

THE EYE SHIELD



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MESSAGE FROM ME

Welcome to issue 48 of The Eye Shield. I've got yet another fun-packed issue in store for you, including the next round of Knightmare QI, which I know one or two of you have been quite looking forward to. If you've never entered before, why not give it a go? Get those answers in right now!

Quite apart from this, all your regular favourites are here as usual, as well as a very interesting (well, I think it's quite interesting) look at the references made in Knightmare to a very famous legend that obviously did a lot to inspire that most excellent of television shows. See what my eagle eyes and ears have discovered in *A Knightmare in Camelot*. Also, see what my camera discovered in Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, after I took it on a quick (by which I mean fairly long) train ride to Chesterfield.

On the reader contributions front, Gary Day's *Adventurer's Adventure* finally draws to a close, and what an epic journey it's been for our young hero! But the story is far from over, for there is yet one twist waiting to knock your socks off and believe me, they'll fly so far that you'll be searching for them for weeks!

As one story ends, another begins, as Ian Down presents the first chapter of his latest masterpiece, *The Strangeness of the Walls*. Thanks again for this random and amusing contribution, Ian - it should certainly keep the readers chuckling along nicely.

Meanwhile, in *Kids' TV Shows I Grew Up With*, Liam Callaghan takes a short break from guiding us through some of his favourite shows, but fear not - I'm ready to step into the breach with a hard-hitting expose about the state of modern children's television.

There, what more could you ask for? Well, not much, and if you did, it would be very greedy of you! Right, are you sitting comfortably? Then we'll begin.

After issue 47 finally found its way onto the website, I was most heartened to receive the following e-mail from avid TES reader Ross Thompson.

I've just finished reading issue 47 and I thoroughly enjoyed it. I particularly liked the

puzzles and *Poetry Corner* was really good! I enjoyed reading your list of ad-libs, which reminded me of some funny moments in *Knightmare*. Concerning *The Big Issue*, I'd say I prefer Mrs Grimwold, because she always makes me laugh.

This really is the kind of thing that makes all the time and effort I put into TES worthwhile. Thanks again, Ross, from the bottom of my heart. When Paul McIntosh originally kicked off The Big Issue about ten years ago, he hoped that readers would write in and vote for their favourite character, and now someone finally has! You see, Paul, it was all worthwhile. Of Mildread and Mrs Grimwold, I think the latter is my favourite too, Ross, as a man in a dress and a fake nose is always funny!

Liam Callaghan shares with us some of his musings about a few memorable *Knightmare* deaths.

I personally have never felt that contemptuous towards Anthony's team – potion and poison are, after all, very similar words. Although I'll agree it's a bit stupid that not one of the four players was able to spot the difference.

A few notable points with some other deaths – I think James's advisors just forgot that their dungeoneer couldn't see anything of what the chamber was like. Apart from that one blunder, they didn't do too badly, but it was a little careless. Although they certainly weren't the worst team of the series – that honour, of course, goes to Douglas's.

Mind you, even they're not as bad as Akash and co, who couldn't give a single correct answer to a wall monster riddle. I read on the site the theory that they started again after completely failing in the clue room – I can believe that, otherwise why would the TRUTH spell have been needed? If this did happen, then I can only assume that they didn't have the facilities to do a "death-by-wall-monster" – which they could have done in the next series, with something akin to the way Ross was sucked into the Serpent's Mouth.

*Plenty of food for thought there, Liam. What I find most grating about the teams of both Anthony and James is that they're so DREARY that it's almost a relief when they're killed off, quite deservedly in both cases, I maintain. Akash was obviously just let on to *Knightmare* for a laugh – if you ever need a lesson in how not to attempt the *Knightmare Challenge*, look no further!*

Last issue, long-time *Eye Shield* reader and contributor Rosey Collins attempted to spark off the old Folly/Motley debate once more. Here's what Liam Callaghan - yes, him again - had to say on the matter.

I remember reading the Folly/Motley *Big Issue*, which argues that "Motley was the better character, but Folly was the better jester". I fully agree with that statement. Motley had more personality (then again, over five series that's to be expected) but Folly was definitely more what you'd expect of a traditional court jester. Motley really strikes me as more the medieval equivalent of a stand-up comic.

Thanks for that, Liam. Yes, I can just see Motley doing stand-up comedy, and not

getting very many laughs for his troubles. So, that's three of us in the "Motley was the better character but Folly was the better jester" camp. Any other takers?

Yes, it's that time again, readers, and I know this will come as a long-awaited delight to one or two of you - you know who you are. Here are the questions for the next round of Knightmare QI, written by the Godfather himself, Martin "HStorm" Odoni. E-mail or PM me your answers by Friday December 21st 2007, and help to make The Eye Shield the interactive fanzine it always strives to be!

- 1. Who is the odd one out? Pickle, Majida, Motley, Merlin, Hordriss, Treguard.**
- 2. What is the significance of the following sequence? (The correct answer to question 1 will give you a clue.) FILC, KCAJ, NHOJ, IVAD, OGUH.**
- 3. According to Knightmare lore, who was the heir to the throne by right of Norman/Angevin descent at the time of Richard the Lionheart's death?**
- 4. Who is the odd one out? Barry Thorn, Greg Armstrong, Jason Karl, Sylvester Hands, Dunstan Roberts.**
- 5. What was the total number of levels completed by champion teams throughout Knightmare?**
- 6. What was the total number of episodes of Knightmare produced by Tim Child?**

And there we have it. Remember, for each question, a correct answer earns you one point, identifying the cliché earns you a further point, and there are two bonus points available for supplying some Quite Interesting supplementary information. Thanks again for the questions, Martin - watch this space for the results!

REMEMBER THIS?

Series 3. Level 1/2.

THE BRICKED-OFF WINDOW PUZZLE

This challenge involved the advisors' screen being blocked off with nine brick-filled windows, obscuring their (and our) view of the dungeoneer, and any hazards that might be in the room to endanger them. The advisors had to use their wits (if they had any) to find a way to get rid of the bricked-off windows so that they could see their dungeoneer again, and guide them out safely. Invariably, this would involve calling out in the correct order the letters or pictures that were printed onto the bricked-off window segments. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Well, this puzzle was used three times during series 3, and each time it seemed to present the team with a fairly major problem.

Ross was the first to encounter this puzzle, at the very end of level one. Three of the nine windows were clear, allowing any true Knightmare fan to recognise the fact that Ross was in the wellway room. However, there could have been any number of hazards lurking behind the letters I, D, A, H, M, T and E. It took the team ages to work out that the correct incantation was THE MAID, which was, of course, the object of their quest, as they had been told to rescue Mellisandre. Even after Treguard mentioned that more than one word might be involved, the task took Ross's advisors quite some time to get to grips with. To be fair to them, it was a new and daunting task, and they managed to solve it in the end. When the bricks had cleared away, there were shown to be several holes in the floor between Ross and the wellway, underlining the need for the advisors to be able to see the entire room before they could get Ross safely to the well.

