


# THE EYE SHIELD



Issue 14

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## MESSAGE FROM ME

Welcome to issue fourteen of The Eye Shield as I, Jake Collins of Harpenden, share with you some more of my thoughts and observations about Knightmare. And I'm glad to say that more and more of you are sharing yours with me as well. Consequently, in addition to your regular favourites, this issue holds a *Creature Feature* about pookas written by Eye Shield veteran Ben Maydon of Enfield, an interview with the Knightmare Tribute Site webmaster himself, Nicholas, and the continuation of Carl Bateson's story, *A Last Resort*. This was featured in TES issues 7-9, and now - thanks to some digging by Carl and some careful editing by me - you can finally read the conclusion. Also, continued from the last issue are Laurie Marks's brilliant brainchild, *The Path Opens*, and more nostalgia from me in the second part of *My Knightmare Story*. What a treat you've got in store. Honestly, I sometimes think that perhaps I'm *too* good to you...

## CORRESPONDENCE

When I received this e-mail, I was most excited to discover the thoughts of TES's previous editor about its latest incarnation. The following comes from Newcastle-upon-Tyne's Paul McIntosh.

Dear Eye Shield.

It's a great pleasure to see that TES lives on. I had high ambitions of resurrecting it one day but in all honesty I doubt it would ever have happened and, as I'm sure I've said before, I couldn't have asked for a better successor to my editor's chair!

*Thanks for the vote of confidence, Paul. It's very good to have some input from TES's founder. For even more, don't miss issue 15, readers.*

Now let's all have a good laugh at the editor as we read the following from Essex's Laurie Marks.

Dear Eye Shield.

Thank you for putting my story in there, but there's one problem - in your introduction, just above the actual story, you have used the wrong pronoun - I am, in fact, male. I probably should have pointed this out myself, as my name can be used for either sex. Anyway, keep up the good work.

*What can I say except woops! The mistake has been corrected. Once again, I'm very sorry, Laurie.*

Here is something heartening from Aiden Rogers, who delighted me at the end of January with the following piece.

Dear Eye Shield

I was a fan of the series in 1987 but, being only three at the time, I can't remember all of it. I do remember being scared to death, even by Treguard! The Eye Shield is one of my favourite parts of the site and I hope it continues for many years to come.

*Thanks, so do I. I was also very young when Nightmare began, and scared by it as well as thoroughly entertained. See My Nightmare Story for full details.*

## REMEMBER THIS?

Series 3/4. Level 1/2.

### THE SPINDIZZY

One of the few shared aspects of series 3 and 4 is this giant spinning wheel. It spun a lot faster than the Mills of Doom of series 2 and 3, and took dungeoneers with it too. In series 4 it formed the main part of the Place of Choice. Dungeoneers would have to step onto it from one path, then step off onto the path featuring the quest object they wanted to redeem. Alistair nearly fell off it a couple of times, and both he and Nicola I made it wobble alarmingly as they stepped onto it, but there were few problems apart from this.

In series 3 the Spindizzy was the landing place in level two for most dungeoneers who fell from level one. There were five doors around, all leading into different parts of level two. There was usually a signpost as to the correct path - a quest object symbol above one of the doors - and it was the advisors' job to time the dungeoneer's jump so that they went through the right door. This required some careful timing, as jumping through a gap into the enveloping blackness would surely have brought an end to the quest. Only Scott - the poor soul - was directed through the wrong door. My suspicion is that he would have met a nasty end on level two (even earlier than he actually did) had his advisors not been able to solve an extra puzzle. It certainly was more difficult than it looked to

alight in the right place, but no other team seemed to experience any major problem with it.

**Difficulty: 5** A few nearly fell off.

**Killer Instinct: 1** If you take the wrong path...

**Gore Factor: 1** It depends what the level has in store.

**Fairness: 5** Quite hard as a first challenge in level one.

## ADVENTURE TIME

—  
It's time to rejoin Nick and his friends on their journey through level two. The score is still 3-1 to the Dungeon. What will it be after today's adventures?

Nick enters a cave that contains two exits and a table. On the table sits Elita, who whirls round when she hears the dungeoneer approaching.

"Here's an ugly one!" she says rudely. "What do you want, face-ache?"

"No immediate danger here, team" Treguard chuckles. "But do watch out for Elita's notorious tongue."

"I'm Nick and I'm looking for the Shield" Nick tells the elf.

"Well I haven't got it!" Elita spits sarcastically. "In fact I've got nothing at all to offer you, so you may as well just PUSH OFF!"

"Would you like this green gem?" Nick asks, ignoring her rudeness.

"Oh, you've got an arken stone," says Elita with more interest. "I like them. But what do you want in return, eh? I expect you want me to accompany you to level three, and into Morghanna's clutches. Well I'm not going there, so just forget it!"

"I don't want you to do that," Nick says calmly. "I just want you to release Motley."

"Oh, so he's roped another one of you lot into helping him" Elita smirks in a superior manner. "Well, I don't much care about what happens to that stupid jester. Hand over the gem and I'll release him."

"You've got to promise" Nick insists.

"All right" Elita agrees. "I'll go right now and send him to meet you before you reach the end of the level. That sounds fair to me, don't you agree? Then hand it over!"

Elita receives the gem eagerly.

"He'll have to hurry if he's going to reach you in time, because the level is almost complete" the elf adds as an afterthought. "Through the left-hand portal is the Corridor of the Catacombs. Exit through the far right door and you'll reach the minecart chamber. And look out for Mogdred; I'm sure he's looking out for you. See you later."

Elita skips off, and Nick is directed through the left-hand door. Sure enough, he has entered the Corridor of the Catacombs. All four doors have an identical talisman symbol in front of them. Before the advisors can give instructions, echoing laughter fills the corridor and Mogdred appears in front of Nick.

"You are certainly a bold one, Nick" Mogdred sneers. "And you have done passably well. But now you are doomed to failure, for this is the realm of Mogdred, and you may not have passage."

He waves his hands and there is a loud clicking sound: the doors have locked.

"Enjoy your stay, mortal" laughs Mogdred. "It's going to be a long one." The fiend disappears to peals of eerie laughter.

"Mogdred has locked the doors, team, but the talisman you carry holds the key" Treguard explains. "If only you can find the right door."

Without hesitation, the advisors direct Nick to the far right door. He holds out the talisman in front of him and is able to pass through the door. As Elita has said, he finds himself in the minecart chamber. The cart waits at the tunnel entrance.

"You have found the way to level three" Treguard commends the team. "However, a weak forcefield guards the tunnel and none may pass through it on foot. Your only hope is to travel by rail, but your push-start does not seem to have arrived."

"Phew!" pants Motley as he suddenly bursts into the chamber. "Sorry, Nick, sorry Master; better late than never. Well, for most things, anyway..."

