

# The Curse Of The Yeti

By Simon Osborne

## Introduction

The main character in this story is an adventurer living in the mystical world of Ansk. What is unusual about this character is that he or she looks a lot like you. Exactly like you, in fact. This is because Ansk is a parallel world to our own. The same people that live on Earth populate Ansk; they just perform different roles. Your role on Ansk is that of a would-be hero, a dashing swordsman, a noble knight, or however you would like to be if you lived in a world where the unreal was real.

This adventure is written in typical gamebook format. Start reading from the paragraph where you are instructed to begin. To commence reading this gamebook, please **turn to paragraph 1**. After reading the opening few paragraphs, which help to set the scene for the adventure, you will be faced with a choice of directions. You must choose where to go, and turn to the paragraph indicated. Eventually you will reach a paragraph where there are no exits. Either you will have “died”, meaning that you cannot complete the task set for you, or you will have succeeded. It will be quite apparent which of these applies by the way the paragraph is worded. Do not read paragraphs unless you are specifically instructed to go there; doing so can

decrease the fun of the game; and, after all, you do want to have fun, don't you?

This particular gamebook differs from many in that there is no formulated combat system, although you may be asked to roll dice to create a random number. If you do not have any dice handy, you may randomly choose a number. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone.

What you will need is some paper and something with which to write. This is to record what items you are carrying. You could try just remembering them, but your memory is liable to forget an item you have, or even remember an item you don't have! You start with no items. If in the course of your adventure you come across an item, it will be displayed in **Bold Print**. Note it down (remembering to pay the price in gold pieces if necessary) and you definitely own the item.

Now that you have read these brief rules, you are almost ready for the adventure. As a final word of warning, I must tell you that Ansk is a dangerous place, populated by monsters and untrustworthy people. You must choose your friends wisely; otherwise, you may live to regret it.

So, buckle on your sword and get ready for action. You will find the beginning of the adventure at paragraph **1**.

# The Adventure

## 1

The winters are harsh in these northern realms, but you have been forced to get used to it over these past few weeks as you have taken a job guarding caravans travelling along the trade route from Sturovf to Surrig. It is a poorly paid job, but it was the only one available in Surrig, where you found yourself after following a known felon to these northerly lands. You captured him, finally, and handed him over to the authorities, but you did not have enough money to pay for a coach trip back to the lands of your birth. Hence, the boring job on pitiable pay that you find yourself stuck with.

Your job is to guard a troupe of caravans that stop off at every north-man settlement along the several-hundred mile trade route. It is an uncomfortable journey, particularly since you have to travel ahead of the convoy, eyes peeled for traps, ambushes or impassable roads. The tundra, the name given to the land terrain that you are travelling through, is barren and desolate, covered in frost and snow for nine months of the year. According to Khris, the owner of the caravan company, in the late spring and summer it is awash with brightly coloured flowers, and many creatures come out from hibernation to bask in the warm sunshine. Unfortunately, it is the third month since Yuletide, and spring has yet to come to this vast, icy desert.

It is late one night, as you are settling down to rest, that the sound of a horn breaks the silence, echoing off rocks and the few diseased trees for miles around. You quickly rise and find Khris, who tells you that in these northlands, the sound of a horn almost always means distress; it is a request for assistance. Another trader rushes over to you, telling you that the sound came from the next settlement along the route, a small village of about fifty north-men. Khris turns to you and asks you to scout ahead. Reluctantly you agree and saddle the horse provided, making a prompt start.

You pick your way carefully through the ice and snow; a lantern held aloft in your right hand, the bridle held in your left. It is just after midnight that you arrive at the settlement, but none of your adventuring exploits could have prepared you for the bloody scene of carnage that waited there for you.

The wooden doors of the wooden barricade encircling the village have been completely ripped from their hinges. One lies in the snow

about twenty-five paces away. You quietly dismount and tie up your horse. Entering through the remains of the gates, you are struck by the bloodbath inside. No one has survived the onslaught; the horn and all around is silent now, and eve more shall be so. The bodies of the men have been butchered in unspeakable ways, and most are covered in the claw-marks of what seems to be a huge creature with inhuman strength. Many of the bodies have bite-marks on them, and some are missing limbs. Shocked and repulsed, and more than a little worried about whether the beast that did this is still here, you carefully pick your way back over the wreckage of what was once a thriving community and leave.

You remount your horse without delay and, heedless of the potentially dangerous terrain, you gallop as fast as you dare back along the trail towards the encampment of traders. As you speedily return, snow begins to fall from the dark sky, gently settling on the ground, covering all in a blanket of white oblivion.

**Turn to 209.**

## 2

You question the burly man as to these parts. "Seek the Friar of Teckleton," he advises, "far to the north of here. He is a learned man. Now, if you'll excuse me." He goes back to serving and wiping mugs. You leave him to his business. Now you may talk to the humans (**turn to 62**) or have you finished talking (**turn to 11**)?

## 3

After some time alone in the wilderness, you crest a hill and see that you are headed for a quaint village. Your spirits soar at the opportunity to talk to other humans for the first time in several days, although you are apprehensive about the occupants of such a northerly town; they may well be mean and surly, not friendly and helpful. The path you are following leads straight into the centre of the town, but a newly formed detour looks a possible option. You stride quickly down the hill and reach the settlement in a few minutes. **Turn to 76.**

## 4

You soon walk through the last of the trees and leave the eerie forest. The wind immediately

begins to bite deeper due to the lack of protection that the trees provided. You walk along trudging through the deep snow, sure that you are following the path because of the hump in the snow. After several kilometres, the track continues no farther north, and you have to turn to the west. **Turn to 39.**

## 5

Your blow is accurate and correct. You hit the creature in its already-wounded thigh and, screaming in pain, it collapses to the floor, writhing in agony. It is an easy matter to bring the Yeti's evil reign of terror to a fitting conclusion. **Turn to 230.**

## 6

Suddenly, and without warning, you feel a pain in your stomach, like a fireball. You gasp and collapse against the bar. You persuade the Barkeep to pour you a Dragon Brand. You manage to drink this, and it deadens the pain in your stomach. The mixture of these two beers has a strange effect on you. **Turn to 124.**

## 7

You push open the door, noting the simple décor of the room. A fire burns merrily in the hearth, warming you to the bone. Shaking the snow from your thick furs, you make your way over to where the Innkeeper is waiting and enquire of the price of a room for the night. He replies that it is a non-negotiable 3 gold coins. If you are considering stopping here tonight, you should first engage the barman in idle chit-chat (**turn to 178**). Otherwise, you turn up your collar and return to the junction. You walk through the night. **Turn to 29.**

## 8

The path curves gently around until you are heading east. The faint snowfall stops and the sun appears in the cold, blue sky. The eastern horizon is clear; there is nothing to see. You look down at the floor; shielding your eyes from snow-glare, and when you look up you are surprised that you have stumbled across a hitherto unseen fountain. The path and grass nearby are completely devoid of snow, and a man is lying, curled up asleep, on the wayside. He looks contented enough. The water from the fountain jets about three metres into the air to land in a pool at the base, surrounded by limestone. A carved fish atop a ring of five stone steps spews the water into the air. The water looks cool, clear and icy. You may taste the water (**turn to**

**109**). The figure looks deep in sleep, but you may try to wake them if you wish (**turn to 138**). Alternatively, you may continue onwards (**turn to 15**).

## 9

You draw your **Sword** and attack. However, the beast easily flicks aside your swing, knocking you off your feet. You land in the snow about five metres away. The Yeti moves in for the kill. If you have an item you would like to try, then quickly **turn to 167**. If you do not, you had better try to escape. **Turn to 116.**

## 10

You travel north for a few miles, critically examining the diminishing light in the western sky. The chill wind blows colder and you begin to look keenly to the left and right for some form of shelter for the night. Ahead is a junction. You realise that you must soon rest, so you quickly decide on your course of action. Continue either East (**turn to 129**) or West (**turn to 89**).

## 11

You bid farewell to the Barkeeper and leave through the door, sorry to be taking your leave of the roaring fire in the hearth. Outside it seems that the cold has deepened and the freezing wind bites once more into your face and hands. You once more set off on your travels. Are you going northwest (**turn to 216**) or are you moving in an easterly direction (**turn to 185**)?

## 12

You sweep your eyes over the vast bleary vista. The snow in places reaches your thighs and you have to push against the snow with your feet to move. No one has travelled this roadway for many months; in fact, it is little more than a track. Ahead you can see a signpost covered in snow. You kick the signpost, sending soft, wet snow in all directions. The North-westerly arrow reads "RIVER", whereas to the northeast the arrow reads "TECKLETON TOR". You may go towards the river (**turn to 159**) or, alternatively, Teckleton Tor (**turn to 180**).

## 13

This could be very effective, but only if you have a projectile weapon to fire it from. If you possess an **Oak Bow** then use it by **turning to 208**. If you do not, **return to 167**.

## 14

You push open the oaken doors and enter the church. Inside the smell of beeswax candles, long since extinguished pervades the clear, crisp air. Five rows of pews are split down the middle by a narrow aisle and, although old and cramped, this church is surprisingly clean. Despite the lack of illumination, you can just make out a pulpit and so make your way over to it. A small flight of steps curves up to it and, about one metre from the floor, the pulpit resides, overlooking the entire hall. A lectern is on the pulpit upon which lies an open book. It is not warm in the chapel, but it provides protection from the snow and wind. You may leave now (**turn to 143**). If you have been somewhere similar and the friar is deceased, then **turn immediately to 148**. Otherwise, you may search the pulpit (**turn to 127**), or the seats (**turn to 227**). If you do not then you settle down for the night (**turn to 117**).

## 15

You turn your back on the prostrate figure and leave. You re-enter the snow-drenched wilds and feel as though you have just woken from an exquisite dream. You miserably go back to staring at the ground to avoid snow-blindness and trudge onwards. The path curves around again until you are travelling north through a snowdrift. **Turn to 30**.

## 16

“Well I never!” exclaims the Friar. “I never expected the dragon’s question to be answered in my lifetime! I am jolly pleased it has been, though, as it means I can go to Ordoker village without travelling miles out of my way. I am indeed most indebted to you, sir.” You show the Friar the charm and he nods excitedly. “Yes, I remember the legends. Recite the spell: *SESQUIPA LANTIA MERCORADIA* and the beast will be turned to stone” (To use this, wait until you are told you may do so, double the number of the paragraph you are on and add 101 to it; this is the paragraph you should then turn to.) You thank the Friar and, after he has re-lit the candles, bid him farewell. You settle down to sleep on the pulpit. In the morning, you leave and travel westwards past the junction until the track turns roughly north into the Ice Downs. Eventually, you reach a large valley running north to south. You carefully descend into it. **Turn to 92**.

## 17

You find it quite amazing quite how many

people live in such a small town in these harsh northern lands. The thoroughfares of Arkelon are small and narrow, so you have little chance to escape from the crowd. Overheard conversations seem to indicate that for the first time in seven years the world-famous Hanmor’s Travelling Market has returned, selling hard-to-find items, exotic curios and products from far overseas. They have been setting up stalls all over the town. You manage to get hold of a specially drawn map distributed to all the citizens by the mayor, who has opened the Market. There are several places that you may wish to investigate.

In Smith Street, a Blacksmith has set up shop. To go there, **turn to 47**.

In Curio Street, a Magic Marquee has been set up. To go there, **turn to 224**.

A reputable trading company has a holding in the Market Square. To visit here, **turn to 213**.

An Inn is situated on the far side of town. To investigate this place, **turn to 164**.

To generally wander around town **turn to 18**.

Finally, if you want to leave Arkelon, you may leave through the North Gate by **turning to 46**, or the South Gate by **turning to 32**, or the West Gate by **turning to 66**, or the Southwest Gate by **turning to 55**.

## 18

The town of Arkelon is small in comparison with Surrig, where you were staying until you joined up with Khris, and there seems little to do. At least the roads are regularly swept clean of snow and slush. As you are making your way along The Great North Road, you see something glinting in the snow. If you have not already done so, you find a small **Iron Hammer**, abandoned in the centre of the road. You may pocket this if you wish before returning to the centre of town. **Return to 17**.

## 19

“Yeti?” says the Blacksmith. “Is it a new Ale from the Dragon Brewery? I don’t know anything about it mate, sorry. You might be better off asking at the Magic Tent that has just been set up. It won’t be here for much longer. But, seeing as how you’re here, would you like to buy some of my wares?” If you would like to browse his stock, **turn to 65**. Otherwise, you politely decline and leave, returning to the centre of town to get your bearings. **Return to 17**.

## 20

You look critically at the sun, which is rapidly retreating below the western horizon, as you are pressing on through the cold and deepening snow. The chill wind howls, sending shivers down your spine and conjuring up disturbing images in your mind's eye. A derelict house looms up on the horizon, and here you retreat, spending the cold, lonely night sheltering from the hateful winds that rush across heath and moor in these wild, northern realms. At first light, after a miserable night spent drifting in and out of sleep, you arise and continue your journey roughly northwards, looking for the road. **Turn to 68** to continue your adventure.