This puzzle's second appearance took place in level two, with Scott and his ill-fated band. They had taken the wrong path at the Spindizzy, and were apparently presented with this as an additional challenge. Instead of letters on the windows, this time there was an array of pictures, as well as a number two. The pictures were of Scott, his three advisors and Treguard. Treguard explained quite clearly that the advisors were supposed to choose two windows to look through, and tell Scott to call out their names, but the advisors did not seem to understand this simple premise - they thought that Scott had to choose two names at random,

and they had to hope for the best! Despite Treguard's best attempts to help them (*"Which will help you the best? - Treguard"*) the advisors allowed Scott to choose the first window quite blindly. He chose Treguard, which really didn't help that much. However, the advisors then cottoned on, and told Scott to choose advisor Ian, who was in the middle of the screen. This did, at least, allow the team to see enough of the room (which again had several holes in the floor) for them to guide Scott out safely, but they really did almost slip up on this.

The Bricked-Off Window Puzzle's third and final appearance was in the final episode of series 3, when it was undoubtedly included as a bit of filler to keep dungeoneer Chris and his friends busy until the impending conclusion of the quest season. The letters on offer this time were I, D, L, E, H and S. To those of us familiar with Ross's quest, it was quite obvious that the solution was SHIELD, the object of Chris's quest, although he had no chance of having enough time actually to redeem it, of course. Again, the solution seemed to completely escape the advisors, who otherwise seemed to be fairly intelligent. Treguard had to tell them to *"think of your quest"* before they finally worked it out, and even then they seemed to have trouble grasping the simple premise that the calling of letters was all that was required. Behind the bricks this time, a huge pit (one of Khar's bolt-holes, although he was not there on this occasion) could be seen to span the entire room. Chris almost walked into it anyway, even with all the bricks gone!

So, there we have it. Like many of Nightmare's challenges, this one seems so incredibly simple to the learned observer almost twenty years later, but it did flummox the teams so at the time. Still, this made for the kind of tense, exciting viewing that we Nightmare fans always craved, which has to be a good thing, right? Well, I must confess, the Bricked-Off Wall Puzzle can get a tiny bit boring on occasion, in my own humble opinion.

Difficulty: 8 A real stumper, it seems!

Killer Instinct: 1 Treguard always ensured the team got there in the end.

Gore Factor: 0 But the *bore* factor might be higher...

Fairness: 7 It should have been a nice, simple little puzzle, but it didn't turn out that way!

ADVENTURE TIME

In this never-ending quest season, the Dungeon holds an impressive lead of 14 defeats to 5 wins. Dungeoneer Josh has just reached level two, where his adventure now continues.

Josh is in a blue cave with a raised platform that contains a bottle labelled RUST, a bar of silver and a green gem. There is also a scroll, which Josh reads to his advisors.

"The squire's reward will bring you down," Josh reads out.

"That means to leave the silver," realises one of the advisors. "Take the potion and the green stone."

Josh does this, and is directed out of the chamber. He emerges into a ruined courtyard, where a rope hangs down from an unseen ceiling far above. The team soon notice that Elita is climbing down the rope and into the courtyard.

"Well, team, it looks like you can't avoid this brush with rudeness," Treguard chuckles. "But take care to treat this cavern elf with courtesy yourself, Josh, or you may leave this chamber in a very sorry state indeed."

"Oi, you!" Elita shouts rudely, marching up to Josh and poking him in the chest. "Who said you could come in here, eh? Why don't you just push off back where you came from?"

"I can't do that," Josh tells her. "I'm on the quest for the Cup."

"Don't care," Elita sniffs haughtily, but then she reconsiders. "Here, you haven't been feeding firestones to Smirkenorff, have you? He's getting too old to stomach them!"

"Would you like this green gem?" Josh asks hastily. "Perhaps you could help me with my quest if I gave it to you?"

"Could do," Elita shrugs petulantly. "Oh, all right then. Hand it over."

Not wishing to keep Elita waiting, Josh hands over the green stone. She examines it suspiciously for a few moments, but then seems to be satisfied.

"Listen up, face-ache, because I'm only gonna say this once!" Elita snarls. "The third step is arithmetic. Got that, have you? Well if you haven't, it's not my problem! Bye!"

Elita skips off at quite a pace, as the advisors make a note of the third

step. They then direct Josh out of the courtyard, through a door in the ruined wall. He arrives at the edge of a large pit, across which is a protruding flagstone and a wooden throne.

"Ah, I see we have reached a place of deep magic, team," Treguard remarks. "But that magic may be denied you unless you take the right steps to reach it."

Josh finds no difficulty in miming the action of reading a book and then writing on a sheet of paper, causing the first two steps to appear. The third step presents some problems, however.

"Try saying a sum out loud," one of the advisors suggests.

"Er, all right," Josh agrees, thinking hard. "Two plus three is five!"

The third step appears, and Josh reaches the magic square. Lightning flashes, and Merlin appears on the throne.

"Ah, well done, young Josh," the wizard beams. "I see you have mastered the three Rs, which is more than many young people of your age have done nowadays, but let's see if you're up to a bit of science, shall we? I seek two truths from you, and I must have both; here is the first. Is the porpoise a fish or a mammal?"

"A mammal," Josh replies.

"Truth accepted," says Merlin. "Here is the second. Is the echidna a marsupial mammal or a monotreme mammal?"

The advisors discuss this for a few seconds; they are not entirely sure of their answer.

"Monotreme," Josh tells Merlin uncertainly.

"Truth accepted," Merlin smiles warmly. "Well done indeed. Your reward, Josh, is called DEAL. Just make sure you deal at the right time, unlike many of the people on a certain gameshow, or you may be as disappointed as they are when things go horribly wrong. Farewell, then."

Merlin disappears in another flash of lightning, and Josh is directed out. He now stands on a wooden bridge that spans a rocky vale, which is tinged with an eerie green light.

"Beware, team," Treguard frowns. "Something most unpleasant is about to make its presence felt."

Sure enough, the ghostly face of Mogdred fades into view between the cliffs. As usual, deep laughter is echoing from the fiend's throat.

"Well, Josh, I must admit that I'm surprised to see you so deep into the Dungeon, and still alive," Mogdred sneers at the dungeoneer. "But you won't stay that way for long, for I myself am awaiting your arrival in the level below, where I have so many delightful treats in store for you, you'll just die when you see them!"

"Walk forwards, Josh," one of the advisors instructs bravely. "He's just trying to scare us."

"You could plod your way through the rest of level two, but why wait to see what I have in store for you?" Mogdred continues. "Pledge yourself to me now, Josh, and I'll take you straight down to level three, where you can see what I have prepared for you. Well - deal or no deal?"

