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Return of the White Witch (October 1988)
The Magician's Rings (December 1988)
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Based on
The Chronicles of Narnia
by C.S. Lewis

THE LOST CROWNS OF CAIR PARAVELTM

by **Gerald Lientz**

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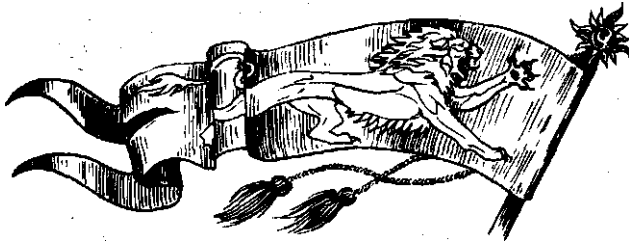
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BERKLEY BOOKS, NEW YORK

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LAND OF NARNIA

Based on the works of one of the greatest fantasy writers of all time, *Narnia Solo Games*™ invite the reader into the magical realm of daring children, talking animals, evil witches, Asian the Lion, and noble kings and queens. The enchanted land of Narnia, rich in conflict and wonder, provides the perfect background for solo games. Welcome to the fantasy and excitement of C.S. Lewis' Narnia!



THE FOUNDING OF NARNIA

Near the very beginning (but not quite exactly at it), the Lion named Asian opened his mouth and blew a long, warm breath over the creatures who stood in a wide circle around him. There were rabbits and moles and badgers. There were dogs and leopards and horses. There was even a pair of elephants! The beasts swayed as though pushed by a strong wind, and clear, silvery voices from beyond the sky (it was the stars) sang in chorus. A quick flashlike lightning (that burnt nobody) made every drop of blood in the animals' bodies tingle. Then Asian spoke in a deep, wild voice.



"Narnia, Narnia, Narnia, awake. Love. Think. Speak. Be walking trees. Be talking beasts. Be divine waters."

Wild people stepped out from the trees, gods and goddesses of the wood holding the hands of Fauns and Dwarfs and Satyrs. The river god and his Naiad daughters rose from the watery depths of the river. All these and all the beasts answered the Lion in their different voices, low or high, thick or clear.

"Hail, Aslan. We hear and obey. We are awake. We love. We think. We speak. We know."

Thus Narnia became the land of the Talking Animals, waking trees, and living waters. It was not a country of men (as Trufflehunter the Badger later told Prince Caspian), but it was a country for a man to be King of. At the Lion's order, the Dwarfs forged two crowns from a tree of true gold; they set the one with rubies and the other with emeralds. When the crowns had been cooled in the river, Aslan placed them on the heads of King Frank and Queen Helen in solemn ritual.

"Rise up King and Queen of Narnia, father and mother of many Kings that shall be in Narnia and the Isles and Archenland. Be just and merciful and brave. The blessing is upon you."

The royal pair and their children lived happily in that pleasant land. The boys married nymphs and the girls married wood-gods and river-gods. The second son became King of Archenland, and his descendants were always great friends to their cousins in Narnia. And their subjects prospered in joy and peace.

Many hundreds of years later, evil came to Narnia. A wicked Witch brought the snow and ice of everlasting winter: a winter that would last one hundred years without Christmas or Spring. Four children (named Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy) brought an end to her rule and took the four thrones in Cair Paravel at Aslan's command.

ADVENTURE IN NARNIA

Now, Aslan will challenge you to show honor, courage, and courtesy during your own adventures in Narnia. But fear not — if you fail to do the Lion's bidding, just play again! And keep in mind Prince Rilian's words to Jill, Eustace, and Puddleglum the Marshwiggle:

"Friends, when once a man is launched on such an adventure as this, he must bid farewell to hopes and fears, otherwise death or deliverance will both come too late to save his honor and reason."



Go now, and seek the adventure that
Aslan sends!

KEY SHEET

Character Record

Name: _____

Skill	Bonus
Fighting	_____
Trickery	_____
Action	_____
Talking	_____
Perception	_____
Inner Strength	_____

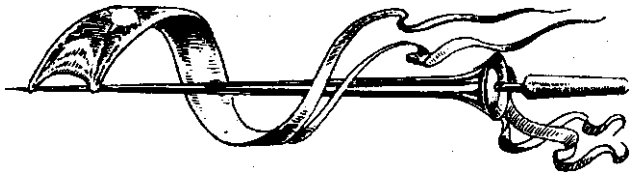
Treasures & Equipment:

NOTES:

- 1 _____
- 2 _____
- 3 _____
- 4 _____
- 5 _____
- 6 _____
- 7 _____
- 8 _____
- 9 _____
- 10 _____
- 11 _____

USING THE GAMEBOOK

The gamebook describes hazards, situations, and locations that may be encountered during your adventures. As you read the text sections, you will be given choices as to what actions you may take. What section you read will depend the directions and whether the actions you attempt succeed or fail.



THE GAMEBOOK

Text sections are labeled with three-digit numbers (e.g., "123"). Read each section only when told to do so. Often text sections will direct your "movement" in areas described by the text. In these cases, it can be very useful for you to keep track of what you encounter and where you go (i.e., you should record and map your path of travel).

KEYS

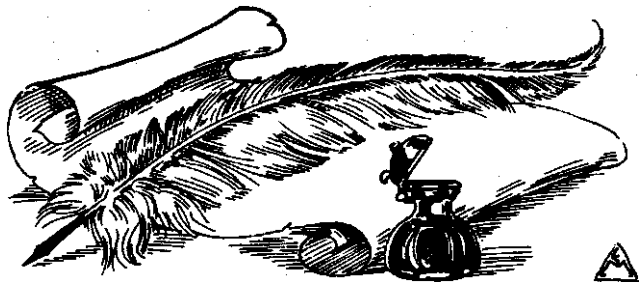
In this gamebook, you may gain information and take actions that may be important later on. So the text will sometimes instruct you to: *Check Key xx* ("xx" is a number). When this occurs, check the appropriate box on the "Key Sheet" found at the beginning of the book (use a pencil). You should also record the information gained and note the text section number on the line next to the box. You may copy or photocopy these sheets for your own use.

PICKING A NUMBER

Many times during your adventures you will need to *pick a number* (between 2 and 12). There are several ways for you to do this:

- 1) If you have two six-sided dice, roll them. The result is the number which you have picked. (You can also roll one six-sided die twice and add the results.) **or**
- 2) Flip to a random page in the book and look at the small boxed number in the inside, bottom corner of the page. This number is the number which you have picked, **or**
- 3) Turn to the Random Number Table at the end of this gamebook, use a pencil (or finger or pen or similar object), close your eyes, and touch the Random Number Table with the pencil. The number touched is the number which you have *picked*. If your pencil falls on a line, try again.

Whenever you are instructed to ***pick a number*** and add a "*bonus*", treat results of more than 12 as "12" and treat results of less than 2 as "2".



YOUR CHARACTER

CHOOSING A CHARACTER

There are two ways to choose a character:

- 1) You can use the completely created character provided on the opposite page. If you choose this option, read the "Background" section just before the "Prologue", **or**
- 2) You can create your own character using the blank *Character Record* and the simple character development system included in the next section of this book.

TREASURES AND EQUIPMENT

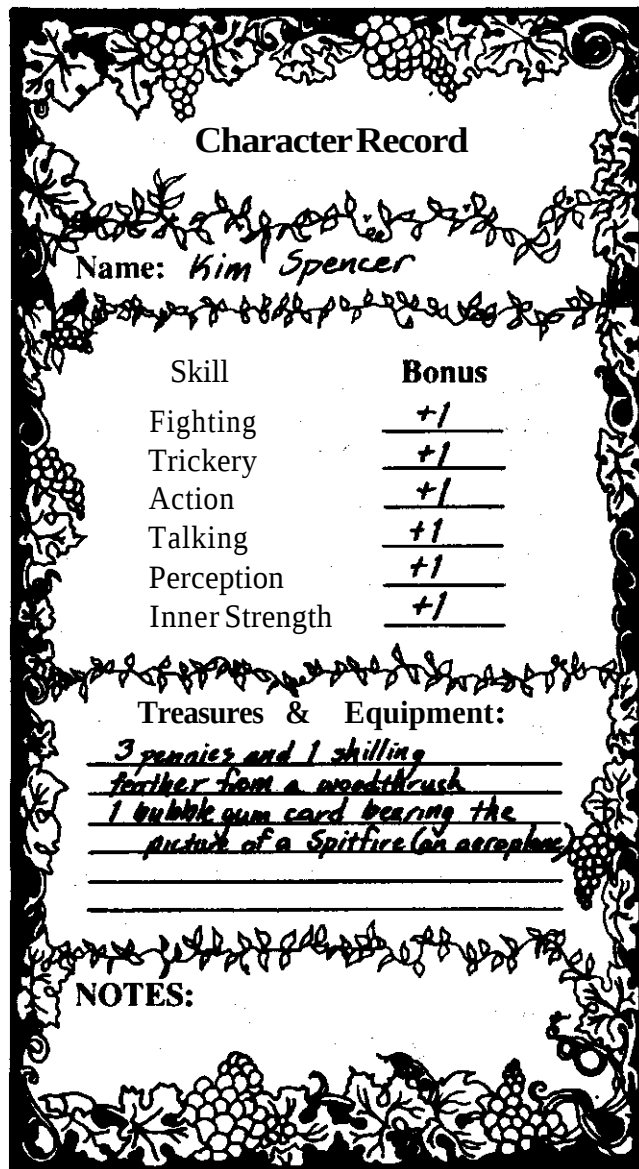
Whenever you acquire treasures and equipment, record them on your *Character Record* in the provided spaces. Certain equipment may affect your abilities; the text will show you how.

SKILL BONUSES

For each skill on your *Character Record*, you have a Bonus that is used when you attempt certain actions. When the text instructs you to "add your bonus", it is referring to these *Skill Bonuses*. For an explanation of these skills refer to the Creating Your Own Character section.

STARTING TO PLAY

After reading the rules above, begin your adventures by reading the Prologue found after the rules section. From this point on, read sections as indicated by the text.



Character Record

Name: *Kim Spencer*

Skill	Bonus
Fighting	<u>+1</u>
Trickery	<u>+1</u>
Action	<u>+1</u>
Talking	<u>+1</u>
Perception	<u>+1</u>
Inner Strength	<u>+1</u>

Treasures & Equipment:

3 pennies and 1 shilling
further from a woodthrush
1 bubble gum card bearing the
picture of a Spitfire (an aeroplane)

NOTES:

CREATING YOUR OWN CHARACTER

If you do not want to create your own character, use the pre-created character found in the front of this book. If you decide to create your own character, follow the directions given in this section. Keep track of your character on the blank *Character Record* found in the front of this book. It is advisable to enter information in pencil so that it can be erased and updated. If necessary, you may copy or photocopy this *Character Record* for your own use.

As you go through this character creation process, refer to the pre-created character on the preceding page as an example.

SKILLS

The following "Skill Areas" affect your chance of undertaking a successful action during your adventures.

- 1) **Fighting Skill:** This skill reflects your ability to fight.
- 2) **Trickery Skill:** Use this skill when trying to move without being seen or heard (i.e., sneaking), trying to steal or take something, picking a lock, escaping from bonds, etc.
- 3) **Action Skill:** Use this skill when directed to perform certain physical activities by the text, including: Running away, Swimming, Climbing, Tracking, Hunting, and Riding.

- 4) **Talking Skill:** This skill reflects your ability to talk with and gain information from intelligent beings.
- 5) **Perception Skill:** This skill reflects how much information you gather through observation and exploration.
- 6) **Inner Strength:** Not really a skill, it is a representation of your goodness and your resistance to the forces of evil. During an adventure it may change due to your actions and reactions.

SKILL BONUSES

For each of these skills, you will have a Skill Bonus that is used when you attempt certain actions. When the text instructs you to "*add your bonus*" it is referring to these Skill Bonuses. Keep in mind that these "bonuses" can be negative as well as positive.

When you start your character, you have six "+1 bonuses" to assign to your skills.

You may assign more than one "+1 bonuses" to a given skill, but no more than three to any one skill. Thus, two "+1 bonuses" assigned to a skill will be a "+2 bonus", and three "+1 bonuses" will be a "+3 bonus". Each of these bonuses should be recorded in the space next to the appropriate skill on your Character Record.

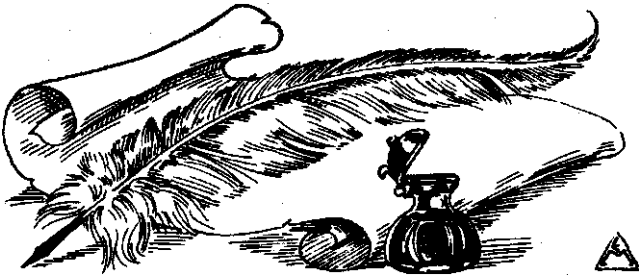
If you do not assign any "+1 bonuses" to a skill, you must record a "-2 bonus" in that space.

During play you may acquire equipment or injuries that may affect your bonuses. Record these modifications in the "Bonus" spaces.

BACKGROUND

(Read this section if you are using the Pre-created Character)

The Christmas holidays are only two weeks away, and the first snowfall of the year sifts down from grey skies. You snuggle into the quilt tucked under your toes and watch the snowflakes dance outside. The window seat of your bedchamber at school is such a cozy nook. Many times over the past months you've curled there with your sketchbook, drawing oak trees whose boughs tap the window pane, or the seashells you collected last summer, or the griffon in the story you're writing.



Not that you can do any sketching now. The Barfield twins have seen to that! You curl your fingers into fists, remembering Theodore's taunts that "artists are sissies and cowards." You'd have bloodied *his nose* fast enough if Rupert hadn't held your favorite drawing (the portrait of Hild of the Golden Braid and Gwyneth of the Kirtle Verdegri garbed in their enchanted mail offish scales) in his grubby hands, ready to rip it in two!

Was Theodore right? Are you a coward? Hesitation cost you dearly. The bully snatched your sketchbook from your satchel while his twin dangled the portrait of Hild and Gwyneth mere inches above a muddy puddle in the courtyard. If you'd kicked his shins, you might have lost one drawing, but not all!

When you told Hubert Childesgate (one of the older fellows who chums with your cousin Harold) what happened, he threw his book bag against the wall. "Those poisonous little squirts! I'll teach them to bully and steal! I'll get your sketches back, Kim. And those brats shan't dare bother you again!"

But what if Rupert and Theodore threw your sketchbook down the well or into the ash barrels behind the kitchen? You may never see it again! Tears fill your eyes. If only you were home for the holidays! Mother would bake shortbread and buttercream cookies and fruitcake. And Father would take down his fiddle and play such jigs that even the cats would dance! There would be sleigh rides, games of Hunt the Slipper and Tig with your cousins, and caroling by starlight.

You sit up straighter and dry your cheeks. Your great-aunt Edith (the spunkiest old lady you know) would be there, too. She'd say, "'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where thieves break through and steal. For where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.' What do they teach them in these schools?" You give a chuckle. She'd be quite right! Your sketchbook may be lost forever (or it may not), but so many nice things (the lacy snowflakes, the cosy quilt, and your favorite teddy bear) gather round you in this moment that you can't stay sad!



THE LOST CROWNS OF CAIR PARAVEL

by Gerald Lientz

PROLOGUE

In morning classes (one bright day after the recent snow-fall), your teacher, Mrs. Hilary Higgenbotham, makes an exciting announcement: you and other students excelling in literature will travel to London to see a special production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Even Theodore and Rupert Barfield and Eliza Chesterton (who consider themselves far too superior to enjoy the petty entertainments of school children) are excited by the prospect of the journey.

And you are far from disappointed. The theatre sets make you believe that you are lost on a lush, tropical island with Prospero and Miranda. The winged Ariel enchants your imagination, and soon you are far from the London playhouse, lost in a world of young love and castaway adventures. When the curtain falls the final time, it seems only minutes have passed, though you have been in the theatre for hours. You struggle to keep your face calm so that your more worldly companions will not mock your delight.

You and the other children stay with a London teacher, Miss Polly Plummer. After a hearty supper of roast beef, potatoes, carrots, and beans, you file from the dining room into her parlor. She encourages you to discuss the play, while the cheerful, dancing fire in the hearth warms your faces.

"Oh, it was all right," says Theodore Barfield.

"Yes," Eliza adds. "We got to stay away from school for a night, and that's nice enough."

"Is that the only thing you enjoyed?" Miss Plummer asks, a bit distressed by their indifference. "Didn't the story excite you? Wouldn't you like to travel someday to a land no one else can find?"

"But there is no such place! Is there?" you ask timidly.

"Certainly there is no such place," Theodore insists. "That sort of thing is for kids."

"Do you truly believe that?" the teacher asks, amused.



"Of course we believe it," Eliza replies, with a smirk. "We're not babies!"

The teacher frowns and studies the children seated around her. When she looks at you, it feels as though she is looking right into your heart. "I think I shall tell you a story," she continues, "a tale of a time long ago, when I was your age, and was permitted to visit such a place."

Beginning with the familiar 'once upon a time,' she tells a lovely story of how she and her friend Digory Kirke travelled on a flying horse, high into the cool green mountains of a land no one believed was real. But the lakes there were real — icy blue waters of melted snow, and dense forests filled with emerald and sapphire colored birds. There, below peaks glittering with ice, they found an apple tree. By permission of the lord of the valley, Digory took an apple from the tree. A sapling grew from that apple, and from it Digory picked another apple which cured his mother of a terrible illness.

When she is finished speaking, everyone is quiet. You can almost see the valley she has described: the steep, green hills, the deep blue lake, and beyond them the ice-topped mountains outlined against an absolutely clear sky.

"That's a pretty story. Miss," Theodore says in his usual tone. "But you don't expect us to believe it do you? We're not simple!"

"Don't try to grow up earlier than you need to, Theodore," she replies. "But here's proof." She hands apples to everyone.

"What kind of proof?" Theodore asks, staring at his apple.

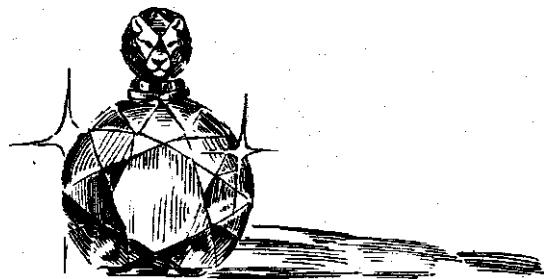
"Why, Digory planted the seeds from the apple," she answers, "and these fruits come from the tree that grew from those seeds. The tree still stands behind the house next door."

You and your classmates bite eagerly into the apples. Yours is the best you've ever eaten, with a taste like cinnamon-apple pie and a scent like rose-petals. As you swallow, Eliza spits out the bite she took and declares: "It must be the magic that makes it so horrid. I've never had an apple taste like medicine before." She throws it into the fire.

"It's rotten all right!" the Barfields say together, and toss theirs into the flames. All the other children except you follow their example: Miss Plummer just stares at them, clearly thinking that in her day children were neither so unbelieving nor so rude.

As you hesitate, the Barfields say: "Come now, toss it. You can't possibly like the beastly thing."

- If you throw your apple in the fire, **turn to 144.**
- If you eat the apple, **turn to 337.**



100

Firesteam stares at you, his large eyes sad. "I am sorry, child of Adam and Eve," he says in a surprisingly gentle voice. "You have a brave heart, but you lack the strength to carry out your quest. You have made serious mistakes in judgement and done deeds that you knew were wrong. I cannot trust you with the future of Narnia. I shall consult the noble Starguide, and together we will find the proper person to finish your task. But do not despair. The future will bring new opportunities. Now, eat and rest. You are my welcome guest."

Disappointment chokes you, making it difficult to swallow the delicious vegetable stew that the Dragon brought you. Snowfoot murmurs words of comfort before you curl up in a corner at bedtime, but your sleep is deeply troubled by your failure. As you restlessly toss and turn, Aslan appears by your side. How can the Lion ever forgive you for your mistakes? **Turn to 279.**

101

You have trouble meeting Fireteam's gaze as you answer. "I know I should have tried to save Snowfoot, and I have regretted it at every turn. I was afraid, Fireteam. To save myself, I sacrificed him and fled, pretending that I abandoned him for the sake of my quest. But I have learned from my mistakes," you add. "You may trust me now. I will carry the crowns to Cair Paravel, or be lost in the attempt."

(That's honest, at least! But is honesty enough?)

- If your Inner Strength bonus is less than 0, **turn to 172.**
- If your Inner Strength bonus is 0 or 1, **turn to 401.**
- If your Inner Strength bonus is greater than 1, **turn to 374.**

102

You have never been anywhere quite like this castle. Though the grounds are now buried in snow, you can see that they were once magnificent gardens filled with boxwoods, roses, hollyhocks, topiary, graveled paths, and singing fountains. You find a small door that opens at a touch, and enter the castle proper, pausing on the threshold. Silence and abandonment lie heavy in the air. Even the spiders shun this place, for there are no signs of their webs. Awe fills your heart. Despite the silences, you sense the power of Aslan here. Perhaps this very quietness is his power. And you understand why the minions of the Witch cannot stand to enter here. Indeed, you almost fear to be here yourself.

Gradually the awe subsides, and you begin the search for the throne room. At the back of a courtyard, a stair spirals upward, winding endlessly to the attics. You pass by it to a wide hallway leading up to a pair of beautifully carved doors. Pausing before these doors, you draw a deep breath, and push.

To your surprise, these doors also open at your first touch. You enter a large hall, lit by the moonlight that streams through its high windows. The vaulted chamber is so still and quiet that your breath sounds like the rush of a winter gale. Opposite the doors, a raised dais runs the width of the hall. On it sit four high-backed, velvet-lined chairs: the thrones! Two niches are carved out of the wall above the them. Knowing



now what you must do, you walk across the marble floor and place one crown in each niche, fitting each into the mark on the silk cushion there.

For a moment you see this room as it once was — a mighty King and his gracious Queen sit on the thrones, the lovely crowns on their heads. Knights, ladies, courtiers, and all the wondrous creatures of Narnia pay them homage. Then you are one again, in the empty, moonlit hall. A feeling of great peace fills your heart. Someday, because of you, this hall will -old royalty and splendor and life again.

Suddenly exhausted, you seek a warm corner where you can wrap yourself in your blanket and sleep. In your dreams, Aslan sits regally before you. "Dear heart, you have done well," he says, "and all Narnia blesses the deed you have done. You know the way of adventure, little one. You have made mistakes, and perhaps done ill deeds, but you have balanced them with courage and faith." Then the Lion is gone, and you fall into a deeper slumber.

You awaken back in Miss Plummer's house in London, and it is early in the morning. Eagerly, you find her room to tell her all that has happened.

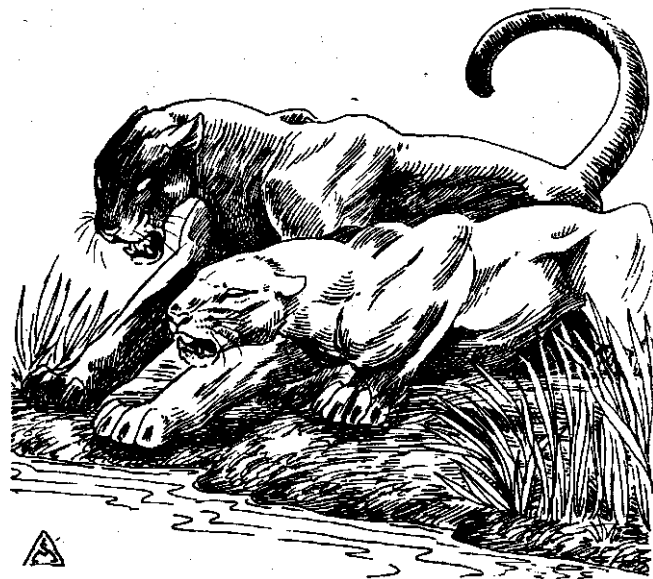
She listens very carefully, then congratulates you, adding but one last caution. "Do not speak of Narnia to anyone, unless they have also travelled there," she warns. "You will recognize others who have been there, but strangers will not understand what you mean. Some of them will merely be confused by your story, others will scorn it, and some may even seek ways to harm you and Narnia out of jealousy. Now, go and get your things ready. Your train leaves soon, and I must see that you eat breakfast before you leave."

As you wash your hands and face, your thoughts are not about your return home, but rather your adventures in that wondrous realm of Talking Animals, Centaurs, castles. Dragons, and your very best friend, Snowfoot. The land of Narnia!

THE END.

103

The cave, filled with the high-pitched shrieks of bats and a musty smell of clay, is one of the most miserable places you have ever been. Soon, you find a corner where you can curl up, sheltered from the wind and blowing snow. You pretend to be warm, imagining the roaring fire in Miss Plummer's London townhouse. The memory makes you smile, but your body still shivers and you sleep poorly. When morning finally comes you set out yet again. *Turn to 399.*



104

Towards dusk, you come down a slope where the road crosses a shallow stream. To your dismay, two huge Wildcats prowl the bank for dinner. Their green eyes glow with hunger.

"What should we do?" you ask Snowfoot and Lockhorn. "Can we trust them?"

"I know those cats," Lockhorn answers. "One is named Sheepstealer, the other Wildclaw. Both are cruel, merciless beasts: Talking Animals who have lost the power of speech due to their evil ways. They will kill anything they can catch."

"How can we pass them?" you ask.

"I might use my flock as a decoy," the Ram says. "I'll enter the valley farther upstream. When they attack us, we'll flee; but you should be able to cross the stream safely."

The Ram's plan sounds good. Should you try it?

- If you accept Lockhorn's offer, *turn to 436.*
- If you decide to attack the Wildcats, *turn to 373.*
- If you leave the sheep and try to sneak by, *turn to 461.*

105

You decide to cross the open ground to the right of the road, using scattered brush and low-lying spots in the ground to hide your passing. Crouching down, with Snowfoot at your heels, you creep forward. At times you practically burrow through the snow to keep out of sight.

The dwarfs are much too busy with arguing to notice you, and you enter the far woods safely, hurrying to the east. **Turn to 207.**

106

You hate the thought of letting Snowfoot fight the huge Wolf by himself, but you know in your heart that his plan makes sense.

Reluctantly, you say, "Very well, Snowfoot, I'll do as you suggest. But you must promise me that you will be careful. Escape from the Wolf as soon as I reach the wall. Good bye, Snowfoot."

You hug the St. Bernard, and he gives your face a gentle lick. Then he turns away and bounds across the clearing. Almost before the Wolf knows what is happening, Snowfoot leaps on him and in an instant the two animals are rolling on the ground. You tear your eyes from the horrible scene and run through the snow toward the castle. A quick scramble sees you up and over the crumbling wall. **Turn to 102.**

107

Nothing happens as you go down the slope towards the ford. You and Snowfoot wade through the icy, shallow water, and still everything seems safe. With a sigh of relief you turn and start up the slope to the woods.

