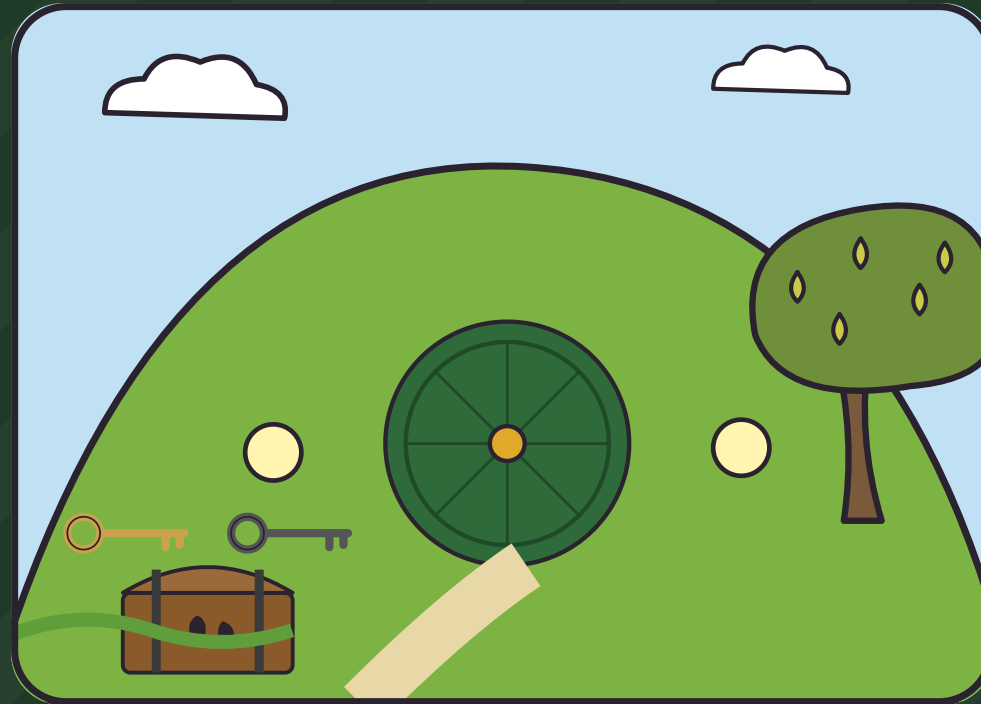


A Z3NG ADVENTURE · A COMFORTABLE FANTASY

SECOND BREAKFAST

and Other Emergencies



In a hole in a hill in Much Sniddle lives a Bramblewick who has never had an adventure on purpose. Under the pear tree in the garden, a box has been waiting a hundred years for somebody to do something unexpected. Two keys. One hill. One wood. **Three trolls.** And somebody down in the dark who is very fond of riddles.

Pack a sandwich.



350 POINTS · SEVERAL STICKY ENDS

FOR ADVENTURERS
of long standing
(and short legs)

Your Family

THE BRAMBLEWICKS OF BRAMBLEWICK END, MUCH SNIDDLE

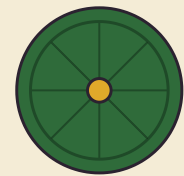
Hester Bramblewick, gardener. Planted the pear tree. (Went away once. Came back. See p. 40.)

- ↳ Hubert, who was sensible.
- ↳ Mildred, who was very sensible.
- ↳ Your father, who tapped the barometer once, in 1911, and never again.
- ↳ You. (So far: nothing unexpected.)

Page 40 has been torn out. Nobody will say by whom. Everybody looks at Cousin Dorcas.

The Bramblewicks have lived at Bramblewick End for two hundred years, and in all that time they have been known for three things: good pantries, prize turnips and never, ever doing anything unexpected. There is one exception. The family does not discuss her. The family discusses the weather instead, at length, which is how you know something is up.

It is Monday morning in Much Sniddle. You have had your first breakfast. Second breakfast is some way off. Over your bed hangs the family motto in cross-stitch: **HOME IS BEST**. You have always believed it. You are about to find out what somebody has stitched underneath, very small.



A round green door, with the brass knob exactly in the middle, as is proper. Behind it: a pantry, a parlour, a glass cabinet with nothing interesting in it, and you.

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How to Play

If you have ever been told that you are in a maze of twisty little passages, all alike, you know how this works. If not: you type what you want to do, and the world replies, mostly politely.

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> X SAMPLER
HOME IS BEST, in cross-stitch, with a border of turnips. Somebody has added, very
small, in a different thread: 'MOSTLY'.

