

THE KEYS TO MARAMON™



 MINDCRAFT

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A Message from Maramon

Captain Barbos waved reluctantly at the crowd gathered on the Knessos pier as his sailors brought *The Elven Maid* into port. Barbos knew that the Knessos townsfolk were eager for the news from across the Sea of Oshmar. He was not entirely eager to give it to them.

"What news?" shouted the crowd as the captain descended the gangplank.

"Good news first," replied Barbos. "*The Elven Maid* delivered her cargo of supplies to the soldiers and workers at Castle Oshcrun. The work there is proceeding well, and King Rebnard should be able to move his court to the reclaimed castle as planned."

A cheer arose from the crowd. Barbos waited patiently for silence.

"But there is bad news, too," Barbos continued when the cheering died down. "As many of you know, our return voyage took us past the island town of Maramon, where we planned to trade a hold full of leather and flour for a supply of the famous Maramon pearls. I'll keep the story short. Our holds are empty. We were lucky to escape Maramon with our lives, and with Goodman Whelk, here." A small man hesitantly came down the gangplank.

"Goodman Whelk is an emissary of the Mayor of Maramon. He will explain, while I confer with your town council." Captain Barbos pushed through the crowd, toward the center of town.

The man introduced as Whelk clambered onto a barrel, cleared his throat, and called for attention in a surprisingly strong voice. "Friends of Knessos!" Heads turned, and many of the dispersing crowd stayed to listen. "I know I can name you friends, if good Captain Barbos is like the rest of his town! So I call on you as friends, and relate to you the tale of Maramon's woe!"

Whelk's voice faded as Barbos strode into town. He knew what Whelk would say. Gods knew he had heard the story often enough at Maramon and on the voyage back. It started with the news that King Rebnard of Deruvia was going to reclaim Castle Oshcrun, the ancient outpost of the Children of Light off the western coast of Gurtex, the land of Darkness. It went on with the tale of the

youth of Maramon rushing to Rebnard's aid. "Hard to blame them," thought Barbos to himself, "considering how boring Maramon used to be. Up before dawn, eat some fish, catch some fish, eat some fish, catch some fish, go to sleep, and on and on. They even missed all the excitement in Deruvia when the magic candle in Fort Berbezza was melting." Even pearl diving could be boring after a few years, Barbos imagined.

"Then disaster struck Maramon!" Whelk's voice came from the direction of the docks. Barbos boggled again at the power of the little man's voice. Thirty years of clearing out a tavern at closing time, he supposed. But yes, disaster it was. The town of Maramon, and all the townsfolk, were in dire peril. Barbos knew they were. Why else would he have unloaded all his cargo as a donation? Why else would he have agreed to sail back to Maramon with supplies from Knessos—and, if Whelk's oration was successful, with a hero to save Maramon?

For, Barbos knew, Goodman Whelk was now telling the crowd that the minions of Darkness had begun to destroy Maramon. That, just after the volunteers had left Maramon for Castle Oshcrun, goblins and orcs began to appear from nowhere in the dead of night to set Maramon to the torch. That the townsfolk could do nothing but attempt to repair during the daylight hours the damage done after nightfall. There was almost no time for fishing. Pearl diving was out of the question. No help could come from Castle Oshcrun: all the volunteers, and more, were needed there. Maramon was desperate.

Whelk pled for supplies. Not just Whelk, the whole poor little pitiful town of Maramon needed supplies. And a hero. Definitely a hero. "Why am I going back? What is Maramon to me?" Barbos asked himself. "It must be the pearls. I'm a greedy old sea captain, and Maramon has the finest pearls in the world. That must be why I'm worried about the place."

Barbos paused and looked around. The Knessos town hall was blocks away. On the other hand, the "Sailor's Haven" was right in front of him. His favorite tavern. Well, the town council would know where to find him. He'd thrown away enough gold on this trip; he might even buy the council a round.

The Huntsman

As the emissary from Maramon began his plea for assistance, a rangy huntsman sat on his precious pile of rare furs, unable to believe his own ears. No pearls! Barbos had returned without the Maramon pearls!

And it didn't sound like Barbos was in the market for his furs, either. What could he do? In order to get permission from the elves to hunt in the forests of Trilliad and Selderad, he had promised Queen Fay three of the finest Maramon blue pearls. If he left Knessos without the pearls, his life would be in peril.



But wait. What was this Maramon fellow saying? Goblins in the streets . . . Hero needed . . . Lifelong gratitude . . . Bag of pearls . . .

A bag of Maramon pearls! It might be his way out. Of course, he'd have to kill some orcs and goblins, but it couldn't be that much worse than killing wolves and wild boars—especially with all the elves in Deruvia hunting *him*.

First, he'd check out the local market. He'd have to find a place to store his furs, unless he could sell them. Then he'd talk to this Whelk fellow tomorrow morning.

