night sky while life flows out of your wound. Three of the summer constellations sparkle down at you; the Ship, the Hammer, and the Leopard. "Dear old Leopard," you murmur before your eyelids droop shut.

Solemn Red Dwarfs, sad-faced squirrels, and sober-eyed beavers creep up to your numb and lifeless body. The Dwarfs bear you on their shoulders, far away to the ramshackle cave of Growler, the kindly Dog-Fox.

When the entire procession arrives at Growler's abode, the Dwarfs lay you gently down on a bed of feathers and furs.

Sorrelthatch, an outspoken woodchuck, declares, "This human child was cruelly murdered by the Wraiths. We must conduct a proper wake, where kindly things are said of the poor thing. Then, the mortal remains can be buried."

Your eyes fly open at these words. "What!" you squeak. "I say! Who are you all? Where am I?"

There is great merriment and celebration at your recovery (they thought you were quite dead!) and Sorrelthatch feeds you choice morsels from Growler's cupboard. The Dog-Fox hasn't got much put aside, but he shares a nutritious beef-broth made from the bones he's been saving. Sorrelthatch warms it over the fire and spoons it into your mouth.

You rest for several days in Growler's cave. Sorrelthatch stays to tend you, while the other Talking Animals visit and bring gifts or herbal medicines and homebaked bread, cakes, biscuits, and cookies.

At last you are strong enough to get out of bed. You take a few wobbly steps around the cave before venturing outside. The sun is shining, the air is warm and soft, and songbirds trill in the branches of a maple. You sit among the grasses and rocky outcroppings until luncheon, when you return to the cave. *Turn to 183.*

356

You hand the pack-rat the treasure from your satchel. Hoarder bribes a guard with it, enabling you to escape in the dark of night. You thank the pack-rat and hurry away, free again.

If you gave away the carbuncle, erase your check on key 38.

If you gave away the emerald, erase your check on key 39.

If you gave away the diamond, erase your check on key 40.

If you gave away the amethyst, erase your check on key 41.

Also subtract any Skill bonus that the gem gave you.

If you gave away the jade snake, erase key 44.

If you gave away the opal from the humming bird nest, erase key 45.

You are in Space 3A. Move on.

357

"Archenlanders," you cry, "let's all shout — here come a hundred loyal Narnia men, huzza! Huzza! We'll make a jolly good show and perhaps frighten those wicked Lords off."

You jump about shouting, but the evil Lords are not fooled. They pursue you, swords ready for battle, and you must run for your lives. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 503.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 106.**

358

Taking advantage of the confusion, you sprint toward the beckoning daylight. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 511.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 289.**

359

You eat more cherries, and the sweetness delights you down to your toes. You notice some Dwarves nearby, eating cherries too. They look dumb, like people do when they wake up after too long a nap. Your legs grow heavy, and you feel sleepy. It seems sort of silly to you now that you were running all over Narnia trying to find some old book. **Turn to 551.**

360

The Crone cackles hideously. "That for your love and respect!" She snaps her fingers at you. "Bring me the Carbuncle of the North, and I may give you the key. Or I may not!" **Check Key 20.**

- If you possess a carbuncle from the jewel-laden pool in the northern marshes (checked key 38), **turn to 150.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 402.**

361

"I say, Lady of the Cavern," you begin. "Did I hear you say you were to be Queen of Narnia? In truth, you are more deserving of the throne than the Sorceress by any fair measure!"

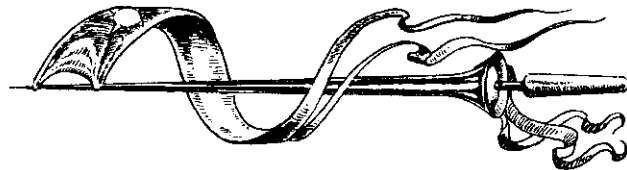
The Hag's blue, wrinkled lips tremble. "Am I really fair? I have never considered such a delight-some possibility!"

[7]

"Oh indeed! And strong too! You are a woman of considerable gifts, to be sure," you insist, crossing your fingers behind your back.

The Hag straightens her wild hair with briar thistle pins. "I daresay, if I primped a bit, perchance if I added some ash to my eyebrows, stained my cheeks with wine dregs..." A snaggle-toothed smile comes to her mouth. "Go valiant child! Undo the Sorceress, that vainglorious, bombastic woman with the pedigree of a school of fishes! Then, when that is done, we — you and I — shall settle the hash of the Four Monarchs and then ... and then ... when I am Queen, you shall be my right-hand advisor!"

The wretched vulture guides you to the mouth of the cave. The Hag has been tricked! *You are in space 1D. Move on.*



362

The water's not so deep after all, so you wade down the curving passage. Splashing, you emerge into a long, narrow cavern filled with dragonflies. They buzz through the air on pink, gauze wings, and alight on your shoulders and back. Ugh! Your skin crawls!

Shivering, you move toward an archway in the far wall. Is that sunlight glimmering ahead? Could it be an exit to the outside? You step more quickly! **Turn to 265.**

363

"Thanks very much, Growler," you say politely. "But I'm in such a rush! I've got to hurry onward!"

Growler's eyes twinkle, and you wonder if he knows that his littered cave fills you with alarm.

"Good luck, young one," the Dog-Fox replies. "I hope you get where you're going!" *You are in Space 2C. Move on.*

[3]

The man seems untrustworthy, and you quickly say, "I know nothing of politics. I am the son of a hard-working Civil Servant in another land. The events of the world leave me deucedly puzzled."

"Idiot from Archenland, eh?" the man assumes. "A most inferior lot!"

You sigh with relief as the man slams his window. You fooled him, and the best part is, you didn't even have to lie: your Father does work for the government in another land! Having seen enough of Tilarune, you resolve to leave the empty town behind. *You are in Space 5C. Move on.*

365

As you walk through the shadowed wood, unearthly cries, (whisper-thin at first, like the first stirrings of a storm, but growing to a dreadful din overhead.) tingle in your ears. It's miserable Wraiths and Spectres gibbering, groaning, and scaring you witless!

"Oh bother!" you moan, "I despise these creatures one can't even see!"

Wraiths and Spectres are pale things that you can hardly make out in the light. (You can see them better in the dark, but who would come here at night?) They have transparent wings, and when they brush against you, your skin crawls. (You know how it is when you go through a spider's web? Well, this is even worse.) *Check Key 2.*

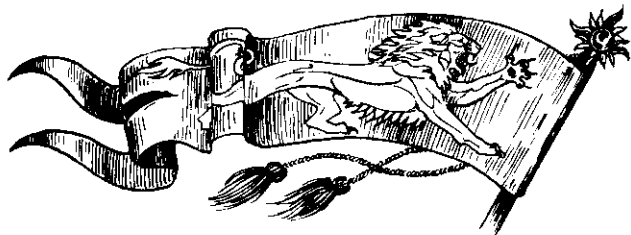
- *If you hurry to the Heather Mountains, turn to 203.*
- *If you explore the wood, turn to 108.*

366

The fury of the storm rages through the forest as you run. Ignoring the beastly wind and the eerie cries of the creatures that haunt this place, you dodge lightning strikes and falling branches. The sky lightens as the storm eases, and the sun peaks through the clouds. A smile brightens your face. *Turn to 539.*

Standing motionless to get your bearings, there is no sound save the wind in the cherry trees.

- *If you avoided Tilarune and the orchard before, turn to 415.*
- *If you ate cherries before (checked key 35), turn to 250.*
- *If you went to Tilarune before (checked key 36), turn to 464.*
- *If you ate cherries and went to Tilarune before (checked keys 35 and 36), you are in Space 5C. Move on.*



368

As you stare up at the Stag, he slips away between the trees. You take a step forward, then stop and shake your head. You have a quest to finish! You can't go chasing off after wishes! *You are in Space 2B. Move on.*

369

Huddled beneath your jacket, you soon drift off to sleep. The mulberry bush shelters you from the wind, and the luxuriant grass cushions the ground.

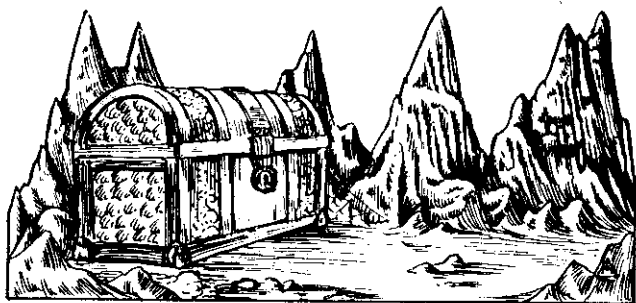
You awake with a start. A wolf's fierce eyes glare into yours, while his massive jaws clamp shut on your shirt! "Struggle is useless, young one," he growls through clenched teeth. "I am Maudred, and I never let go. Give up, child! Surrender!" *Check Key 11.*

- *If you surrender, turn to 303.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 313.*

"Yes," you declare, clutching the key.

"Be brave then, child," counsels the Owl. "And remember the Lion. Even darkness and evil can spawn love and light should the King of all the Wood command it to be so." In a woosh of feathers, the Owl flies from the cave, leaving you alone.

Pressing through darkness, you travel along the twisting, tunnel, deep into the bowels of the earth. At last you arrive in a cavern fringed with glowing stalagmites and stalactites. The murky light outlines an ancient trunk tucked in a corner. Your heart leaps with delight, and then sinks to your toes in despair. Your limbs grow heavy and numb, as though paralyzed, and your soul seems shrouded in darkness. Monstrous evil lurks in this cave.



All the cruel and beastly deeds of your young life (things you'd just forgotten, or tried to, anyway) come alive in your memory in vivid detail. You remember that stormy night you pretended to be a phantom and, wrapped in a sheet, crept into your baby brother's room. How he howled in terror! and the more he screamed, the more you laughed! When Mother came running to comfort him you ducked out just in time and blamed the whole beastly deed on your sister. And Mother believed you! Your sister was sent to bed without dessert for two nights, and you ate her share of the delicious, gooey plumcake as well as your own!

You remember plucking the wings off crickets; you cringe now in horror to think of the snail you stomped on, one dewy spring morning, just to hear it squish. Well, it didn't even occur to you that the tiny creature had feelings too!

Your baby brother's wails echo fresh and dreadful in your ears along with your sister's sobs at the injustice of being blamed for something she never did. You see the poor crickets and the snail, and crumble into a corner of the dank cave, numb with despair. How could a cruel, selfish, nasty one like you be chosen for such a noble quest? Oh! If dear Aslan knew of your foul heart, he would never have sent you on this journey! **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2, **turn to 526.**
- If 3-10, **turn to 300.**
- If 11-12, **turn to 455.**

371

As you approach the broken Table, your legs tremble with a strange horror. Long ago, Bull-headed men, spirits of evil trees and poisonous plants, and Ogres gnashing monstrous teeth marched with smoking torches in the moonlight. Here, all the powers of darkness gathered to slay Aslan with a rune-inscribed knife of stone.

- If you explore further, **turn to 463.**
- Otherwise, you are in Space 4C. **Move on.**

372

Your legs are slowing despite yourself, and still you see nothing! The wolf leaps at your shoulder. **Turn to 197.**

373

Your feet fly like wings, carrying you out under the open sky. Not stopping to see if the wolves still follow, you keep running for as long as your legs will go! Was that a Lion's roar you heard behind you? **You are in Space 1D. Move on.**

374

You avoid the man's slashing knife with a desperate leap to the left. He twists his leg on landing and cannot pursue you as you flee. **You are in Space 5C. Move on.**

375

A shadow splotches the ground ahead. It's not a shadow, but a rabbit hole! The wolf's too big to follow you there!

- *If you dive into the rabbit hole, turn to 404.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 387*

376

For a moment you think you see a Lion reflected in the water! Was it Aslan? A lobster crawls on the sand beneath your gaze, and, in desperation, you mutter, "Lobster, could you lend me your strong claw to break the link of a chain?" Immediately you laugh bitterly at yourself. You must really be batty to expect help from a lobster!

But the lobster lumbers over and opens his big claw, which has sharp spines on the edges. He clamps down on the chain link, and smashes it open. You gasp your gratitude, and the lobster seems to nod his head as he returns to the sea. You are free! (And you've made up your mind never to eat lobster again when you get home) *You are in Space 6D. Move on.*

377

You stop to fashion a fishing line, dropping it into the fast moving river.

"Bother! No luck," you complain after a while. But then there's a tug on your line. You've got something, by George! You pull a strange looking mudcolored creature from the river. It's a turtle!

- *If you toss it back, turn to 535.*
- *If you keep it, turn to 525.*

378

Hurling the mirror aside, you are amazed to see what happens. As the glass shatters against a rock, the jagged shards become water and run into the ground. As you resume walking, you see a woman approaching along the beach. Her face looks familiar. She was surely at the Great Hall of Cair Paravel, but you can't recall the impressions you had of her. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-5, turn to 436.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 173.*

3

379

You swim free of the clutching grip, and thrash toward the shore. The fierce current buffets your limbs and fills your ears, but you reach shore at last. Lying among the reeds, you wonder what tried to grab you in midstream. It looked like Mer-men! Surely they meant you no good!

