

Philosopher's Quest



Magic wands can be dangerous things. The one you found in the junk shop off Market Street was no exception. It was a mistake to wave it while the cranky old shopkeeper's back was turned... Instantly the atmosphere turned inside out, taking you with it. Then it twisted back again, dumping you back inside the shop - but a strangely altered shop indeed... No windows, precious little stock - and no shopkeeper either! You were in part of a cave system, to judge from the granite-grey walls, ceiling and floor.

As you paused, uncertain what to do, a voice seemed to weasel its way into your mind, crawling between the wet layers of flesh and skull:

"**G**o and seek the treasure, mortal, and bring it back here in payment for the misuse of my wand. You will need every ounce of cunning to deal with the serpent in the Garden of Eden, the ancient mariner, the invalid old lady, the whale, and myriad other problems too difficult to mention.

"A word of warning - it is dangerous to travel in the dark!

"One final thing - READ MY NOTICE!"

As the words began to fade from your conscious mind, the temporary paralysis that had gripped your limbs since you waved the wand eased, and you began to realise that what happened now was up to you...



'PHILOSOPHER'S QUEST'

(C) Peter Killworth Published by TOPOLOGIKA 1987