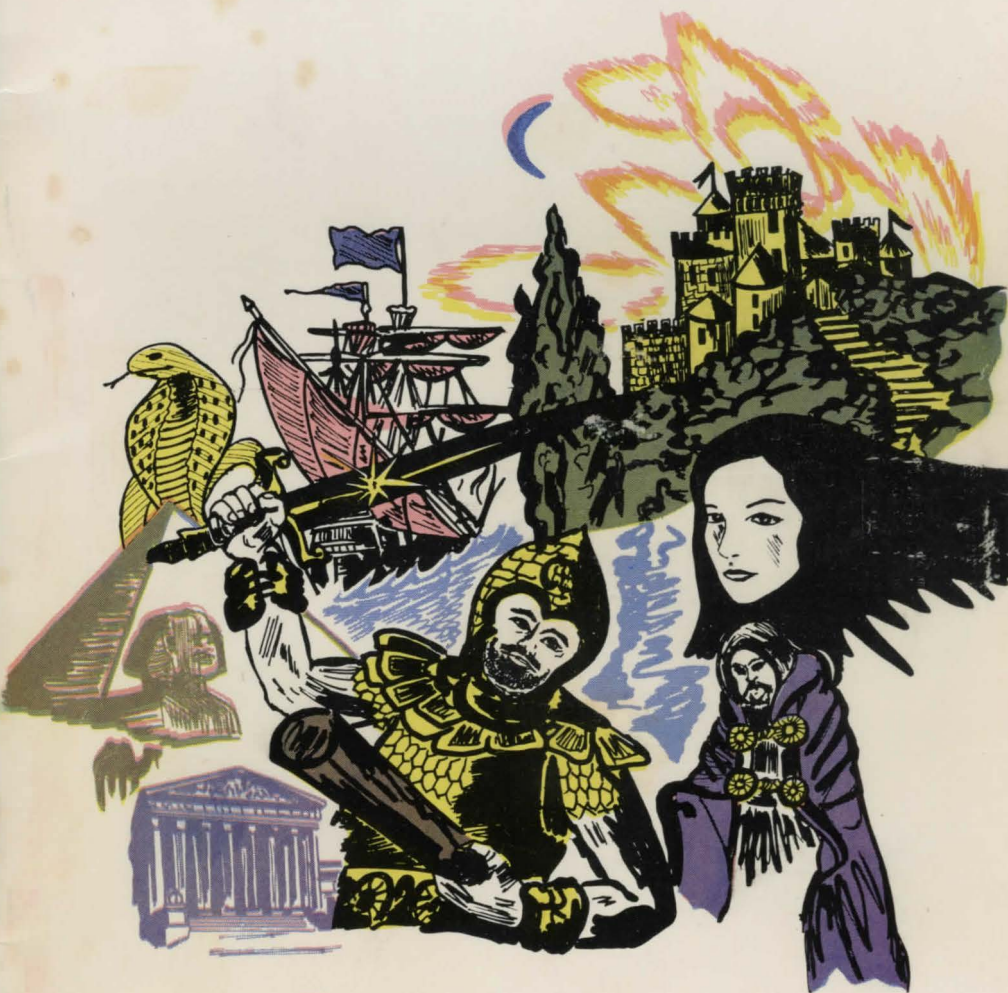


FANTASYLAND

2041 A.D.



FANTASYLAND 2041 A.D.

by
John Bell
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Crystalware

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I. THE HALL OF HEROES

The huge bronze doors of the Hall of Heroes swung outward and the waiting swarms of would-be-adventurers buzzed around the rising Roman columns and flowed into the echoing halls of its vast interior. The lofty dome above them shimmered in rich golds and vibrant purples as the Australian sun filtered through stained glass dragons, images of gleaming silver armor, and battling adventurers wielding emerald, blood-stained broadswords.

Tisha stood near the banner reading "English Tours". She fidgeted with her admission ticket which was finally reduced to tiny blue pieces and thrust into her jumpsuit pocket. Her golden blond hair spread across the shoulders of her white embroidered collar and her serious blue eyes scanning the sea of faces in hopes of finding someone who spoke English. It wasn't an easy task. She could pick out bits of phrases in Dutch, Japanese, German, and a French one now and then; but not a word of anything she even remotely understood.

Finally, an energetic, dark-haired young man mounted the platform next to her. Hurriedly, he fumbled in his coat pocket and produced a large scroll. He cleared his throat a few times, as if to get everyone's attention, and began speaking.

"I would like to take this opportunity to welcome you all to Fantasyland 2041 A.D. and to the museum. As we proceed on our tour, you will notice some splendid examples of Grecian and Roman architecture. The dome above you is a unique engineering and artistic masterpiece. It demonstrates the fantastic support capabilities of the new Zirconium alloy Zircon. You will also notice in the glass mosaics the expertise of Sylvia Zimmerman, an innovator in the field of Siliconic molding.

It depicts the now famous battle of Sir Alan against the dreaded dragon Herman. If you are ready to proceed, I would like you to follow me along the West Wing to our first exhibit: The Founders."

Tisha followed the excitedly gesturing guide to the left and soon found herself in a long hall with a triple domed ceiling. The guide continued to rattle on about the construction of the museum and other supposedly vital statistics. The hall was lined on both sides by scores of displays. For now, she attempted to not look too closely at the other exhibits and concentrate on the one they now stood before.

Seated around a large mahogany table were the wax replicas of twelve persons. Standing at the head of the table, pointing at a large view-screen, was a young man in his early thirties. He was apparently speaking to the group, quite excited by whatever he was describing, and pointing to an aerial view of Fantasyland.

Underneath the table, in various postures of licking, pawing, and sleeping, were 27 cats of all types. Passed out on the unoccupied chair of the speaker, paws sticking up in the air as he lay on his back asleep, was a very fat long-haired Tiger cat. The gold sign beneath him gave his name as Herman. In the background was a vast labyrinth of some 40 Habitrails occupied by 124 very active teddy bear hamsters. Suspended from the ceiling were countless bird-bearing cages and a virtual jungle of hanging plants. The plants, the birds, the hamsters, and the cats were all real; except for Herman who was unfortunately, stuffed. With growing interest, Tisha listened to the impending monologue describing the exhibit.

"The slightly balding man at the head of the table is, of course, John B., the maker of Fantasyland. His pretty young Swedish wife, Patty, is the one engaged in torturing Herman by putting her finger between his toes and pulling the small hairs on his stomach."

Herman did not look as if he was suffering. Although pretending to be asleep, Tisha could see that he still had one eye open and was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"The other individuals sitting at the table are programmers and friends who contributed with their time and energy to help make the concept of Fantasyland a reality.

At the end of the text era, as computer games became more and more graphic, adventurers began to demand increasing realism in their Dungeon & Dragons type experiences. As the industry evolved into a more sophisticated use of the video-disk, Sense-ronnd systems, developed by Crystal Computer, were to become as prevalent as the television set. With another technological breakthrough, the utilization of the Geranium crystalline lattice structure as a memory core, came the dawning of the Siliconian Age; or more commonly called: The Age of Robotics.

The first true android was manufactured by Crystal in 2020 using a single emerald to power and act as a memory storage device for the unit. He was aptly named Socrates and from his very first moment of operation, was physically stronger and intellectually

superior to man. Instead of being heralders of a new age, John and Pat became the focus of tremendous religious persecution. Caught up in the excitement of the thing, they had overlooked the darker moral overtones; and especially the possibilities. As in the Age of Genetics when research facilities were brutally destroyed by bands of amoral religious zealots, they became the butt of unbearable social and political pressures. They were forced to take their research to the Great Outback in Australia. It was only here that they could pursue the completion of life's work.