"Do get *on* with it, Motley!" Treguard shouts in exasperation.

"Yeah, alright" Motley calls back. "Look, Nick, thanks for getting Elita to release me. In return, I'll get you to level three."

Motley leads Nick over to the cart and helps him to step inside.

"There you are" Motley says in satisfaction. "Now prepare yourself for the ride of your life. Ready? Then look out level three, 'cos here we be!"

The jester gives the cart a shove and it trundles down the tunnel. The advisors see the mine shooting past. At last, the cart lands with an almighty crash, and Nick scrambles to his feet.

"Well done, team, you've made it to level three" Treguard beams. "But you'll need to have speed and cunning to survive in this level; all that has

gone before has prepared you for this; I just hope it's prepared you properly."

Nick is directed out of the chamber and into the level three clue room. The team are faced with a choice of a round shield, a bottle labelled *troll wine*, a dagger and a ruby. After much discussion, they decide to take the shield and the ruby. Nick is directed through the nearest door and into a chamber with two exits on the wall directly in front of him. The team are happy that there is no danger, but Treguard speaks suddenly.

"Extreme caution, team" he whispers. "I sense a presence in this chamber, and it appears malignant."

"Quite right, warder!"

The icy voice cuts through the chamber, making the team jump. Their hearts sink as Morghanna appears in front of the left-hand door.

"More meddlesome young people dare to infiltrate my realm!" Morghanna cries maliciously. "You foolish mortal; my power is supreme here, and you shall fall victim to it. Sooner or later, you shall fall victim."

As she speaks, the sorceress conjures up a haunted broadsword in the air, which begins to move towards Nick.

"Move backwards!" yells one advisor in panic.

"No, duck down!" shouts another.

"Hold the shield up!" cries the third.

"This is no time for tactics, team!" Treguard exclaims. "I told you that you sometimes need speed on this level."

But the team do not listen to him; they keep yelling instructions at their dungeoneer. Poor Nick becomes so confused that he doesn't know whether he is coming or going. This pleases Morghanna greatly.

"Fools!" she exclaims in glee. "You are too slow; it looks like you'll be falling victim sooner rather than later!"

The sword finally makes contact, causing the Dungeon bell to toll once again.

"Ooh, nasty! Your only hope was to run for it" Treguard explains. "You did not yet have the sufficient weapons to defeat Morghanna. Magic would have been a start, so here's some for you. Spellcasting: D-I-S-M-I-S-S."

The next dungeoneer is called Tim. After negotiating a long dwarf tunnel, he enters the abode of Queen Kalina. The sorceress is lounging at her dressing table.

"Who disturbs me now?" Kalina splutters in annoyance when she sees Tim. "Oh, it's another dungeoneer. And what is your name?"

"I'm Tim" he introduces himself.

"Well, Tim, you must excuse me for not getting up" Kalina says. "I feel simply dreadful at the moment. I'm supposed to be giving a dinner party tonight, you see, but I've lost one of my silken gloves, and I simply can't be seen without it. Look!"

She holds up her hands. The left one is covered by a slender white glove, but the right is bare.

"I'm sure I left it lying around this level somewhere," Kalina continues. "But I can't go searching for it while I look like this. Look here, Tim, you have to travel through the level as part of your quest, don't you? Will you try and find it for me?"

"If I do, will you help me in my quest?" Tim asks.

"I will do what I can," Kalina agrees. "If you find it, your path will bring you back here and then we can indulge in a little fair trade. Thank you, Tim. You are dismissed."

"Well done, Tim" says Treguard. "You've managed to make a friend of Kalina, which is no easy task. Hurry away now."

Tim is directed out. He finds himself in the level one clue room, and is taken over to the table. He tells his advisors what is there: a white silken glove, a bar of silver and a red stone. Before they can decide what to take, the features of Brangwen start to form on the far wall.

"Hold your hand, intruder!" the wall monster commands. "Nothing may be taken until you have faced the trial of the Brangwen She."

"Oh, well, I suppose this was only to be expected" Treguard shrugs. "You'd better turn and face her, Tim, and listen very carefully."

"Only with the truth may you earn the quest, thief" Brangwen continues. "Three truths I seek and here is my first. Ring a ring of roses, a pocket full of poses. Atishoo, atishoo! We all fall down. It's a pretty little rhyme, but tell me now its real meaning."

"The Black Death" is the team's answer.

"Truth accepted" Brangwen says. "Here is my second. In a legend written of little folk, a dragon lived beneath a mountain and slept on treasure, while all around him was a great desolation. Of course, in the book, they made him the villain. But what was his name?"

The team are stumped; they have no idea.

"Answer me!" Brangwen demands.

"Smirkenorff" guesses Tim.

"Falsehood!" Brangwen says triumphantly. "Smaug was the truth I sought. Here is my third. What name is given to tree branches that grow downwards?"

"Weeping willows" Tim replies confidently.

"Falsehood!" Brangwen says with scorn. "Roots was the truth I sought. One alone is the score. Your quest is for the Crown, yet you may not rule. All other knowledge is denied you."

Brangwen disappears with mocking laughter.

"Well, make your choice, team" Treguard encourages them.

The team decide to take the silver bar and Kalina's glove. The next chamber contains Smirkenorff's pit. His head is sticking up from it. The dragon's eyes raise in interest when he sees Tim.

"Greetings, Dungeoneer" Smirkenorff says. "What is your name?"

"Tim."

"Well, Tim, I know something you'd love to know" Smirkenorff gloats like a mischievous school-girl. "Shall I tell you?"

"Yes please" Tim replies.

"Then hand over the firestone from the clue room," Smirkenorff says. "Unless, of course, you have been so foolish as to leave it behind."

"Um, I've got a bar of silver" Tim offers, realising the team's mistake with a sickening jolt. "Will that do?"

"No it won't!" Smirky exclaims indignantly. "Silver is of no use to me. Begone, dungeoneer, and do not bother me again until you have acquired some wits."

As the grumbling dragon returns to his sleep, the advisors direct Tim out. He emerges into Kalina's chamber once again. The sorceress is pleased to see him carrying the glove, and strides over to accept it.

"Thank you, dear thing" Kalina smiles warmly. "In return, as promised, I gift you a spell. It is called *well*, and it reveals exactly what you'd expect it to. Thanks again, Tim, and good luck with your adventure."

Despite Kalina's help, Tim and the team still have an overwhelming sense of foreboding about their likely fate. Their fears are confirmed as a blocker confronts them in the next chamber.

"Password!" it demands.

"Well" Tim says in desperation.

The blocker shoots forwards and swallows Tim, causing the Dungeon bell to sound once again.

"Ooh, nasty" Treguard says once more. "Smirkenorff would have given you the password, team, but you didn't gain enough information from Brangwen to know to take the firestone. Spellcasting: D-I-S-M-I-S-S."