The Blacksmith

One of the Knessans standing on the pier was a strapping young man who worked in the local smithy. Goodman Whelk's plea for help sounded very intriguing. Very.

Being a hero would be nice. Being a *rich* hero would be *very* nice. Saving a town from a bunch of puny little goblins should be no problem for the strongest man in Knessos—and he *was* the strongest, no matter what that braggart Vilad claimed.



Suddenly, the blacksmith saw his whole future laid out before him. Save the town of Maramon. Sail back in glory with the keys to the town and a bag full of pearls. Buy the smithy from old Rhumbu, and maybe the Sailor's Haven, too. Marry the fair Olelia. Raise a family. Live happily ever after.

Yes, that sounded like a fine plan. He'd sleep on it, then talk to Goodman Whelk in the morning.

The Courier

The sun was setting beyond the western mountains as a slim young woman loped up to the gates of Knessos. "Is Captain Barbos in port?" she asked one of the guards.

"Made port today," the guard replied, looking her over. "And he's probably at the Sailor's Haven by now—where he's likely to find someone with more meat on her bones than you have!"



The other guard doubled over in laughter. The first guard doubled over, too, due in large part to a feminine fist striking his solar plexus in a very businesslike manner. By the time the guards had straightened up, the woman was halfway down the street into town. She turned and shouted back, "Next time, you might consider giving a little more respect to the King's Courier!"

"It always happens," she thought as she strode up the street. "They always see a bedpartner, maybe a wife, never a person."

She entered the Sailor's Haven. Yes, Barbos was there, at a corner table with two of the town's councilmen.

"Pardon me, gentle sirs," she said. "Captain, I have a pouch for you from King Rebnard."

Barbos looked up at her. She handed him the pouch. He motioned toward the empty chair at the table, and she sat down. The barmaid was nowhere in sight. Barbos broke the pouch's seal and opened its drawstring. A gleam of gemstones shone from within. Out of thin air, the barmaid appeared. "Another round!" Barbos shouted. "And for the lady . . ."

"A stoup of ale!" she ordered. Heads turned. She ignored them. She was not about to order a tiny glass of watered-down wine after a day's hard journey from Lake Shan to Knessos.

Barbos pulled a scroll from the pouch, opened it, and perused it silently. "Well. Good news for *The Elven Maid*." He turned to the courier. "Thank you, my dear." She clasped her tongue between her teeth. Barbos was a good man, and a fine shipmaster. This was not the time to argue that she was neither a lady nor his "dear." She wanted to know what was written on the scroll she had carried all the way from Pheron, and why Barbos and the two councilmen had looked so serious when she walked in. To her good fortune, the three seemed to be willing to include her in their conversation.

Barbos continued, "King Rebnard has sent me a pouch of gems to buy more supplies for the troops and workers at Castle Oshcrun. At least I am assured, gods willing, that I can afford another voyage across the Sea of Oshmar. And, of course, I will be able to dock at Maramon on the way, to return Goodman Whelk, unload the emergency supplies, and disembark the hero, if Whelk can recruit one such."

She could hold her tongue no longer. "Pardon me again, but I just arrived in Knessos this evening. Your talk of Maramon, emergencies, and Goodman Whelk—whoever he might be—is all new to me. Would you explain?"

And so she learned the story. The smallest of Rebnard's gems kept the table well-supplied past closing time. At the end, she spoke her mind. "If Maramon needs help, I'm willing to go!" Barbos mumbled something about Maramon expecting a hero, not a heroine. "Fine! Then call me a 'Hero'! I'll talk to your Goodman Whelk in the morning!"

The Scholar

Dawn was breaking as the scholar opened the last of his books of ancient arcana. "Maramon, Maramon . . ." he mumbled as he thumbed through the pages. "Ah, here it is. Hmmm. . . . Not much . . . but enough! Definitely enough!"

The scholar had been passing by the pier the afternoon before, and had heard Goodman Whelk's plea—or enough of it to remember that there was *something* about Maramon. A nights' research had convinced him that there was more to this Maramon situation than Whelk was saying.

In fact, there was probably more than Whelk even *suspected*. The legends told of hidden caverns beneath the island of Maramon, even beneath the very Sea of Oshmar. And magic. *Powerful* magic. His palms began to itch. "This is the chance of a lifetime!" the scholar announced to his piles of books. "Whelk wants a hero. Well, I can be a hero! I practice my fencing thrice a week . . ." He grabbed his saber from above the mantel, and swished it back and forth. "And I have other methods, as well," he said to himself, as he thought of the magic herbs and mushrooms in the cupboard—and of the flamewand and fearwand that were wrapped in lambswool and hidden under the floorboards.

"So it's settled," he said to the embers in the fireplace. "I will offer my services to Goodman Whelk of Maramon in the morning."

He glanced at the window. Morning already! The scholar donned his robes and rushed out the door.