Their prodigy, Socrates, with his abilities of total recall and self-programming absorbed the sum total of human knowledge in less than a year. With his help and guidance, John and Pat and their friends in 20 years constructed the complex known as Fantasyland to us. It consisted of 6 separate worlds of Fantasy: Congoland, Arabian Adventure, King Arthur, Olympus, Captain Nemo, and Dante's Inferno. Using the advanced techniques of robotics taught to them by Socrates, they fashioned hideous demons and fire breathing dragons. They diverted the waters of a nearby lake using the newly developed science of Volcanics. Thus they created an artificial salt water ocean complete with real sharks and the total spectrum of sea life. Last and finally they built this, the Hall of Heroes, with the aid of some of the greatest artists and architects of the period. It is to this place that adventurers come from all over the world to experience the excitement and terrors of Fantasyland.

Your formally conducted tour is now at an end. Please feel free to stay and ask whatever questions you like or wander off and explore the museum on your own."

Tisha decided to do the later. After looking at hundreds of exhibits of former heroes fighting vile monsters, she felt a little queasy in the stomach. Yet, with the uncomfortable feeling, she felt a growing sense of excitement and determination. When she could no longer contain herself, she rushed to the great iron door at the back of the Entrance Hall. There stood a wizard in a black velvet cape. She wrote out a check for \$3,000,000. He handed her a sack of gold pieces and opened the great door. As she quickly ran through, she knew there would be no turning back.

II. TISHA: QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

After passing through several other exhibits, Tisha came to a huge collection of African artifacts. There were racks of hand-hewn poison tipped spears. Next to them was a large stack of rhinoceros hide shields. In glass cases surrounding the exhibit were scenes from various portions of Congoland. In one was a huge ape, actually a gorilla, she could not avoid studying carefully. There was something menacing and terrible, yet strangely attractive about this large powerful beast. In some ways it reminded her of her old boyfriend, obnoxious, muscular, and violent — yet she had always felt drawn to his primitive nature. Of course, he was a little better looking and a lot better smelling than the Gorilla which stood stuffed a few feet away from her. In the background she could see a painting of the Banana Groves this Ape, named Simba, called his own territory. She would made a point of avoiding that part of the jungle.

Tisha began to get restless. She picked up one of the shields and a spear. Further over she found a primitive bow and quiver of arrows. She fastened a sweat band around her forehead and pinned up her hair to keep her neck cool in the jungle heat. For a slight diversion, she had gone to check out the Arabian Exhibit, and found herself a beautiful white mare. Tisha remembered to pick up some rations, a snake kit, and a compass. She paused looking herself over in one of the mirrors that were positioned strategically in a hallway. Quite a change. Leather boots and leather straps wrapped about her calves to secure them. A short skin skirt and halter. A skin belt from which dangled a long curved knife. But still it seemed there was something missing.

She looked to her left and saw an archway surrounded by skulls. Above it was written: "Hall of Mystery". Just stepping in a few paces, she didn't want to see too much of this exhibit, she spotted a quiver of glowing arrows. Obviously, magical she said to herself and picked them up. Now fully prepared she headed for the Golden Doors at the true rear of the Hall of Heroes. There stood the Wizard again, his hand held out. "Oh, I know what he wants," thought Tisha and handed him her bag of gold coins. He carefully studied what she had picked up and took several coins. On seeing her quiver of glowing arrows, he smiled and took a large handful of gold coins. As he opened the door, he said,

"Northeast as the crow flies deep in the bowels of the earth

The treasures of King Solomon, his gold, his Gods, his worth
10,000 wives and concubines to make a temple fair
A young lad who he deeply loved with long and flowing hair
Bagies burnt on hilltop fires a nation plunges down
A thousand temples to Pagan Gods the King has lost the crown
A magic ring the demons shrink and on that ring a sign
The eater of heads a mystery is hidden in the rhyme
One two three four five six seven — 666 or 777
22 clues from here to there — from the bottom neath the squid
To the Dragon's Lair."

"What a lot of nonsense," thought Tisha, "silly old wizard." The doors closed and vanished behind her. Her horse nudged her and she knew that the Arabian was as eager to get started as she was.

Her sweatband was soaked and the fiery heat of the bright African sun blazed across the hissing veldt. Tisha took a small sip from her canteen and surveyed the upcoming jungle. She knew she had forgotten something — a machete. She led her horse, Starbar, she had named her, into the increasingly thick jungle. From the distance came the cries of thousands of birds. A large mosquito was positioned on her arm delicately slurping her blood. She mashed it with a curse and watched the large lump he had caused begin to swell. She looked carefully at his crushed body and could see minute gears and a mini-integrated circuit. Damn, even those little things were robotic. This was rapidly becoming not too keen of an adventure. Sploosh! She looked down and the ground had become a sticky brown swamp with occasional tufts of undergrowth.

As she looked around to take another drink from her canteen, her heart stopped . . . skipped a beat . . . and then began to race. Starbar was missing. She looked frantically around, trying to avoid the deadly mud. Suddenly she made a wrong step and she was waist deep in quicksand.

"Oh, Starbar, is this what happened to you," she thought. "I mustn't struggle. The thing to do in this situation is to keep your head . . . Oh, why didn't I bring a rope or something . . ." she cried out loud.

She could feel the warm, flowing quicksand sucking her downward and she was now up to her armpits in trouble.

"What a joke," she thought. "Three million dollars of her mom's money to come out here in the middle of a synthetic jungle to die." The eager muck closed quickly around her sinking head and her life began to dance before her.

"This is it . . . finally . . . how painful will it be to smother?" Everything began to black out.

Bomp! Pain! She felt a stick hit her in the head. She grabbed on frantically and felt herself being dragged upward. Her arms ached and the stick was slippery and hard to hold. As her head rose above the muck matted with ooze and slime she cried out "Starbar!" Stick in his jaws, Starbar was pulling with all her might. As she pulled free she ran over and threw her arms around her neck.

"You clever and dear horse," she thought and kissed her on her cold wet nose. "Oh, I am such a mess."

Her nice leather outfit was indistinguishable from the grey-green mud. It seemed like days as she stumbled through the steamy jungle and was soon covered with bites and scratches. Suddenly she could hear the sound of rushing water. She emerged into a clearing and saw a breathtaking waterfall. She jumped in the ice cold water and it swirled around her tired body. After a long refreshing swim she lay exhausted upon the warm, wet rocks. As she sampled her first ration and drank long cool draughts from her newly filled canteen she thought to herself, "This jungle is no joke. I will have to be a lot more careful from here on." After a long refreshing sleep, a wiser adventurer, she led Starbar into the waiting jungle . . .

III. THOMAS OF ARABIA

He emerged from the Magical doorway of Congoland and before him lay the ancient land of China, or Cathay, as it was called by Marco Polo, the great adventurer. The streets were filled with bustling activity and Thomas had his nearly full sack of gold clutched in his hands. He had been wise to purchase only the things absolutely necessary to make it through the steaming jungle of Congoland. He had avoided the Piranha filled waters of the treacherous river. He had slain the Gorilla guardian of the Banana Groves and wore the magic talisman of the Witchdoctor he had cleverly bartered for in the Kabunga village. His bearers, whom he had picked up along the way, were hot and tired, and it was with grateful and eager eyes they looked upon the town in the distance. They restlessly awaited his command to proceed. He was a hard master to his slaves, giving them only the minimum of rations and a third of a cup of water a day. Thomas was a somewhat cruel and ruthless adventurer, but he had survived thus far by being so.

As they entered the village they could see all manner of wares for sale in the market place. He immediately struck a deal with a poor merchant. He got 5 strong camels for a handful of trinkets. He told the merchant they were taken from a guardian in the mines of King Solomon at the loss of 20 warriors and were very powerful medicine. Actually he had picked them up in the swamp and they consisted of a few bone necklaces and the tooth of a saber-toothed tiger. With equal skill he soon possessed 14 large skins for water, a small band of Samurai warriors, several barrels of gunpowder. He secured a guide to lead him through the desert and, after a fortnight's rest, he and his party stood on the edge of a vast and burning desert.

Mounting a particularly ornery camel, he consulted with the guide and then gave the signal to proceed. As the camels plodded through a seemingly endless sea of shifting sand he pulled out a scroll he had purchased in the market place. It read:

"Her face looms up in the desert sky
The guardian of the ancient ruins of Shalomi
Where the corpses buried in emeralds lie
The plunder of bandits and the all seeing eye
A shining lamp in deathless gloom
The hope of the adventurer has become his tomb
One two three four five six seven
Is it 666 or 777
The talisman of Ching the desert key
Unlocks the Arabian mystery."