## 21

You walk onward as the wind howls around the leafless trees that are dotted around the landscape causing strange, ghostly noises. The leaden-grey sky adds weight to your already floundering spirit, and the snow begins to fall thicker and faster. Eerie noises that cannot surely be caused by the wind make you quicken your pace as you head northwards, your feet sinking into the sticky mud below the snow, and it becomes evident that you have lost the path. You stop briefly to get your bearings and set off either Northwards (**turn to 20**) or Eastwards (**turn to 131**).

## 22

It is about mid-morning when you reach the hills, heading in a roughly northeast direction. There are a good many twists and turns as you follow the track, and you eventually climb to a height of fifty metres. As you rise above the shelter of the valley, the full blast of the wind hits you, and you have to steady yourself against a boulder. As you begin to descend the far side of the hill, sheltered now from the freezing blasts, you turn your thoughts to making camp. You spend the night in a cave and set off in the morning at a brisk pace. The hills hamper your speed, though, and it is about dusk when you finally reach the flat expanse of ice-plain beyond. Will you continue Northwards (**turn to 228**) or Eastwards (**turn to 92**)?

## 23

You trudge through the blizzard almost bent double against the wind. It is only as you notice a shadow that you look up and see the pine forest ahead. Forests such as this one provide homes for thousands of small creatures in these bleak lands, and it might provide much-needed shelter for you, although you note the strange

darkness between the trees, and the unusual aura of oppression that exudes from the woodland. You may enter the forest along the northerly track (**turn to 115**), along the track heading to the north-west (**turn to 156**), or avoid it by following a track west (**turn to 186**).

## 24

You are entering a range of low hills. Ahead of you is a cleared path that you follow to a chapel. You shelter in the eaves while deciding what to do. You may enter the chapel through heavy oaken doors (**turn to 37**) or trudge away North through the snow (**turn to 195**).

## 25

You sit and think about your mission, glad to be a safe haven. Surely, you think, all beasts have a weakness. You meditate over what you know about the feared beast, and fall into a deep sleep; in which you dream you are surrounded by a hundred Yetis dancing in time to some unearthly beat. Suddenly one screams and clutches at its arm, and you awake with a start. You stand and move on, unsure of what you have just witnessed. You return South and head East. **Turn to 182**.

## 26

If you own a **Golden Dagger** or a **Hammer**, the trader will be happy to give you 8 Gold Coins for either; he is not interested in anything else you may be carrying, If you have sufficient funds, you may buy any of the following, which the trader has for sale:

<b>SEXTANT</b>	5 GP
<b>GOLDEN EGG</b>	13GP
<b>BRONZE EFFIGY</b>	3 GP
<b>BOOK OF FACTS</b>	4 GP
<b>ANCIENT SILVER PIECES</b>	10GP
<b>DAGGER</b>	8 GP
<b>CANDLES (12)</b>	2 GP
<b>LANTERN</b>	4 GP
<b>OIL SKIN</b>	1 GP
<b>BONE DIE</b>	4 SP
<b>IVORY HORN</b>	7 GP
<b>GOLD RING</b>	17GP
<b>DIAMOND</b>	2 SP
<b>MAP OF ARKELON</b>	2 GP

You must purchase at least one item from him; he simply will not let you leave until you have! When you have finished browsing his wares, **turn to 105**.

## 27

Your encounter with the dragon has made you wary, and you keep your hand on the pommel on your sword as you walk onward. After stopping to rest at midday, you continue through the freshly fallen snow. You reach the top of a hill and look down on a small settlement. Night is setting in, and the wind is biting cold. You may enter the settlement by **turning to 76**. If you choose not to, you make a detour around the village. After a careful search of the surrounding area, you find an abandoned cabin nearby, in which you spend a damp, miserable night. When morning comes, you collect your things and leave. As you walk, once again the beauty of nature strikes you, despite your restless night; even in this harsh wilderness, you can see her magical touch. The snow lends a mystical aura to the environment, covering the ground in a thick, white blanket. **Turn to 90** to continue.

## 28

As the freezing blast of wind strikes you, snow begins to fall causing you even more discomfort. You close your eyes and continue blind to save your eyes from the stinging discomfort. When you open your eyes a few brief seconds later, you see a terrifying apparition ahead of you. A huge white dragon, indigenous to these snowlands, hovers over the road a few metres ahead of you. Its eyes are milky white, and its pure-white scales make it impossible to spot unless it reveals itself. White dragons are renowned for their love of riddles and enigmas. It speaks in a rich, deep, mocking voice.

“Mortal, I welcome you here to my path. None have passed since I claimed it for my own. You are either very foolish or very clever to come here, but, either way, I salute your bravery.” You try to speak, but are too afraid to say that you didn’t know it owned this path. He continues after a brief pause. “To pass me you must answer me this unanswered question. Answer correctly, and you may pass, and I must leave to seek other pleasures. If I win, I get to chew on your bones. Agreed?” Without waiting for an answer, he goes on to pose the riddle:

***“Where it is, you cannot see,  
Where it is not, you may.  
Formed it is of the briny sea  
What is it? You may now say.”***

You are struck by the dreadful doggerel that the dragon has just spun you, and you realise that the dragon is obviously a youngster, exploring the world and causing mischief. Less afraid

now, but still aware that an angry young dragon is a formidable opponent, you turn your thoughts to trying to decipher the riddle.

If you think you know the answer to this riddle add the alphabetical position values of each of the letters together (A=1, B=2, C=3, ... Z=26) and deduct 1 from this score. Then multiply the score by three and turn to that paragraph. So, for example, if the answer was tree (which it obviously isn’t), then T=20, R=18, E=5, E=5 (20+18+5+5-1=) 47. 47 multiplied by 3 equals 141, so you would **turn to 141**. If the paragraph you turn to makes no sense—and you are only allowed one attempt—then you were wrong (**turn to 59**). If you want to attack the dragon, **turn to 226**. If you wish to make a break for it, **turn to 88**.

## 29

Morning had promised good weather, but you are no forecaster of the conditions, and you were oblivious to all the signs that pointed otherwise. The foul wind bites into you, making you yearn for the balmy southern reaches of Khel. You are having regrets about ever having come to this icy wilderness. You reach the crest of a hill and gaze out over a village some way to the north. Reaching the bottom of the hill, you must decide whether to follow the track East (**turn to 221**) or West (**turn to 94**).

## 30

You travel northwards through the deep snow for a number of kilometres. The scenery is uninspiring, and to the north, you can just make out some hills on the horizon, many kilometres away. You continue your journey until you arrive at a junction in the pathway where you must choose to go East (**turn 221**) or West (**turn to 94**).

## 31

As you are walking, you notice a large boulder of granite to your left. You decide to rest here briefly as the good weather might last. As you make to leave, you notice that the boulder has some words etched into it. They read ‘Visions cannot be trusted—Ponder only what you hear.’ Wondering about what the words might mean, and who put them here, you set off Northeast along the track. **Turn to 82**.

## 32

You make your way through the narrow streets to the South Gate. Bidding farewell to the

guards, you walk through and leave the settlement. Outside you experience the familiar thrill of the silence and solitude of the wilderness. There is little snow on the ground, barely impeding your progress. You travel all day. The pathway has turned east, away from the mountains. As the light begins to fade, you arrive at a derelict mansion, which you think may have once been an inn, long since abandoned and derelict. You may enter this building (**turn to 35**) or spend a freezing night under the stars and return North (**turn to 40**).

### **33**

How many scrolls did you buy from The Mage's Emporium? If you bought only one scroll, **turn to 204**. If you bought two or more scrolls, **turn to 74**.

### **34**

You hand over the money and walk up the stairs. Your room is small, but cosy, painted in pale muted colours. A dresser with a huge mirror set into the middle of it stands against the far wall, facing your bed, which is soft and yielding. You settle down to sleep almost immediately. In the morning, you awake from a dream in which you defeat the Yeti in single combat by striking it on the leg. You rise and return to the centre of the town to decide where to go. **Return to 17**.

### **35**

Inside the doorway is a trapped flagstone, which is set with a Rune of Blasting. If you had stood upon it, the pressure would have caused it to trigger, exploding violently and, in the process, harming you rather badly. You enter the house and note that the rooms are sparsely furnished. A mahogany staircase leads up to a second floor above you. You may search the downstairs rooms (**turn to 183**) or the upstairs (**turn to 61**). Alternatively, you may leave (**turn to 99**).

### **36**

You continue northeast for a few kilometres alongside the river. In places, snow has built up in deep drifts, often causing you to flounder, but you keep to your course, urged on by the rushing babbling of the river. Trees grow here, along the bank, where water is fresh and plentiful, and you spot more than a few game birds roosting in the branches. By mid-morning you have reached a bridge across the fast-flowing torrent. It is very low to the surface, and

its rickety frame seems to shake rather a lot due to the action of the waters. You may cross this (**turn to 162**) or continue in the direction you are travelling (**turn to 170**).

### **37**

You push open the heavy oak door and enter the small chapel. Taking in your surroundings, you stand in awe of the stained glass windows depicting mythical dragon slayers; the great detail and obvious effort that has gone into the work humbles you. Above you, the oaken beams disappear into darkness. Indeed, the only light in the room comes mainly from low-burning candles. It is very smoky in the chapel, causing you to cough. There are chairs here, set in rows and made of wood and metal, turned toward the pulpit. A few steps lead up to this, and a lectern stands up there, presiding over the hall. You may search the seats (**turn to 157**) or the pulpit (**turn to 198**).

Otherwise, you settle down to sleep and leave in the morning. **Turn to 193**.

### **38**

You step gingerly into the freezing waters, steeling your self against the cold, and begin to swim out towards the centre. About halfway there, you get cramps in your legs and stomach. Wincing in acute pain, you try to turn around and return to the shore, but you cannot make it to the shallows. The last thing you ever see is the sun, high above you, looking down on you in an almost gloating fashion. Your adventure ends here, at the bottom of the Pool of False Visions.

### **39**

The foul east wind blows freezing snow into your eyes as you continue your lonesome trek in these bleak, abandoned lands. You yearn for company, and you feel that you would give all that you have just to see someone you knew, even that old miser Khris. The track splits ahead of you, and you are forced to choose whether to travel North (**turn to 69**) or East (**turn to 3**) or West (**turn to 188**).

### **40**

Ahead of you is a town, which you recognise as Arkelon. You enter the town behind a hay cart and nip quickly between the unobservant guards. Inside people are going in droves toward the market square and you are pushed along with them. **Turn to 17**.

## 41

You travel west for several kilometres, and the bleak and desolate landscape does little to revive your floundering spirits. It is after several miserable hours that you reach a hut, the first sign of civilisation in many hours. It is in a bad state of repair, and the roof appears to have collapsed some time ago. Tree branches and shrubs, nature's vandals, smashed all the windows long ago. The door is hanging open off its hinges and you may enter if you wish (**turn to 176**) or continue your journey (**turn to 216**).

## 42

The priest casually asks you what brings you so far north. You reply that you came to visit this famous chapel. He is extremely pleased that Yeti have come to visit, and admits that few people visit here anymore. You talk for some time about the architecture of the building before you begin to yawn, the exertions of the day taking their toll on you. He replaces the candles and bids you farewell. Now you may choose to explore the rest of the church (**turn to 194**). Otherwise, you settle down to sleep and leave in the morning. **Turn to 193.**

## 43

After following the river southwest for about a day, you arrive at a disused hut just as the sun sinks below the horizon. Here you spend the night, safe from the blizzard that blows up overnight. You are unable to leave the hut until midday, so you use the time to investigate the tools that are strewn across the floor, although you find nothing. When the snowstorm has abated somewhat, you leave and set off again. Soon afterwards, you come to a bridge spanning the freezing waters. The ancient stonework has crumbled after many years of service, but it is safe to cross, and you continue following the track across it northwards. **Turn to 78.**

## 44

You hold the talisman above your head and attempt to release its power. If you know what to do now, you should be able to work out where to go now. Otherwise, **return to 167** and choose what to do.

## 45

You draw your sword and leap at the man. Before your blow has chance to land, he mutters some strange-sounding words. A huge ball of multi-coloured fire explodes in the air around you, causing you fatal burns. You drop to the ground, becoming food for the wild animals in these icy wastes. Sadly, your violent

nature has brought about your downfall in these cold, unrelenting lands.

## 46

As you leave by the North Gate, a guard warns you to be wary of a great white beast in the snows to the north. Thanking him, you continue on your way, out into the bleak heaths and moors where nothing grows save for the hardiest purple heathers. After travelling for some time, the track you are following splits. You ignore the southwest track as it only leads away from your goal, the northerly, freezing steppes. You follow the other fork, which leads off in a vaguely northeast direction. **Turn to 8.**

## 47

The smithy is a converted stable where a large, noisy forge has been constructed. The bare-chested man who is the Blacksmith comes over to you and asks what your business is here. You may question him about your quest (**turn to 19**) or ask to see his wares (**turn to 65**) or leave (**return to 17** to choose where to go next).

## 48

You kneel and pray, hoping to invoke divine providence. The Yeti, however, has no respect for God. In your prone position, it has no trouble hitting you with its massive, wickedly clawed forearms. You have no defence against the terrible onslaught of the Yeti and he finishes you off easily. Your adventure ends here, on the brink of success.