A dry voice interrupts your reverie. "What have we here?" it demands. Then a duck waddles up to your toes. *Turn to 308.*

380

The multi-colored jewels send their radiance through the water, making jagged shards of color.

- *If you have a carbuncle, turn to 321.*
- *If you have an emerald, turn to 221.*
- *If you have a diamond, turn to 505.*
- *If you have an amethyst, turn to 249.*

381

Kneeling down at the side of the ice-pool, you are almost blinded by the radiance of the treasures.

- *If you take a carbuncle, turn to 485.*
- *If you take an emerald, turn to 346.*
- *If you take a diamond, turn to 449.*
- *If you take an amethyst, turn to 333.*

382

Struggling and kicking, you are pulled into the Octopus cave. You kick him in the face and swim madly away, fleeing in the cloud of ink and blood — your blood! You rise to the surface of the water and crawl to shore, exhausted. *Reduce your Fighting bonus by 2 for four moves. You are in Space 5C. Move on.*

383

Snowthatch lands on his stomach, the wind knocked out of him. You snatch a pair of belts from his wardrobe and bind him securely. While he howls in rage, you rush away. *You are in Space 3B. Move on.*

12

384

"We are not fools!" cries Marn. "You Narnians have always felt superior to us. Now you strive to make war against us! It is unspeakable! And you, child, are at heart a Narnian, true to the treacherous Lords."

In the distance you spy Narnian Lords a-hunting. If you shout for help, they'll come; but what if they are under the thumb of the Sorceress? Will they kill these poor Archenlanders and perhaps you as well?

• If you call for help, **turn to 424**.

• If not, **turn to 207**.

385

You watch young chipmunks play tag in the heather while Sagefeather rallies all the birds of Narnia. As you climb into a rude little rope-basket, seagulls and pelicans, robins and wrens and even humble sparrows grab hold of strings tied to the basket. Even pairs of tiny hummingbirds pitch in, beating their little wings to help get the rope-basket airborne. You clutch the enchanted book, as, sailing through the air, your legs dangle from the basket. As Dwarfs and Talking Animals along the way look up and laugh at the strange spectacle, your skin is red with embarrassment. Finally, the turrets, spires, and arches of Cair Paravel come into sight. The birds glide down onto the green around the castle. Leaving the rope-basket, they follow you to the great doors. **Turn to 127**.

386

"I say, Owl!" you exclaim. "Wait a minute! I am searching for a book hidden in a dark and sunless place. Would you have notion as to where I might look?"

"Tu whoo! I've never heard of such silliness!" titters the Owl. "If you like dark (all sensible folk do), travel by night like us Owls. And don't travel on the river; it grows treacherous ahead. Tu whoo!"

The Owl soars away before you can say more.

• If you follow the Owl's advice and go ashore, **turn to 430**.

• Otherwise **turn to 297**.



387

"But I'm too big, too!" you cry, racing onward. Your legs are slowing and the wolf is gaining! He leaps at your shoulder. **Turn to 197**.

388

Breathing a sigh of relief, you skip along the trail of pebbles while humming a jolly tune. **Turn to 445**.

389

Boldly you step through the right-hand crevice in the cliff face. Sagefeather, the Guardian of the Cave, swoops majestically down from the cavern roof. "Do you have the key bearing the Eye of the Octopus?" he asks.

• If you do (checked key 6), **turn to 370**.

• If not, **turn to 545**.

"Ow!" you groan while trying to walk on the rough, pebbly soil in your bare feet. "Hang it all! What have I gotten myself into?"

You limp along, grumbling and wondering if you should return to the pool for your shoes. But, what's that up ahead? A cluster of little cottages huddles at the edge of the marshlands. Only they're not really cottages. Pairs of timber posts uphold pitched, tiled roofs with no walls. Beneath these shelters, shelves hold boots and sandals and slippers and clogs and all sorts of footgear. It's a Tossaway Trove full of shoes! (In our world it would have been a dump, but in Narnia they have Tossaway Troves where things are nicely sorted in case someone else needs what another tossed away.)

Sadly, all these discarded shoes are either much too small or much too large for you. Most of them are battered Dwarf boots with pointy toes. A few are Buffin brogues with huge holes in the soles, but these are totally out of the question. (It would be like walking with bathtubs on your feet!)

After sorting through all the shoes twice over, you push your aching feet into a miserable pair of suede half boots. They're better than no shoes at all (because the sharp pebbles can't scratch your skin), but the heels pinch dreadfully!

Presently you meet a Dwarf who is limping worse than you are. His clothing is dingy and full of patches. "I have no shoes at all," says he. "Mine were so worn, they fell to pieces. I tried wrapping my feet in bark, but that's no good at all!"

You look down at the Dwarf's swollen feet. Your half boots seem to be just his size, but if you part with them what will you do? These shoes, awful as they are, were the best of the lot. You remember Aslan's command to be compassionate to those in need along your way. Did he mean giving them the shoes off your feet?

- If you give your shoes away, **turn to 395.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 407.**

The man, though angry, seems untainted by the Sorceress' wiles.

"I am friend to the Kings and Queens," you admit.

The man lunges down at you with a suddenly drawn knife, leaping from the window with astonishing agility. You jump to evade the knife coming at you. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 164.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 374.**

Trembling on legs that feel like cooked noodles, you approach the trunk. You insert the key in the lock and lift the great lid, staring at last at the fabled book entitled *Runes From the Sceptre of Grace*.

Sagefeather swoops into the glowing cave and speaks in his ancient voice, "Know you, Child, from where this book comes?"

You shake your head, wordless.

"The law that created Narnia," says the great brown owl, "and sustains its existence, that guides the stars in the Great Dance, that makes water flow downhill, and that gave the White Witch the right to kill for every treachery is engraved on the Sceptre of the Emperor-Beyond-the-Sea. And the runes illuminated in the book derive from the engravings on the Emperor's Sceptre. Know well, Child of Adam and Eve, what a grave responsibility you accept in bearing that book in your hands!"

Walking from the cave, the book heavy in your arms, you squint and blink. The sun stings your eyes with its brightness.

- If you have a wish from the White Stag (checked key 9), **turn to 446.**
- If not, **turn to 153.**

Still you cannot break it. "This is simply beastly!" you exclaim. Hours go by as you work furiously gathering oysters for the demanding Ogres. You slip and fall, scraping your knees on broken shells, and when the basket is full of the gritty specimens, it almost breaks your back to carry it in. You trudge back to the cave with a full basket and hear Scarstie speaking with one of his band.

"A mollusk on such a vital key!" hisses the Chief Ogre. "How cunning!"

You don't understand what it means, but you file it away in your memory. You must escape, but how? You return to the beach. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 376.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 513.**

394

The true nature of the minstrel is that of a wicked old boar! But he continues to wear his smiling facade as you say, "Wait here, old chap, while I pick some apples from those old trees. I'll bring you some choice ones as well." You hurry into the woods, not to return to where the minstrel waits. **Turn to 541.**

395

You sit down on a rock, unlace your boots, and hand them to the Dwarf. (Trollybobble is his name.)

His face lights up like a Christmas tree, and he cries out, "Lord love you, Child of Adam and Eve! What a gracious thing to do!" With suddenly nimble fingers, Trollybobble slips the boots onto his feet and ties the laces. "But, young one. You need shoes, too!"

"I do, indeed," you agree. "And there's a Tossaway Trove just over the hill full of shoes. Perhaps I'll find some there."

Bidding Trollybobble farewell, you return to the quaintly tiled roofs of the trove. Rummaging among the neatly stacked goods, you find a pair of beautifully new hiking boots just your size! You are sure they weren't there before (you'd looked through the shoes twice over). How strange and marvelous! Lacing the boots tightly, you jump to your feet and hurry along. **You are in Space 6A. Move on.**

Bunglebuffin has bumped into an oak tree! It falls towards you, but luckily the Giant catches it in time.

"Great Scott!" you gasp. "That was a near one."

"YUP, LITTLE-UN," agrees the giant with a smile.

You can see that Bunglebuffin has a good heart, but he's not very clever. Maybe you'd do well to leave him behind.

- If you go on alone, **turn to 469.**
- If you continue to travel with the giant, **turn to 288.**

397

"Silly child," chides the Crone. "You've had the right key all along! Whatever made you think it was wrong? Off with you now." And she shoos you off the doorstep. You laugh a little (a bit tremulous with relief) while walking away from the hill cottage. **You are in Space 2D. Move on.**

398

You bite into the grapes after a difficult climb up the chimney. It was worth it, for they are plump and firm on the outside, bursting with juice inside. You are so refreshed, you don't need even a sip of water. **You are in Space 3C. Move on.**

399

The Pelican fishes for a while longer, then, without a word, flies off. All hope is gone! As you toil on digging for oysters, a great shadow falls on the sand.

"Aslan!" you cry. But it's not the Lion!

"HULLO, LITTLE-UN," says Bunglebuffin the Giant. "AN OLE BIRD WITH A TEENY-TINY HEAD AND A BIG OLE BILL FLEW OVER MY HEAD AND SAID YOU NEEDED HELP DOWN HERE."

"By gum! The Pelican was a decent sort after all," you shout gleefully. (It reminds you of something your Grandmother told you once — you can never be sure where a kindness is coming from!) Bunglebuffin snaps the chain on your leg as easily as you might break a twig.

The Ogres howl and hiss in rage, but even an Ogre is not stupid enough to take on a Giant.

"Thank you, Bunglebuffin," you say, waving to the helpful Giant as you scamper away. **You are in space 6D. Move on.**

Standing in the rubble-filled courtyard where the infamous White Witch once collected statues, you gaze up at the tallest tower. You would just as soon pass this foul place by. Suddenly, a terrible vulture flutters out of one of the high, small windows. You fear the ugly beast has gone to warn the Sorceress of your approach, if indeed she is here!

- If you enter the castle, **turn to 517.**
- Otherwise, you are in Space 3A. **Move on.**

401

"I'm awfully sorry, Grisela," you say. "But I can't abandon my quest to search for your cat!"

"So you won't help me find my Kitty-cat, you beastly young human! A plague on you, I say! I'll fix your feathers, my fine young cock!" The Witch waves her bony hands in the air as if throwing something away. Vines leap up around your ankles at her command, trapping you. You struggle to free yourself, but the vines are like writhing snakes, binding you from every direction. Can you escape? **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 162.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 312.**

402

"Travel north and east, by sun and by moon, through wind and through rain! And when you find the treasure buried by water, pluck from its midst the gem whose secret flame warms the heart and bring it here to me!" the Crone intones before shooing you out the door and locking it behind you. You repeat her directions to (travel north and east) while tightening the laces of your shoes. **You are in Space 2D. Move on.**

403

You run as fast as your legs will carry you, but a huge giant overtakes you! One stride of his matches twelve of yours. He reaches down and picks you up.

"WHAT A LITTLE-UN!" he says, staring at you.

"Put me down," you insist and, surprisingly, he does. **Turn to 530.**

Headfirst, you plunge into the hole. Oh no! The wolf's jaws clamp like steel on your ankle as you try to drag yourself downward. "I am Maudred, and you shall not escape," snarls the wolf through clenched teeth. **Check Key 11. Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 208.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 202.**

405

Even though Hurlyburly is furious, you remain as Smoothkins puts out buttered toast and jam for you. "We are all upset about the dreadful unrest in the kingdom. You must excuse my cousin—Hurlyburly. A fox from near here got into great trouble for befriending Queen Lucy. One of the Lords loyal to this Sorceress whacked off his splendid tail!"

When you are refreshed, Smoothkins offers to guide you safely from the woods.

"No," Hurlyburly interrupts, "let me show the young idiot the swiftest path from here." **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 447.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 188.**

406

Deciding not to bother the old lady who lives in the hill cottage, you hurry along. **You are in Space 2D. Move on.**

407

You'd like to help, but you absolutely cannot give up your own shoes, unfit as they are. Perhaps the Dwarf might find a pair at the Tossaway Trove.

- If you accompany him back to the Trove, **turn to 249.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 410.**

408

What could it be?

- If you run, **turn to 403.**
- If you hide, **turn to 218.**

409

You notice that the leather strap on your satchel was not buckled closed and that an apple is missing. It must have fallen out during your hurried dash through the forest. Should you retrace your steps to find it?

- If you return to the forest, **turn to 271.**
- If you explore the mountains, **turn to 331.**

410

"I say!" you exclaim. "There's a Tossaway Trove full of shoes just over the hill. Surely you might find some footgear there!"