"This is a decision you must take, team," Treguard says gravely. "Do you think it's time to deal yet?"

"Does that mean we have to use the spell?" asks one of the advisors, who is just there to make up the numbers.

"No, just tell him there's no deal, Josh," says another.

"No deal, Mogdred!" Josh says boldly.

"Very well," Mogdred smiles nastily. "Then I'll look forward to our next meeting, which will occur very soon, I promise you!"

Mogdred's face melts away, and Josh crosses the bridge and exits the vale. He emerges into the Corridor of the Catacombs, where the Automatum is standing right in front of him.

"Extreme danger, team!" Treguard exclaims. "Beware the deadly threat of the mindless mechanical warrior!"

The Automatum clanks forward and raises his flail threateningly.

"Quick, chuck the potion at him!" orders an advisor.

Josh uncorks the RUST potion and throws it in front of him. The Automatum's arm stops mid-swing, there is a terrific grating noise, and the metallic foe falls to the floor, defeated for now.

Josh picks his way around the floored Automatum and exits through the right-hand door, into the minecart chamber. In addition to the cart and the mine entrance, this chamber also contains a large transparent image of a pack of cards floating in the air.

"Well, here's a curious sight, team," Treguard chuckles. "There's clearly some kind of card game taking place in this chamber - would you care to play a hand, Josh?"

The advisors discuss what they should do. Eventually, they decide that the time has come to use Merlin's magic.

"Spellcasting:" declares the spellcaster. "D-E-A-L!"

The large pack of cards belches out one single playing card, which lands neatly in Josh's hands.

"It's a Joker," he informs his advisors.

"Play it!" orders the spellcaster.

"Chuck it on the floor!" elaborates another.

Josh throws the card onto the floor in front of him, causing blue lightning to flash and Motley to appear in the room.

"Oh, it's you, Josh," the jester remarks dolefully. "What do you want now?"

"I've found your magic Joker card for you," Josh tells him.

"Have you?" Motley sniffs. "Where is it, then?"

"You're standing on it!" Josh informs him.

Motley bends down and picks up the card. He examines it for a few seconds, and then he smiles at it warmly. He tucks the card into a pouch on his belt, and then slaps Josh heartily on the back.

"Thanks a lot, Helmet Head!" Motley beams happily. "You've done me a big favour, so it seems only fair that I should do the same for you. Wanting to get to level three, are you?"

"Yeah," Josh replies.

"Then I think I'll be able to help you quite easily," Motley grins. "Let's get you into that mining cart, shall we?"

Motley helps Josh to climb into the cart and sit down in a relatively comfortable position. The jester then takes hold of the rear of the conveyance and begins to push it.

"I think you'll find this an exhilarating way to travel, Josh," Motley smiles wryly. "Next stop, the third level!"

Motley shoves the cart into the mineshaft. It trundles down the rails at breakneck speed, before reaching the end of the tunnel and crashing into a deep underground chamber, and so into level three.

Are Josh and his team made of the right stuff to power through and beat the challenge? Read the next Adventure Time to find out.

KIDS' TV SHOWS I GREW UP WITH

Liam Callaghan's comprehensive look at some of the greatest children's TV shows of yesteryear has been making me feel very nostalgic over the past few issues, so I have decided to share with you some of my thoughts about the world of children's television, particularly in terms of how the shows I watched when I was growing up compare to the shows of today. I am a child of the '80s, and I think I was exceptionally lucky to grow up in such a vibrant, high-quality world of children's television; a world that just doesn't exist anymore.

Earlier this year, I watched with interest a series of programmes on BBC4 examining the evolution of kids' TV from the 1950s to the present day, which featured *Nightmare* quite prominently, as you may remember. I had long suspected that today's children's programmes were not nearly as good as those from my childhood, but I used to think that I might just be looking back with rose-tinted spectacles, as we are all apt to do at times. Perhaps, I reasoned, my view was entirely subjective, being based on a happy, innocent, carefree time in my life, when everything seemed magical and all was right with the world. Perhaps in twenty years' time, I speculated, when I'm still feeling nostalgic for *Nightmare*, *The Mysterious Cities of Gold* and *Count Duckula*, today's youngsters will be feeling equally nostalgic for *The Fairly Oddparents*, *My Parents are Aliens* and *Help, I'm a Teenage Outlaw*. However, after watching the programmes on BBC4, I became convinced that I had been right all along.

You only have to glance at the internet to see how nostalgic many of the children of the '80s, like me, feel about the kids' programmes we grew up with. Now, I'm sure a big part of the reason for this is that the people who now own high-tech computers and design websites are none other than the children of the '80s themselves, but I'm equally sure that in another twenty years, there won't be nearly so many nostalgia websites about the children's TV shows of the 2000s. Perhaps you think I'm being subjective and narrow-minded here. Maybe you're right, but there are two very significant factors that I think will prove me right as time passes, and they are both to do with the differences between the children's TV of the past (not just the 1980s, but the 1950s, 1960s, 1970s and 1990s as well) and today's offerings.

I watched children's TV all through the 1990s and well into the 2000s, so I've had quite a lot of experience in this area, and I really do believe

that, since the turn of the century, children's television has been dropping steadily in quality with each passing year. This is a generalisation, of course, and there are some modern kids' shows that I quite enjoy, but I still believe that the children of the 2000s are not going to be creating nostalgia websites about any of the kids' shows you can see on TV today, and I'll tell you what the two reasons for this are - the severe dumbing down of children's TV, and the sheer overwhelming quantity of shows they have to choose from.

Children's shows used to treat their audiences with respect - they knew that their viewers, young as they may have been, had some modicum of intelligence, and would appreciate a story with a substantial plot and fully fleshed out characters. Nowadays, this respect has disappeared. Children are submitted to a tirade of immature toilet humour, one-dimensional characters, and stand-alone, go-nowhere plotlines. How can you become immersed in a show like that? It's instantly forgettable because it has no substance. Think of some of the well-written, character-driven shows of the 1980s - they had class!

I'm thinking here in particular of *The Mysterious Cities of Gold*, *The Legend of Prince Valiant*, *Dogtanian and the Three Muskehounds*, and *Around the World with Willy Fogg*. These all had long, complicated plotlines, and told a continuous story over a period of twenty-six to thirty-nine weeks. But what stories they told! Yes, they had some humour that was geared towards the younger mind, but the epic adventures they chronicled created a magical world that we at home could really be a part of! They treated us with respect - they gave us characters that were neither good nor evil, events that didn't always work out for the heroes, and quality stories that we just couldn't get enough of. These are the kinds of shows that would never, ever be made for children today, and that's a great shame, as they would still be tremendously enjoyable, I'm sure. But someone has decided that children's minds are not developed enough to deal with shows like these - it's insulting!