> D
You take one step down into the dark, and then another, and then you stop, because the
dark ahead has made a small wet noise...
It is pitch black. You are likely to be eaten by a Snaffler.
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N S E W NE ... UP DOWN IN OUT	Go that way. GO TO THE GREEN works for places you know.
LOOK (L) · EXAMINE (X) · SEARCH	The usual. Examine everything; this is that sort of game.
TAKE · DROP · INVENTORY (I)	Also TAKE ALL You can carry ten things.
PUT X IN Y · GIVE X TO Y · SHOW X TO Y	The standard grammar of commerce and bribery.
FILL · LIGHT · DIG · CLIMB · UNLOCK X WITH Y	And other verbs of the practical sort.
TALK TO NAN · ASK NAN ABOUT X · TELL X ABOUT Y	People know things. Ask about everything.
SAY something	For passwords, answers and manners.
WAIT (Z) · WAIT UNTIL NIGHT · SLEEP	Days run morning, afternoon, evening, night. Sleep in your own bed.
SAVE · RESTORE · UNDO · AGAIN (G) · OOPS	UNDO is your friend. So is SAVE, before anything dark.
SCORE · HINT · HELP · VERBOSE · BRIEF	The housekeeping.

The sidebar draws a map as you explore and keeps a notepad. There are **350 points**, awarded for discoveries, cleverness and treasures safely displayed at home.

Advice for Adventurers

Collected from people who went on adventures and came back, which is a smaller group than the people who went.

- 1 **Examine everything.** Twice. Then read it. Much Sniddle writes things on other things.
- 2 **Talk to people.** Everybody in a village knows something, and most of them will tell you, for a price. The price is usually food or drink.
- 3 **Mind the dark.** There is no such thing as a safe dark. Carry a light, and make sure it is lit, and full, and that you have not left it on a shelf.
- 4 **Mind the time.** Some people keep hours. Some things only happen at night. Some things only stop at dawn.
- 5 **Mind your manners.** You are a Bramblewick. Bramblewicks say please and thank you and sorry, including to trees.
- 6 **Bring treasures home.** Things Of Interest belong in the glass cabinet in your parlour. **PUT** them **IN** it. The stuffed stoat will cope.
- 7 **Save often.** There are sticky ends. They are, we hope, entertaining. UNDO will get you out of most of them.



THINGS YOU WILL NOT NEED

A sword. A horse. A prophecy. A dozen dwarves. A ring of any description. Heroism, in the usual sense.

THINGS YOU WILL NEED

Lunch. A light. Good manners. The ability to talk rubbish until sunrise.



"Never go anywhere without a sandwich. You never know who'll need it." — H.B.

Who's Who



Nan Gossage

Oldest resident · the settle by the fire

Knows everything about everybody, and most of it is true. Has outlived four husbands, two vicars and a horse. Will not talk on a dry whistle.

Usually: her cottage by day; the Pickled Parsnip of an evening

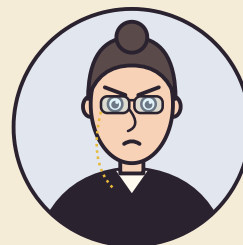


Barnabus Tope

Landlord, the Pickled Parsnip

Has been polishing the same tankard for thirty years and is nearly there. Serves a scrumpy that once stripped the vicar.

Usually: behind the bar



Mrs Pettigrew

Proprietor, the Emporium

Sells everything, provided everything is lamp oil, string, candles, nails and humbugs. Does not give credit. Credit is how civilisations fall.

Usually: behind the counter

— the respectable end of the village

MUCH SNIDDLE

& environs · here be trolls · mind the dark



Who's Who



Cousin Dorcas

Mrs Pinchbeck · family, unfortunately

Has always believed Bramblewick End should have been hers. Carries a tape measure. Has been seen measuring your parlour for curtains. Knows nothing about your spoons. Nothing.

Usually: Pudding Lane, the green, and your business



Aldous Thrummery

Wizard (Third Grade, Moderately Wise)

Due on Sunday. It is Monday. For a wizard, this is early. Knows a great deal about everything, but cannot think on an empty stomach. It is a condition.

Usually: the Pickled Parsnip, by the fire, dripping

AND SOME WE DON'T TALK ABOUT



Something under Grumble Hill. Lives by water, in the dark. Collects things. Loves riddles. Never gives anything back unless it loses. Hill grumbles on quiet nights.



Three trolls in the Wriggling Wood. Mossbottom, Gritch and Lesser Norman. Stupid, strong, hungry and argumentative. Can be heard from the bridge, arguing about recipes.

Things Of Interest

For generations the Bramblewick cabinet has held a lump of quartz, a christening mug and a stuffed stoat. There are **six treasures** to be found between Grumble Hill and the Wriggling Wood. Bring each one home and **PUT** it **IN** the **CABINET**. Sketch them here as you find them.