"Such mystic rot," he thought. It reminded him of an old friend, obsessed with magic and other such foolishness. "Yet it could be a key to finding a not supernatural, real stash of wealth that was priceless."

He fingered his bag of gold, which had been sadly depleted despite his shrewd bargaining. His optimism was noted by scores of empty sacks and chests that the weary camels bore to cart away this illusive fortune.

"Tshan! Tshan!" cried an unfortunate bearer who had stopped to relieve himself and had been bitten by an insulted cobra.

He writhed pitifully in the indifferent sand. Thomas mentally calculated, "Hmmm, 40 seconds until total convulsions and paralysis of the nervous system." "Leave him there," he barked, "excess baggage."

There was a murmur among the warriors, but no one made a move to go to the expired bearer. Thomas pointed to the distant mountains which had come into sight, and the party started up again.

"To the east, Sahib, is an oasis," spoke the guide. "Our men are tired and need fresh fruit or they will die."

Thomas, feeling a little dragged out himself agreed and they changed their direction of travel to parallel the mountains.

"No use in taking those yet," he thought. "To the north there is supposed to be a pass which leads through the mountains. After, and if we find the ruins, we will head for there."

Within a few days they could see date palms and a cool pool of precious water in the distance.

"Matza . . . Matza . . . (the oasis . . . the oasis . . .)" cried one warrior.

As if in accord, the group riding camels took off at a gallop, leaving the poor bearers to run behind. As they neared the water several warriors jumped off and plunged into the waiting spring of water. Thomas had been generous and practical enough to purchase several skins of Saki which were quickly passed around and in a few hours most of the party had drunk themselves into a stupor and passed out blissfully beneath the shade of the date palms.

They pitched their tents and eagerly watched the desert sun descend in scarlet glory. The smoke of the fires rose into a radiant starry sky. The men laughed and sat around the flames and warmed their hands, for the desert nights were as cold as the days were hot. In Thomas' tent the kerosene lantern glowed late into the early morning as he studied the inscription on the scroll. Logically, he had figured out that the rising air over the ruins where the treasure was produced some kind of optical phenomena. This had led to all the legends about the mirage of the guardian. It could be that the mirage of this oasis projected at just the right angle . . . mmmm. He wandered outside into the cool desert night. The camp was still and the bearers were slumped over rocks and wrapped in a deep dreamless sleep. He walked over to the water and looked up at the sky. He could not believe what he saw. As he looked up he could make out in the shape of the crisscrossing palm trunks, a shape similar to a human face. He waded to the center of the pool. From the very center the figure seemed almost to focus in. The sun bouncing off this pool at about 37 degrees he thought From the guide he had learned the mirage usually appeared to be about 50 feet above the ground. He ran back to his tent and began furiously calculating. As the desert sun emerged, Thomas stood by the edge of the oasis, compass in hand. "That way," he said proudly

IV. SIR ALAN AND THE DRAGON

Sir Alan sat at the table gazing listlessly and starry-eyed at the empty chair next to King Arthur. All the knights were silent and each bore the worry and despair of the troubled king.

"How he loved her," Sir Alan thought, sighing. "And now she is gone, stolen away by the evil Modred and enchanted by Merlin."

It was said that Modred had sold her to the Prince of Darkness himself for the evil magical power he needed to take the kingdom from Arthur. Yet Sir Alan was not feeling particularly brave that day even though he was deeply in love.

"But what of Lancelot," said Sir Gawain. "Is he not the one to save Guinevere from the clutches of the Underworld?"

"He is still on his quest for the Holy Grail," murmured Arthur, "who knows when and if he will ever return."

"Then let us do it by lots," suggested Sir Gawain.

He grabbed a handful of straw from beneath the table and broke several of the sturdier strands into varying lengths. He slowly walked around the table and each of the knights pulled out a straw. Absent minded Sir Alan picked one and went back into his fantasies of himself and Guinevere. . . . Locked in the royal bedroom . . . her vivacious body beckoning his . . . her deep blue eyes saying, "Oh, we mustn't! We daren't! If the king finds out you will be drawn and quartered like an ox."

"Ah, but the true spiritual blending of two kindred souls . . ." muses Sir Alan.

"I must have you now," pants Guinevere.

Alan cannot control himself. He rushes to the canopied bed and they embrace and begin a long, unending kiss . . .

"Sir Alan, your straw."

"My what?"

"Your straw, half-wit. Let us see how it matches up."

"But my straw is one of the best," muses Alan still locked in his daydream. "Guinevere, why do you speak of straws?"

Suddenly coming back to his senses he fumbles for his straw.

"Heaven help us . . . he has the shortest!" exclaims Sir Gawain.

Alan looks thunderstruck at his straw. It falls limply to the side.

"You have been chosen . . . it is you who must seek and free the queen from the Underworld."

"But my armor's in sad repair and my horse has the gout," Alan counters.

"Are you a knight of the round table or not. . . ," snaps King Arthur.

"That I am, sir," counters Sir Alan, "I shall go . . . maybe next week . . . or after the Mayday celebration."

He sits upon his horse by the entrance to Camelot and his horse slowly plods out the gate.

"This armor always did itch," he thinks, "and it's so hot!"

For seven days and nights he journeys through Sherwood forest. After several detours to assorted wizards and a few, especially time consuming patches of mushrooms in the forest, he stands waiting before the entrance to the Dragon's Lair. In front of him from a deep crevice rise billows of hot sulphuric smoke and all around are strewn corpses and the rotten bones of other would-be-Guinevere-rescuers.

A large green scaly claw emerges from the yawning pits and a slowly rising head with glaring red eyes and flickering green tongue surveys the quickly retreating Sir Alan. Sir Alan pauses and thinks back.

"What have I ever done that was truly courageous . . . Well, I left home and got my own apartment in Kent. I . . ."

Suddenly his features change. A new look of determination and resolve fills his visage.

"I guess this is the turning point!"

He locks his eyes with those of the dragon and raises his huge broadsword. He begins running forward, yelling, "For Arthur, for Guinevere, and for England . . . I slay thee cursed dragon!" And follows the retreating dragon into the pit.

V. MICHAEL OF THE ARGOS

Michael stood on the Grecian cliffs and contemplated the beauty of the sparkling Aegean Sea. Anchored in a small inlet was the sturdy ship, the Argos, which would bear him and his adventurers in their search for the Underworld and the gold fleece. He made his way down the stony path of Mt. Olympus. It was said that ages ago the immortals, the ancient Grecian Gods, lived here. It was from here that they looked down upon the mortal world, sometimes in compassion and often in fury, at the frail beings call-

ed men. Despite his mortality, man or woman, as the case might be, was not afraid to challenge their authority and, against overwhelming odds, conquer the best of their mythical creations. Somewhere, near the edge of the earth, was the golden fleece, protected by a fearsome hydra. This half-serpent, half-dragon-like creature was coiled menacingly around the tree upon which the golden fleece hung.

Michael had planned his voyage carefully. With his handpicked crew of Heroes, he would soon navigate the waters of the Aegean and, further on, the icy, deep and treacherous Mediterranean.

As he made his way down the path he was confronted by a weary old beggar.

"Would you give a poor old man a bit of your gold to ease his hunger," he pleaded.

Michael looked at his sack of gold and remembered he would need every bit of it to survive his adventures. And yet in any situation, Michael was still a man of kind heart and mercy. He reached in and scooped up a handful of coins. "Here, old man, for the times when I shall be on this path as you . . . that I too may find mercy," he said.

As the stack of coin trickled into the old man's hands he looked up and gave Michael a peculiar smile. With a blinding flash of light, among clouds of rising smoke he grew and rose to a height of 40 feet tall. His form was transfigured into that of the ancient Greek god Hermes or Mercury. Even his winged sandals were taller than Michael who fell back in awe.