## 49

The man replies that it costs 1 gold coin to spend the night here. You pay this willingly. **Turn to 34.**

## 50

You swing the **Axe** at the beast, but it is so heavy that it pulls you off-balance. You stumble to the right, and the beast, seeing its chance, slashes at you with its claws. Dropping your axe, you turn and run. **Turn to 116.**

## 51

You grip the **Throwing Dagger** and throw it straight and true into the Yeti's eye. However, this only seems to enrage your opponent. You have lost your dagger, and must **return to 167** to decide your next line of attack.

## 52

You hand over the money and purchase the scroll. On it is written the **Fool's Gold Spell**. Note this down, along with the scroll number (#1). You may now buy **Scroll #2 (turn to 222)**, **Scroll #3 (turn to 64)** or **Scroll #4 (turn to 196)**. Alternatively, if you have finished spending your money, you may talk to the owner (**turn to 33**) or leave (**return to 17** to decide where to go next).

## 53

You strike the man dead where he stands. He collapses to the floor, a pool of blood surrounding the prone corpse. He is once more in a state of repose: a permanent one. You search the body; hut he was carrying nothing of any value. You decide that you would like to be away from this place as soon as possible. There is nothing more to do than follow the track northeast. **Turn to 30.**

## 54

"I don't know very much about the Yeti," he says as he hands over your purchases, "but that it is surely a fearsome beast. It is said that weapons cannot harm it, although perhaps it has another weakness." You thank him for his oblique advice and leave. Outside, you critically examine the quality of your purchases as you make your way back to the centre of town. **Return to 17** to decide where to go next.

## 55

You leave by the southwest gate and follow the track for almost an hour until it curves rotund to head west; and then, after some kilometres, north. **Turn to 80.**

## 56

Despite the icy temperatures, you trudge ever onwards through the deepening snow. The sun is high in the sky tantalising you with promises of warmth, but its heat seems unable to reach your bones. You plod on expectantly, waiting for some break in the monotonous, dreary vista. But all around is barren and unchangeable. At the next junction, you turn to head north. **Turn to 125.**

## 57

You cross the ancient stone bridge, pausing briefly to look down into the deep, cold waters

of the river, and continue west. **Turn to 165.**

## 58

For three days and three nights, you traverse the tricky mountain paths. Sometimes you are walking between massive, towering peaks, down stone-strewn gullies. Other times, you are following the narrow track, precariously clinging to the side of a mount, with deep drops to your side, down into black oblivion, where even the sunlight could not penetrate. The icy wind bites deep and frequently you curse your wasted time. Eventually, on the fourth day, you reach a pass and find a track leading out into the foothills. Continue your Northern sojourn by **turning to 56.**

## 59

The dragon smiles wickedly. "Wrong," he gleefully cries. He flies toward you at great speed, transfixing you with his milky-white eyes. Unable to escape from such a magnificent predator, you are plucked from the ground in huge talons, and taken back to the dragon's lair; he will eat well tonight. Unfortunately, your adventure ends here on the Ordoker road.

## 60

You walk south for many days. The weather is reasonably mild, although there are several brief flurries of snow each day, and the landscape is drear, with not so much as a tree to break the bleak vista.

It takes you seven days to reach the end of the road, which terminates in a major city, where you spend a further two weeks being cared for by those in true medical profession, suffering as you are from exposure. You are advised to forsake your quest and return to the warmer climes of the south, and you are forced to concede that the Yeti could be anywhere by now. Packing your bags, you take the wide Great South Road away from this arctic tundra.

Eventually, the bad weather abates and you enter the temperate realms of your birth. You decide to forsake your mission in the unpleasant, cold northlands, and head off south in search of warmer adventures. Sadly, your quest for the Yeti ends here, in the western lands, but happily, you have escaped with your life.

## 61

Glad to be out of the cold wind, you set about examining the stairs. There are no traps, but

they do creak dreadfully as you ascend. Upstairs, the interior walls have mostly collapsed, leaving one large room. Dust lies thickly on the floor; although your movements disturbs it, filling the air with a million tiny motes, glinting in the sunlight infiltrating through the grimy windows. There is a large bed set against one exterior wall, with something underneath it, glistening in the last rays of sunlight. You carefully reach under the bed and draw out a magnificent **Sword**, much greater in quality than any you have owned. You readily place it in your scabbard. Happy with your find, you decide to settle down. Here you spend the night, leaving in the morning. **Turn to 99.**

## **62**

The humans look at you in a bored fashion. They are gambling on a card game. You greet them, but they ignore you and continue to play cards. You offer to join the game, upping the stakes, but they pointedly tell you to get lost. The Barkeep comes over to ask them to keep the noise down, but one man, who has had too much Scimitar Ale, hits him, starting a brawl, which rapidly escalates into a violent melee. You snatch 28 Gold Coins from the table while nobody is looking and move to leave hurriedly. As you leave, you notice that the Barkeep is beginning to calm things down by cracking the heads of the gamblers with a cast iron skillet. He can take care of himself. **Turn to 11.**

## **63**

You awake feeling refreshed. You lie in your bed for a few minutes, savouring the comfort and warmth before you force yourself to get out and dress. You gather your things together and go downstairs, the first person to awake today. After checking out, the manager tells you that today is market day in Ordoker. You may choose to pay it a visit (**turn to 153**) or leave town (**turn to 154**).

## **64**

You hand over the gold and unfurl the scroll. On it is written the **Spell of Light**. Note this down, along with the scroll number (#3). You may now buy **Scroll #1 (turn to 52)**, **Scroll #2 (turn to 222)**, or **Scroll #4 (turn to 196)**. Or, if you have finished spending your money, you may talk to the owner (**turn to 33**) or leave (**return to 17** to decide where to go next).

## **65**

You browse through the armour for sale, think-

ing of the advantage it would give you against the Yeti, but it is all too expensive; a breastplate alone costs forty gold coins. Deciding to set your sights a little lower, you move over to where the weapons are kept on display. Looking through the weapons, many of which are as barbaric as they are exotic, you come across a **Sturdy Axe** for 15 gold coins. Purchase it if you desire (**turn to 212**) or return to the centre of town (**return to 17** to decide where to go next).

## **66**

You leave by the West Gate and walk west across the gently undulating landscape for a few kilometres. There is only a slight dusting of snow scattered across the ground. Several hundred metres away, wary of you; you spot arctic hares, constantly on the lookout for arctic foxes, noses a-twitch for the scent of predators. After some time, you realise that you are now heading north. Continue following the path by **turning to 147.**

## **67**

You enter the room and suspiciously check for any traps. You find none, but under the bed is a **Pearl-Handled Throwing Dagger**. You may keep this if you wish. The room is kitted out cheaply, the bedclothes are threadbare and the mattress of coarse woven straw is uncomfortable to say the least, but at least you have a roof over your head and protection from the foul winds that blow across the heaths here. You now retire to bed and sleep. When morning comes, **turn to 63.**

## **68**

You make your way in a roughly north-westerly direction, worried about becoming lost in these inhospitable, lonely lands. You have heard tales of wild men who return to civilisation after many years lost and alone who can no longer remember how to talk, and act just like the animals they have lived with for so long. However, you have no need of such concerns as after about twenty minutes you manage to stumble across the track once more. You set off, following it in a roughly northern direction. **Turn to 22.**

## **69**

You wish you were spared the accursed wind. The snow is being driven into drifts and you have to be careful not to stumble into a hollow where you may not be able to climb out due to

the numbing cold. You turn up your collar against the. You have resorted to poking the ground in front of you with a branch you snapped from a tree. Thus, walking onwards has become a laborious and time-consuming process, just to avoid deep patches of snow. You have had to retrace your steps several times, but at least you are relatively safe, if very cold. You reach a junction. You may trek northwest away from your goal (**turn to 131**) or northeast towards it (**turn to 21**).

### **70**

You knock on the door, which, after several moments, is opened by an old man. He ushers you into the house and sits you down in a comfortable chair near to a roaring fire, while calling to his wife to make you up some supper. After you have finished your delicious meal of chicken and vegetables, he tells you that he regularly puts up strangers as they travel for many miles to buy some of his famous eggs—a delicacy all over the northern lands. His chickens are apparently the most pampered of any in the world, and his love and kindness towards them causes them to produce the tastiest eggs anywhere. He offers to sell you one at the price of two gold coins. You may buy one (**turn to 123**) or talk to him about the Yeti (**turn to 71**) or decline, thanking him, and retire to bed (**turn to 136**).

### **71**

“I’m sorry, but I don’t know anything about that,” says the farmer, apologetically. “I have dedicated my life to producing the most flavoursome eggs that money can buy. The Yeti is a distraction from the pursuit of excellence.” You thank him and retire to bed. **Turn to 136**.

### **72**

With the wind whistling spookily through the trees around you, you march ever onward through the unbearable cold. You force yourself to concentrate on something other than the cold to try to ignore the discomfort. Around you, the forest is dank and foreboding, the depressing atmosphere chilling you from your head to your toes. The path finally joins another, taking your mind from the aura of death that surrounds you. You may travel West (**turn to 120**) or North (**turn to 229**).

### **73**

You grimace as the putrid tasting ale flows down your throat. Its taste is akin to ditch-

water. Perhaps it is ditchwater. You begin to retch involuntarily. You are so desperate to get the taste from your mouth that you pay three gold coins for another drink. **Turn to 124**.

### **74**

The man looks around, as if afraid of being heard, and whispers confidentially to you. “Go to Teckleton Tor,” he says, “far to the west. Only there will you find answers to your questions. Leave by the West Gate and go north. Head west as soon as you can and you’ll arrive at Teckleton.” He goes back to his desk, talking idly to some people who are browsing, all of whom appear to have more money than you do, and you leave. **Return to 17** to decide where to go next.

### **75**

You kneel on the cold stone floor and pray for forgiveness. You begin to feel dizzy and black out. Lose all items and **turn to 1**.

### **76**

You reach the settlement by evening. It is indeed a small village, and it is not afforded protection by an encircling barricade. The main road through the settlement runs east to west, and virtually all the other thoroughfares are little more than alleys, snow-choked and narrow. You would need to know where you are going in this place for fear of getting lost. As it is approaching sundown, the shops are all closed, and the only place open is an inn. You may enter to find the pricing (**turn to 98**) or leave (**turn to 218**).

### **77**

You are walking on a vast rocky plain. The weather is surprisingly mild and you are in a jaunty mood. You begin to whistle a merry ditty when the croak of a bird stirs you from your jovial thoughts. Looking up, you see a giant bird hearing down on you—its wingspan is enough to send shivers down your spine, but the beak of the creature is sharp and at least as long as your forearm. You break into a run, swerving to avoid the monstrous creature. Roll a die. If you roll a 1, 2 or 3 then you will find where you run to by **turning to 201**. If you roll a 4 or a 5, you run for some time before reaching a river and should continue by **turning to 43**. If you roll a 6, you can continue your adventure by **turning to 60**.

## **78**

You walk away from the river, intent on completing your quest. The chill wind blows in from the north, and snow settles on your brow. Numbed by the sudden downturn in weather conditions, you stop to rest in a disused mine, continuing at first light the next morning, after the worst of the blizzard has passed. Several hours later, the snowstorm still blowing all around you, you reach a junction where you may continue north, where the worst of the storm appears to be (**turn to 102**) or northeast, out of the blizzard (**turn to 141**).

## **79**

This place is eerily similar to the one where you committed your crime; perhaps it is here that you may atone for your sins. You may confess (**turn to 110**) or attack this priest also (**turn to 45**).

## **80**

Eventually to arrive at the gate to a small walled town. You may follow the path away to the west, which turns north after a while (**turn to 147**). Your only other option is to enter the town, which a large plaque above the gate proclaims to be called Arkelon. You enter Arkelon behind a hay cart and nip quickly between the unobservant guards. Inside people are going in droves toward the market square and you are pushed along with them (**turn to 17**).

## **81**

The dragon's eyes open wide. "Curse you, mortal!" he says in a strained voice. "Yes, that is the answer. And as you have bested me, I am forced to help you in your petty quest. Here is an amulet to protect you against the Yeti's powerful claws." A jade Dragon Amulet appears in your hands. "But don't expect me to tell you how to use it! Now I must find another road to make my own." With a wicked laugh, the dragon flies off into the distance. Elated at having survived such a perilous encounter, you continue your journey. Are you heading east (**turn to 87**) or west (**turn to 27**)?

## **82**

The going here is made harder as the wind blows a blizzard around you. Snow settles in your hair, down your boots and in your clothes. You press on undaunted. Arriving at a junction, the blizzard is beginning to blow itself out. You decide to rest here until the blizzard abates. After about fifteen minutes, the last of the

snowflakes settles on the ground and you are able to take stock of your surroundings properly for the first time. You notice that the blizzard has been driven by the harsh winds over to the east, where it continues to rage unchecked. By the side of the pathway is a pond, unfrozen and seemingly unaffected by the weather. If this interests you, you may choose to drink from the pool (**turn to 83**), test the waters (**turn to 91**), or bathe in the pool (**turn to 205**). Alternatively, you may rest here for a while (**turn to 219**). If you wish to press on with your mission, you may continue west, away from the blizzard (**turn to 69**) or east into it (**turn to 142**).