**So, the failures of Nick and Tim have increased the Dungeon's lead to 5-1. Can the next team improve that score? Read the next Adventure Time to find out.**



## PUZZLE PAGE ONE

—

Here I have provided you with one series and twelve associated words.  
The rest is up to you.

A	P	T	J	C	B	F	J	W	X	T	E	F	G	X	S	F	J	E	R
Q	A	D	D	R	H	F	G	H	J	H	G	X	V	N	V	H	T	H	J
W	D	U	N	G	E	O	N	D	F	E	H	R	N	E	J	J	H	M	M
W	E	R	S	C	B	L	M	C	B	L	A	E	G	J	S	E	K	T	K
W	Y	T	C	D	E	L	Q	G	U	M	B	O	I	L	A	Z	X	R	S
W	E	D	C	V	F	Y	R	T	G	E	B	G	F	R	T	H	Y	E	N
M	J	U	A	C	L	K	C	N	H	T	A	Q	M	W	U	E	F	G	E
O	L	M	K	N	C	D	G	H	G	O	I	A	C	U	Y	H	T	U	R
C	B	G	D	U	I	K	H	L	I	F	E	F	O	R	C	E	D	A	E
L	P	M	L	K	G	K	B	C	J	J	O	H	O	O	A	G	G	R	F
O	D	B	B	A	K	E	M	L	F	U	J	G	O	O	S	I	S	D	D
E	U	Z	A	I	D	L	F	U	K	S	X	M	F	B	P	C	V	J	E
B	M	N	I	E	G	R	A	N	I	T	A	S	I	K	E	G	F	J	L
M	A	A	A	M	I	F	J	J	J	I	L	K	M	Q	R	W	E	H	I
R	I	T	Y	U	A	I	A	J	O	C	K	M	A	B	L	D	O	P	L
M	E	R	L	I	N	L	A	U	A	E	S	U	M	K	D	F	B	G	L
G	H	L	J	M	T	I	G	O	K	K	D	N	N	U	C	L	L	Z	I
O	L	M	C	B	X	F	K	O	C	J	I	N	N	V	B	F	B	N	T
M	H	Q	W	M	A	E	F	U	R	L	T	K	O	L	G	A	R	T	H
B	Y	H	E	U	L	H	I	E	J	K	B	M	I	O	O	P	E	A	B

CASPER  
DUNGEON  
FOLLY  
GIANT  
GRANITAS  
GUMBOIL

HELMET OF JUSTICE  
LIFE FORCE  
LILLITH  
MERLIN  
OLGARTH  
TREGUARD

## THE PATH OPENS

Here is the second part of the story sent in by Laurie Marks of Essex. If you're dying to know why Lord Fear has been confronted by a stranger who claims that the path is about to open, you're about to find out.

Lord Fear hesitated when he heard this, eventually replying "Do...do not be ridiculous, it's been closed for seven years."

"So has your Marblehead," said Kalarae, with a quiet laugh, "and I got in."

"Yes," said Fear, seeming interested for the first time, "how did you manage that?"

"You have not maintained your security very well. The miremen left with Lissard, as he offered them much more food than you, and the rune puzzle fell apart after several years of disuse. Enchantments do not last forever, your lordship. It seems that you also did not keep an eye on the Dungeon."

"I did to start with, but I stopped *when it became clear that the path was not going to open again.*"

"If you had maintained your watch, you might eventually have observed the actions of Maldame while the Dungeon was reforming."

This startled Lord Fear even more. "Maldame?" was all he could say.

"Yes, your lordship. She concealed her doings well, but you would have spotted them sooner or later had you continued to observe." Kalarae walked over to Lord Fear's throne and they saw each other up close for the first time. Lord Fear tried to look into Kalarae's eyes, but his face was surprisingly well hidden by the hood of his black cloak. He continued: "After she killed Firestorm of Marblehead she planned to take over the whole of Level Three, and perhaps more. She summoned a small army of magical creatures so that she would be able to do so. They came from all the levels, past and present, but they all arrived mutated in some way, for with her magic she unwittingly disrupted the dungeon, which had just started reforming. She had not witnessed a reformation before and was unaware of the danger.

She continued to experiment as chaos unfolded around her, and made matters worse. Then she felt herself being sucked into the essence of the dungeon as it changed shape. In desperation she started casting a hugely powerful spell to stop the reformation and turn time all the way

back, keeping the path open forever, so that she could replace you, but when this power was channelled through Maldame, the dungeon absorbed it and her. This caused the seven-year period of reformation instead of the normal one. Marblehead, being your domain, was unaffected. The reformation ended recently and I was able to travel here-

"From where?" Lord Fear cut Kalarae off abruptly - he wanted to know more about this person.

"From deep under Mount Fear, your lor-"

"WHAT?!?" yelled Lord Fear.

"Behold my face," said Kalarae, with a grin. He removed the hood, and Lord Fear understood why his face had looked so shaded - Kalarae's skin was as black as his cloak.

Lord Fear was, for once, speechless. "You're - you're a-"

"Yes indeed, your lordship - a black elf."

"But I thought you all died in the war with the forest elves."

"Not quite all, your lordship. A few of us fled to the mountains, practised our dark magic and made our skins blacker than ever before. The cavern elves were constantly looking for us and attacked us on sight - I had to deal with one of them on the way here. He's probably still bleeding to death. Those of us under Mount Fear are probably the only ones left, and we will not last much longer - unless you help us. That is why I am here - I pledge service to you and return you to your old home, and you protect us from invaders."

Lord Fear considered this offer. Getting Mount Fear back would be wonderful, but how, when it had a red dragon decaying on top of it? Still, one thing at a time: "And what service could you offer me?"

"Well, I could take the place of your last seneschal Lissard and I could also deal with dungeoneers - I am a skilled warrior and know quite a bit of magic."

"Hmm...another mage in my service could be very useful indeed. But how would we get Mount Fear back? The dragon's huge, it won't have rotted away in just seven years."

"One of the more fortunate effects of the long reformation was to make that dragon decay somewhat faster. It's almost gone. If we both cast spells to speed it up and get some servants to help clear up, the mountain will be habitable by the time the path opens."

"Yes, you're right. You'll be very useful - consider yourself employed. I hadn't counted on having another mage to help me since Aesandre left. To Mount Fear!"

Treguard could hardly believe his eyes. "Pickle?"

"Yes, master! I have important news!"

"Really?" Treguard thought there was a good chance that this would be his most interesting day since the path closed.

"Yes - the path opens in three days!"

**Pickle has delivered his message, but Treguard still has a lot to learn about Lord Fear's latest intrigues. Read the final chapter of this story next time.**

## **REMEMBER HIM?**

Series 5/6/7/8. Level 1/2/3.