The Dwarf brightens and thanks you several times before wobbling away. Your own feet continue to ache until the half boots stretch to fit properly. *Reduce your Action bonus by 1 the next two times you use it. You are in Space 6A. Move on.*

411

You spy the troublesome cat in a tall sapling. She lounges there on a leafy branch with a satisfied smirk on her face. "Come down, old girl," you plead, but, just as you feared, the blasted beast ignores you. What to do? **Turn to 252.**

412

You have the beastly sinking feeling that this is not the key you will need! You steel your courage to once again knock on the crone's door.

"Now what?" she cries. "A bargain is a bargain. You had your chance!" **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 243.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 458.**

413

"I must hurry on," you tell Woodchipper, who smiles and pats his tail on the floor.

"Take care and trust in the Lion," he advises.

You set off following the river. Trout dart through the clear water, and ducks paddle on its glimmering surface as you stride along the bank. When the sun begins to set, you meet a tall man with a long face coming in the opposite direction.

5

"Greetings," he hails you cheerily. "What's a young one like you in such a hurry for?"

You wonder: is he an honest stranger, or the Sorceress' spy? **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 498.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 421.**

414

Standing at the edge of the village, you notice that each of the three nearest Dwarf houses (for that is what they are) is painted a different color. One is pink, one blue, and one yellow. The others, more distant, are of equally vivid colors. Would these Dwarves be hospitable enough to share a meal with you? Or might they be able to help you with clues in your quest for the book?

- If you go to the pink house, **turn to 549.**
- If you go to the blue house, **turn to 115.**
- If you go to the yellow house, **turn to 527.**
- If you avoid the village, you are in Space 3B. **Move on.**

415

Like tiny globes of red sugar-candy, luscious-looking cherries hang from the trees. (It looks a bit like a Christmas tree hung with those sweet satiny little red candies that melt slowly in your mouth.)

- If you stop to eat the cherries, **turn to 272.**
- If you go to Tilarune, **turn to 311.**
- If you avoid both Tilarune and the cherries, you are in Space 5C. **Move on.**

416

Upon entering the cave, you plunge into a gopher burrow!

"Good grief," cries the Gopher, "What now? Oh, this is simply ghastly! Perfectly beastly! It took me ages and ages to excavate this burrow, and now it's all ruins!"

"I know," you mutter, "It's rather hard luck for me too, because I seem to be stuck!"

"Suffering sandstones! I'll push and you pull! You must get out! Oh, how awful! What will my wife say? She's off getting bulbs and seeds, and soon she'll come home to this!"

7



You try with all your might, but with no luck. When Mrs. Gopher returns, she takes one scornful look at you and hurls red pepper at your nose!

"Ah-ah-ah-choo!" A mighty sneeze pops you free like a cork from a bottle. After such an awful scrape, you say goodbye to the Gophers and express your sincere regrets for all the damage. You know this wasn't the right cave, and you probably ought to try the other one, though you're not keen on another disaster! *Check Key 7.*

- *If you try the other cave, turn to 152.*
- *Otherwise, you are in Space 1B. Move on.*

417

Those legends about the tigerish unicorns still worry you. Perhaps this is just a trick!

"Jacinth," you falter, "I ... can't!"

The Unicorn gazes into your eyes somberly. "Very well, child. I will press you no further. Be vigilant and be brave. Trust in the Lion! Farewell!"

With a toss of his flashing, coppery mane, Jacinth gallops away. *Turn to 429.*

418

Suddenly a great shadow falls upon you, like a mighty cloud rolling across the face of the sun. You are almost afraid to look behind you. When you do wrest the courage to glance over your shoulder, a giant with a curious, ugly face as purplish-red as a plum is glaring down at you! He looks decidedly unfriendly! An animal burrow opens in the hillside a few feet away, but who lives in it?

- *If you scamper down the burrow, turn to 483.*
- *If you run, turn to 318.*

419

Remembering the Unicorn's warning of wolves, you march briskly. Perhaps you can pass through these hills without meeting any.

You reach the top of a hill and glance backward. What's that following you? A silvery grey beast that shines like the moon! Is it a Unicorn?

- *If you approach it, turn to 149.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 332.*

420

"Get away! Scat!" you scream, but big, fat fingers like sausages close around you, pinning your arms to your sides.

"LOOK LIKE BUG!" rumbles a voice like thunder.

"IS BAD BUG, RINGLEGAM!" snorts his companion. "SQUASH-SQUISH!" *Check Key 18 if you haven't already.*

- *If you try to talk your way out, turn to 341.*
- *If you bite the giant's finger, turn to 491*

421

You hurry on, repelled by the stranger. Looking back over your shoulder, at his curse, you are glad you did not tarry with him. *You are in Space 2A. Move on.*

422

You take a running start and go whizzing across the slippery surface. Suddenly you lose your balance and tumble off your feet, sliding a little farther on your back. Two young men on the riverbank stare at you: Archenland warriors from the pine covered slopes of that small country to the south. Probably they've come to spy on Narnia, to discover the source of all the animosity that has suddenly risen between the two once friendly lands.

"Give me a hand," you shout, hoping they're good chaps.

"Are you a Narnian or a Telmarine?" the taller one asks.

"I am a friend of Narnia," you say.

"I am Mam of Archenland," says the warrior nearest you, "and friends of Narnia are no more friends of ours!" The men draw their swords. You must try to escape. *Pick a number and add your Action bonus:*

• If 2-6, turn to 492.

• If 7-12, turn to 232.

423

"The Sorceress is the cause of these lovely streamers," you remind yourself. "Who knows what further ill might befall me here!"

You travel through the surrounding hills, avoiding the merry-looking place. *You are in Space 3B. Move on.*

424

"Hullo! Help! Over here," you shout. The Narnian warriors look in your direction and come running.

"We'll not show the white feather," shout Mam and Marmin, ready to do battle.

To your shock and outrage, you see the Narnian Lords drawing their swords without even a go at a peaceful settlement. That's good enough proof to you that they are wicked men, eager for a bloody row.

"Run," you shout to the Archenlanders, "these are beastly wicked Narnians, murderous agents of the Sorceress!"

Heeding your timely warning, the Archenlanders sprint into the woods, and you follow them. You must think of something to help you and the Archenlanders escape the pursuing Narnian Lords. *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

• If 2-5, turn to 357.

• If 6-12, turn to 259.

425

Limestone columns connect cavern roof to cavern floor, black against the weird green light glowing from a shallow puddle. Jumping at the flitting shadows made by flying creatures, you creep through the forest of columns to a crack in the opposite wall. Is that sunlight glimmering ahead? Could it be an exit to the outside? You step more quickly! *Turn to 265.*

426

Strong sunlight beating on your face makes you open your eyes. "Where am I?" you cry wildly. Mother's calm voice answers your question. "At the beach, dearest. I think you've had a bit too much sun for today. We'd best return to the cottage." Dejected, you realize your adventure in Narnia has come to an end. *THE END*

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

427

Stone fangs drip down to the caven floor, black against the eerie blue light streaming from the shallow pool below. Pale fish grope slowly in the chill waters. Wet, cold and weary, you trudge through the pool towards an opening on the opposite wall. Is that sunlight glimmering ahead? Could it be an exit to the outside? You step more quickly! *Turn to 265.*

Kneeling at the very edge of the pool, you stare at the glittering gems. "By Jove!" you gasp. "Kings and Queens would die for such a treasure trove!"

Heaps of unset stones lie beneath the water: some the size of marbles, some as big as potatoes. You test the pool with a fingertip; it's icy cold!

- *If you wish to obtain a gem, turn to 126.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 216.*

Feeling slightly foolish for refusing the Unicorn's offer, you hurry over the grassy slopes. Fleecy clouds, blown by the wind, scurry across the sky. One of them looks like a wolf!

When you stop gazing at the clouds, you see a silvery grey beast (the one you avoided before) galloping toward you. This time, there's nowhere to hide!

The beast draws nearer. It's not a Unicorn at all! It's a wolf! "Give up, young one," it growls. "You are doomed!"

- *If you run, turn to 329.*
- *If not, turn to 135.*

Reefing the sail, you take the small paddle in your hands and head for the bank. The coracle begins to drift downstream. After much vigorous paddling, you reach the shore and drag the boat through a strip of reeds to solid ground. What next?

A dry voice declares, "It's Cousin Splashstroke's boat!" And a duck waddles out of the reeds. "What have we here?" he demands. **Turn to 433.**

You crouch in a tiny room in the oak tree. Nuts of all colors and sizes are piled in the corners. A small, bright-eyed squirrel hops about. "I am Nutkeeper," he says, "and nothing much escapes my notice." You tell Nutkeeper of your quest and he strokes a tiny round, furry ear thoughtfully, looking you up and down and shaking his head. "I don't think you look the part of a hero. I'm sorry to say it, but I'm quite good at figuring creatures out."

"Hang it all," you say angrily, "It's jolly hard enough to try without such talk!"

"Poor thing! I do pity you," Nutkeeper says with a superior look. "Here, have a nut, or don't you care for nuts? Some humans don't."

You chew on the nut and thank the squirrel for his help.

"You'd better leave by the underground tunnel," Nutkeeper suggests. You peer out the front door and see nothing more of the Werewolves.

- *If you leave by the tunnel, turn to 143.*
- *If you leave through the woods, turn to 140.*

You enter a very large cavern with a high ceiling. The sound of thrashing wings is thunderous.

"I do wish you bats would stop flying so close," you shout, covering your head with your arms. You've heard that old wives' tale about bats wanting to lodge in peoples hair, making it necessary to shave one bald as a melon to get rid of the little beasts.

"What are you acting so silly about?" shrieks a brown bat hovering nearby. "And, for heavens sake, take that stupid look off your face."

When you get over the shock of realizing this is a Talking Bat, you explain shame-facedly, "I've never seen a bat so close before." Looking into a face like a rat's, you shiver.

"I know, I know," snorts the bat. "You find us repulsive. Well, to a bat, a human child is quite unlovely too!"

You don't know what to say. You've always known that you weren't very good at lying, but you say: "You aren't that bad-looking, I say!"

"Thanks for nothing," snaps the Bat.

"I'm looking for a book called *Runes From the Sceptre of Grace*," you tell the Bat, hoping he might give you a helpful clue. After all, bats fly around at night, and that is when plots are often hatched — in the darkness. You continue: "I need it to stop the Sorceress from taking the throne of Narnia."

The Bat shrugs his wings, sniffing, "It's all one to me who rules Narnia. We bats even did well under the White Witch. The Four Kings and Queens — whoever they are — mean nothing to us. And this Sorceress you speak of — it's all the same to us if she rules." With that, the bat flies off.

You peer around the cavern and notice a pair of archways leading from the cavern into two smaller caves. Glowing blue light shines from one, fluorescent green from the other.

- If you walk through the blue archway, **turn to 427.**
- If you go through the green archway, **turn to 425.**

433

"Splashstroke lent me his coracle," you explain. "I was to take it upriver to his cousin, Divewell, but I don't think I've got far enough! Do you know where Divewell lives?"

"I'm Divewell!" says the Duck. "I live among those reeds."

"I thought Divewell would be a Water Rat," you declare. "Splashstroke said he was a cousin!"

"We are cousins, silly child! Not blood kin, of course. But his mother and mine were friends from childhood. You may trust Splashstroke's boat to me," replies Divewell, stretching his bill in the air.

Apologising for your mistake, you take your leave of the duck and travel through the rolling fields next to the river. *You are in Space 5C. Read the text for 5C.*

434

You leap into the boat, certain that the monster dragon is after you. The oars are a bit big for you, but fear and determination spur you to row from shore.

Just when you're too far from the beach to easily return, the boat starts to sink in suddenly turbulent waves. Worse yet, a hole appears in the starboard planks of the beastly thing, and water pours in faster than before!

It was all a wicked hoax to get you into this awful scrape! You hurl the mirror into the sea where it seems to hiss for a second, like a serpent. Then the boat plunges below the water, leaving you struggling in the cold waves. Can you make it to shore? **Pick a number and add your Action bonus.**

- If 2-5, **turn to 542.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 540.**

435

You are walking in circles in the woods, and there's no sign of the cat. "Hang it all," you mutter impatiently, "I haven't the rest of my life to find a lost cat!" Just when you are about to give up, you see a pair of almond eyes glowing in the dark of the forest! "Here kitty, kitty," you call. "Be a good old girl and come here." Too late you realize this is not the witch's cat after all! It's a great big Leopard, and it's after you! Scrambling up the nearest tree, you shout, "Witch, come and help me! I'm in a horrible scrape!" The Leopard prowls around the tree trunk, snarling up at you.

"Oh, dear-oh-dear," says the witch from a safe distance, "I am a bit leery of Leopards. But I believe I can give you some magic words to repel the beast. Repeat after me, carefully now: Drapoel, drapoel, og ot peels!"

You recite the words (which mean 'go to sleep, Leopard,' of course.) **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 167.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 473.**

436

You can not place her for the life of you! "Young one," she says warmly, "you look hungry. I carry in my basket some Turkish Delight. Share some and be refreshed!"