Suddenly, a harsh voice cries, "FIRE!" and you hear the hissing whisper of arrows flying by. As you both run for the woods, Snowfoot cries in pain. Once in the woods, the dog crawls under a bush. He is wounded too severely to keep going. You stop and turn to go to him, but several dwarfs run up, cutting you off from your friend.

You cannot help Snowfoot by leading your enemies to him! With any luck, the dwarfs will follow you and never even see the St. Bernard. Shouting, you turn and run as hard as you can, ducking low limbs and leaping over fallen logs. The dwarfs' harsh voices sound behind you: "Get the child! Don't let it escape!" *Check Key 6, then **pick a number** and add your Action bonus:*

- If 2-6, **turn to 412.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 169.**



108

You try to circle the crossroads by walking through the woods to your left. The trees appear to curve around and meet up with the forest on the other side of the snow-covered meadow.

To your dismay, as you travel along your planned route, the trees thin out rapidly and there is little underbrush. Suddenly, one of the dwarfs shouts, "Halt!"

Two of them hurry over to question you, while the others ready their bows for attack. You stand very still. The dwarfs are known as the most dangerous archers in all of Narnia!

"Who are you and where are you going?" the shortest one demands.

"I am travelling east to the river," you reply. "My grandmother lives there, and I have heard that she is dying."

"You must love her dearly, to travel through the winter to visit her," the dwarf says with a sneer.

"I do love her," you insist, "and I especially love all of her lovely money!" **Pick a number** and add your Talking bonus:

- If 2-7, **turn to 234.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 193.**

You think of everything you are carrying, wondering what might please the Dragon. You dig your hands into your pockets to see what's there, and find (much to your surprise) a sixpence, a shilling, and a farthing that you had been given especially for the visit to London. The Dragon cannot have any English money in his horde — he might appreciate getting something new. Then there is the item you took from Miss Plummer's guest bedroom, too.

Hoping against hope, you offer the Dragon your present.

- *If you have the pocketknife (checked Key 1) and give it to him, **turn to 347.***
- *If you have the compass (checked Key 2) and give it to him, **turn to 147.***
- *If you have the lighter (checked Key 3) and give it to him, **turn to 358.***
- *If you give him your English coins, **turn to 257.***

110

"Yaaah!" you shout. "Leave that Dwarf alone! You slimy hairball full of worm sludge and swamp scum!"

The rock misses, but the Werewolf spins around to face you. "I can lie with plague dead and not sicken. I can swallow poisons and not die. I can fast a century and never starve. Why should I, little spy?" answers the beast in a grey voice that makes your flesh creep.

Beyond the Werewolf, you watch the Dwarf step behind a massive pine and collapse in the snow. The tassel on his hood peeks out in front of the tree trunk, but the Werewolf is focused on you!

"Because I command you, in the name of Aslan!" you declare.

Quicker than lightning, the beast springs and pins you to the ground with its wickedly long claws. Shaking, you try to meet its luridly yellow gaze, but cannot! "So, little traitor," hisses your foe, "you think mere mention of that foul demon will cow me! It is not so, coward. Think again! And think fast, or you will be my dinner, and the Dwarf my desert!"

Heavens! What can you say? Some mention of the Witch, perhaps?

"Oh, oh," you chatter, shaking with fright. "The Witch won't like that! She's ordered all humans captured and brought to her. If you eat me for dinner, you'll disobey her."

"And how will she know, little idiot?" snarls the beast.

"Would you bet your life on her ignorance?" you stammer. "She'll know! A spy in these woods, a traitor in the sky, or a coward on the peaks. She'll know!" The Dwarf's tassel has disappeared from view. "And when she catches you, watch out! The tortures she'll devise for you will be nothing to those I'll undergo in your stomach. You think again werewolf! And think again fast!"

"We'll see about that," growls the Werewolf. "I'll take you to the White Lady, and we'll see what she can devise for your torture!" You shrink from the light of rage burning in the monster's eyes, but your tactic worked! He's forgotten all about the Dwarf. "Up with you, little slave! You'll walk before me every step of the long journey there, and not one whimper, or else! And don't even think I've forgotten about that Dwarf. I'll be back for him some day!"

Starting with terror, you step forward with the dreadful beast at your heels. Following his barked commands, you walk and walk and walk, until the sun begins to set at last. Your legs are so tired, and your shoes wet all through. The Werewolf prods your shoulders (it makes you shudder) with its long claws to hurry your lagging feet.

"In there," it snarls.

Crouching low, you crawl through the small hole in the cliff face into a dusty, sand-filled cave. The Werewolf creeps in at your heels and turns to block the cave mouth with large rocks.

There is hard, stale bread and dried meat for supper, but you are afraid to touch the salty meat — it might be from a Talking Animal! The Werewolf gulps its portion down eagerly, wiping its mouth on its sleeve, laughing at you. Then it curls up in a corner and closes its eyes.

Is the creature really asleep? Or just pretending? Shivering, you study the cave entrance. If you could move even one of the rocks, you might just get away!

- *If you try to escape, **turn to 355.***
- *Otherwise, **turn to 369.***

Smack! You've hit the creature square in the head! It slithers to the snow-covered ground, knocked out by your blow.

"Giants and junipers! That was well thrown!" exclaims the Dwarf as he turns to see who rescued him. "My name is Fiddle, at your service and your family's. Thank you, young one!" The Dwarf sweeps his hood from his head and bows low.

You look nervously at the prone form of the Werewolf. "You're very welcome. Fiddle. Perhaps you'll do the same for me one day! But let's get out of here. I don't want to be around when that monster wakes up!"

As you start back to the cave where Snowfoot waits, the dog bounds out from behind a rock outcropping. "Well done, little friend!" he says. "And you're quite right about leaving this place."

While the St. Bernard leads the way along a tortuous route through the drifts (Fiddle brings up the rear), you upbraid him for leaving the safety of the cave. He listens patiently before replying, "Little one, I needed to see what happened when you confronted the Werewolf. There wouldn't have been much use rescuing you tomorrow if he'd already eaten you for dinner, now would there?"

With a blush, you stop your carping. Snowfoot continues all through the night (even though you and Fiddle go slower and slower) until the next afternoon, when the Dwarf remembers a small cave. There is a little food stored in a burlap sack hung from the cave's ceiling: several sticks of beef jerky and some white flour that you add water to and pat into small cakes to be fried over a small fire. **Turn to 342.**

On hands and knees, you creep forward to the cave's entrance, scarcely daring to draw a breath. Finally you reach the cave, and cautiously peer inside, looking for the Dragon. **Turn to 267.**

You tiptoe around the Werewolf, then kneel by the cave mouth; the rock at the top of the pile is loose, and of a size you can manage. You raise it to one side, and pivot it to the top of another heavy stone. The opening is just big enough for you to squeeze through. Hastily, you begin to squirm.

Once outside, you retrace your steps, following your footprints in the snow. As you come round a large rock, two much more cautious travellers leap back from your reckless approach — Snowfoot and the Dwarf!

"So you saved yourself," the Dog says after you hug him. "You were lucky — if it had caught you escaping, the Werewolf would have torn you to pieces!"

The Dwarf bows, saying, "I'm Fiddle, and very much at your service. The Werewolf (drat its bones!) would have eaten this if it weren't for your courage! We'd best be going before the beast wakes and finds you gone." Snowfoot leads the way, plowing a tortuous route through the drifts. He does not stop even though you and Fiddle go slower and slower) until the next afternoon, when the Dwarf remembers the location of a small cave. There is a little food stored there: several sticks of beef jerky and some white flour that you add water to and pat into small cakes to be fried over a small fire. **Turn to 342.**

You move the smallest rock at the top of the pile blocking the cave mouth, but in spite of your care, a few pebbles fall to the cave floor. Even that small noise awakens the Werewolf. with a growl he leaps on you, pinning you to the rocks with one huge paw, its slavering jaws just inches from your face. I should kill you, kill you slow, you little sneak," he hisses, with those red eyes looming closer. "But I will do worse. I will tell the Queen of your evil deeds, and she will see that you die as no one has ever died before. She has her special ways, particularly for enemies like you. It may be a hundred years before you die, if she wants. Or tomorrow!" The Werewolf shakes you by the collar, then ties your hands and feet and slings you into a corner.



Next morning, the Werewolf gives you nothing to eat or drink. Instead he grabs your collar in his teeth, swings you over his shoulder, and starts off. You mourn your folly in ignoring Snowfoot's advice that you wait for him to rescue you. You don't see the bit of cloth (the signal) until the Werewolf has passed it; when nothing happens you realize that your foolish escape attempt foiled the Dog's plan. Dust is falling when the Werewolf drops you to the floor of yet another gloomy cave, and blocks the entrance of this one with even larger rocks than he used last night.

"Tomorrow you will meet the White Queen," he hisses "Oh, that will be a great meeting, for she hates all children of Adam and Eve."

Hours later you fall into a troubled sleep, your stomach growling and your spirits at their lowest ebb. You feel in your pockets for forgotten crumbs from a past meal, but find nothing. As your eyelids start to droop, a comforting fullness pervades your spirit and the great voice of Aslan whispers your ear. **Turn to 279.**

115

You watch the tough little Dwarf walk away, his boots sinking deep into the snow. You wonder whether he will survive to escape the mountains.

"We had better be on our way, too," Snowfoot comments, rousing you.

You pack your things, feeling guilty that you have food and let the friendly Dwarf go with nothing to eat. *Reduce your Inner Strength by 1. Turn to 368.*

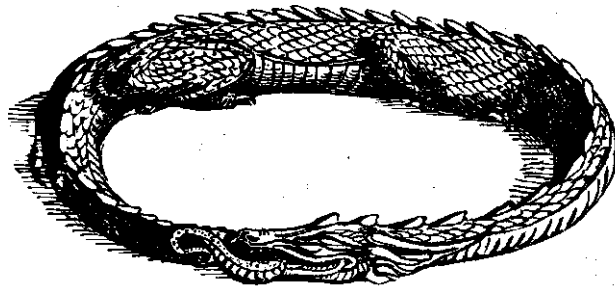
116

Amidst all the treasures of gold and silver and jewels, you notice one (rather large) ring made from a smooth, dark-grained wood, perhaps teak. It rests in a case with three of the very finest dwarf-made items. The carving is astonishingly fine and detailed; a Dragon biting its own tail. You realize that this must be the treasure that the dwarfs stole from Fireteam.

After you've heard about each of the many treasures displayed, Hackle sits and talks with you until dinner time. you gather that the dwarfs are very satisfied with their life, and but terribly bothered by the eternal winter of Narnia. Their mines provide them with most of what they need, and the wealth to buy goods from others.

- If you ask the dwarf's opinion of the Dragon, **turn to 297.**

- Otherwise, **turn to 286.**



At first, you want to refuse the squirrels' offer of help. Then you look at the Wolf again, and gasp at his ferocious teeth. "I must get into Cair Paravel. I have the lost crowns of King Frank and Queen Helen in my pack. Surely I need not tell you what that might mean for Narnia!"

The squirrels almost dance a jig at your words and seem ready to scurry off to spread the glad news. At the last second, they restrain themselves. "What do you want us to do?" the larger asks.

"I must cross this open ground," you answer. "Can you distract the Wolf?"

The squirrels chatter merrily at this question, and scamper off, jumping from tree to tree. One of them runs some distance out into the meadow, glances at the Wolf as if for the first time, and screams for help. As he turns to run, the Wolf pounces after him. The other squirrel pelts the hunter with nuts, and then runs in a different direction, further away from you. They lead this frivolous chase until the Wolf drives them both up a tall tree, half a mile from where you are hidden. As the frustrated Wolf leaps and snaps at the Squirrels, you hurry to the castle walls.

There, where part of the outer wall has collapsed, you enter Cair Paravel. Your mission is near its end. **Turn to 102.**

118

"How should we get the crowns?" Snowfoot asks. "Should we just ask him for them, or do you have a better plan?"

Staring at your feet, you try to summon the courage to make a decision.

- *If you attack the Dragon, turn to 166.*
- *If you try to steal the crowns, turn to 246.*
- *If you speak to the Dragon, turn to 175.*

119

The Dragon seems a little slow, as though not fully awake. You break off a tooth with one blow, then duck under his snapping jaws and strike hard at his wings. Your club lands where the wing joins the body, and the Dragon actually winces in pain.



"In the name of Aslan, stop this nonsense!" he roars, melting a golden pitcher with his fiery breath. "You came to rob me — very well, take what you want and leave me alone. Never have I been subjected to such treatment. And you would not be even a mouthful if I caught you!"

Your arm drops in astonishment: the Dragon really means it! Before he can change his mind, you hurry to the back of the room, place the crowns in your pack, and dart for the cave mouth. The Dragon's fierce eyes follow you, but much to your relief he does not give chase.

As you travel down the pass, you marvel at the Dragon's behavior—from all you had heard of such beasts, you should have been reduced to a memory. Instead, he called for peace in Aslan's name and treated you gently. Perhaps you have been most unjust to a creature not that much unlike yourself.

When next you sleep, a vision of Aslan fills your dreams.

Turn to 186.

120

The Dwarf's sharp-chinned face darkens at the thought of the Dragon. "No, we do not fear living near him," he finally says, "but you are right. Firesteam is a vicious and nasty creature. He would eat you, if he got a chance, and he has ever been the enemy of the Dwarfs. Fortunately Nackle delved our halls with such skill and cunning that the monster can get nowhere near us. We do keep a careful eye out when we must travel in the open. On the other hand, we often make life hard for the beast. We interfere with his plans and save his dinners from him if we can." The Dwarf chortles, and then begins to talk about other subjects. **Turn to 286.**

121

"Why," hisses the Dragon, "did you repay my help in this way, little wretch? Is that the way of children of Adam and Eve? When I left my home to find food for you, you stole the greatest treasures I possess. Why should I let you live, thief?"

"I am sorry," you whisper, "But I did not understand you. I came to Narnia to restore the crowns to their place in Cair Paravel. It would be a sign that the White Witch will not rule forever."

How can you convince him of your good intentions? **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 298.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 123.**

122

You stride boldly around the hut, determined to challenge the old woman. Stopping at the edge of the rock shelf, your hand raised in as grand a gesture as you can manage, you shout; "Lady of Evil, cease this cruel and unnatural torture!"

The crone cackles defiantly, but her face freezes with your next words.

"In Aslan's name, release my comrade and cleanse your soul!" you cry.

"Oh, oh, oh!" screeches the Hag in agony. "Oh, it hurts me! Ah, poppit, name that Name no more! I'll let the pupikins go. Oh, it aches, it does!"

She cuts Snowfoot's bonds with the sacrificial knife, and the dog scampers to your side.

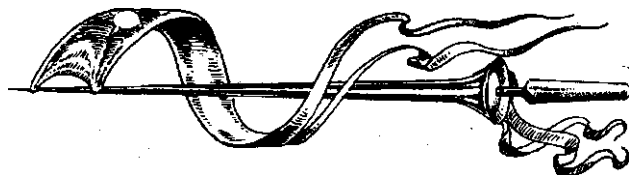
"Go, bitsy moppet! Leave me!" the Hag moans.

With Snowfoot safe, courage fills your heart. Perhaps you might make these mountains safer for other travellers! "Old woman, In Aslan's name, repent of your evil ways and make your hospitality a gift of peace and refreshment!" you command. The Hag shrieks and covers her ears. "Grandmother, the Lion has room enough in his heart, even for you, if you can but accept your place there!"

She screams again, terribly, and whirls to flee your words. Running blindly, she never sees the edge of the precipice, but plunges into the abyss.

As Snowfoot licks your face and dances around you, you look uneasily at Gemcrest. The creature's fur and feathers bristle, doubling its already awesome size. Will it attack?

- If you run away, **turn to 284.**
- If you speak to the beast, **turn to 351.**



123

In mid sentence, you abandon excuses and justifications and simply tell the story of your adventures: how Aslan brought you from England to Narnia, how Snowfoot pulled you out of a snowdrift, of Starguide's wisdom, and of your perils with the Black Dwarf's. As you talk, Firesteam slowly pulls his head back. When you finish your story, the Dragon half closes his eyes, considering your actions no doubt! **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 303.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 132.**

You run up the mountain, head down, gasping for breath. Then a huge claw grips your shoulder and another encircles your waist. Your legs are still running as the creature hoists you across its shoulder and turns back toward the hut.

The crone orders Gemcrest to carry you out behind her hut. There a shelf of rock looks out over a sheer drop of hundreds (maybe even thousands!) of feet. A low granite table squats on the shelf, and the crone ties you to rusting iron hoops set in its rough surface.

As she hovers above you, securing the last knot, you are shocked that you ever thought her to be human. Obviously she is something much worse. Her icy eyes lack the iris and pupil that mark yours, and her teeth look like fangs.

Cackling, the crone briskly whets a stone knife. "Think of it, foolish poppit," she hisses. "When the moon reaches its greatest height tonight, I sacrifice the toothsome lamb, and its blood will give me power to equal that of the White Lady herself." She cackles again, horribly, and you look at the sky. The moon is already rising above the mountains. How dreadful! **Turn to 163.**

As your eyes skip from knot to knot, a pattern emerges. When you loosen a rope around Snowfoot's neck, the ropes around his lower legs slacken and it is much easier to untie them. Moments later the St. Bernard jumps down from the granite table, leaving a tangle of cords in his place. The dog licks your face gratefully, and then the pair of you slip away. The old woman and her beast still fight the raging fire in the shed, and never notice your escape.

Breathing a sigh of relief, you climb the slope up the pass and cross what must be the last ridge. As you stare into the darkness ahead of you, you wonder what your meeting with Fireteam will bring. **Turn to 459.**



The wind whips at your clothes as you speed through the air, you land at last in a huge, soft snowdrift. You gasp at the cold, then begin to frantically dig your way free. Something strong grips your shirt collar from behind and pulls you upward. Before you begin to understand what has happened, you are out in the open, facing your rescuer in astonishment.

"Are you all right?" asks a huge St. Bernard in a thick, growling voice. He is large and powerful, but has a gentle face and floppy ears and an absolutely wonderful smile (when he does smile).

There is a wooden cask tied beneath his throat and a small pack fastened to his back. His large, white paws are planted firmly in the snow.

"Who are you?" you ask. "Why are you here?"

"I am Snowfoot," he answers in an imposing voice. "It is my lot in life to save careless folk from the perils of snow in these mountains." His chest puffs up with importance and his tail wags proudly. Then he looks down his nose at you and jumps, startled. "But you are almost frozen," he cries as you start to shiver violently. He shakes his pack off and pulls out a blanket. "Here friend," he says, "wrap yourself warmly. Drink." You obey eagerly, and find that the cask is filled with sweet warm cider. You are surprised at how quickly you recover from the cold.

"Are you the companion sent to help me?" you ask eagerly. "What is our task?"

"So you are the Child of Adam and Eve," the St. Bernard says slowly, studying you. "Your coming was foretold."

"By whom?" you ask in astonishment. "Who could have known."

"The great centaur, Starguide, told me," Snowfoot answers solemnly. "He and his folk read the signs of the heavens, and all of them eagerly await the time when the eternal winter of the witch shall come to an end."

"How did you meet him?" you ask.

"I sought word of my cousin, Loyalheart, the Sheepdog," Snowfoot answers. "He had vanished; none knew his whereabouts and the centaur alone could help me. He told me how Loyalheart fought back when the Witch's wolves attacked his flock, and how the Witch turned him to stone with her wand. There was a time when I tried to live my own life without bothering the White Witch, but now I must find a way to end her reign and free my cousin! Starguide has said it will be many years before the Witch is defeated, but an ancient prophecy foretells her downfall. When the crowns of the lost King and Queen of Narnia are restored to their place in the great castle of Cair Paravel, the Witch's reign will draw near to its end"

"But what can I do to help?" you ask.

"I do not know," he answers. "No more than I know how I shall help you. But Starguide told me I should return to these mountains where I would meet a Child of Adam and Eve; one who would have the power to fulfill the prophecy. So I travelled here and found you buried in the snow. The quest has come to us."

"But how were the crowns lost?" you ask. "And where are they now? Aslan told me to go to the highest pass — are they there?"

Snowfoot replies sadly; "Though Starguide told me I must lead you to the High Pass, I have never been there. But I have travelled far and wide elsewhere through these mountains."

"Do you know anything, anything at all, of the crowns, or how they were lost?" you ask, feeling more scared than before.

"It is told that the last King and Queen of Narnia were slain by a fierce Dragon. This Dragon also destroyed a tree, the Shield of Narnia, that the Witch feared greatly. From all I have heard of dragons, he probably lives in the High Pass and there hoards the treasures he has stolen, including the crowns we seek! We must go there to find out about them." **Turn to 278.**

127

"No, no," you whisper back. "I cannot let you endanger yourselves. I thank you, but I will solve the problem myself."

"Take this anyway," one squeaks, and drops a small silver knife into the snow at your feet. Then the squirrels scamper up the tree, vanishing from sight. You wonder if you've made a mistake by rejecting their help.

You study the open ground again after picking up the knife, and see that there are some irregular places and small bushes. You might be able to sneak past the wolf. At least, you know you must try. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

• If 2-8, **turn to 272.**

• If 9-12, **turn to 143.**

128

Outside the Dragon's cave, dusk has darkened to night, and snow is beginning to fall. The feathery flakes will hide your footprints, making escape much easier.

Edging from rock to rock, you start back down the pass, trying to stay hidden. Will you be able to travel out of the mountains without trouble? On the trip up, you learned how to find the little caves stocked with supplies. But, now, you have a Dragon to avoid! **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-8, **turn to 168.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 388.**

129

First, you try to charge up the steep slope, hoping that momentum will carry you to the top. It doesn't work! You lose your footing on the crumbling, eroded soil. Poking about in the shadows, you find little bushes and roots that might provide handholds. You get halfway to the pit's edge when the creeper you grasped tears away and sends you rolling back down. Unwilling to give up, you make one final effort. And just as you stretch a hand up to grip the rim of the pit, the whole side seems to give way and you slide yet once more to the bottom. There you lie, gasping with exhaustion.

Hours later, you fall into a deep sleep. Aslan's beautiful face fills your vision. **Turn to 279.**

130

A nagging thought bothers you, even as Snowfoot circles, ready to curl up and sleep. "Snowfoot," you say softly, "can we really trust these dwarfs?"

"Trust them," the Dog mutters sleepily. "Of course we can trust them. They are Narnians." He lays his head on his paws.

"But Snowfoot, have they really acted like they should?" you insist, and he looks up at you in surprise. "Is it normal for Narnians to charge guests for dinner? And remember what Fiddle told us — they made him do all the mean, hard work, almost like a slave. Perhaps we should leave now, before something bad happens to us!"

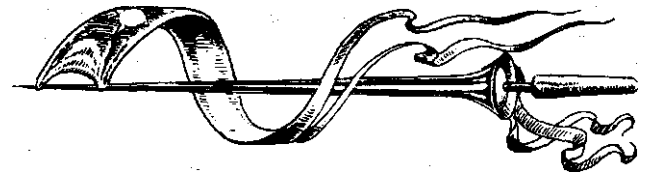
"You exaggerate, little one," Snowfoot sighs. "I know your quest worries you, but these Dwarfs are no threat."

- If you insist on leaving now, **turn to 133.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 268.**

131

Furtively, you bend over twice and each time seize a handful of gold to line your pockets.

Surely such a pittance will never be noticed amidst all this splendor! But you'd better hurry. Fireteam might return at any moment! *Check Key 10 and reduce your Inner Strength bonus by 1.* **Turn to 128.**



132

The Dragon raises his head high and takes a breath so deep you fear he is going to torch you like a skewered shish kebab! The worst of it all is that you probably deserve it!

"Child of Adam and Eve," he begins, "understand me when I tell you that it is wrong to pursue a worthy quest by dishonest means. The mark of the thief obscures all good you might do. It is a lesson that took me many long years to learn, for I come of a folk who put their trust in strength and fearsome power. Yet, despite your thievery, you have shown an honest heart. I believe it is your destiny to carry the crowns to Cair Paravel, and that you are the only one who can perform this duty. Continue with my blessing, little one, and may Aslan guide your steps."

You bow low, your heart filled with Fireteam's generosity and noble spirit. If a Dragon can have so generous a heart, surely you too can follow the teachings of Aslan! *If your Inner Strength bonus is less than 0, change it to 0.* **Turn to 354.**

133

Could Snowfoot truly be wrong? The pit of your stomach tightens at the thought of sleeping here. "I wouldn't sleep a wink!" you exclaim.

"What now?" asks the drowsy St. Bernard.

"Remember supper?" you demand.

"Of course, I remember supper," mumbles Snowfoot. "It was delicious!"

"Did you hear what Mickett whispered to Snickett when they were clearing the table? Something about 'tomorrow we won't have to do this anymore.' Then he snickered while staring at you and me! Snowfoot, I think they mean to make bondservants of us!"

Snowfoot's ears twitch violently. He doesn't sound sleepy any more. "Goodness, little friend! If you heard that, why didn't you tell me sooner? Let's go!"

Grabbing your pack, you sneak from the guest room with Snowfoot at your heels. **Turn to 366.**

134

When you finish your explanation, the dwarfs merely laugh. Finally Nackle says: "You two fools restore the lost crowns!" He points jeeringly at you and Snowfoot, helpless in your bonds. The dwarfs slap their thighs in merriment. "You dream, foolish child, and if we had not saved you, you would have dreamed your way into a terrible death!" **Turn to 424.**

135

At midday, the Dwarfs pretend to leave you and Snowfoot alone to eat, though you are sure they are listening at the door. As you eat mouthfuls of leftover scraps of gristle from last night's sumptuous feast, you talk in deliberately loud voices, hoping to trick them.

"We could be worse off, Snowfoot," you say. "What if these Dwarfs were friends of the Witch? They would turn me over to her sooner than think of it, and then we'd be done for."

"We are lucky," Snowfoot agrees. "Many Dwarfs have gotten rich from the Witch's friendship. These fellows may seem bad, but they haven't sunk that low."

The two of you eat in silence a while before you say: "But you know what I would do if I were these dwarfs, Snowfoot. I'd go to the Dragon's cave, and steal the crowns, and then I'd take both crowns and prisoners to the Witch." You wonder while you eat if the dwarfs will respond to your suggestion.

Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:

• If 2-6, **turn to 138.**

• If 7-12, **turn to 182.**

136

"I know it is a bold request," you begin, "but could you carry me to Cair Paravel, Starguide? Your strength would make the long journey shorter and safer."

Snowfoot stares at you in shock, and you wish you hadn't spoken as you await Starguide's answer. **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

• If 2-7, **turn to 296.**

• If 8-12, **turn to 380.**

137

The two dwarfs look at each other, terrified, and talk for a moment, gesturing wildly. Then they pick up their weapons and go into the woods to investigate.

As soon as they are out of sight, you hurry over and excitedly untie Snowfoot. The great dog licks your face as you hug him. Then, the two of you hurry away. *Erase your check on Key 6, then* **turn to 219.**

138

The dwarfs either didn't listen to you or have no interest in your plan. They merely force you back to work. **Turn to 202.**

139

You pull out the lighter, adjust the wick, and spin the little wheel. On the second try, the sparks catch the tinder. You apply the flame to the kindling, and soon a cheerful blaze warms your fingers, cheeks, and rosy-red nose. "That's a clever device," Snowfoot admits, looking at it closely.