I am reminded here of a portion of the theme tune from *David the Gnome*, and I'll share it with you:

Look around you, there are many things to see, that some would say could never be... there's trolls, and wizards, and fairy kings, birds that talk and fish that sing, and if your heart is true, you will find them too.

Listening to that, I can still believe it - I can become immersed in the magical world of David the Gnome, where birds talk and fish sing, and I'm a part of it. Equally, I can fly through the Andes in a giant Golden Condor, and I can turn into He-Man by holding an umbrella above my head and shouting *By the Power of Grayskull!* These shows had souls - they were a gateway to the imagination, and we could be a part of them.

Perhaps modern shows would have souls too if there weren't so many of them! How can anyone become immersed in a magical world when there's another one jammed in straight afterwards, and another one on Cartoon Network, and another one on Nickelodeon, and hundreds more on God knows how many other channels? Inevitably, all the shows will merge into one formless mass in the memory, and none will really draw you in and capture your imagination.

The reason that there are so many kids' shows around nowadays is money - all the channels want ratings, and with more and more competition rearing its ugly head every day, they have to churn out more and more soulless tripe for kids, so that they're not the next channel that has to close down due to low viewing figures. If you want a good example of this, look no further than ITV1 - it is no longer economically viable for them to show children's programmes after school, so they don't do it anymore. After school, for God's sake - is nothing sacred?

It's just like when *EastEnders* went on four nights a week - the quantity increased at the cost of drastically reducing the quality. When I was growing up, I either watched Children's BBC or Children's ITV, or Channel 4 very early in the morning, and each programme had its own special place and time. Nowadays, you can see the same show running over and over again several times a day. That doesn't create a unique atmosphere for each show, which will stay with its young viewers for the rest of their lives - it just makes all the shows interchangeable, repetitive and soulless!

As I mentioned, I'm talking in generalisations here, and I'm sure that much of my argument is based on nostalgia. However, I really do believe that my points about the differences between retro and contemporary children's shows are valid. I'm not saying that all modern kids' shows are rubbish - far from it. I enjoy *American Dragon: Jake Long*, which has obviously researched its facts about magical creatures very comprehensively. Some of the ideas I have seen on that show, like trolls turning into stone at sunrise, take me right back to the days of David the

Gnome! Similarly, Danny Phantom is a quality show, although it does suffer from a slight overuse of toilet humour. However, being a Nick Toon, this is hardly surprising, and Jake Long is often guilty of this too - the shape-shifting protagonist of the title can and does produce fire from other orifices apart from his mouth! Anyway, despite their merits, these shows are still part of an overflowing vat of children's shows, which is unlikely to generate any lasting memories in modern young minds.

One notable exception to all this is Raven, of course. I'm sure my fondness for this show has not gone unnoticed by TES readers, and it is as strong now as it was five years ago, when the show first aired. Raven treats its viewers with respect, and it creates a magical world into which to draw its viewers in very much the same way as Knightmare used to. But this just proves what I've been saying, doesn't it? If more shows were like Raven, but there were fewer of them around, I think the children of 2000s would have more chance of taking with them the same sorts of cherished memories as us children of the 1980s.

When all is said and done, our memories are all we have, and all we can really hope for is some nice ones to take with us. I have many of these, featuring Knightmare, The Mysterious Cities of Gold, Dogtarian, Count Duckula, He-Man and She-Ra, Teddy Ruxpin, Bravestarr, The Dream Stone, Maid Marian and her Merry Men, Super Ted, Blazing Dragons, Wickie the Viking, Inspector Gadget, Incredible Games and many more. Yet each one is still distinct in my mind, as it always had its place, and still does. For those looking back in another twenty years, the lines will have blurred and the memories will not be so fond, or so cherished.

Mind you, perhaps the BBC, at least, has finally realised that children's television from the 1980s still has a lot to offer, even in these ultra-modern times. Over the summer, CBBC screened a series of shows entitled Do Something Different, which explored several summer activities that its young viewers might like to try out, and was a complete rip-off (or re-imagining, perhaps) of a show I remember from my childhood, Why Don't You? In addition to this, the CBBC Channel was given a bit of a makeover for the new season in September, and now you can regularly see continuity segments that look suspiciously like they should be taking place in the Broom Cupboard, featuring a young man and a cactus puppet who are undoubtedly the modern versions of Andi Peters and Edd the Duck. Come on, BBC, you're nearly there - just bring back Thundercats and dump all your modern shows (except Mona the Vampire

and Raven) and everything will be perfect!

Well, as Hugo from Victor and Hugo would say, that's what I think anyway!

PUZZLE PAGE ONE

Scroll Clues II

The following sentences are all scroll clues from series 5-8 of Knightmare, and they all come from clue rooms. Can you remember which one or two objects they are telling the team to take in each case? Name the series, episode, dungeoneer and level as well if you can.

- 1.) Wipe away ignorance and unlock magic.
- 2.) She wishes for my words.
- 3.) Music to wake him; fire to feed him.
- 4.) Finders keepers; holder seekers; hidden secrets.
- 5.) It may get you out of a jam - if you twig it.
- 6.) One for the road; two for a friend.
- 7.) Welcome to Witch Haven. Luck favours the amber gambler.
- 8.) Humorous or what? That's funny. Get the joke?
- 9.) Two beauties are better than one.
- 10.) The ACME Persuader - tap on tabletop to make new friends.

CLASSIC QUEST

Series 6

Quest: The Crown.

Dungeoneer: January Payne.

Advisors: Sarah, Sarah and Sian.

Home town: Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Team score: 5 out of 10.

This was a fairly average effort, really, although it has sparked interest in the past because January had to step in at the last moment when the intended dungeoneer (Sarah Halsall) broke her leg in a Norwich cinema.

Level One: After stepping on the Crown in the Hall of Choice, a dwarf tunnel brings January to a woodland path, where a very tiny Motley is waiting for her. He explains that Sidriss shrunk him after he made a move on her. Sidriss's Cheshire cat is heard to be approaching, so Motley hides in a convenient box, which he asks January to pick up. January takes Motley with her, and he reveals his plan to find Sidriss and get her to turn him back to his normal size.

Outside the roundhouse at Holngarth, January makes use of a spyglass, through which Lord Fear is seen talking to Hordriss in his pool. From the pair's heated conversation, the team learn that Sidriss has been frozen by one of Fear's evil spells. A scroll then reveals a clue for the causeway, as well as a palpable piece of advice about the objects that are on offer. From the collection of clue objects, January takes a pouch of *Defrost* powder, also retaining Motley, despite Treguard's suggestion that the team might like to abandon him in favour of another clue object! Lord Fear's enlarged hand attempts to block January's path into the roundhouse, but she avoids it fairly easily. *"Lord Fear's playing his hand!"*
- *Treguard.*

A quick trip across the causeway follows, and then January finds Sidriss at last, albeit in a state of stasis. The powder unfreezes Sidriss, who is very grateful to January for her rescue. There is barely time for Sidriss and Motley to get reacquainted before a goblin horn sounds, and a quick escape is required. Sidriss guides January through another dwarf tunnel, which leads to a stretch of water where a boat is tethered.

