INTRODUCTION

In this computer game version of *The Snow Queen* your job is to help Gerda during her long journey and many adventures in search of her lost friend Kay, and to rescue him from the palace of the Snow Queen.

You will find an abridged version of Hans Andersen's story below. The game follows the story very closely but you will also find many problems and adventures not in the story – things which happened to Gerda that were never written down. And, of course, the advice you give Gerda may change the course of events.

While the program is loading (see instructions below under the heading *Using the Program*) read the story, or at least to the end of Chapter 2. When the program has loaded you will find yourself right in the story at this point and Gerda will already be in need of your advice. When Gerda asks 'What shall I do now' or something similar, you type your reply and then press ENTER or RETURN.

When advising Gerda, remember that she is a young Danish girl and only understands simple English sentences (such as *Go east, Take the pencil, Look under the chair*, etc). If she says that she does not understand something, try different words. Some of the English words Gerda understands are listed below.

Reading the story printed here will certainly provide many clues to help you help Gerda, but if you find you need more help, you can acquire a 'hints sheet' from the programmers by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to: Snow Queen Dept, St Bride's School, Burtonport, County Donegal, Ireland.

USING THE PROGRAM

The game is in two parts. When you have successfully completed Part I you will be given a password to enable you to play Part II.

Loading the game

To load Part I and start the game, insert the cassette in the recorder and ensure that it is fully rewound. Follow the instructions below for your type of computer. The words that you type are those in **bold print** (remember to press RETURN or ENTER after each command you type).

Commodore 64/128
Press SHIFT and RUN/STOP together, then press the PLAY button on the recorder. (If you have a CBM 128, remember to first type **GO 64** or switch on in CBM 64 mode.)

Spectrum 48K/128K
Type **LOAD""**, then press the PLAY button on the recorder.

When the game starts, stop the tape as the program for Part II of the adventure game follows Part I fairly closely and you don't want the tape to play on past it. When you have completed Part I, switch off the computer and then switch it on again to clear Part I from memory. Load Part II as you did Part I.

Loading advice

The cassettes are tested thoroughly and you shouldn't have any problem in loading this game. If you do have difficulties, the following may help:

- Try the other side of the cassette
- Load another game from cassette to check everything is connected properly
- Vary the volume and tone settings on the recorder if you can (fairly loud and fairly 'high' should work best).
- Clean and demagnetise the recorder (following the manufacturer's instructions).
- If you can, try another recorder.

Saving the game position

While playing the game you can save your current position (so that you can turn the computer off, yet return later to the same stage in the game). To do this, insert a spare, blank cassette in the recorder. Press the RECORD buttons on the recorder. Type **SAVE** and press ENTER or RETURN. (If you are asked for a "filename" type any short word and press ENTER or RETURN). If the tape doesn't move, press ENTER or RETURN again. When the game position has saved the command prompt will reappear. Stop the recorder.

Loading the saved game position

To load a saved game position correctly you must be playing the part of the game (ie. Part I or Part II) that you were playing when you saved the game. Insert the saved game cassette in the recorder and rewind it. Type **LOAD** and press ENTER or RETURN. (If you are asked for a "filename" type whatever short word you used to save the position and press ENTER or RETURN.) Press the PLAY button on the recorder. When it has loaded the saved game position will reappear on the screen.

Some Useful Words . . . .

Inventory	gives you a list of everything Gerda is carrying
Redescribe (R)	redescribes the scene
Goodbye	ends the game
Examine	to look more closely at an object or place
Score	tells you how you are doing

. . . . and some that Gerda understands

Ask Bathe Blow Board Book Buy Call Clean Climb Cork Crawl Cry Cut Down Draw Drop East Eat Enter Examine File Get Give Hook Kiss Knock Light Listen Look Mount Move North Open Pick Pull Push Put Read Remove Rest Ride Roll Show Sleep South Speak Spin Stop Swim Unlock Untie Up Wait Wash Wear West

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The Story

CHAPTER 1

It all began with a looking glass, the invention of the greatest – and the wickedest – of the goblins. In this magic glass, everything good and beautiful shrank down to nothing, while everything ugly and evil stood out clearly and looked ten times worse. Beautiful landscapes looked like a plate of boiled spinach. A single freckle would grow and spread over the whole of the face. All the goblins laughed with malevolent glee saying that now the world could be seen as it truly was. They even carried the looking glass up to heaven to look at the angels' reflections, but as they approached the sun, the glass shivered and fell, shattering into a million billion fragments.