- If you accept her offer, **turn to 273.**
- If not, **turn to 504.**

437

You approach the gnarled, knotty tree and look up into the greenish, warty face of a witch. She looks for all the world like a grinning dill pickle! She's really and truly terrible looking, but you don't want to hold that against her. That would be rotten unfair! Some of the nicest people you've known weren't very pretty on the outside.

"Bless you, child," says the witch in a voice like a fingernail scratching on a blackboard at school. "I am Grisela the Hideous, my most precious black kitty-cat has disappeared! She will surely be perished if we don't find her quickly. She's afraid of the dark, you see."



It's no fun jawing with a witch, but her pathetic plea gets to you.

"When did you last set eyes on her?" you ask.

"Right after supper. I fed her six silver fishies — which are her favorites — and, poof, she was gone!" moans Grisela.

You must be off on your quest. You can't be dilly-dallying with a witch, can you now? *Check Key 37.*

- *If you decide to search for the cat, turn to 186.*
- *If not, turn to 401.*

438

Which gem shall you choose? The rubine carbuncle, glowing like a coal? Or a diamond, an amethyst, or an emerald?

- *If you pick the carbuncle, turn to 178.*
- *If you pick an emerald, turn to 461.*
- *If you pick a diamond, turn to 547.*
- *If you pick an amethyst, turn to 444.*

439

"I'd like to, Growler," you tell the Dog-Fox. "But if I turn aside from my quest, the Sorceress may win! And if I stop her, the Lady will go free when the Sorceress is defeated."

"Very well, human child," says Growler. "You'd best be on your way then."

Thanking the Dog-Fox for all his hospitality, you stride away through the hills. *You are in Space 2C. Move on.*

440

A desperate scramble puts you on firm ground as the mole village collapses entirely. Bunglebuffin sits among the ruins with a red face while the moles scold furiously.

After many apologies from you both, the moles cease their angry chastisement.

"I say, Bunglebungle," you declare. "I'm much obliged that you want to help. But, why don't you stay here and watch out for trouble? I really think that might be best!"

"RIGHT-O, LITTLE-UN!" rumbles the Giant.

With a quick wave to your new and huge friend, you stride off through the forest. *You are in Space 4B. Move on.*

441

Still hungry, you continue to fish and soon catch a mess of trout. You string the fish on a willow frond, and look for twigs with which to build a fire. There's one! And there's another! In moments you've gathered a bundle of wood. Bending to light the fire, you spy an old woman hobbling your way.

"Hello," she says in a voice like someone treading on dry leaves. "If you're of a mind to share, I'll let you cook those fish on the stove in my cottage."

- *If you want to share the fish with her, turn to 533.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 534.*

You walk up to the bearded guard nearest you and say, "I am kin to the poor mad-woman within — may I see her once before she—"

"Begone, whelp," screams the guard, interrupting you, "or else I'll lock you up with her!"

Startled, you leap away into the surrounding forest. You murmur sadly, "The rescue of Lady Magritha must await a better day." *You are in Space 2C. Move on.*



A pine with a bird's nest in the top shades your eyes while you munch an apple from your satchel and rest from the climb.

Where did the Stag go? You pace along the edge of the cliff. The magnificent creature stays hidden, but a faint voice calls from below, "Help! Save me before I perish!"

You look down. It's a boy about your age — a dark boy, probably a Calormene — clinging to a rocky outcropping. The Calormenes have ever been enemies to Narnia. Why should you risk your life and your quest for such as he? (And just how did he get there anyway?) It might all be a trap!

- *If you help the boy, turn to 334.*
- *If not, turn to 538.*

Like a leopard's striking paw, your hand streaks into the icy water and out again, clasping a shimmering amethyst. You twist the gem before your face to admire the subtle glimmers within its dusky heart. *Check Key 41. Turn to 554.*

Beneath the sheltering bows of four pines, the trail of pebbles abruptly ends. Doubtfully you peer through the needles, and your stomach sinks. What now? Nothing for it, but to go on! Forcing passage through the prickly branches, you wander from tree to tree. "This is simply dreadful!" you murmur. "I might wander for hours and never get out!"

The rustle of leaves answers your words! Is something coming? *Pick a number:*

- *If 2-4, turn to 174.*
- *If 5-12, turn to 392.*

Standing amidst the heather, you call, "Ho, White Stag! Fulfill your promise, for now is the time! I have found the fabled book, and seek Aslan at Cair Paravel."

Like the sun flashing on ice, the Stag leaps down the mountainside to stand before you. His hide gleams like the moon lighting new fallen snow, and his antlers glitter. "Mount, Child of Adam and Eve. I shall bear you to the castle where the Lion awaits."

Bidding Sagefeather farewell, you clamber onto the Stag's back. Just moments after your knees grip his flanks, the Stag bounds eastward.

The sharp hooves fly as he effortlessly leaps the glistening waters and streamlets of the Great River. Over the shrubs near the Stone Table, through the fruit laden trees of the cherry orchards, and past wide meadows of waving grasses and flower petals you rush. (It's ten thousand times better than the jolliest ride at the Fair.) Up gentle slopes alight with gorse, then down through a lushly green glen, then over stepped cascades (the bubbly water splashes your shoes), you travel ever eastward.

Your heart's in your throat, but it's such joyous excitement that you are never really, truly afraid.

As you near Cair Paravel, all the creatures of the wood join the mad rush to the castle. Running, jumping, frolicking, and singing, the Talking Beast, Dryads, Naiads, Dwarfs, and Fauns skip eastward. It's as though they know — as if they've been told somehow — that something splendid is about to happen.

The Stag jolts to a stop on the green surrounding Cair Paravel. Clutching the book, you dismount and approach the great doors. **Turn to 127.**

447

"I'll go with you," you tell Smoothkins.

He smiles, and leads you out of the Dwarf mine. At the start of a path through the firs, he stops and points with a smooth, reddish hand.

"You know, dear child," he says, "the Sorceress already has many on her side: Vultures, Wolves, even a Dwarf here and there. Actually, her designs for Narnia aren't all bad, not at least from the standpoint of those who curry her favor at this crucial time..."

Your stomach tightens as Smoothkins whistles; a Spider Net drops over you before you can do anything. The treacherous Dwarf bows and says, "Sincere regrets, of course, child of Adam and Eve, but in this world there are some — myself among them — who make their deals even, alas, with the evil ones." **Turn to 226.**

448

You walk along twisting passages, through natural limestone arches, to emerge by the sparkling Rush River. Silvery blue fish dart beneath the surface.

"Let me cook you a luncheon of pavenders," pleads the Nymph. "to make up for wetting you to no purpose."

• **If you agree, turn to 351.**

• **Otherwise, turn to 266.**

449

Plunging your hand into the icy water (it makes your knuckles ache), you grab a diamond the size of a lemon. The stone flashes in the sunlight, throwing rainbow darts from its many facets. You feel strong enough to punch the most frightful monster in the head and flatten him. (It's like what your Great-aunt told you would happen if you were good and ate all your liver even though you hated it!)

You tuck the diamond into your satchel, and glance once more into the pool. Many other tempting gems glitter there. Should you try for another? **Check Key 40 and add +1 to your Fighting bonus for as long as you have the gem.**

• **If you try for another gem, turn to 505.**

• **Otherwise, turn to 465.**

450

"Indeed, I am no sword fighter, and I fear the Octopus would get the best of me," you insist. "I cannot help you."

The Mer-folk berate you for your cowardice, and splash angrily in their grotto lagoon. At last, a Mer-man with silver eyes drags you up to the river's surface. He leaves you among the reeds along the shore.

You lie and stare at the clouds, wondering if you're truly a coward. A dry voice interrupts your thoughts. "What have we here?" it demands. Then a duck waddles out from the reeds.

Turn to 308.

451

Much as you would like to be warm and dry, you can see no shelter in this storm tossed wood. Sprinting through the wind and rain, you twist and turn to avoid falling trees. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus.**

• **If 2-8, turn to 102.**

• **If 9-12, turn to 366.**

452

The enraged Musky is convinced you are a thief and now he hurls dried-up cat-tails at you. "Evil brute!" he shrieks. "I know your kind. You wish to steal what little I have. Woe, woe to honest folk with such as you about. Have you no shame?"

You feel so terrible that you risk going back up the hole. As you emerge from the burrow, a thunderous bellow deafens you. The Giant isn't gone! And he's after you. Quaking, you take to your heels. **Turn to 318.**

453

The boar rushes at you, knocking you from your feet. Breathless, you wait to be gored. But nothing happens! Slowly, you sit up and look around. The beast has disappeared into the forest! Did you hear a lion roar?

Bruised and scratched, you climb to your feet and start walking. Your coat is so badly torn, you feel like a wandering hobo. At least your limbs are all in one piece! Quietly you thank Aslan. *You are in Space 3C. Move on.*

454

"There must be another way!" you insist. "Some trick to confuse the monster." Your eyes wander around the cavern. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 282.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 144.**

455

A deep sense of sadness, disappointment, and even fear brings tears to your eyes. Your darker side has taken control so many times!

Sternly you tell yourself, "I cannot change the past. I can rise above it and learn from my mistakes. Mother always said so. I can try to be kinder and less selfish."

The golden face of Aslan hovers in your mind, almost as if he were here beside you.

"Take heart, child of Adam and Eve," comes the marvelous, loving voice, "you are only human. The dread you feel at remembering your falls from goodness is a mark of honor. To fall and rise again is far more a triumph than never to fail. Go now with renewed courage!"

You feel as if a great weight has been lifted from your shoulders. **Turn to 392.**

456

Pushing yourself through the water with a frog kick, you approach the casket of pearls. A cool octopus tentacle whips around your wrist as you reach for the trunk. Can you escape with your life and the Mer-folk's treasure? **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 480.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 477.**

457

Go there to the ancient tree," hisses the Wraith's raspy voice. A chill enters your bones. "A rusting sword issues from its gnarled bark. Cast yourself upon the blade!"

Terror saps your will, and you rise to obey, like the walking dead. Step by ponderous step, your rubbery legs approach the twisted tree. As you crumble among the knobby roots, a jagged sword passes through your shoulder like fire. A croak springs from your throat when you try to scream. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus.**

- If 2-5, **turn to 137.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 355.**

458

"Please have pity on me, Grandmother," you say, "and let me have another chance to choose a key. I know that a woman in your time of life might feel very bitter and sad at the rotten luck you've had..."

The Crone, rubbing her hands together, makes a sound like firecrackers; but she is listening.

"I know you've got honor in your soul and kindness in your heart in spite of all the misery and botheration," you say.

"Oh, very well! Just to get rid of you and your silly jawing!" the Crone relents, bringing the carved box out again.

- If you have the Moon key (checked key 22), **turn to 136.**
- If you have the Rose key (checked key 23), **turn to 324.**
- If you have the Snake key (checked key 19), **turn to 233.**
- If you have the Eye of the Octopus key (checked key 6), **turn to 397.**

A flick of your hand here, a kick of your foot there, and you're behind the monster. You grab the small casket under one arm (the jade sword is in the other hand), and race for the surface. Will you get there before the Octopus gets you? **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

• If 2-5, **turn to 462.**

• If 6-12, **turn to 475.**

460

A small wickerwork boat bobs in the river current, moored in a tangle of marsh grass. Its sail, swelling under a light breeze, would take you swiftly upriver.

• If you want to travel in the boat, **turn to 283.**

• Otherwise, **turn to 497.**

461

Quick as lightning, your hand flashes into the freezing water and out again, clutching a fiery emerald. You turn the gem in the sunlight to admire the glittering sparks within its crystal facets. **Check Key 39. Turn to 554.**

462

Just as your head breaks the surface, a tentacle whips around your ankle and drags you down again. The octopus draws you closer to its snapping beak. Can you fight free in time? **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

• If 2-6, **turn to 480.**

• If 7-12, **turn to 477.**

463

The mysterious horror shaking your legs changes to joyful awe, but your knees still tremble. Here, when the red dawn sky turned suddenly gold and the Table cracked forever, Aslan triumphed over death itself.

And now, as you stand here, a low and beautiful song fills your ears. It comes not from any one direction, but from all around. Suddenly, the golden face of Aslan meets your gaze, and peace overwhelms you like honey on the tongue.

"You have come far and done well, Child of Adam and Eve. Take heart. Go to the Heather mountains, and beware the Wraiths."

"How shall I travel?" you ask Aslan. "It seems a very far way."

"Human child, mistrust those who would offer you an easy journey. And keep your heart open to help whomever is in need along the way. By giving a hand to others, your own hand is strengthened for the time of trial."

With a leap and a bound, the Lion is gone. But your memory keeps his light. You leave Aslan's stone and walk alongside the Great River, curving through the land like a sapphire ribbon. You wish you'd asked Aslan for some food because you are feeling very hungry.