## **83**

You sip the water and grimace. It tastes disgusting. You stand up, intent on continuing your quest. As you rise to your feet, you feel dizzy and disoriented. The landscape seems to have altered, and you are no longer sure where the path is. Confused, you set off in a roughly north-easterly direction. **Turn to 129**.

## **84**

You bid farewell to the gentleman. "Come again," he tells you. You smile at having made a friend here in this cold realm. You must now turn up the collar on your cloak and continue east (**turn to 221**) or west (**turn to 39**).

## **85**

You take a sip and gag at the putrid taste. You seem unable to get rid of the retch-inducing, foul taste, so you are forced to purchase another drink to wash out your mouth. Lose one gold coin and **turn to 124**.

## **86**

You arrive back at the inn to find it shuttered up. It is closed for business, and will not be opening again for some time. **Return to 185** to reconsider your options,

## **87**

You head east a short way until the path turns to the north. You follow it, and rest at the end of the day. At dawn, you continue your mission. The path gently bends around to the west, and eventually you find yourself heading in a roughly north-westerly direction. You follow this all day, resting at dusk in a small spinney of firs.

Dawn breaks the sky, and you rise with the sun. By mid-morning you have put fifteen kilometres behind you. Unfortunately, soon afterwards, a blizzard sets in, and you spend the rest of the day in a hastily constructed igloo. By the time the blizzard has blown itself out, it is too late to continue, so you trap yourself a snow hare and roast it, over a few meagre branches and kindling,

Evening arrives, painting the sky in pastel colours. You sit and watch the sun set. Later that night, you see strange blue colours in the sky, filling you with a sense of awe and tranquillity. You wonder at the source of the magical lights, and you stay up to watch them for some time until you fall asleep. You wake late and continue your mission with a renewed sense of peace. Arriving at a junction, will you choose to travel northeast (**turn to 142**) or northwest (**turn to 31**)?

### **88**

You turn and run, but you are no match for an airborne dragon for speed, and he flies toward you at great speed. You are plucked from the ground in huge talons, and taken back to the dragon's lair; he will eat well tonight. Unfortunately, your adventure ends here on the Ordoker road.

### **89**

As the day draws inexorably toward its close, the path turns sharply north into a range of low hills, the Ice Downs. You do not have too much difficulty traversing the valleys and peaks of these hillocks, and you camp on the leeward side of a tall prominence, continuing at first light. **Turn to 92.**

### **90**

The biting wind continues to strike deep into you, chilling you to the bone. You curse the impetuous spirit that made you volunteer for such a difficult task, resolving to keep your mouth shut in future. The road widens out here as you continue to a junction. A sign points east to Ordoker and North to The Farmer's Haven. Will you travel east (**turn to 3**) or north (**turn to 112**)?

### **91**

You test the water, but it is certainly too cold to enter; you would catch your death. **Return to 82** to decide your next course of action.

### **92**

The hills are low and rolling, and you are afforded little respite from the wind, which blows over the peaks and through the valleys of these bleak, desolate hills. You eventually leave the Ice Downs and stretched out ahead of you is a vast, featureless plain of ice and snow. The Yeti could be anywhere in this huge wilderness. You trek through this wasteland for the rest of the day, spending a miserable night underneath a solitary fir tree. Continue your mission at first light in the morning by **turning to 200.**

### **93**

You step inside the room and your nostrils are immediately assailed by a nauseating stench. Perhaps this room has been used as a stable in the past, because it certainly has many animal smells. You spend a freezing night with the window open wide and leave at first light in the morning. Gathering your things, you go back to the reception and return the key to the room. Bidding the Innkeeper and Ordoker farewell, you make your way towards the main thoroughfare that dissects Ordoker. You follow it away from the village and out into the surrounding wilds.

Once more, the beauty of nature strikes you; even in this harsh wilderness, you can see her magical touch. The snow lends a mystical aura to the environment, covering the ground in a thick, white blanket. Now you must decide whether you are heading east (**turn to 28**) or west (**turn to 90**).

### **94**

You are stumbling through the snow, your head bowed towards the floor to avoid the stinging wind in your eyes, when you hear a voice. Looking up you see a man dressed in robes beckoning to you. **Turn to 101.**

### **95**

You walk for two days, each night resting in small coves that the path skirts. You see no one in your lonely sojourn, and hear not even the twittering of a bird. All about is silent, touched with a magic aura of emptiness. For the first time in your life, you come to know what it means to truly be alone. The northern path is indeed a bleak one. Eventually you arrive at a T-junction with an east-west path crossing the northern one at right angles. You may journey east (**turn to 221**) or west (**turn to 94**).

## 96

Kneeling on the cold, hard floor, you pray for forgiveness for your rash folly. This is the right thing to do. In the future, if you are told to turn to a paragraph if you have killed a priest, you may ignore the instruction, and continue on as if you have not. You may now search the pulpit (**turn to 127**) or the seats (**turn to 227**). If you do not wish to, then you settle down for the night (**turn to 117**).

## 97

"I have never seen the Yeti, and I don't really know anything about it," he replies. "I dream of many things, of faraway places, of white-winged ships, of other worlds, but never have I dreamed of the Yeti. But the family at Farmer's Haven might know about it. They have lived here for fifty years and more, and little passes by the old man. Ask him." With that remark, he promptly falls back to sleep. **Turn to 15** to leave here.

## 98

Inside the inn, it is warm, and a large fire roars in the fireplace: The reception is sparsely decorated, and there is no one to collect your bags for you. At the reception sits the manager (a small man with a bad cold) who tells you that the price of a room varies between one and three gold coins per night depending on how expensive the room's décor is. You may pay 1 gold coin for room 1 (**turn to 67**), or 2 gold coins for room 2 (**turn to 135**) or 3 gold coins for room 3 (**turn to 93**). You had better decide quickly as another traveller has just entered the inn behind you.

## 99

You leave through the rotting doors, still wondering about who may have lived in this abode, and why they left. After several hundred metres the path splits, and you must decide whether to head north (**turn to 40**) or west, which eventually curves round to heading north (**turn to 95**).

## 100

You bid the priest farewell and set out into the cold. After many minutes spent searching, you find a place to sleep, and you spend a miserable night in the hollow of a blasted oak tree, unusual so far north. In the morning, when the sun has risen in the sky, you continue either north into a vast plain of ice (**turn to 200**) or

northwest, towards a range of low hills (**turn to 92**).

## 101

"Traveller, come over here to me. I have something for you," he intones. Upon saying this, he reaches into his pocket, perhaps for a dagger. You can attack him now (**turn to 155**), or talk to him, if you believe his actions to be friendly (**turn to 168**), politely excuse yourself (**turn to 84**), or you can simply ignore him (**turn to 121**).

## 102

Through the biting winds of the blizzard, you can just make out a signpost. To the south is a river, and to the southeast a forest. To the north is Ordoker; and it is here that you make for. **Turn to 39**.

## 103

You strike wildly at the Yeti's leg, but it is not the beast's weak spot. A surging paw-swipe throws you twenty metres across the snow, opening up deep gashes in your side. You are too weak to defend yourself against the Yeti's terrible onslaught. Your adventure ends here, on the brink of success.

## 104

You creep down the stairs and find yourself in a dark room, the floor of which is wooden tiled. Unfortunately for you, the wood has rotted through after so many years of neglect, and after taking just a few steps you fall through the floor into a cavern below, carved out by a fast-flowing underground river. You are knocked unconscious, by the fall, and die quickly in the freezing waters. Sadly, your adventure has ended here, so far from your goal.

## 105

As most traders, this one is most interested in the colour of your money. What you will learn from him depends on how much you bought from him. Did you buy one item from him (**turn to 54**), two items (**turn to 184**) or more than that (**turn to 173**)?

## 106

"I know little of the beast, I am sorry to say," he says. "There have been rumours that it has a weakness, but I dismiss these as lies told by old

women; how can such a ferocious beast have a weakness? I have heard, though, that it is susceptible to magic." Have you met a dragon? If so, **turn to 16** now. If you are carrying a charm, then show it to the priest by **turning to 111**. If you have no charm, or you do not wish to show the priest, he bids you goodnight and leaves you. You settle down to sleep, waking in the morning to the strange light-illusions cast by the sun shining through the stained-glass windows. You leave in the morning, heading westwards. This path soon turns to the north. **Turn to 92.**

### **107**

"The beast has but one weakness," wheezes the farmer. "It has an exposed artery in its inner thigh. I have heard rumours that a tribesman went searching for the beast recently; and he knew the same information as you do. Perhaps he exploited the weakness, but his weapon may have been of lower quality than yours. He obviously did not succeed. Strike its inner thigh, and the beast should collapse, hardly able to move."

When you reach the Yeti, you will be asked if you know its weakness. Turn to **5** to use the information you have just gleaned from this wise farmer. Do not turn to **5** now, as you have not met the Yeti. Continue by **turning to 136**.

### **108**

You cast the 'Snowstorm' spell and a massive blizzard appears around you and the beast, forcing you to your knees in the freezing cold. After several minutes, the spell fails, and you are able once more to stand and see. Of the Yeti, there is no sign, and the spell had obliterated any tracks it might have left in its flight. Unfortunately, you have failed in your mission to rid the world of the foul Yeti, but at least you have escaped with your life.

### **109**

You take a sip and fall instantly into a deep sleep from which you do not awaken. You dream greatly whilst in your sleep, and the dreams you experience are vivid and true. Unfortunately, you cannot awaken from them, and after several days die of exposure and starvation. Sadly, your mission ends here.

### **110**

You confess your sin to the priest. He looks sternly at you, and tells you to give all of your gold and weapons to the church. Reluctantly

you do this. He tells you that your penance is to defeat the Yeti. If you do this, you must forsake the world and give yourself to the church for the rest of your life. Dejectedly you leave. **Turn to 100.**

### **111**

The priest examines the charm and tells you that it is a spell holder. If you speak aloud the number on the reverse side of it, the Yeti will be frozen in time for a few, brief seconds. He laments at the weakness of the spell laid upon the charm, but tells you that it is very old, and was probably designed to allow tribesmen escape from attacks by bears and other wild animals. (*You will be told how and when to use it when you meet the Yeti.*) **Return to 106.**

### **112**

After almost a kilometre, the path turns sharply to the right and heads east for a short way. The cold winds prevent you from falling asleep on your feet, although you have fallen into a state of catatonia induced by the bleak scenery and the numbing effects of the cold. Once more, the path turns and you are heading northwards once more. You get to wonder just how much longer your quest will take to reach its conclusion, feeling that you cannot cope with the climate for much longer. You yearn for sunlight and warmth, things alien to this vast realm of ice and snow. The path forks ahead of you. Will you follow it northwards (**turn to 69**) or northeast (**turn to 31**)?

### **113**

Carefully you cross the oaken timbers and leave the river behind. A signpost ahead of you tells you that to the north is Teckleton Tor. To visit here, **turn to 182**. To the west, according to the sign, is an inn, where you may (or may not) receive succour by **turning to 216**.

### **114**

You tell the priest of your mission to rid the world of the fearsome Yeti. He frowns, thinking deeply. "There are a number of possibilities to consider in trying to rid the world of this beast. Perhaps it has a weakness. I don't know it; nor do I know who might. There is a dragon that lives around these parts, they are said to be the guardians of all knowledge, although it is mischievous, and delights in evil trickery. If you should meet it, it will ask you a riddle. I believe the answer to be 'fog'." You thank him and, with a cheerful smile, he bids you farewell and leaves the church. You may search another area of the church (**turn to 194**). Otherwise, you settle

down to sleep in the nave, and leave in the morning. **Turn to 193.**

### 115

You walk northward through the gloomy forest, the snow crunching loudly underfoot. High above, crows and other carrion birds croak and caw their evil, eerie calls, prompting you to move faster through this wild wood. Brambles slow you down, forcing you to detour, but you press on, eager to be out of the oppressive, dark wood. You come to a converging of ways. Looking both east and north, you notice that both paths are equally depressing, and neither seems to be a definite way through. You can walk the eastern path (**turn to 72**) or take the northern route (**turn to 4**).

### 116

You turn and try to run, hoping against hope that you can somehow confuse this creature of the snows. The Yeti comes lumbering after you on its powerful hind legs, forcing you to swerve to the left and right to try to confuse it, but the beast is too fast. With one swipe of its paw, it ends your futile escape by hamstringing you. You land facedown in the snow, writhing in agony. Unable to defend yourself, the beast's next attack ends your life. Sadly, your adventure ends here, on the brink of success.

### 117

You hear the doors creak open and someone enters. You crouch in the shadows and wait. You can see from your hiding place that a priest has just walked in; he is making his way down the aisle. Suddenly he catches sight of you and lets out an anguished cry. You stand, unsure of what to do. "What do you want?" he asks bravely. If you killed the Friar of Teckleton Tor, **turn to 79 immediately**. Will you attack him (**turn to 45**) or assure him of your good intentions and ask him about the Yeti (**turn to 106**)?

### 118

You hear the doors close; *someone has just entered!* You jump lithely into the shadows to observe the newcomer. The young man who enters is not what you had expected. He wears a coarse brown robe, tied at the waist with a piece of string. He is muttering something to himself when you trip, giving yourself away. The man cries out in alarm. You calm the young man down, although he still regards you with suspicion. You try to convince him that you mean him no harm, but he says very little. Will

you attack him for his insolence (**turn to 158**) or try again to get the conversation going (**turn to 192**)?