The Voyage to Maramon

Whelk awoke. A strange bed, a strange room—but a basin of steaming water, and a bowl of fresh vegetables. Knessos. With volunteers waiting. Whelk lifted himself out of bed, washed himself and some turnips ("Turnips for breakfast?" he said to himself) and went down the stairs to meet the volunteers.

Four volunteers. Only four. A big-shouldered youth in a blacksmith's apron. A robed man older than Whelk himself. A raggedy fellow with a bow and a hatchet, and a strange haunted look in his eyes. The fourth volunteer was a woman.

Well, he hadn't really expected Lord Rexor or the Great Eflun. Better to make the best of what he had than to wish for miracles. . . .

As he interviewed the volunteers, Whelk began to feel his hopes reviving. He still wouldn't trust any of the four to save the world, gods knew. But the town of Maramon, perhaps. The young smith, for example, was one of the strongest men Goodman Whelk had ever met—certainly stronger than anyone remaining in Maramon, even Tamur. Not very quick of foot—or of thought—but strong as a bull.

But the other three seemed clever enough, thought Whelk. That huntsman, in particular, looked half again too clever for his own good. Was he trying to get to Maramon—or to get away from Deruvia? No denying his extraordinary skill with the bow, though. Could have trained at the side of Sir Nehor himself. And the tricks he did with that little axe! If he could split a gnoll's armor as easily as he did the oak limb. . . . "Just a matter of seeing the weak spot and hitting it just so," the huntsman had said.

Then there was the man in robes. A "scholar," he called himself. Spoke in riddles. Carried an ancient filigreed sword—said it was his "university saber." Goodman Whelk tried to remember when the last university in Deruvia had closed its doors. Well before Rebnard took the throne, surely. During Ongar's reign? Earlier? Timothy Quint would know. . . . but Quint was back in Maramon. At any rate, this "scholar" was either much older than he looked, or was pretending to be. And his normal source of income was not clear. Not clear at all. But never mind. He wielded his saber well

enough: Whelk had called in a town guardsman for a fencing match with the old man. And, if hints and whispers and winks meant anything, the old man had some magical surprises in store for the orcs and goblins. At the very least, this "scholar" would impress Mayor Andello and Timothy Quint.

And the woman. The "King's Courier," Goodman Whelk corrected himself. She actually considered herself a serious contender for the job. The funny thing was that, after this morning, so did Whelk. He could find no fault with her swordplay or archery, even using borrowed weapons. Or she could just *stare* the monsters back underground, Whelk thought, if she used the same glare she gave Whelk when he called her "My dear"! And she was quick as a snake. . . . But what would Mayor Andello say if he brought back a woman hero? Never mind the mayor, what would Whelk's *wife* say? Well, Whelk reflected, he didn't really know. Mistress Whelk might just laugh and invite her in for a pot of tea.

. . .

Eventually, Goodman Whelk made his selection, the crew loaded the new cargo, and *The Elven Maid* set sail. The seas were smooth—as smooth, at least, as the Sea of Oshmar ever ran—and the nights were clear and peaceful.

These would be the last peaceful nights that Maramon's hired hero would have for a long time, Whelk knew. He used them to prepare the hero as best he could for the job ahead.

The first order of business was the key to the strongrooms. Whelk handed the hero a key ring with a single key. "There are three flat-roofed stone buildings in Maramon," Whelk explained. "They date from the town's founding, when the brave pioneers were driving off the bazards and the last dragon. Now, we use those buildings as strongrooms. Well, not *now*—we've moved all our supplies out of them during the emergency. So the strongrooms are empty now. And you're welcome to use them to store things and to rest in during the nights—the monsters can't follow you inside. They're well-locked, you see. This is the key. It fits all three of the strongrooms."

And the map. Whelk unrolled a parchment onto the galley table. "I'm sure that you'll have no trouble finding your way around town," said Whelk. "But you might find this map useful at first.

My daughter Jenny drew it. She has quite an artistic talent, don't you agree?" The hero showed polite appreciation. "And you can see how everything is marked," Whelk continued. "Here are the four Dark Towers, where the monsters come from; here's City Hall, where Mayor Andello will give you your weekly pay . . ."

The hero asked Whelk for more information about the monsters. Whelk liked that: it meant that the hero was taking the job seriously. "Well, their strategy is fairly simple," Whelk said. "At nightfall, they swarm out of one of the Dark Towers. Then they run around town, waving their torches and axes, making as much noise as possible, and they break things and burn things and steal things. At least that's what the orcs and goblins do. And sometimes the domugs, but they're not as noisy."

"Domugs?" asked the hero.

"Yes," said Whelk, "Little blue monsters. They come from somewhere far away to the east, beyond Gurtex, I understand. They really aren't very effective looters, but on the nights that the domugs are on guard duty, they can be almost as dangerous as the wolvinga."