You and Snowfoot spend a comfortable night beside the crackling fire, huddled close; and rise in the morning, refreshed and ready for the new day's march. **Turn to 440.**

140

The water is colder than glacier ice, and you shiver violently. You force yourself to keep swimming, but courage proves useless. The cold cramps your legs and arms. Gasping in pain, you double up, sigh, and sink to the bottom of the river.

Oh, it's not cold anymore! Nuzzling your cheek into what feels suspiciously like a flannel pillow, you open your eyes. It is a pillow! And you're cozily tucked in bed with soft, woolly blankets pulled up to your chin.

"Where am I?" you murmur. Then it all comes back. You're in Miss Plummer's guest room in London. But what of Narnia? **THE END.**

If you want to return to Narnia, just go to the Prologue and begin again!

141

You have a special task to complete; common curiosity musn't stand in the way! Once you have recovered the crowns, you can explore the secrets of Narnia. You square your shoulders and walk forward, crossing a low rise that seems to be the very top of the pass. **Turn to 459.**

142

"Take the crowns, little one!" the Dragon orders in his most stately voice. "I can see that you are chosen for this mission, and that as a servant of Aslan, I must give you all the help within my power." He pauses for a moment, and you wonder what aid he will offer. Then the Dragon continues: "I will carry you to the vicinity of Cair Paravel myself. I cannot enter the grounds of the castle, for it is protected against dragonkind, as well as against servants of the Witch, but I will do all I can. Let us be off."

"Me?" you exclaim in astonished gratitude. "Fly to Cair Paravel! Oh, Firesteam, I thank you for all Narnia as well as for myself. Are you sure?" The Dragon nods.

You exchange a tender farewell with Snowfoot. "Good bye Snowfoot," you say while hugging him close. "I love you, and I know we will meet again." It is all that the poor St. Bernard can do to keep his tears back.



Then you scramble onto Firesteam from the lid of an iron-bound trunk containing ermine, sable, and mink. One last look at your friend, and you're off.

The flight under the Narnian stars and constellations is more wonderful than words can describe. Their brilliant light gleams on the snow blanketing the fields and meadows far below, and sparkles on the ice covered trees. Much too soon, Firesteam spirals down through the crisp breezes to set you on firm ground. **Check Key 6, and turn to 463.**

143

You take a deep breath, then slip out from the shelter of the trees and begin to edge toward the castle. The Wolf is some distance away, but you dare not think about him (or even look toward him), for fear of arousing his instincts and drawing his attention. You move very carefully, hiding in small hollows in the snow and behind sparse holly bushes almost devoid of leaves.

At last you reach the outer castle walls, and find a broken place where you can enter. The creature never even saw you! **Turn to 102.**

You do not want to look stupid in front of the others. Like them you throw your apple onto the smouldering logs. You feel guilty when you see Miss Plummer's hurt look, but it is too late to retrieve your apple. Obviously disappointed at your behavior, Miss Plummer chases all of you off to bed.

You have been given a tiny room all to yourself, and you fall asleep quickly. It feels like you've only slept a moment when something tickles your nose. Still half asleep, you rub your nose and face but the feeling persists. When you open your eyes, you see a tendril of smoke. For a moment you wonder if the house is on fire, then you notice a strange thing. The smoke hovers over your bed, as though waiting for you. You jump up quickly, pull on your clothes and follow it. It recedes, leading you back down to the parlour. Miss Plummer is still sitting there, staring into the fire, and you can see that she has been crying. Timidly you touch her on the shoulder, trying to apologize for your meanness.

"So you were the one," she says in reply. "I knew one of your group should be, but I feared I was wrong when all of you threw your apples away."

"The one?" you ask, a little frightened. "What do you mean, Miss Plummer?"

She studies you a moment longer, then smiles. "That story I told tonight was true," she says slowly. "When I was your age I truly did travel to a land hidden from this world. It was called Narnia. I have learned in my dreams that a child of Adam and Eve must go to Narnia to save it from peril. I would have gone myself, but I'm afraid I am too old now — one must be young in both heart and body to travel from one world to another."

You are thrilled by what she says, but also frightened. How could you possibly solve the problems of a whole world? You have enough trouble getting along at your school. "How will I get there?" you ask shyly. "I don't even know the way."

"Aslan will call you, and you will know," she answers with a mysterious smile. "Just as the smoke led you back downstairs, you will be led to that land — to Narnia. Sit here for awhile." She pats the embroidered cushion beside her. You sit down and stare into the dying fire; it is so warm and comfy that you soon drift off to sleep.

- If you have never been to Narnia, **turn to 416.**
- If you have journeyed to Narnia before, **turn to 365.**

When morning comes, you firmly turn your footsteps westward, heading deeper into the mountains. Could you have saved Snowfoot? Surely your quest is more important! Or is it? *Reduce your Inner Strength by 1. Turn to 194.*



An odd sound disturbs you for a moment, but you force yourself back into a still deeper sleep. Then a pain in your arms and legs wakes you up. You try to rise, only to find that two dwarfs are holding you down. Others tie your wrists behind you with tough cord. Your feet are already bound. Looking across the room, you see they have overcome Snowfoot as well. Once you have been secured, the Dwarf who held Snowfoot's mouth lets go, and they all leave the room. "Sleep well, slaves," one of them laughs. "Much work is waiting you in the morning, for it is many days since our last servant left these halls." The door closes behind them. **Turn to 460.**



147

As you hold the compass in your outstretched palm, Fireteam bends close to examine it. Carefully you explain its use, but to your surprise, the Dragon starts to laugh.

"A device to show which way is north, little one?" he snorts. "What use is that to me? I can find my way on the darkest night by my own instinct and senses." You put the compass back in your pocket, crushed by his laughter. "I am sorry, child," the Dragon says.

In a last desperate attempt, you plead, "In the name of Aslan, Fireteam, I beg you to give me the crowns!" **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-9, **turn to 336.**
- If 10-11, **turn to 191.**
- If 12, **turn to 295.**

148

"I think the disguise might prove the safest way to travel," you say.

The Centaur looks pleased, and brings out an incredible costume from an old iron-bound chest. It consists of a pair of tight, goat hair pants; shoes shaped like horse's hooves; and cap of curly, red hair through which peer goat horns. A reddish brown dye is then applied to your hands and face, completing the disguise. Luckily, you can keep your own shirt and jacket. Starguide says that even Satyrs wear clothes in this icy winter.

Once you are dressed, Starguide leads you through the woods to a clearing where the sheep stand around Lockhorn the Ram. He is much bigger than the rest of the flock and has huge curving horns, (heavy enough to knock down a tree).

Following a few words of farewell to Starguide, you begin your journey across Narnia. For two days you travel without incident. Then, at midmorning of the third day, Snowfoot scouts ahead and reports a group of eight, well-armed Black Dwarfs camped at a crossroads.

"I am certain they are servants of the Witch," he declares. "Shall we try to walk straight past them, or find some way to sneak by?"

- If you try to sneak by, **turn to 281.**
- If you walk straight past, **turn to 261.**

149

Amazed by its beauty and strength, you pick up the chain-mail shirt. This garment can protect you from any foe; even a Dragon would be less fearsome if you wore something like this. **Turn to 348.**

150

"No, we must, and shall, defeat you!" you cry, and charge again. Snowfoot joins in reluctantly. Desperately, you raise your club. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 177.**
- If 8-11, **turn to 451.**
- If 12, **turn to 225.**

You decide to lead the sheep in a wide circle, keeping to the edge of the woods. Unfortunately, before you have travelled far, the trees grow so thin that the dwarfs easily see you and your companions. With a cry of anger, they hurry up to you, all of them armed with bows and axes.

"We cannot fight them," Snowfoot whispers. "Dwarfs are the deadliest archers in all Narnia. They would slay all of us before we could land a blow."

"What do you mean by this?" the leading dwarf demands. "Do you have something to hide, Satyr, taking your sheep through the woods rather than down the road like an honest shepherd?" Desperately you try to think of an answer. **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 199.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 341.**

Dawn is approaching when you come to a small house hidden in a grove of holly. At a sign from Snowfoot, you knock.

The door is opened by a Centaur, a magnificent half horse, half man creature, with a deep powerful chest, long beard, and grey curly hair. "Greetings Snowfoot," he begins. "I see you have found the child of Adam and Eve. Has it fulfilled the prophecies that the stars foretold?"

"The child has the crowns," Snowfoot answers, "but we are still far from Cair Paravel. We seek your advice on how to complete this journey."

The Centaur nods and stands to one side. "My abode is yours," he says. Inside, his house is half stable, half study. A huge pile of straw in one corner serves as a bed. Across the room, shelves and shelves of books fill the walls, while a high desk covered with papers occupies another corner. Charts of the stars fill any wall space not given to bookshelves. The Centaur gives you a breakfast of oatcakes, sheep's milk, and cheese, then has you tell him all that you have done in Narnia.

While telling your story, you note the Centaur's long legs, broad hooves, and obvious strength. Could he perhaps carry you on his back to Cair Paravel? Should you ask him?

- If you ask him for a ride, **turn to 136.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 402.**

The reproach in those brilliant, golden eyes fills you with a regret so strong you cannot speak or even think. The Dragon hisses in anger, but allows no flame to escape his fanged jaws.

"Seldom has good been rewarded so evilly," Firesteam rumbles. "I saved you from a terrible fate at the hands of the Hag, little wretch, and how have you repaid me? As soon as I left my home to find you food, you stole the Royal crowns of Narnia and crept from my home like a thief in the night. Never have I been so insulted, not in all the hundreds of years of my long life. Lay everything you took in the snow at your feet! At once! And then begone! If ever I see you again, I shall not be so kind." **Turn to 314.**

During the day, you had picked up some slim, sturdy pieces of wood and bits of string, hoping they might prove useful. With these, you begin to work at loosening the bar on the door, first trying to raise it a little with the wood, then fashioning a loop with the string to lift it higher. It is maddening, slow work. Both the bits of wood and the string often break in your hands, but you keep at the task. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-8, **turn to 162.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 171.**

You lead the way behind a low hill which should conceal you from the dwarfs, while Snowfoot herds the sheep in your footsteps. You descend into a dry streambed, following it south until you're well past the crossroads. Only then do you cut back through the trees to the road. The dwarfs never even saw you! **Turn to 104.**

Firesteam listens very carefully to your story, his great head settled close to you and Snowfoot on the rock ledge. When you have finish speaking, the Dragon gives his judgement: "Go on with your quest, brave child of Adam and Eve. You have yielded to temptations and tried to complete your mission by the wrong means, but I can see your heart is true. Your loyal companion has impressed me also — he will see that you continue in the proper way. As you carry the crowns to Cair Paravel, reflect upon the mistakes you have made, and do not repeat them. When you have successfully finished your journey, all Narnia will bless you."

As you bow and stammer out your thanks, the Dragon lifts his gossamer-hued wings and slowly rises into the air. His final words of advice drift down from the sky: "I do not know what perils await you, but I do know this. Once you enter the grounds of the castle, no servant of the White Witch may threaten you."

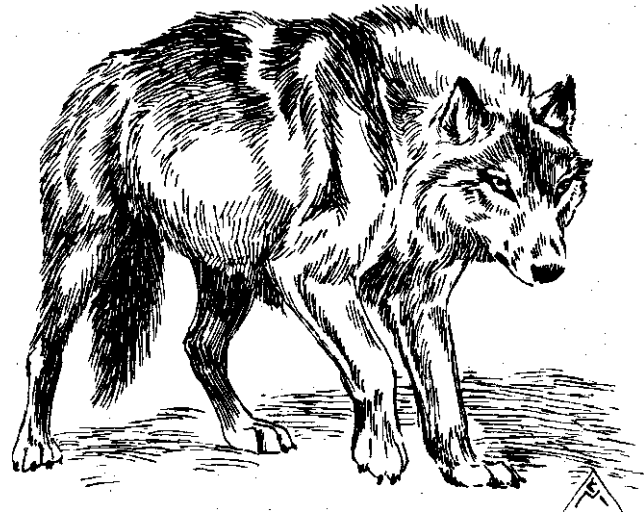
With your trusty companion as guide, you soon leave the mountains altogether. What new wonders await in the rolling hills and dales of Narnia's heartland? **Turn to 152.**

Soon, you find yourself unable to keep your eyes open, though Snowfoot and Fiddle still talk quietly. You pull your blankets tighter round you and drift off to sleep.

When you wake the next morning, Fiddle is tying up his pack, getting ready to go. "You're sure that you must go by yourself?" Snowfoot asks. "Do think twice, Fiddle! You have no food, and think of the dangers you've already faced!"

The Dwarf stands up and settles his pack across his back. "Better to starve and be clear of the Dragon," he says. "Well, I'll see you, friends." You think about the food you have in your pack. Perhaps you should share some of it with Fiddle. But do you dare? You don't know how long you'll have to travel before you'll find new supplies.

- *If you share your food with Fiddle, turn to 397.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 115.*



The Wolfhounds toward you, and you back up a little. As he makes his final leap, you swing the club hard and knock him off to the side. He rolls down a little slope. As he struggles to roll back to his feet, you club his waving legs and stab him twice, though your knife is too short to do him much harm. Then he's up! And you hit him across the nose.

Eyes narrowed, you raise your rude club again, but he's gone. Your foe has turned, and he's fleeing with his tail between his legs! Oh, hurrah!

You take to your heels in the opposite direction, running for the castle walls. And luck is with you. There's a broken place where you can climb up and over. Seconds later, you stand within Cair Paravel's outer walls. **Turn to 102.**

159

The Dwarfs continue to argue with each other over a game of cards and dice. They are so involved in their game that they do not even look up as you go by. You merely nod again, and keep going. Some ways up the road, you enter the woods and continue east. Silly Dwarfs! **Turn to 207.**

160

You start to run up the pass, abandoning Snowfoot, when a last doggish whimper from him reaches your ears. No mission could be more important than saving your friend. You turn back towards the old woman's hut, wondering how you will deal with so dangerous a foe. **Turn to 414.**

161

You know that you will always feel guilty forever if you do not try to rescue Snowfoot. Retracing your steps to the dwarfs' great hall, you hope to find some way to save your friend.

Holding your breath, you find a concealed spot to observe the goings-on at the entrance of the house, and settle down to wait and watch. Luck is with you — not long after you find your hiding place, two dwarfs come out, leading Snowfoot who is harnessed to a sled. The dwarfs are clad in heavy winter hoods, padded boots, and furry parkas. Just looking as they makes you feel cold. They pass right below your hiding place and head up a side trail. In the distance you can see how one of them occasionally bends down to retrieve a piece of dead wood and add it to their load. Evidently they are replenishing their supply of firewood, forcing the proud dog to be their beast of burden. You follow them up the valley, moving cautiously to avoid detection. The dwarfs stop in a broad meadow and tie Snowfoot to a hickory tree. They begin to collect dead branches from the surrounding woods. You study the situation, sizing up the vulnerability of such an open space, and wondering how you can help your friend.

You doubt your ability to defeat the dwarfs in open combat but something must be done. Perhaps you could distract them in some way or act as a decoy so Snowfoot could escape. Or maybe it would be wiser to wait awhile for a more favorable opportunity.

- If you attack, **turn to 359.**
- If you try to trick the dwarfs, **turn to 361.**
- If you wait a while, **turn to 224.**

162

In spite of all your efforts, you cannot move the bar. When the dwarfs come the next morning, they notice the bits of broken string and wood, and grow very angry with you. They work you twice as hard as the day before, and feed you only lard and stale pie crust. That night they chain both you and Snowfoot to the walls of the hut. You have no chance to escape from conditions like this! After your miserable dinner, you drift into an exhausted sleep, where Aslan's wonderful face appears. **Turn to 279.**

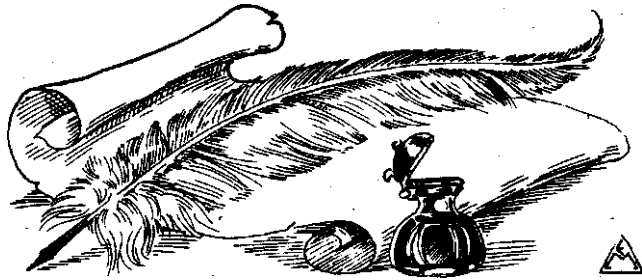
163

The sound of the old crone whetting her knife almost drives you mad. You must figure out a way to free yourself. Desperately you struggle with the ropes! **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 287.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 197.**

164

You look at the beautiful circlet with longing deep in your heart. You have never seen anything so beautiful, even when your uncle took you to see the jewels in the Tower of London. It is much too valuable a treasure to leave in the hands of the miserable and treacherous dwarfs. **Turn to 348.**



165

As you pass the dwarfs, their argument ceases immediately and two of them come over to you. "What are you doing and where are you going?" the shorter one demands.

"Please, Sir Dwarf," you reply, "I am traveling to the banks of the river, where my poor grandmother lies dying."

"You must love her dearly," the Dwarf laughs sourly, "if you would travel across Narnia to see her."

"I do love her!" you insist, with a sly smile, "especially since she is very wealthy." **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 234.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 193.**

166

Whispering, you tell Snowfoot, "I don't want to be sneaky; I don't think that Aslan approves of stealing. But I don't want to serve us up on a silver platter for roasting either. We'd best attack; that's straight-forward anyway."

Snowfoot looks at you in dismay, then sighs: "Whatever you wish to do, friend, I will aid you. But let us indeed do it, before our courage fails!"

Without further ado, you pick up a stout stick, yell a battlecry and charge, while Snowfoot leaps snarling beside you. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 177.**
- If 5-9, **turn to 451.**
- If 10-12, **turn to 428.**

167

You bow to the Dragon, and begin to tell your story. "I came to Narnia from another world, noble Fireteam. Aslan summoned me here to carry out a quest. It was only after I reached this land that I learned of its exact nature. I must take the lost crowns of the King and Queen of Narnia to Cair Paravel."

"Take the crowns?" the Dragon asks in a surprised voice. "Many years ago I took the crowns from the thieving Dragon who murdered the last of the royal line. I have kept them safe for the folk of Narnia all these years. Why should they now be carried to an abandoned castle, and by a stranger?"

"I have been told," you answer, "that the great Centaur Starguide read an omen in the night sky. When the crowns of the King and Queen once more rest in the halls of Cair Paravel, all will know that the White Witch will not rule Narnia forever." You try to stand confidently under the Dragon's scrutiny, though it is not easy to withstand it. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

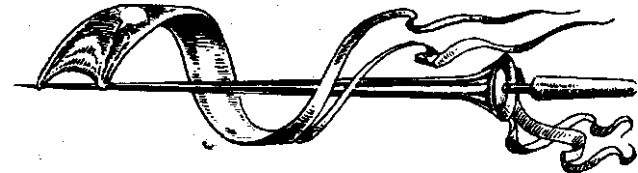
- If 2-3, **turn to 405.**
- If 4-7, **turn to 252.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 295.**

168

You've been very clever, traveling at night through the snow. But not clever enough!

Many hours later, as you cross an open shelf of rock, you hear the whirl of the Dragon's enormous wings. Before you can turn to run, the creature alights in front of you. Desperately you look for a place to hide, but Fireteam's huge head swings forward and pins you against the side of the mountain.

- If you checked Key 10, **turn to 153.**
- If you checked Key 11, **turn to 204.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 121.**



169

Lungs heaving, you bob and weave through the trees, using every bush and tree to shelter you from the dwarfs' line of vision. Soon you leave all sound of them behind.

You stop to rest a little, and get your breath back. As you mourn your lost friend, you realize that you will have to finish your quest alone. Slowly you walk east until you come to a path. It brings you to a bigger road where a broken wooden sign at the junction points east. Though the paint has faded, you can make out the second word — Paravel. You know which way to go now, and follow the road toward your goal. **Turn to 396.**

170

As you struggle with the ropes, you hear a cry of outrage behind you and turn to see the dwarfs charging towards you. You have no choice but to fight. You pick up a sturdy stick of wood from the sled and face your attackers. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

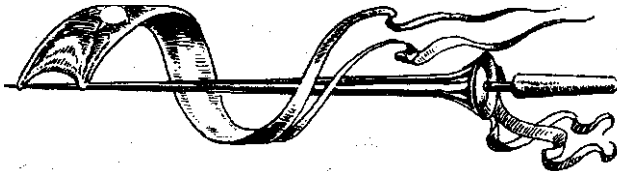
- If 2-8, **turn to 198.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 208.**

171

After many efforts, you get a strong bit of twine firmly around the bar. It is long enough to hook over a corner of the door, and you use this like a pulley to raise the bar. To your delight, the door swings open.

Suddenly, a bell starts to ring wildly. The dwarfs have rigged an alarm! Confound them! You and Snowfoot must flee quickly as you can. **Check Key 7, then pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 178.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 173.**



172

The Dragon rises to his feet, his head now high above you. "Why should I put my trust in you, child of Adam and Eve?" Firesteam demands. "For many years I have kept the crowns safe from harm, ready for the return of the true rulers of Narnia. Why should I give these treasures to you?"

"I've learned from my mistakes!" you insist. "I promise you'll never regret allowing me to restore the crowns to Cair Paravel!" **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 301.**
- If 6-9, **turn to 247.**
- If 10-12, **turn to 191.**

173

You and Snowfoot run faster than you thought you possibly could, and soon leave the little villains far behind. When you are certain that it is safe, you and Snowfoot stop to rest for a while. **Turn to 219.**

174

It may not be the right decision, but you simply cannot leave Snowfoot alone to fight the two Wildcats. All of Narnia is not worth the sacrifice of your friend. You pick up a sturdy branch from the ground, and wait for the Wildcat's attack. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

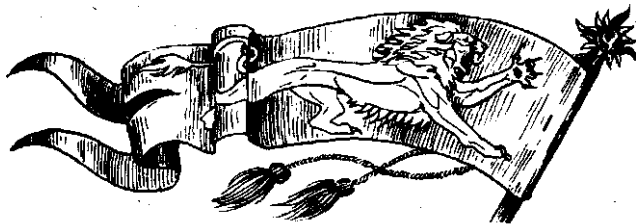
- If 2-6, **turn to 381.**
- If 7, **turn to 391.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 456.**

175

Taking a deep breath, you call out, "Hail Firesteam!"

The Dragon raises his head (he wasn't asleep after all) and stares at you with his fiercely golden eyes. You tell him that you are on a quest to help all Narnia survive the rule of the White Witch. Firesteam nods gravely and asks you what he can do to further so good a cause, and why he should trust so insignificant a being as yourself. While you decide how to answer, Snowfoot suggests that you offer the Dragon a gift.

- If you offer the Dragon a gift, **turn to 357.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 406.**



176

You slip, landing hard in the snow. Slowly you pull yourself to your feet. Far ahead, Snowfoot disappears down the slope with the old woman's screams echoing more loudly than ever. **Turn to 244.**

177

The Dragon raises his head (he wasn't asleep after all), looking bored and irritated. Before you can say "Boo," he's got you between his massive jaws, and the razor-sharp teeth are closing! You shut your eyes.

And open them in Miss Plummer's guest room where the morning sun peeps through lace curtains. Oh, thank goodness! You're safe! But what of Snowfoot? And all of Narnia, under the White Witch's thrall? Will you ever know? **THE END.**

It's easy to return to Narnia. Just go to the Prologue and start again!

178

While you and Snowfoot run as hard as you can, you do not know this valley as well as the dwarfs. Before you can escape them, they cut you off. Snowfoot tries to fight, but a savage blow to his head puts a quick stop to that. You too are overwhelmed by a half dozen angry dwarfs. They drag you and Snowfoot back to Nackle. **Turn to 190.**

179

As you pass the dwarf's treasure room, Snowfoot softly tugs at your jacket. "Friend," he whispers, "remember the ring that these dwarfs stole from the Dragon. Shouldn't we take it? He might trade the crowns for it."

- *If you decide to take the ring, turn to 442.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 271.*

180

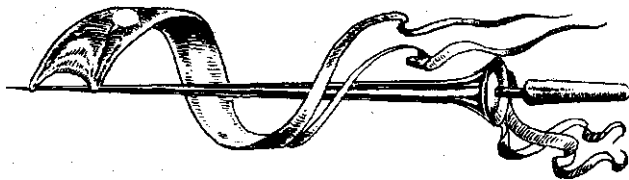
You put the ring safely away in your pocket, then stare, entranced by the other treasures. One item is a short sword, an enchanted one, with a blade so sharp that a dwarf could thrust it easily in and out of a stone wall. Near it is the shirt of golden chainmail, armor so tough that a sword cannot pierce it. At one end of the case is a silver crown covered with diamonds and sapphires. You hesitate — any of these items might help you on your quest. *Check Key 8.*

- *If you take the chainmail, turn to 149.*
- *If you take the sword, turn to 321.*
- *If you take the crown, turn to 164.*
- *If you take none of them, turn to 271.*



181

Bit by tiny bit, you break away the mortar from several of the stones in the wall. Once you have done this. Snowfoot takes his turn and begins to dig with his powerful paws. The cloud of dirt makes you sneeze furiously until he is done. Soon he comes back for you and whispers: "Come along» my friend. I have found a way into the main hall of the dwarfs." All seems quiet there. The first thing you see is your pack on a bench near the door. This you swing onto your shoulders. *Check Key 7 and turn to 366.*



182

The Dwarfs guard you more closely as you work during the afternoon, and even watch you as you eat your dinner of peas and leftover dinner rolls. They make you sleep in the main hall, chained to a wall, with a watchman standing guard. The next morning you learn the reason for such wariness. You are summoned by Nackle, who is very pleased with himself.

"I have decided what to do with you, chattels," he announces. "We shall keep the dog as our slave, but the human child is quite useless for our work. Instead, we will take you to the mighty White Queen, and give you to her as tribute to her power. Our generosity should earn us a great reward, for another gift will accompany you.

From a pack at his feet he lifts two crowns. These are filigreed circlets of gold, of workmanship far beyond that of these Dwarfs. One Crown is set with rubies, the other with emeralds. He gently puts them away again. Without a doubt, these are the lost crowns of Cair Paravel!

The dwarfs force you through many days of long marches, travelling mostly by night, and avoiding all other creatures. Finally the dwarfs ferry you across a wide river. You feel desperate! You must escape these dwarfs soon, or they will deliver you to the White Witch! *Check Key 6 and turn to 192.*

183

To your great relief, your hunter's footsteps grow fainter and fainter. Topping a rise that must be the very summit of the pass, you look behind. The beast cowers behind a boulder, staring in disbelief (or is it terror?) at where you stand. You have a grim feeling you know why. The Dragon lives here, and even the monstrous Gemcrest fears it! **Turn to 459.**

184

Alone in the room with Snowfoot, you decide not to drink the cider. "I think that's wise," the Dog agrees. "It might make us sleep too late, and we want an early start in the morning." The room is a little chilly, so that you decide to sleep in your clothes. At Snowfoot's suggestion you make sure your pack is ready. All you will need to do in the morning is pull it over your shoulders and start walking. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 268.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 130.**

185

Firesteam studies you, as if he could see the depths of your soul. What will the Dragon decide? Then, finally, the creature speaks: "Child of Adam and Eve," he says, "you ask me for one of my greatest treasures, which I have guarded well for many years. What will you offer me in exchange for the crowns?" Surprised at the Dragon's request, you pause to choose from your scanty possessions.