### 119

You wrench your eyes away from the prostate figure of the priest and, ignoring your guilt, turn your attention elsewhere. You may continue your search (**turn to 194**) or give in to your exhaustion and settle down to sleep in the nave, hidden from the scene of your crime, leaving in the morning (**turn to 193**).

### 120

After a brief trek west, the pathway turns sharply to the south. All around, the trees seem to be pressing in, trying desperately to squeeze all the optimism that you had when you began your quest from you. You are anxious to be away from here. Returning to the junction, you head north. **Turn to 229.**

### 121

You put your head down and continue walking. He calls to you twice more, but soon loses interest and leaves you alone. Assured of your safety, at least for the moment, you continue travelling east (**turn to 221**) or west (**turn to 39**).

### 122

You travel south for a day, climbing up to a frozen plateau in the mid-morning, until just before dusk you reach a ravine. The path continues on the far side of the ravine, but two ice bridges are the only means of crossing the gaping chasm. You may cross the right one (**turn to 145**) or the left one (**turn to 140**) if you wish. Alternatively, you may sleep here and continue north tomorrow (**turn to 58**).

### 123

You hand over the money and purchase the **Egg**. The farmer grins toothlessly and tells you to follow him into a back room; he has something to tell you. **Turn to 107.**

### 124

You are unable to concentrate, and your head feels as though it is being crushed. You pass out into a deep, dreamless sleep. When next you wake, you are far from the inn. Your pack is empty, and all your gold has been taken: Nearby is an old mansion. Standing, you get your bearings, wincing at the sharp pain

shooting through your head. You decide that it would be best for you to enter the manor and explore. **Turn to 183.**

### 125

Around midday, you bring a halt to your northward trek and rest to eat your provisions beneath the spreading branches of an ancient yew. Your meal of cold meat and cheese is meagre, but satisfying, and after about a half hour you return to the path and continue your journey. Soon afterwards, you arrive at a crossroads. The path forks and you can head northwest (**turn to 80**) or northeast (**turn to 202**).

### 126

You head northeast through the mountains for a whole day. You are forced to walk narrow gullies where predators might wait in ambush for you, and on occasion, you even have to put your climbing skills to good use, climbing rock faces, or just clambering over piles of boulders. Often the narrow, indistinct track will disappear completely, only for you to rediscover it several hundred metres further on. Eventually you come to a pass through the heart of the range, carved by the action of a long-dried-up river. You may follow the trail northwards, out of the peaks (**turn to 56**) or southwards, into the heart of the fells (**turn to 122**).

### 127

The leather-bound book seems to be written in a foreign language, and you soon grow weary of it. The lectern is of a high quality; the workmanship of it is exquisite. Aside from these things, there is nothing else in the pulpit. **Turn to 117.**

### 128

You set off at dawn, bidding farewell to the traders in the camp, and reach the north-man settlement by mid-morning. The bodies of the traders and any tracks the Yeti may have left, are covered under deep drifts of freshly fallen snow. As you leave, after first paying your respects to those who fell in the battle, snow begins to fall from the leaden sky with renewed vigour. You make ready to follow the beast, guessing that a vaguely northerly route is the most probable direction of the Yeti's lair.

The landscape is covered in thick, white drifts of snow, making it hard to make out any particular landmarks. The trail you are on is marked by a hump of stone chippings, set with

clay, making it less likely for you to stray off into the uncharted wilds. It is about midday that you arrive at a meeting of ways. A roadway, reasonably clear of snow, leads from the southeast to the northwest, while another, less used track leads away northeast, making for what seems to be a range of foothills in the distance. Will you take the cleared route (**turn to 161**) or head toward the mountains (**turn to 134**)?

### 129

You head away from the setting sun at a brisk pace. Soon it is dusk, and as twilight is turning into darkness, you alight upon a building of some kind. In the dim light, you can ascertain that it is a chapel of some kind, built of locally quarried granite. The large wooden doors are closed, but, upon testing, appear to be unlocked. You may open the doors and enter the church if you wish (**turn to 14**). Otherwise, you sleep in the doorway, which provides some respite from the cold night. When morning's murky light wakes you from your dreams, you get up and follow the path back from whence you came. After some time, there is a path heading north into a range of downs. It is these hills that you head for. **Turn to 92.**

### 130

You are not obliged to pray, so don't. You are now free to explore the seats (**turn to 227**) or the pulpit (**turn to 127**).

### 131

Up ahead you can see a residence. Unusually for this dreary wilderness, the woodwork is freshly painted in a bright yellow, reminding you of sunflowers. The door is similarly painted, and a large 'Welcome' mat, freshly swept of the recently fallen snow, sits proudly in front of it. A sign attached to the eaves of the house, swinging in the gentle breeze, proclaims 'Bed and Breakfast—Knock for Service'. This is certainly the most homely house you have seen in many days, and you are reminded that, far to the south, this time of year is filled with happy festivals celebrating the rebirth of spring, and you begin to feel rather lonely. You may knock on the door (**turn to 70**) or head off east (**turn to 21**).

### 132

You strike the creature, landing a good blow on the chest, but the creature does not roar in agony; instead, it screams in rage. In a manic

fury, it slashes you with its claws, knocking you backwards. Reeling from the blow, and dizzy with pain, you cannot put up much of a defence against the maddened creature. It ends your life in one single, violent slash across your chest. Sadly, your adventure ends here, on the very brink of success.

### 133

After several sips of the ale, you are giggling to yourself. By the time you are about halfway through the pint, you are laughing aloud at the most mundane of things going on in the bar. You are not used to such an alcoholic beverage; and it has an unusual effect on you. **Turn to 124.**

### 134

The path twists and turns through the vales of the foothills, and you are forced to make camp on the sheltered side of a knoll. Twisted and bent trees cling precariously to the leeward sides of the hills. You welcome these small copses as they give respite from the chill winds. Here and there, dotted about, are lightning-blasted trees, reminding you of the power of the natural world. Sometime the next day you enter the mountains proper, and you follow a well-worn goat track up into the inhospitable crags. **Turn to 126.**

### 135

The room is pleasantly adorned in cornflower, and a simple dresser stands against one wall. The small window affords a view of the congenial village, clinging precariously to life in these forgotten lands. The bed is small but comfortable, and you settle down almost immediately to a good nights rest. **Turn to 63.**

### 136

You climb the creaking stairs to your assigned room. Inside it is well appointed and warmly furnished, with a thick carpet covering the wooden floor, and a log fire burns in the hearth. You disrobe and climb into the warm, cosy bed and drift into a relaxing sleep. When you awake, you dress and gather your things, eager to be on your way once more. **Turn to 187.**

### 137

You strike wildly at the beast's arm, but it is protested from such ineffective blows by a thick matting of fur; this is not the weak spot you

had thought it to be. Pressing home its advantage, the Yeti swipes its claws across your eyes, blinding you. The Yeti has little trouble in finishing you off. Sadly, your adventure ends here, on the very brink of success.

### 138

You roughly shake the man and; after several moments, he comes to. "What do you want?" he grumbles. "I was having such a wonderful dream. I don't need some idiot pestering me by waking me up." This is not the response you would have expected in this situation. Will you talk politely to him (**turn to 97**)? Or attack him for his rudeness (**turn to 53**)?

### 139

The barman leans conspiratorially over the bar to you. Looking around furtively he says, "Return to the crossroads and head north. Somewhere around there is a dragon. I bet such a fabled creature as that will know something of the Yeti that'll help you in your mission." Something in his foetid breath causes you to pull away, although the leering barman seems not to take offence. He winks at you and returns to wiping the glasses with a filthy brown rag. "Tell you what," he calls over to you. "This one's on the house as well, mate." You may choose whether to have another drink (**turn to 6**). Or if you would like, the barman can give you directions to Arkelon (**turn to 80**). Otherwise, you may pay the fee of 3 Gold Coins and go up to your room (**turn to 151**).

### 140

The ice creaks below you, but bears your weight. You slowly edge your way across, the absence of a rail being unsettling, and breathe a sigh of relief as you reach the far side. With a final look down, you continue following the path, this time away from the crevasse. **Turn to 223.**

### 141

You walk into the oncoming wind, bent over to help yourself make headway against it. After several kilometres, the path you are following joins another below the eaves of a long-dead oak tree, its branches seemingly reaching up to the sky in a last, hopeless gesture. You follow the path westwards for some time, and it begins to snow quite heavily despite the wind. To continue your mission, **turn to 102.**

### 142

The wind rises, blowing the flurries of snowflakes into a blizzard around you, biting mercilessly into your exposed face and hands. Your visibility drops down to almost nothing, and you make little headway. Eventually, after what seems like a freezing eternity of whiteness, you seem to have paced through the worst of it when you arrive at a diverging of ways. To the north, the blizzard seems to abate even more, but the west would seem to take you back into the heart of the storm. Will you take the way into the blizzard (**turn to 82**) or away from it (**turn to 10**)?

### 143

You close the heavy oaken doors behind you and try to sleep in the inhospitable, freezing weather outside. Unfortunately you find no shelter and you are about to return to the chapel when the weather takes a turn for the worse, and a storm whips up the like of which you have never seen. In the freezing conditions, you lose your way from the path, and cannot find your way back. You finally lose all hope and lie on the frozen floor, waiting for the inevitable. Soon afterwards, you die of exposure. Sadly, your adventure ends here in this bleak, trackless terrain.

### 144

The barman knows little save for the most basic local geography. The major road is a wide East-West trade route to the north, upon which is situated the most northerly village in hundreds of miles, Ordoker, though before that road is a wood, supposedly haunted by long-dead trappers. The barman offers to put you up for the night free of charge because, as he puts it, "We don't get many strangers in these parts." You gratefully accept. **Turn to 151.**

### 145

The ice bridge creaks under your weight as you step onto it. After a few moments, you muster up enough courage to take another step. Looking down, you begin to feel dizzy as you glimpse the floor of the crevasse over one hundred metres below. You take another step, and the bridge cracks.

You stand completely still, not daring to move. Slowly, ever so slowly, you inch backwards, cold sweat forming on your brow. A harsh howl pierces the still air, carried by the lazy winds. A pack of snow wolves, vicious hunters, has caught your scent. Their white fur makes them almost invisible to the naked eye, and you do

not relish getting into combat with a pack of bloodthirsty hounds. You decide to make a break for it.

Your pulse racing, your heart in your mouth, you take a leap. But in your hurry, you misjudged the distance. You miss your footing and plummet down to the bottom of the ravine. That night, the snow wolves feast upon fresh meat for the first time in weeks. Sadly, your mission ends here, in the mountains.

### 146

You head southwest, past the bridge, continuing your journey until nightfall. The sky is unusually clear, and you spend a night under the stars, sheltered from the elements in a trapper's lodge by the roadside. You awake, gather your belongings and follow the pathway. Soon after setting off, you reach a stone bridge spanning the dark, foaming waters. Realising that you do not want to head too far south as this is taking you away from your goal, you decide to cross the river here, heading northeast. **Turn to 149.**

### 147

The track here appears to have degenerated into an animal trail, and you are forced to guess your direction, trudging through drifts reaching your knees. The going is tough, and you make slow progress across the undulating landscape. Finally, you reach a cleared road. A signpost proclaims that to the east is Teckleton Tor, whereas to the north is an Inn. Would you rather visit Teckleton (**turn to 24**) or the Inn (**turn to 203**)?

### 148

You begin to feel guilty as you realise that your act may not have gone unnoticed by the deity the priest served. You may recant of your actions in prayer (**turn to 96**) or shake off these pathetic feelings (**turn to 130**).

### 149

Heading away from the bridge, you soon reach an Inn, once gaudily painted, but now in need of extensive renovation. A once-jaunty sign proclaims the place to be called "The Southern Inn." Smoke rises lazily from a chimney, promising warmth by a fire. But you are also aware that the local woodsmen and trappers are a rough breed, given to heavy drinking and brawling. Leading away from here are two pathways, one heading west and one heading northwest. If you desire, you may enter the Inn

by **turning to 152**. The only other course of action is to leave westwards (**turn to 185**) or in a north-westerly direction (**turn to 216**).

### **150**

You follow the torrent upstream until you arrive at its source, where three fast-flowing streams converge. After crossing an old stone bridge spanning one of these streams, you head north for the rest of the day, stopping to rest when it becomes too dark for you to see. In the morning, after you have feasted on a meal of careless pheasant, you continue northwards.

Soon you can just make out what appears to be trees on the horizon, and, as you draw nearer, to realise that you are heading towards the eaves of a dark, silent forest. The path leads you straight between two ancient, tall pine trees and into the heart of the forest. The light is muted here, below the canopy, high above. It is eerily quiet, as if nothing lives here; perhaps something has scared all the creatures away. The oppressive atmosphere begins to weigh heavily upon you. The wind begins to rise, taking your mind off such morbid things. **Turn to 72**.