"Wolvinga? As in Dark Elves? I don't remember you mentioning any Dark Elves when we were back in Knessos," the hero said.

"Oh, I'm sure I must have. After all," Whelk explained, "the wolvinga are the main reason we lock ourselves in the upper stories of our houses after dark. We could avoid—perhaps even fight—the orcs and goblins, but when the wolvinga are standing guard with their deadly longbows . . . well, it's much more sensible to stay completely out of sight. Of course, the wolvinga don't come out *every* night."

"Of course not," said the hero, drawing another flagon of ale.

"No, indeed," continued Goodman Whelk. "Sometimes, as I said, domugs stand guard. And sometimes gnolls."

"Gnolls?"

"In heavy armor," Whelk went on. "The gnolls seem to be the leaders. Or maybe the zorlims are the leaders and the gnolls are their lieutenants."

"I *know* you didn't mention *zorlims* in Knessos!" the hero exclaimed. "Those goblin monks use real magic!"

"Icewands, actually," agreed Whelk. "Very dangerous. But there aren't *very* many zorlims. . . ."

. . .

The island of Maramon appeared on the eastern horizon on Sunday afternoon. "It looks like a mountain peak rising out of the sea," said the hero, as *The Elven Maid* drew nearer.

Goodman Whelk nodded. "That's how Maramon got its name," he said. "It means 'sea mountain' in one of the ancient tongues."

Captain Barbos joined his two passengers at the rail. The hero asked him, "Will we be docking tonight?"

"Nay," the captain replied. "The harbor's tricky, and the tide's wrong. *The Elven Maid* will lie at anchor until dawn."

"One more night of rest for you, then," Whelk told the hero. "Monday's the best day to start a new job, anyway."

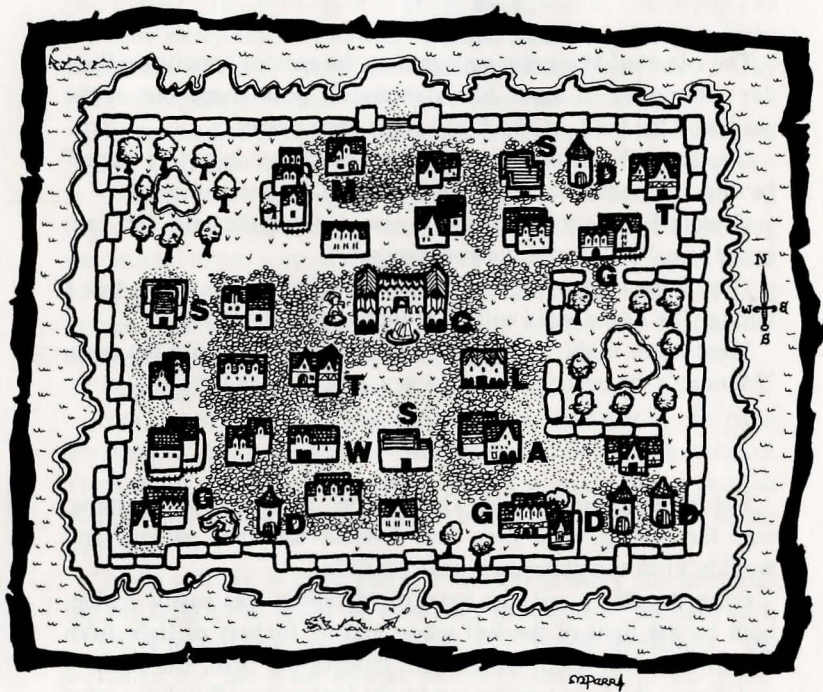
. . .

But the hero did not rest. On this job, daytime, not nighttime, was for resting. The hero had worked into the pattern, and wouldn't rest tonight even it were possible.

From the ship's rail, the town of Maramon was easily visible, both by the light of the full moon and by flickers of light from within the town itself. Torchlight, thought the hero. But there—and there—the light was far too bright for torches. Buildings must be burning. Whelk *did* say that Sunday nights were the worst. . . .

As the moon neared the western horizon, the hero went below to pack and to plan. This job looked like it was going to amount to more than disposing of a few orcs and goblins. From what Goodman Whelk had said, "hired hero" was a *lifetime* job. And a lifetime might not be very long. . . . Keeping the streets clear of monsters would not be enough to solve Maramon's problems. The hero would have to find a way into those Dark Towers, to root out the source of the evil and destroy it!

Back on deck, the captain and crew had been busy. *The Elven Maid* was even now sailing through the narrow channel into the rockbound harbor. The hero joined Goodman Whelk on the quarterdeck. They watched the sun rise as the ship docked, then climbed to the gates of Maramon.