- If you have the wooden ring (checked Key 8), and give it to him, **turn to 389.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 260.**



186

"Little one, you have succumbed to your own fears," Aslan growls. "Remember my words at the beginning: 'no task is so important that it justifies the neglect of a neighbor's wellbeing!' Your heart is strong but your deeds are weak. Reflect well upon what you have done wrong, so that you may avoid repeating it. My way is light and life and joy. He who walks in shadow and misery knows me not! Return now to your own folk that a time may come again when you may serve Narnia."

Aslan's mercy makes you feel the full weight of your ill-deeds, and you wake with your cheeks wet with tears. **Turn to 407.**

187

The Dragon listens with care to your story, then bows his great head reverently. "It is easy to see," he declares, "that you were chosen and guided by Aslan, little one. I shall do all I can to insure your success. We'll discuss this in depth on the morrow. Now, eat your fill, and rest. You've travelled hard, and you must be your strongest to succeed in your endeavor."

Next morning, Firestream addresses you again. **Turn to 142.**

188

Just as you reach the fallen log, you hear the fierce yowl of the cats. Turning, you see them plunging toward you.

"Abandon me, and get across the stream!" Snowfoot orders. "I can keep them from catching you." You hesitate — you hate the idea of leaving your friend to save yourself, even though he suggested it.

- *If you leave Snowfoot, turn to 324.*
- *If you stay to fight the Wildcats, turn to 174.*

189

You spend a miserable night in a hidden rock cleft, tormented by the guilt of leaving Snowfoot in the cruel hands of the dwarfs. You know in your heart that you should try to find some way to rescue the St. Bernard. Perhaps the dwarfs are not the clever guards they think they are.

- *If you go back to rescue Snowfoot, turn to 161.*
- *If you go on without him, turn to 145.*



190

"My kindness to you was misplaced," Nackle growls. "I know better now. You will be chained to the wall every night, so that you will not waste our time and sleep with more of these ridiculous escape attempts." The other dwarfs obey him at once, and you are taken to a little hut and placed in chains. You are so tired that you soon fall asleep in spite of your miseries.

In your sleep you seem to see the golden face of Aslan. **Turn to 279.**

191

The huge Dragon studies you with his fiercely golden eyes. What will he decide? Then he nods gently. "You have made mistakes and done wrong, little one," he says slowly, "but such is the way of your folk. I believe that you have learned from your experiences, and that you may have the strength now to successfully carry the crowns to Cair Paravel. Take them, and may Aslan guide your steps. Remember his teachings, and all will go well."

You bow deeply to Firestream, and thank him from the bottom of your heart. His trust and advice seem to strengthen you, and you face your new mission with renewed hope.

After a day's rest, you leave the Dragon's cave and begin the long journey to Cair Paravel. *If your Inner Strength bonus is less than 0, change it to 0.* **Turn to 354.**

"Enjoy your night's rest, Human," the dwarf leader says with a cruel smile beneath his black mustache. "It is the last that you will ever have! Tomorrow we will take you the castle of our Queen." With another laugh, the Dwarf orders his comrades to drop you in a deep pit near the camp. There you lie, exhausted, bound and helpless. You are almost asleep when you hear a strange voice in your ear.

"Tu whoo! Are you a friend of Aslan?" the voice asks. "If so I might help you." Rolling over, you see a large owl, almost three feet tall, standing beside you.

"I am a friend of Aslan and all the free folk of Narnia," you answer. "I am trying to return the lost crowns of the King and Queen to Cair Paravel."

"Tu whoo, who would have thought it," the Owl whispers, "and you are so small and weak. But I will free your hands and feet. Then you can climb out of this pit and get away. Unfortunately, you are too heavy for me to carry. I'd need to start from a height (a tower window or a silo's roof) to get airborne with you on my back! And there is no time for me to find other helpers."

The Owl's sharp beak easily cuts your bonds. Though the pit does not have sheer sides, it will be a hard climb out. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 129.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 458.**



"Wealthy is she?" the Dwarf replies, with a wink. "I wish I had a wealthy grandmother, Satyr. Good luck to you." You bow and continue on your way. Once out of sight, you wipe the sweat from your brow and step eastward again through the trees. **Turn to 207.**

You find it very hard to make your way up the pass. The path is steeper than it was before, and you now understand how much help Snowfoot gave you during the previous marches. The day is cold, and you slip and fall often, missing serious accidents more by luck than agility. Finally, as darkness falls, you find a small cave where you can spend the night. You search, but cannot find any food stored there, nor any firewood. **Turn to 103.**

Though you run as hard as you can, the dwarfs know this area much better than you or Snowfoot. They cut you off about a half mile ahead and attack you. Snowfoot tries to fight back, but they throw a net over him. There are just too many of them for you to resist! With many angry words and threats, they take both of you back to their dwellings.

- If you checked Key 7, **turn to 190.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 288.**

Flinging a stone at the creature's head, you hit one fiery eye. A second thrown rock strikes the other. Oh, hurrah! It can't see anymore! You dart about the rock shelf, avoiding the beast's blind slashes at your legs and feet. Quick, jump! No, duck! Now, dive! Now... it's gone! Right over the cliff edge!

Quickly, you free Snowfoot, hugging him tightly when he bounds up to place his paws on your shoulders. But where is the old woman?

"She fled when you blinded Gemcrest," Snowfoot tells you. "And fell into her own well!"

You climb toward the top of the pass with Snowfoot at your side. He is safe now, but the Dragon lies ahead! **Turn to 459.**

The old woman must be a Witch or a Hag, an evil being who is no friend to Aslan. Perhaps she might even fear the sound of the Lion's name. If you called on the son of the Emperor-beyond-the-Sea, would the Hag shrink in terror of all that is good? Or might she just kill you that much more quickly?

You must act, and quickly.

- If you call on Aslan, **turn to 235.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 287.**

The Dwarfs overwhelm you almost before the fight begins. At least they seem more anxious to capture you than hurt you: one knocks the club from your hand while the other trips you. Quickly they tie your hands and feet, then heave your body onto the sled.

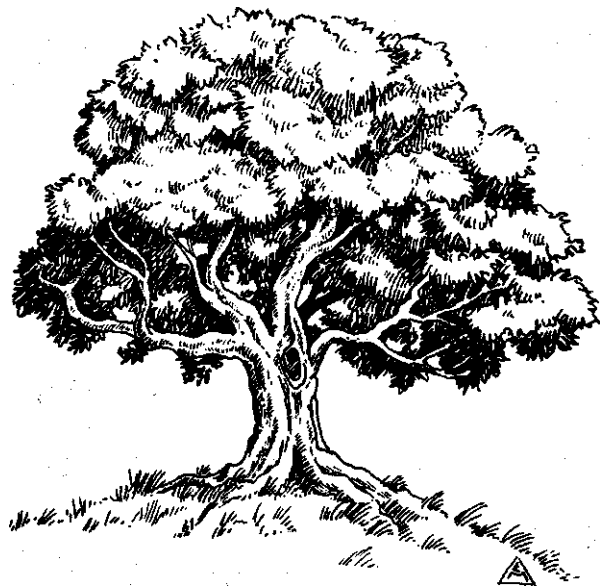
"Nackle will be very pleased with us," one of them laughs, his small, reddish-brown eyes gleaming.

When you have returned to the dwarf's Hall, you are immediately brought before Nackle. **Turn to 190.**

"Please, Lord Dwarf," you begin. "I did not mean to offend. My master told me to avoid anyone, so that no one could steal

"Do you consider the Dwarf Guards of the Queen to be common thieves?" he answers angrily, and slaps you across the head. The blow knocks off your cap! "A child of Adam and Eve!" he gasps. "Comrades, we have done well today. The Witch will reward us magnificently for bringing her this traitor."

Two guards tie you up, while another takes the lost crowns! While some of them force Snowfoot and Lockhorn away to the south, as the other dwarfs march you off to the north, threatening you with a whip whenever you stumble or slow your pace. At last, they stop to rest in a small clearing where two other dwarfs feed logs to a campfire. To think that you have lost Snowfoot after all this time! It is enough to make you start crying! **Check Key 6 and turn to 192.**



You have heard tales of the hypnotic talk of Dragons, and you do not want to expose yourself to his charms. Instead of stopping, you swing your club even harder, hoping to strike some weak point in his scales. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-10, **turn to 204.**
- If 11, **turn to 426.**
- If 12, **turn to 119.**

Something is very wrong with this old woman and her plans! Her charm may protect you from the Dragon, but it must have other problems that she did not mention. Maybe you shouldn't accept her help after all!

- If you leave, **turn to 231.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 312.**

202

The dwarfs send you down in the mine tunnels that afternoon. They make Snowfoot dig out passageways, and force you to cart the dirt away. By the end of the long day, you know that you must find some way to escape them. They have changed your quarters now, putting you in a small, airless shed, next to the main house. You notice that the door has a heavy bar across it. How can you remove it?

Your dinner, dry bread and hard cheese, is waiting inside, and after you eat, you and Snowfoot consider the options. Snowfoot sees two choices: you can try to lift the bar from the inside or you can try to tunnel out of the hut. You try to think of ways to unbar the door, then think of ways to dig a tunnel. The back wall of the hut is made of stones set against the hillside, but Snowfoot thinks he can dig through it fairly quickly. "In the mines this afternoon I found that the soil is very soft and loose," he explains. "I think I can do it."

- If you try to unbar the door, **turn to 154.**
- If you try to dig free, **turn to 181.**

203

You run as hard as you can, gasping with the effort of plowing through the deep snow. The Wolf is running at an angle, trying to cut you off from the castle. Suddenly, he vanishes from view. He's tumbled into a snow-filled hole in the ground! By the time he climbs out, you are sealing a broken place in the castle walls. As you top the wall, your foe turns and slinks away, his tail between his legs. **Turn to 102.**

204

There's an irritated look in his huge eyes. And you've made a terrible mistake! His huge jaws close around you! Screaming, your eyes blink shut. Oh, don't let it happen! Not this!

Your eyes open to see flannel sheets and soft, woolly blankets drawn up to your chin. It's Miss Plummer's guest room! You're safe, but what will happen to Snowfoot and Loyalheart and Longwing and all the folk of Narnia? Will you ever know? **THE END.**

It's easy to return to Narnia. Just go to the Prologue and begin again!



205

Struggling with the ropes, you remember that you brought a pocketknife from Miss Plummer's guest bedroom. You pull the knife out, but it takes what seems like hours to open it, and even longer to turn it so the blade can cut your ropes.

Finally, after much bother, you are loose. Rubbing your wrists and stamping your feet, you stagger over to Snowfoot and cut his bonds as well. Moments later, the huge dog is free, and licking your face in gratitude. You both pick up your packs and slip out of the room. **Turn to 366.**

206

Trying to move quietly through the brush, you approach the Beaver. "Mrs. Beaver, ma'am," you whisper, "your kind knows all about streams and rivers, and you look like a decent, honest sort of animal. For the good of all Narnia, I must cross the great river and go on to Cair Paravel. Can you help me?"

The Beaver studies you, then nods briskly. "Of course, of course," she answers, keeping her voice low. "I had warning from Starguide that a human might come this way. Follow me, but be quiet and careful. There are servants of the Witch in the forest tonight." Without another word, you follow her. She leads you along the river for more than half a mile, then shows you a place where sandbars and shallows provide an easy ford.

Once across, she points out the way to the castle, then plunges back into the water and paddles away. **Turn to 396.**

As the 'day draws to a close, you approach a small stream with open land along both banks. Two huge Wildcats prowl this area, obviously hunting.

"I have heard tales of those cats," Snowfoot whispers. "They are named Sheepstealer and Wildclaw. Both are vicious killers, animals who have behaved so badly that Aslan deprived them of the power of speech and intelligent thought. We must avoid them if we possibly can!"

You agree strongly with Snowfoot! After studying the terrain, you crouch low and begin to sneak from bush to bush with the St. Bernard at your heels. Farther downstream you can see a bridge formed by a huge fallen tree. With luck, you will be able to cross there. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 188.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 256.**

Fortunately, the dwarfs' fury interferes with their judgment. The leader charges wildly and you sidestep at the last minute, tripping him as he rushes past and then stunning him with your club. The other dwarf tries to circle and attack you from behind, but forgets about Snowfoot, who leaps on him. You tie their wrists and ankles with their own hoods!

With the dwarfs defeated, you take one of their knives and free Snowfoot. At last you are off! **Erase your check on Key 6, then turn to 219.**



"I suffer with my every thought of Snowfoot," you begin. "I never hated myself more than when I left him with the dwarfs. But if I had tried to save him, I would have sacrificed my quest and failed all the folk of Narnia. He understood..."

"Indeed, he did not!" the Dragon answers harshly. "You abandoned your loyal friend to save yourself, and you have invented this string of lies to let your eyes close peacefully at night. Well, I certainly cannot permit such a liar to carry the future of Narnia on his shoulders. Begone from here, ere I teach you the terrible wrath of the Dragon!"

Frightened to death, you flee the Dragon's cave, rushing far down the pass before you rest. Only total exhaustion lets you sleep when you discover a rock ledge sheltered from the wind. But even your restless sleep is haunted by strange dreams. As you toss and turn, Aslan's sorrowful face hovers before your shamed gaze. To your dismay there is no place to hide, and you must face him. **Turn to 186.**

You bow to the Dragon and offer him the English coins. He looks at them in surprise, and says: "I have never seen coins of this sort before, little one. Where did you find them?"

"They come from my own land, England," you answer. "Think of it, Firesteam, no one else in Narnia, however great their wealth, will own such coins." **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 319.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 415.**

"Oh, I have business at the top of the pass," you say casually. "Dangerous and secret business," you add, when she doesn't respond. "It's best that you no know nothing about it."

"Oh, but I could help the little babbie," she suggests shyly. "I'm more than an ugly old woman. I've seen visions and learned hidden knowledge. I can answer to any question!"

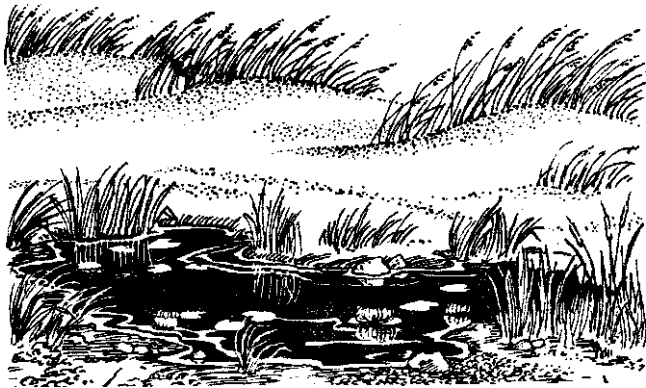
- If you give her a more complete explanation, **turn to 323.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 215.**

212

"Oh, you don't want to know," you answer. "It might be dangerous knowledge, and I don't want to cause trouble for a kindly woman like you."

Her pale eyes sharpen in surprise. "Why, the sweetiepie must tell me," she says sweetly. "Does it understand that I am a lady of mysteries and skills? If the poppet's quest be dangerous, it needs the sort of help I know best how to give." Her eyes grow bright with eagerness. What should you say?

- If you tell her about your quest, **turn to 323**.
- Otherwise, **turn to 215**.



213

Signalling to Snowfoot to watch for the Dragon, you slip into the cave, pick up the crowns, and slide them into your pack. Then you pause, spellbound by the other treasures until Snowfoot calls anxiously: "There is no time for that, friend. Hurry, before the Dragon returns."

Wading through piled coin and gems, you hurry out of the cave. You and Snowfoot rush away to begin the return journey down the pass. Slipping from shadow to shadow, you try to stay hidden. Will you be clever enough to fool the Dragon?

Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:

- If 2-7, **turn to 333**.
- If 8-12, **turn to 320**.

214

You grab the nearest branch from the ground and belabor the Fox with it. Though the animal is quicker than you, he is no match for your weapon. Finally he turns and slinks away with his tail between his legs, heading north. Will he summon other servants of the Witch to seek you out? Waiting won't help! You'd best be on your way! Quickly, you head off to the southeast. **Turn to 396**.

215

"No, no, I cannot tell," you insist. "The secret is not entirely my own, so I must be careful."

"But surely the weedle beebie trusts old granny," she coos.

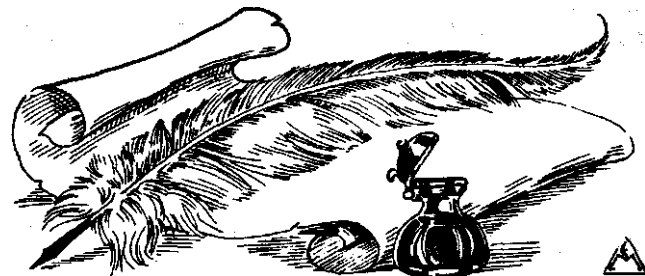
Why is she so eager to know your task? Perhaps she's a spy for the White Witch!

Even as you pick up your things to leave, the old woman still pelters you with questions and pats your hand. Maybe you should ask her help. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 229**.
- If 6-12, **turn to 410**.

216

You drift off to sleep thinking of Dragons and gold while Snowfoot and the Bear stay up, chatting about old friends. In the morning, before you start out, Beehunter gives you some biscuits and honey wrapped in oak leaves for your journey. **Turn to 440**.



217

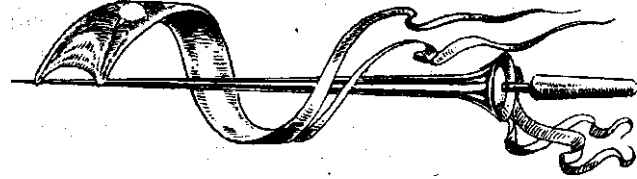
With as much honor as you can muster (which is quite a lot), you say, "I would never accept such a proposition. Not to carry out ten thousand quests."

"Very well," the Dwarf answers, sneering at you. "You may both be slaves." *Turn to 424.*

218

"Let's swim the river," you tell Snowfoot. "There's no use seeking dangers that we do not have to face." Snowfoot agrees and leads you down to the river bank, choosing a spot with thick woods on both sides. The banks slope gently down to the water, and the river is relatively narrow.

Shivering, you undress, and Snowfoot helps you wrap your clothes in a blanket. You tie this on his back, and he tells you to hold onto his fur during the swim. With his strong muscles to help you, you make it safely to the other side, though the water is icy cold. After scrambling up the bank, you dry off quicker than a whistle and dress again while the St. Bernard shakes his sodden fur some paces away. Snowfoot sets a fast pace to get you both warm again. *Turn to 223.*



219

A glorious sunrise of rose and lavender finds you ready to pursue your quest with renewed strength. The snow is deeper now, and the walking is harder, but you do not complain. It seems to you that you have grown stronger and more powerful since you came to Narnia. You feel more mature too, ready for the responsibilities that lie ahead. Snowfoot warns you that you are coming to the end of the lands where he has travelled before, and that you have passed the homes of all his friends. Unknown wilderlands rise before you. "We must be even more careful now," he cautions.

That night, you come to another of the little caves he has used for shelter so often, but this time the cave has no supplies. The usual pouches of dried meat and bread have been torn apart by some unfriendly (and inconsiderate) creature. *Turn to 395.*

220

The Wildcats apparently prefer food that doesn't fight back. After you whack Sheepstealer across the nose with your club, and Snowfoot sinks his teeth into Wildclaw's leg, both cats flee south as quickly as their legs will carry them. You return to the flock, and find Lockhorn preparing to bid you farewell.

"May Aslan guide you," the Ram says. "I would be no more help to you further east, for the servants of the Witch would know that there are no grazing meadows there. My flock must travel north. Good fortune to you, child. Farewell, Snowfoot."

As the sheep turn north, you and Snowfoot follow the road east. Though it has been a long day, you march forward eagerly. Your long quest must be near to its end. *Turn to 437.*

Snuggling into your blanket, you close your eyes for a moment. The company of two friends makes you feel snug and safe, and the dangers of your quest seem far away. As Fiddle and Snowfoot talk about mutual friends who live in the foothills and lowlands, you wonder if Fiddle might tell you more about the Black Dwarfs.

"Will we have to visit the Black Dwarfs, Snowfoot?" you ask casually. "If we do, perhaps our friend can tell us something of them?"

Snowfoot looks up and nods. "We will have to stop with them tomorrow night," he says. "There is no other place save the open snow."

"Well, better you than me," Fiddle comments. "If you pay them enough, they might give you a decent meal and a corner to sleep in. It's fortunate that one of them brags that he's the best cook in all Narnia, or the lazy blighters would probably starve, for all their cleverness. Watch out for their tricks, mind. They've many of them."

"What kind of tricks?" you ask lazily, leaning back to study the ceiling.

"Almost any trick from short change to making you clean the dishes," Fiddle laughs. "But they are clever. They tricked the Dragon once, and took away the treasure he valued most in all the world. Now I doubt, begging your pardon mates, that you are more clever than a Dragon."

"What did they take from the Dragon?" you ask.

"A wooden ring," Fiddle answers, "shaped like a dragon biting his own tail. But it has some special magic, so that the wood glows when it's heated — nothing will make it burn. Smart and powerful as he is, Firesteam was awe-struck by that ring, because he could not understand it. The Dwarfs created a distraction near Firesteam's cave, and while he investigated, Nackle snuck in and took the ring. Got clean away with it, though Firesteam may have munched a Dwarf or two in the meantime." He chuckles. *Check Key 5 and turn to 157.*

You study the ropes, then start untying the ones around Snowfoot's front paws. The dog whimpers as a rope at his neck draws tighter. Just before it strangles him you manage to loosen the noose.

Next you turn to his legs. After a long struggle, he is finally free. The big dog licks your face before the two of you hurry away. As you sneak past the well, you see the old woman and her beast servant returning to the hut. Oh, no! If you don't hide, they'll see you. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

• If 2-7, **turn to 249.**

• If 8-12, **turn to 262.**

You and Snowfoot walk silently eastward, constantly on the lookout for spies or other dangers. Finally, you come to a wide clearing. On the other side you see the high walls of a castle. Beyond it, you can hear the crash of waves, for you are very near the sea.

Snowfoot nudges your leg, then points to the left with a gesture of his head. Prowling around the castle, acting like a sentry on patrol, a huge Wolf watches the wood's edge! A servant of the White Witch! You study the terrain: is there any safe way to cross the open ground? With a whisper you ask Snowfoot if he sees a safe path.

"Do not worry, friend," the huge dog answers, a far away look in his sad eyes. "You will not have any trouble with the Wolf. I know why Aslan sent me to travel with you. I shall attack the Wolf, and while I keep his attention, you can cross the clearing and enter the castle without danger. See, just across from us, there is a broken place in the castle wall where you may climb into the gardens easily."

• If you agree to this plan, **turn to 106.**

• If you say you will help fight the Wolf, **turn to 240.**

224

You lie in the powdery snow of your hiding place, trying to stay warm while you watch the two dwarfs check the tautness of the rope that holds Snowfoot to the tree. Then they nod in agreement and walk further into the woods to collect more dead wood. After a few minutes they have moved thirty or forty yards where they begin to make another pile. Soon they move on to yet another area over a low slope, out of sight!

Jumping to your feet, you hurry down into the valley as fast as your legs will carry you. The dog licks your face with delight at the sight of you. Unfortunately, as you try to untie him, you find that the knots are those confounded double half-hitches. It will be hard work to free your friend.

- *If you have a pocketknife (checked Key 1), turn to 403.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 432.*

225

While Snowfoot barks to distract the Dragon, you strike a hard blow to the base of a wing. The Dragon reels in shock, and backs another step when you swing at his head.

"This is ridiculous!" the Dragon roars. "I have done nothing to you, and I have no wish to slay you. Take what you wish, and begone before I grow angry."

To your surprise, the Dragon does not react when you take the crowns from their place and slide them into your pack. Then you and Snowfoot hurry away from the cave. You realize that you were incredibly lucky even to survive the battle, much less escape with the crowns.

Together, over the next few days, you make your way out of the mountains. **Turn to 152.**

226

Despite your weapons, the Wolf leaps straight for your throat, bowling you over backwards. Desperately, you struggle to win free of the beast's weight, but one huge paw pins you to the snow. You shut your eyes as the end nears.

That's odd! The snow at the back of your neck is gone! Nuzzling your cheek into what feels suspiciously like a flannel pillow, you open your eyes. It is a pillow! You're cozily tucked in bed with blankets pulled up to your chin.

"Where am I?" you murmur. Then it all comes back. You're in Miss Plummer's guest room in London. But what of Narnia? Will you ever know? **THE END.**

If you want to return to Narnia, just go to the Prologue and begin again!

227

The Dragon stares at you for many long minutes before speaking. "Child of Adam and Eve," he intones, "I find it hard to forgive your theft, but I understand that the crime did not stem from greed. There is much good in your heart, and you may yet grow into a true and loyal servant of Aslan. But you are weak in body and spirit now. Can I truly trust you with the fate of all Narnia?"

You feel a deep gratitude to the Dragon for his forgiveness, and a calming and strengthening of your spirit. *If your Inner Strength bonus is less than 0, change it to 0. Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:*

- *If 2-5, turn to 185.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 313.*

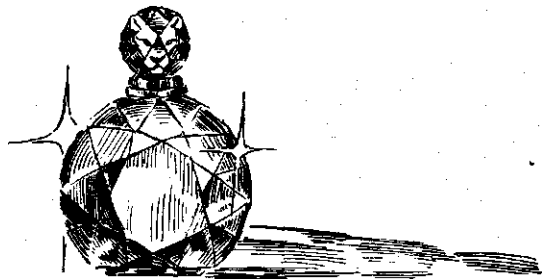
228

What could be more useful than a charm to protect you from the Dragon? This is good fortune, indeed! "I accept your offer," you say imperiously. "Thank you so much."

"Bitsy moppet will never regret it," she soothes. "Once I finish, the Dragon won't be able to harm widdle pussums. Come out behind my little house, tiny lambkins." She leads you through the hut and out the backdoor. There a low, granite table squats on a shelf of rock. You peer over the edge, and see a drop of hundreds of feet. Dizzily you back away while the crone coaxes you to lie down on the table and stretch out your arms and legs. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- *If 2-6, turn to 312.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 201.*

How will you deal with a dragon? The old woman's knowledge might mean the difference between success and death! Sighing, you begin to tell her about the lost crowns of King Frank and Queen Helen. **Turn to 323.**



What about the ring hidden in your pocket? Perhaps its wood has some magic that could draw him near. You concentrate on the ring, trying to send a vision of it into the air. The pocket where it lies grows warm.

The crone looms above you, her stone knife held high. The blade descends, and you shut your eyes, willing it not to happen.