As Sidriss rows January across the water, she says that she will either

grant a wish or reveal the password in return for her rescue. Motley persuades the team that they should wish to have him returned to his full size, which Sidriss grudgingly does outside a house in Wolfenden. Motley then reveals the password - *storming* - to the team, so everyone gets what they want in the end. In the final room of the level, Dreadnort is on guard and demands the password. January finds no trouble in getting rid of the metallic monster, and is able to enter the Descender. Despite the appearance of a stormgeist in the spellbound lift, January makes it safely down to level two.

(Interestingly enough, this is the one and only occasion in series 6 or 7 that any method other than a flight on Smirkenorff was used to travel from level one to level two.)

Level Two: In the castle of Count Brinkator, January releases Ridolfo from a pillory, in which he has been put as a punishment for being overfriendly with Lady Brinkator. Ridolfo accompanies January to the clue room, where he reveals the secret of the causeway before making a quick exit. Through a spyglass, the team see Lord Fear telling Sylvester Hands to go out and look for a ring that he has lost. The advisors are quick to realise that the ring in question is, in fact, on the clue table in front of January, and wisely decide to take it.

(Despite Fear's elucidations about what would happen if anyone tried to use the ring, however, they do not wisely decide to *use* it later in the quest.)

In addition to the ring, January picks up a red gem from the table, and is chased out of the clue room by another stormgeist. A dwarf tunnel brings January to a castle entrance, where she meets Julius Scaramonger: "*January, oh right. Come for the sales, have you?*" - **Julius Scaramonger**. He is keen to trade with January for Lord Fear's ring, but she eventually persuades him to take the red stone instead. In return, Julius offers the choice of witch amber or a spell to turn swords rusty.

The team are supposed to take the witch amber, of course, but they are far too slow to decide, so Julius hands January the spell-scroll and makes a quick exit. Doubtless the quest is now in losing status, as the witch amber would surely have been needed in Witch Haven, but January's demise takes place rather sooner than anyone had imagined, as she meets up with Sylvester Hands. In this situation, the team should have used

Lord Fear's ring, but they just don't realise what they're supposed to do! Exactly what effect the ring would have had on January, we may never know, although (going on what Fear said to Hands through the spyglass) it may have turned January into a copy of Lord Fear, very much like what happened to Daniel in the Sewers of Goth two years later.

Anyway, January reveals to Hands that she has the ring, whereupon he whips out his magic rope, slips it over her head, and begins to drag her off to Mount Fear! This is an important scene for Hands, as it shows him at his most ruthless and least comical: *"The ring wasn't for selling, girls; it was for using! And if only you'd used it, you'd still be with us."* - **Treguard.**

Summary: A fair enough effort, although nothing special. Indecision and inaction caused their eventual downfall.

REMEMBER HIM?

Series 8. Level 1/2/3.

BHAL-SHEBAH

Bhal-Shebah was a red dragon with Multiple Personality Disorder; the voices of both Bhal and Shebah were provided by Bill Cashmore, whose main job in this series was to stick a sock on his hand and play Snapper-Jack. Lord Fear apparently thought it would be a good idea to recruit another red dragon to the Opposition, just as the production team obviously thought it would be a good idea to find another use for their lovely Smirkenorff puppet, after the advent of Red Death two years previously. Unfortunately, this particular red dragon suffered from an extreme case of schizophrenia, and was consequently not much use as a guard: *"He's not only Bhal-Shebah; he's Bhal and Shebah in one skin, and they don't even like each other!" - Lord Fear.*

Bhal's and Shebah's hatred of each other promised the potential scene of a dungeoneer pitting the two halves of the dragon's personality against one another, in order to outwit the monster and save their own skin. Indeed, the prelude for this situation was set up during Daniel's quest, as Lissard had apparently tasked Bhal-Shebah with guarding the Sword, and Lord Fear was quick to point out that Daniel would be able to get past by inciting the dragon to argue with itself. This could have been a fun scene, but of course, it never actually took place.

Yes, I'm afraid that, like many characters in series 8, Bhal-Shebah was not given the development and screen-time he deserved. He only had two speaking appearances in the end, and neither one involved interacting with a dungeoneer. Bhal-Shebah's first (and undoubtedly better) scene took place towards the end of the first episode of series 8, when Richard was trapped on a rune-locked trapdoor. Bhal-Shebah stuck his head into the room, commented on how tasty Richard looked, and ruthlessly burned him alive. Brilliant stuff!

Sadly, Bhal-Shebah was never to repeat this excellent, show-stealing performance. His only other speaking appearance took place during a spyglass sequence in episode 5, as part of Nathan's quest, when Bhal and Shebah had a brief argument in front of Lord Fear. This scene is fairly amusing as it stands, but it's a poor substitute for Daniel's promised encounter with the dragon, which it was undoubtedly meant to replace.

Bhal-Shebah was never heard to speak again, despite the fact that he was often to be heard (and, occasionally, seen as well) chasing dungeoneers throughout levels one, two and three, dragging his tail along the ground in his wake: *"That's the sound a very large lizard makes when its tail scrapes along the ground behind it!" - Treguard.*

In the penultimate episode of the series, Lord Fear announced that he had brainwashed Bhal-Shebah, eliminating his two personalities and reforming him into the fire-breathing death machine Firestorm of Marblehead, who was about to take off for Lingshorn in order to destroy it. Nothing was ever really made of this - it was just one of the many disjointed plot elements that helped Dunstan cheat his way to victory. (Perhaps cheat is too strong a word here - coast, perhaps, would be better.) Anyway, that was the last we heard of Bhal-Shebah. He could have been an interesting and memorable character, but he wasn't - he was just another drop in the murky ocean of series 8.

Fear Factor: 7 Large, angry and ruthless, though easy to flummox.

Killer Instinct: 8 One solid victim - much better than most!

Humour Rating: 6 Showed a dry sense of humour when eating Richard.

Oscar Standard: 7 Two distinct voices and personalities, but no real opportunity for Bill Cashmore to show off his skills.

THE ADVENTURER'S ADVENTURE

By Gary Day

In the next room, the Adventurer is faced with a massive pit. He looks down into the pit to see a safe area with a portal next to it, but the rest is covered in spikes. He then hears a familiar voice.

Treguard:

Warning, Adventurer! You are in grave danger, as this is the Pit of Faith. You have to fall into the pit, and with that will come certain doom. If only you had a safe way to descend, you could avoid falling onto the spikes!

