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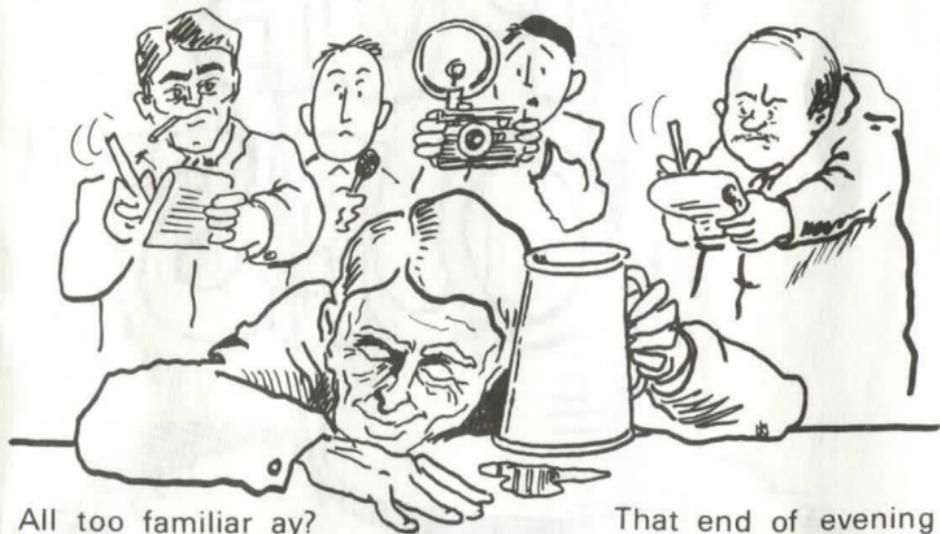
PUB QUEST

"I'm One hundred years of age, and still don't need glasses" said the local tippler, Ivor Pintpot.

"Amazing!!" replied a gathering of excited journalists, called together to report on the occasion at The Chequered Flag Inn.

"No, indeed. I drink straight from the bottle" he added, to the slump of many pens.

"HIC! I've drunk all my life and I know my casapity" he slurred, "I've supped since I could crawl!" Arthur then proceeded to demonstrate this ability, bringing a premature ending to the celebrations.....



All too familiar ay?

That end of evening feeling when the room is revolving, your liver's dissolving, and little gremlins are testing explosives in the back of your head.

Well, Pub Quester, that's not the worst of it — tonight, you not only cannot seem to line up your eyeballs with the holes they

peep through, but you cannot pay your bill either.

The landlord will pull his pump no more until you find some resource to pay. You suddenly remember all the



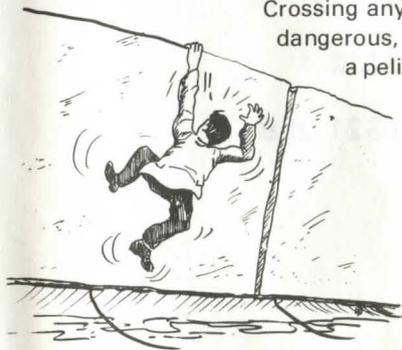
things of value you possess, things you should have put in the bank, mysteriously found themselves sliding down a drain. This was largely because negotiating a kerb-stone required all the skill of an Everest mountaineer, and your wobbly framework refused to meet such demands!

So it's off to find the right drain and return to pay off your debt as fast as your body will let you. As a hapless late night pedestrian you may have to swerve two or three times to avoid a parked car, but you never know, it might offer you some much needed support. Talking of support, there must be no lying down on your quest. You will soon fall in that climbing up might be fruitful. If you do climb down and return to the pub to beg for a pint to keep you going it might be to your convenience to know the cupboard might not be bare.



Crossing any road in your state is always dangerous, so find a safe place to cross — a pelican or zebra crossing perhaps

though even here great care should be taken, especially when these crossings seem to bring out the musician in you. It is well known at the pub that your nickname is 'Beethoven' because you always have a fifth and go on to an unfinished ninth. You are familiar too, with Brahms



and Liszt and often sit in the middle of a zebra-crossing shouting "I'll get a tune out of this thing, if it kills me"

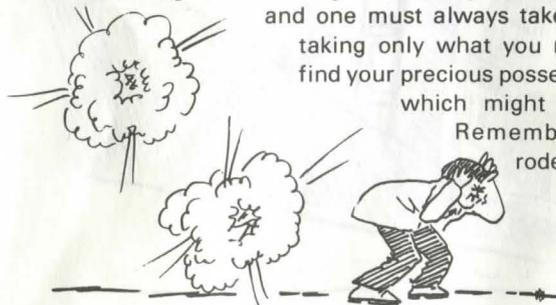
Anyway, beware all such notes!

Midst this alcoholic frolic, midnight motorists and cracked pavements are bound to be hazards. If you trip on a paving stone let's hope you don't break anything, but if you **want** to break something a paving stone might be handy. Always tread carefully, even if you are stepping up the pace. In the dark wilderness of the night any house might provide some port in a storm — Don't mistake a To-let sign for a toilet however. A derelict house, for example, has many rooms running with damp, accomodates a tramp, and a shed on the grounds conceals an old oil lamp. Be warned too, that fairytales might frighten, but often ward off that which might adder dangerous dimension to your sleep!



Down in the drains of course, it's a different matter — rats run riot in the sewers, spiders spin, pools pong and give off obnoxious poisonous gases, ready to combust and reduce your chances to dust. Don't forget, some things will 'suit' you better than others, and one must always take precautions, taking only what you really need to find your precious possessions, one of which might pay your bill.

Remember rampant rodents rush and bite and it is



their chances, not yours, that must go up in smoke!

You may find help at the Sewer workers rest station, depending on whether the lads have finished their game of cards. They all have quite a little money to play with now as they all decided to sell their cars, following the good advice of that old adage, "Don't stink and drive". Arriving here will give you a new challenge to grapple with, and to use another popular adage, "Give a man enough rope and he'll soon be hooked on to something!" Ivor Pintpot, a former sewage worker himself, must have the last word though; he offers this cautionary little rhyme, with the benefit of similar experiences,

Beware if you cross a crevasse with a critical crack

Don't come a cropper and crow your way back
so long as you've got one thing, no other
to pay off your bill, and start on another!!



PUB QUEST



If you have written a program for a micro that you think merits superb packaging and marketing, write to:-

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