Suddenly, a rushing roar, like a high wind sweeping down from the mountain peak, fills your ears. A huge shadow shatters the moonlight. With a scream, the old woman turns to run. A winged monster lands on top of her hut. Its long, serpentine form shimmers like the insides of abalone shells, while needle-like feathers of pearl and jade and opal fringe its glittering eyes. The roof groans.

The Dragon is so magnificently bright, you can scarcely look at him. You blink in awe, unable to speak. Stretching out a claw, the shining creature breaks your bonds as if they are spiderwebs. Gently, he closes his claw around your waist and springs into the air, iridescent wings beating. "Silence, Little one," his deep voice hisses to the night. "Silence until we reach a safer place."

- If you checked Key 6, **turn to 241.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 404.**

You shake loose from the old woman's grasp, and thank her for the offer of magical help, saying, "I'd rather not have the charm after all. Perhaps some other traveller might want it. I'll just be going now, if you don't mind."

But, of course, she does mind! As you edge away from the granite table, she screeches, "How dare the foolish babbler refuse my help? Silly, toothsome lamb! It shall not insult me so! Gemcrest, seize the itty mite!"

As you leap into a panicked gallop toward the top of the pass, a most peculiar creature springs from the hut's patterned door. The beast's emerald and sapphire crest feathers brush the top of the door frame; its flaming eyes pounce upon you as it presses forward on powerful griffon's claws.

One look is more than enough. You dart up the mountain as fast as your legs will go. Pants and snarls follow at your heels, but you don't dare turn to watch your pursuer. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 124.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 183.**

You fear what the Dwarfs might do, but you would rather face any danger accompanied by Snowfoot than escape alone. Together, you can surely find a way out. As you make this decision, they finish with the dog and come over to you. Quick as a darting minnow, your wrists and ankles are tightly roped. Then the Dwarfs leave, urging you to sleep well and warning you that hard work lies ahead. **Turn to 460.**

Something is bothering you. The old woman's fall looked suspiciously planned! Afraid that she will do him a mischief, you dive after Snowfoot, trying to hold him back. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 176.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 259.**

"That's the silliest story I ever heard!" the Dwarf snaps. And he slaps you across the top of your head. To your dismay, the blow knocks your cap off! The Dwarf gasps...

"Hurry, mates!" he yells to the others, covering you with his bow. "We have a child of Adam and Eve here. The White Queen will pay us well for such a prisoner."

At his first shout, seven more wickedly barbed arrows point at you and Snowfoot from the bows of the other dwarfs. And before he finishes speaking, both of you are bound, hand and foot. Half the dwarfs drag Snowfoot away to the south, while the others carry you northward. As they go, they tell stories of the rewards the Queen will give them and the tortures she will reserve for you. Ugh! But what of the brave Snowfoot? You can only hope that things will go better for him.

After a weary march (your wrists and ankles burn from the tightness of the ropes), they stop in a clearing where two more dwarfs feed logs to a campfire. **Turn to 192.**

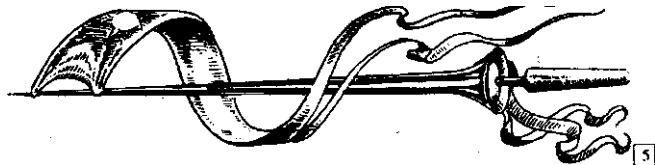
"Free me, Hag!" you shout at the top of your lungs. The old woman laughs, but her face freezes with your next words.

"In Aslan's name, release me!" you cry.

"Oh, oh, oh!" screeches the Hag in agony. "Oh, it hurts me! Oh, poppit, name that Name no more! I'll let the lampkin go. Oh, it aches, it does!" She cuts your bonds with the sacrificial knife, and you scramble to your feet.

"Go, bitsy moppet! Oh, leave me!" the crone moans. All the doors of the hut fly open, as she points to them. Her beast servant, Gemcrest, stares at you, a strange look on its fierce face. You want to flee; but perhaps you might keep the Hag from doing further mischief to unwary travellers.

- If you leave at once, **turn to 237.**
- If you call on the power of Aslan's name again, **turn to 236.**



"Old woman, in Aslan's name, repent of your evil ways and make your home a place of peace and refreshment!" you command. The Hag shrieks and covers her ears. "Grandmother, the Lion has room enough in his heart, even for you, if you but accept your place there!"

She screams terribly and turns to run desperately away from you. Her soot-like hair and tattered garments stream out behind her as she rushes up the slope.

As you stand and stare, a voice behind you says, "At birth her kind draws life from evil hearts. You and I may choose evil or choose good. The corrupted may be reclaimed. But Evil belongs to itself and may not repent to draw nearer the Lion."

You spin around to see a gentle-faced creature, half-bear and half-man, standing where Gemcrest had crouched. He declares; "I am Gemcrest, or Gemcrest was me. My true name is Dawnhunter. The Hag bewitched me to serve as her slave."

A long wail, followed by a splash, causes you to spin round yet again. The fleeing Hag is nowhere in sight. "She fell into her own well," murmurs Dawnhunter. "Drowning seems a gracious fate for one so evil. And I am now free of her scrocerous thrall. Thank you for my deliverance, young one!"

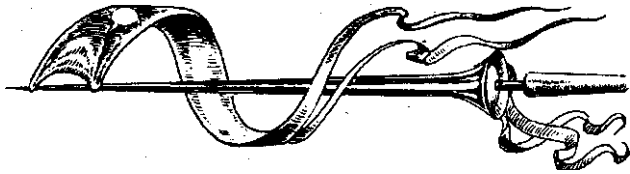
"Oh, it was nothing," you say, a little embarrassed.

"Small friend, you have helped me," he insists. "And I shall try to help you. I gather that your quest takes you to the Dragon Fireteam. He lives just over the crest of the pass. Remember this when you see him: he is a beast of noble heart and a true follower of Aslan. Treat him as his character deserves."

"A servant of Aslan!" you gasp. "How can a dragon serve Aslan? And how did he get the crowns — a dragon killed the last King and Queen for those crowns!"

"True," Dawnhunter answers, "but it was the Dragon Featherflame, not Fireteam, who killed those royal folk. Fireteam slew Featherflame and took all his hoard for his own. You may trust Fireteam. Go in peace, young one, and farewell."

With these words, the Ursaphae departs for the valley. You shake your head, gather your things, and head up the pass. Could the Dragon truly be an ally? **Turn to 459.**



237

While the Hag cringes in fear, you hurry away, up the slope, and over the last crest. The Hag is behind you, but the Dragon still waits. **Turn to 459.**

238

Your efforts to free yourself fail, and you lie helpless until far into the morning. Finally, Nackle comes in to see you, accompanied by the other Dwarfs.

He studies the two of you for a moment. "Yes, you will make a good pair of slaves. We are all great craftsmen here. Not one of us has the time to do ordinary things, and it is only right that inferior folk like you should work for us. You will dig the tunnels in our mines, so that we only have to pick out the jewels and valuable ore. You will also fetch wood, clean, and do all the other ordinary chores. We will not be cruel unless you force our hand, so be wise and cooperate."

You stare at him in horror and then hurriedly explain why it is impossible for you to remain a slave. You try to make clear the importance of your quest for the crowns. He pauses to listen. Can you persuade him? **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 134.**
- If 6-10, **turn to 444.**
- If 11-12, **turn to 254.**

239

Heels flying, you dash up the mountain, not daring to look back. Then a huge claw grips your shoulder and spins you around. Gemcrest has caught you! Will the beast kill you as well? **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-8, **turn to 242.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 243.**

240

"Snowfoot!" you cry in shock, "I cannot let you fight the Wolfalone. We are friends and should share all the dangers of this quest, as we have done until now."

"Do not make it harder," he answers, his eyes very sad. "is not your mission to fight Wolves. You are to enter the grounds of this castle and place the crowns where they belong. My duty is to do everything in my power to help you succeed. You cannot defeat this Wolf—you are not strong enough. **Turn to 106.**

241

The Dragon carries you high into the air, swings around mountain peak, and descends in long swooping circles. You want to cling to something, but there is nothing to grab. Then Firesteam's wings are still; he sweeps into a long, smooth glide toward the dark mouth of a cave. Landing gracefully in the shadows, he sets you down in a corner, then steps back and lights a dozen torches with a single, soft puff of his fierce breath.

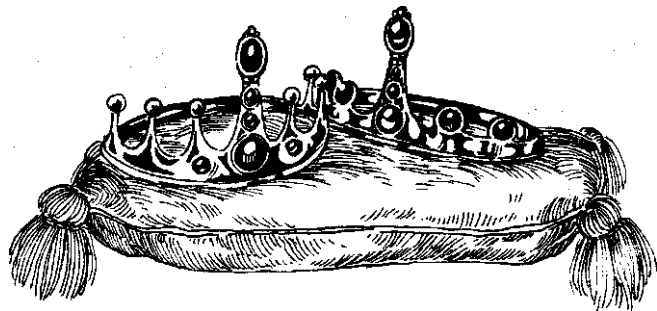
Bathed in the glow of the torches, you stare in absolute astonishment. The floor of the cave is covered with an vast array of riches. There are heaps of gold and silver coins, loose jewels of every imaginable hue, rings, bracelets, and necklaces dripping diamonds, swords whose hilts are heavy with emeralds, chaplets of ocean pearls, shields of bronze filigreed with silver, red leather breast plates swirled with brightly painted patterns, chalices encrusted with agate and Onyx, tureens of jade, crystal flasks of myrrh, frankincense, cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice, and chests of silks, velvets, and furs.

Blinking, you note that some treasures rest in special places of honor. A great Calormene scimitar hangs from one wall, its golden hilt covered with sapphires, the steel of its finely wrought blade shimmering in the torchlight. A necklace of luminous opals winds around a stone of such deep blue that it must be lapis lazuli. A niche in the wall near the back of the cave is shaped to hold a large ring, though nothing rests there now.

Beside the empty niche, two marble busts (one a noble knight with handsome beard and steady gaze, the other a lovely lady with gentle brow and warm smile) sit on a pedestal. Golden crowns encircle their heads. At long last, the goal of your quest! They are wrought of finely filigreed gold, one set with rubies, the other with emeralds.

While you gape at his hoard, Firesteam's deep, low voice rumbles suddenly: "Pardon me, little one. I must leave you for a short while, since I have no proper food for you. Take your ease within my humble halls and do not worry — I shall not be away long." Without waiting for a reply, he glides out the cave's mouth and flies away. What should you do? The lost crowns are right here! Should you take them and go, rather than debate their possession with the Dragon?

- If you take the crowns and leave, **turn to 270**.
- If you await the Dragon's return, **turn to 346**.



242

How can you defeat this monster? As you hesitate, its hooked beak darts forward and slams into your chest. Before you can even blink your eyes, Gemcrest pins you in the snow with huge talons. Then the terrible beak strikes again!

But where are you? The snow-blanketed slope is gone! Cheerful morning sunshine peeks through lace curtains. The shadows make an intricate pattern on the quilt covering you. It's Miss Plummer's guest room, and you're safe! **THE END**.

If you want to return to Narnia, just go to the Prologue and begin again!

243

No, it won't! Head down, you charge. Avoiding the beast's striking beak, you find yourself tangled among its limbs. Terrified, you flail your arms wildly. Snap! What was that?

Suddenly, you're free! The creature slides down the mountainside on its belly, legs twisted at an awkward angle. You've broken them. No time to gloat! (The crone might appear at any moment.) You run to the top of the pass. **Turn to 459**.

244

Brushing the snow from your jacket, you peer anxiously after the vanished St. Bernard. Hopefully he'll be all right.

Suddenly, the woman's screams for help are replaced by whimpers and whines, from Snowfoot! Moments later, the old woman walks back up the slope, cackling with vicious laughter. She is dragging Snowfoot behind her! The dog is tightly bound and muzzled. As you watch in horror and disbelief, the woman drags him into her hut.

- If you try to rescue Snowfoot, **turn to 414**.
- If you run away, **turn to 160**.

245

You keep running beside Snowfoot, not daring to look back. Finally you top a crest and pause for breath, sneaking a glance over your shoulder. Far behind you, the beast has stopped, and as you watch, it turns back. You've escaped the Hag, but the Dragon awaits! **Turn to 459**.

246

"The Dragon sleeps," you whisper to Snowfoot. "The crowns are there for the taking. This is the best chance we will get!" Snowfoot looks worried, but says nothing.

Without another word you slip into the cave, circle the walls, keeping as far from the Dragon as possible, and take the crowns from their resting place. *Reduce your Inner Strength bonus by 1. **Pick a number** and add your Trickery bonus:*

- If 2-10, **turn to 328**.
- If 11-12, **turn to 393**.



247

"You ask me a great boon, child of Adam and Eve," Firesteam says. His eyes narrow, and a greed enters their golden depths. "If I give you these crowns that I have kept safe for Narnia, what will you give to me?"

You stand in shocked silence for a moment — you never thought you would have to pay the Dragon for the crowns!

- If you have the wooden ring (checked Key 8), and give it to him, **turn to 290.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 109.**

248

If only you could draw the Hag away from your friend, then you might loosen his bonds so he could flee with you. But how? Looking around, you spot a small shed on a hillock, some fifty paces away from the house. Perhaps you might set fire to it!

While the Hag and her beast servant beat out the flames, you could slip around the hut and rescue Snowfoot. Or could you simply demand that the Hag let Snowfoot go?

- If you demand the Hag free Snowfoot, **turn to 122.**
- If you set fire to the shed, **turn to 315.**

249

Grabbing Snowfoot, you crouch behind the low parapet that encircles the well. As the crone and her beast servant pass by on the other side of your hiding place, you peer over the top stones of the wall. And horror! You've caught the old woman's eye!

She shrieks in outrage and cries, "Little sneak has freed granny's dog! Catch them for me, Gemcrest!" The predatory beast springs into action, as you and Snowfoot run hard for the pass. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 266.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 245.**

250

The Dwarf's offer seems the only way to carry out your quest, and after a sad look at loyal Snowfoot, you accept. Quickly the Dwarfs bring you your pack and show you the path out of their valley. You feel so guilty at abandoning your friend that you can hardly set one foot in front of the other. **Check Key 6 and turn to 189.**

251

The old woman chortles at your request and continues to sharpen her knife. "Poppit thinks Orrisvechan to be stupid as Gemcrest!" she snorts. You tug again at the ropes, but they are too tight! The moon is rising high — you have just minutes to live. Is there anything left that might save you?

- If you have the Ring (checked Key 8), **turn to 230.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 299.**



The Dragon gazes at you intently, then touches his huge head to the floor of the cave.

"I can see that you have been chosen by Aslan," he declares in a stately voice. "Take the crowns, child of Adam and Eve, and may the Lion guide your steps as you journey to the castle. Know that the hope of every honest soul in Narnia rests upon your shoulders. May this eternal winter soon come to its end!"

"I can foresee few of the dangers you will face," he adds. "But I can tell you this: once you enter the grounds of the castle, you will be safe. A power yet resides there, so strong that no servant of the Witch would dare enter those mighty gates."

You reverently pick up the crowns and place them carefully in your pack. The Dragon's words have filled your heart with faith and pride, and you resolve to be worthy of his trust. *If your Inner Strength is less than 0, change it at 0. Turn to 318.*

The wooden ring! Surely that will please the Dragon! Bowing most grandly, you offer it to him.

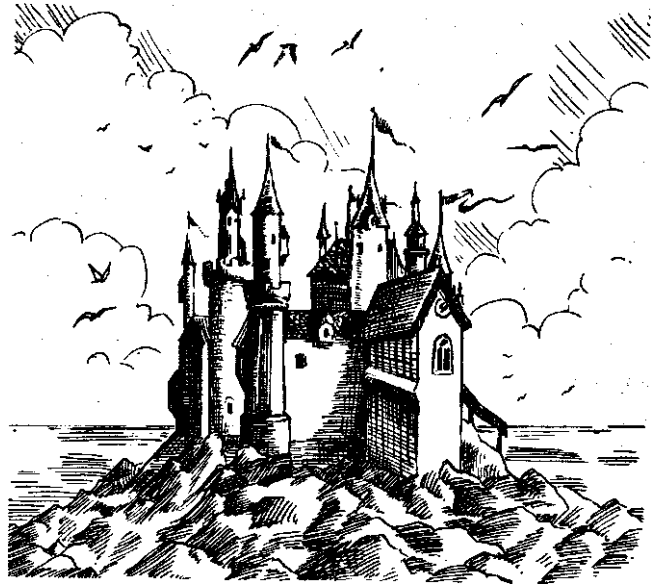
For a moment, Firesteam stares wide-eyed, then reverently picks up the intricate treasure. His huge claws handle it with incredible delicacy as he sets it in a niche in the cave wall.

"How did you recover my ring?" he asks. "It was the most valued treasure I owned. It was stolen from me years ago, and I could never avenge the miserable thieves."

You explain how you obtained the ring, and the Dragon thanks you, saying, "Name your reward my child!"

"I did not bring the ring to earn a reward," you say, "but I hope that you will let me carry out the quest that brought me to Narnia." The Dragon looks puzzled. "Starguide the Centaur has studied the night sky with great care. He believes that if the lost crowns of the King and Queen of Narnia are returned to Cair Paravel, it will be a sign that the White Witch's reign nears its end! It is my destiny to fulfill this prophecy."

"My friend speaks the truth," Snowfoot adds. "Starguide sent me to be this child's companion. As a true follower of Aslan, Firesteam, surely you will give us the crowns and help us on our way." **Turn to 142.**



You make it clear that the restoration of the crowns will be a sign to all Narnia, even to dwarfs, that the Witch will not rule forever. The dwarfs look at each other and mutter under their bushy beards.

Finally, Nackle stands and waves for silence. "We will free you," he says. "Your quest may be a fool's errand, but your belief in it is obvious. None should stand in your way. May Aslan guide you." The dwarfs return your pack and all your other things (except the money you paid) before they then show you the easiest path out of the valley. **Turn to 219.**

"No, no," the Dwarf answers haughtily. "The Dragon is no bother to us. The cliffs keep him from attacking our houses, and we keep a sharp eye out when we have to leave our halls. That Dragon isn't smart enough to catch a Dwarf anyway." He laughs and drains his mug. **Turn to 286.**

256

You and Snowfoot move cautiously; the deep snow, the low dips behind drifts, and the many bushes conceal your passing. With a sigh of relief, you cross the fallen tree and enter the woods beyond. The Wildcats never even caught wind of your scent. **Turn to 437.**

257

You pull the coins from your pocket and hold them up for Firesteam's inspection. "I offer you these coins from my own land, coins of a sort that have never been seen in Narnia before. No other horde in Narnia contains such treasures.

Firesteam bends his head down towards your hand, and appears to study the coins carefully. You wait nervously, wondering how he will react. **Pick a number:**

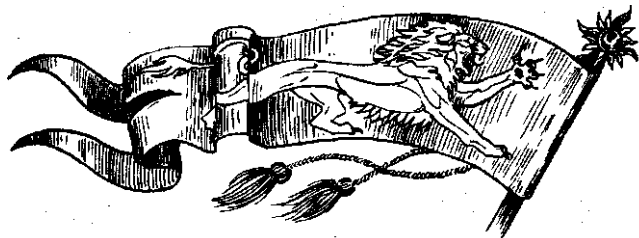
- If 2-4, **turn to 353.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 283.**

258

The dwarfs, terrified and motionless, listen as the words echo back from the trees. You expect them to flee, but instead they move closer to Snowfoot and scan the high walls of the valley. Your scheme has failed! Attack is your only alternative. If you wait, they will probably go home with the sled and Snowfoot, then come back with reinforcements to hunt for you. Desperate, you pick up a fallen branch and charge them.

Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:

- If 2-8, **turn to 291.**
- If 9-11, **turn to 322.**
- If 12, **turn to 302.**



259

You wrap your arms around Snowfoot and dig your feet into the snow. He turns and looks at you, his kind eyes full of sorrow. "Please," he almost whimpers, "let me go! I cannot ignore someone in danger, it is my nature. I must help that old woman before it's too late!"

Desperately you try to convince him to abandon the idea, but Snowfoot holds firm. Then you remember that Aslan told you to do the good deeds that came your way, rather than ignore them in favor of your quest for the crowns. Perhaps the dog is right! **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 384.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 427.**



260

What might interest a Dragon? Reaching into your pocket, You find a sixpence, a shilling, and a farthing: English coinage. Surely they would be unique gifts to any Narnian. Or would something else be better?

- If you have the pocketknife (checked Key 1), **turn to 375.**
- If you have the compass (checked Key 2), **turn to 319.**
- If you have the lighter (checked Key 3), **turn to 310.**
- If you give him your English coins, **turn to 210.**

After a moment's consideration, you ask, "A Satyr shepherd and his flock would just walk past, wouldn't they?" Snowfoot and Lockhorn both nod. "Then that is what we must do. If they caught us avoiding them, they would know that something was wrong."

It's easy to say this, but you find it hard to behave normally as you herd the flock past the dwarfs. The sheep shuffle along, filling the road. Near the crossroads, Lockhorn scrambles off to the side, and like a good shepherd, you pursue him. By the time you get him back to the others, you are safely past the dwarfs. Your passing didn't interest them at all! **Turn to 104.**

262

Grabbing Snowfoot, you crouch behind the low parapet that encircles the well and hold your breath. As the crone and her beast servant pass by on other side of your hiding place, you creep around it, always keeping the well between you and the dreadful pair until they step through the hut's front door.

In moments they'll discover the lone pile of cords and Snowfoot's escape! Leaping to your feet, the two of you race for the top of the pass.

You run until your legs feel like water and fold, pitching you headfirst into a snowdrift. While you pull yourself out, Snowfoot looks back down the mountain to see if you are being pursued. Strangely, the crone's beast servant stands halfway up the slope staring, but it makes no further attempt to reach you. The Dragon awaits! **Turn to 459.**

263

Fortunately, you need not struggle with the complex knots the old woman used. Pulling out your knife, you quickly free Snowfoot. The dog licks your face joyfully, and then you both slip quietly away. The woman and her beast still fight the fire, which rages more fiercely than ever.

Together you and Snowfoot head up the pass, crossing the last crest that leads to the High Pass. The Dragon may await you, but he can hardly be more terrible than the dangers you just escaped! **Turn to 459.**

With a sigh of relief, you feel the ropes come loose under your struggling fingers. Snowfoot is free. The two of you escape the dwarfs and their awful valley. *Erase your check on Key 6 and turn to 219.*

265

"Is it really safe to stay with a Bear?" you ask tentatively. "Wouldn't it be better to go somewhere by ourselves."

Snowfoot looks surprised, then shrugs. He leads the way to a small cave in a pass and pulls a pouch of food from a rock crevice. You share an unappealing meal of dried meat and hard bread. "Those who call these mountains home put food away here and there," he explains. "Even the wisest can be trapped by the snows. There is even a fire ready laid, but, alas, I have no way to strike a spark."

- *If you have the lighter (checked Key 3), turn to 139.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 445.*

266

Though you run as fast as you can, the beast is quicker. It picks you up with one arm and throws you across its shoulder. When Snowfoot jumps for its neck, teeth bared, the monster ducks and grabs the dog by the loose skin behind the neck. Squawking, it returns to the hut, carrying you and dragging Snowfoot.

The old woman cackles in delight at the sight of you. "Good, sweet Gemcrest!" she squeals. "Itsy human moppet's a much nicer snack! Granny's got a fine, fat toad just for the Ursaphae!"

Gemcrest crows, then throws you down onto the table from which you rescued Snowfoot. You are too shocked to resist as the crone ties your wrists and ankles. "Don't worry, sweetums," she whispers. "The poppit will live until the moon reaches its zenith tonight."

She turns to stare intently into the eyes of a cowed Snowfoot. The big dog looks puzzled; he circles the rock shelf twice before ambling away up the mountainside. You have both fallen victim to a terrible spell! *Check Key 9, and turn to 163.*

You gasp at the sight you see. A circle of torches, set high in the vaulting cavern roof, lights a vast, gleaming, shimmering mound of hoarded treasure!

Dumbstruck, you stand and stare with your mouth hanging open. There are heaps of gold and silver coins, loose jewels of every imaginable hue, rings, bracelets, and necklaces dripping diamonds, swords whose hilts are heavy with emeralds, chaplets of ocean pearls, shields of bronze filigreed with silver, red leather breast plates swirled with brightly painted patterns, chalices encrusted with agate and onyx, tureens of jade, crystal flasks of myrrh, frankincense, cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice, and chests of silks, velvets, and furs.

Blinking, you notice that some treasures rest in special places of honor. A great Calormene scimitar hangs from one wall, its golden hilt covered with sapphires, the steel of its finely wrought blade shimmering in the torchlight. A necklace of luminous opals winds around a stone of such deep blue that it must be lapis lazuli.

Then you see the crowns. Beside an empty niche, two marble busts (one a noble knight with handsome beard and steady gaze, the other a lovely lady with gentle brow and warm smile) sit on a pedestal. The lost crowns encircle their heads. The circlets are wrought of finely filigreed gold, one set with rubies, the other with emeralds.

It takes a moment for you to note the most important thing of all — there is no Dragon in the cave! What should you do? Perhaps you should steal the crowns and hope to be far away before the Dragon discovers the theft. But what if he caught you! It might be better to wait and politely ask for them.

- If you steal the crowns, **turn to 350**.
- If you wait, **turn to 306**.

268

Though the room is cold, you wrap yourself up warmly and quickly drift off to sleep. Snores from across the room prove that Snowfoot also rests well. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 146**.
- If 8-12, **turn to 276**.



269

The Centaur canters through vale and dell like the wind, rushing past the downswayed boughs of stately firs wearing snow cloaks and graceful birches glittering in ice jewels. You shout with delight, but worry whether you can stay mounted with only Starguide's bare shoulders and leather sword belt to cling to. As the sun rises higher in the sky, your fears ease. Even in England, riding an express train, you have never travelled more quickly.

Dusk is approaching when the Centaur finally comes to a stop, hidden from sight in a grove of beeches. He helps you down, then says: "Your route should be easy to find from here, though you must travel with care. Two hours to the east, you will find a river, which you must cross. Beyond there, all the roads lead toward Cair Paravel. May Aslan walk with you, little one." The Centaur gives you a package of oatcakes and cheese, before he gallops off to the north. **Turn to 345**.

270

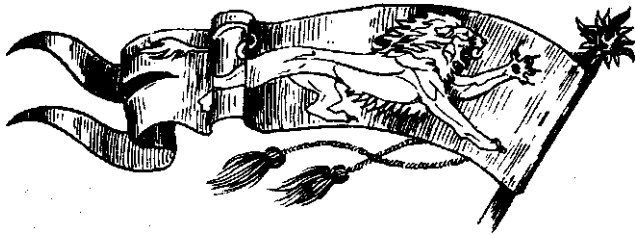
You find a pack lying in a corner of the cave, then slip the crowns inside. It does seem grossly unfair to take the crowns without asking; especially after the Dragon saved you from the Hag.