### **151**

You securely bolt the door of the room behind you; you cannot be too careful in these parts. The room is small and sparsely furnished, typical of the attitude of the locals towards what they might consider opulence, but it is clean and cosy. Blankets have been folded and placed at the end of the bed, and you go about getting ready to retire for the night. The coal fire in the grate has burned down low and you climb between the blankets, and you drift into a peaceful night's repose.

When the morning comes, far too quickly, you rise and return to the Commons Room. After eating a meagre breakfast prepared half heartedly by the Innkeeper's wife, and leave. Returning the short way to the junction, you head north. **Turn to 29**.

### **152**

You push open the door and enter an antechamber with a flight of stairs leading upwards and a door directly opposite. Behind you, the main door, operated by a powerful spring, closes. Going on through the door opposite, you enter the Commons Room, where all and sundry come to relax after a hard day's work. Dubious characters look up from their

drinks as you enter, and you hear some furious muttering.

The log fire burns merrily in the hearth and, crossing over to it, you warm yourself by its flames. You are soon warm. Making your way through the smoky air, you find the barkeep, a rotund man, polishing glasses at the bar. He enquires as to whether you would like a drink, and, to be friendly, you reply the affirmative. He moves over to the large pumps and enquires whether you would like to try Dragon Ale (**turn to 160**) or Scimitar (**turn to 85**).

### **153**

You walk through the narrow streets and find your way to the market, composed of seven dowdy stalls of mediocre quality merchandise. Out of all the things on sale, only the following catch your attention:

<b>WATER BOTTLE</b>	2 GP
<b>GOLDEN DAGGER</b>	15 GP
<b>SILVER ARROW</b>	8 GP
<b>BLACKSMITH'S HAMMER</b>	4 GP
<b>STONE EFFIGY</b>	2 GP
<b>SWORD</b>	20 GP

You may buy any or all of the above if you have sufficient funds to do so. When you have finished browsing, you take your leave of the market, departing via the narrow, winding side streets of the village. You decide that now would be a good time to leave Ordoker and continue your quest.

When you find yourself back at the main thoroughfare that dissects Ordoker, you follow it away from the village and out into the wilds surrounding. Once more, the beauty of nature strikes you; even in this harsh wilderness, you can see her magical touch. The snow lends a mystical aura to the environment, covering the ground in a thick, white blanket. Now you must decide whether you are heading east (**turn to 28**) or west (**turn to 90**).

### **154**

Thanking the man for his help, you depart from the hostelry and, avoiding the market, make your way towards the main thoroughfare that dissects Ordoker. You follow it away from the village and out into the surrounding wilds. Once more, the beauty of nature strikes you; even in this harsh wilderness, you can see her magical touch. The snow lends a mystical aura to the environment, covering the ground in a thick, white blanket. Now you must decide whether you are heading east (**turn to 28**) or west (**turn to 90**).

### 155

Quick as a fox you unsheathe your weapon and strike at the man, but as your weapon connects, he disappears, and your blow strikes at nothing. Instinctively you turn round in time to see the man gazing at you; but he is no longer smiling. He speaks a word in an arcane tongue and you are turned to stone. Sadly, your rash actions have caused this to be the end of your mission.

### 156

You follow the eaves of the great, green, silent wood westwards until deciduous trees become more prevalent, the pines and firs now being dotted among them. After some time you arrive at a small path leading into the dense forest where an old oak has collapsed, The snow is beginning to fall afresh, so you decide to take shelter beneath the huge, spreading, leafless arms of the oak trees. **Turn to 186** to follow the track northwards.

### 157

You walk down the central aisle between the seats. You rummage around in the seats, although you only turn up a **Small Locket** overlaid with silver filigree in the shape of a bouquet of flowers surrounded by oak leaves, the detail of which is exquisite. You pocket this. The hard seats and meagre furnishings are a pointed reminder of how poor the people in this area are. Walking towards the back of the church, you climb the semi-spiral steps—of which you count six—up onto the pulpit, which presides over the room. You are marvelling at the smooth finish of the wooden lectern when you hear the creak of the doors opening . . . **Turn to 118.**

### 158

You draw your weapon and run at the young man, He has no chance to defend himself and falls to the ground, dead. His dark red blood forms a pool and begins running in rivulets along the cracks in the flagstones beneath your feet. You search his belongings and discover that he was merely an unarmed acolyte come to replace the candles. You may decide to pray here for forgiveness (**turn to 75**) or not (**turn to 119**).

### 159

The track you are following eventually peters out so that you are left floundering in waist-

deep snow. Unable to continue, you attempt to retrace your steps, only to discover that a recent flurry of snow, coupled with the strong winds, have covered your tracks. You decide that your only option is to make your way ahead in the direction you were heading. Pushing against the drift, your progress is very slow. However, after about one hundred metres, the snow becomes markedly less deep, and you emerge from what was a dip in the ground, possibly the site of an ancient pool. Soon, the snow is merely crunching underfoot, and the wind has slowed to a gentle breeze. **Turn to 77.**

### 160

The barman returns from the barrel with a tankard of Dragon Ale. You sip the bitter brew and take stock of your surroundings. Behind you, a group of men are gambling, their rowdiness and catcalls providing the aural backdrop to the inn. No one is coming up to the bar; they all seem to be nursing their drinks. The ale is certainly refreshing, and you take this opportunity to rest after your gruelling journey thus far. You notice that the barman is staring at you. You could engage him in conversation if you wish (**turn to 2**). There is also the gambling table, which you may visit if you would like to increase your funds (**turn to 62**). You may also leave by **turning to 11.**

### 161

You follow the winding path for the rest of the day. After resting for an uncomfortable night in a hunter's lodge, you continue at first light. Around mid-morning you reach a deep, fast-flowing river. A crude wooden bridge spans the murky, uninviting waters. It is of rough quality, being very low to the river, and the waters constantly buffet it. You may cross the river here (**turn to 113**) or follow the river northeast, hopefully towards the source of the river (**turn to 36**) or downstream to the southwest (**turn to 146**) in search of a safer crossing.

### 162

You step gingerly on to the wooden frame and make your way carefully to the other side, super-aware of every vibration caused by the foam-flecked waters of the river. Stepping off the bridge, you breathe a sigh of relief and rest for several minutes, waiting for your pulse to return to normal. You head northeast from here. **Turn to 165.**

### 163

The path coils around and comes to an abrupt end at a pool of water, secluded from view by an unusual ring of bushes that grow all around the perimeter of the pool. A bench has been constructed from pinewood and sits alone, gazing out over the pool. A small isle is in the centre of the mere, where you can make out what seems to be the nest of a large bird. If you would like, you may swim out to it (**turn to 38**) or sit on the bench (**turn to 25**).

### 164

You make your way to the street where the hostelry is situated after inquiring of a guard regarding its whereabouts. The name of the hostelry is The Traveller's Respite Inn and, after observing the well-appointed exterior of the building you seriously consider staying here tonight. You push open the red-painted door and enter a well-kept and tidy reception area. To your right, a brass plaque upon a door proclaims the room behind it to be 'The Commons Room'. A bell sits on the reception desk, a sign by which reads 'Ring For Service'. You ring it, and after a few moments, a receptionist dressed in a well-worn suit appears. You may enquire of him about the Yeti (**turn to 174**) or ask about a room for the night (**turn to 49**). If you would like to leave now, return to the centre of town. **Return to 17**.

### 165

You follow the path until it merges with another. It begins to twist and coil until you are heading in a roughly northwest direction. Up ahead you see something glinting in the muted sunlight. Warily you walk towards it, careful of any hunting traps, which may be set to capture wild animals for their pelts. These pelts sold for huge prices and are in great demand for their quality. Fortunately, there are no traps and you come upon the shiny item, which is a **Highly Polished Sword**. You inspect the weapon and ascertain that it is of very high quality, made by a master smith. Stowing the weapon safely in your scabbard you continue onwards, wondering about who might have lost such a magnificent weapon. **Turn to 182**.

### 166

After walking for roughly three-quarters of an hour, you arrive at the end of the path, which terminates in an inn. A creaking sign attached to the front of the inn by a metal bracket, swinging lazily in the wind, proclaims this place to be "The Snowy Owl". It is a little run-down,

although you might find food and shelter here. The chimney has black smoke pouring from it, promising warmth at least. You may enter by **turning to 7**, or leave the path and sleep rough, returning to the crossroads and heading onwards in the morning by **turning to 29**.

### 167

You may have found some of the following items during the course of your adventure. Of course, you may only use an item that you have definitely found and written down. What will your approach be?

A Magic Spell –

To use **Scroll #1**, **turn to 191**.

To use **Scroll #2**, **turn to 211**.

To use **Scroll #3**, **turn to 207**.

To use **Scroll #4**, **turn to 108**.

A Weapon –

To use the **Axe**, **turn to 50**.

To use the **Sword**, **turn to 9**.

To use the **Polished Sword**, **turn to 179**.

To use the **Blacksmith's Hammer**, **turn to 190**.

To use the **Silver Arrow**, **turn to 13**.

To use the **Throwing Dagger**, **turn to 51**.

To use the **Golden Dagger**, **turn to 225**.

Otherwise, you may use the **Dragon Talisman** by **turning to 44**, or the **Lead Charm** by **turning to 171**.

If you have none of these items, you had better pray for help (**turn to 48**).

### 168

Pulling out a red-spotted handkerchief, he blows his nose loudly. "These cold places will be the death of me," he mutters to himself, before turning his attention back to you. "What do you want?" he asks. You remind him that he called you over. "Did I?" he asks. "Well, I suppose I'd better tell you something, then." You stifle a smile: you do not want to offend this old man.

"I must travel south now," he says, "but first I must tell you this: A stay in the second room in the Ordoker Inn will be profitable to you." Then he shakes your hand and shambles off in a vaguely southerly direction. Shaking your head and smiling to yourself, you continue east (**turn to 221**) or west (**turn to 39**).

### 169

You take a swig of the ale, and are pleasantly surprised at the refreshing taste. It is one of the best drinks you have ever quaffed, and you finish it quickly, savouring the taste. When you have finished your drink, will you engage the barman in a conversation about the Yeti (**turn to 139**)? If not, you decide to pay the three gold coins and retire to your room (**turn to 151**).

### 170

You leave the bridge behind and follow the river. The cool climate becomes even colder, and snow starts to fall sporadically from the leaden sky. Up ahead, you can see another bridge spanning the river. It is a hump-backed bridge made of stone, and looks very sturdy and safe. Cross this, if you wish, by **turning to 57**. Otherwise, you continue to follow the track northeast, which bends away from the riverside. The snow begins to fall faster and you turn up your collar (**turn to 56**).

### 171

You pull the charm from your pack and attempt to use it. The Yeti roars angrily and approaches you, forcing you to back off as you attempt to use the charm. If you know how to use it, you may do so now. If not, then you had better turn and run (**turn to 116**).

### 172

You poke around in the charred, fire-blackened cupboards and rifle through the rotting drawers, but find nothing of any value. It seems this place has been looted already. The loneliness of the once-grand edifice, now reduced to a blackened wreck saddens you, reminding you that nothing lasts forever; reminding you of your own mortality. You decide to leave before your thoughts become any more maudlin and self pitying. **Turn to 216**.

### 173

The Trader hands you your purchases over the counter and thanks you for your business. Just as you are about to leave, he calls you over. "Hey," he says, "I bet you're the best customer I've had all day. Here, have this. He pulls an **Oak Bow** from beneath a table. "Course, you'll be needing something to fire from it. You might want to try the Blacksmith in town." He winks at you and sits back in his chair, waiting for more custom. You thank him and leave. Outside, you critically examine the quality of

your purchases as you make your way back to the centre of town. Return there by **returning to 17**.

### 174

As you mention the Yeti, the man's eyes become wide and he gapes at you. "Surely not in my lifetime!" he splutters. "I'd best prepare myself." With that, he walks off, muttering to himself about weapons and barricades. After several minutes, he still has not returned. Dejectedly, you leave. **Return to 17**.

### 175

The beast freezes in time. Quickly you decide your best plan of action. Will it be another item (**turn to 167**)? Or will you use this breathing space to try to exploit the beast's weakness (**turn to 210**)? Or will you escape (**turn to 188**)? Be quick: the magic in the charm will only last a few more seconds!

### 176

You push your way through the rotting timbers and enter the rubble-strewn dump. Ashes and blackened stones tell you that there was a great fire here, once, although some of the furniture is miraculously intact despite the years. You may search here if you wish (**turn to 172**) or continue your mission (**turn to 216**).

### 177

You arrive at the inn to find it closed, its doors firmly locked. Sighing, you miserably return along the tree-lined path, arriving back at the junction about an hour after you left it. **Return to 216** to decide where to go now.

### 178

"Hello, Sir," says the greasy barman, "what can I get for you?" You notice that there are three ales on tap here. You comment on the choice, and he grins widely. "This is the best inn for a hundred miles," he boasts. You compliment him on his bar keeping skills, and he is genuinely flattered. "Thanks, mate," he says. "Tell yer what, the first one's on the house!" Will you take this opportunity to savour Dragon Ale (**turn to 169**), Scimitar (**turn to 133**) or Assassin's Wire (**turn to 73**)? Or will you politely decline the offer, asking about the area around here (**turn to 144**)?