### **LORD FEAR**

For Knightmare's last four years this dark sorcerer was the leader of the Opposition, and a prominent and formidable force in the Dungeon. Mark Knight played the role faithfully and convincingly during this time. The appearance of Lord Fear in series 5 changed the feel of Knightmare a lot, as there was now a main enemy who was determined to foil every quest at any given opportunity, and would stop at nothing to do so. Fear's virtual takeover of level three and constant bending of the rules seemed to affirm this position. He built up a lot of power in the Dungeon; wherever he resided in level three, he could always send his minions to other parts of the Dungeon to dispose of dungeoneers. However, his choice of servants was not very good, as most of them were easily corrupted or defeated.

I would say that Lissard was Lord Fear's most loyal follower. He used technomagic to assert his power, and would not tolerate any rival sorcerers trying to stop him; skirmishes with Greystagg, Hordriss, Grimaldine and Maldame saw him emerge with power in tact. The only sorcerer he actually aligned himself with - though he did try to strike a

deal with Greystagg - was Aesandre, whose help he really needed in series 5 as level three was mainly Winteria, the ice queen's own world. Fear's presence was ever felt throughout the quest, mainly because of the presence of spyglasses. The vast majority of his appearances on the programme were through one of these devices, when he would unwittingly give away most of his plans, and often other information such as codes, combinations and passwords. On the occasions when dungeoneers did meet him in person, they had to be extremely cautious and take him very seriously. However, a bit of well-placed magic always overcame him. Indeed, Fear's main weakness seemed to be that he was very easy to defeat when it came to the crunch. All his attempts to take over Nightmare Castle completely backfired, leading to him being frozen, squashed by a dragon then squashed by a troll. Nevertheless, Lord Fear will always personify the final four years of Nightmare, not least because only three episodes during this time (two in series 5 and one in series 7) did not feature the dark master of technomagic.

**Fear Factor: 10** Fear him, or pay the price.

**Humour Rating: 7** Always laughing at others' expense.

**Killer Instinct: 4** Never actually in person, but I would blame him for several dungeoneer mishaps.

**Oscar Standard: 10** As good as it gets.

## NICHOLAS LAM INTERVIEW

Have you ever wondered what makes Nightmare Tribute Site webmaster Nicholas tick? I am not saying that this interview is all that revealing, but it's probably your best chance to find out. My sincere thanks go to Nicholas for answering these questions.

**EYE SHIELD: When did you first start watching Nightmare?**

**NICHOLAS:** I think I more or less started watching Nightmare when it first started, although I can only remember certain scenes from Series 2 and more from Series 3. Then I saw the repeats on the Sci-Fi Channel, looking out for bits that stuck in my mind, and it was like "Ah, that was it!" I remember always wanting to tape the episodes at the time, but I

didn't start until Series 4. Then in the years that followed I found it quite frustrating that there was no way of getting to see the early series again until they were repeated - and even then I wasn't aware of the repeats until I spotted Knightmare in the Sci-Fi Channel schedules one day.

**Do you have a favourite series?**

Yes, Series 3. I think generally most fans liked Series 3 best (it's the favourite on the site "votecaster" too). Although it didn't have any winners, there were a great variety of scenes and characters. My favourite bit of the series is probably the mine cart ride - that was quite scary at the time!

**Do you have a favourite team?**

Hmm, no team in particular, but I would say my favourite teams were mostly the winners. Julian's team from Series 2 (who interestingly also appeared on Broadsword's other show, The Satellite Game, for BSB Children's Channel) were perhaps my favourite. I also liked Dickon's team from Series 4, Ben's Team from Series 5 and Barry's team from Series 7. Nearly all Knightmare winning teams have been in touch with me through the site over the past three years, and some have been very helpful in providing behind the scenes info, especially Ray from the winning team of Series 5 who supplied so many set photos, which was a real eye-opener. (Yes indeed, I killed a great deal of time between two A level exams last June in my sixth form common room looking at those - Jake.)

**Do you have a favourite character?**

Probably Mogdred; very powerful and one of the scariest things there was about Knightmare. I also liked Treguard for being the Dungeon Master, and Motley for being better than Folly.

**Did you ever audition to appear on Knightmare?**

Indeed, twice in fact (with different teams) in 1993 and 1994, in London. I also applied in 1992, but didn't get an audition (I think our application wasn't very good). Each audition was roughly fifteen to twenty minutes long and involved a role-play and a chance to ask questions to Tim Child. On the 1993 audition we were told that we were the first team to be auditioned that year. I also think my team did better in the '93 audition than in '94, but there you go.

When did you first find out that Knightmare was no longer being made? There were rumours in *The Quest*, which at the time I didn't think much of as I didn't think ITV would really cancel one of their most popular Children's shows. I did write to ITV, though, as the newsletter suggested we should. However, confirmation followed in the form of a blue letter from Tim Child, which was sent to all those who had requested an application form for Series 9. That's when I found out.

**How did you feel?**

Mad. I had a reply from ITV saying they were sorry that I was unhappy that Knightmare wasn't coming back and it was being cancelled because of falling ratings (which was inevitable anyway with the growth of satellite/cable television, but that doesn't mean it should have been stopped). There wasn't a lot we could do at the time except write to ITV or set up our own petitions, as it was difficult to communicate with other supporters (the Knightmare Adventurers' Club soon closed, and the internet wasn't widely used then). There was *The Eye Shield* fanzine, which was run by Paul McIntosh, but not many people had heard about it, as it wasn't mentioned in the last issue of *The Quest* as it was going to be. (Full details of that little cock-up in next issue's interview - Jake.)

**When and why did you set up the website?**

When I first got on the internet in 1997, I noticed that there was little information about Knightmare on it. I wanted to start a site and began experimenting with various designs, most of which were poor. Originally, I planned a small site with only a few pages, but then I thought why not put all the info I have on the web? I already had a good collection of material that could be scanned in, and videos of some series. In mid-1998, I finally designed a site template that I was happy with, and started building the pages off-line. I got into contact with Tim Child at Broadsword. He liked the idea, and wrote the History pages. By January 1999, I had completed some of each section and put everything on-line. I wasn't sure how popular it would be since Knightmare had been off the TV for a while, but once it got listed in Yahoo the visitors started coming.

**When did you first hear about TES?**

I started receiving e-mails mentioning TES. I hadn't even heard of it at the time, so I found Paul McIntosh's e-mail address through Ben Maydon's Pooka Times site. Paul filled me in on what had been happening over the previous five years, and sent me all the past issues to put on the

site. (Except issue 9, don't forget, which I sent to you - Jake.) Since part of TES's role was to establish the Bring Back Nightmare campaign, I decided to continue it on the site.

**What do you think of the new TES?**  
It's great that TES is back. Paul had been talking about bringing it back some time, so it's good that it is now back. (I hope he means that! - Jake.)

