

# THE QUEST FOR THE HOLY GRAIL

Story written by P. Wells

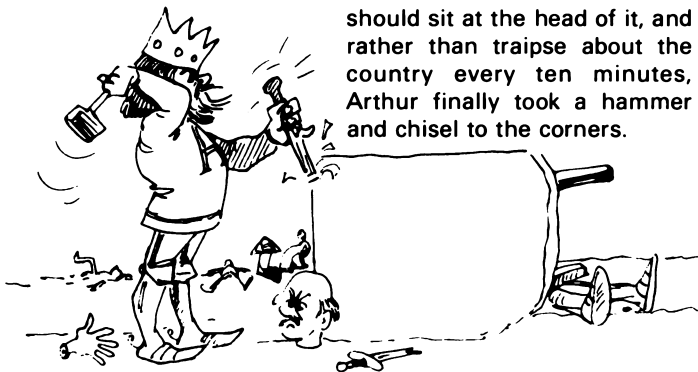
Illustrated by D. Barnes

## THE QUEST FOR THE HOLY GRAIL

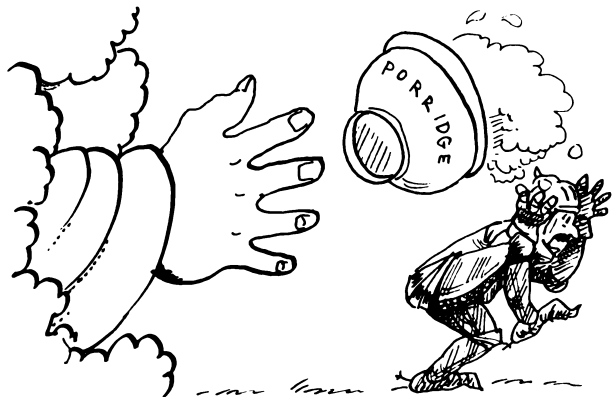
It is 932 AD (After Dinner). Well, it could hardly be 932 BC could it? BC means 'Before Computers' and with the keyboard before your very finger-tips, this would hardly be true.

So anyway, it is England 932 AD and Arthur, King of the Britons is looking for his knights. No, there hasn't been a burglary of the Royal Chess Set — Arthur's search is for bold and fearless men to serve at the renowned Court of Camelot. After scouring the whole of Mercia, in cottage and countryside, kitchen and coalhole, he has finally assembled a motley and merciless troop. There's Sir Benevere, Lancelot the Brave, Sir Robin the not-quite-so-brave, Galahad the Pure, and now YOU, Sir Tappin the Basic, ready to take a place at the Round Table. Actually, it used to be square but knights kept killing each other arguing over who

should sit at the head of it, and rather than traipse about the country every ten minutes, Arthur finally took a hammer and chisel to the corners.

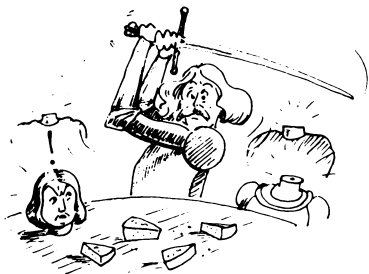


ANYWAY, it is England 932 AD and you as one of Arthur's elite band are to embark on the QUEST FOR THE HOLY GRAIL at God's own special request. It is little known that Arthur, King of the Britons, is in fact, a little hard of hearing and actually presented God with a bowl of soggy porridge, thinking he said it was a Quest for some Holy Gruel. It goes without saying that your attempt has got to be a little better!



Consider some of the valiant deeds of your colleagues. Sir Lancelot for example, risked wife and whim at a recent wedding at Swamp Castle to save an ex-frog and yet still unmarried Prince, incarcerated by his father. He cut, thrust, slashed and thrashed and apart from killing two hundred guests, sliced the cake brilliantly.

Or what about Sir Galahad, who kept a twenty four hour vigil over eight score blondes and brunettes, all beautiful, aged between sixteen and nineteen and a half, all chaste but never caught! What about him, I hear you cry . It was he, I answer proudly, who became the first Hard Day's Knight. So, what of you, Sir Tappin the Basic?