### 179

You go to pull out the **Polished Sword** when

you realise that you no longer have it: your scabbard is empty. Thinking back, you realise that you must have left it at the camp last night! Quickly **return to 167** to decide what to do now.

### 180

The snowy becomes ever deeper as you walk this northerly path, making it increasingly difficult to continue forwards, the northerly wind uncomfortably striking you in the face. Looking ahead, your eyes watering in the cold, you see that you are entering a range of low hills. The trail snakes between the lonely peaks, and your path meets another, forming a Y junction in a secluded valley. The trail heads away from here to the north, so you follow it up the side of a hill. Atop the hill, where the chill wind is at its coldest, you espy that ahead, balanced precariously upon the highest hilltop, is a small chapel. You eventually reach the chapel, and a brass plaque screwed to the front of the huge, wooden front doors reads "Teckleton Tor." Many paths lead off from here, all in various southerly directions. You may enter this place of worship (**turn to 37**). Otherwise, you head off following the northern path (**turn to 195**).

### 181

You head north for the rest of the day. As night falls, you alight upon a small cottage. Smoke billows from the chimney, making known to you that it is inhabited. You knock on the front door, and are greeted by a plump woman with red cheeks. You are ushered unto the kitchen where a farmer warmly welcomes you to his house. After a warm meal, and a hot drink, the farmer tells you that up ahead the road turns towards Teckleton Tor. You sleep in a warm spare room and wake feeling refreshed.

In the morning, the farmer offers to give a ride on his wagon to the Tor, and you readily accept. Bidding farewell to the farmer's wife, you set off. You make good time, and arrive shortly before noon at Teckleton Tor. You thank the farmer for his hospitality and bid good day to him. He rides off, leaving you alone, atop a bleak, windswept hill. The chapel is old, but well kept. You may enter if you wish (**turn to 37**) or leave northwards (**turn to 195**).

### 182

The weather stays uncharacteristically mild, allowing you to make good progress. High above, crows and ravens call out their chilling cries, unnerving you. Beneath your feet, the grasses and lichen indigenous to this frozen

realm are beginning to come out in full force, reminding you that spring is in the air. Many miles to the south, in your home town, preparations are no doubt underway for the annual spring fete, where produce will be sold, and wine will be drunk; and all will become nothing but merry for a whole week. Feeling suddenly homesick, you turn your eyes to the ground and press on. Soon you arrive at a converging of ways where you may head north (**turn to 181**) or northeast (**turn to 163**).

### 183

The rooms downstairs are all empty, save for the odd piece of decaying furniture. All is covered in dirt and grime. After scrabbling about for several minutes, you discover a trap door, half covered by the detritus of years of neglect. This must lead down unto the cellar. You can go down to the cellar if you would like (**turn to 104**). If not, there is nothing else here for you, so you leave. **Turn to 99**.

### 184

The trader hands you your purchases owner the counter and thanks you for your business. Just as you are about to leave, he calls you over. "Hey," he says, "I bet you're the best customer I've had all week. Here, have this." He pulls an Oak Bow from beneath a table. He winks at you and sits back in his chair, waiting for more customers. You thank him and leave. Outside, you critically examine the quality of your purchases as you make your way back to the centre of town. Return there by **returning to 17**.

### 185

You leave the inn behind and soon arrive at a junction. Above, the leaden sky oppressively continues its mental assault upon you. It seems almost as though it is trying desperately to drain you of your optimism and energy. Sighing moodily, you choose a path and stride down it, anxious to be away from here. Will you head south (**turn to 60**) or north (**turn to 12**) or are you returning to the inn (**turn to 86**)?

### 186

The dark forest seems to close in on you from all sides, encroaching aggressively on the path, seemingly trying to erase all of man's efforts to tame these wilds. The sunlight only penetrates here and there, leaving you walking in the murky half light beneath the trees. Sometimes you pass hardy oaks or beeches, reminding you

of the warmer, temperate lands of your birth. Mostly, though, hardier firs and pines, more used to these cold lands, surround you.

Ahead you notice the path becoming more distinct, and it seems lighter. After about half a mile you arrive at the edge of the forest, blinking in the pale sunlight. The eaves of the forest offer some shelter from the cold winds, but you realise that you must press on with your mission. The bitter breeze once again bite into you as you trek northwards away from the eerie woodland. **Turn to 141.**

### **187**

You bid farewell to the farmer, thanking him for his hospitality. Closing the door, you set off once again, sorry to be away from the warm fire. Fresh snowfall overnight has covered your tracks, so you have to rely completely on the farmer's directions. **Turn to 22.**

### **188**

After a day's journey, you stop and camp, spending a miserable, cold night in the snow. You awake still weary, and make poor progress the next day. The weather is reasonably mild; although there are several brief flurries of snow each day, and the landscape is drear, with not so much as a tree to break the bleak vista.

It takes you seven days to reach the end of the road, which terminates in a major city, where you spend a further two weeks being cared for by those in the medical profession, suffering as you are from exposure. You are advised to forsake your quest and return to the warmer climes of the south, and you are forced to concede that the Yeti could be anywhere by now. Packing your bags, you take the wide Great South Road away from this arctic tundra. Sadly, you have failed in your quest, but at least you have escaped with your life.

### **189**

"SESQUIPA LANTIA MERCORADIA," you recite perfectly, just as the priest taught you. The beast looks mournfully at you, and you think you can detect a glint of intelligence in its eyes. It lets out a pained roar before turning into stone. As a gory reminder of this ancient evil, the Yeti, in its final pose, is letting out a blood-curdling scream. **Turn to 230.**

### **190**

Swinging the hammer wildly, you manage to make contact with the beast square in its chest.

The Yeti roars out in pain, flailing wildly with its paws. A lucky strike causes you to lose hold of the hammer, and you are forced to drop it onto the carpet of thick, white snow beneath your feet. The enraged Yeti roars again and swings at you. Your only hope is to run. **Turn to 116.**

### **191**

You read the words of the scroll, and fake gold and treasure appears in your hands; but such wealth does nothing to appease the beast, which merely swipes at you with an oversized paw. You stagger backwards, intent on escaping. **Turn to 116.**

### **192**

The priest eventually seems to overcome his initial mistrust of you, and seems quite talkative; perhaps he sees few people in these under-populated wilds. Now you have his trust, will you steer the conversation towards the subject of the Yeti (**turn to 114**), or will you just continue with your general chat (**turn to 42**)?

### **193**

You open the huge doors of the chapel and squint in the bright morning sunlight. Glancing behind, you note that the place seems almost warm and cosy, a haven from the harsh realities of the world. Regrettably, though, you must leave. Closing the doors behind you, you wrap your cloak around you against the cold air and set off in a northerly direction. **Turn to 195.**

### **194**

Now that you are alone once more, will you examine the pulpit (**turn to 197**) or the seats (**turn to 199**) of this quaint little chapel?

### **195**

You head northwards through the knee-deep snow, which keeps finding its way down into your boots; this is very irritating. You watch with a critical eye the sun disappearing below the western horizon. After a night spent in an abandoned farmer's cottage you set off in the morning at a brisk pace as soon as the sun is high enough in the sky for you to see adequately.

After about a half hour you hear rushing water up ahead, and you soon arrive at the banks of a fast-flowing river. There is no way to cross the torrent here, so you must decide whether to

follow the river downstream (**turn to 214**) or follow along the banks of the river upstream to the northeast (**turn to 150**).

## **196**

You hand over the money and purchase the scroll. On it is written the **Snowstorm Spell**. Note this down, along with the scroll number (#4). You may now buy Scroll #1 (**turn to 52**), Scroll #2 (**turn to 222**), or Scroll #3 (**turn to 64**). Or, if you have finished spending your money, you may talk to the owner (**turn to 33**) or leave (**return to 17** to decide where to go next).

## **197**

Walking towards the back of the church, you climb the semi-spiral steps—of which you count six—up onto the pulpit, which presides over the room. The pulpit is small and cramped, although well made and sturdy. You marvel at the smooth finish of the wooden lectern. A book stands open on the lectern, although it is in a foreign language, and you soon tire of it. You settle down to sleep and leave in the morning. **Turn to 193.**

## **198**

Walking towards the back of the church, you climb the semi-spiral steps—of which you count six—up onto the pulpit, which presides over the room. You are marvelling at the smooth finish of the wooden lectern when a creaking sound alerts you that someone—or something—is at the door . . . **Turn to 118.**

## **199**

You walk down the central aisle between the seats. Searching carefully, you turn up nothing, although the hard seats and meagre furnishings are a pointed reminder of how poor the people in this area are. As your search turns up nothing, you decide to turn in for the night. You settle down to sleep and leave in the morning. **Turn to 193.**

## **200**

For about an hour you continue your northern odyssey. Lulled as you are into a sense of security by the boredom of the surrounding scenery, you do not notice a white shape moving towards you from the west until it is almost too late. A loud snarl from your left causes you to look up in bewilderment; it is

then that you catch your first glimpse of the Yeti.

Ten feet tall and pure white, the Yeti is almost invisible from a distance. It has large forelimbs terminating in paws, which it can use as arms when standing upright. The vast bulk of the body is muscular and toned, and the teeth in its mouth are wickedly sharp. It is covered in a thick matting of pure white fur, which serves to keep the beast warm, but it also serves as impromptu armour. Again, it lets out a terrifying scream; perhaps it senses victory already? Just how are you going to defeat such a horrifying opponent? **Turn to 167.**

## **201**

You duck and dive, running in a zigzag pattern to try to outmanoeuvre the huge bird. Up ahead you see a small copse, and you make for this hoping to lose the bird in the densely packed trees. After waiting for a sufficient time, you decide that you are no longer in danger, and walk through the small wood to the eaves. After a final check that the bird is no longer waiting, you set off into the snowbound wastes. Because you have lost the path, you make slow progress, constantly having to retrace your steps to avoid deep drifts. Halfway through the second day, you reach a road dissecting the landscape in a north/south direction. The snow is knee-deep here, and you welcome the respite that the roadway affords. Despite the chill wind, you set off north at a brisk pace. **Turn to 195.**

## **202**

The path soon becomes a well-travelled roadway and swings to the north. Ahead you can see the walls of a town, and the roadway leads straight towards it. You pass a farmer who is leading a mule and cart towards the town. You ask him the name of the town and he replies that it is Arkelon, Wonder Of The North. You thank him, despite feeling very little wonderment at such a small town. Upon drawing nearer, you see that the large oaken gates are standing open and you make for them. You enter Arkelon behind a hay cart and nip quickly between the unobservant guards. Inside, people are going in droves toward the market square and you are pushed along with them (**turn to 17**).

## **203**

You walk north for some kilometres, hoping devoutly for the freezing wind and driving snow to cease. More than once you have to stop to empty your boots of snow. Spotting a post on the horizon, you set yourself a goal to reach it, blocking out all the pain and discomfort. Because of your determination, you arrive at

the post by late afternoon, having made good time. The sign says that to the east is a fountain and to the west is an inn, where you may receive succour. Do you want to make for the Inn (**turn to 166**) or the Fountain (**turn to 8**)? The path also heads off north, although the signpost does not point that way. You could take this path (**turn to 29**).

## **204**

“Your best bet, mate,” says the proprietor, “is to make for Teckleton Tor, to the west. The priest there is considered by some around here to be some kind of oracle. As for me, I know nothing.” You can get nothing more from the man, not even his opinion on the priest’s supposed powers, so you thank him and leave. **Return to 17.**

## **205**

You remove your clothes and step gingerly into the pool, which is very cold. You swim out towards the middle, but you begin to get cramps. You turn and try to make for the shore, but you have lost all sensation in your extremities, and seem unable to make any use of your arms. You sink to the bottom of the pool, unable to make it to the shore. Sadly, your adventure ends here, at the bottom of a freezing cold body of water.

## **206**

You brush the snow from the signpost. You discover that to the northwest is Teckleton Tor, which you may visit by **turning to 180**. To the southeast is an inn, which you may patronise by **turning to 177**. To the east is a Hunter’s Lodge, which you can stop at by **turning to 41**. A wide, fast-flowing river prevents any travel to the east.

## **207**

You hastily read the words on the scroll. A bright light appears above the Yeti’s head, which it stares at for a few seconds. Then it swipes at the light, before growling angrily. You have succeeded in angering it. In a furious rage, it lunges at you. You had better try to escape (**turn to 116**).

## **208**

Your frostbitten fingers grasp the bow tightly. Reaching into your pack, you take out the silver arrow. Carefully nocking it in the bow, you fire, praying for luck. The arrow flies straight and true, hitting the beast squarely in the chest, in

its heart. Screaming in pain, the Yeti collapses to the floor, writhing in agony. It takes several hours for the beast to die. **Turn to 230.**

## **209**

You arrive back at the encampment just before dawn, as the sunlight is breaking through the darkness of night. You make your way through the camp to Khris’ caravan and knock loudly upon the door until he opens it, bleary eyed. “What do you want?” he enquires, still half asleep. You tell him of what you have seen, and his face drops. He invites you in, and you sit at a small table as he brews a hot drink to warm you.

It takes you almost an hour to describe to him all that you saw in just those few, brief minutes that you were in the settlement, and he often interrupts with questions. He seems particularly interested in the claw- and bite-marks that you mention, and he asks you to go into as much detail as you can about the size and shape of them. Finally, you finish your tale, exhausted at having missed a night’s sleep. Khris face is stern, and he is silent for a long time. Finally he speaks.