"Because of this kind deed," he thundered, "I shall be your guardian through the treacherous sea. Seek the first ring of power on the Isle of Circe. I give to you the Sacred Trident of King Neptune of the deep to be used should you face the dreaded Cyclops."

As he vanished the trident, people-sized, of course, fell to the ground and along side it fell a glowing ring of pure diamond. On opening his bag of gold, Michael found his sack full and overflowing with even more coins than before. He placed the ring on his finger and carried the trident with him down the hill to the ship.

The crew of the ship were quickly raising the sails and it smelled of fresh pitch and newly hewn timbers. The figurehead was of the goddess Athena and the ropes were fashioned of the strongest hemp. A powerful wind was rising from the north and the sail flapped anxiously.

"Raise anchor," shouted Michael and the ship began to move across the aquamarine waters toward the open sea. His first mate, finely tanned and muscled, came to his side. "It's a fine day to set sail, captain. The wind is due South and we are well stocked with provisions."

He moved to his cabin and spread the charts across the table.

"First mate, these charts are so incomplete. I see clear markings for only 10,000 stadia around the port."

"Well sir, those that have gone further have not returned to become mapmakers. Legends say that there are sea serpents and much of the waters are teeming with sharks. After several months on the ocean many sailors die of a sickness for which we have no cure; they call it the scurvy. And it is said there is a huge hole in the ocean towards which all the waters flow. A ship caught in the current is sucked down and there is no hope of pulling out once you feel your vessel moving toward it."

"Have you anything good to say, mate?" asks Michael.

"Well in some stretches of ocean are fair mermaids who beckon the crew to join them beneath the waves and it is said on the Isle of Circe are the most beautiful women in the world. Also in one special magical place is a fleet of sunken ships laden with priceless treasure."

"Captain! Captain! Come have a look!" cries the lookout.

On coming up on deck, Michael can hear the rumble of thundering waters in the distance and sees a swarm of seagulls circling in the distance.

"Sir, we seem to be caught in some kind of current . . .," says the mate.

In the distance is a yawning hole into which it seems the whole ocean is swirling. The tiny Argos rapidly approaches the whirlpool.

"Trim the sails . . . drop anchor . . .," says Michael.

"But, sir, the water is too deep!"

The sacred trident lies upon the captain's bunk . . . has Michael forgotten it . . . ?

VI. SYLVIA OF THE TARI

"Dive!" orders Sylvia.

Pulling up the handle of the tiny periscope and pushing it down below the deck. With the hum of unseen motors and pumps the ballast tanks fill with water and the tiny submarine, the Tari, begins a 30 degree descent into the depths. "I hope this dumb thing works," she thinks to herself.

On her previous adventure, having had her bearers cart it out of the Hall of Circe, she had just figured out how to operate it. The rusty old depth gauge was easy enough to read; '200 feet,' '210 feet,' '220 feet' and the ballast tank operation hadn't taken long to master. But, there were still rows of lights and dials which she hadn't the faintest idea how to operate

and her poor trusting crew knew even less. It had been easy enough to read the maps left by the great Olympus explorer Michael of the surface of the Aegean, but there were no maps for the irregular ocean floor beneath them.

"What course shall we set?" asked the navigator.

"North sounds good," said Sylvia. "Well, I mean we came from the south so that seem logical enough." At least she had been wise enough to bring the diving suits and a liberal supply of air and fuel. "How were they to expect to recover any treasure without some diving suits?" she commented to herself.

Soon she had the dive halted and they leveled off at a depth of 400 feet. Looking upward they could see schools of sharks and the fading Aegean sun filtering down into the depths. The bottom was now only 50 feet below the ship and she was transfixed by the beauty of the underwater display. Intricate lattices of coral jutted from the silt of the ocean floor and myriads of crabs and small marine animals darted in and out of the countless tiny caves. Schools of glowing fishes engulfed the Tari feasting on swarms of numberless shrimp. The hum of the tiny engines and the whisper of a fan were all that one could hear as the crew stared fascinated out the row of view ports.

"Here underneath the sea," she thought, "it is even more perilous than any surface Fantasyland. In these depths whatever creature one might run into was in its own element. A shark, for instance, a killing machine developed through years of evolution. Jaws capable of biting one in half in a single playful nibble. One wrong move while out there in a diving suit and no air! You couldn't possibly get to the surface in time. And if you did you would die of the bends. And, of course, there was that monster you would be battling. Totally at home in his aquarian environment, capable of rapid movement and with a superior sense of smell — one wrong move, and a very bloody and terrifying death. Whew! Let's not think about that," she shook her head and tried to mentally change the subject.

"Captain, over there," a crew member pointed.

"Ah, now this is more like it," she gasped.

Half buried by ocean silt was a sunken ship. Near the gaping hole in its side was an open chest of jewels and nuggets, gleaming in the Tari's search lights.

"Make for that ship," she shouted and set the Tari on the bottom.

With a churning of pumps and a final lurch they were moored quietly on the bottom of the ocean.

"Get out the diving suits and let's go and take a look," she commanded, anxious to get at some of that treasure.

Within a few moments they had all put on their suits, except for one crew member who was left to guard the ship. They checked their air pressure and noted that they each had 30 minutes worth of air. Everyone except for Sylvia, of course; she was wearing an extra tank just in case. Within moments they had left through the air lock and, weighted by lead belts, were walking along the bottom. As they neared the ship they were overcome with the amount of beauty strewn across the ocean floor. There were a number of golden idols, silver cups, a great deal of broken pottery, boxes full of pearls and jewels.

"Yech!" she cried as she stepped through the rib cage of a not-so-lucky mariner. "I could do without that."

They quickly began to fill their wire baskets with assorted treasure and soon became greedily absorbed in their activity.

"Just think, when I get out of this place I will have more than tripled what I paid to come here. And they said we could keep whatever treasures we found. I'll go to England and build a small castle . . . no, let's make it a big castle . . . I'll have servants and a stable and Arabian horses and . . ."

An enormous shadow loomed over them and they all turned in just enough time to see a large Squid envelop the tiny submarine in its grasp. They could see the terrified face of the crewman left in the ship through a porthole. And then the ship and the crewman were dragged out of sight by the giant squid. All the crew members turned around and looked at Sylvia.

"What in the heck am I going to do now . . ." she thought.

VII. Lady Joanne Demonslayer

Camped around the entrance to the cave were 250 heavily armored warriors and their commander Lady Joanne.

"I am the first," she thought, "to ever get this far." Having led her men through 5 previous Fantasylands. "It has been more than I ever bargained for. Jungles, deserts, oceans, beneath oceans — how ironic it will be for a woman to face and conquer the Evil One himself. How ironic it was that Lancelot had been spirited away by the wicked wizard, instead of

Guinevere. All the macho men, left in sand traps, their decaying corpses by the Arabian ruins. It was really too bad about Sylvia. And Tisha had never been heard from again after she entered the Jungle. Oh well, maybe she did find the gorilla. Maybe he really was her type."

She surveyed her forces proudly. Plate armor, two rings of power, the magic trident, broadswords, crossbows, and 250 valiant warriors. She had even talked a wizard into coming along. She had shrewdly bartered some idiot in the desert out of his whole herd of camels for a pocket calculator. Her vast herd of Arabians neighed, proudly eager for the descent. The air was filled with the smell of roasting venison and the men bragged of their braveries. Huge mugs of grogg were passed around the roaring fires and a few drunken women warriors teased the unsuspecting men. She slipped back to her tent and fell asleep in a heap of furs.

"Lord of the Underworld, I'm ready for you," she thought.

In the early morning light the jovial spirit of the party had subdued substantially. Many legends and terrifying tales had found their way into the ears of the warriors the night before. When they took a head count before entering the cave, half of the party was missing. Their armor, their shields, even their spoils earned by bitter combat, were left unmoved. The unseen and silent creatures of the night had left only blood-stained earth to mark the passing of so many valiant warriors.

As they entered there was no talking, or joking, or laughter. It had all of a sudden become a very serious business. As they descended one could hear an occasional scream as a luckless soul fell into a hidden pit. Several mules and their supplies were lost without a sound. Those who lagged behind disappeared. Vast swarms of bats descended and fed upon the fallen members of the party. Packs of giant rats darted out from large vile smelling holes and had to be speared or downed by arrows.