And now the mischief really began, for the fragments flew everywhere, some into men's eyes so that they could see nothing truly, some, even more unluckily, into their hearts, which turned into lumps of ice. Some fragments were made into spectacles and some into windows, and it was a dreadful thing to look through them.

And the wickedest of the goblins laughed till his sides ached.

CHAPTER 2

In a large town with very many people and very few gardens lived a boy and girl who shared a garden little bigger than a plant pot. They lived in two houses so close together that you could step from the window of one straight into the other. The garden, which grew roses and sweetpeas and herbs, was just two boxes laid between the windowsills. In winter, though, the windows were always shut, and often white with frost, so that a hot penny on the glass made a little peephole. On these days, either Kay or Gerda would run down the steps of one house and up the steps of the other to be together for they loved each other dearly.

Outside, the snowflakes were falling. "'Tis the white bees swarming," said the old grandmother.

"Have they a queen bee?" asked Kay.

"Of course. She is the largest of them all, at the centre of the swarm. She never settles on the earth, but stays in the black cloud. Often at midnight she flies through the town, covering the windows with frosted stars and flowers."

"We have seen them," said the children, and so they knew the story was true.

"Could the Snow Queen come in here?" shivered Gerda.

"If she did," replied Kay stoutly, "I would put her on the stove and melt her!"

The next day it was a clear frost – then it thawed – and at last the spring came. The roses bloomed beautifully that summer and the children played and sang beneath them in the sunshine. One day, they were looking at the beasts and birds in their picture book when Kay cried out, "Oh, there is a stabbing pain in my heart and oh! I have something in my eye!"

Gerda threw her arms around him, but he rubbed his eyes and said "I think it has gone." But it had not gone. It was a sliver of the goblin's wicked looking glass that had fallen into his eye, and another had lodged in his heart.

"What are you crying for?" he said crossly. "It makes you

story continues overleaf

look so ugly. I am all right. Oh, look at that rose, it is all grub-eaten, and that one is dwarfed and stunted. After all, the roses are ugly things." And he kicked the box and began to pull the rose to pieces.

"Oh, Kay, what are you doing?" exclaimed Gerda, but he just pulled off another rose and ran away.

All that summer he argued and teased and mocked, and nothing could please him because his heart was turning into ice. When the snow came he studied the flakes through a magnifying glass, saying how much more interesting they were than flowers.

One evening, when the boys were sledging in the square, tying their sledges to passing farmers' carts so that they would move more quickly, Kay tied his small sledge to a grand white sleigh and dashed along behind it. As the sleigh drove into the next street, Kay made to untie his sledge, but the driver nodded at him kindly and he left it be. This happened again, and soon Kay found himself outside the town gates.

The sleigh sped like the wind through the blinding snow, bounding over hedge and ditch. Kay cried out in fear, but no one heard. He would have said the Lord's Prayer, but he could only remember the multiplication table.

Suddenly the driver stopped and stood up. Kay saw a white maiden, dazzling fair and sparkling, her pelisse made of snow – the Snow Queen. "We have come far," she said, "but how cold you are! Come under my fur." He crept inside, but it was like sinking into a snow drift. The Snow Queen kissed him, a cold kiss which pierced his heart so he thought he would die, but then he felt better and not at all cold. Another kiss and he forgot Gerda and his home. "No more kisses" said the Snow Queen. "I should kiss you to death."

The sleigh flew on over forest and lake, over land and sea. Wolves howled at the bright moon, and Kay slept at the Snow Queen's feet.

CHAPTER 3

Kay had gone, no one knew where. It was feared he had drowned in the river outside the town. Gerda wept long and bitterly. The winter days were long and dark and dreary.

But at last came the spring and the sunshine. "Kay is dead and gone," said Gerda.

"I don't believe it!" said the sunshine.

"We don't believe it!" cried the swallows.

They gave Gerda hope. Early one morning she kissed her sleeping grandmother and went down to the river.

"Is it true that you have taken Kay?" she asked the river. "If I give you my new red shoes will you let him come back?" She threw her precious shoes to the nodding waves, but they were washed back to shore. She thought to throw the shoes from further out and entered a boat she found among the rushes. No sooner were the shoes in the water than the boat glided away from shore and was swept downstream by the current.

Gerda was frightened at first but then thought "Perhaps the river is taking me to Kay" and watched the green banks with lively interest. Presently she approached a cherry orchard and a little thatched cottage. Two wooden soldiers presented arms as she passed. She called out, thinking them alive, and an old, old woman came out of the cottage. "Poor child!" she exclaimed and, hooking the boat with her stick, lifted Gerda ashore.