“Have you ever heard the tale of the Abominable Snowman?” he asks. You reply the negative. “This creature, also known as the Yeti, was responsible for the deaths of many north-men, according to local legend. It is a huge creature, eight-feet tall, with mighty claws, and an insatiable appetite for destruction. It craves human flesh, and it has no sense of morality, no knowledge of what is right and what is wrong. The last sightings of the beast were well over one hundred years ago. It is still used as a local boogiemer, used to send children to bed at night, but few really believe the tales. What you have described sounds reminiscent of an account I read once, an eyewitness account or a massacre accredited to the Yeti; but that was over one hundred years ago.”

“Did anyone ever try to kill the Yeti,” you ask.

“Why certainly!” replies Khris. “Many tried and many died. The Yeti was simply too cunning an adversary, seeming always to ambush the trappers when they least expected it. Many men boasted that they would be the ones to defeat the Yeti, and all disappeared in the tundra. Most were never seen again. A few were found, ripped to shreds. Those that escaped vowed never to try again.”

“And what of the Yeti, then, you enquire. Where has it been for the past century?”

Khris shrugs. “Rumour had it that a North-man trapper killed it, but was killed in doing so.

Surely, there have been no sightings since. I don't know what could have happened. But as long as the Yeti is on the loose, my caravan certainly isn't safe. I will have to spend much more on guards . . . In fact it will not be worth it, not with all my other overheads. I will have to close down this trade route."

You look directly at Khris. "What if I was to rid the world of the Yeti?" you ask. "What would you give me?" Khris gawks at you in disbelief.

"This caravan is my livelihood," he slowly admits. "If you could save that, it would be worth thousands of gold coins. More than I care to imagine. Would you truly consider doing this for me?" You gallantly say that you will. "That's just marvellous," simpers Khris. "If you return to me with proof of defeating the Yeti, I will make you a joint partner in this caravan trail. I can't say fairer than that!"

You agree that he certainly can't, and you readily accept his offer. You agree to meet him in a town about a week's journey from here, bringing proof of the Yeti's demise. You stand and are about to leave when Khris takes a pouch from his belt and hands it to you. Inside are **25 Gold Coins**. "You can pay me back when you return, he jokes. He also tells you that he will tarry here today in order to allow you a full day's rest before embarking upon your quest. As you settle down to sleep, you have a feeling that big things are finally coming your way.

**Turn to 128.**

## **210**

If you wish to try to exploit the Yeti's weakness, you must have some kind of piercing weapon. If you do **not** own a **Sword**, an **Axe**, a **Throwing Dagger** or a **Golden Dagger**, then you must **turn to 167** to reconsider your method of attack. If you are using the **Golden Dagger**, **turn to 225** immediately. If you are using a **Polished Sword**, **turn to 179** immediately. If not, continue reading. If you know what the beast's weakness is, you will know where to turn to now. If not, then you can make a guess by hitting the Yeti's leg (**turn to 103**), or its arm (**turn to 137**) or its chest (**turn to 132**).

## **211**

You reach into your pack and withdraw the scroll. Unfurling it quickly, you read aloud the words written. The beast looks mournfully at you, and you think you can detect a glint of intelligence in its eyes. It lets out a pained roar before turning into stone. As a gory reminder of this ancient evil, the Yeti, in its final pose, is

letting out a blood-curdling scream. **Turn to 230.**

## **212**

You hand over the gold and the blacksmith leans confidentially over to you. "Seek the friar of Teckleton Tor," he advises. He also tells you to watch out as a dragon has been spotted to the north of here. You thank him for his help and leave the smithy. Outside you shiver in the brisk air, sorry to be away from the huge furnace. **Return to 17.**

## **213**

After briefly becoming lost, you manage to find your way to the traders' shop—a smart free-standing building of red brick. Upon pushing open the door, a bell tinkles somewhere, announcing your presence to a young man who starts talking to you non-stop about fantastic financial investments (pieces of junk!) You try to question him, but he blatantly refuses point-blank to talk to you until you have bought something. He mutters something about company policy. To see his wares, **turn to 26**, but if you have already had enough of this fellow, you may leave by **returning to 17**.

## **214**

You make your way down to the shale bank, but can see nothing, save for the ruins of an ancient stone bridge. You turn to look the other way, and make out what seems to be a log cabin, so you make for this. It takes only takes you about fifteen minutes to get there. The door is not locked, and you go immediately inside to escape from the freezing chill of the winds, seemingly even colder here by the river.

The cabin was, it seems, once a boat shed, although there are no worthy vessels here now. There is, however, a roughly constructed raft attached by a rope to a metal cable, which is attached to a tree on either side of the torrent. If you move the looped end of the rope along the cable, you would gradually move the raft across the waters without being swept away. If you think this is a good idea, and would like to cross the river using this method, **turn to 217**. Otherwise, leave the shelter of the boathouse and continue following the river upstream to the northeast. **Turn to 150.**

## **215**

The owner of the shop seems genuinely concerned by your plight, and tells you that he

has four scrolls, given to him by a barbarian in exchange for food. He says that as they cost him very little, he will let you have them for only five gold coins each. He does not know what magic is contained on the scrolls, but is willing to do you a good turn. If you want no part in this, **return to 17**. Otherwise, will you purchase **Scroll #1 (turn to 52)**, **Scroll #2 (turn to 222)**, **Scroll #3 (turn to 64)**, or **Scroll #4 (turn to 196)**?

## **216**

You soon arrive at a major junction where paths lead off northwest, west and southeast. A signpost stands here, although it is half buried in snow. You may take some time to clear the snow from the signpost (**turn to 206**) or trek west (**turn to 41**), or northwest, where the snow appears to be deeper, (**turn to 180**), or southeast, where the path is lined with trees on either side (**turn to 177**).

## **217**

You push the raft off the landing and onto the dark, rushing torrent. The cold, foaming waters rush by only centimetres beneath your feet, and your raft begins to become unstable. The waters splash on the wooden beams, making them slippery. As you reach the strong midstream current, you slip and nearly fall into the river. Adrenaline pumping through your veins, you lie face down on the raft, anxious to avoid any mishap, inching the rope along very slowly. After what seems like an eternity, you reach the far bank, and you quickly disembark. You stand on the windswept shore, watching as the raft falls apart, the logs being swept away downstream and out of sight. **Turn to 220**.

## **218**

When you find yourself back at the main thoroughfare that dissects Ordoker, you follow it away from the village and out into the wilds surrounding. After a careful search of the surrounding area, you find an abandoned cabin nearby, in which you spend a damp, miserable night. When morning comes, you collect your things and leave. As you walk, once again the beauty of nature strikes you, despite your restless night; even in this harsh wilderness, you can see her magical touch. The snow lends a mystical aura to the environment, covering the ground in a thick, white blanket. Now you must decide whether you are heading east (**turn to 28**) or west (**turn to 90**).

## **219**

You sit and think as you stare into the deep, blue waters of the pool. The pool is in fact full of an essence, which sends those who smell it into a dream-like state from which they cannot awaken. They are said to transcend the realms of mortality and travel to other dimensions. This is hardly the end, but the beginning. However, it does mean that the paltry, unimportant quest for the Yeti is now at an end, but you don't care about that, now, do you?

Your quest ends here, on the brink of discovering the meaning of life.

## **220**

You clamber up the slope to the top of the bank. The wind is colder here, and you draw your cloak around you even tighter than before. You set off, marching through the pure, white snow. As you walk, snow begins to fall, first just a few flakes, then faster and harder. By the time the hour is out, you are tramping through a snowstorm, your face numbed against the cold. **Turn to 23**.

## **221**

The road continues on for several days, with nary a twist or a turn. You grow bored of the monotony, and play mental games to try to make the time pass more quickly. The usually changeable weather remains remarkably mild throughout the lengthy journey, and nothing much happens. You long for a break in the sameness, but none comes. At long last, you arrive at the end of the road and are confronted with a diverging of ways. You may travel north into the wind (**turn to 28**) or east (**turn to 87**).

## **222**

The five gold coins glint in the sunlight streaming in through the doorway as you hand them over to receive the scroll. Unfurling it, you see that it is a **Flesh to Stone Spell**. Note this down, along with the scroll number (**#2**). You may now buy **Scroll #1 (turn to 52)**, **Scroll #3 (turn to 64)**, or **Scroll #4 (turn to 196)**. Or, if you have finished spending your money, you may talk to the owner (**turn to 33**) or leave (**return to 17** to decide where to go next).

## **223**

You traverse the snowbound path southeast until it finally comes to an end in a smooth rock wall. On this wall hangs a single **Lead Charm**

in the shape of a rising sun. You reach out and take it, unsure of who or what might have left it here, and why. Turning it over in your hands, you notice that it has the numeral IV engraved upon the rear of the charm. This canyon is well sheltered from the winds, and you spend the night here. The next morning, as the sky is turning a violent shade of red, you return to the ravine, noting that one of the bridges has collapsed since yesterday. Crossing the sturdy bridge, still unnerved by the lack of a handrail, you make your way north away from here. **Turn to 58.**

## **224**

You easily find the marquee, or the Mage's Mystic Emporium, as a huge sign outside proclaims it to be. You go in through the flap into a large room full of makeshift shelves and cupboards. You browse the items for sale for some time, looking at tomes of magic and spell components, but they are all far too expensive; way out of your league. You may leave in disgust (**return to 17**) or talk to the owner in the hope of getting a tab, or a least some discount (**turn to 215**).

## **225**

You dodge back and forth, trying to find an opening in the beast's attack. Seeing one, you dart in, stabbing the beast with your golden blade. Unfortunately, the gold of the blade is too weak, and your blow merely bends the blade, rendering you defenceless. Leaping back, out of the reach of the Yeti, you determine to make your escape. **Turn to 116.**

## **226**

You gallantly wield your weapon, goading the dragon to attack you, but he simply dodges back out of your range, taunting you with blasts of ice from its nostrils. Eventually you realise that you have no chance to defeat such a monstrous opponent, and you stop and sit down, waiting for the inevitable. After some time, the dragon speaks. "I see that you have spirit, mortal," he intones, "and I know that you want to cling on to your miserable life for as long as possible. So, I will propose another riddle to you, and if you are correct, you may live. Here is my question: Am I going to eat you?" You must decide whether you think that the dragon will eat you or not. Write down your opinion on a piece of paper and then **turn to 59**. If you would rather make a break for it now, **turn to 88**.

## **227**

The seats are hard and uninviting. They are arranged in two groups with a central aisle down the centre. You rummage around in the seats, and turn up a magnificent **Golden Dagger**. Wondering at its beauty, you pocket it. Finding nothing else, you begin to make preparations for bed. **Turn to 117.**

## **228**

You trek northwards for a further day, with no sightings of the Yeti. The path turns to the southeast in a vast arc, and you are forced to follow it. After a day's journey, you stop and camp, spending a miserable, cold night in the snow. You awake still weary, and make poor progress the next day. The weather is reasonably mild, although there are several brief flurries of snow each day, and the landscape is drear, with not so much as a tree to break the bleak vista.

It takes you seven days to reach the end of the road, which terminates in a major city, where you spend a further two weeks being cared for by those in the medical profession, suffering as you are from exposure. You are advised to forsake your quest and return to the warmer climes of the south, and you are forced to concede that the Yeti could be anywhere by now. Packing your bags, you take the wide Great South Road away from this arctic tundra.

Sadly, you have failed in your quest, but at least you have escaped with your life.

## **229**

The day is growing to an end, and dusk approaches. You spend a freezing night in the trees, sheltered from the worst of the winds and snowfall, and continue through the ghostly forest the next morning. The unnatural silence makes you paranoid, and you imagine a dozen different monsters, each more hideous than the last, to be stalking you. You stop to gather pinecones, for these are good kindling for tonight's fire when you camp, and soon afterwards, you arrive at the eaves of the forest. Looking out once more over the bleak, white terrain, your spirits soar to be out of the murky half light of the oppressive wood, and back into a world of sunlight. You soon change your mind, however, when you feel the full force of the wind buffeting you, and the snow being driven straight into your face. Sighing with silent reverie, you press onwards. The path splits here, following the tree line east and west along the eaves of the forest. Will you walk east (**turn to 94**) or west (**turn to 39**)?

The Yeti is dead, and the northlands are freed from the terrifying grip of such overpowering evil.

Congratulations, you have triumphed over adversity and saved the lives of many people. You have also explored the icy northern realms of and survived, a feat that few others can lay claim to. You take the head of the beast as a trophy and begin the cold, lonely, perilous journey back to where Khris is waiting for you. It takes you ten days to retrace your steps, and by the time you arrive back at the place from

whence you started out on your quest, Khris has long gone, busy with his trade route. No one knows when he will be back, and he has left no instructions for your payment.

Feeling foolish and cheated, you sell the Yeti's head to an innkeeper as a talking point for the price of a week's stay to recuperate and set off in a vaguely southerly direction, seeking pastures and adventures new, determined not to be cheated this time. You hope that you never see the cheating trader Khris again, but little do you know what fate has in store for you

...

# The End

*...or is it?*