Finally they emerged into a flat wasteland. The heat was oppressive and on the sulphur smelling wind were occasionally carried the agonized cries of distant torment. As they crossed the wastelands toward the distant smoldering mountains, several warriors sank screaming into hissing brimstone pits. The party was forced to take part of their leather armor and fashion it into special shoes so they could walk upon the sizzling ground. They saw no rivers nor any living thing. Not a plant, not a bird, only heat and fire pits. As they crossed the Mountains of Hermes the mood of the place and the total exhaustion which had reach them all began to tell on the warriors. Small fights broke out and several of the party were slain by each other. The glowing ceiling of the cavern bathed the land in an eternal, depressing twilight. The supplies of water and food were giving out

and Lady Joanne seriously considered turning back. Before she could ponder this alternative too long a dense cloud of half-bird, half reptile harpies descended upon them. The air was filled with flying arrows, swinging swords, and scarlet rivers of blood spattered and hissed, meeting the waiting ground. Lady Joanne flailed about, swinging her sword to quickly dispatch a hissing, snarling harpy. In a few minutes the remainder of the attackers fled to get reinforcements.

Wounded and weak, the party made their way out of the mountains to find themselves confronted by a glowing river of fire.

"No way are we going to get across this," thought Lady Joanne.

So they followed the river west until it vanished into a gaping Inferno in the Earth. Then proceeding north they came to a deserted city. Phantoms walked the streets in silence. Unspeaking, incorporeal they glided, looking through the group with sightless eyes.

On the outskirts of the city was a vast cemetery and the hideous smell of decaying flesh caused the warriors to cover their mouths with cloths and stumble weakly forward. There was a scream and undead creatures began to emerge from the earth, grabbing some of the adventurers to pull them into the sandy ground. No one could kill these monstrosities and the warriors ran blindly from the place, hoping to escape with their lives.

The party was now down to 25. Only the bravest or cleverest had survived. Battling hoards of demons, they pushed forward, some hoping for defeat to end it all.

At last a fiery throne came into view and upon it sat the Prince of Darkness himself. Around him danced naked men and women engaged in all kinds of loathsome acts. Summoning her last bit of courage Lady Joanne sighted a gleaming ring on the ground. She quickly slipped it on her finger. The creatures around the Devil fell back and the Prince himself smiled and said:

"So you have come to visit us. I hope you found your experience exhilarating," he hissed from his goat-like head. "What is it you want from me?"

"I seek Lancelot."

"But, of course, he is yours . . ." Lancelot suddenly appeared next to her.

"Are you from my king . . . ?" he asked. "Do you bear the signet ring?"

"I do, fair Lancelot."

As Lancelot stepped forward the Evil One pointed a long nailed finger and screamed, "Take them!"

Quickly Lady Joanne put on the other two Rings of Power and threw her arms around Lancelot. With a blinding flash, smoke swirled around them and their party as the demons charged toward them.

When the smoke cleared they found themselves standing before the Hall of Heroes. The golden doors swung outward and the wizard stood before them.

"Welcome to the Hall of Heroes," he said.

VIII. THE QUEST

In order to win the game one must make it through Congoland, Arabia, Medieval England, a sea voyage across the Mediterranean, a submarine fantasy in the Tari diving vessel, and reach the Underworld. Depending on the answer to the prompt "which goal?", you will be seeking Guinevere or Lancelot. You must secure that person, who has been spirited away by the Prince of Darkness, and arrive safely, accompanied by them at the gates of The Hall of Heroes.

Since you will be interacting with wandering groups of traders, aggressive band of warriors, and face all out attack by scores of deadly monsters, here are a few general hints to aid you in your quest:

1) There are over one hundred different types of terrain, to buy sell or use, which are crucial to your survival and eventual victory. Develop the intuition to rid yourself of objects which are impractical in the kind of terrain you are traversing. For instance, if you are in a desert, you will be seeing a whole lot of nothing for a very long time, so you will need large quantities of food and supplies. It is a poor idea to try to cross an open desert with a large army. Always attempt to maintain your sense of direction here. You will find it easy to get lost in this featureless landscape.

2) There is a time to attack and a time to flee. Some creatures or perils are almost unbeatable. Warriors in this game are expensive and difficult to replace. If you find yourself in a no win situation, the best course of action is often a hasty retreat. Do not be lulled into a false sense of security because in some lands there are many market places and abundant food supplies. There will be some terrains with no food whatsoever, or where the very air you breathe is a precious commodity. At the entrance to most lands you will be given an opportunity to purchase supplies. If possible, try to actually picture yourself in the situation of preparing for a real adven-

ture. We have tried to make this supergame as realistic as possible. It is very logical in places and a little bit of forethought can get you by all six guardians.

3) With a few exceptions, magical things are found in magical places. By taking the greatest risks, you can secure the truly valuable treasures. You will not find the Rings of Power lying out in the middle of the desert, or in a comfortable grassland. In order to make the game more interesting, there are a few items which, though apparently useless, are extremely valuable.

4) In some animation sequences, you will not have time to do much thinking. Yet, in even the most dire circumstances, there is usually a way out if you are clever enough to discover it. Except for a few pieces of worthless junk, most of the items in the game have a specific purpose and can be used in some fashion, although a particular treasure may be worthless except in one location and one situation. Such a treasure may make the difference between your winning or losing the entire game.

So, we leave you now at the entrance to the Hall of Heroes. You may wish to turn quickly to the basic movement section and, in the spirit of the true adventurer, plunge right in. Or, and we suggest this alternative, you may thoroughly study this manual. In any event, we hope you will find this the most exciting and challenging computer game you have ever played and that it will be as fun for you to play as it has been for us to write.

IX. BASIC MOVEMENTS - ATARI 800

Much of your interaction in this game will be handled via the joysticks. Also you must have at least 40K of memory and a disk drive. The remainder of the input is handled by a series of 11 single letter commands. You may use any of these commands at any point in the game although they may not be applicable. If this is the case, they will be ignored.

Land, Oar, Diver, Tari, or Longboat Movement

Land — Pushing the joystick in the appropriate direction will move your character in the North, East, South, West direction.

Oars — After *first* using this item, you will be able to row in the direction you push your joystick. This is often useful when your sails have been destroyed or if you are up against other unpredictable circumstances.

Diver — To interact with the ocean bottom you must be deep enough and have your divers supplied with air and diving suits. After “using divers” you will be asked how much air to send with them. Control at that time will be transferred from the Tari to a diver character. In order to regain command of your submarine, you must collide its symbol with that of your diver.

Tari — Your submarine, the Tari, is also operated via the joystick. Running into things with your submarine, instead of sending out divers, will result in broken air pumps and a host of other problems.

Longboat — To go ashore, you must “use longboats”. That is, type ‘U’ and then select the number for longboats if you have them. To leave land or to go to your ship, you must also “use longboats”. There is another surprise use of longboats which we’ll let you discover.

Sailing the Argos

When you set sail from Olympus you will note that your joy stick begins to behave a little strangely. If the wind is coming from the South, and you push your stick to the South, you will move North. The joystick sets your sail into the wind, and will result in motion in the opposite direction. Although using your oars seems to be a little easier, you will find your crew has a very hearty appetite when they are forced to row all day. It is to your advantage to use the sails whenever possible.

If you note that the wind is rising, be sure and take down your sails. This also applies in a storm. Failure to do this will result in torn sails. It is wise always to carry at least 3 or 4 spare sails. This is accomplished by typing ‘L’ for Lower Sails or ‘R’ for Raise Sails.

If you note there are numerous reefs and you are nearing land, chances are you will not be able to go ashore there. Attempting to do so will result in getting stuck or, in extreme cases, in the destruction of the Argos.