You notice a group of boys having a jolly time of some sort across the Great River. They look like the gang at school who made mischief back of the gym. You wonder if those boys got here the same way you did — by magic.

"Hallo," you cup your hand alongside your mouth and shout to the boys. "Do please tell me? What do you have there?"

"Thick slices of homebaked bread spread with butter and jam," one of the boys shouts. "Come over and share."

"I'd have to swim the river first," you say, looking warily at the swiftly moving water.

"You silly goose," cries the tallest of the three boys, "we've all done the same."

"But I'm on an important journey," you argue, "I cannot waste time."

"Ha," cries the first boy, "we too serve the Lion! We have swift horses in yonder meadow, and after tea we shall all ride together to Heather Mount!"

They know the book is in the Heather Mountains! Doesn't it mean that Aslan has spoken to them as well? **Check Key 30.**

• If you swim across the river, **turn to 245.**

• If you stay on this side of the river, **turn to 524.**

Tilarune was a rather stern place. You have little desire to visit its streets again! But what about those scrumptious looking cherries? Perhaps you should eat some for elevenses.

- If you taste the cherries, **turn to 272.**
- Otherwise, you are in Space 5C. **Move on.**

465

"Best not to be greedy," you remind yourself and stride away through the salty wind. Would Mother ever be proud! You are in Space 6A. **Move on.**

466

Shuddering, you remember the shrieking Hag and her dreadful vulture companion that lurk within the cavern mouth. Ugh! They won't get their claws on you this time! Avoiding the bats, you take to your heels. **Move on.**

467

Posing as a beggar, you approach the youngest, kindest looking of the guards. In a trembling voice you say, "Sir, I am kin to the poor mad-woman in the tower. Give me leave to see her, for she is fading rapidly; I may not see her alive again!"

The guard wavers, then finally allows you into the high tower room. You quickly explain the plan to Lady Margritha, and both of you pile straw on her sleeping mat and cover it with a blanket. Lady Margritha then hides behind the door. You cry loudly, "Alas! I cannot rouse her!"

When the guard comes in to look at the shape on the sleeping mat, you and Lady Margritha leap from the room, slamming the door and locking him within. As the guard yells futilely — the walls of the tower are thick and smother voices — you scamper down the tower stairs to where Growler waits in the forest. Lady Margritha grasps your hand and whispers, "Such kindness as you have shown does not go without reward!" The three of you flee the tower, and the muffled shouts of the imprisoned guard fade in the distance. (*Increase your Inner Strength bonus by 1.*)

You spend the night in Growler's cave, bidding the Dog-Fox and the Lady goodbye in the morning. You are in Space 2C. **Move on.**

You pull the key from your pocket and study its ornate, bronzed shape.

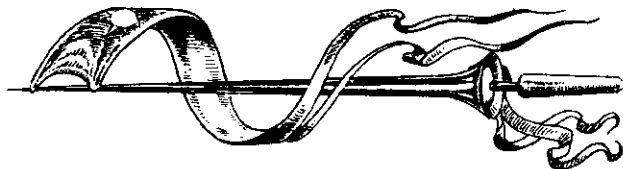
- If you learned the Crone's true name (checked key 21), **turn to 506.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 509.**

469

"I say! I stand much obliged that you want to help, Bunglebuffin," you declare. "But perhaps you'd best stay here and watch for trouble, eh? What do you say?"

"RIGHT, LITTLE-UN!" Bunglebuffin rumbles.

With a quick wave to your new and huge friend, you walk off through the woods. You are in Space 4B. **Move on.**



470

The Crone snatches the carbuncle from your grasp and scuttles to the cupboard. You wonder if she hurries to fetch some poisonous potion, or an evil charm. Instead she pulls a curiously carved wooden box from the cupboard's shelves. She opens the lid and screeches, "Choose a key, child of Adam and Eve! Choose one!"

There are three ornately molded keys in the box; one has a crescent moon on the haft, one has a snake, and the last bears the eye of an octopus.

- If you chose the Moon key, **turn to 548.**
- If you chose the Snake key, **turn to 215.**
- If you chose the Eye of the Octopus key, **turn to 236.**

471

Your silvery pursuer paces over the crest of the hill. It is a wolf! And it's looking directly at you! What should you do?

- If you run, **turn to 163.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 135.**

472

Standing under the canopy of an ancient oak, you shiver. The Wraiths and Spectres that haunt this forest haunt your memories too! You'd much rather not hear their eerie cries again, but the only way to the Heather Mountains passes through the wood.

- If you explore the wood, **turn to 108.**
- If you hurry through the wood to the mountains, **turn to 203.**
- Otherwise, you are in Space 1B. **Move on.**

473

The Leopard halts its terrifying growls, yawns like a lap-cat and curls up and goes to sleep, allowing you to come safely down. You spot the Witch's cat up another tree, softly crying: "Miaow, miaow, miaow." **Turn to 252.**

474

You pull the carbuncle from your pocket wondering if this is the jewel to which the Crone refers. Her widening eyes answer your question.

"The Carbuncle of the North," she gasps. "For this I will give you the key you require!" **Turn to 169**

475

Gasping for air, you scramble onto the ledge at the cavern wall. You glance behind as you scamper from the monster's lair. The Octopus is thrashing in rage at the theft of the Mer-folk's casket. **Turn to 231.**

476

Faster and faster! Down and down, with the wolf ever at your heels you run. "Oh, to be back at the beach," you wail. **Turn to 197.**

477

Slashing with the jade sword at the rubbery flesh wrapped around your limb, you thrash to avoid the other writhing tentacles. In a cloud of blood, you free yourself! The severed tentacle whips uselessly in the murky water. "No time to be squeamish now!" you think, and dive at the monster with your blade ready. Then all is foaming water and clammy octopus hide.

9

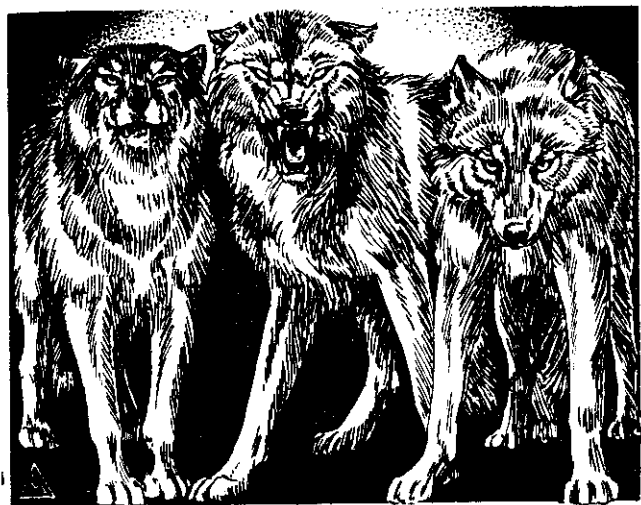
Your sword is wedged in the creature's body; it's wicked beak knocks against your forehead.

A great heave frees your sword and leaves the Octopus dead. You rise to the surface to ease your aching lungs, then dive past the corpse to retrieve the casket of pearls. With the small trunk under your arm, you scramble back onto the ledge from which you dove into the water. **Turn to 231.**

478

You walk toward the entrances of the caves. Could these, at last, be the dark and sunless places where the fabled book lies? Could the eerie sounds from the nearby woods be the strange cries you had never heard before, that tell you that you are close to the book? **Check Key 5.**

- If you enter the right cave, **turn to 152.**
- If you enter the left cave, **turn to 416.**



479

As you hesitate, three wolf-guards lunge forward snarling. "Back into the darkness, human child!" they command.

- If you obey the wolves, **turn to 280.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 151.**

3

Slashing at the rubbery tentacle with the jade sword, you thrash to avoid the other writhing tentacles. In a cloud of blood, you free yourself. "This is beastly," you think. Then, two tentacles grab your sword arm! The world fades as the octopus draws you toward its gaping beak.

You wake with a gasp beneath a beach umbrella. You towel is twisted around your ankles, and sand scrapes your back. Mother's gentle hand is shaking your shoulder. "Wake up, darling. It's only a dream!" **THE END.**

If you wish to return to Narnia, just go to the Prologue and start again!



Delighted to be at the door of the cozy, inviting little house, you rap on the wood with your knuckles. A furry chap answers your knock; he looks about nervously while whispering, "Come in! Come in quickly, human child!"

As he shuts the door behind you, the furry little fellow declares, "I'm Woodchipper the Beaver. And you're just in time for dinner. Have a seat, young one."

The two of you pull up stools to a small, round table covered with a checked cloth. Woodchipper flips fresh trout fried to crispy perfection onto your plate, and pulls hot baked potatoes from the oven. A bowl of creamy, yellow butter (the home churned kind which anybody will tell you tastes much better than the kind in little packages at the store) sits in the middle of the table, and you and Woodchipper spread as much of it as you please on your potatoes.

After dinner, you tell the Beaver of your quest for the book. He leans close and murmurs in your ear, "If I were you, I'd hie to the Heather Mountains, beyond the Haunted Forest where Wraiths and Spectres howl. Wisetuft the Owl told me that he saw a strange woman (in a chariot drawn by Flying Fish) prowling there."

You are excited by the information, but very weary. (A wonderful meal often makes you sleepy.) *Check Key 13.*

- *If you stay for a nap in Woodchipper's house, turn to 170.*
- *If you leave the Beaver, turn to 413.*

"O, Mistress of Stone Icicles," you begin. "You deserve to be more than just a minion of the Sorceress. You should rule Narnia yourself!"

"Liar! Deceiver! Son of squid and slime! Offspring of Asps!" screams the Hag. "You seek merely to escape my cavernous domain!"

What shall you do now? Sunshine streams through the cave's mouth just ahead, but the vulture is lurching toward you with his sharp claws.

- *If you dash for the cave's mouth, turn to 501.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 479.*

It's a nice, large burrow with a number of dark and sunless corners. You came down here to escape the ugly Giant, but what if the book is here too?

"Who are you?" comes the shrill voice of a cat-sized glossy dark brown creature with a long scaly tail. "This is my home! I am Musky and only I live here!"

"Oh, excuse me for barging in, Musky," you say, "but I'm fleeing the Giant up there."

"Giant? I see no Giant but you!" snaps Musky. "You're not a dirty, sticky fingered thief, are you?"

You must convince the water rat of your honesty so that you may stay in his home until the Giant overhead leaves. *Check Key 18. Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:*

- If 2-4, *turn to 310.*
- If 5-12, *turn to 247.*

484

A rough stone wall supports the overhung bank from which a spring trickles. Your reflection in the water grins at you as your feet skip across the round steppingstones.

"I wonder if the Greenwitch has stopped feeding silver fishes to her cat? Or is it a cat-bat?" you muse aloud. *Move on.*

485

You grasp a dark red carbuncle. The instant you draw it from the water, a Jinni clad in crimson leaps before you.

*"Red is for the strong, and I sing this song,
Your spirit's might increase twofold,
In every task you try to mold!"*

"Smashing!" you cry in delight. The Jinni bows and vanishes in a cloud of red smoke. Slipping the gem into your satchel, you glance with longing at the other gemstones. Should you try for another? *Check Key 38 and add +1 to your Inner Strength bonus for as long as you keep the carbuncle.*

- If you try for another jewel, *turn to 505.*
- Otherwise, *turn to 465.*

486

You cannot decipher the markings.

"How did this come to be here?" you ask Maenia.

"A fair Lady sent a troop of Dwarfs to carve it," replies the Nymph. "I wish I knew what it meant, though."

Wistfully, Maenia leads you out of the grotto. *Turn to 448.*

487

The dragon's eyes gaze at you through the flames. You can't bring yourself to stop running or to loose the looking glass. After a long, hard run, you reach the sea at Glasswater. A small boat is moored at the shore. You stare at the mirror — is a dragon really after you, or is the mirror a hoax to befuddle your mind?

- If you discard the mirror, *turn to 378.*
- If you jump in the boat, *turn to 434.*

488

"I say, Lady of the Cavern," you begin cautiously, "did you say you were soon to be Queen of Narnia?"

"Me? Your ears must be stopped up, you grimy child! I serve the Sorceress from the Sea. It is she who shall be Queen," says the Hag.

"Why not you?" you demand with pretended surprise.

"Ahem — what?" asks the Vulture, twirling the bracelet on his leg. "Why, the Sorceress has great beauty and the Hag is...is..."

The Hag spins around and strikes at the Vulture. (You see, it is one thing to know you aren't beautiful, but quite another to have a Vulture have the nerve to point it out.) As the kelp whip strikes the Vulture, blackish feathers fill the cavern like dark snow in a blizzard.

- If you dash for the cave mouth, *turn to 358.*
- Otherwise, *turn to 479.*

As you pocket your key, the Crone comes to sit outside her cottage in a rocking chair. A cat purrs at her feet while she knits with long clacking knitting needles. "Well, young one, where shall you go now on your quest?"