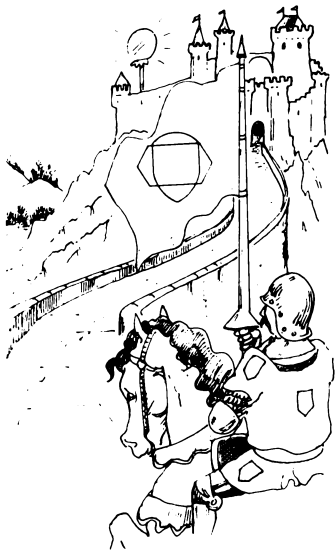
Well, your tasks are no less arduous — for instance, the peasantry in Mercia are not exactly convinced Arthur is their true and rightful King. They don't readily believe in the 'farcical aquatic ceremony' as they have come to call it, when Arthur attempted to discard Excalibur, the sword of destiny, nor indeed

all that strongarm stuff when he pulled the blade out of a rock in the first place. Eugene, a particularly unpleasant peasant, an undertaker by trade, actually holds grudges about Arthur and his companions, contesting for example that Merlin is the only bogus member of the Magic Circle. As a result he never lets any of Arthur's knights onto his land. He cannot see that anything gets past him, and that's to your advantage for he might not see someone before his very eyes. If the hat fits, wear it!! You'll have the last laugh.

You won't be the only knight marauding about on a quest, of course. There are the knights who say 'LIC' searching for the Lost Lollipop of Lewisham, or the knights who say 'HIC' looking for the World's biggest paper bag to pop to stop their hiccupping, or indeed the knights who say 'SIC', of whom you should stand well clear, for obvious reasons.

Particularly frightening, are the knights who say 'NIC' obsessed with the possession of all things floral - anticipate this demand and you might just pacify them. Finally not so much three knights with one at the head, but a knight with three heads at one and the same time, who obviously has a lot on his shoulders. This cranial trio will know head nor tale that should distract you once you've delivered a fatal blow!

The terrain you are exploring is dark, treacherous and forbidding. You will be greeted by tortuous tunnels; fearful falling forests, devoid of light, filled with creaking voices; swamps that swallow the hardiest of men; you will be pit against cess pits, mess pits but less pits as you go along. But this is a landscape too, plagued by horrific, blood-



curdling, spine-chilling, hideous, evil creatures that will strike fear into your hearts. Loose on the moors....A White Rabbit....Alright, Alright, terror is perhaps not the initial reaction but just you steal a piece of lettuce or take a drink from an apparently abandoned saucer of water, and rampant killer instincts are roused, let me warn you.

Any action with this creature is literally explosive but as the old aramaic phrase has it 'He who plays with fire will get his fingers burned' so should you play, make sure you know the rules! Rules are never easy to understand - it's as if they were in a different language....but then perhaps they are. In the end whatever you dig up in this sort of field is bound to be useful in the future.



Trying to get the elusive Grail back to a pedestal in the Camelot throne room is in itself a tricky business. The doors are heavy and

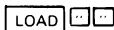


well padlocked, resisting the strongest of intruders, but worse it's almost certain one might encounter a rather abrasive sentinel who hails from Paris. He's got some irritating habits which he now includes in his repertoire of defence tactics. From rampart to cellar he accuses passers-by of being 'English Bedwetting types' or threatens to wave portions of his anatomy at them, or indeed their relatives!

This is nothing compared to his most offensive rebuffs, so don't get caught out. In fact, not getting caught out might mean getting by, by getting an object in which you do usually get caught out. Puzzled? You will be.

So, Sir Tappin the Basic, find your steed and remain steadfast, courageous and true. Find the Holy Grail for God and England!

# To LOAD this magnificent program type



Now start the tape recorder; the program will take about 5 minutes to load so you can either sit and watch the loading screen (good eh!) or go and put the kettle on (milk with one sugar please). Once loaded the border will turn black. To begin your mammoth (a woolly one) task press any key and your experience will start.

For those who want a little help (just a little, mind) here are some useful and 'unuseful' words for you to try.

SAVE—for those who are scared of losing this command will save your current position.

LOAD—for those who have lost (sob!) this will restore your saved game.

GRAPHICS or GR—turns the graphics on and off

INVENTORY or I—this will give you a list of the objects you are carrying.

HELP—The meaning of this is probably obvious.

QUIT—So is this!

UNLOCK

CLIMB

GIVE

WHO

DROP

ENTER

TRAVEL

TAKE

GET

There are others — but will leave you to find them.

Many commands can be abbreviated to 1 letter. eg.

NORTH N

SOUTH S

TAKE T

LOOK L

If you have written a program for a micro that you think merits superb packaging and marketing, write to:-

The Software Manager

Dept. A.,

Dream Software Ltd,

P.O. Box 64,

Basingstoke RG21 2LB