The old woman listened to Gerda's story, fed her with cherries and combed Gerda's hair, which fell in glossy ringlets round her rose-like face. The more she combed, the more Gerda forgot about Kay, for the old woman was using magic to make Gerda stay and be her own child. She also made the roses sink into the earth, lest Gerda should see them and remember.

Gerda loved the garden. She played all day among the flowers and cherry trees and at night slept on silk cushions stuffed with violet leaves. So it went on for many days. But the old woman had forgotten the rose painted on her hat. Seeing it one day, Gerda looked for roses in the garden and wept when she found none. Her hot tears fell on the earth where they had been, and the roses sprang up again in full bloom, reminding Gerda of her home and Kay.

"Kay is not dead" said the roses. "We did not see him under the ground where the dead are."

"Thank you!" said Gerda, and asked each of the flowers about Kay. Every one had some strange and wonderful tale to tell.

Gerda ran to the gate and out into the wide world. In the garden it was eternally summer, but outside it was now autumn. Mist dripped from the long, yellow, willow leaves. "How I have hindered myself!" cried Gerda and she went on through the cold grey world.

CHAPTER 4

When next Gerda rested, a friendly raven said good day, and asked why she was travelling all alone. The word 'alone' so touched Gerda that she told him all about her journey and asked if he had seen Kay.

"Maybe! Maybe!" nodded the raven. "But do not be excited! If it is Kay he has forgotten you and loves the princess."

The raven told her all about the princess, who was so outrageously clever that she had read all the newspapers in the world – and forgotten them again. One day she decided to get married, but only to a man who would speak up for himself, and not merely stand upright and look grand, for one gets tired of that after a while.

"You can believe every word," said the raven. "My sweetheart lives at the court."

It was announced that any handsome young man with a voice might come and talk to the princess, and they came in crowds. But however well they spoke on the street, one and all lost their voices in the palace, overawed by the splendid guards in silver and the even more splendid footmen in gold.

"But what about Kay?" interrupted Gerda.

On the third day, a young man with no carriage or horse, with shabby clothes and a bundle on his back, but with a merry smile and sparkling eyes came to the palace.

"It was Kay!" exclaimed Gerda. "That was just like him."

He was not at all overwhelmed by the splendid servants and spoke jokingly to them. His boots creaked dreadfully, but even that did not make him shy.

"Kay had new boots! I heard them creaking!"

To the princess, who sat on a pearl as large as a spinning wheel, he said he had not come to woo, but to hear her wisdom. But he was so bright and witty and well-mannered that she married him after all.

"Kay is clever," sighed Gerda. "He can do sums up to fractions."

"I can take you to the palace," said the raven. "Not that they will let you in, with no shoes or stockings! But my sweetheart will help you."

So that night when the palace lights had gone out one by one, Gerda and the raven went up a private staircase in the palace. His sweetheart bade them follow her through the beautiful empty rooms to the sleeping chamber. Gerda's heart beat with suspense and longing; surely Kay would be glad to see her! She saw shadows on the walls – horses with flying manes, huntsmen and ladies. "They are only dreams," said the tame raven. "Everyone is sound asleep."

In the sleeping chamber stood a gold pillar with crystal leaves from which hung two beds, one snow-white where the princess slept, the other red, where Gerda looked for Kay. She saw a brown neck – surely it was Kay! She called him by name and lifted the lamp. He sat up – and it was not Kay! The princess awoke and they were both very kind as Gerda sobbed out her story. They even praised the ravens and promised to reward them, and the prince gave up his bed to Gerda.

They wanted Gerda to stay with them at the palace, but she begged for some boots and a pony-carriage, so she could go on searching for Kay. They gave her beautiful clothes and a golden carriage stuffed with candied fruit and gingerbread, and all the coachmen and footmen and outriders wore golden crowns. Everyone wept when they said goodbye. The raven followed the carriage for three miles and then perched and flapped his wings in the sunshine until it was out of sight. That was the hardest parting of all.

CHAPTER 5

The carriage glittered brightly in the dark forest and tempted a band of robbers. "Gold! Gold!" they cried, and after killing all the men, dragged Gerda from her seat.