## CLASSIC QUEST

**Series 1.**

**Quest:** Squiredom.

**Dungeoneer:** Richard Wood. (Richard I.)

**Advisors:** Jonathan, Paul and Edward.

**Home county:** West Yorkshire.

**Team score:** 6 out of 10.

This was the first quest to really show any chance of winning, but it ended up failing miserably like so many others.

**Level One:** In the first room, Richard has to walk on a bridge symbol on the floor to make an iron grille bridge a pit so he can reach the exits. Another walking-on-things challenge follows, where he has to unlock a door by treading on a symbol of the Holy Grail. In the clue room the team score three out of three with Granitas, and gain full information from him. They take a bar of gold and a block of soap from the table. After dashing past a slithering snake, Richard meets Lillith. Her magic causeway is broken so she has no time to talk to her uninvited guest. Things look pretty dangerous for Richard because the causeway keeps appearing and disappearing of its own accord. Lillith tells him he will just have to cross and hope for the best. As the causeway reappears, the advisors send Richard on a mad dash across it. As he reaches the serpent's mouth, he



gives the gold to Lillith as his toll. Next is the challenge of the monster's stomach. Richard has to rub the soap on the ground to make the monster burp, which catapults him into the Corridor of the Catacombs. After a quick escape, Richard meets Folly in the wellway room. There is no well to be seen, but Folly gives the team a WELL spell when they answer a riddle correctly. Once this is cast the well appears, and Richard is sent tumbling down it, into level two.

**Level Two:** A bit of precision guidance is used to snatch a pie from under the nose of a fearsome catacombite. Cedric's room follows, where Richard has to challenge the mad monk to pass. The expected riddling contest does not happen, however, as Folly arrives and challenges Cedric to a battle of insults. Once the jester has worn down the overconfident monk, he commands him to help Richard before scurrying off. Cedric gives the team a password: *Cyclops*. The Hall of Spears follows. After a bit of panicking, the advisors safely direct their dungeoneer through. In the clue room, Richard picks up a bell and Casper the talking key. There is a locked door in the next room. Casper complains how easy it is to open as he unlocks it. On the other side is Merlin's chamber. Casper directs the team as they use their voices to guide a letter **M** that is hovering about into Merlin's chair. This causes the wizard to appear. He asks Richard three riddles. The team score two. Merlin rewards them with a SHIELD spell. Richard leaves Casper with Merlin before moving on. In the wellway room, he is able to give the password to a grumpy guard and earn passage to level three; the first dungeoneer ever to do so.

**Level Three:** As Richard stands in a cave littered with bones, Treguard warns the team that level three is very dangerous. After a skeleton stands up, the advisors quickly direct Richard out. In the clue room, they are faced with the choice of a dagger, a bottle labelled *sniff* and a horn. Victory is being handed to them on a silver platter but they just don't see it! They reject the horn in favour of the dagger, thus sealing their fate. They then use the *sniff* potion to confuse some hungry cavernwights, and cheer up the depressed gargoyle, but when they reach the Wall of Jericho they are unable to pass without the horn. Treguard explains their mistake before dismissing them. Once they are outside the castle, he tells them that they are the champions because their quest has been the longest so far. This event brings the end of the first series, so Richard and friends are to remain the Knightmare champions. Well, for a while at least.

**Summary:** A promising if disorganised team who stupidly passed up the chance to win by forgetting one of the most important rules of the quest: do not take weapons!

## CREATURE FEATURE

This issue's offering comes from Ben Maydon of Enfield. Thank you for writing this for me, Ben, and I hope you feel proud to see it in print. In the past, Ben has made no secret of his liking for pookas. Here is what he really thinks of them.

Series 4/5/6/7. Level 1/2/3.

### **POOKAS.**

Pookas are Celtic sprites that are closely related to faeries. They originated in Cornwall and are described in folklore as being generally mischievous. Shakespeare's Puck was derived from pookas, and you can see this in the antics of the little elfin-boy from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Pookas are shape-shifters, but they cannot change shape to anything they like, as boggarts can. However, they can take affiliation with one particular animal, and the pooka will instantly assume the image of that animal. Ergo, they may appear as dog-pookas, cat-pookas, bird-pookas, etc.

In *Knightmare*, Lord Fear used plant-pookas to scare off the dungeoneers, hence the leaves and green appearance of the creatures on the programme. Plant-pookas are generally bolder than animal-pookas, which are usually quite shy. Although they are very friendly creatures, pookas will not usually make friends with humans out of choice. The *Knightmare* pookas attacked dungeoneers because they were magically

brainwashed, presumably by Lord Fear.

**Fear Factor:** 7 A floating green thing making weird noises is not to be ignored.

**Killer Instinct:** 0 Never even touched a dungeoneer.

**Humanity:** 3 Only if they assume a human shape.

**Gore Factor:** 7 Plant pookas are so gruesome!

## I THINK I READ SOMEWHERE

**KNIGHTMARE: The Forbidden Gate.**

Published by Yearling in 1992.

Written by Dave Morris.

**Plot:** Written for younger readers than the previous books, the protagonists of this story are Samantha, Jimmy and Pippa, three young teens from South London. They discover an old path called *Babylon Walk*, from where a mysterious dog follows them home. Sam gives him the name Gobble. After spending a disturbed night in Sam's garden, Gobble runs off back down the mysterious path. Sam, Jimmy and Pippa follow him, and stumble upon the ancient keep called Knightmare Castle. Here, Lord Fear has imprisoned Treguard in a magic mirror and is ready to seize the power of Knightmare. He tricks the youngsters into trusting him and locks them in a room that also contains the mirror that holds Treguard. Blessed with a sixth sense, Pippa is able to hear Treguard warning them not to trust Lord Fear. The others do not believe her, until Jimmy accidentally breaks the mirror and releases the true Lord of Knightmare. Along with his servant Pickle, Treguard leads the youngsters into the depths of the caverns below Knightmare Castle to find and defeat Lord Fear, as he and

his minions try to find and kill Smirkenorff. Fear seeks to bathe his sceptre in the dragon's blood and achieve infinite power. Can Treguard, Pickle, Sam, Jimmy and Pippa stop him? What do you think?