Then you start across the cave, walking hurriedly. You'd best leave before the Dragon returns! But, your heart feels a desperate longing for the piles of riches around you. Surely the Dragon would never notice if you took a handful of gold. The wealth might well help you complete your quest. *Reduce your Inner Strength bonus by 1.*

- *If you fill your pockets with gold, turn to 131.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 128.*

271

You and Snowfoot leave the dwarf halls with cautious steps, taking special care to open the main door without a squeak. Once outside, you make little noise or disturbance leaving the dwarfish valley. **Turn to 219.**

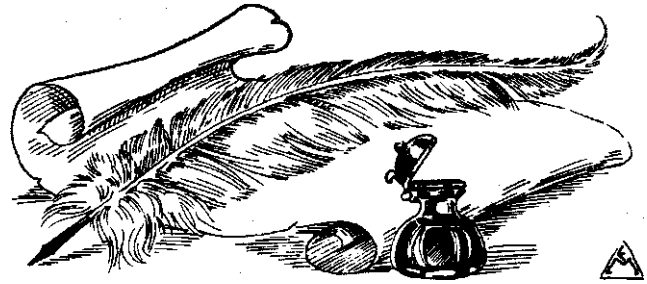


272

Taking a deep breath, you slip out from the shelter of the trees, and begin to creep toward the castle. You take what care you can to hide behind snow drifts and low-growing bushes. Once or twice you almost burrow a tunnel through the snow!

Then you hear an eery noise—half howl, half shout—too near for comfort. A hurried look reveals the Wolf charging! You have only a moment to decide how to save yourself.

- *If you try to outrun the Wolf, turn to 367.*
- *If you stand and fight the Wolf, turn to 372.*



273

Before you can blink, you have replaced Snowfoot on the granite slab! Horrified, you see the old woman gesture at your friend. He whimpers, but the spell is much too strong. Dazed, the St. Bernard wanders slowly away from the hut.

The crone bends over you to whisper, "A child of Adam and Eve! It's the answer to a dream, bitsy moppet! Every Hag in Narnia wants the power to be gained by sacrifice. When the moon reaches its zenith tonight, that power will be mine!"

In terror, you struggle madly against your bonds. But it's hopeless. You will not break free by strength alone! *Check Key 9 and turn to 163.*

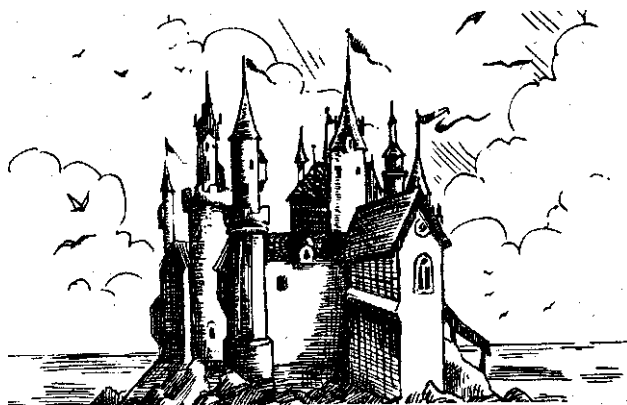
274

"I'm surprised there's a house here," Snowfoot whispers. "Few would be willing to live so close to the Dragon."

You take a step closer to the hut; its only occupant appears to be an old woman, who paces back and forth beyond the yellowed lace curtain at the window.

You tug at your companion, impatient to go higher up into the pass. Then the old woman comes out of the hut, carrying a bucket in one hand and a candle in the other. She walks over to a well on the top of a smooth knoll, sets the candle on the ground, and prepares to raise the bucket. Suddenly, with a scream, she loses her footing, and slips out of sight down the slope. Snowfoot leaps out of hiding, ready to rescue her.

- *If you try to stop him, turn to 233.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 338.*



275

The Dragon listens to your explanation, then nods his great head reverently. "Welcome again to my home," he says formally. "It is clear that Aslan is truly your guide. In the morning you shall leave here with the crowns in your possession. Your courage and wisdom will meet many more tests, but your faithful spirit may yet triumph. Now eat and rest, so that you will be strong and ready for your final journey."

You dine on the vegetable stew that Firesteam brought, then sleep until midmorning. After a breakfast of fresh huckleberries and sweet cream, Firesteam escorts you outside.

"I do not know what dangers you must face," he says, "but I can tell you this: once you enter the grounds of Cair Paravel, you will be safe from the Witch and all her slaves. There is a power in the castle that protects it from her and those like her. Indeed, such is the magic that I, a Dragon, could not enter the castle myself. Good fortune to you, friends, and may Aslan guide your steps."

The journey down into the valley seems much easier than the tortuous climb to Firesteam's cave. Often you travel silently, undercover of fog or snowfall. And no one, friend or foe, halts your progress. As you descend through the foothills flanking the mountain's slopes, a light ground mist obscures the view ahead. What will you find in the hills and dales of Narnia's heartland? **Turn to 152.**

276

Whimpering awakens you. Opening your eyes, you see several of the dwarfs busily binding, Snowfoot, who is struggling valiantly. One of them has a hand over the dog's mouth to keep him quiet. They don't realize that you are awake, but you have only a moment to decide what to do! You cannot rescue Snowfoot, but you might slip out of the room and get away before they realize what you are doing. Should you abandon your helpless companion, or let the dwarfs tie you up in turn?

- If you run away, **turn to 307.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 232.**

277

"No Snowfoot!" you say sharply. "We do not have time for this. If you are my friend and comrade as you have claimed, come along with me. We have no time to spare."

You turn and walk away, heading further up the pass. Snowfoot looks after you, his beautiful eyes shocked and hurt. He whimpers once, trying to change your mind, then sees that it is hopeless. With a long sigh, he turns and follows you, his head and tail drooping. You feel guilty, but still feel convinced that your decision was right. Together you cross the last crest and look across a small valley.

You've reached the highest point of the pass! **Turn to 459.**





278

You and Snowfoot prepare for your journey. In addition to the blanket wrapped around your shoulders, the dog gives you dried meat and bread, as well as a few Narnian coins. He keeps other necessities in his own pack: bandages, long coils of rope, and spare clothes.

"We shouldn't need the coins," he says. "It is the custom in these mountains to extend hospitality to travellers, for no one knows when they too might need help. I have one or two good friends along the way, and I know how to travel and live at higher elevations. With luck, I will be able to get you to the Pass. What happens then, we will find out."

There seems no more need for talk. Snowfoot leads you across a boulder-strewn ice-field to a narrow track beaten through the snow on the side of the mountain. Steep slopes rise to one side of you, vanishing into the distant clouds. A sheer drop to the other side sends shivers down your back. The land below seems hidden by fog. How lucky you are to have Snowfoot as your guide! The huge dog always finds the easiest way, and his strength inspires you to keep going much longer than you believed possible.

Finally, the day draws to an end.

"I plan to spend the night with an old friend, Beehunter the Bear," Snowfoot tells you. "He has a cave near here." You hesitate, wondering if a Bear is a safe host.

- If you go to the Bear's cave with Snowfoot, **turn to 356.**
- If you do not want to stay with the Bear, **turn to 265.**

279

A little frightened by what the Lion might think of your shortcomings, you hesitate to meet his solemn gaze.

"Do not torment yourself over your failure, little one," he says gently. "You have made mistakes during your journey, but you have done what you thought best. Not every effort succeeds, but light always comes out of darkness. Now, rest yourself, and prepare for a new day. Have faith you will avoid similar problems in your future undertakings." Comforted and filled with new courage, you sink into a dreamless, restorative sleep. **Turn to 407.**

280

Desperate, you scoop up a rock and fling it. The stone bounces off Gemcrest's foreleg harmlessly, and you scramble for another. Here's one! But it's too late! The beast has scooped you up in its great talons, dangling your toes over the cliff edge. **Turn to 273.**

281

You don't want to go near any of the Witch's servants! From the edge of the woods you study the terrain, looking for a way to pass without being seen. *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-6, **turn to 151.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 155.**

282

You have not ventured far in the icy water before you realize that the attempt is beyond your strength. With a deep sigh, you return to shore. Fortunately, the blanket kept your clothes dry. You dress as quickly as you can, hoping you won't catch cold for your foolishness.

Shivering, you retrace your steps along the river bank. Perhaps the Fox or the Beaver could help you after all. But where are they? *Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:*

- If 2-5, **turn to 433.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 446.**

283

The Dragon studies the coins for a long time, then nods. "I will accept these gifts," he says slowly. "Perhaps they are of little value in your world, or in mine, but I will accept them in honor of your courage and cleverness as well as for their novelty. I thank you for them — I shall always keep them safe." But what will he say about the crowns? **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 191.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 295.**

284

Both you and Snowfoot hurriedly leave the rock shelf behind. Your hardest test has yet to come — you must still face the Dragon! **Turn to 459.**

285

It wouldn't be safe to go near the dwarfs. They look too alert and dangerous. But what's the best route to get around them unseen? **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

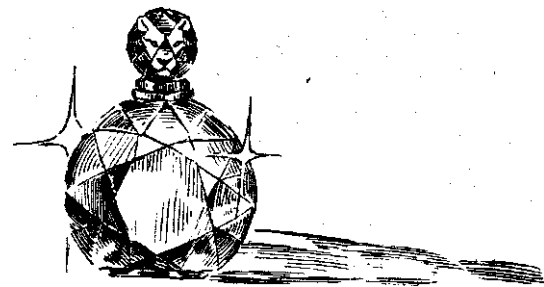
- If 2-7, **turn to 108.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 105.**

286

Finally, the dwarfs summon you to the dinner table. (The food is well worth the wait.) They dine in a long room, paneled with smooth oak and hung with furs, painted shields, and portraits of dwarfish ancestors of old. The table groans under the weight of the meal, and every dish is prepared perfectly. There is tender pork, roasted and basted with honey and berry juice, soft bread, mushrooms, stuffed apples and many other delicacies. It is by far the best meal you have had in Narnia thus far!

Dark and grim though they seem, the dwarfs have certainly given you good value for your coins. You finish at last, wondering how you will manage to rise from the table, but soon Hackle leads you to a small chamber where you will sleep. Your bed is a narrow frame of carved oak with a heap of warm furs softening it. Nearby, there are mugs of spiced cider for a bedtime drink.

- If you drink the cider, **turn to 340.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 184.**



287

You struggle fiercely against your bonds as the old woman continues to cackle. Could there be another way to escape?

"Grandmother," you say softly, "Might I ask one favor of you, if it will not change the magic?"

"What might the poppit want?" she asks suspiciously.

"Oh, please tie me face down on this table, instead of face up." **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 251.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 419.**

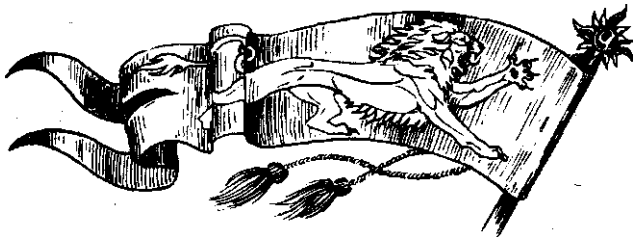
288

"I have never in my life been so insulted by guests," Nackle growls at you. "You are not worthy of the freedom of Narnia, and we shall keep you here as our slaves for your own protection." The other dwarfs laugh loudly at this. To make them change their minds, you try to explain your quest, insisting that they must let you go. **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 134.**
- If 8-11, **turn to 444.**
- If 12, **turn to 254.**

289

You follow the Fox's swishing grey tail for what seems a long time. Carefully, so that he doesn't notice, you pull the compass from your pocket and watch it for a while. The Fox is taking you north, not east! **Turn to 392.**



290

The wooden ring you took from the dwarfs grows warm in your pocket, almost as if it were trying to attract your attention. Quickly, you pull it out, bow, and offer it on outstretched palm to the Dragon.

Fireteam's huge mouth actually drops open for a second. "The Ring of the Dragon," he mutters, "greatest of all the wonders of this world, and the most marvelous treasure of my folk. How did it come to you, child?"

Hurriedly you explain how you took the ring from the Black Dwarfs. "You bring great gifts, little one," he says softly. Holding it carefully between two claws, he sets the ring in a niche in the wall.

"Please, Fireteam," you whisper. "In Aslan's name, let me finish my quest." **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 191.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 295.**

291

You don't take the dwarfs by surprise. They have their weapons out and ready as you attack. Quickly disarming you, they force your surrender. Laughing gleefully, one ties your arms tightly with strips of rawhide and the other throws you into the sled.

"Aye, this is a stroke of luck, Mickett," declares the dwarf who bound you. "Old Nackle was trying to figure some way to hunt down this human child, and instead it runs right into our hands! They both whistle cheerfully as they lead you, Snowfoot, and the sled back towards their home.

Once there, you are taken directly to Nackle. **Turn to 190.**

292

"I think we should cross at the ford," you say after considering the matter. "It is too cold to swim. I don't have thick fur like you do, my friend."

Obligingly, Snowfoot leads you upriver until you get to the ford. From the last concealing bush, you study the terrain. You see no signs of anyone hiding — perhaps it is safe to cross.

"It looks safe," Snowfoot admits, "But we cannot be certain. There is a place on the other bank where half an army could lie in ambush." Despite this, you rise and start down the road to the ford. **Pick a number:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 107.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 331.**

293

"I would rather not talk about it," you say wistfully.

Beehunter asks no more questions, and you all go to bed. The Bear's cushions and quilts provide you with the snuggest, softest bed you can remember, and you sleep deeply.

Next morning, Beehunter gives you biscuits and honey wrapped in oak leaves and bids you farewell. **Turn to 440.**



Sleeping in a nest (particularly after such disturbing words from Longwing) seems strange, but once you relax, it's quite snug. The fur and feathers lining the bottom smell of rich loam and sweet clover, and the stars overhead sparkle brilliantly.

At dawn you leave Longwing and resume your march, working your way down to a road that twists its way between two high mountain peaks. At last, twilight arrives and Snowfoot leads you to a sheltered cave. Following a quick supper of beefjerky and dried apple, you snuggle into your blanket. If only the ground were a bit less lumpy!

Just as your eyes droop shut, sudden screams erupt outside. Blinking, you creep to the cave's mouth. Oh, horror! It's a red-bearded Dwarf struggling with a huge Wolf. But the Wolf stands upright like a man! And it chants in a low voice that is almost a growl: "All dwarfish flesh is soft and sweet, even if it begs me not to eat!"

"A Werewolf!" Snowfoot gasps. "Oh, the poor Dwarf! How can we save him?"

"Snowfoot," you ask, "do you think the Werewolf is a servant of the White Witch?"

"Absolutely," he whispers. "All evil creatures serve her."

It's the answer you expected, but not one you wished to hear. If you leave the concealment of the cave, the Werewolf might drop the Dwarf and seize you instead! If it takes you to the White Witch (and it's likely the horrid thing will), Snowfoot could rescue you before the journey ends at the Witch's castle. But what if the beastly creature just eats you for dinner? It looks awfully hungry.

- *If you let the Werewolf capture you so the Dwarf can get away, **turn to 344.***
- *If you let the Werewolf take the Dwarf, **turn to 305.***

295

Firesteam is looking away from you now; out of the cave's mouth and into the darkness beyond. He almost seems to be listening to some distant voice.

Finally, he says to you: "Little one, I cannot read the future in the stars, as is the gift of the Centaurs, but I know that you were chosen by Aslan. I will give you such help as I have never thought to give to any other—I will leave these mountains and carry you with my wings to the river south of Cair Paravel. I cannot set you down in the gardens of the castle, for they are woven with magics that protect them against my kind, as well as the servants of the Witch. Danger may lurk between the river bank and the castle gates, but I will give you every aid that lies within my power."

You bow to the Dragon and thank him. **Turn to 317.**

296

He says sternly, "Child, a Centaur is not a beast of burden! Yet were I willing to carry you upon my back, the White Witch and her foul minions would be upon us in moments. My presence on your journey would attract too much attention!"

Your heart sinks at Starguide's words. How will you ever win through to Cair Paravel if hordes of wolves and evil dryads and Black Dwarfs block your way?

"But you and Snowfoot alone are another matter. You might well sneak by without attracting anyone's especial notice," adds the Centaur. **Turn to 452.**

297

Hackle tells you a joke about a Dwarf who drank so much mead, he couldn't do his work. You laugh (though you don't find the joke very funny) and ask, "Isn't it unsafe to live here?"

"Why's that?" he replies gruffly. "Who'd dare threaten us?"

"I would think anyone would fear living near a Dragon," you explain. "Surely he is an uncomfortable neighbor for such rich folk as you." **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- *If 2-5, **turn to 255.***
- *If 6-7, **turn to 120.***
- *If 8-12, **turn to 379.***

298

Words of excuse and justification die on your lips. Really, there are no good reasons for all too many of your deeds! **Turn to 303.**

299

The moon reaches its peak, and the crone laughs maniacally. She looms above you, the knife held high. Desperate, you squeeze your eyes closed, willing this not to happen.

The sudden glow of a bedside lamp shining through your shut eyelids comforts and puzzles you; your eyes fly open. Where is the Hag, the moon at her back? Your cheek snuggles into woolly blankets, and Miss Plummer's voice calms your dread, "There, there, dear heart. All is well." **THE END.**

If you want to return to Narnia just turn to the Prologue!

300

You and Snowfoot seat yourselves next to an oaken chest filled with ermine, sable, and flame-red silk, whispering to each other about the marvelous wealth of the Dragon. You had never imagined that there might be so much treasure in all the world, much less gathered in one place by one creature.

Your stomach growls, and thoughts of dinner interrupt your fascination with the Dragon's hoard. Wouldn't potato pancakes and sour cream taste good! You add rice pudding, baked apples, curried apricots, and chocolate custard to your imaginary feast before the sound of dragon-wings whirrs in your ears. Firesteam glides back in through the cave mouth.

A large iron kettle dangles from one claw. He sets it over some wood and starts a fire with a quick breath. "Rest in peace, friends," he tells you. "You may dine soon. But while we wait, perhaps you will tell me what brings you to this lonely place?" You rise to your feet and bow deeply. What will your story be?

- *If you have the wooden ring (checked Key 8) and give it to Firesteam, turn to 253.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 309.*

301

"You still value yourself too highly," the Dragon declares. "I cannot trust you with the future of Narnia."

Unable to respond to what you know is true, you turn away and leave the cave. Many hours later, you find a sheltered nook and, after twisting and turning for much of the night, drift into troubled sleep. As you doze, a vision of Aslan appears before your shamed gaze. **Turn to 186.**

302

They don't notice you until you knock the green-hooded Dwarf down with a swing of your club. The other dwarf (who wears a purple hood) moves back to get fighting room, but comes too close to Snowfoot. The huge dog knocks him down from behind and pins him to the ground. Quick as a wink, you twist the rope that holds Snowfoot around the wrists and ankles of both dwarfs. Then you free your friend who helps you tie your defeated enemies more securely.

"Let's be off!" you urge the St. Bernard.

"Will they be all right?" he asks, casting a glance at the dejected dwarfs. "It is bitterly cold today."

"Their friends will find them," you insist. "They don't deserve any better, the way they treated us." Snowfoot finally agrees. One last rummage through the sled uncovers a small pouch of food. Pocketing it, you follow Snowfoot deeper into the mountains. *Erase your check on Key 6, then turn to 219.*

303

"Seldom has good been rewarded so evilly," rumbles Firesteam. "Lay down in the snow all that you took from my hoard! At once! And then begone! If ever I see you again, I shall not be so kind." **Turn to 314.**

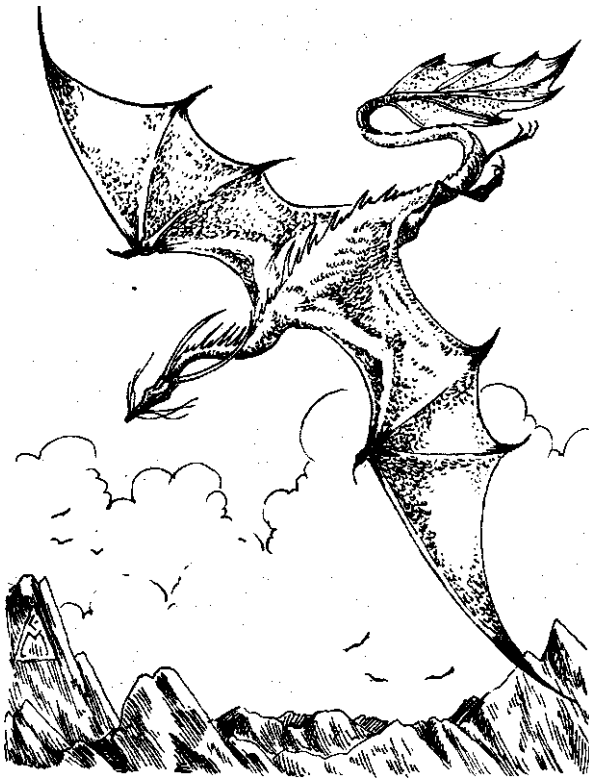
304

To your horror, you see the sheep have no chance of escaping the Wildcats. Lockhorn butts his huge horns against Sheepstealer, but you know he cannot handle both foes.

- *If you attack the cats to save the sheep, turn to 455.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 454.*

305

Snowfoot whimpers in misery, and your stomach turns as the Dwarf's screams fade away. Surely it was very wrong to let anyone die so horribly without trying to help! You and Snowfoot pass an unhappy night, huddling together against the chill in the air and the despair in your hearts. *Reduce your Inner Strength by 1. Turn to 368.*



306

You take a deep breath to calm your nerves. The treasure has almost hypnotized you, but you know that it would be wrong to steal any of it. Indeed, this is the Dragon's home, and it's rude to be spying while he is away. Leaving the lair, you perch on a cluster of rocks overlooking the cave mouth.

You don't wait long. Soon the beating of huge wings (wings large enough to hide the sun at high noon) fill the air. Looking up, you see a gleaming, shimmering serpentine creature spiraling in descending circles. Needle-like feathers of silver, electrum, and copper fringe his fierce, golden eyes. It's the Dragon! Flying low, he glides into the lair. After a polite pause, you head back to the cave. **Turn to 421.**

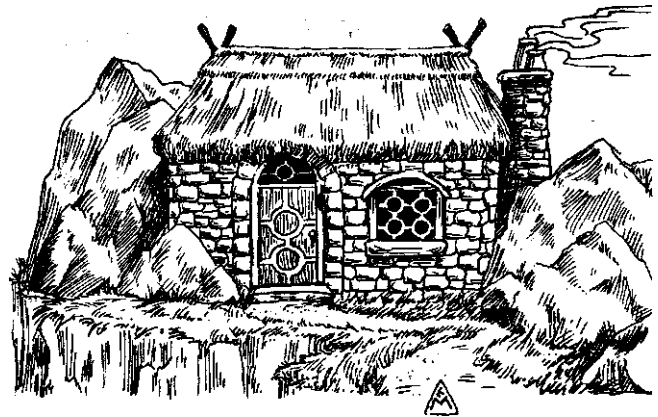
307

Snowfoot makes one last effort to break loose, and all the Dwarfs leap onto him. Taking advantage of this distraction, you grab your pack from the floor and run from the room. Before they realize what you have done, you race through the door, slam it, and brace it shut with a chair. Then you hurry through the main hall, open the front door, and step into the dark night outside. You run, but run as you might, you cannot escape guilt. To save yourself, you have left your loyal companion a slave! *Check Key 6 and turn to 189.*

308

You move cautiously toward the hut, the rocks serving as cover, until you get close enough to look through a yellowed lace curtain at the window. An old woman stands near her kitchen table, peeling potatoes and cutting them into wedges. Brass candlestick holders reflect the cheery glow of the fire burning in the hearth. You shiver; might the old crone let you warm up in her parlour?

- If you go up to the hut, **turn to 311.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 409.**



Hesitantly, you explain your quest to Firesteam. You tell how you were sent to Narnia, how you met Snowfoot, how you outwitted the Black Dwarfs, and, most importantly, how you must restore the lost crowns to their rightful place in Cair Paravel. The Dragon listens, his golden eyes burning intently.

"My friend speaks the truth," Snowfoot adds. "Starguide sent me to be this child's companion. As a true follower of Aslan, Firesteam, surely you'll give us the crowns and help us on our way." You wait anxiously as the Dragon ponders. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2, **turn to 100.**
- If 3-7, **turn to 275.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 187.**

310

You pull the lighter from your pocket, adjust the wick, and spin the wheel. It catches and lights, despite the drafty breezes blowing in the cavern.

The Dragon stares, fascinated. "Yours must be a clever people," he says slowly. "That is a very pretty little toy. Not even the dwarfs have created things of this sort." You bow to the Dragon, smiling. **Turn to 443.**

311

You walk up to the hut and pause at the door. The building is made of crumbling stone with strange, angular corner's and a steep slate roof. Beautifully fitted pieces of wood form a pattern on the door; it almost glows in the gathering gloom. Shrugging aside any qualms, you knock firmly on the door.

When old woman lets you in, you struggle to keep from staring rudely. Though the hand that leads you into the hut seems very strong, she is bent almost double with age and uses an odd snake-like cane for support. Her clothes are nothing but rags fluttering from an oval yoke at her scrawny neck, and her arms and legs are little more than dry skin and bones. Ragged, unkempt hair crackles in bushy tangles around her face.



"What will it be for you, my little lambkin?" she croons, raising her whitened eyes to peer at your cold-reddened cheeks. Her face is a mass of wrinkles and sagging layers of skin; the chin droops almost to her waist, and the huge, hooked nose curves over her toothless mouth.

Ugly as she may be, you are soon made comfortable enough in her kitchen. Hot corn chowder, juicy peaches and pears, cherry bonbons, chocolate-covered caramels, salt-water taffy, and triple-layered fudge cake spread around your place at the table. Delighted, you eat until you are too full to move.

Then the crone sits down very close to you and, smiling, asks, "What is such a precious little boodle doing here all alone?" She bends nearer, her chin brushing against your shoulder. What should you tell her?

- *If you tell her about your quest, **turn to 323.***
- *If you give a vague answer, **turn to 211.***
- *If you avoid the question, **turn to 212.***

312

Obedying the old woman's orders, you lie down on the table and stretch out your arms and legs. "Good, good," she croons, "the poppit knows just what granny wants. Nice moppet, sweet widdle pussums! Poppit mustn't move or the charm won't work! Lambikin must stay ever so still!"

"Do what you must," you hear yourself saying.

"Never fear," she answers, tying ropes first around your wrists, then around your ankles. You feel more than a little uncomfortable!

Just as you try to squirm into a sitting position, the old woman suddenly cackles and thrusts your head back. "Lambikin not to worry," she coos. "Poor little mite won't hurt for long." Twisting your head, you can see that she's sharpening a stone knife! Something is very, very wrong! **Turn to 163.**

313

The Dragon looks at you for a long time. "You are a person of no special merit," he says. "Though you are brave and lucky, or you would not have lived to reach my cave. Why should I trust you with the future of Narnia?"

Before you can answer, Snowfoot says: "You should trust this youth because Aslan himself did so. The Lion brought this child of Adam and Eve among us, to accomplish this quest. Do you think that you are wiser than Aslan, Dragon?"

