

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

from

CHANNEL 8 SOFTWARE

**10 CLASSIC
COMPUTER
ADVENTURES**

for

**ATARI
COMMODORE 64
and
DRAGON 32**

THE GOLDEN BATON

Dark clouds drift ominously across the rising moon, you cringe as the night silence is suddenly shattered by the fearsome howl of some fell creature deep within the forest. Weary from travelling, unable to force yourself onward, you sink to the ground and lean back against the bole of a huge gnarled old tree. As your aching limbs slowly relax, you silently curse the road that led you to this evil place. The deadly mission seems to pale into insignificance against the perils that you have, up until now, survived. Your mission is to recover the legendary Golden Baton, a priceless artifact that has been worshipped by your race for countless generations. The Baton was stolen from the palace of king Ferrenuil, ruler of your homeland. Many learned counsellors strongly believe that the Golden Baton holds within it a kind of life-force that maintains an equilibrium between the forces of good and evil. For many centuries your homelands have suffered no wars, no droughts or famine. King Ferrenuil fears now for the future of his people as the influence of the Baton has been taken from his lands.

Ever since the Baton was stolen, brave Warriors and hard knights were sent far and wide through the world in search of this artifact...none ever returned.

So it was that you started out on your journey, travelling through strange, hostile lands until finally you reached this territory of Evil magic whose name is never spoken. An almost tangible feeling of malice pervades the atmosphere and weariness descends upon the traveller like a pall of death.

You draw your robe around yourself to ward off the icy chill of night and sink into a troubled sleep, mortally afraid of what the coming days may cast upon you....

THE TIME MACHINE

As a Local News Reporter for the Tulkington & Dunsby Gazette, your work could hardly be described as "exhilarating". In fact your reporting highlight of the last few years was when the Mayor's Cat got itself trapped on the Town Hall roof and local Firemen had to spend four embarrassing hours endeavouring to rescue it. Since that day, total boredom has set in with virtually no stories worth a mention cropping up at all.

It is with great enthusiasm then, that you set off on this new assignment to investigate the strange goings on around the old house on the Moors.....

The first stop on your assignment was the Wentworth's house, these being the people who first expressed concern about the strange events. From the Wentworths you have discovered that the house on the Moors was recently purchased by a Dr. Potter, an eccentric scientist who kept himself completely to himself and rarely spoke to anybody. The Wentworth's concern was caused by the

occasional "strange lights" emanating from the house and "weird noises". On one occasion the Wentworths thought that they saw a figure walking around the house wearing a Suit of Armour although they did admit that it was rather foggy that night and they had been to a party.

You are now on the Moors searching for the old house without much success. A thick Fog has enveloped the Moors and darkness has fallen. Although still enthusiastic, you have been walking around in circles for two hours now and you are starting to become a little worried....

ARROW OF DEATH

It is now five years since, against fearful odds, you regained possession of the Golden Baton of the ancient Elf Kingdom and returned it to its rightful place in the throne room at the Palace of Ferrenuil. Since that day you have been widely acclaimed as a great hero and a fearless warrior, your province has prospered thanks to the power forged into the Baton by the long gone race of Elves. You have lived in quiet contentment, enjoying your life amongst the pleasant, honest folk of the local Village. Things couldn't be better, or so it seemed until two months ago....

It started with a spell of appallingly bad weather. Once the rain started it dragged on and on until it seemed hard to remember what life was like before the rain. Young crops in the fields died and local farmers began to fear for their harvest as field after field became waterlogged and unworkable. Gloom and despair settled like dark clouds upon the hearts of the despondent farmers. A strange bitterness began to manifest itself in the people, fights between old friends were becoming alarmingly commonplace. An ill feeling was spreading like a cancer through souls that were once proud and honest.

The situation seems to be reaching a crisis point when you are visited by a personal messenger from the King. From him you learn of the evil transformation that has befallen the Golden Baton. Whereas before, the Baton had shone with a brilliance far surpassing that of ordinary Gold, now it was dull and tarnished. Worse still was the feeling of evil that seemed to originate in the Baton itself. Anyone in the near vicinity was afflicted with an almost tangible feeling of hatred for living, growing things.

So dangerous was the feeling that the King and all occupants were forced to abandon the palace and seek peace of mind in their mountain stronghold to the North. Zardra, the King's sorcerer was prevailed upon to examine the Baton, it was hoped that he could trace the source of the evil power and banish it to the nether regions. For three days he has been alone in the castle, allowing no-one to enter whilst he battles with an unseen force. Horrific screams accompanied by searing flashes of lightning and thunderous detonations have issued from the Throne room, clearly the source of

the evil is mighty indeed.

With fear in your heart you journey with the messenger to the Palace, secretly hoping that Zardra will defeat the unseen enemy. As you ride in silence through the dark night your mind is troubled by a nameless dread. If Zardra is defeated, surely a mere mortal such as yourself cannot hope to stand up against the evil power that threatens the future of your land.....