**Quest section:** This quest is for a dragon's egg. You choose a skill from a list that you are given beforehand, which will hopefully help you to find employment in the dockside town where your quest begins. In terms of helping you complete the quest, no skill is useless but some are a lot more useful than others. You need to earn forty gold pieces to get you aboard the galleon *Pendragon*, which sails to the Draconis Islands, where the sleeping dragon and her eggs are located. If you cannot find employment in the town, you may be able to help Hordriss get rid of a demon, in which case you not only get your berth for the ship but also a useful spell to use later on. There are other useful objects you can buy or earn in the town, but don't trust any shifty pirates who offer you help as they'll catch up with you later and steal your dragon's egg, if you get one. The voyage on the ship is not uneventful. Captain Tarbuck often asks your advice about what to do, for example picking up shipwreck survivors and going ashore. You also have to find out whether to steer south-east or south-west to reach the Draconis Isles. As for the crew, tread carefully with them; they may turn you off the ship if they don't like you. Once you reach the Draconis Isles, you must descend into the volcano, find the dragon and steal one of her eggs: Hordriss's magic is useful here. If you don't have any magic, you have to rely on luck that the dragon won't see and destroy you. After you have the egg, you have to get back to the dock where you arrived. If you haven't fallen foul of any pirates or the crew of the *Pendragon*, you will be picked up and taken back with no problems. If you do get stranded, your only hope is that you have the SEAMANSHIP skill, allowing you to build your own boat and escape. If you don't have this skill, you are stranded forever. If you make it back, you can give the egg to Treguard. But he won't be too pleased if you've stupidly taken a large rock instead of an egg!

### **Characters from the main story.**

**Sam:** She is very surprised to find the mysterious path and even more surprised to meet Gobble. After persuading her parents to let her keep the dog, Sam soon realises that someone is after Gobble; someone he fears very much.

**Jimmy:** Sam's younger brother feels somewhat out of place spending the summer with his sister and her friend Pippa, but he is keen to be involved in their adventure. He likes playing computer games, but also finds it very annoying that he never wins them.

**Pippa:** She may be blind, but her sixth sense allows her to see what is going on in Nightmare Castle much more clearly than Sam and Jimmy. She has come to stay with them for the holidays, and is excited to find an adventure waiting for her.

**Gobble:** He belongs to Skarkill, and escapes his cruel master by following Sam home. But his master is hot on his heels, trying to get him back. But having met Sam and co., his allegiance has switched to them from Lord Fear. Whose side will he take in the final battle? Whose do you think?

**Sam and Jimmy's parents:** They reluctantly agree to let Gobble stay in their house, but regret it that night when he howls continuously.

**Gypsy boy:** The strange gypsy who asks Sam for a glass of water is clearly a servant of Fear who has come to collect Gobble. He fails, as Sam sees him trying to hypnotise the hound and throws the water at him. I think he's probably Skarkill in disguise, as they are both described as *lanky*.

**Lord Fear:** He has imprisoned Treguard in a mirror that no amount of effort will break, and has gathered all his minions together so that they can all invade Smirkenorff's lair. He is not pleased when three uninvited visitors start to interfere with his plans.

**Aesandre:** The winter witch is sceptical of Fear's claims that his magic mirror will hold Treguard indefinitely, but is very keen to be part of his horde of minions so that she might have a share of the promised power.

**Skarkill:** The goblin master is not in Fear's good books for letting Gobble escape. But the worst is to come as his hound turns against him.

**Grippa and Rhark:** The two goblins fear that Treguard will escape and stop Fear's plan. However, they are compelled to follow their master on his quest for glory.

**Treguard:** He is released from his glass prison when Jimmy accidentally smashes it, because no effort went into breaking it. Once Pippa has persuaded the others to trust the Dungeon Master, Treguard swears to look after them as they go to stop Lord Fear.

**Pickle:** Still faithfully following Treguard after their last adventure, Pickle's faerie magic is a great help to the group as they negotiate the caverns below the castle.

**Smirkenorff:** Fortunately Lord Fear does not get to bathe his sceptre in the dragon's blood. As the youngsters leave Nightmare Castle, Pippa looks back - having been told not to by Treguard - and sees Smirkenorff taking to the skies. This is a very special experience for Pippa; I won't insult your intelligence by telling you why.

## MY KNIGHTMARE STORY

The '90s are well underway, and in Harpenden, so is Nightmare.

**1993:** By February, the first three Nightmare books were in my possession. Again, I stuck mainly to the quest sections (which provided a welcome link with earlier series), but I was thrilled to have the whole set. In September, Nightmare series seven arrived. I started taping and documenting it. I was slightly disappointed not to see Pickle and Motley, but I liked the inclusion of Lissard and Brollachan. A short way into this series, we got a new video machine. It was a ghastly ex-rental contraption, but I was forced to use it to record most of series seven. The VCR that had recorded three-and-a-bit series of Nightmare for me went to live in my parents' bedroom. The success of two teams at the end of series seven was thrilling. After seeing an advert for *The Dragon's Lair* in December, we went to Bunty's and found the latest Nightmare book. I was happy that it was for younger readers, like *The Forbidden Gate*, so I could enjoy both the story and the quest section.

**1994:** I started secondary school on Wednesday September 7<sup>th</sup> 1994, and Knightmare began two days later on Friday 9<sup>th</sup>; the thought of the new series kept me going through my first three days, and, indeed, the whole of the first half term. I enjoyed watching it as I had always done, and enjoyed all the new aspects to the quest. I was really pleased to see Motley back amongst the cast. It is only now I am older that I have started looking at series eight with a more critical eye, and enjoying it less than the others. I was surprised and disappointed to see that the series was going to end in the week after the half term holiday, but did not think it signified anything important. I enjoyed seeing Dunston win in the final episode, but was outraged at the lack of some final words of wisdom from Treguard. There was no book advertised at the end of the episode, so I assumed none had been published.

**1995:** I was due to go to Butlins in Bognor Regis with most of my fellow year sevens for three days on March 5<sup>th</sup> 1995. My mum took me to Bunty's to buy a new book to read in bed while I was away. I was shocked but pleased to find a seventh Knightmare book waiting for me. *Lord Fear's Domain* was an enjoyable read, and most of the puzzles were fun. I was slightly disappointed at the lack of a quest section, but not inordinately. In the summer of that year, I was holidaying with my mum and Rosey in West Sussex, as we had done every year that I could remember. In very early September, we were all standing in a supermarket queue in *Costcutter* in Pulborough when I noticed a copy of the *Radio Times* bearing the subtitle *New Season*. Hoping - indeed assuming - that it would hold news of series nine of Knightmare, I made my mum buy it for me. In the car, I turned straight to Friday's television. But instead of Knightmare at twenty to five there was Fun House! My heart missed a beat. I flicked through the other days, searching desperately for that glorious word, but I could not find it. I shakily told my mum the bad news. She said that perhaps it was going to start later in the month, but I took little comfort from this. Soon I had started to sob.

Concerned, my mum stopped the car on Wiggonholt Common and I sat and cried for several minutes on a large log. My mum sat with me and tried to comfort me, inwardly cursing the day she had encouraged me to try CITV's new medieval game show, while Rosey stomped about on the common complaining about the fuss I was making. A bit later, at the Arun Hotel in Pulborough, my mum phoned up Anglia Television in Norwich. After a few minutes of disappointed but accepting noises, she replaced

the receiver and told me what I was dreading to hear: there would be no ninth series of *Knightmare* that year. She told me that Anglia had told her that the best thing I could do if I wanted to see another series was to write for a fact sheet about the *Knightmare Adventurers' Club*, as it was hoped that this would continue.