You really don't want to talk about yourself, so you answer her question with one of your own. "Where the road takes me. Can you tell me, perhaps, the way to Shuteye Town and back?"

The Crone laughs at your joke and answers, "Just go to sleep, child, but not here! Off with you now!" You grin and depart. *You are in Space 2D. Move on.*

490

Teeth close around your ankle — one vigorous tug and you tumble from the tree to the forest floor. Your head slams against a root and the world goes black. *Turn to 182.*

491

You bite down on the Giant's finger.

"OWWWEEE," howls Ringlegam. He drops you and hops about, waving his big, sore finger in the air.

"I tell you bug bad!" says the other Giant. While they argue, you run through the forest at full speed. When it's safe, you sit down and rub your bruised shoulder that struck a stump when the Giant dropped you. You hope you've seen your last Giant! *Subtract 1 from your Action bonus the next time you use it. You are in Space 6B. Move on.*

492

You scramble on the ice, trying to get to your feet. When, at last, you flounder ashore, you stumble straight into the arms of the Archenlanders. The shorter of the pair is Marnin. His brother (the taller) is Marn. You are bound and marched south to Archenland.

"Can't we make peace?" you plead. "I'm not your enemy."

"You are of Narnia, and Narnia has turned bitter and bad," Marn snaps. "Lords who were our friends now plot war against us! And when we ask why, they accuse us of treachery. The Four Monarchs do nothing."

You try to explain what you have learned of the plots of the Sorceress to sow dissension among old friends and neighbors, but the faces of the Archenlanders seem hard. **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

• If 2-5, *turn to 384.*

• If 6-12, *turn to 285.*

493

"The banks of the Shribble are nothing but trouble!" you exclaim. "Giants that hate anything small, muskrats who hate anyone strange!"

With a shiver, you hurry forward. *Move on.*

494

"Welcome back to Narnia, dear heart," Aslan says in a warm, gentle voice. All the wonderful, good memories of being here before flood you, and you feel so happy it's hard not to jump up and down for pure joy. (It's like going back to the Fair again when you had fabulous good times there and never wanted to leave.)

But, sadly, there is little chance to enjoy being with Aslan again for he says, "Dearest, there is great sadness in Narnia. A dark spell has come to my beloved land, the place you knew with such joy." *Turn to 181.*

495

Puzzling over Amir's difficult speech, you wander along the cliff top. You glance over your shoulder when a blue jay screeches, and see the White Stag in all his splendor standing a few paces away. The majestic antlers shine as if touched by gold. His white hide glows like the purest snow — the kind that falls by night and lies on the ground in the moonlight, waiting for the early riser.

The Stag gazes imperiously down at you as you approach him. "White Stag, do you know me?" you ask timidly.

"I know that the birds and the beasts speak of you among us, child of Adam and Eve," replies the Stag.

"I come on a quest," you explain. "Aslan, King of all the Wood, has sent me to recover an enchanted book. May I ask a wish of you?"

"The creatures of the wood tell of your valor, honesty, and purity of heart. What is your wish, child?" asks the stag.

"Only this," you answer, awed at gaining such a privilege. "Stand ready to carry me swiftly to the Son of the Emperor-beyond-the-Sea when I obtain the book of power."

"That is not a wish, child, but a request for my help. I give it willingly. I shall bear you upon my back when your quest is complete. But what is your heart's desire, young one?"

All the things you've ever wanted spin before your eyes: that new bicycle, a canoe trip on the river, staying up til ten at night, being good without having to try, eating all of an apple pie. Which shall it be?

"Let the Lion speak my wish," you declare. "I cannot chose my self!"

"You are wise, young one. So be it. May the wind be ever at your back until we meet again!"

With a flick of his hooves, the stag leaps away into the forest of pine. You are alone. *Check Key 9. You are in space 2B. Move on.*

496

You watch young swifts do acrobatics among the clouds, while Sagefeather searches for Braywell.

A raucous "Hee haw!" splits your ears, before you see the donkey trot across the slope to you with Sagefeather perched on his shoulder. Introductions are performed, and you climb up on Braywell's back.

He moves forward at a smart trot, but you wish he would gallop. Gently slapping his rump, you urge him on.

"Hee haw! Be a little polite, young one!" Braywell snorts while tossing you to the ground.

You land on the seat of your pants as two passing Dwarfs stop to laugh at you. Unhurt, but blushing fiercely, you apologize to the donkey and climb back on his back.

Near lunchtime, Braywell stops to munch some grass and will not move. You get off and push, but still he won't move! You take the lead rope and pull in vain. The donkey will not budge!

"Hang it all, Braywell!" you shout. "Getting this book to Aslan is important! We've got to hurry up!"

The donkey sits down on his rump and peers at you out of puzzled eyes. "Young one," he grumbles, "be a little patient. The journey's a long one! We must eat and rest on the way!"

Your face reddens as you apologize once more. "I'm sorry, Braywell. I know I should be more patient. But this really is important. I'll give you a whole bushel of juicy apples when we reach the castle, if you'll hurry just a bit!"

When you mount the donkey again, he carries you eastward at a brisk trot. As you near Cair Paravel, all the creatures of the Wood follow the donkey in a triumphal procession. Jumping, frolicing, and singing, the Talking Animals skip along the road.

At last, the turrets, spires, and gables of the castle come into sight. Sliding down from Braywell's back and running across the green and up the stairs, you arrive at the great doors to the throne room. *Turn to 127.*

497

After your swim in the Eastern Sea, you've had quite enough of water travel for awhile.

"I'll stick to my own two feet!" you declare.

A snorty sort of voice answers you unexpectedly, "To be sure you shall! Boats are risky things, child. Pesky, risky things!"

Peering down at your feet, you see a round and roly-poly woodchuck squinting up at you through spectacles. Startled, you exclaim, "I say! Who are you? How do you know?"

The woodchuck curtsies, holding her apron from the ground. "My name is Rosethatch, and I've lived along the Great River all my life, young one. It's a wonderful, marvelous bit o' current. But don't trust it for a moment. It's big! Too big to be taken for granted by the likes o' you and me!" Rosethatch shakes a knitting needle at you. "Be bold, young one. But don't go by boat!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" you tell her. "I won't."

With a nod, Rosethatch disappears into her burrow. Amused by her emphatic advice, you stride away from the river through rolling farmlands. *Check Key 42. You are in Space 6C. Move on.*

Responding to the man's friendly openness, you reach to shake his hand. He laughs fiercely as he grips your fingers, and gives your wrist a nasty wrench.

"Beware nosing into affairs which do not concern you, human child," he hisses and hurries on, leaving you with a sore arm. *Deduct 1 point from your Action bonus the next time you use it. You are in Space 2A. Move on.*

499

You struggle violently to control the boat, but only make matters worse! There's too much water in the craft, and it's sinking underneath you! Gulp! The boat is gone, and you're floundering in the current! You must swim to shore in these turbulent waters. As you strike out for the bank, something from below grabs at you! You kick furiously and swim for your very life. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, turn to 131.
- If 6-12, turn to 379.

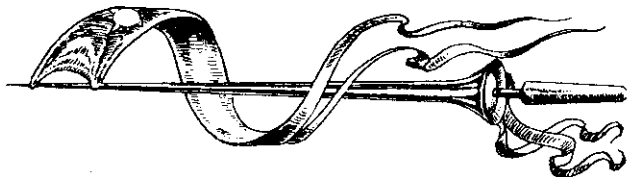
500

You choose the snakeskin. "I'm much obliged," you say, hurrying off. You can't imagine anything uglier and nastier than your gift and decide to toss it away when you are out of the witch's sight. But before you can toss it, the snakeskin turns into a glittering jade necklace of great value. *Check Key 44. You are in Space 5D. Move on.*

501

In a flash of panic, you sprint toward the beckoning daylight. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-6, turn to 511.
- If 7-12, turn to 289.



You stare at the banner flying from the tallest tower. A golden lion, crouched to spring, ornaments the rippling cloth. "I must not fail him," you murmur, thinking of Aslan. *You are in Space 6C. Move on.*

503

It's no use! The Narnian Lords surround you and within minutes you are captured. Your heart sinks as the harsh men with steel caps and light shirts of mail bind you with tough fibers. For the poor Archenlanders, it goes even worse! As a wagon pulled by vultures is brought to take you into captivity, you see the flash of Narnian swords go up, and the Archenlander warriors go down. In the next moment both Archenlanders lie dead, gored through their hearts by treacherous swords!

You weep as the Vulture-wagon rattles into motion. **Turn to 354.**

504

"No, thank you," you say politely.

"Tell me, please," says the woman in a soft voice, "where do you come from? You seem not a native of Narnia."

You've got to admit, she seems pleasant enough, so you tell her of your quest for a book hidden in a dark place.

"Ah," she says brightly, "I saw a woman place a book in the empty badger hole beneath yonder tree." She points to a hill fifty paces inland from the sand of the beach.

Thanking the woman, who wanders off down the beach, you ponder her clue. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-6, turn to 301.
- If 7-12, turn to 326.

505

Groping in the icy water for a jewel just out of reach, you lurch forward and your heels leave the ground. Oh, no! You'll be thrashing in the frigid water if you don't regain your balance. **Pick a number and add our Action bonus:**

- If 2-4, turn to 116.
- If 5-12, turn to 528.

As you pocket the key, Mother Lainia comes to the cottage door. "Back so soon, child?" she teases.

"Not really," you confess. "I'm just passing by. But it's lovely to see you looking so well."

"Pish tush, you one! No need to be so formally polite! I won't keep you." She waves as you head for the river. *You are in Space 2D. Move on.*

507

"It would be just rotten if I didn't try to help!" you exclaim.

Growler leads you from the cave and through the trees to a tall tower secluded in a thick wood. It looks like a bell-tower, and is guarded by treacherous Lords who have shifted their loyalties to the Sorceress. Growler whispers, "We shall make a ruckus, my animal friends and I, and draw off the guards so that you may climb up and rescue Lady Magritha."

"But with what help?" you ask.

"Come," Growler says, "yonder there is a Wood-rat. He's no friend of mine — no friend to anybody that I can see — but he deals in things that are useful. I keep bits of cheese in case I need something from him. He won't trade for anything but cheese. I have just one morsel of cheese left to trade with, so choose wisely from what he has."

You go to the wood-rat hole and peer in at an awful pile of junk. Only two items seem useful to your needs, a rusty skeleton key and a small firestick.

"Well, what shall you have?" demands the Wood-rat shrilly, rubbing his narrow paws together greedily, his nose quivering as his beady eyes stare at the cheese.

• *If you choose the firestick, turn to 255.*

• *If you choose the key, turn to 141.*

508

As you take another path in the woods, the minstel is no more. He has become a fierce boar (and a hungry one at that!). You run frantically with the boar at your heels, but at last exhaustion forces you to stop. You must fight the beast. *Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:*

• *If 2-4, turn to 453.*

• *If 5-12, turn to 277.*

Could you have the wrong key?

• *If you have reason to believe that you've obtained the wrong key from the Crone, turn to 412.*

• *Otherwise, turn to 489.*

510

Eyes popping with the effort, you strain against the trapdoor. Can you move it? Pop! It flies open so suddenly that you almost fall back down the stairs!

Leaping from the trap, you sprint for the front door. There's no sign of Snowthatch as you barrel through his parlor. He's probably gone to fetch the Sorceress! Fear gives wings to your heels. *You are in Space 3B. Move on.*

511

Three wolves leap out from the shadows as you race by, knocking your legs out from under you. Thump! The largest wolf digs his teeth into your shirt, and drags you back into the cavern's depths. Lying on cool, clammy stone, you shut your eyes in despair. *Turn to 426.*

512

Prowling beside the river, you wade through masses of daisies in a sunny meadow. Bees hum among the flowers, and a thrush calls from the woods.

• *If you have followed the Crone Under the Hill to her house (checked key 17), turn to 256.*

• *Otherwise, turn to 529.*

513

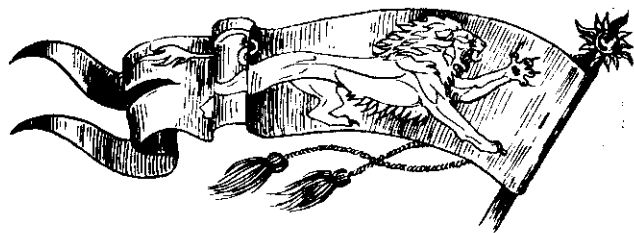
"Oh, Aslan!" you murmur. "Help me to fulfill your command."

Suddenly you sense the loving presence of the Lion. You cannot see him. Yet his is there.