ARROW OF DEATH PT.2

Having successfully completed Part 1 of ARROW OF DEATH you are now in possession of the component parts of an Arrow. You will need the arrow in order to destroy XERDON the EVIL, the source of the ill which has befallen your homelands. You now find yourself on the fringe of Desolation Marsh with no clear idea about what to do next. Your main objective is to seek out the only man who is able to create a magical arrow from the parts you now possess. This man is Arnid, the Royal Fletcher. He has been kidnapped by the minions of Xerdon the Evil who have somehow learned of your intent. You must now set off in search of Arnid the fletcher. Danger lurks at every step, your only hope of survival on this quest is to rely on quick wits and cunning. Your mission must not fail.....

ESCAPE FROM PULSAR 7

You are alone.....or almost alone on the space freighter "PULSAR 7. As you sit in the relative safety of the social room, your thoughts drift unwillingly back to the day two weeks ago when the nightmare began.....

It started out as a routine mission, an exploratory flight into the outer regions of the Xanotar system. The purpose of the mission was, as always, to deliver the precious ore Redennium to minor planetoids whose civilisations had evolved beyond primitive nuclear power and were seeking out new methods of energy transference from common elements found on their home planets. Redennium was rare in these far flung regions of the Xanotar system, consequently most governments of these planetoids were only too eager to accept samples of new elements, particularly Redennium whose energy transference characteristics were second to none.

After successfully trading the current load of Redennium and also receiving as part payment for the consignment, a strange but interesting creature from the intergalactic zoo on your home planet, you and your crew set course for home. Initially the trip was uneventful except for a minor disturbance when the creature broke out of its cage and took to rolling about playfully in the remains of the Redennium ore left in the cargo hold.

After recapturing the creature and placing it back in its cage, the PULSAR 7 resumed it's monotonous course for home. In the following days however, the creature became restless and began to grow at an astonishing rate. It was decided at this point that the

creature was likely to become a danger to the crew and should therefore be sedated and placed into suspended animation for the remainder of the journey home.

The decision came too late.....The creature, now the size of a small horse had ripped open it's cage and savagely killed and eaten two of the crew members. It had then concealed itself somewhere aboard the gigantic freighter. Since then the creature had accounted for all the remaining crew except yourself. Your only option now is to abandon the freighter and attempt to make your escape in the frail shuttle craft.....if you can avoid the deadly creature!.....

CIRCUS

Your car coughs and splutters briefly then grinds to a silent halt. You curse inwardly as you stare vainly at the petrol gauge. You have run out of petrol miles from anywhere, no petrol stations for miles around and it will soon be dark. Grimly, you lock up your car and take the petrol can from the boot. After a brief survey of the surrounding terrain you set forth in search of help, hoping to come across a remote farmhouse or village. Three miles further down the road your hopes of rescue are beginning to dwindle when you suddenly hear the faint sound of distant music coming from somewhere ahead. You step up your pace and head toward the sound, as you reach the brow of a shallow hill your eyes are met by an inexplicable sight.....

About a mile away nestling in a small grassy valley you see a huge Circus tent. Wafting up the hill toward you come all the familiar sounds of Circus activity, bells clanging, children's laughter, a Brass band playing, lions roaring.....

Eagerly you set off down the hill toward the strange spectacle, as you approach the huge tent you puzzle about why there should be a Circus held in the middle of nowhere and begin to look around for someone to ask about obtaining petrol.

You reach the outer fence of the Circus grounds and open the gate.....Suddenly all sound is cut off as if by the blade of some gigantic knife. In a split second this whole scene is transformed from one of bustling activity to the silence of a graveyard. Bewildered by this unearthly transformation you tread fearfully toward the entrance of the now deserted Tent.....Darkness is falling and this is going to be a long, long night.....

FEASIBILITY EXPERIMENT

Far beyond the outermost Galaxy of our universe, beyond the wildest imaginings of mortal man lies a newly born World. A World manufactured artificially from the raw material of the universe. Painstakingly created by the pure thought processes of beings immeasurably superior in intellect to ourselves. Beings who possess no physical form but exist only as clouds of pure mental energy, capable of projecting their will over infinite distances.

At the Geometrical centre of this artificial world there exists an immense cavern, created by these beings as a place of worship. The one solitary object of worship in this shrine, a statue carved in the image of mortal man. At the base of this statue are inscribed the three words: ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Millions of our years after these beings had discarded their physical forms as an intolerable burden, their perceptions were clouded by a catastrophic vision of their own impotence. After eons of roaming the universe, fascinated by their own ability to create or destroy whole galaxies at the merest whim, they slowly became aware of their disastrous handicap.....their absolute inability to reproduce the one thing that would ensure their eternal existence.....Themselves.