Maramon

- | | | | |
|---|-------------------|---|--------------|
| A | Armor Shop | L | Library |
| C | City Hall | M | Magic Shop |
| D | Dark Tower | S | Strongrooms |
| G | Guest Houses | T | Taverns |
| H | Herbs and Potions | W | Weapon Store |

Price Lists

The shops of Maramon offer their wares at reasonable prices. But, if a shop is damaged by the monsters, prices there will go up to reflect the cost of repairs.

Steele's Armor

Leathers50
Ring Mail	150
Chainmail	500
Steel Plate	1500
Methreal	4000

Maramon Weapons

Hammers and Maces

Hammer5
Mace	20
Warhammer	30

Axes

Light Axe	15
Battleaxe	80
Great Axe	180

Elmer's Magick Shoppe

Fire Globe10
Icewand	150
Flamewand	200
Fearwand	300

Swords

Shortsword	20
Scimitar	25
Longsword	50
Greatsword	100

Bows

Shortbow	25
Longbow	60
Quiver (20 arrows)	30

Rosel's Herbal Wonders

Gonshi (bag of 12)50
Luffin (bag of 6)30
Mirget (bag of 6)40
Nift (pouch of 12)	100
Potion (jar of 8)50
Sermin (bag of 12)30

Getting Started

The Keys to Maramon is a game of careful planning and quick action. Your first careful plan should be to make working copies of your game disks, or to install *The Keys to Maramon* on your hard disk, and then to store your original game disks in a safe place.

The enclosed machine-specific instructions explain how to install or copy *The Keys to Maramon* on your computer system, and how to start the game.

Follow those instructions, and start a new game. You will be given the opportunity to choose and name your hero from the four characters described earlier. (If you don't want to think up a name, just hit the "Return" or "Enter" key, and your hero will be given the name that Mindcraft uses: Kelligan, Stavros, Lumelia or Hornbern.)

When the game has begun, your hero will find himself or herself inside the gates of Maramon. It is early in the morning of Day 1, Monday. Monday is always depressing, but your hero has much to do before nightfall. Some suggestions follow. If you'd rather make up your own mind, skip to the next chapter.

Kelligan the Huntsman: The huntsman came to Maramon because he couldn't afford to stay in Deruvia. He's low on funds, but well equipped with a longbow, a light axe, and some healing potions. His skill (and yours) might let him save his money to buy better armor and a better hand weapon. Or he might buy a few fire globes from Elmer Kozak to help him survive the first few nights.

Stavros the Blacksmith: The blacksmith is the strongest of the four. But he has little equipment, and no armor. He should probably buy leather armor and a pouch of sermin mushrooms. He doesn't need to worry very much about his weapon: he can destroy orcs and goblins with his bare hands.

Lumelia the Courier: The courier came to Maramon on a whim. She has no weapons or armor at the start, but she has the most gold. Buy her some ring mail and a longsword. She'll do well until the monsters start fighting back in earnest. . . .

Hornbern the Scholar: The scholar has the best equipment of the four. He should buy better armor: he can just afford ring mail.

And he should be wary of using up his wands; they are expensive to recharge, and his saber is a formidable enough weapon.



Whichever character you choose, be sure to visit *The Flying Fish* on Day 1 and talk to Captain Barbos before he sails to Castle Oshcrun.

Movement and Combat

Your hero will spend much of his or her time moving around the town of Maramon and the cellars and caverns beneath. See your machine-specific instructions to learn how to use your keyboard, joystick or mouse to move the hero around and engage in combat.

Movement

Don't worry about drowning in the ponds or breaking bones on stone walls. Your hero simply will not move anyplace impossible.

To enter a building or strongroom, move into the door. (Some buildings do not have any visible doors: they are private homes, and cannot be entered. Your hero is *not* a door-to-door salesman.) Remember that the shops and public buildings of Maramon are all locked tight when night falls.

Hand-to-Hand Combat

When holding a hand-to-hand weapon—an axe, hammer, mace or sword—your hero must be right next to a monster and facing in its direction. (Try moving toward the monster until it blocks you, then swinging away like mad.) Watch the *Life Points* out of the corner of your eye: they change color when they're down to ten, and it's time to retreat for a rest or a potion or some sermin mushrooms.