The Adventurer realises that there is a reason for keeping hold of the rope, and so he affixes the grappling hook to the edge and begins to climb down the rope. He gets to the bottom and tries to get the rope released from the edge, but it is stuck.

Treguard:

I think that rope has served its purpose now, so it would be safe to leave it where it is.

The Adventurer obeys Treguard, and continues without it. He carefully moves between the spikes and finds his way to the portal. Sensing that he must be near the end now, he steps through the portal. He walks onto a moving floor that continues to take him forward. He then hears a blade in the distance, as if it is on the wall. He quickly dodges the blade and realises that there will be many more. The moving floor begins to pick up speed, and the blades are moving towards him at a much faster rate. He dodges left, then right, then left, then ducks and rolls to the right. He then stands up and waits for more blades on his left to pass. The moving floor then comes to a stop, and there is a portal to his right. He faces the portal before stepping through.

He ends up in a room, and can see Pickle in his cell. Mogdred stands there, waiting for the Adventurer.

Mogdred:

Ah, the Adventurer has made it to the final room, I see. Look upon Mogdred, Adventurer, look upon Mogdred and quail! Do you really think you can rescue your elf friend?

Adventurer:

I have come to rescue the elf, and all your challenges and obstacles count for nothing, as I am here!

Mogdred:

Really? So maybe I'll just stand back and watch you open his cell, shall I?

The Adventurer realises that Mogdred is calling his bluff. He has no key; only a green gem. Hordriss said a spell had been scattered about the level, but he had not seen any spell.

Adventurer:

Well, I was hoping you would open the cell so that I would not have to kill you!

Mogdred:

Oh really, Adventurer? You have spirit in you, I can see that, but you are foolish to believe that you can survive an encounter with Mogdred! Enough of this!

Spellcasting: D-I-S-I-N....

Adventurer:

Spellcasting: S-H-A-D-E.

The Adventurer becomes a shade that is totally immune to magic.

Mogdred:

Oh well, you've protected yourself well, haven't you, Adventurer? Very well. Dispel:

H-A-

Adventurer:

Spellcasting: A-N-V-I-L!

Mogdred:

D-E-S!

The anvil appears and falls on Mogdred's head, but Mogdred has just finished dispelling the Adventurer's spell, so he is no longer protected.

Adventurer:

Dispel: L-I-V-N-A!

With the final letter spoken, the anvil disappears. The Adventurer walks over to Pickle.

Pickle:

Thank you, sir, for rescuing me. All you need to do is unlock this cell and we can make our escape.

Adventurer:

I would if I knew what the spell is to unlock the cell. I was told it was scattered around the dungeon, but I have no idea as to what I should have been looking for.

Pickle:

Well, maybe there is an item that you have seen on your quest that you have not used at all. Maybe that could be the spell!

The Adventurer tries to think back through the whole dungeon as to what could be the spell that he would need. He then realises that the same item was on the clue table twice, once in level one and once in level three, and that was the key. Level two had an item left that was used as a spell, so maybe the final spell was...

Adventurer:
Spellcasting: K-E-Y.

The cell door opens, and Pickle is overjoyed to be released.

Pickle:
You've done it! Well done! Now all we need is a way out of here! What is that in your hand?

The Adventurer looks into his hand and sees the green gem still there.

Adventurer:
It's a green gem, Pickle

Pickle:
Well, that is no ordinary gem; that is an elven stone. With an elven stone in an elf's hand, the elf can travel anywhere, although I cannot take passengers, unfortunately.

Adventurer:
Well, that is your escape route solved, but how do I escape?

Pickle:
Well, I'm not sure if you recognise this artefact that I found in my cell. It may prove to be useful to you.

Pickle goes into the cell and brings out a staff.

Adventurer:
That looks like the Staff of Power. It was a quest object I could have chosen at the start!

Pickle:
With a name like the Staff of Power, I'm sure it can help you escape. Please, will you let me get out of here with the gem?

The Adventurer agrees, as he has no use for it anyway. The Adventurer hands Pickle the green gem, and the elf closes his eyes and disappears.

The Adventurer holds the Staff of Power and wonders how to use it. It is then that the staff begins to shine a dark red, and the Adventurer collapses in a heap. He wakes up soon after, but he is no longer the Adventurer that he once was. He seems to have an unprecedented knowledge of magic, and can cast spells at will without the need to spell them out. The Adventurer has now become powerful, and realises that he should not be there to aid Treguard, but to challenge him. With Mogdred defeated, he needs to take the Opposition into a new era. He thinks about the changes he will make to the Dungeon, and then, by the power of his thoughts alone, these changes all take place. It is then that Treguard intervenes.

Treguard:

What have you done, Adventurer? You almost won your quest for knighthood, but now you have been corrupted by power! What have you done to my Dungeon, Adventurer?

Adventurer:

Your Dungeon, Treguard? I think not, for I alone have conquered it, and so I alone command it. I think I'm going to enjoy taking you on, Treguard, and beating you and your dungeoneers as they try to conquer my Dungeon! You can see that the four magic quest items are now with me.

With that, the Adventurer calls the Sword of Freedom, the Shield of Justice, the Cup that Heals and the Crown in Glory to his side.

Adventurer:

These are what your pesky dungeoneers will be searching for, but none shall they get!

Treguard:

Who are you, Adventurer? Give yourself a name!

Adventurer:

My name from this day forward will be Lord Fear, for I have attained knighthood and can be referred to as Lord, and Fear because those dungeoneers should fear me! I shall give a new meaning to the word Nightmare...

Well, did you see that one coming, readers? I certainly didn't! Thanks again for the story, Gary - it's kept us entertained for a long time!

KNIGHTMARE LOCATIONS

Haddon Hall, Bakewell, Derbyshire

Haddon Hall. Vital Statistics:

Location: Bakewell, Derbyshire.

Century of Origin: 12th.

Also Known As: Witch Haven.

Series featured in: 6.

This picture was taken by me, Jake Collins, and scanned by Rosey Collins, in October 2006.

Unfortunately, flash photography is not allowed in Haddon Hall as it damages the tapestries, so my pictures of the Great Hall (which is featured in series 6 and 7 as the level two room with all the antlers and the fire extinguisher) did not come out. Hopefully, this picture of the Long Gallery (where Sumayya met Heggatty and Chris IV met Greystagg) will go some way towards compensating for this tragedy.



Next Issue: Bodiam Castle, East Sussex.

A KNIGHTMARE IN CAMELOT

I have long been a fan of the legends of Camelot - or of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, as the Americans would say. It is not surprising that parts of this legend would have filtered into a programme like *Knightmare*, particularly in the earlier, more medieval-fantasy-driven, series.

As you had doubtless already worked out, three of the characters in *Knightmare* were based (in name, at least) on characters from the legend of Camelot, namely Merlin (Merlin), Mogdred (Mordred) and Morghanna (Morgan{a}). Of course, the idea of *Knightmare* - of a noble quest through a fantasy land - just smacks of Camelot in its own right, but here is a fairly comprehensive list of all the direct Camelot references in the programme.