Captain Nemo's diving Tari

In case you haven't already noticed, Captain Nemo's submarine's name may sound a little familiar. One special feature we have included in this land is the ability to control the depth you are at. You may not send out divers until you are within 50 feet of the bottom. To dive you type ‘I’ for In

Ballast. This pumps water into your ballast tank and you will dive. To reverse the process, type ‘O’ for Out Ballast, and you will ascend. If your pumps break down, you may still flood them, thereby allowing you to dive, but you will be unable to surface.

Staying Alive

In addition to the basic movement of your character, there are a number of other options as to how you can interact with your environment. To explain these at length would take some of the challenge out of the game. Suffice it to say, you may pick up or drop objects, attack or ignore perils or warriors you may encounter, and trade when the situation is appropriate. Below is a list of the commands for the Atari to be used as a quick reference.

P) ick Up an Object	F) lee	L) ower Sails
D) rop an Object	G) reet	B) aggage
Q) uit: Save Game	O) ut Ballast: Rise	U) se
T) rade	I) n Ballast: Dive	C) heck (for Apple)
A) ttack	R) aise Sails	

Other specifics and terrain descriptions may be found under the headings of the individual lands or in later chapters.

X. BASIC MOVEMENTS APPLE II +

(any 48K Apple with Applesoft ROM)

Although Michael has done a superb job on the Atari version, I think true Applephiliacs like myself will find the original no slouch with 300K worth of graphics alone and rapid disk access. There are no paddles required for Fantasyland, all basic movements are accomplished by using the N,E,S,W keys for North, East, South, and West. North, by the way, for you poor navigators, is up on the screen; East is right, South is down, and West is left.

As an adventurer, you will play many parts. On land, your symbol represents a band of warriors and may be moved by pressing N-E-S-W keys. The main lands occupy a total of 420 hires screen in this version with an added number of special screens. Each land is surrounded by an impassible wall and may be entered at one key location and exited at another.

The lands are arranged in a line. You may backtrack as many times as you like, but you may not enter the Hall of Heroes again until you have secured Guinevere or Lancelot.

If you try to R)aise Sails while in Congoland, your command will be ignored. Point: attempting to do the impossible will not be greeted by a "come on now, really" message, simply silence and a return to the main command mode. This is not a collision based game as some of our previous ones, so running into an object will not result in your automatically picking it up. If you wish to investigate, type in 'C' for C)heck it out. Although you may find yourself running over trees and mountains, the computer is aware this is happening and eventually will respond accordingly.

Where the movement gets a little tricky is once you take to the sea. As you prepare to set sail from Olympus you will encounter your first difficulty.

The Argos — To reach your vessel which is anchored several hundred feet out from port, you must type in 'U' for U)se and the appropriate number for longboats. You must have purchased enough longboats to get your crew to the ship. The next step is U)se anchor and U)se Sail. The anchor will be raised and the sails latched up. To depart you must then R)aise sails. Your sails will be automatically set to S)outh. The wind initially comes from the South and pushes your ship toward the North. Your ship will continue to move in this direction until either you L)ower Sails, you meet an obstacle, or your sails are destroyed by a storm or high winds. When sailing, movement is always in the direction *opposite* to that which you set your sails. It is a good practice to carry several spare sails in addition to the one you must use to get started.

Longboats — Anytime you wish to go ashore you must use a longboat and weigh anchor. If you forget to weigh anchor you will be allowed to go ashore, but your ship may not be there when you get back. The crew are a lively lot and no one likes to be left behind when you go ashore. Therefore, you must have enough longboats to carry everybody or you won't be able to land. There is one added advantage to having extra longboats. I will let you find that out for yourself through experience.

Oars — After U)sing Oars, you may manually control your movement. Your sails will be automatically taken down and the same N-E-S-W commands are used. Sailors tend to get very hungry when rowing and food may be used up quickly. It is better to use your sails when you can. Rowing into port will run you aground.

The Tari — You may control the direction of your submarine by using the commands N-E-S-W. To change your depth, dive or ascend, use the commands I)n Ballast or O)ut Ballast. This will pump water in or out of your tanks and cause you to dive for 'I' and ascend for 'O'. When a pump is broken you may only dive.

For additional commands, please consult the final part of the Atari Movement chapter called "Staying Alive". In addition to the P)ick up, D)rop, Q)uit, T)rade, A)ttack, F)lee, G)reet, O)ut Ballast, I)n Ballast, R)aise Sails, L)ower Sails; you may also use 'C' for C)heck it out. For more details on fighting, trading, and general descriptions of the terrains and treasures, read on . . .

XI. Congoland



In the following section, the various terrains and special parts of each land will be described:

Hall of Heroes — Starting place for the Adventurer. It is here you will be given 5,000 pieces of gold and be able to wander through the various exhibits, buying men and supplies. You may buy up to 6 items in each exhibit. You will need rations, a rope, a shovel, and an armed group of warriors.

African Exhibit — Since Congoland is basically a jungle type landscape, it is here that you must purchase your most critical starting supplies. Any type of warrior may fight in any terrain; yet certain objects may only be useful in one of the lands. The African Exhibit is a hall filled with statues of Zulu warriors and racks of spears and blowguns. The darts fired by the blowguns are poison tipped and extremely effective for a variety of uses.

Arabian Exhibit — One of the most important commodities that you can buy here are horses. Purchasing several horses will significantly effect the amount of treasure which you are able to carry. Here you may also purchase powerful Samurai warriors armed with swords and protected by brass armor.

Medieval Exhibit — This is a long hall with many displays of weapons and armor from the days of King Arthur. Here you may equip yourself with archers, knights, and even sturdy peasant bearers. Much of the armor is extremely heavy, so it might be well to pass on buying too much from this exhibit.

Nautical Exhibit — This is by far, the largest exhibit. In the center of the Hall is the famed sailing ship, the Argos. The air reeks of sea salt and much of the anchors and sea brick-a-brack are heavily crusted with rust. The ship is for sale; but it might be a little cumbersome to lug across 3,000 miles of desert, jungle, and mountains.

Magical Exhibit — These treasures are better found than purchased. For one, they are very expensive. For two, they can be gained for free if you are cunning enough to find them. For the truly determined spendthrift, you may even purchase a fire breathing dragon who has tremendous strength and can carry up to 2500 lbs. He does have a bad habit of eating the other members of your party and tends to wander off a lot.

Jungles — Approximately one-third of Congoland is jungle. In addition to packs of man-eating tigers, rivers full of piranha, and very thick undergrowth where things get lost easily, there aren't too many hazards.

Mountains — Tropical mountains are infested with many insects and are a great place for an ambush. It is wise to carry ropes and shovels when approaching mountains, and to take a few extra men.

The Mines of King Solomon — To the Northeast are the legendary mines of King Solomon. They are very dark and filled with many treacherous pits and even an evil wizard. It is doubtful you will be able to get past the wizard who guards this mine without some pretty heavy duty magical paraphernalia. Before you go for the caves, it is a good idea to secure a few more men and conquer the sorcerer of Congoland.

Swamps — Scungy, filled with quicksand pits and snakes, and difficult to get by without losing quite a few men. Unfortunately, the swamps block the entrances to some pretty important places. If you lose too many men while in the swamps, you may be forced to dump some of your treasures.

Kabunga Village — Your stay in Congoland would not be complete without at least one visit to the sometimes unfriendly natives. They are said to be not too bright and often willing to trade priceless treasures for a handful of trinkets. Be careful when leaving toward the North; even the natives don't attempt this.

XII. ARABIAN ADVENTURE



The Desert — Two thirds of the terrain in this scenario is desert waste. It is hot, deadly, and totally devoid of visible life. Yet in shaded pits are swarms of cobras and nests of tarantulas. Nothing should ever be left in the desert wastes, as the shifting sands will cover it within a matter of hours. The most difficult task is keeping your sense of direction. After awhile, all the landscape seems to appear the same and there are few if any distinguishable landmarks.

The Ruins — Lost in the desert are magically locked ruins. It is said that within these crumbling derelicts of stone, guarded by supernatural

monsters, are priceless treasures. Many of these sites may contain only dry sand or a scorpion's nest. But, in a few, down dark and winding hallways and often behind a locked doorway, lie heaps of diamonds and gold nuggets.