"How succulent!" said the robber queen. "What a juicy lamb!" Her sharp knife gleamed horribly, but that minute her wild daughter leapt on her back and bit her ear. "She shall play with me and sleep in my bed," said the robber girl. "Now we shall both ride in the carriage." She had her way, as she always did. She was Gerda's height, but broader and darker; her eyes were almost black. She said to Gerda, "They shall not kill you. But if I am angry with you I will kill you myself!"

The robbers' hall was little more than a ruin, with birds flying in and out through the roof. "I will show you my pets," said the robber girl, seizing one of the many pigeons and shaking it until its wings flapped. "Kiss it! And this is my sweetheart Baa!" She pointed to a reindeer tied by a cord. "See how afraid it is of my knife." She playfully slid the sharp blade along the terrified creature's neck. Then she bundled Gerda into her bed and made her tell about Kay.

"Coo curoo!" said a wood-pigeon. "We have seen Kay. He was in the Snow Queen's sleigh the day she froze our young ones with her breath. She was going to Lapland, where all is snow and ice."

"Oh Kay! My poor Kay!" cried Gerda.

"Lie still," said the robber girl, "or I will plunge my knife into your heart."

"Do you keep your knife with you in bed?" asked Gerda timidly.

"Always! One never knows what may happen." She then started to snore loudly, and Gerda never slept a wink.

Next morning when the men were away robbing and the robber queen slept, the robber girl tied Gerda onto the back of the reindeer.

"You will need your boots," she said, "and here are some loaves and ham, so you will not starve to death. I will keep your pretty muff but you can have these ugly gloves of my mother's."

Gerda wept from pure joy.

"Stop whimpering," snapped the robber girl. "Look merry, this minute!"

She cut Baa's cord and away went the reindeer over marsh and fen, through the dark forest, as fast as the wind, until they arrived in Lapland.

CHAPTER 6

The reindeer stopped by a cottage so low that one had to crawl in on one's hands and knees. Inside was an old Lapland woman boiling fish in a pot. "The Snow Queen has gone further north," she said after hearing their story. "I will write a letter – on a dried stockfish, for I have no paper – to the Finland woman, who can advise you better than I."

Away they went once more and at last they came to Finland. Gerda knocked on the wise woman's chimney, for she had no door.

"I know you are very wise," said the reindeer. "You can tie up all the winds of heaven in a coil of rope. Could you not make a potion giving Gerda the strength of twelve men?"

"The strength of twelve men!" grumbled the wise woman, dropping the letter into a fish kettle (for she never wasted anything). "Much use that would be against the Snow Queen! Can you not see that Gerda has all the power she needs – the power of innocent love? Consider how everyone has helped her! Take her to the bush that bears red berries amid the snow. And return quickly, mind!"

This the reindeer did, and Gerda was left alone amidst the swirling snow. As she approached the Snow Queen's palace, great snow flakes ran towards her, all strange spiky shapes, threatening and terrible, dazzling white and alive. Gerda began to say the Lord's Prayer, and her white breath turned into a host of angels, a whole legion, who scattered the snowflake demons with their spears. Thus Gerda reached the palace in safety.

And what of Kay all this time? He certainly had no idea that Gerda was standing outside the palace gate.

CHAPTER 7

The Snow Queen's palace had more than a hundred chambers, every one empty, cold and dreary. Cold cutting winds blew through the drifted snow. At the centre of the palace was a vast lake of ice, cracked in a thousand places, called by the Snow Queen the Mirror of Reason. Here she had her throne; for her it was the finest place on earth.

At the foot of the throne sat Kay, now almost black with cold, playing incessantly with blocks of ice, making Chinese puzzles, strange shapes and words. One word he could never make : the word ETERNITY. Should he ever make that word, the Snow Queen promised, he would be his own master and she would give him the whole world and a new pair of skates.

There Gerda found him all alone. She held him close to her heart, crying "Kay, dear Kay, have I found you at last?" but he was too stiff and frozen to reply. Gerda wept, and her hot tears melted his icy heart and washed away the glass fragment. He looked at Gerda and burst into tears, and so the fragment in his eye was also washed away. "Dear, sweet Gerda, where have you been all this time? What is this place?" He shivered. "How cold it is!"

He embraced Gerda and she laughed and cried with joy. The ice blocks danced and of their own accord formed the word ETERNITY. Kay was free at last!

Hand-in-hand the children wandered out of the palace. At the bush with red berries was waiting Baa with another reindeer, to take them home. So they rode through the early springtime. The snow melted, leaves sprouted and birds sang. At last they reached their home town where they found the old grandmother reading her Bible, and all was as it had been before.

And it was summer. Golden, glorious summer!