(By the way, I have not included the books here, as author Dave Morris makes more references to Camelot than Roger Federer wins Grand Slam titles - I'd need to set aside a whole issue for that!)

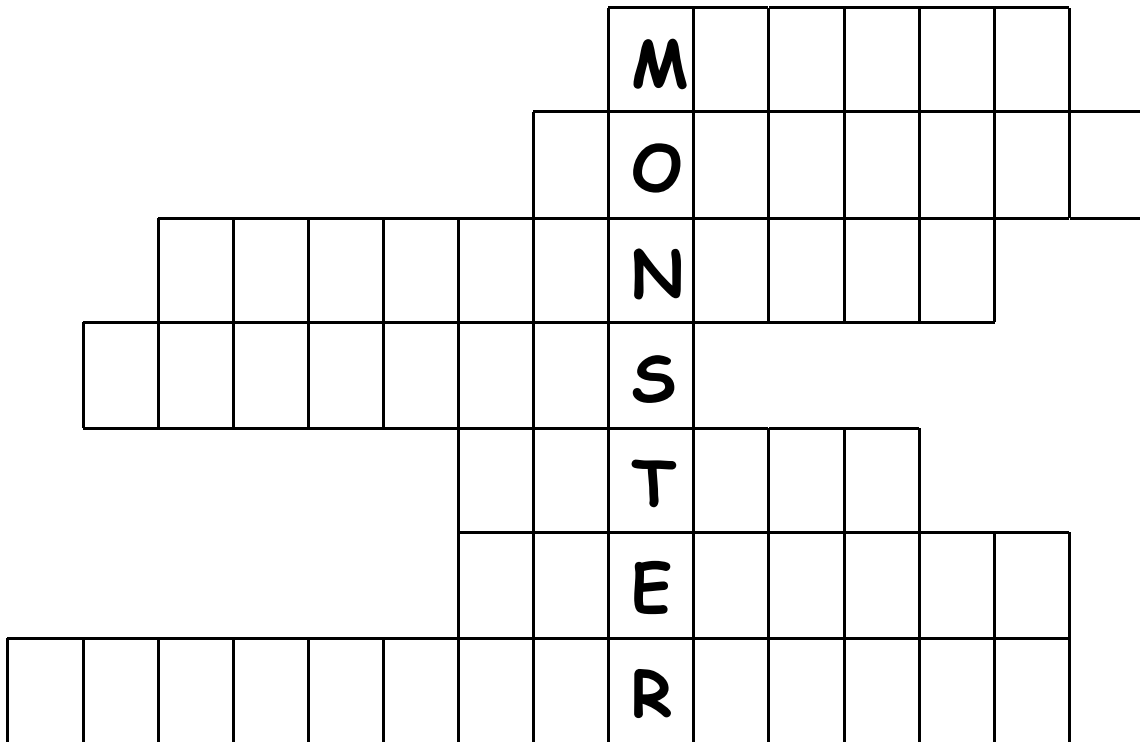
Episode	Camelot References
101	Riddle: "Once by magic I was cleft, deep in my chest a sword was left, ten years of pain I then endured, then came a prince who pulled it forth, name him now and gain reward." - Olgarth. ANSWER: King Arthur.
102	Riddle: "Name me now the sword that was found in stone yet lost in water." - Granitas. ANSWER: Excalibur.
103	Character: Merlin.
104	This is the first appearance of the Holy Grail (a.k.a. the Cup that Heals) as a signpost for the correct path. This phenomenon continues throughout series 1, and the Cup/Chalice is then adopted as a quest object (yet it remains unredeemed) in all seven subsequent series.
105	Character: Merlin. Riddle: "It was the noblest knight who broke the Table Round, because a woman dragged him down. To penance and to death he wore a priestly gown. Who was he?" - Merlin. ANSWER: Sir Lancelot.

106	Riddle: "Perceval and Galahad sought it. Others seek it still. It has been called the Cup that Heals. Give its common calling." - Granitas. ANSWER: The Holy Grail.
108	Character: Merlin.
203	Characters: Merlin, Mogdred.
204	Character: Merlin.
205	Characters: Merlin, Mogdred.
206	Characters: Merlin, Mogdred.
207	Riddle: "Who is the Great Wizard of the West?" - Granitas. ANSWER: Merlin.
208	Characters: Merlin, Mogdred.
209	Character: Merlin.
210	Character: Mogdred.
211	Riddle: "The sword was sharp, the shield was bright, the crown was gold, but what shape was the table?" - Olgarth. ANSWER: Round.
212	Character: Merlin.
213	Characters: Merlin, Mogdred.
215	Character: Merlin.
216	Riddle: "The songs and legends tell us of a dying king, who left his favourite sword in safekeeping. Only his son could draw it forth, but where was it found, this legendary sword?" - Granitas. ANSWER: In a stone.
302	Character: Merlin.
303	Character: Merlin.
305	Characters: Merlin, Mogdred.
306	Character: Mogdred. A haunted sword is seen rising out of the Purple Pool, a la Excalibur from the Lake.
307	Competition letters: EXCALIBUR.
308	Characters: Merlin, Mogdred, Morghanna.

310	Riddle: "In the days of Table Round, when Arthur wore the kingly crown, who stood champion to his queen, and pawn to evil magic scheme?" - Brangwen. ANSWER: Sir Lancelot.
313	Character: Merlin.
314	Character: Merlin.
315	Characters: Merlin, Morghanna.
316	Character: Merlin.
402	Character: Merlin.
403	Character: Mogdred.
404	Character: Merlin.
405	Character: Merlin.
407	Character: Merlin. Riddle: "The Holy Grail is preserved in Westminster Abbey. True or false?" - Doorkis. ANSWER: False.
410	Character: Merlin. Opposite Riddle: "Who was the daughter of Uther Pendragon?" - Merlin. ANSWER: King Arthur.
413	Character: Merlin.
415	Character: Merlin.
416	Characters: Merlin, Mogdred.
510	In the blocker's level one chamber, a sword is stuck in a rock. Kelly's advisors spot the allusion to the Sword in the Stone (which may or may not be Excalibur, depending on which legends you read) but Treguard advises the team not to pull the sword out, as it will bring back the blocker.
712	The Sword of Freedom, the object of Julie's winning quest, is also stuck in a rock! This time, Julie does pull it out, leading to the appearance of Lord Fear in person.

PUZZLE PAGE TWO
A Monster Challenge

Here's a nice, easy one for you. All the answers to this little puzzle are the names of the characters that appeared in four or more series of Knightmare - simple!



M. A very famous wizard.	T. Humour's his tool of trade.
O. The foul techno-sorcerer.	E. The heart of Knightmare.
N. Last of the Great Wyrms.	R. Dirtiest Dungeon denizen.
S. A very confusing fellow.	