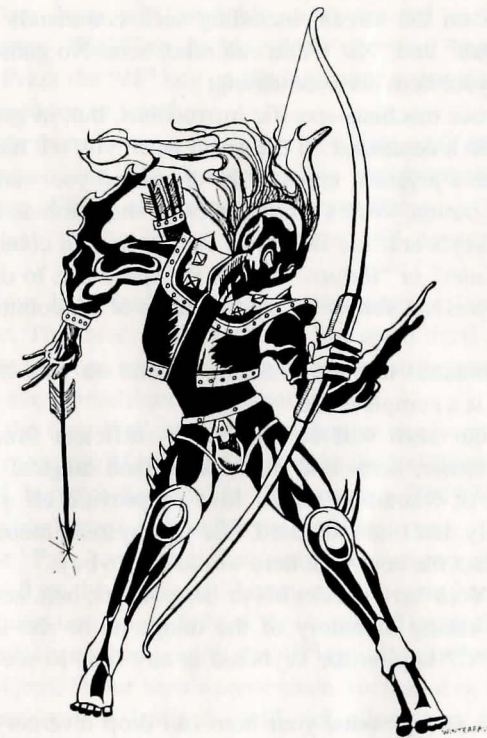
Ranged Combat

Ranged weapons—bows and wands—shoot in the direction your hero is facing (north, south, east, west or diagonally). Their projectiles travel in straight lines. Remember this when shooting at monsters and when the monsters are shooting at you.

Fire Globes

Elmer Kozak sells magical glass spheres called "Fire Globes." Your hero can place these fire globes in strategic locations—perhaps near the doors of the Dark Towers. Then, when the monsters step on them, they explode, usually destroying the monster and everything it is carrying. (The "Use" command allows your hero to lay a fire globe directly in front of himself or herself.)

Warning: Fire globes are very hard to see. (Otherwise, the monsters wouldn't step on them, would they?) Don't move your hero onto them. Your hero will probably realize what's happening quickly enough to avoid death, but serious injury is likely.



The Consequences

Some monsters carry treasure. If your hero slays a treasure-bearing monster, you will see the monster's bag of loot lying at the spot of the monster's demise. Move your hero onto the bag to gain your well-deserved reward.

At daybreak (0800 hours), if any monsters survive on the streets of Maramon, you will find that buildings have been looted, pillaged, burnt, and otherwise damaged. The more surviving monsters, the more damage—not necessarily to the buildings your hero saw the monsters attacking.

Commands

When your hero is in a peaceful place, you will see a menu of commands on the screen, including such commands as "Talk," "Use," "Quit" and "Xit." You can relax here. No game time will pass until your hero does something.

Check your machine-specific instructions, but, in general, your hero will do a command on the menu when you tell him or her to do so. With a joystick, move to the command you want and push the #1 fire button. With a mouse, click on the command you want. From the keyboard, use the arrow keys to pick a command, then use the "Enter" or "Return" key, or the space bar, to do the command. Or you can simply hit the first letter of the command on the keyboard.

The commands that are available depend on your hero's location. Here is a complete list.

Buy: Your hero will be able, with sufficient funds, to buy weapons, armor, herbs and mushrooms, and magical items. The townsfolk of Maramon would love to provide all your hero's needs freely, but times are hard. Use the joystick, mouse or arrow keys to select the item your hero would like to buy.

Check: Your hero checks his or her pockets, belt, scabbard and backpack, taking inventory of the things he or she is carrying. Press the "C" key on the keyboard at any time to see the inventory.

Drop: In strongrooms, your hero can drop inventory items for later use. It will be a very good idea, as your hero descends beneath Maramon, to have the strongrooms well stocked. Use the joystick, mouse or arrow keys to select the item your hero would like to drop.

Fix: Wands wear out. Weapons get nicked and bent. The charges left on a wand are shown on the main screen; weapons are shown in your hero's inventory as "New," "Good," "Worn" or "Broken." Weapons that are worn or nearly worn are likely to break.

Elmer Kozak can recharge your hero's wands, and Tamur can repair your weapons. They cannot work for free, but they charge reasonable prices.

Get: In strongrooms, your hero can get the items that he, or she, or Tamur, or somebody else, left there earlier. The first time into a strongroom, your hero should "Look" around to see if there is anything there to "Get." Use the joystick, mouse or arrow keys to select the item your hero would like to get.

Hold: Your hero will probably carry several weapons and wands. Choose "Hold" to decide which one your hero will use right now. Press the "H" key on the keyboard at any time to hold a different weapon or wand.

Keys: Your hero looks at his or her key ring, your hero's most important possession. The strongroom key was given to your hero by Goodman Whelk on the voyage from Knessos. Other keys open the way to the cellars, catacombs and caverns beneath Maramon.

Look: Your hero looks around a strongroom to see what is stored there. The three strongrooms in Maramon itself are empty until your hero drops supplies in them, but the strongrooms below the surface may already contain valuable items.

Map: In the City Hall, a map of Maramon hangs on the north wall. Each morning, Mayor Andello marks the buildings that have been looted, burnt or damaged by the monsters. The "Map" command tells your hero to look at Mayor Andello's map.

Pass: The "Pass" command does not appear on any menus. But it can be used on the streets of Maramon when your hero is ready to stand around until night falls or day breaks. The clock will immediately advance when you hit the "P" key. Be careful not to hit "P" by accident. (Your hero's conscience, such as it is, and his or her self-preservation instincts, will not allow you to pass at nighttime while monsters are still at large.)