?	?	?
<i>found in the dark</i>	<i>from a collector</i>	<i>up a tree</i>
?	?	?
<i>in a hoard</i>	<i>in a hoard, too</i>	<i>yours all along</i>

SCORING

There are **350 points** in all: for finding your way about, for being told things, for cleverness, for courage (in moderation), for treasures found and treasures displayed, and for the box. The traditional adventurer's ranks apply: under 100, *Beginner*; under 200, *Amateur Burglar*; under 300, *Adventurer*; 350, *Hester*.



And under the pear tree, a box with two keyholes: one shaped like a pear, one like a leaf.

Keepsakes

— the family sampler —

HOME IS BEST



mostly

PETTIGREW'S EMPORIUM

LAMP OIL 1d
HUMBUGS 1d
STRING (PER YD) . . ½d
SILVER SPOONS
(2ND-HAND) ... 3s 6d
NO CREDIT.
NO HAGGLING.
NO GOATS.

THE VILLAGE NOTICEBOARD

LOST: one goat. Responds to 'Gerald'.

FOUND: one goat. Does not.

SNIDDLE SHOW: turnips, marrows, jam. No trolls.

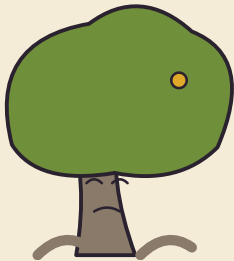
BY ORDER OF THE MAYOR: residents are asked to STOP FEEDING THE TROLLS. (Nobody has. Nobody knows what he's talking about. He means well.)

THE PICKLED PARSNIP

*scrumpy . since 1702
mind the beams*

Found in the rainy-day jar, in your grandfather's hand:
FOR EMERGENCIES ONLY
(NOT CAKE)

The Oldest Oak, who is owed an apology by practically everybody, and knows it.



Ask Nan



Adventurers of long standing will want to struggle nobly. Everybody else: type **HINT** in the game, or find your question and **turn the book upside down**. Each answer goes from a nudge ① to a shove ③. "I'll know if you peek," says Nan. She will. She has a telescope.

- A** I don't know what I'm supposed to be doing.

C Nobody is at the underground lake.

E It's my turn, and I can't think of a riddle.

G The trolls' hole is closed / the trolls caught me.
- B** It's too dark under Grumble Hill.

D I can't answer the riddles.

F The Wiggling Wood keeps sending me back.

H I've found the box but it won't open.

ANSWERS (one step at a time!)

A. ① Nobody in your family talks about great-grandmother Hester. Somebody in the village does.
② Nan Gossage, at the Pickled Parsnip, in the evening. She won't talk on a dry whistle.
③ Pennies are in the rainy-day jar in your pantry. BUY A CIDER, GIVE THE CIDER TO NAN.

B. ① There's a lantern in your shed. It is, naturally, empty.
② Lamp oil is a penny at Pettigrew's. FILL THE LANTERN.
③ LIGHT the LANTERN with the tinderbox from your pantry. Then go down.

C. ① Somebody is. They're shy.
② Make some noise.
③ SHOUT. Then TALK TO NIBBINS.

D. ① Heads and tails; spent and lent.
② Things you leave behind you as you go.
③ SAY COIN. SAY FOOTSTEPS.

E. ① Think about lunch. You always do.
② Nibbins has only ever eaten fish.
③ Carry your sandwich, and ASK NIBBINS ABOUT A RIDDLE.

F. ① There is a way through. A wizard knows it.
② The wizard can't think on an empty stomach. He likes caraway.
③ GIVE the SEED CAKE to the wizard. The way is S, W, W, S. Then APOLOGISE to the Oak.

G. ① Trolls come out at dusk and go in at dawn. They hate dawn.
② Trolls cannot resist an argument about cookery.
③ Let them catch you in the evening. TELL the TROLLS ABOUT sage, mint sauce, boiling, salt or feet, three times.

H. ① There's writing on the lid you can't see by daylight.
② WAIT UNTIL NIGHT, then READ the BOX in the garden.
③ Brass key first, then iron. Then mind your manners: SAY PLEASE.

HOME IS BEST. MOSTLY.

A classic text adventure in the old style, with a comfortable hole, a village full of opinions, a hill with something under it, a wood that rearranges itself, three trolls, a game of riddles in the dark, six treasures, 350 points and a box under a pear tree that has been waiting a hundred years for somebody to be unexpected.

"Could be treasure."

— Nan Gossage

"I meant to arrive on Sunday. Something came up. It was Monday."

— Aldous Thrummery

"Can I have the feet?"

— Lesser Norman, a troll

"Pickle."

— Nibbins, wonderingly

INSIDE THE BOOK

- ✦ Your family (abridged)
- ✦ How to Play
- ✦ Advice for Adventurers
- ✦ Who's Who, illustrated
- ✦ Map of the Dimple valley
- ✦ Things Of Interest
- ✦ Ask Nan (hints)

Part one of a longer adventure. The map is torn for a reason.