DUNGEONEER DWELLINGS

Series 4



THE STRANGENESS OF THE WALLS

By Ian Down

"Your dungeoneer Kevin has been lucky so far on this Chalice quest," said Treguard. "But now, use caution, team, for this is only a level one wall monster. However, your score may be crucial... do not fail!"

The miserable-looking monster, Dooris, gradually emerged from its stony resting place.

"Here is my first," said Dooris. "What is at the end of time and space, yet at the beginning and end of every place?"

Alice, John and Robert looked blankly at each other as they mentally repeated the riddle in their minds.

John whispered (having written it down), "the letter E?"

The team answered as one, "the letter E!"

"That is correct." Dooris almost burst into tears. "Here is my second. How many months have twenty-eight days?"

"One - February!" Alice immediately answered.

"Falsehood - *a//* months have at least twenty-eight days!"

The team looked crestfallen. If only they'd thought a little longer!

"Here is my third and hardest riddle - I can hold much water, yet I am full of holes. What am I?"

"A colander drains slowly," Robert whispered.

"No, that can't be it!" Alice was adamant.

"Well, what about a sponge? That has holes in it," Robert said meekly.

Alice looked at him with contempt. John, however, thought for a moment and interjected, "he could be right!"

"A sponge," Alice spouted, annoyingly loudly.

"Correct. Your score is two," Dooris said miserably "Though it pains me, I am bound to help you - you must take the Green Warden's token to progress."

The wall monster slowly faded back into the stone from which it came.

"Well done, team," said Treguard, leaning forward slightly, "now use your information and choose your objects well."

A bar of silver, a green arrow and a large ruby sat on the table by the dungeoneer.

"We must take the green arrow," said John confidently. He had no disagreement from the team.

"I reckon the ruby as well," Robert suggested, clearly guessing.

"I think the ruby too." Alice had the final say.

Kevin took the items and was guided to the doorway. Instantly, the dungeoneer stumbled into a bomb room - the change of pace panicked the team.

"Run!" screamed Robert.

"Which way?" screamed Kevin, even louder.

"Turn left ninety degrees, then sprint." John had kept his nerve.

The directions worked, but only just. Kevin disappeared through the doorway with the explosive reverberations shuddering through his body, whilst his ears rang with the massive echoing noise of the explosion.

During his disorientation, Kevin had not, in the next cave-like room, sensed the presence of Elita, the cavern elf.

"Oi! Dung-breath, what're you doin' in 'ere?" Elita was as eloquent as ever.

"Er, I've got this ruby, if it's any use to you," Kevin said, without thought

or prompting from his advisors.

"Actually, that's not a bad stone to have. Seeing as you're such a runt of a dungeoneer, I might give you a bit of help, just because I've taken pity on you - I'm not spoiling my reputation for a miserable waste of space like you! Anyway, the password for this level is *cockroach*. Rather appropriate for you, ain't it? Ha-ha, I love winding up dungeoneers! Still, I've got bigger fish to fry. See ya, bog-face!"

Elita did so enjoy throwing insults at dungeoneers... or anyone else, for that matter. She skipped off with such sprightliness, you'd think she had a jester to torture.

The advisors guided Kevin through to the next room, where they avoided a serpent easily to move on. (This might actually be a decent team, even though they started out cluelessly.) Then Kevin travelled onward into the forest. A horn sounded.

"Caution, team, goblins inhabit this forest, and you have no weaponry with which to defeat them!" Treguard seemed slightly agitated.

"Move faster, Kev!" Alice was increasingly bossy to *her* dungeoneer.

Then Kevin reached a clearing, where peace prevailed. With no apparent danger, the team paused.

"Who are you?" an angry woman's voice demanded, as Gwendoline strode into view, looking particularly angry.

"Er, I'm Kevin. I'm a dungeoneer on a quest for the..."

She had no interest in what he had to say, and interrupted, "I don't care what you're doing, only what you've done! Show me your knapsack! If you've taken any deer from this wood, I'll kill you like a slug in a saltmine!"

"Er, I'm not a slug, I'm a dungeoneer, and I have your arrow here..."

He clumsily produced the token and handed it to Gwendoline.

"What a dismal little toad you are! Why didn't you say so earlier?" she demanded, before slowly lightening her demeanour. "Well, you have my

token. Though you seem pathetically unequipped for your journey, I shall see you safely on your way. No harm will come to you within my jurisdiction. You may be puny and ignorant, but if you have any brains you may have some hope of making progress."

She guided him through and left him in front of a large castle. A large, overweight guard paced back and forth across the entrance, apparently angry about something. Spotting the dungeoneer, the Barbarian immediately became aggressive.

"Who are you, you horrible little worm, and what do you want?" He raised his club.

"Er... I'd like to get into the castle; I'm on a quest for the Chalice," Kevin mumbled.

"What do I care? I like beatin' up little maggots like you! What have you got for me, then, eh?"

Kevin had nothing to give and so had to think on his feet: "Well, I have some information, but I'm not sure I should tell you because I'll get into trouble..."

"Tell me or perish, you miserable little excuse for a donkey dropping!"

"Well, Lord Fear is running an absolute certainty in Saturday's big pig race," Kevin said levelly.

"What's it called, then, this certainty? What odds is it?"

"It's called Bacon Sandwich, running in the three o'clock at Hamilton, at odds of twenty to one."

The Barbarian thought for a moment.

"Okay then, cheers mate, nice one! I'll have my life savings on that. On you go."

Kevin quickly scuttled past, thanking his lucky stars to have met such a stupid guard. He stepped through the first door of the castle.

What amusing misadventures await Kevin inside the castle? Join Ian again next time to find out.

POETRY CORNER

Today we journey back to the closing stages of series 2, where Karen's Scottish maidens are filling in a bit of time until the end of the quest season.

From Scottish Borders came four lasses
To face the Dungeon's evil masses.
Gretel's clues were back-to-front
And Karen had to bear the brunt
Of tricky Dungeon's contradictions,
And fathom Treguard's strange predictions.
Past a "friendly" spider's bite,
And "charming" reptile's line of sight,
Granitas was standing guard,
But scoring three was not so hard.
Past the Automatum's flail
To Mildread's piercing, plaintive wail.
Magic toenails brought to ground
The broom, whose magic was not sound!
RUST was Karen's just reward,
It soon the Automatum floored!
Down the wellway, dynamite
Caused the Dwarf an awful fright.
Karen had to take a test,
And managed well to come off best.
Soon, with dwarfish magic FLIGHT,
Karen crossed the pit all right.
In the clue room, Casper's tones
Led on to uncharted zones.
At the Wall of Jericho
Karen found no way to go!
Time was up, the quest was too,
Karen didn't mind. Did you?