Quit: You may save this game position, restart from a game position you have previously saved, end the game, or simply have your hero leave the location and proceed with his or her assignment.

Rest: Your hero will nap until the town clock next strikes, replenishing life points or just passing time. Rest is possible in guest houses and strongrooms: guest houses are more comfortable and effective, but are locked tight after nightfall.

Sell: Your hero may have something that a shopkeeper wants to buy. If so, use the joystick, mouse or arrow keys to select the item

your hero would like to sell. Don't expect to make a fortune this way. The Maramon shopkeepers are shrewd and hungry.

Stairs: In the Dark Towers, stairs lead down to the abandoned cellars of Maramon. The "Stairs" command tells your hero to descend them. Should your hero survive, use the "Stairs" command again to climb back up.

Study: The Maramon town library offers many possible subjects to study. Your hero will want to browse through the open shelves, study in the closed stacks, and investigate the Maramon Rare Book Collection. The blacksmith will hate every minute. The scholar can hardly wait.

Talk: Your hero strikes up a conversation with someone. It can be very useful to "Talk" to the townsfolk relaxing in *The Crab's Claw* and *The Flying Fish*. Mayor Andello, Timothy Quint, and the four shopkeepers also have interesting things to tell your hero. Maramon is full of mysteries and surprises. You'll never know unless you ask.

Use: Mushrooms, herbs, and magic items will be essential to your hero's task. The "Use" command presents a list of the items your hero has available. Press the "U" key on the keyboard at any time to use one of these items.

Xit: Your hero leaves the peaceful location, returning to the streets of Maramon or the caverns below.

The Status Screen

Press the "0" (zero) key at any time for a report on your hero's status.

Kelligan Huntsman	
Day 7 - Sunday	
Life Points	28/35
Strength	30/30
Speed	45/40
Dexterity	50/50
Magic Skill	10/10
Armor Rating	6/3

As you see in the example, the status screen starts with the hero's name and occupation, followed by the current game date and day of the week. (These three lines are not shown when the hero is inside a building or dungeon strongroom.)

The following six lines show the hero's vital statistics: their current and "normal" values both. First is "**Life Points**," the measure of how close your hero is to death. In the example, Kelligan has suffered some combat damage, so his Life Points are not quite up to normal. They can be restored by eating a sermin mushroom (restoring ten points), taking a potion (returning immediately to normal), or by resting either in a Guest House (ten points per hour) or in a strongroom (three points per hour).

Next is "**Strength**," the measure of your hero's ability to do damage. Strength can be temporarily increased above normal by using mirget leaves.

"**Speed**" allows your hero to catch up with (or run away from) monsters more quickly. Eating a gonshi mushroom, as Kelligan has done in the example, temporarily increases speed.

The chance of smiting a monster in a critical spot, killing it instantly, is based on "**Dexterity**." Luffin flowers give a temporary dexterity boost.

"Magic Skill" has a heavy influence on the effectiveness of magic wands. Unlike strength, speed and dexterity, magic skill cannot be improved by herbs and mushrooms. But, like them, it can improve with experience and education.

Finally, *"Armor Rating"* shows how well your hero's armor protects him or her from damage. As in the case of Kelligan in the example, protection can be improved by the use of the leaves of the nift plant.



The People of Maramon

Your hero will meet many of the citizens of Maramon in the shops and other public buildings of the town.

Mayor Andello

Fioro Andello has been the mayor of Maramon for many years. He is very distressed at the sudden appearance of the monsters, especially since it happened only days after his three sons sailed eastward to Castle Oshcrun.

The Whelk Family

Goodman Whelk and his wife own and operate the two taverns of Maramon: the *Flying Fish* near City Hall and the *Crab's Claw* in the northeast corner of town. They are helped by their two young children, twelve-year-old Jenny and ten-year-old Billy.

Tamur the Brave

The town of Maramon keeps all its weapons in a building southwest of City Hall, where they are maintained by a man named Tamur, who used to be known as "Tamur the Brave." His is a sad story.

When the monsters first began to appear, Tamur was foremost among the town's defenders. As his companions gradually were lost to crippling injuries or death, Tamur continued his nightly battles.

One morning, Tamur announced that he had found an iron key on the body of one of the monsters he had killed the previous night. The key looked like it would fit the lock on the old tower near the weapon storehouse; Tamur might be able to descend into the cellars of ancient Maramon and defeat the monsters at their source.

As the townsfolk cheered him on, Tamur unlocked the tower door and entered. Hours later, he staggered out, an expression of unalloyed fear on his face. Without a word, he turned and threw the iron key over the city wall into the Sea of Oshmar.

Tamur no longer fights monsters. To this day, no one knows what he saw and did in the ancient cellars of Maramon.

Timothy Quint

The librarian, Timothy Quint, is fairly new to Maramon. He grew up in Deruvia, a sickly child and an unhealthy young man. He devoted his life to reading and study, while his health continued to worsen.