Back in Harpenden the next week, I sent an SAE to the address for the KAC I found in the back of *The Forbidden Gate*. A few weeks later, I received a letter from Susan Child thanking me for my continued interest in *Knightmare*, as well as several back issues of *The Quest*. The latest one explained that *Knightmare* was no more because CITV did not want it any longer. It also presented me with the opportunity to buy the *Knightmare* board game at a reduced price. Despite my disappointment, I had several fascinating hours of reading, and later of playing the board game as well. Another letter from Anglia told me that a cable channel was negotiating to buy all eight series of *Knightmare* - my thoughts immediately turned to getting cable. Another sheet of paper told me that Paul McIntosh of Newcastle was hoping to continue the KAC, and I should write to him if I still wanted to be a part of it. This I duly did.

In late October, Paul wrote back and told me he was going to start producing a *Knightmare* fanzine, and to write for a fact sheet about it in two weeks. He also mentioned that *Knightmare* would definitely be on cable television soon. Curious as to which channel it might be on, I bought a satellite television guide from W. H. Smith in Harpenden, and was shocked to see that *Knightmare* was scheduled to begin on the Sci-Fi Channel the following Wednesday, November 1<sup>st</sup>. There was no way we could get cable by then! The only thing I could think of to do was to write to Paul McIntosh and tell him of my disappointment. On November 1<sup>st</sup> at about four in the afternoon - when *Knightmare* was scheduled to show - I got a phone call from Paul. He told me that a neighbour of his was recording *Knightmare* as he spoke, and he might consider a tape trade at some point in the future. I had to be satisfied with that for now.

I thanked Paul and continued to keep in close contact with him throughout November. He told me all his plans for launching his fanzine - which was to be named *The Eye Shield* - and I became very excited about it. I sent off an SAE and fifty pence to Paul on December 4<sup>th</sup>, and received TES issue 1 in no time. I enjoyed reading it immensely, and wrote a letter to Paul telling him so. As 1995 drew to a close, I felt many things: disappointment at *Knightmare's* demise; unease at not knowing when or if



I was going to get to see series one, two and three again; and happiness, because the advent of Paul McIntosh and TES had begun.

With The Eye Shield up and running, it seemed as though Nightmare had a whole new lease of life. But for how long would it last? Read the final part of this article in May, as I explore 1996 to 2002.

## PUZZLE PAGE TWO

Here I have provided you with one series and twelve associated words. The rest is up to you.

B	Y	H	E	U	L	H	I	E	J	K	B	M	I	O	O	P	E	A	B
B	Y	C	A	V	E	R	N	W	R	A	I	T	H	B	Y	H	E	U	L
B	Y	H	E	U	L	H	I	E	J	K	B	R	B	Y	H	E	U	L	H
O	O	Q	C	M	W	U	E	F	G	E	M	O	O	W	E	O	O	R	O
C	F	T	A	U	T	O	M	A	T	U	M	L	F	N	M	F	C	M	C
L	J	Y	V	A	E	F	U	R	L	T	I	L	J	M	G	J	L	C	L
O	U	U	E	B	Y	H	E	U	L	H	L	M	U	M	F	U	O	E	O
E	S	U	R	M	W	U	E	F	O	D	D	W	S	O	O	S	E	D	E
B	T	G	N	E	O	U	S	G	C	F	R	S	T	G	C	T	B	R	B
M	I	O	W	X	L	A	E	F	L	V	E	B	I	D	L	I	M	I	M
R	C	F	I	Y	A	B	Y	H	E	U	A	E	C	R	O	D	R	C	R
M	E	J	G	Z	F	A	E	F	U	R	D	F	E	E	E	W	M	G	M
G	K	U	H	B	Y	H	E	U	L	H	I	E	J	D	B	A	G	N	G
O	J	S	T	X	O	O	A	E	F	G	A	E	F	U	M	R	O	B	O
M	L	T	A	S	F	F	G	M	W	U	E	F	G	E	R	F	A	E	M
B	K	I	I	U	J	J	R	B	Y	H	E	U	L	H	I	E	J	K	B
O	O	C	O	P	U	U	E	A	E	F	U	R	L	T	K	O	A	O	B
C	F	E	Z	I	S	S	T	A	L	I	S	M	A	N	A	E	F	F	N
L	J	Y	H	E	U	L	E	M	W	U	E	F	G	E	M	W	U	J	M
O	U	M	W	U	E	F	L	B	Y	H	E	U	L	H	I	E	J	K	M

AUTOMATUM  
CAVERNWIGHT  
CAVERNWRAITH  
CEDRIC  
DWARF  
GRETEL

IGNEOUS  
MILDREAD  
MOGDRED  
OLAF  
TALISMAN  
TROLL

## A LAST RESORT

—  
Welcome to the belated fourth chapter of Carl Bateson's mammoth story. There is *a lot* more to come over the next five issues, so I hope you all enjoy it. My thanks to Carl for sending the continuation of the tale to me. You should read the first three chapters - in TES issues 7, 8 and 9 - before reading this one. I will say as a little reminder that the Celts are mounting a war against Lord Fear, and the questing team consisting of Matt, James and John, seeking a way to save the Dungeon from Green Magic, have just been set down in the Rift of Angar by Smirkenorff.

The team had been walking through the bog for almost five minutes. On several occasions they were scared to a halt by a strange whining, echoing around then cliffs. After another five minutes James caught sight of a portal against one of the steep cliffs. He also caught a glimpse of figures moving far up ahead. By the time the company reached the portal, John finally tagged the figures as goblins. The mist was blocking all sight and the stalking goblins were rapidly fading from view.

John advanced, to try and keep the goblins in his sight. They seemed uncontrolled as they cautiously advanced, covering little ground. One held his club aloft. Another gripped a large bone, probably belonging to a left arm. He let it drag behind him, as several others followed with their own versions of crude weapons. John was amazed by their extreme difference to the usual monsters that roam the huge grounds of Nightmare Castle. Suddenly he halted his advance. The mist hid all signs of the cliffs. His heart sank. From which direction had he come? He spun rapidly, trying to locate signs of the monochrome shapes of his team. Wet mud splashed up his trousers as he toppled head-first into the marshland. The goblins

watched as John ran around like a crazy horse. The strange whines filled the air. By now John was terrified and bore tears in his eyes. His hands rubbed against a cool bank of mud, as he guided himself through the thick fog. The whines were accompanied by distant echoing footsteps, attacking his ears from all directions. John had had enough. He broke down onto his knees, and curled up.