Desert Oases — At the oases you may restock your rations and citrus fruit. Rations in this game include both food and water. It would be wise to remember the locations of the oases for they are some of your only true landmarks.

Sand Pits — One of the most treacherous perils of the desert is hidden sand pits. You may lose all of your men and supplies by a single careless move. More often though, you will lose some pretty precious items if you do not avoid passing through an area which has sand pits. Sometimes, there is no way to discern the pits from the surrounding terrain.

Cathay — Cathay was the ancient name given to China. In the days of Marco Polo, when the spice trade was so important, Cathay was the goal of a long and exhausting journey. Here you may rest and restock your supplies. It would be wise to remember that this may be the last stop for quite a distance. It is rumored that certain portions of the mountain are impassible. Your compass, when playing the Apple version, is very valuable. Just how valuable we'll leave for you to find out.

Baghdad — The ancient city of Baghdad is your goal in this fantasy. If you can make it to Baghdad with the proper magical weapons, you will be allowed to pass through the second gate to the lands beyond. This is also a convenient place to trade and prepare for the land of King Arthur which follows.

XIII. KING ARTHUR

Camelot — At this location you may secure the aid of any of the knights of the Round Table. Archers armed with powerful crossbows are available for your quest and this is also a good place to stock up on general supplies. It is at Camelot that you must secure the good favor of King Arthur with gold, of course, and obtain his signet ring. Once you have reached the depths of Hell to save him or her, your prize will not accompany you unless you bear this signet ring.

Swamplands — The swamplands are a poor place to fight a battle and an even worse place for losing men and supplies. If possible, one should avoid this area. It helps to bring a rope or shovel and a few extra bearers for good measure.



Stonehenge — Far back in the Celtic past of England the magical circle of Stonehenge was built. Looking through the keystone at various times of year, you can see certain constellations and planets. It is even possible that human sacrifice was practiced here. All in all, it is a very magical place.

The Sea of Mists — To secure the fair lady Elaine, Merlin has cast a spell about the castle of the Duke. In battle the mists are a great peril, for you will be unable to know the numbers of your enemy. The Sea of Mists, like the swamps, is best avoided.

The Dragon's Lair — High in the rocky cliffs is a bottomless, smoke-filled cave. Here the fire-breathing, bat-winged dragon lurks, surrounded by mounds of dead men's bones and carcasses of cattle and sheep. The dragon is several thousand years old and has been the curse and envy of man since the beginning of time. He stands almost 70 feet tall, and in a single breath can reduce a man to cinders. He (or she — with dragons it's hard to tell) is more than flesh and bone and it may take some very powerful magic to slay him. But close by, it is said, is the sword Excalibur.

Merlin's Labyrinth — To the south are twisting caves which lead to an underground chamber where Merlin carries out his chanting and magical

incantations. You must pass through this gateway if you wish to continue. It is very dark here and this is an easy place to lose supplies and men.

Sherwood Forest — A beautiful, almost primeval forest. It is made of the stuff of legends and heroes. Except for the grassland, it is probably one of the easiest terrains you must pass through. You would do well to travel in the forest whenever you can instead of through some of the other options.

XIV. OLYMPUS



Olympus — You stand on a high mountain overlooking the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. The water is aquamarine and the air pure and scented with flowers. Here you will prepare for your great sea fantasy. Besides buying the Argos, which is quite expensive, you must purchase longboats, anchors, a sizable crew, and provisions for your journey. Be forewarned, this may be the last chance you have to trade or buy provisions for the next three lands! There are no places at all to trade in Captain Nemo's land or Dante's Inferno. You will need a good supply of rations and a little common sense. Although there is no weight limit for cargo on the Argos, when you leave her to descend into the depths on the Tari you will only be able to carry 20,000 lbs. A little forethought is a good idea here. The object of the game in addition to rescuing Guinevere or Lancelot is to achieve this in the least number of days and to bring back as much treasure and kill as many monsters as possible.

Delos — This is a deserted island, dotted with ruins and steeped in a lot of ancient history. As an ancient site of the temple of the Sun God, it was one of the centers of Greek religion.

Crete — This island has a town, Khania, where you may trade and obtain more provisions if necessary. It is the only other place besides Olympus where you may buy a boat. If for some reason your vessel is destroyed and you find yourself in longboats, Crete would be a definite place to make for.

Reefs — These are coral formations which have emerged from the sea and become hazardous barriers to passing vessels. Usually dangerous currents encircle them and one can easily have one's ship sucked onto these reefs and reduced to splinters in a matter of minutes. This is one of the perils of the game that must be navigated in order to continue. It is very common and very frustrating to lose a ship here . . . be careful!!!

Hall of Circe — Circe was a charming enchantress of the Homeric legends who used to turn her visitors into swine. Because of some very valuable and indispensable treasure, this island is a must to finish the game. Properly armed, magically and otherwise, this could be an interesting visit for you. Unarmed, you will meet the same fate as your predecessors.

Isle of Thera — This island, still existent today, is a possible site of the ancient Atlantis. Its center part which has sunken into the sea contains some very fascinating ruins. Within these is a large cave entrance which will take you onward to the Captain Nemo scenario. You must have a diving vessel to use there if you wish to continue. You will be severely limited as to what you may take with you. Once you board the Tari, there will be nowhere else to secure provisions.

XV. CAPTAIN NEMO

Shallows — This is the depth where light still can be seen. It is the realm of most sea life. When you are in shallows you are also probably near a reef, a shark bed or the cave entrance. Since depth is a constant consideration in this part of the game, coming into a shallow area from deeper sea at too great a depth, will run you aground.

Middle Depths — Not much sea life or objects of interest here. Fairly safe waters for most of your navigation.



The Great Trench — This area is several miles down and totally devoid of light. If you wish to do any exploring here, be sure to remember to purchase a spotlight and some diving suits. Probably the most valuable treasures are those most difficult to get to and therefore still there. In the depths are giant clams, sunken ships, the lost city of Atlantis, and quite a few surprises. You cannot attack from the Tari, so most perils are best avoided.

The Volcano — The original Atlantis sank into the sea because of a volcanic eruption. The water around the volcano is a little too warm and undersea earthquakes could be a little rough on the Tari.

The Surface — There isn't much to see if you surface, but it is allowed. If you have brought sufficient fuel, your air tanks will be restocked and once, in a great while, you may spot a merchant vessel with whom you may trade.

Atlantis — Here lies the doorway to the final part of your fantasy. Through another underwater cave you will travel down and emerge on the plains of the underworld. There are several valuable treasures to be found here. If you wish to return, you may leave the Tari at the opening as you come into Dante's Inferno.

XVI. DANTE'S INFERNO



Brimstone Pits — Your passage is blocked along all routes by a series of bubbling sulphuric lava pits. It is very easy to lose men and supplies and they cannot be saved by using the ropes or shovels.

Sepulcher of Anastus — This is one of the most treacherous perils in the game. It is a gigantic cemetery, peopled by the living dead, who are especially keen on the consumption of human flesh and are almost impossible to kill. It is often the best strategy to run through this area as quickly as possible. Direct confrontation almost always results in large losses of men and supplies.

Legion of Demons — The devil has many armies of leathery, bat-winged demons. Protected by their thick hides, they are very powerful. The demons possess a natural advantage in that they always attack from above and your warriors will quickly weary of fighting an enemy above their heads. At times, demons may join your party to fight with you, but they are never to be trusted.

The Great Gulfs — Without the proper equipment it is impossible to get past this bottomless pit, gapping a 100 feet across. Its sides drop sheer to the abyss, with nothing to fasten a rope onto. It may take you many attempts before you finally figure out how to get past this last major obstacle. Good Luck!

The City of Dis — At times a phantom city will appear. This city is not always here so it is best not to rely on it. When it is visible, you may be able to pick up some very useful magical implements and enlist supernatural help to assault the Throne of Lucifer.

There are many other terrains which have not been described, which you will run into during the course of the game. But we have given you a few descriptions so you can know a little of what to prepare for when buying your supplies. For the other terrains you will have to rely on logic and quick thinking to survive.