As their power began to wane, their energy slowly dissipating over the vastness of space, they began the desperate search for a sustaining life force. At length their thoughts drifted to our world and here they beheld the spectacle of a great Warrior. They were invigorated by this spectacle, drawing power from the life force of this charismatic figure. Hence they retired to a region beyond all reach and created for themselves a place of worship, believing that such worship could guarantee the survival of their race.

Eventually they realised that this was not enough, a mere image of a hero could not sustain them, they would have to find a real, living hero and draw their essential life force from this. To this end they built on this artificial world a scenario such as they could use to test the heroism of their subjects, for their hero would have to be brave indeed to satisfy their hunger for the life force. Their thoughts turn again now to our planet.....

As you sleep this night, your dreams are disturbed by a ghostly voice, at first the voice seem to ask you gently to follow it, at your vague refusal it becomes more insistent, eventually growing into a howling demand for your presence. As your last remnant of resistance is shattered you jerk awake to find yourself on the floor inside what seems to be an old mansion. As you raise yourself up and try to make sense of your surroundings you have no way of knowing that you are now the subject of a.....FEASIBILITY EXPERIMENT.

THE WIZARD AKYRZ

The Evil Sorcerer lay in the depths of his despair, waves of spiritual agony tortured his Soul. To be defeated twice by the efforts of a mere mortal was almost too much to bear. Only an inherent force of Evil prevented the Wizard from complete vanquishment. Eons seemed to pass as the Wizard slowly rebuilt himself from within, feeding on malice as maggots feed on rotten meat. A plan was forming in this demented mind, a plan that would ensure victory over the mortal enemy.

The plan that grew would learn from the errors of the previous two plans - In the first of these plans, the Wizard had stolen the Golden

Baton, an artifact that brought power and prosperity to mortals. The plan failed when a mortal triumphed over incredible odds and recovered the Golden Baton, restoring it to the Royal Palace. In retaliation, the Wizard employed his evil ally XERDON to cast a spell on the Baton itself that would render it impotent. Again, this plan failed when the same mortal vanquished XERDON with the aid of a Magical Arrow.

The Wizard took heart as his new plan was now fully formed, his plan was designed to utterly destroy the mortal who had been instrumental in his earlier downfall. The Evil Wizard Akyrz himself would take on an earthly form and then he would lay a trap which would inevitably lure the mortal into an Evil snare from which there would be no escape.....

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

So it was in those, the most ancient of times, that Zeus the all powerful came to rule the Heavens. On the drawing of lots, Hades became ruler of the Nether World, his brother Poseidon took charge of the Oceans and all three brothers had interest in the lands of Earth.

Acrisius, King of Argos, upon learning from an oracle that he would be killed by the Son of his Daughter, became fearful for his life and locked his daughter away in a Fortress of bronze. This was not enough to protect his daughter Danae from the amorous intentions of Zeus who transformed himself into a shower of Golden Rain and seduced the fair Danae.

When Acrisius discovered that Danae had become pregnant, he waited until the child was born and then cast both mother and child adrift on the sea in a wooden Casket, thereby protecting his own life.

At length the Casket drifted onto the shores of Seriphos where it was discovered by a fisherman. The child grew up in happiness but eventually the King of Seriphos, Polydectes, decided that he wished to marry Danae. Only Danae's son Perseus could thwart the plans of the king who had now demanded that each person on Seriphos should bear a gift to the Royal Palace.

Perseus, having no possessions, enquired how he could please the King who thereupon demanded that Perseus bring back the head of Medusa the Gorgon whose very glance could turn men to stone.

You are Perseus son of Zeus and Danae, to protect the life of your mother you must do the King's bidding - even though no man has ever beheld Medusa and lived.....

TEN LITTLE INDIANS

The Train clatters along the lines relentlessly, you stare out of the window at the seemingly endless countryside rolling by. Soon you will reach your destination and then you will receive the opportunity to bring into play your famous investigative talents. For a moment

you wonder whether or not you have the talent that will be needed on this case - ever since the national press released news of the fantastic fortune to be discovered at the old Mansion of Major Johnston-Smythe, treasure hunters have tried their luck, most of them have never been heard of again.

As the Train begins to slow down you prepare yourself for what is ahead by mentally recapping all the information you have gathered so far about the famous treasures:-

The Major was a cunning old fox, in order to make it virtually impossible for anyone to inherit his fortune, he had put all his money into Gold and cast into the form of a form of a Figurine or Idol. He then hid this away and told no-one of it's whereabouts. Further to this he commissioned Ten more Figurines to be made of various materials and, although worthless in themselves, they were for some reason absolutely essential in order to obtain the main prize. Shortly after this, the Major died and his jealous Nephew made public the information he had obtained about the Major's activities.

The Train finally stops, now your task begins in earnest. Can you succeed where so many others have failed, or will death be your only prize?.....

HINT'S CARDS

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