James panicked as he grabbed John by the thick jumper he was wearing. He shivered in the cold and the fear as Matt helped him through the portal. No one helped John to his feet. Both James and Matt were angry for the trouble he had caused. He panted behind them as they explored a small corridor with a high ceiling. James ran his fingers across the stone wall. It was damp and the air smelt reasonably foul. The corridor continued up ahead to a portal at the far end. Suddenly there was a flash of light. Sparks flew out from its sources as a high pitched squeal narrowly fell short of the ear pain threshold. The light faded to reveal a young lady, dressed in a colourful pink dress. She seemed surprised as she stepped away to reveal a strange bright spot where she had teleported in. Sparks occasionally flew and extinguished themselves in front of the team. The woman gasped in the expression *what have I done now?*

James held a fist up to his mouth and quietly coughed, in attempt to win the attention of the woman. She refused to respond.

"Hello?" he finally said, trying to sound polite.

The woman suddenly swung her head around.

"Oh, hello!" she said, preoccupied.

"Something the problem?" James eventually asked.

The woman paused before turning to face them.

"Yes. I've been trying this teleport spell for weeks now. I've finally managed it, but something has not quite turned out right."

She peered cautiously at the light source. Sparks still flew and landed onto the cold stone floor.

"Father will be so mad. He'll give me lectures about *not disturbing what I do not understand and the consequences of such actions.*"

"Your father?" James asked.

"Yes," she replied. "He's a wizard. Well, he's sort of a mage now."

Matt suddenly realised whom they were conversing with.

"You're Sidriss, aren't you?"

"You've heard of me" she responded. "Well, that's not surprising. Everybody knows my father. His name is Hordriss the Confuser. He wanted me to be called Sidriss the Confused! Can you believe that?"

"Yes, I can."

Sidriss's attention turned to John, who was shivering in the corner.

"Oh, what's happened to you?" she asked with concern. "I would try a spell to warm you up, but I tried it on someone back at Wolfenden, and I accidentally turned them into a goblin!"

Just then a series of sparks flew out in front of them.

"Unless I can stabilise this field, it'll continue growing!" Sidriss exclaimed. "Father probably has already detected it!"

"What do you need to stabilise it?" James asked. "Magic?"

Her expression was of confusion. James handed Sidriss the *stabilise* potion. Sidriss gingerly took off the lid and carefully smelt the liquid inside.

"Can I use it?" she requested.

"What advantage will it have to us?" Matt asked.

"Well - since it does stabilise - this should make some sort of crude, short- lasting portal out of it - leading to where I came from."

Sidriss paused to think.

"Or was that a broken Elf mirror?" she wondered. "No, definitely a ruptured portal."

"Where did you come from?" asked Matt.

"A lot further into level two."

Suddenly the noise of footsteps echoed around the four of them. John panicked as he retreated to the back wall.

"Trolls!" he said, his whole body shaking.

"No!" Sidriss said. "Trolls sound more... stony. This one is..."

She made clicking noises to the texture and rhythm of the steps, not yet totally aware of the danger she was in.

"It's almost like... a hobgoblin."

She was right. Down the corridor stood a large, ugly hobgoblin. The smell of rotting flesh drifted towards the team as a small compliment of goblins scurried around the large feet of the towering giant hobgoblin.

"What are those goblins around its feet - I've never seen goblins like that before!" Sidriss said, hurriedly reopening the bottle.

"Just like those I saw at the Rift of Angar" John explained.

James backed into Matt by accident.

"Could those be that supposedly extinct race of Mountain Goblins that we've been warned about?"

"Impossible to tell" Matt began "We don't even know what one looks like. Someone who's a veteran of the Dungeon would have a better knowledge - such as Treguard."

"Unfortunately we do not have the ability to contact him," James said. "But for the moment, our number one priority is to get out of here!"

The goblins slowly advanced.

"Sidriss, how's that portal coming on?" Matt bellowed.

"Nearly done" she replied, throwing the liquid onto the teleport rupture. The light of the rupture darkened until a flickering portal appeared.

"Quickly - it won't last for long!"

With this, Sidriss leapt through the portal. The others followed quickly behind. They reappeared safely at a far away location, just as the portal completely collapsed, and disappeared, leaving only a few, unsettled leaves.

Sidriss stepped out of some shade and into the sun. It was mid-winter and the sun projected little heat. Scattered around the area were tall rocks, some shaped little staircases - a natural masterpiece. Although they were not in any apparent danger, Sidriss looked considerably lost.

"What's the matter?" James finally asked

"This is not where I came from. Something's wrong."

"Then where are we?" Matt asked.

"Deep into level two. The Rocks of Bruin."

**What adventures await the boys in the Rocks of Bruin? Read *A Last Resort* next time to find out.**

## POETRY CORNER

You read about Martin, Lee, Jamie and Darren in prose in issue 11. Now enjoy their quest in a different way.

Yorkshire grit and northern guile,  
Let's watch Martin for a while.  
The hungry shark was first to beat,  
Then the fire room's blazing heat.

In the kitchen jesters dwell,  
Motley gave a ghostly spell.  
Golgarach popped out of his wall,  
And Martin got the key so small.  
It freed Velda from her chains,  
She made a contribution to Martin's gains.  
Through the wall as a scary ghost,  
The wellway guard away did coast.  
In level two the wheel spun fast,  
Then Oracle led onto Merlin at last.  
The CURE spell brought back Motley's voice,  
He had to help them; he had no choice!  
Down the mineshaft Martin trundled,  
Then into level three was bundled.  
Here Owen's riddle stumped them well,  
The dragon gave no precious spell.  
Merlin gave comfort in his room,  
But for Martin lying ahead was doom.  
Morghanna could not be deterred,  
It was she who had the last word.

## NEXT ISSUE DETAILS

That's it for now, but please come back and join me for The Eye Shield issue fifteen in May 2002. You'll be able to read an interview with a very exciting subject: TES founder Paul McIntosh! Carl Bateson is very keen that you read the fifth chapter of his gigantic story, and I'm sure Laurie Marks will be pleased for you to finish reading his. You will also be able to finish reading *My Nightmare Story*. A new quest begins in *Adventure Time*. What do you get when you cross a dungeoneer with a goblin? Find out in *Classic Quest*. There's an explosion imminent in *Remember This?* Steel your nerve for *I Think I Read Somewhere* as we enter *The Dragon's Lair*. There's a sorry tale to be told in *Poetry Corner*. Watch out for misguided spells from Hordriss's daughter as I ask if you can *Remember Her?* And if you've got arachnophobia, you definitely shouldn't read *Creature Feature*. It's all coming in May, so keep your eyes peeled for it

then. In the meantime, I shall bid you farewell in the style of this issue's *Remember Him?* - DISMISS!