XVII. WEAPONS & ARMOR

Each warrior type may only use his appropriate type of weapon and wear his particular type of armor. This will be further described in the Warrior, Bearers, and Wizard section. Below is a breakdown of the Warriors and what they wield as weapons. It is categorized by land and increasing strength.

Warrior	Weapon	Str.	Armor	Str.
Hunter	Bone Knife	10	Loin Cloth	10
Headhunter	Blowgun	40	Skin	20
Zulu Warrior	Spear	50	Scale Armor	80
Turk	Scimitar	60	Leather	50
Marauder	Longsword	70	Tunic #1	30
Samurai	Sword	60	Brass Armor	90
Archer	Crossbow	70	Tunic #2	30
Knight	Broadsword	70	Full Plate	100
Peasant	Club	20	Linen	10
Warrior	Battle Axe	50	Breastplate	90
Harpooner	Harpoon	60	Tunic #3	30
Argonaut	Ball & Chain	80	Helmet & Plate	150

Cabin Boy	Sling	20	Skivvy	10
Pirate	Cutlass	50	Tunic #4	30
Buchaneer	Cannon	100	Chain Mail	70
Phantom	Spell #1	40	Aura #1	20
Demon	Spell #2	70	Aura #2	30
Dragon	Fiery Breath	100	Heavy scale	1000

When an attack has been made, the weapon and armor strengths of each side will be calculated. This includes factors for luck, experience, and the element of surprise. After each skirmish, you will be informed of the relative battle strengths and the loss of men, or whatever, on each side. Some foes have extremely powerful magical strength and cannot be fought using conventional weapons. It is also important to note that weapons cannot be used (as in some games) unless you have the manpower to wield them. If you have 30 Spears, but only 3 Zulu Warriors, you only have an effective weapon strength of 150 instead of 1500. The same rules apply to armor. When you purchase warriors they come equipped with their weapons and armor. But in your adventures you may lose men. At the beginning of each attack, a check is made to see how many of the weapons and how much of the armor you are carrying are useful. This makes the quest a little more difficult. You cannot simply stockpile weapons and armor; you must have the warriors to use them.

If you lose too many men, you will not even be able to carry what you have. At that point, you may be prompted to drop something. Until you can carry what you have, you will not be able to go on. Items dropped in some of the scenarios may be picked up later. In the sea portions and on the desert, when items are dropped they are lost.

XVIII. WARRIORS, BEARERS AND WIZARDS

In addition to your standard warriors, you also have two other types. These consist of bearers and wizards. Each land has its characteristic wizard and bearer. All men are capable of carrying a certain amount of weight as specified below. Wizards, though, do not carry anything but their magical weapon.

You may use a magical weapon without its wizard in battle, but if it is to be used for its special purpose, the wizard must be present. Used in battle

without the wizard, the magical weapon is only effective one time. Below is a listing of wizards, their armor and weapons, and of bearers. Also there is a listing of the other members of your party and what they are capable of carrying.

Standard Bearers

Type	Wt.
Native	150
Horse	350
Squire	50
Sailor	100
Diver	50
Zombie	100

Warrior Weight Bearing Ability

Type	Wt.	Type	Wt.
Hunter	50	Archer	60
Turk	50	Harpooner	60
Peasant	30	Pirate	60
Warrior	40	Demon	0
Cabin Boy	20	Zulu Warrior	100
Phantom	0	Samurai	200
Headhunter	30	Knight	150
Marauder	30	Argonaut	150
Buchaneer	200	Dragon	2000

Wizards & Potions

Type	Weapon	Str.	Armor	Str.
Witchdoctor	Shrunkn Head	200	Earth Magic	200
Genie	Tiger Fangs	400	Air Magic	600
Sorcerer	Holy Grail	100	Fire Magic	800
Astrologer	Sea Trident	400	Water Magic	1000
Necromancer	Serpent's Eye	400	Magic Wand	2000
Black Magus	Pentagram	300	Magic Cape	2550

Every object in the game has some purpose. You may use anything at anytime. If you are not using the item correctly, or it is not appropriate to the situation, you will receive a 'nothing happened' message. Being extremely familiar with types of armor and weapons, and what and how much each warrior is worth, is essential if you wish to win.

XIX. TREASURES

Most of the treasures that you find during the game will be described when you pick them up. For the more valuable treasures, which deserve a little more detailed description, we have included this section:

Treasure #1: Worth 3,000 in gold. A brilliant, golden suit of complete plate armor. Not very practical on the battlefield because of the softness of the gold, but a lightweight (oh, by the way, the armor is for a giant and weighs 2000 lbs.) and profitable addition???

Treasure #2: Worth 1,000 in gold. A large (1500 lb.) statue of a Minoan Bull used in religious ceremonies. The upper torso of the bull is of a man and the bottom has the legs and tail of a bull. Great conversation piece.

Treasure #3: Weighing in at 2000 lbs. and worth 2,100 in gold. A magnificent 8 ft. tall marble statue of the goddess Athena.

Treasure #4: A treasure chest full of silver. It is worth 1,400 and weighs 1200 lbs.

Treasure #5: An enormous golden Buddha. Because of its 2000 lbs. weight, you may find it a little cumbersome to drag around the desert. This treasure is best carted to Baghdad and sold or traded for more practical goods.

Treasure #6: This is worth 700 in gold and weighs 900 lbs. It is an carved ivory figurehead of the god Neptune.

Treasure #7: An extremely valuable find. A chest full of diamonds and emeralds. It is worth the most of any treasure — 2,550 pieces of gold and, unfortunately, it also weighs that much.

Treasure #8: A chest containing 1,000 gold pieces.

Treasure #9: A chest containing 400 gold pieces.

Treasure #10: The skull of a dragon. It weighs 1,200 lbs. (big dragon, huh?) and is worth 2,100 pieces of gold.

When selling or trading your treasures or other commodities in the market place, you will be able to get more or less than the above values. Usually you will have to sell an item for less than its full value. The prices for buying supplies also vary considerably. At times the merchants may ask considerably more for an item than it is worth. We leave it to your discretion and desperation to determine when and if you should buy.

XX. THE RINGS OF POWER

Magical rings have always been a big thing in ancient lore. In this particular game you will be unable to win without them. They are extremely difficult to gain and you may conclude it is impossible to ever finish or win this game. We had to make it pretty tough. The average adventurer will probably never even see the Throne of Lucifer or make it past the gates to the Underworld. We hope that just the experience of a single adventure will be sufficiently entertaining to satisfy our most critical hobbyists. The save game function works at any time and you will be prompted at booting up which disk to insert. There are quite a number of surprises and a few necessary pieces of information have been purposely omitted from the manual to make the game more of a challenge. You have here all you need to know for basic movement, but in some special situations, only logic and patience will get you by.

XXI. THE GREAT MYSTERY

As promised, toward the end of the year, we will be offering a \$1,000.00 prize in each category (Apple & Atari) for the finest Adventurer. To win this prize, you must solve the Great Mystery and beat out your competitors in treasure and courage. At the end of the game, if you make it, you will be prompted to send your disk in if you wish to enter the contest. Do not try to make a copy to send in; it must be the original. At our plant, we have a huge score board, with a list of all the fantasylanders and their achievements. The person to solve the mystery and score the highest will be awarded a trophy and receive \$1,000.00 in cash. Remember, this does not go to the first person to solve the mystery, but to the highest scorer who has the correct answer before December 1, 1981.

This mystery is unlike any of the others. It is not an anagram nor is it found anywhere on the disk in basic or machine language. These disks are *very* protected. Please do not attempt to copy or catalog them. You will destroy your copy and will not enjoy the 3-6 weeks it may take to replace it.

This contest is also being separately sponsored in the U.K. and, hopefully, awards will be given in London toward the first of 1982. This will probably be the last great Fantasy that I write. We have attempted to

include all of the thousands of suggestions we have received to make this the ultimate Fantasy game. If there are any comments or suggestions or errors, please take into account the vastness of this undertaking. We hope you will find this the most exciting and best adventure game you have ever played.



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