"Dear heart, do not give up in despair. Reach into your soul for one final surge of spirit. Try again, child!" *Turn to 296.*

514

Remembering your tumble into the Dwarf mine, you give a wide berth to the fog-belching maw. Hurlyburly would be so angry, if you crashed through the roof again! *You are in Space 3D. Move on.*



515

You enter a room filled with strange, twisted stone flowers. In the distance looms brightness, as if from a pale sun. You inch along the shiny boulders toward it. *Turn to 265.*

516

The Crone screeches, "No! Never! Get out, get out!" She snatches up a broom and brandishes it in your face.

"Begone, wretched child!" She totters forward and the stiff bristles of the broom she wields prick your face.

"Ow!" you shriek as you wash ashore on the English sands of the seaside beach. A prickly seaweed has scratched your nose! You are home in England, feeling very sorry indeed! *THE END.*

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

517

You step across the threshold and pause.

"Well! A visitor! I am honored, indeed," comes the sweet voice of a most beautiful Lady wearing a sea-green cape. (It is sometimes blue and sometimes green, like the sea itself.) It's the Sorceress! "Child of Adam and Eve, do you come to pay me homage?"

You think fast. *Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:*

- If 2-4, *turn to 347.*
- If 5-12, *turn to 146.*

518

Grasping the sword's jade hilt, you follow the Mer-men through a chain of caverns linked by watery channels. The Mer-men swim while you hop along the ledges jutting from the cavern walls.

"Through that archway lairs the dreadful beast," declares Solfinuelli, the stronger of the two Mer-men with you. "We dare not swim closer. Good luck, human child!"

Creeping along the ledge, you advance through the archway on weak, trembly legs. Hanging over the water, you peer downward.

The Octopus has a large, bulgy head and two terrible looking eyes. It has eight tentacles, each about twelve feet long, which is considerably longer than you are! You see the pearl chest a few feet from the creature. You'll have to dive into the water to get it!

- If you dive for the chest, *turn to 523.*
- Otherwise, *turn to 454.*

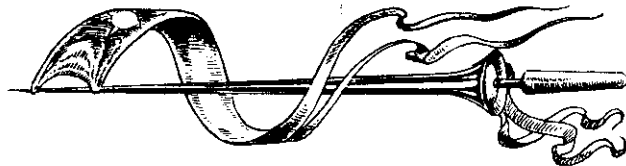
519

A slender tributary joins the Shribble in an elegant, flashing waterfall. The weak northern sun dazzles your eyes as it gleams from the thin torrent of water and you wonder if it is frozen. You walk closer, and an ice covered pond at the foot of the waterfall rewards your curiosity. Wouldn't it be fun to go ice-skating? *Check Key 33.*

- If you ignore the temptation to ice-skate, *turn to 224.*
- If you step onto the ice, *turn to 422.*

520

Passing up the to stay from the path of virtue, you turn your face toward the mountains. *You are in space 4A. Move on.*





521

Your eyes drift open on horror and dread. A Wraith hovers above your bare face, slowly stretching its ghostly wings. (It's a slender, spidery thing with a gaunt, ghastly face through which the stars shine.) You feel numb and helpless, without breath to speak or strength to move. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 137.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 457.**

522

Could this be the dark and sunless place where the enchanted book is hidden? Or is it in some cave in the mountains beyond the wood?

- If you enter the woods, **turn to 365.**
- Otherwise, you are in Space 1B. **Move on.**

523

Plunging headfirst into the monster's lagoon, you kick wildly. The soft, rubbery body of the octopus lurches towards you. Its hide turns splotchy greenish-brown, then flashes to ghostly white. Can you slip around the tentacles before they capture you? **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 456.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 459.**

524

Remembering Aslan's words about mistrusting those who offer an easy journey, you look more closely at the boys. Might they be corrupted by the Sorceress? **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus.**

- If 2-4, **turn to 327.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 198.**

525

You look at the creature and puzzle over how it would taste. Back home the grown-ups rave about turtle soup, but you suppose it takes more than a turtle to make good turtle soup. "Just how yummy are you?" you say, more to yourself than the creature.

"Just a minute here," says the Turtle, "it may be of interest to you to know that I'm not just a regular turtle. I am a privileged Talking Narnian Turtle."

You have no intention of doing such a rotten thing as eating a Talking Turtle! **Turn to 535.**

526

You laugh bitterly to recall how beastly you've been. The idea of you as a hero on a quest to save Narnia is nothing but a hoax! Why, such a person as yourself should be on the side of the Sorceress of the Western Wilds, not Aslan!

"Yes," you cry in a savage voice, "I shall find the Sorceress and join up with her! It will be fun! Jolly good fun!"

Suddenly, the wrathful roar of Aslan blasts your ears, and you fall backwards against a stone.

"You have given in to your darkest nature," Aslan growls. "You could have risen above your mistakes and been even greater for such a mighty effort. Instead you have sunk to your lowest desires! Begone!"

You bob up on the English Sea, feeling very sad and desolate at your failure. You don't swim anymore, but, instead, go ashore and sit quietly. Mother asks "What's wrong, dearest?" You just shake your head. **THE END.**

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

A bald Dwarf admits you to the yellow house. His name is Marblepate and he's very cross looking.

"You have seen the festive appearance of this village. No banners fly from my house! The others are all poltroons. I will not touch my cap to anyone! There are rumors, you see, that some important Lady who fancies herself a Queen-to-be may be passing through. Fie on her! Fie on all who fancy themselves superior!"

You explain your quest to the bitter Marblepate, and he nods knowingly. "Yes. It all seemed fishy to me when it was whispered we were to be ruled by a creature from the sea! Sorceress, indeed! Well, you'd best be off, for it shan't be safe when the fish-woman and her fawners pass through." Marblepate puts a reddish hand on your arm and whispers, "A word to the wise, Human Child. A Lord with a false heart who goes about as a hunter may try to trick you! Beware! I have seen the foul fawner myself."

"So the Sorceress rules here!" you exclaim. "Many thanks, Marblepate." You leave his unadorned, yellow house and sneak away from the village, into the hills surrounding it. *Check Key 25. You are in Space 3B. Move on.*

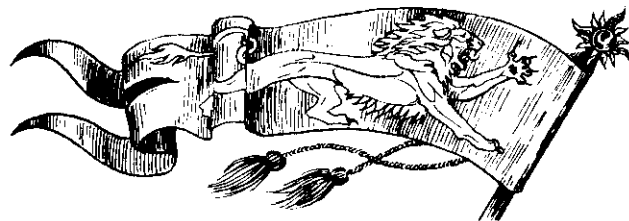
528

Teetering, you sit back on your heels to recover your balance. Now! That glorious and glittering gem is almost as big as a cantaloupe! And you want it for your own. With cautious zest, you pluck it from the water and hold it up to the sun. *Turn to 554.*

529

Foxglove and wild roses grow amidst the reeds at the water's edge. A few more dragonflies than you'd like buzz through the sweet scented air, but you are mainly thinking of how hungry you feel. Perhaps tasty fish live in the stream. *Check Key 16 if you haven't already.*

- If you stop to fish, *turn to 377.*
- Otherwise, you are in Space 2D. *Move on.*



530

You gasp in astonishment at the Giant's shaggy beard and his ugly-but-kindly face. He carries a gnarled club, but looks much too nice to swat anyone with it, unless, that is, they really deserve a pounding. Even when the Giant bends down, his head is as far from you as the top of a hay-stack.

"Hullo," you say nervously. You really are not afraid of the Giant, and you even hope he may prove of some help to you. Just so he doesn't step on you by mistake!

"HULLO, LITTLE-UN."

"Who are you?" you ask.

"I'M BUNGLEBUFFIN," he says, politely tipping his funny, conical hat. "WHO ARE YOU, LITTLE-UN?"

After you tell Bunglebuffin your story, he is so eager to help that he insists on joining your quest. He trots cheerfully behind you as you move through the woods. Suddenly you hear a cracking sound just behind you. *Check Key 29. Turn to 396.*

531

Another Ogre, even uglier than the first (if that's possible), adds, "You see, Ogres hate sunlight, so we cannot fetch the oysters for ourselves. Slaves must do the work for us. If you fail to bring us enough, we shall eat you! Although we prefer oysters, human children are are passing tasty as well."

The Chief Ogre nods and comes closer on his three-toed feet. "Yes, Ogres are famous for eating humans."

Enslaved and weary, you go clankety-clanking onto the beach. 'I need help,' you think. A pelican hunts for fish amidst the surf. Perhaps it might help you.

- If you call to the pelican, *turn to 550.*
- Otherwise, *turn to 209.*



532

You scamper out the door you entered, ignoring the screams of the Dwarf. He is hopping around like someone dancing on hot coals. "No, no, no, you can't, you shan't, you won't, you mustn't," he is shouting. He snatches up a ham-slicing knife and chases you with murder in his eye! You thrust out your foot to trip the Dwarf before he stabs you. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

• If 2-5, turn to 337.

• If 6-12, turn to 383.

533

You follow the Crone to a snug cottage under a hill, with shuttered and sashed windows set in the cliff-face. A capped chimney sprouts from the grass atop the hill.

The Crone takes you inside and is soon cooking over a small iron stove. You dine on succulent pan fried trout and some hot bread spread with cheese from the Crone's trim cupboard.

When the ancient woman has had her fill, she eyes you warily and says, "You are a child of Adam and Eve, a stranger in Narnia. I, too, was once a stranger here. All my girlhood I lived in a chalet among the grand, western mountain peaks with my grandfather. Ages ago—or it seems like ages..." A look of wild hate crosses the wrinkled old face.

"A Narnian boy came to my beloved chalet and spun such sweet lies. Before he broke my heart and abandoned me. Now I am called the Crone Under the Hill, and none remember the fair mountain lass whose youth was consumed in a man's treachery. I have no friend in all the land, save one!"

"And who, pray, would that be?" you ask timidly. In spite of the rage on the woman's weathered face, there is also a terrible sadness, and you pity her.

The Crone cackles savagely. "The Sorceress of the Western Wilds! She is my benefactor. When she rules Narnia, I shall have my bitter drink of vengeance! All Narnia will suffer as the Narnian boy made me suffer! You see, child of Adam and Eve, I have been entrusted with the key to the trunk that contains the secret of the Sorceresses' power—the book, *Runes From the Sceptre of Grace*."



"She can trust no one else, for the loyalty of all others is based on the shifting sands of greed; but my loyalty rests on the enduring bedrock of hatred!"

You grow nervous. Possibly the Crone knows of your quest. If she's a confidante of the Sorceress, she well may. You are wary of her intentions. "Tell me more, for you seem very wise, Grandmother."

The Crone surprises you by taking out a pipe and lighting it, filling the cottage with acrid smoke. "An enchanter in another world used ancient magic to create the book. Then he fell from power and our Sorceress conjured the book from his world. She was only Queen of the Mer-folk then, but with ambitions! Ah, yes! She read the first page of the book and gained the power of persuasion... but she has read no further..."

"I say, this is jolly interesting!" you remark.

The Crone leans forward eagerly, "She read no farther for there is knowledge in the book that frightens as well as enlightens! The Sorceress learned that while she would enjoy much success, alas, true happiness and peace of mind would always elude her. She feared that on yet another page she might find more dreadful portents of her own doom, and who can live knowing the future with certainty?" The Crone shudders at the very thought, her thin frame, wrapped in black, shroudlike garments, quivering like leaves in the wind.

"Then," you declare, "the Sorceress decided to rule Narnia when she had the Power of Persuasion. Do I have it right?" You sit at her feet like a rapt pupil before a great teacher.

"No, no! The others, they sought her out! All the pitiful remnants of the White Witch's followers; the Ogres and Hags, the Wolves, such a jolly crew. They beckoned the Sorceress from her watery throne. And now she leads a great hidden army, awaiting the moment of triumph."

"And she'll have them all under her thumb, eh?" you mutter. "To foil this plan one would need to find the trunk and have the key for it, hmm?"

The Crone gives a little snigger. "Ah, the trunk lies in a cave. To enter the cave, one must confront the darkest side of oneself! This alone would discourage all but the stoutest of heart."

You rouse within yourself all the courage you have. You know that the Crone is sick with hatred, but sometimes even the hardest heart can be softened if one just knows the right thing to say. You think — if only Aslan would come and enlighten my mind!

Suddenly, as it happens sometimes when one remembers something from long ago (something one is sure one has forgotten), you see in your mind's eye what happened when the Crone was a young maiden. It is all blurred in your thoughts and unless it comes clear, it will be of no help to you. *Check Key 17. Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

• If 2-8, *turn to 298.*

• If 9-12, *turn to 204.*

534

Mistrusting the withered old woman, you shake your head. "Thanks very much, Grandmother, but I love the taste of fish baked over an open fire. Perhaps you might join me here?"

The Crone's voice grates like a rusty wheel, "Have it your own way, young one. The damp is too much for my old bones." She shuffles away, leaning heavily on a walking stick.

You light the fire (it burns merrily), cook the fish, and gobble them down. (They're tasty!) After a quick wash in the river, you're on your way. *You are in Space 2D. Move on.*

535

You toss the sea-creature back into the water and it swims away quickly. (Gratefully, you suppose.)

