



Arthur King, the humble stable-boy of the 'Round Table' inn, was settling down to sleep in his modest straw bed when there was a sudden, vociferous outburst of rapping from the door of the nearby inn. He got up and, after removing bits of straw from uncomfortable positions within his nightshirt, strode outside.

Although it was inevitably chilly, the aspiring squire retained his composure. The first thing that caught his attention was the semi-naked barmaid, Guinevere, leaning out of her bedroom window. This certainly sent his hormones racing. She yelled, "Someone's bangin' on me knocker! See who it is, runt." An utterance of the like would normally be interpreted as an insult but, for Arthur, it was sheer bliss.

From behind Guinevere, the landlord's resonant voice emanated: "Come back to bed! We're not finished yet!"

"Yes, Lancelot," the barmaid replied obediently.

This aside, the diminutive Arthur still fancied his chances with the luscious Guinevere and, as the shutters of her bedroom drifted tightly together, he decided to approach the inn's darkened doorway.

There, he found an old sage attired in sackcloth, visibly affected by exhaustion and thirst. Arthur took him inside and offered him a hogshead of ale (past its sell-by date). The gratified octogenarian siphoned some into a pewter tankard. He turned to Arthur, saying, "And now I will pronounce you a Member of the Birkenhead Echelon". The sage tapped Arthur on both shoulders with a toilet-brush and was gone with the night. As this was only early morning, the night wouldn't pass for hours, so the old-timer stayed until . . .

The sun's warming rays served as a stimulus to Arthur that it was time to awaken. Morgana le Fay, the 'harlot upstairs' which all inns of the period had in residence (and many still do!), gracefully glided down the staircase for her morning ale to be met by Arthur in the tap-room. "Sleepwalking again, eh?" she murmured. "Don't worry about it, as long as you don't stray into my room!"

Arthur spoke to Morgana for some time, until Lancelot McKnight and his son and pageboy, Galahad, arrived at the scene. "I have to take a message to the village of Upper Kissing, Arthur," said Galahad. "Do you have any idea where it is?"

"No," replied Arthur honestly, "though it..."

"But I do," interrupted Morgana. "I could give you directions."

"What!?" cried Lancelot, apparently in shock at what she'd just said to his son.

Morgana repeated what she'd said.

"Sorry, Ms. le Fay, I thought you said something else!"

Arthur spoke to Sir Mordred, the stable-master, on the subject of the sage's visit. Sir Mordred grunted and pushed the distraught lad into a vat of horse manure.

Arthur later visited the local wash-house, run by the glamorous 'Slag on the Nag'. Although she was dismounted at this time (well, she had in order to bathe someone), she was almost constantly on horseback. "Dunno, luv," she wittered, sponge and soap in hand. "Try Merlin, 'cos he'd probably know, like."



That night, Arthur (now squeaky clean) approached the village card-sharp, Merlin M'Gijjin. "Hmm, Gawain, I'm on a roll."

"Mer! You ought t' have a poker-face."

Smugly, Merlin said: "That's just tradition, chum."

"Blow! I *fold*, 'cos you've obviously clobbered me," he exclaimed, dropping his hand on the table. "I only had three of a kind."

"Are you betting any more, Sir Mordred?" asked Merlin.

"No, I fold too," replied Mordred, "'cos a Royal Flush isn't good enough."

M'Gijjin set his cards down face-up: they were a motley assortment far below the value of the others' cards.

"**BLUFFED!**" cried Sir Mordred and Gawain simultaneously.

Leaving the table with his ill-gotten gains, Merlin finally spoke to Arthur. "I understand your situation, although you don't. Okay, let's begin: now that you have an MBE, you young rascal, you'll find many quests set for yourself by various persons. Your wildest dreams may be realized should you embrace these quests. If not, your mundane life will remain unaltered."

"Fancy a game of poker?"

"No, snap is more suitable for you, young scallywag."

Declining the offer, Arthur returned to his bed. He woke up the next morning, prepared to face his nemesis (whatever that was).

NOTES



In this game your character, Arthur, must eat. However it is an 'automated' process and provided you have purchased some supplies on his behalf he will partake of them without any help from you. Type FOOD to see how much of his supplies remain. By the way, run out of food and not only will you grow weak and die but your companions will abandon you!!!

It is possible to HIRE certain characters to assist you on your quest. To find out their abilities just type SAY TO DWARF "Abilities" and they will supply you with a list of them.

You will need MONEY to hire characters and to buy supplies. If you need some just try to sell your own possessions or employ the talents of your companions to obtain some.

Throughout the game day and night will follow accordingly .. and as a result certain actions will be governed by the 'time' of the day that it is. So plan your moves methodically.

You will need to SLEEP at regular intervals - this is NOT 'automated' like eating, so make your way to an appointed 'sleeping-place' and partake of the facilities there. Failure to do this will result in you dropping where you stand and your companion(s) running off with some of your cash!!

Use the command TALK TO and SAY TO to converse with the various characters. It is important.

During the game you should encounter .. Guinevere the barmaid, Lancelot, The Landlord, Morgana Le Fay, The Harlot Upstairs, Galahad, The Pageboy, Mordred, The Stable-Master, The Slag-on-the-Nag, Merlin M'Gijjin the card-sharp and a little known character (who makes an appearance in part one) plus the true heroine of Camelot - Nelly the Intelligent Horse.