Blushing, you declare, "I will devote all my strength to carry the crowns back to Cair Paravel, and I will succeed or be lost in the attempt." You anxiously await the Dragon's reply.

Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:

- *If 2-3, **turn to 429.***
- *If 4-5, **turn to 185.***
- *If 6-9, **turn to 382.***
- *If 10-12, **turn to 142.***

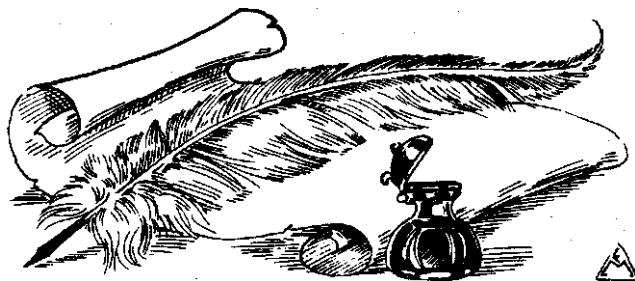
314

Overwhelmed by his wrath, and surprised that you remain alive, you obey Firesteam and lay the crowns on the snow. You cannot understand how you came to do such a foolish deed. Dazed and saddened, you wander down the mountain-side while the Dragon takes to the air.

At last, exhausted in body and spirit, you find a sheltered ledge and curl up in your blanket. After a long, long while, drift into a restless sleep.

In your dreams, you wander through a dense fog toward a golden glow ahead. Onward and onward you struggle, always drawing nearer to the light. With each step, the fog grows thinner until it fades away altogether to reveal Aslan!

Ashamed, you turn away in despair, but a huge paw grips your shoulder and pulls you around to face the Lion's gaze. **Turn to 186.**



315

Much to your delight, the crone stores the firewood for her hearth in the shed. Split logs, kindling, sawdust and old leaves pile against its back wall. A single spark should turn it into a raging inferno. And the old woman's candle is still on the ground by the well, burning in spite of the wind! After you get the candle, you set it in a heap of sawdust and small twigs, and then slip back to your hiding place by the hut.

Soon flames spring up, leaping higher and higher in the dry kindling. The blaze catches the old woman's eye, and she runs up the slope, waving her arms, the strange beast right behind her. Together they gather heaps of snow with which to smother the flames.

While they are occupied, you run to free Snowfoot. But the woman used knots you have never seen before — it may be hard to release him.

- *If you have the pocketknife (checked Key 1), turn to 263.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 408.*

316

You rise a little unsteadily to your feet and bow deeply. "Before I tell you of my quest, noble Firesteam," you begin, "I beg permission to restore to you an item stolen long ago by the Black Dwarfs."

You drop to one knee and offer him the ring. With amazing delicacy, Firesteam picks it up with the tip of a claw and returns it to a niche in the wall that has been empty for many years. Then he turns to you, bowing his head to the floor.

"Thank you, little one," he says gently and with great respect. "What may I now do for you?"

You tell Firesteam of your adventures: of Starguide's prophesy, how Snowfoot dragged you from a snowdrift, and how the Black Dwarf's nearly made slaves of you! Disregarding pride (some parts of your story are rather embarrassing), you try to be as truthful and accurate as you can.

"I must restore the crowns to their place in Cair Paravel!" you conclude earnestly. **Pick a number** and add your *Inner Strength* bonus:

- *If 2-6, turn to 252.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 295.*

317

Looking at Firesteam's splendid form, you take a long, slow, breath, and then pull yourself up on the Dragon's back. His scaly hide makes it easy for you to get firm footing. Once you are seated, he rises to his feet.

The Dragon moves sensuously, his long serpent's body undulating forward. You are surprised at the smoothness of the motion and the speed with which you exit the cave. As you emerge into the open air, Firesteam's huge wings begin to rise and fall, and you instinctively tighten your hold on his scales. (You also screw your eyes closed and clench your teeth!) Many minutes pass before you nerve yourself to look down. The mountains are far below and the ground passes under you at an amazingly fast pace. The trip that took you most of a week takes the Dragon less than an hour.

The mountains change to foothills, and then to open, flatter countryside. Occasionally you see the gleam of the stars on some small stream or lake. The brisk wind blows against your face, reddening your cheeks and bringing tears to your eyes. After several hours you see a wide, winding river. Firesteam begins to spiral downward, and glides to the ground in a small clearing north of the water. **Turn to 463.**

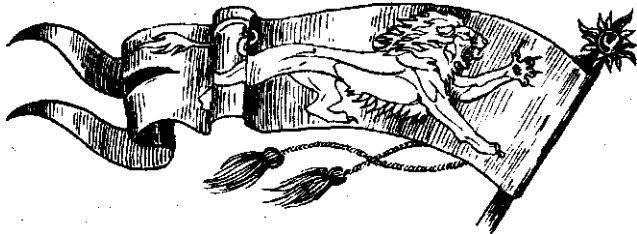
318

On the next day, you set off at dawn. Firesteam watches you depart, winking from his mound of treasure as you wave farewell. Who would have thought a Dragon could be so friendly? You walk briskly while wondering about the long march ahead! **Turn to 354.**

319

You wait anxiously while the Dragon considers your gift. Then the creature shakes his head. "I am sorry, little one, but this offering is of no value to me. You may keep it. Perhaps you will need it as you find your way back to your own home." You feel crushed by the Dragon's answer. Is your quest over?

- *If your Inner Strength bonus is less than 0, turn to 429.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 438.*



320

You are very happy to have Snowfoot's help as you make the return journey through the mountains. To protect the precious crowns, he carefully chooses paths and routes where you will walk unseen by friend and foe alike. It snows frequently, and even the dry days are often foggy. To your relief, you never see the Dragon, although your dreams are haunted by his brilliant eyes. Finally, after a long, hard march, you leave the mountains behind. **Turn to 152.**

321

Even an inexperienced fighter like yourself could face a Dragon with a weapon like this! **Turn to 348.**

322

You charge straight into the midst of the two dwarfs, but they react quickly. You can't strike a telling blow against either of them, and every return blow of theirs puts bruises on your ribs. They drive you backward, trying to force you into a corner where you cannot escape. Then your club flies from your hand!

You have only a moment to get away. In desperation you scoop up some snow and throw it at the nearest dwarf. It catches him in the eyes, and he falls against his partner, who slides on the slick, icy ground. Before they recover, you turn and run. A few tears creep down your cheek once you're truly safe. It will be a very hard task to carry out your mission without the help of the loyal Snowfoot. *Check Key 6 and turn to 194.*

323

Slowly you explain your quest to the old woman. She bends close, more alert than a teacher hearing your lessons in class.

"The clever poppit's so small," she cries softly. "Does it understand the size of a Dragon? Why, the honeybun would be mushed apple if the monster stepped on it. And Dragon's are the cleverest beasts that live — how could a little lovikins ever convince him to give it the crowns?"

"I do not know," you answer, blinking (something's not quite right here). "My first concern is to reach the Dragon alive. There's no use planning until I see how the land lies."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," hisses the crone. "And I can help the cunning woodlewums. I know the deep magics of this land. I can cast an enchantment to shield the lambkin from harm!"

- *If you accept the offer, turn to 228.*
- *If you refuse, turn to 352.*

324

You hug Snowfoot's furry head, then cross the fallen tree. Behind you growl the fierce sounds of battle: Snowfoot's barks and the cats' hisses. You pray that Snowfoot will triumph, but you have little time to think about it. Now, your mission must be completed alone! *Check Key 6. Turn to 345.*

325

Slowly you follow the curving path down into the small valley. As you approach the cave, your hand clenches on Snowfoot's warm fur. Both of you are tense, but excited. The next few hours (perhaps even the next few minutes) will determine your fate! **Turn to 377.**

326

Outraged at the Hag's treatment of your friend, you long to strike her down. It should be easy — she is only a feeble old woman! Shouting your best school yell, you charge. The old woman cackles gleefully and raises one hand in a gesture of command. Almost immediately, the strength drains from your legs. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- *If 2-9, turn to 362.*
- *If 10-12, turn to 413.*

A circle of torches near the vaulted ceiling lights the cavern and its vast floor, filled with a gleaming array of riches.

There are heaps of gold and silver coins, loose jewels of every imaginable hue, rings, bracelets, and necklaces dripping diamonds, swords whose hilts are heavy with emeralds, chaplets of ocean pearls, shields of bronze filigreed with silver, red leather breast plates swirled with brightly painted patterns, chalices encrusted with agate and onyx, tureens of jade, crystal flasks of myrrh, frankincense, cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice, and chests of silks, velvets, and furs.

Blinking, you note that some treasures rest in special places of honor. A great Calormene scimitar hangs from one wall, its hilt covered with sapphires, the steel of its finely wrought blade shimmering in the torchlight. A necklace of luminous opals winds around a stone of such deep blue that it must be lapis lazuli. A niche in the wall near the back of the cave is shaped to hold a large ring, though nothing rests there now.

Beside the empty niche, two marble busts (one a noble knight with handsome beard and steady gaze, the other a lovely lady with gentle brow and warm smile) sit on a pedestal. Golden crowns encircle their heads. At long last, the goal of your quest! They are wrought of finely filigreed gold, one set with rubies, the other with emeralds.

"Have you ever seen anything like this?" you whisper to Snowfoot. "I never imagined such treasure was possible."

The dog is silent for a few seconds. "Did you notice what is more important, my friend?" he answers. "The Dragon is not there."

You tap your foot anxiously. "Perhaps we should take the crowns and be off, Snowfoot. It may be our safest course."

The dog sighs. "I do not know, little one. Stealing is never right, no matter whom you steal from. But we must have the crowns. You have the wisdom of the children of Adam and Eve. You decide our actions."

- If you take the crowns, **turn to 213.**
- If you wait for Firesteam, **turn to 370.**

You open your pack, but as you are putting away the crowns, you hear a terrible growl. Turning, you find yourself face to face with the Dragon, his mighty jaws mere inches from your nose.

"THIEF!" Firesteam roars. "How dare you come into my own home to rob me. Never has a thief tried this while I was here to guard my treasures. Now show me how fleet of foot you be, and perhaps I will not roast you with my fire."

As you tremble in terror, Snowfoot runs into the cave, and slips between you and the Dragon. "Leave my friend alone!" he growls, and the Dragon draws his head back a little, startled. "Leave the child alone," Snowfoot repeats. "It is no thief, stealing for itself. Aslan brought this child among us, to carry out a mission for all Narnia."

The Dragon demands an explanation, and Snowfoot obliges with a description of Starguide's prophecy. At Firesteam's request, you tell the story of all your adventures while he studies you. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 430.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 227.**

You tell Snowfoot: "I think we should take the crowns now and get away from here. The Dragon is dangerous and this might be our only chance."

Snowfoot shakes his head heavily. "I do not think we can save Narnia by theft," he replies, "and we have no more right to the crowns than does the Dragon. If you cannot trust a creature who saved your life, who will you ever trust? But whatever your choice, my friend, I will help you."

You consider Snowfoot's advice, but cast longing glances at the crowns.

- If you take the crowns, **turn to 462.**
- If you wait for Firesteam, **turn to 300.**

"I'm not much of an actor," you say. "And a flock of sheep is such a noticeable thing, I'd surely have to pretend to be a shepherd to someone!"

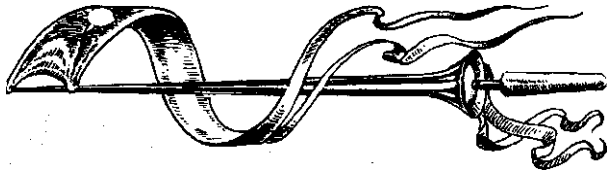
Starguide nods. "Perhaps you had best go alone, then, quietly and secretly. But wear the satyr disguise. Should you be seen, a human would attract attention (unfavorable attention) immediately. A satyr wouldn't be noteworthy."

The Centaur brings out an incredible costume from an old iron-bound chest. It consists of a pair of tight, goat hair pants; shoes shaped like horse's hooves; and cap of curly, red hair through which peer goat horns. A reddish brown dye is then applied to your hands and face, completing the disguise. Luckily, you can keep your own shirt and jacket! Starguide says that even Satyrs wear clothes in this icy winter.

Following a farewell to Starguide, you begin your journey across Narnia with Snowfoot. For two days you travel unseen. On the third day you approach a crossroads. You study it from the shelter of the woods. To your dismay, there are six or eight Black Dwarfs camped there. They appear to be arguing.

"They are almost certainly servants of the Queen," Snowfoot whispers. "Do you want to walk down the road past them, or should we try to sneak by?"

- *If you walk past them, turn to 376.*
- *If you sneak around them, turn to 285.*



Nothing happens as you go down the slope towards the ford. You and Snowfoot wade through the icy, shallow water, and still everything seems safe. With a sigh of relief, you turn and start up the slope to the woods. You are truly safe! As Snowfoot points out the road to Cair Paravel, you wonder how many more dangers you will have to face. **Turn to 223.**

As you struggle with Snowfoot's bonds, desperate to set him free, the old woman returns and cackles triumphantly at the sight of you. You stare at her in horror, appalled by her ugliness: the pale, wrinkled skin, the tangled bush of sooty hair, and the milky eyes laced with red veins. Her minion flicks its serpentine tongue at you, and the crone shuffles forward with her claw-like hands outstretched. **Turn to 273.**

In spite of your caution, and Snowfoot's guidance, you wake the next day to the sound of huge wings fanning the air above you. Shivering, you huddle into the rock crevice where you slept. But hiding is useless. The Dragon thrusts his head next to you and glares, his golden eyes flaying with anger. Snowfoot squishes up against you, trembling.

"Well, little wretch," the Dragon hisses, "do you always reward kindness with theft? If you return the crowns to me now, I may let you keep your miserable life."

Firesteam's words petrify you, but you must explain yourself. Stammering, you tell of your quest to return the crowns to Cair Paravel. You try to make it clear that you did not take the crowns for yourself, but rather for the good of all Narnia.

The Dragon snorts derisively at your reply, a puff of bluish, sulfury smoke rises around him. "All thieves try to justify themselves," he says. "Do you think me so evil that you could not ask me for the crowns?"

"Leave the child alone!" Snowfoot interrupts. "Who are you to question it, mighty Dragon though you may be? Aslan chose my friend to carry out this task. The child of Adam and Eve has done its best, and only asks that you let it continue."

The Dragon hesitates, then asks you to tell the whole story of your adventure. You begin, quickly recounting the prophesy of Starguide the Centaur, your plunge into a snowdrift, Snowfoot's rescue, the hazards of the Black Dwarf's hospitality, and everything else you can remember, good or bad. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- *If 2-6, turn to 435.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 156.*

334

The Dragon is a thief. Surely it's all right to use his wealth for a good cause. You bend over and scoop a handful of gold into your pocket. *Reduce your Inner Strength bonus by 1.*
Turn to 128.

335

You belabor the Dragon's head with your club, then jump nimbly to the side when he bites at you. You land another blow to his body, then leap high into the air to avoid the sweep of his tail. (Where did you learn to fight so well?) More confident than before, you raise your club to strike even harder.

The Dragon lifts a claw and says: "Cease this violence for a moment. What cause have you to fight with me? I can see you are a child of Adam and Eve, a rare sight in Narnia. Put away that club and tell me what brings you to my cave — otherwise I will grow angry!"

- *If you continue fighting, turn to 200.*
- *If you decide to talk, turn to 343.*

336

Before you finish talking, the Dragon shakes his head in rejection. (You take a step back in fear of his growing temper.) "No, I cannot trust you with the crowns, little one," Firesteam says. "I must choose a better courier. But do not go out into the storm tonight. Sleep in a corner of my cavern, and go your way in the morning."

Sleep does not come easily to you, as you watch the Dragon reclining on his coins. How might you have succeeded in this quest? Finally, your eyes drift closed, and Aslan's face fills your dreams. **Turn to 279.**

337

The apple is too good to throw away; and such behavior would certainly hurt Miss Plummer's feelings. You take a big bite and chew delightedly. Miss Plummer chases the others off to bed while you finish the succulent fruit.

"Did the tree really grow from magic seeds?" you ask, when you are alone.

"Oh, yes!" Miss Plummer answers. "I could never forget the time I spent there. The land was so alive that anything would grow, because the world was so new. Trees sprouted from dropped coins in minutes. And it was populated by creatures you could hardly imagine: dwarfs and fauns and satyrs and animals that knew how to talk. There is great trouble in that land now, the land of Narnia. They desperately need a child of Adam and Eve to come from our world to aid them."

"Am I the one who must help them?" you ask. "How can I deal with the troubles of a whole world? I don't even know how to get there!"

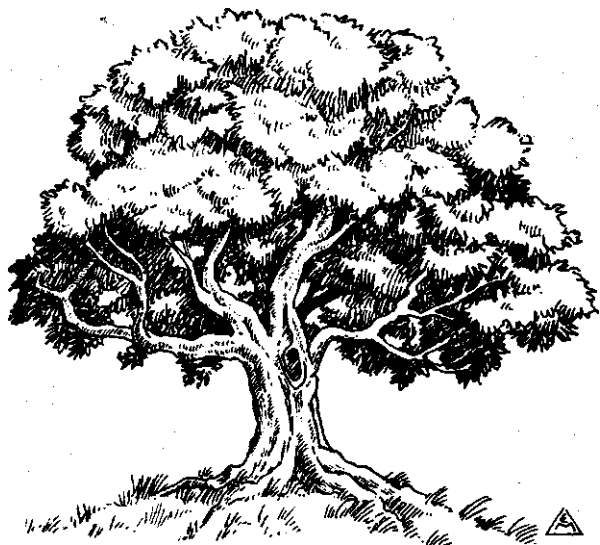
"You will be shown all that you need to know," she answers. "Be patient, and you will find the way." This hardly seems an answer, but she will tell you nothing more. "Just wait," she says again. "Go to bed now, sleep in your clothes. Before you lie down, look around the room. If you see anything that might be helpful, put it in your pocket."

You climb the stairs, wondering what objects from this world could possibly be useful in Narnia. Looking around the little room, you find a pocketknife and a small compass. On the mantle is a lighter, with a dragon painted on its side. Your father once told you about these lighters, which became popular when matches were in short supply during the war. They would light even in a high wind. You pull a little wick up on one side, then spin a wheel which strikes sparks from a flint and ignites the wick. Which one should you choose?

In spite of yourself, you find it hard to believe that you will wake up in some other world. You would feel awfully silly if you woke up in your comfortable bed in the morning, your pockets filled with silly things! But one object won't hurt.

You may select one object to put in your pocket. If you chose the pocketknife, check Key 1. If you chose the compass, check Key 2. If you chose the lighter, check Key 3.

- *If you have never been to Narnia, turn to 416.*
- *If you have journeyed to Narnia before, turn to 365.*



338

Snowfoot dashes past the well and down the slope. Hopefully it won't take him long to save the old woman, but is there anything you can do to help?

Suddenly, the woman's screams for help are replaced by whimpers and whines, from Snowfoot! Moments later, the woman walks back up the slope, cackling with vicious laughter. She is dragging Snowfoot behind her! The dog tightly bound and muzzled. As you watch in horror as disbelief, the woman drags him into her hut.

- If you try to rescue Snowfoot, **turn to 414**.
- If you run away, **turn to 160**.

339

You twist your wrists around so that you can just see them and look for a way to loosen the ropes. You know that you are not strong enough to break them. **Pick a number** and add your *Trickery bonus*:

- If 2-8, **turn to 238**.
- If 9-12, **turn to 441**.

340

Both you and Snowfoot drain the mugs of cider as you prepare to sleep. The rich, spiced taste is very soothing, and you fall asleep quickly. When morning comes, you wake up, but neither of you can move. You've been tied up! The cider must have been drugged, so that the Dwarfs could bind you while you slept!

"What's going on Snowfoot?" you ask, as you desperately struggle to free your hands and feet.

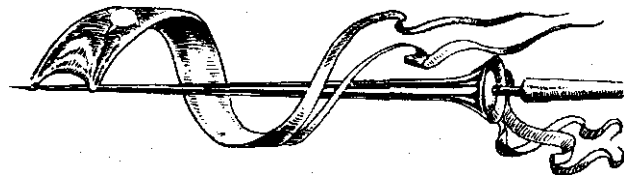
"I don't know," the Dog whimpers. Even his great strength cannot burst the ropes. And they have bound him so that his teeth cannot reach the cords either.

When you and Snowfoot finally stop struggling, a dwarf named Smackle hops through the door and laughs: "Don't wear out yourselves out with that, my beauties. You will have work enough once we've had our breakfast. It's been some timesince our last slave escaped us." He slams the door while you and Snowfoot look at each other in despair. **Turn to 460**.

341

You bow deeply to the angry Dwarf while you search for a good excuse. "I am sorry if I did wrong, Lord Dwarf. Such was not my intention. I saw that you and your gracious friends were fixing a meal and resting, and I did not wish to disturb you by passing with my flock."

The Dwarf considers your answer, then shrugs. "Perhaps I was hasty in my judgement," he says. "You look harmless enough. Be on your way! But remember, if you irritate others of the Queen's servants, they may not be so understanding as I!" With another bow and an exceedingly polite farewell, you lead the flock on to the east. **Turn to 104**.



After food and rest, you finally take time to study Fiddle more closely. He's only three feet tall, with hair and beard that are both bright red. In spite of his muscular build, the Dwarf looks thin, as though he has not eaten well for many weeks.

"Why do you travel alone?" Snowfoot asks the Dwarf. "You must have had an important task to take such risks. Can we help you somehow?"

Fiddle looks up from filling his pipe and shakes his head. "No, I wouldn't call it a really vital task," he answers. "I just didn't have anywhere better to be."

"What do you mean?" you ask. "Did you lose your home?"

"No, no, not exactly," the Dwarf answers. "But I couldn't stand living there any more, you see. I lived with a clan of Black Dwarfs, headed by the famous Nackle, whose jewelry has been praised by every ruler who's seen it. Aye, he's very good indeed, and the others were craftsmen far above the average. Clever, too, they were."

"But why leave them, then?" Snowfoot asks again. "I've visited them — I know they live well."

"Oh, they live well!" Fiddle laughs bitterly. "They work hard at their trade. But that means that they refuse to do any other work. They had me do all the fetching, carrying, cleaning and scrubbing for the twelve of them. I slept in the smallest room of their halls and didn't eat until they had all finished. I stayed with them as long as I could; but as things got steadily worse I took a chance and left. And I'll keep going until I can live with proper folk once again. And I don't want to live anywhere near the Dragon, not on your life."

"A Dragon?" you ask innocently, (not wanting to let on that you already know about it). "Is there a Dragon high in the mountains?"

"Oh, there is indeed!" Fiddle answers. "A beast of nightmares, who makes that Werewolf look like a friendly puppy. He eats anything he can get his claws onto and never thinks twice about it. Firesteam, his name is; he hates Dwarfs and every other living creature. No, I'm getting as far from him as I can. Better any other fate than the belly of a Dragon, mates." **Turn to 221.**

"Please accept my apologies," you say, laying aside your club. "I was brought to Narnia on a mission of great importance, and I wrongly tried to carry out my task with violence rather than thought and tact."

"That is a common failing of both Dragons and men," Firesteam replies gravely. "But tell me of this quest. It must be important indeed, for someone so small to attack me with such absurd weapons." **Turn to 434.**

You draw a deep breath, then say: "Snowfoot, I have a plan, but I will need your help."

The huge dog turns his large soft eyes on you. "I will do anything I can," he says, "even fight the monster if you wish it!"

"No, we can't fight the Werewolf," you admit. "But if he's the servant of the Witch, he would probably be eager to take me to her. I will surrender to him, and he will most likely forget about the Dwarf. As he takes me to the Witch, you must find some way to rescue me. OK?"

Snowfoot agrees, and you quickly give him all your supplies to keep safe in his pack. Before you leave, the dog tells you, "Little friend, be careful with this beast. Werewolves have nasty tempers. Do not attempt to escape on your own, but be ready for my sign—I will drop a bit of colored cloth on the snow just before the spot where I will try to help you. Trust in Aslan and all will be well. And remember, if I tell you to run, run as you never have before."

Scooping up a rock (it might come in handy), you bolt out of the cave toward the fading screams of the captured Dwarf. All too quickly you round a bend in the mountain path and see the Dwarf scurrying across the snow, the Werewolf only a step behind him. Desperate to catch the Werewolf's attention, you hurl the stone clutched in your fist at the creature. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

• If 2-9, **turn to 110.**

• If 10-12, **turn to 111.**

As soon as night has fallen, you begin to work your way east, walking slowly through the snow which lies in deep drifts. When the moon rises, you see the gleam of water ahead. It must be the river! But how will you cross it?

You walk along the bank looking for a ford or boat or a place where thick ice has formed on the surface. But nothing is to be seen.

Then you see a large fox is hunting his dinner (a rather big rabbit by the looks of it). Tirelessly the fox crouches and creeps; then, at last, he springs. He's got it, and the poor rabbit is screaming for help! It's a Talking Rabbit! Oh, horror! Should you do something to help? But it's too late: the Rabbit is dead. Shivering, you crouch in the snow, trying not to cry.

And still you must cross the river. Should you ask the dreadful Fox to help you?

- *If you ask the Fox for help, turn to 394.*
- *If you keep searching for a place to cross the river yourself, turn to 387.*

You are still marveling at the gleaming treasures when Fireteam returns. He carries a large kettle, hooked over one of his immense talons. Hanging the pot above a pile of wood, the Dragon starts a fire with one puff of his breath. The smell of stew soon fills the cave. While it warms, the Dragon tries to make you comfortable.

"Be at peace, little one. The Hag will not attack you again, for she has met her just and deserved end. There are many other dangers in Narnia, but none will dare approach while you rest in my lair. Be my guest, restore your strength, and tell me what brings a child of Adam and Eve to Narnia."

What should you tell Fireteam? And how should you ask him for the crowns?

- *If you have the wooden ring (checked Key 8) and give it to Fireteam, turn to 316.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 167.*

Hesitantly, you offer the pocketknife on your outstretched palm. The Dragon looks at it and shakes his huge head. "That is no use to me, little one," he says. "I use no weapons or tools, and I have far finer ones to decorate my dwelling."

You are crushed by his refusal, but make one last attempt to convince him to give you the crowns. "In Aslan's name, Fireteam, I charge you to let me complete my quest!" **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- *If 2-9, turn to 336.*
- *If 10-11, turn to 191.*
- *If 12, turn to 295.*

When you pick up the dwarfish treasure, a loud noise, like dozens of hunting horns, sounds from the vaulted ceiling above you. The dwarfs must have devised this magical alarm to protect their valuables! You drop your plunder and run from the room, Snowfoot beside you. As you head for the door, desperate to escape, you already hear the sounds of dwarfish pursuit. *Reduce your Inner Strength by 1. Turn to 360.*

The Fox leads you along rapidly and silently through the snow-covered woods. You feel a little nervous. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- *If 2-7, turn to 411.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 400.*

Wishing you had a lucky rabbit's foot to stroke, you slip quietly into the cave. Wading through the heaps of coinage, you approach the crowns and reach for them. Your fingers are trembling. Is it truly right to take these lovely circlets?