- *If you continue fishing, turn to 441.*
- *Otherwise, you are in Space 2D. Move on.*

536

Warily, you scan the surrounding hills while striding briskly through the grass. What if wolves are stalking you, sneaking up behind you on stealthy paws? With a jump and a squeak, you break into a run. What if Maudred lies waiting for you below in that vale? Panting, you head for a different hill. What if the Sorceress in her chariot is swooping down out of the sky?! You start to look up.

"I must remain calm," you tell yourself sternly. "Panic will only confuse me. Jacinth would tell me the same."

You slow your headlong rush to a steady trot. *You are in Space 1C. Move on.*

537

Too weak to repulse the tea, you swallow the dismal stuff as Maenia pours it down your throat. Despite its foul taste, the brew settles your stomach.

The Nymph tucks a pine needle cushion beneath your head, and fans you with a giant cabbage leaf. When your strength returns, she brings you crisp, red apples and succulent, golden pears as a peace offering.

"Will you ever forgive me," she sighs. "I'm truly sorry, but I know that's not enough."

You squeeze her hand and say, "I've done jolly rotten things, too. I know you didn't really wish to do away with me. Father always said that if one stumbles and falls into wrongdoing, one should pick oneself up, dust off the grime, and do better the next time. Cheer up, Maenia!"

Weak, but healthy, you bid farewell to the Nymph. *Deduct 1 from your Action bonus the next 3 times you use it. You are in Space 4D. Move on.*

538

Guilt weighs on your heart, but you sooth your conscience by dwelling on the thought that the Calormenes are a mean and spiteful people who practice deceit in all their doings. Perhaps the boy would have pushed you off the cliff face to your death!

You stride away from the cliff into the forest, searching for the White Stag. Hours later, you sink down next to a prickly holly tree. The Stag is nowhere to be found, and your reasons for not helping the Calormene child seem hollow and cowardly. Surely Aslan is disappointed that you refused to help someone in need, despite the risk. *Subtract 1 from your Inner Strength bonus. You are in Space 2B. Move on.*

539

At last, you arrive at the edge of the dark, dank forest. The slopes of the Heather Mountains are alight with heather bloom, songbirds, and humming bumblebees. With a skip of delight, you step into the sunlight. Perching on a quartz-veined rock you rest your legs. *Turn to 331.*

540

After a grueling tussle with the sea, you crawl onto the sandy beach. Thankful to be alive, you raise your head to survey your surroundings. *You are in Space 6D. Read the text for 6D.*

You are alone in the woods and very thirsty. You wish you could find a cool spring nearby. A bubbly sound comes to your ear and you see a small, shimmery cascade tumbling over a crumbling stone wall. Once this must have been a fine dwelling place, but it has gone to ruin. A grape vine twines around the remains of the chimney and fat, juicy, purple grapes hang temptingly just out of reach to all who would taste them. Your mouth waters for the grapes, but perhaps you ought to slake your thirst from the cascade.

- If you drink from the cascade, **turn to 276.**
- If you reach for the grapes, **turn to 398.**

542

A huge, foam-flecked wave slaps you beneath the surface and cold, salty sea water fills your mouth. You choke and sink farther, thrashing your arms in panic.

You cough, blink, and open your eyes to see that you are no longer in Narnia! Your baby brother is bending over you and giggling. Mother scolds the toddler and lifts him into her arms. You had fallen asleep on the warm sands, dozing until little Mr. Mischief poured a sandpail of seawater over your head!
THE END.

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

543

Wickedly sharp little blades prick your wrists and ankles like hot needles. Your eyes fly open to see the sprites brandishing their small swords all around your reclining body. With a heave you roll out from under the sheltering tree and take to your heels. The clouds have blown away to show a clear blue sky. But, oh! How your wrists and ankles smart! **Deduct 1 point from your Action bonus the next three times you use it. Turn to 539.**

544

You sneeze and wake up when a butterfly lands on your nose. The toadstool sprites are not to be seen, and the storm is over. You roll out from under the fallen oak to find blue sky and sun-speckled trees. Upon opening your satchel for a biscuit, you discover that your food is gone! The mischievous sprites stole it all! **Subtract 1 point from your Action bonus whenever you use it, until you eat a meal. Turn to 539.**

545

"No, I do not," you mumble. "I'm not really supposed to be here am I?"

"Child," replies Sagefeather, "you must have the Octopus key first. When you possess that key, return here and you shall pass into the cavern."

"Yes, Sagefeather," you say in a small voice. "But, I'm awfully tired and discouraged."

The owl blinks at you. "Be of good heart, young one. And remember the Lion! All shall be well at the end!"

Aslan's name sends new strength to your limbs. You stand a little straighter and brush the hair out of your face. "I will be back!" you promise. **You are in Space 1B. Move on.**

546

"Squirrel," you call, "are you wise in the ways of Narnia?"

The Squirrel shifts a nut to his other cheek and nods vigorously.

"I am lost in this dreadful wood. Which way leads out?" you ask.

The Squirrel pops another nut into his mouth and points with a small paw: "Follow the trail with the round white stones," he advises you.

"Thanks," you say, hurrying to find round white stones to follow.

Soon you realize you are moving in circles! **When you finally get your bearings, you are in Space 2A. Read the text for 2A.**

547

Fast as a hummingbird's wings, your hand dips into the frigid water and out again, gripping a flashing diamond. You spin the gem in your palm to admire the sparkling lights within its crystal lattice. *Check Key 40. Turn to 554.*

548

You recall a picture in a book on mythology that you read for school. Greek maidens in a willow grove were swaying beneath a crescent moon in ritual worship of the goddess Artemis. You slip the Moon key into your pocket on an impulse. *Check Key 22. Turn to 134.*

549

In the pink house you rouse a Dwarf with long white whiskers, Snowthatch.

"Could you spare me some bread and ham? I'm famished," you ask, hoping to seek information later.

"Come in and sit down." Snowthatch says. He makes you a sandwich with slices of dried meat that are about as tasty as shoe-leather. But as the old saying goes, most of the taste of a meal is in the hunger of the eater! And you are hungry.

When you begin to speak of your quest, Snowthatch holds a thick finger to his lips. "Hush, hush. I know. I know. The Vultures have been warning of a human at large."

Nervously you wonder: will this chap betray you?

"So now, so now," says Snowthatch, "do you like my pink house, my pink banners? The Grand Sorceress will give a prize to the one she likes best. Everyone competes!"

You move nervously toward the door, and Snowthatch says, "Here, Here, there's a secret door in the floor. Go this way." *Check Key 25.*

• *If you go by the secret door, turn to 323.*

• *If you leave through the front door, turn to 532.*

550

"Hullo, Pelican!" you shout. "Do you know that Narnia is in a frightful pickle because of the Wicked Sorceress? I'm supposed to help break her spell, but look at the scrape I've got myself into! Will you help me?" Luckily your loud cries didn't

rouse the Ogres! The Pelican cocks his head thoughtfully and swallows a fish. "Wull now," says the Pelican after a noisy burp. (As you probably know, Pelicans have dreadful table manners.) "I try not to get mixed up in the affairs of humans and Sorceresses."

"But you could fly in search of Aslan and let the Lion know I'm in trouble," you say.

"Wull now," says the Pelican, "I try not to get mixed up with Lions. They are so frightfully big and they — you know — roar something fierce. But I shall ponder all this as soon as I've satisfied my hunger." The Pelican dives for another fish and you groan in frustration. *Turn to 399.*

551

Awakening, you are surrounded by Hares and Badgers and Squirrels, all eating cherries.

"How long have I slept?" you ask.

"Who knows," says a Hare, his mouth full of cherries. "Eat more cherries. It's better than scrambling for wild greens."

"So true," says Clawfoot the Badger. "Once I had to dig for my dinner; it was quite hard. Now I just wait for cherries to drop. Be quick, Squirrels; toss a few more my way!"

You want to hurry along, but you are starved for more cherries. *Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:*

• *If 2-4, turn to 128.*

• *If 5-12, turn to 157*

552

"No! I haven't," you cry.

The great brown Owl says, "By the wisdom of the Lion, I bid you hasten to the South at once. Go to the meandering source of the Great River and fish there until you meet the Crone Under the Hill. She has the key you need."

"Can you call some swift creature to take me there?" you plead, "for my time is short and I must finish my quest."

"If you are of stoutest heart I can bid the crows to make a netting and carry you to where you must go," says Sagefeather.

• *If you prefer to walk, turn to 240.*

• *If you would like the crows to take you there, turn to 242.*

You hide in the branches of a large oak. Giants with shaggy heads and huge shoulders approach. When they breathe, green smoke pours from their nostrils! You thought there was safety in this lofty oak, but it's highest limbs are eye-level for the awful Giants! An enormous hand gropes for you as you stare into the wrinkled face of a yellow-eyed Giant. Perhaps if you yell, he'll be startled and go away.

- If you yell, **turn to 420.**
- If you clamber down and run, **turn to 318.**

The living gold of a Lion's mane draws your gaze away from the cooler brilliance of the gemstone.

"Child," growls Aslan, for it is he. "Riches bring more responsibility than they bring joy. Life and all its wonders, including wealth, are gifts. You do not and cannot earn them. The more you are given, the more you are called to use your gifts wisely."

Your eyes drop before the sternness in the Lion's voice. Pulling the other gemstone from your satchel, you lay it down with the one in your hand. "Will you take these, then?" your voice trembles.

"Nay, child. They are yours. And you may need them both before your quest is done. Come. Let me breath on you."

On wobbling legs you approach the Lion. The warmth of his breath sighs through your hair. "Dear heart, I shall not always be scolding."

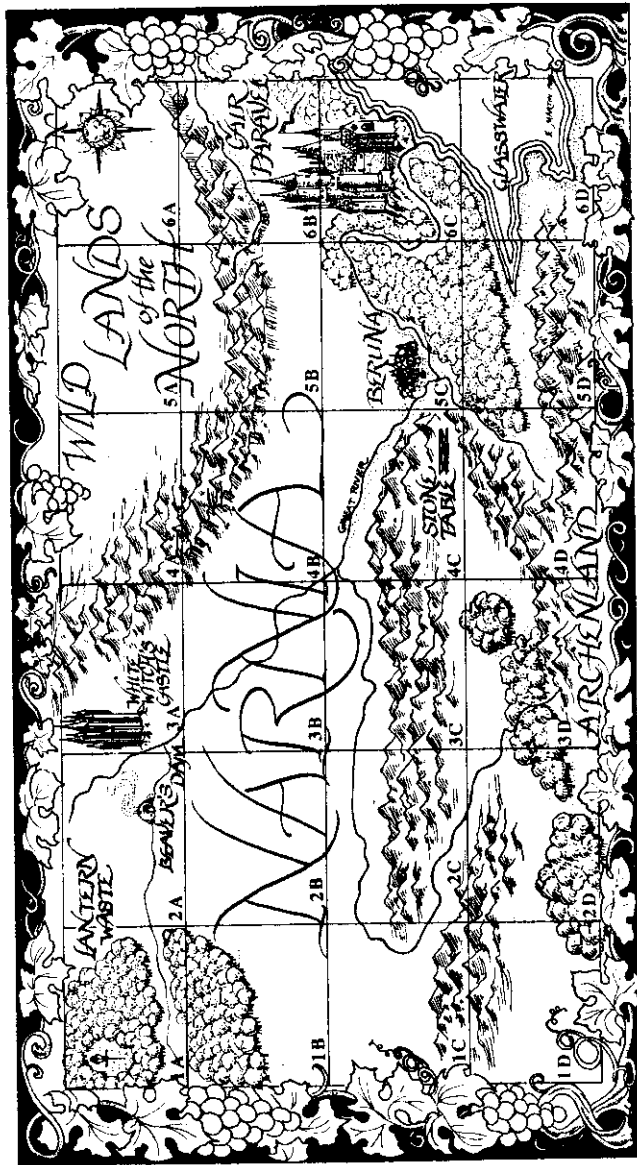
Through tears you look into Aslan's face. Love and understanding shine in his deep, wise eyes. "Are you stronger now, dearest?" he asks.

A joyful peace replaces the guilty fear you felt in response to Aslan's stern reproof. "Yes, Aslan," you answer with a grateful smile. "I'm better now."

"Go with a strong heart, then. And remember to think and do those things that are Truth and Light. Farewell, child."

The Lion is gone. Pocketing the two gems (they don't seem quite as beautiful), you step forward through the marsh grass.

Move on.



RANDOM NUMBER TABLE

6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9	8	5	7	3
7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2	10	8	4	11
9	6	5	7	4	8	5	6	9	7	10	8
8	5	7	3	6	11	8	9	7	5	6	9
10	8	4	11	7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2
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10	8	4	11	7	4	10	6	3	12	7	2
9	7	10	8	9	6	5	7	4	8	5	6