On the advice of a professor, Timothy sailed to Maramon to become the town's librarian and scribe. He is not convinced that Maramon's sea air is the tonic the professor thought it would be, but he is absolutely sure that he will never attempt another voyage across the Sea of Oshmar.

Denn and Arbo Steele

The Steele brothers, Denn and Arbo, are casualties of Maramon's struggle against the monster infestation. Denn was crippled by orcs; Arbo was blinded by gnolls. Denn is now supporting both brothers by leather working and, occasionally, selling pieces of the Steele family collection of armor.

Madame Rosel

Near the town gates lives Madame Rosel, who appeared in Maramon some years ago, no one knows from where. She was an old woman then, and she remains an old woman now. She tends her small garden and wanders the island. Her knowledge of herbs and mushrooms is by far the greatest in Maramon.

Elmer and Dalina Kozak

The Kozak mansion, just south of Sunrise Park, used to house over a dozen Kozak family members. Now the only two left are old Elmer and his unmarried granddaughter Dalina.

Elmer is thought by many to be the wisest man in town, and by many others to be the most foolish. He has set up *Elmer's Magick Shoppe* in the parlor of the mansion, but has not yet been known to sell anything.

Dalina has inherited a certain amount of strangeness from her grandfather. But while Elmer spends most of his time alone in his library with his stacks of books, Dalina spends most of her time alone in her boat at sea—or, at least, she did, before the monster emergency forced her to join the other townsfolk in continual repair work.

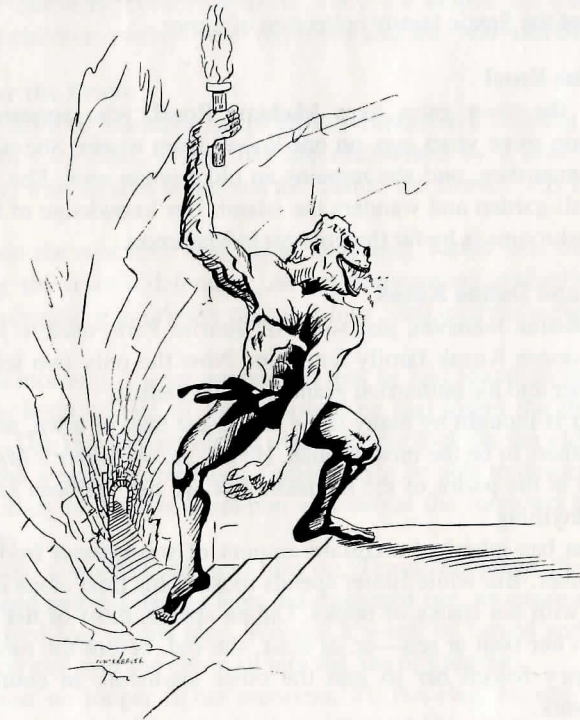
The Guest House Families

The Belaris family has always provided bed and board for visitors in the *Sea Breeze Inn* at the east edge of town. Now that the population of Maramon is so depleted, the Pickrell and Stoner families have also made their spare rooms available for boarders. Your hero is welcome to rest at any one of the three guest houses.

Fishermen

Most of the other residents of Maramon are fishermen (and fisherwomen and fisherchildren). As Goodman Whelk explained, they are now usually busy repairing the damage done nightly by the monsters, and the fishing industry is suffering greatly.

The fishermen are not sociable folk, and your hero is not likely to strike up many friendships. Two exceptions are Old Jonas and Young Jonas, who visit *The Crab's Claw* regularly.



The Maramon Library

The Maramon Library holds much more information than one might expect in an isolated town. The open shelves in the library's main room are full of books, sure to be fascinating to your hero.

The closed stacks behind Timothy Quint's desk contain many interesting books (and many boring books), generally textbooks and reference works. They will provide your hero with the opportunity to gain increased strength, speed, dexterity and magic skill. Of course, your hero will need to have enough experience to gain the benefits these books will provide. The "*Score*" on the computer screen will change color when your hero is ready to visit the closed stacks.

The pride of the Maramon Library is its Rare Book Room. Your hero will need to visit the Rare Book Room often, and to study all the subjects it offers, in order to complete the Maramon commission. It is suggested that your hero read about keys, mushrooms and towers first. Reading about wizards should be put off as long as possible—but no longer.

The following space is provided for you to make notes of which rare books your hero has read, and what he or she found in them.

Keys

Mushrooms

Towers**Bazards****Dragons****Pearls****Wizards****CREDITS**

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QUESTIONS OR PROBLEMS?

If you experience any difficulty with this product, due to defective media or errors in the program, or if you need clarification or assistance with the rules of the game, contact our customer support hot-line at (213) 320-5215 during regular business hours (Pacific Time). Or you may write to us at:

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