- *If you take the crowns, turn to 425.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 306.*

Though the beast looks confused and angry, there is also something pathetic and sad about it. Perhaps it has been bewitched and isn't such a bad sort after all!

You walk gingerly over to pet it gently on the shoulder. "There, there," you say, "don't be afraid any more. The nasty old woman is gone forever. She cannot hurt you, nor make you hurt others anymore."

At your soothing touch, the beast shudders and shakes in an astonishing way. You step back instinctively, covering your face. When you look again, the beast is gone! In its place stands a creature almost as strange, a tall strong being, half-bear and half-man.

"An Ursaphae!" exclaims Snowfoot.

The creature turns his face to you and smiles. "Child of Adam and Eve, I can never thank you enough. You have restored me to my true self again. And you have destroyed the old Hag who enslaved me. I would help you in my turn."

"What can you do for me?" you hear your voice asking.

"I can tell you more about your quest," he answers. "You seek the lost crowns of the first King and Queen, which lie in the hoard of the Dragon, Firesteam. You hope to take them to Cair Paravel as a sign of hope foretelling the end of the White Witch's reign."

"But, how did you know?" you stammer.

"The Hag learned much forbidden knowledge with her magic. I, as her slave, came to know more than I ought," he replies. "You fear the Dragon. But remember this when you face him. While he is a proud, strong creature, more dangerous than any other in the land, Firesteam is a true and loyal follower of Aslan. Treat him with greatest respect."

"How can he be a child of Aslan and yet keep the crowns?" Snowfoot demands. "A Dragon killed the last King and Queen to take those crowns. Has he changed his heart and ways since then?"

"Another, an evil dragon named Featherflame, did that deed," the Ursaphae answers calmly. "Firesteam sought out Featherflame afterward, killed him, and took everything in his

hoard. Within the limits of his nature, Firesteam has a noble and generous heart. But, come, this is not safe ground. Soon the Hag's magic will fail, and this cliff will crumble. You must seek the Dragon, and I return to the valley."

Following a solemn farewell handshake, you and Snowfoot turn your backs to the Ursaphae and head towards the High Pass. Beyond it you will learn whether Firesteam is as good as the Ursaphae believes. **Turn to 459.**

352

At the old woman's words your heart leaps with excitement. A charm! You imagine lucky rabbits' feet, teas steeped in newt's tongues, and silk pouches of weasel's hair. Then Aslan's words come back to you: "The ways of magic are not for my friends." This old woman may not be quite what she pretends.

Carefully you search for the right words, "I don't think magic will help me," you stammer. "I cannot succeed if I use the wrong ways to carry out my task."

"Oh, the lambkin is silly," she coaxes, stroking your hair. "How can magic that keeps the poppit safe be wrong?" Her milky eyes capture yours. She leans so close, you sniff the scent of clover and old hay that clings to her tattered robes. It's going to be very hard to refuse her offer. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

• If 2-5, **turn to 228.**

• If 6-12, **turn to 410.**

353

The Dragon rears up again, and shakes his head, "It does not matter that these coins are unique, for I can tell that they have little value." Desperate, you try to convince Firesteam to give you the crowns anyway.

"Firesteam!" you exclaim. "In Aslan's name, I charge you to let me complete my quest!" **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

• If 2-10, **turn to 336.**

• If 11-12, **turn to 295.**

You travel through the mountains, following the paths to the east. Fortunately, you are able to find hidden food stores here and there, so you need not risk contact with strangers.

Finally you leave the mountains, slipping rapidly down through the foothills. How will you get to Cair Paravel? Certainly you do not know the way, nor what dangers lie between you and the castle.

The first night in the lowlands, you crawl into a heavy mass of brush at the bottom of a ravine. The winter night is bitterly cold, but you don't dare light a fire, for fear of the Witch's servants. Huddled in your blanket, you shiver until dawn.

As the sun rises in the east, a strong hand seizes your shoulder and pulls you to your feet. Trying to focus your eyes, you realize that you have been awakened by a Centaur! He stands on four strong stallion's legs and has a heavy muscular chest, long gray hair, and a thick, curly beard.

"So you are the child of Adam and Eve," the Centaur says. "I am Starguide. Do you have the lost crowns?"

You nod, and as the magnificent creature watches your face, you tell him all that you have done in Narnia. You wonder if he has already read of your deeds in the sky.

Starguide nods gravely when you finish your story. "You have done well, child. You have justified the faith that Aslan showed when he chose you. Now, you have only the last step of your task, the return of the crowns to Cair Paravel."

"I don't know the way," you whisper, "but I'll do my best."

The Centaur smiles. "I shall help you, little one. Climb onto my back. I cannot carry you all the way to Cair Paravel, but I can carry you part of the way, and tell you how to travel through what remains."

Your legs tremble as you climb onto the Centaur's back. This will be a ride to remember! **Turn to 269.**



You're sure you can see a way to get out, but you would have to be very careful to avoid waking the Werewolf. And Snowfoot told you he would find a good place for a rescue. Perhaps you should wait.

- If you decide not to escape now, **turn to 369**.
- Otherwise, **pick a number** and add your *Trickery* bonus:
 - If 2-9, **turn to 114**.
 - If 10-12, **turn to 113**.

Snowfoot leads you to a cave with a heavy wooden door hidden by dense bushes. There is a knocker shaped like a beehive which Snowfoot nudges with his nose. You wait for what seems a very long time. Just when you are ready to give up and search for another place to stay, a brown, shaggy Bear opens the door. He is so drowsy, he can barely keep his eyes open. His nightcap hangs low over his shoulder.

After a huge yawn he shakes his bristly head to clear the sleep from his eyes. "Snowfoot!" he cries in a deep vibrant voice. "Who is this strange creature with you? But come in, come in! It is much too cold to stand in the doorway." He shudders and wraps his nightshirt tighter around him.

"Many thanks, Beehunter," Snowfoot says as he leads you inside. "My friend is one of the children of Adam and Eve."

"Never met one before," Beehunter mutters. "But it looks safe enough. Since I'm awake, we'd better have a bite to eat."

The Bear's cave is furnished simply, but very comfortably. Large, brightly colored quilts cover the walls and floor, chests and cupboards rest against the walls, and piles of soft cushions lie heaped in the corners. As you and Snowfoot relax, the Bear busies himself with dinner. From a kitchen cupboard he pulls out jars of clear honey, tins of blackberry preserves, and baskets full of cherry muffins and soft bread.

"What brings you back to these parts, Snowfoot?" Beehunter asks after dinner is finished. "It has been many a long day since we've seen you."

Snowfoot glances at you and then says vaguely, "Starguide the Centaur asked me to show the Child of Adam and Eve our country, so I naturally followed his wishes."

The Bear looks at you with his curious, nearsighted eyes. He mutters: "I thought all the children of Adam and Eve had fled our poor country. Could this be a sign that the Witch's reign draws towards its end?"

- If you tell him more about your mission, **turn to 453**.
- If you think Beehunter might be a spy for the White Witch, **turn to 293**.



357

You face Firesteam and draw a deep breath. "I have been chosen to carry the lost crowns of the first King and Queen back to Cair Paravel. According to Starguide the Centaur, their restoration will be a sign to all that the Witch will not rule Narnia forever."

"You would take the crowns from me?" the Dragon asks.

"I thought, perhaps," you stammer, "that I might offer you something of mine in exchange. I can see that you value the crowns highly."

"And what could you offer me, child of Adam and Eve?" Firesteam replies. You consider the question.

- *If you have the wooden ring (checked Key 8), and give it to Firesteam, turn to 389.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 260.*

358

You take the lighter from your pocket, pull the tinder up to the proper level, then spin the wheel to strike a spark. The Dragon watches, fascinated.

"What a remarkable gift," he says. "I have never seen its like, even in the treasuries of the dwarfs. Did your people design it to honor the Dragons of your own world."

"In a way, Firesteam," you answer. "It is designed both to honor and imitate them."

"I accept the gift," Firesteam continues, very pleased. "Now, we must consider the best way for you to continue your quest." **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- *If 2-5, turn to 191.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 295.*

359

You decide that it is best to attack immediately and attempt to free Snowfoot, win or lose. You find a stout stick at your feet, and grip it firmly in your fist. With any luck, the Dwarfs might not realize how weak a foe they are up against. With a quick prayer to Aslan for strength and courage, you charge.

Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:

- *If 2-7, turn to 291.*
- *If 8-10, turn to 322.*
- *If 11-12, turn to 302.*

360

You and Snowfoot throw aside the bar and race through the front door, out into the snowy night. You must run as fast as you can! **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- *If 2-6, turn to 195.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 439.*

361

How can you distract the dwarfs? You pause, listening. There are some very odd echoes in this little valley.

Experimenting, you scoop up a handful of pebbles and toss them into a nearby ravine. At the noise, the dwarfs exchange curious glances, but soon resume working. In desperation, you shout as loud as you can into the ravine, "Aslan waits!" The words circle back to you mysteriously. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- *If 2-6, turn to 258.*
- *If 7-12, turn to 137.*

362

In spite of your rage, your feet drag to a stop. You stand staring at the crone and the strange creature beside her. Why, after all, are you here? And why you are angry with this poor old woman and her strange minion? You drop your clenched fists and stand perfectly still, smiling gently. *Turn to 273.*

363

The Dragon gives you a hard look. "Child of Adam and Eve," he begins, "your adventures do not reflect well upon you. Why should I believe that you will change your ways?"

"You should trust my friend because Aslan himself chose the child," Snowfoot interrupts. "Is your judgement better than the Lion's?"

"I do not know what to say to you, Firesteam," you say. "I regret my mistakes deeply, and I will not repeat them." **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- *If 2-3, turn to 429.*
- *If 4-8, turn to 185.*
- *If 9-11, turn to 382.*
- *If 12, turn to 142.*

364

"Very well," you say, (quite relieved). "Perhaps we can come to some agreement, Firesteam."

As you gather your thoughts, Snowfoot whispers, "We should offer him a gift. It might help us convince him to give us the crowns."

- If you offer the Dragon a gift, **turn to 357**.
- Otherwise, **turn to 406**.

365

Your snug sleep is broken by a cool, damp breeze. You look around wildly as you sit up. "Where am I?" you murmur. The sky is bluer than you have ever seen in England. You are sitting in something that is fluffy and moist — it must be a cloud. But if you are sitting in a cloud, you must be in ..."

"That is right, child," a warm, familiar voice says from behind you. "You are in Narnia again."

"ASLAN!" you cry in delight, spinning around to hug the majestic lion. "Oh, Aslan, you have let me return. Thank you."

"I need you, Child of Adam and Eve," the Lion says. "The people of Narnia suffer under the most terrible tyranny. They live in great peril, and you must help them."

You remember the difficulties of your previous visit. "How can I help?" you ask timidly. "If things are as bad as you say, shouldn't you be the one to help? What could I do?"

"You can do much, Child," Aslan answers. "I cannot go to Narnia for many years without violating the laws that govern us all. But my people need a sign that I will come one day, so that they will not abandon hope. You must provide that sign."

Turn to 390.

366

You and Snowfoot stand in the dwarfs' great hall, trying to be as quiet as you can. It is very dark now, and there are only the embers of the once blazing fire in the hearth. You move on tip-toe, fearful of waking Nackle. **Turn to 179.**

367

How could you possibly defeat a Wolf? You turn toward the Castle and run as hard as you can. Your only chance is to get there before the Wolf can catch you. Legs pumping, you hope the snow slows him as much as it hinders you! **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 447**.
- If 8-12, **turn to 203**.

368

This day's march is as long as ever, but not so difficult. The way through the mountains has opened. And the wind sweeps the broad valley clear of snow.

At dusk, the sun finds a gap in the clouds, and its rays turn the icy trees to gleaming silver. Snowfoot tells you the day's journey is almost done. "We sleep with the Black Dwarfs tonight," he explains. "They may be hard folk, but I know they will make us welcome. I pulled two of them from a snowdrift a year ago, so gratitude will reinforce the rules of hospitality."



The dwarf mansions are long, low stone halls built against the side of the mountain. It seems a long time before someone answers your knock.

"Greetings, friend," Snowfoot says, as a grim-faced dwarf peers out. "It's many a day since I've known your hospitality."

The dwarf lets you in, but frowns. "I remember you, Dog," he says, "though I doubt that is reason to share our food with every stray traveller. But let us see what Nackle says." He leads you into a large, dimly-lit chamber. Eleven Black Dwarfs sit before a smoldery hearth there. They are short but powerful, with black hair and beards. Though they wear finely embroidered vests and fur-trimmed pants, their clothes are none too clean. Missing buttons have been replaced with pins or string, and a number of tears show no signs of mending.

Nackle, an especially mean-faced Dwarf, listens to Snowfoot's request for shelter. "Well," he finally says, "We cannot throw you out into the snow tonight. The two of you may dine and spend the night for a payment of three Narnian Trees." Snowfoot looks shocked at the rude request, but tells you to pay. Unfortunately, this is all the money you carry.

"Dinner will be a while yet," Nackle goes on after pocketing your coins. "Perhaps you would like to look at some of our treasures." He points proudly to the display cases lining the walls of the room. "A few of the items come from the hoard of Firestream the Dragon!" he finishes, quite full of himself.

Not wanting to enrage the already irritable Nackle, you follow his brother, Hackle, to look at the dwarfish treasures. Hackle tows you from case to case, commenting at length on the history behind each item while your stomach growls. There are shining swords of well-beaten silver, axes with dwarfish runes carved into their blades, golden bracelets and buckles, set with garnets, and other treasures too numerous to describe. **Turn to 116.**

369

You finally fall asleep in the Werewolf's cave, though your rest is haunted by nightmares of terrible monsters: a sea serpent, a minotaur, and two huge goats with hair like snakes. As you begin to fear that you'll never wake up again, the Werewolf shakes you and pulls you to your feet.

"Come along, you skinny brat," he growls, "time to go." Then he tosses the rocks aside and leads you out. Your breakfast is another hunk of stale bread, eaten as you wade through the snow. The beast is in a worse temper today; his claws prod your shoulders if you even think of slackening the pace!

As you round a huge rock you see a flash of blue on the snow in front of you — a bit of cloth. It must be Snowfoot's signal! You stumble and fall (and pick up the cloth), and then hurry ahead as the Werewolf snarls at you.

You scan the tops of the hills but cannot see your friend. Suddenly a familiar voice calls: "Run, little friend, run for your life!"

Remembering his orders, you sprint as hard as you can, ignoring the Werewolf's surprised shout. Behind you there rises a tremendous roaring and crashing mixed with cries of startled rage from the Werewolf. Then a rope drops down in front of you with a loop tied in the bottom. You put your foot in the loop and grab the rope as it begins to rise. It spins around and around, and from this dizzy perch you see the path below covered with snow, ice and rocks. The Werewolf has vanished, buried under an avalanche of snow and rock.

Then small hands grab you and help you onto a solid ledge. The Dwarf and Snowfoot both await you there. "A pleasure to meet you," the Dwarf says, bowing deeply. "My name is Fiddle. Snowfoot told me of how you saved my life, and I am ever at your service."

You greet the Dwarf politely, then hug Snowfoot. "Thank you, my friend," you exclaim, from the depths of his furry chest, "I knew you could find some way to rescue me!"

The Dog licks you, and smiles. "It is a part of my vocation," he answers proudly. "I have known the signs of an avalanche since I was a young puppy, and if you know how to avoid an avalanche, you must know how to start one. But we had better move on now. We still have far to go."

With Fiddle and Snowfoot, you travel a great distance that afternoon, drawing ever closer to the High Pass. As darkness falls, the Dwarf shows you a small cave where just enough food is stored to provide dinner for all of you. **Turn to 342.**

370

"We must wait for the Dragon," you decide. "Before I came to Narnia, Aslan warned me that I shouldn't steal anything, unless I was robbing a thief. We do not know that the Dragon stole the crowns."

"Very well," the dog agrees (he seems relieved at your decision). "Let's go off at a little ways and wait for the Dragon to return. He wouldn't like to find us loitering here!"

You and Snowfoot find a pile of boulders a hundred paces away and settle there to wait. As you begin to wonder if the Dragon will return tonight, you hear the noise of flapping wings. Then a long, serpentine creature glides down from the sky. It's Firesteam! His scales shimmer like the insides of abalone shells, and his eyes burn fiercely golden. Before you can even blink, he disappears into his cavern home. With a glance at Snowfoot, you start towards the cave, ready to face the Dragon. When you peer into the cave, it seems that Firesteam has gone straight to sleep! **Turn to 118.**

371

You watch the cats chase after the sheep. Almost immediately, Lockhorn leads the flock back into the woods farther upstream, the Wildcats in close pursuit. You lose sight of them, but Snowfoot insists that he hears no sounds of a struggle. With Sheepstealer and Wildclaw out of the way, you follow the St. Bernard across the ford and into the woods on the other side. **Turn to 437.**

372

With a quick prayer to Aslan, you brace yourself and prepare to fight. You grasp the knife the squirrels gave you in one hand, and a stout branch in the other. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 226.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 158.**

373

"What if your flock cannot run fast enough to escape? What then?" you ask Lockhorn. "There are only two of them—and many of us. Let us attack first and drive them away."

Though they look doubtful, Lockhorn and Snowfoot agree to help you. You find a long, heavy branch (it should make a good club) and take a deep breath. At your signal, you, Snowfoot, and Lockhorn charge the cats with the flock thundering at your heels. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 422.**
- If 8-10, **turn to 391.**
- If 11-12, **turn to 220.**

374

Firesteam bends close, his pearly nostrils gently sniffing you. Is he really smiling? "You are brave, child of Adam and Eve," he declares, "and you have proven that you are true of heart, willing to follow the path of righteousness as you follow your quest. Tell me how you will travel through Narnia's heartlands, for it is far from here to Cair Paravel. Perhaps I might entrust the crowns to your care."

"I will trust in the Lion," you explain, "and try to act as his love would have me do." **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-3, **turn to 247.**
- If 4-7, **turn to 191.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 295.**

375

You take the pocketknife out and show it to Firesteam. He lowers his great head and nudges the (relatively) tiny object in your hand (which is also insignificantly small, when you think about it). **Turn to 319.**

376

You and Snowfoot backtrack to be out of the dwarfs' sight when you step from the woods to the road. Trying to be casual and matter-of-fact, you step along briskly. As you pass the dwarfs' camp, you raise one hand in casual greeting, though you say nothing. **Pick a number:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 159.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 165.**

You must face the music now! You have overcome dangers and adventures beyond your wildest dreams, all for the privilege of confronting a Dragon. You creep towards the entrance, trying to be more quiet than the evening shadows that cover the pass. Finally you reach the opening and peer inside. **Pick a number:**

•If 2-5, **turn to 327.**

•If 6-12, **turn to 420.**

As you pull the ring from the case, your hand brushes the chainmail aside. Immediately a loud noise, like a chorus of hunting horns, sounds from the ceiling above you. The dwarfs must have some magical alarm which protects their treasures! You stick the ring in your pocket and run from the room. In the outer hall you hear the dwarfs in close pursuit. **Check Key 8 and turn to 360.**

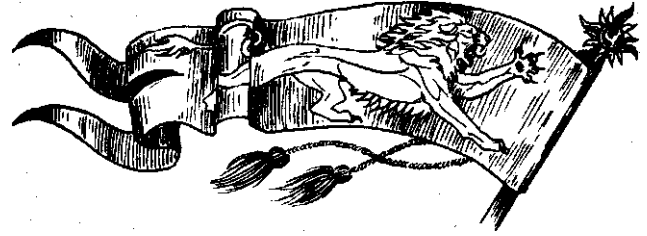
"The Dragon?" the Dwarf says. "Aye, you mean poor old Firesteam, up in the High Pass."

You nod, a little startled by his tone.

"Yes," the Dwarf continues, "I know most creatures fear dragons, but we Dwarfs have no reason to. You see, we're too smart for the beast."

"Indeed!" you say. (Surely these dwarfs must be a little daft if they ignore Dragons!)

"Aye, we are so smart that not only can we stop the Dragon from robbing us, we take treasures from him! You saw the wooden ring amongst our treasures?" Hackle asks, and you nod. "We took that from Firesteam — right out from under his nose. Leastways Nackle crept in and took it. Rest of us decoyed the beast away for a bit. He flew after us but we were too fast. He's pretty slow and witless—only eats dumb beasts because he isn't smart enough to catch a Talking Animal!" The Dwarf then turns to other subjects. **Turn to 286.**



To your surprise, he nods gently. "I will carry you on my back, child of Adam and Eve," he says, "though I have never been ridden by anyone in all my life. I foresaw your coming in the stars, and I must give you every help that lies within my power. We shall depart within the hour."

While the Centaur prepares quickly for the journey, you bid Snowfoot an affectionate farewell. It breaks your heart to leave your loyal friend, but he assures you that success is forthcoming and that his love for you will be undying.

Finally, you take a deep breath and climb onto Starguide's back. **Check Key 6 and turn to 269.**

As the Wildcats attack, Snowfoot charges to meet them. He intercepts Wildclaw, and the two of them roll in a heap of claws and fangs down the bank into the stream. You hesitate for a moment, and Sheepstealer leaps at you. You strike him with your club, but you're too late. The huge cat crashes into your chest, knocking you over backwards. You blink in terror.

Something soft cushions your head. Nuzzling your cheek into what feels suspiciously like a flannel pillow, you open your eyes. It is a pillow! And you're cozily tucked in bed with soft, woolly blankets pulled up to your chin.

"Where am I?" you murmur. Then it all comes back. You're in Miss Plummer's guestroom in London. But what of Narnia? **THE END.**

If you want to return to Narnia, just go to the Prologue and begin again!

382

The Dragon studies you with his piercing golden eyes, then says: "I believe that this mission is intended for you, child of Adam and Eve. You may take the crowns. But, you and your faithful companion must pass the night with me. These mountains are no place for night-time wandering!"

You sleep deeply that night, knowing that you are absolutely safe. In the morning, very well rested, the two of you bid Firesteam farewell and begin the long journey east to Cair Paravel. After several days travelling, you are free of the mountains and enter Narnia's heartland. **Turn to 152.**

383

"Give me the crowns!" the Centaur orders. (You can do nothing but obey in the face of his stern majesty.) "I shall find a more faithful follower of Aslan to complete the quest."

Dismayed, you watch the Centaur gallop away.

You sleep uncomfortably, waking often, bothered by strange dreams and nightmares. Finally, you see the magnificent figure of Aslan approaching you. You wish desperately!) that you could wake up, but even that mercy is denied you. **Turn to 186.**

384

You cannot explain why Snowfoot should not rescue the old woman. "Wait for me, friend," he says. "I shan't be long."

As he speaks you loosen your grip. Stopping him seems a dreadful cruelty, both to the St. Bernard and to the old woman.

- *If you let him go, turn to 338.*
- *If you insist that he abandon the woman, turn to 277.*

385

The Centaur listens carefully to your story, his face sad and grim. Then he nods, as if in answer to an unasked question "You have made many mistakes, child of Adam and Eve," he begins, "yet all who breathe and make choices have erred Underneath, I can see that your heart is good, and you have learned. You shall continue the mission that Aslan gave you and I know that you will give all your heart to its successful conclusion." You bow in gratitude, and begin to gather : your things.

"Wait, little one," the Centaur adds. "Climb upon my back. I will carry you part of the way, for you cannot know how to reach the castle. I regret that I cannot bear you all the way there, but my presence would attract attention from the Witch, and would hinder rather than help you."

Happily, you climb onto his back and prepare yourself for an incredible journey. **Turn to 269.**

386

You grab for a branch from the ground, but the Fox is too quick. His sharp teeth nip your hand. Then, he runs between your legs and trips you so that you fall headfirst into a tree stump. Ouch!

When your senses return, you've been tightly bound with ' heavy vines. The woods are hauntingly quiet, but for the groan of tree branches loaded with snow. At last, the Fox returns, accompanied by half a dozen Black Dwarfs. They wear high-necked black tunics and sharp-toed boots, and they slap their thighs in merriment when they see you.

"Good work!" their leader says. "The Queen will be very pleased with you. We will see that she rewards you as you deserve with a new, plump, spring lamb

Grinning, the dwarfs hoist you to their shoulders and carry you north. They stop for rest in a clearing where two more dwarfs feed logs to a campfire. **Turn to 192.**

387

Creeping away from the meadow, you explore the river bank in the other direction. Surely something has got to turn up!

As you cross a small stream on stepping stones, a beaver swims away upstream. While you watch, she scrambles out of the water into a closely grown thicket of holly.

- *If you approach the Beaver, turn to 206.*
- *If you try to cross the river yourself, turn to 431.*

You escape the mountains unscathed by bandit or monster. The food in your knapsack, together with the caches Snowfoot showed you how to find, keep hunger at bay. As you slip through the last of the foothills, you realize that new problems face you. You do not know the way to Cair Paravel, and travel in the lowlands may be difficult. There will be no caves to rest in, and the snow is still deep. You spend your first night in the lowlands sleeping in heavy brush, hidden in a deep ravine.

A hand shaking your shoulder wakes you in the morning. Still rubbing the sleep from your eyes, you find a creature standing over you. It is a Centaur, half-man, half-horse, with a heavily muscled chest, long hair and a curly beard. He studies you, but the look in his eyes is unfriendly.

"So, child of Adam and Eve, this is how you fulfill the mission that Aslan gave to you," the Centaur accuses. "You abandoned your loyal friend Snowfoot, then steal the crowns from Fireteam. Do you know what happened to the Dragon because of your conduct?"

"No, I don't," you answer, somewhat frightened of what the Centaur has to say.

"Fireteam assumed that slaves of the Witch had robbed him," the Centaur says. "Outraged by their action, he flew straight to her castle, with the intention of destroying her. Though he frightened away her minions, the Witch held firm. She used her cursed magic to turn him to stone, and now he is but a statue in her castle. Should I let the cause of that tragedy continue on this mission? Tell me all you have done in Narnia, so that I may decide."

You tell the tale of your adventures, hoping that you can convince the Centaur to give you a second chance. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-8, **turn to 383.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 385.**

389

Surely the ring you got from the Black Dwarfs would please the Dragon! Bowing, you pull it from your pocket and hold it up on your outstretched hand.

Firestream's reaction is astonishing. He bends his head to nuzzle your palm, his eyes rapt. "The Ring of the Dragons," he whispers, his warm breath surrounding you. "This is the grandest treasure of my folk — its theft was a terrible blow. I thank you, little one. You must indeed be the chosen of Aslan." **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 382.**
- If 5-12, **turn to 142.**

390

"When you set foot in Narnia, the first one you meet will serve you as a loyal companion." The Lion gazes solemnly into your eyes.

"He will tell you of a prophecy and help you to fulfill it, leading you to the highest pass in Narnia."

"Who is this tyrant?" you ask. "Can I defeat him myself?"

Aslan shakes his great head. "That time has not yet come. Narnia is ruled by the White Witch, who has cast a mighty enchantment on the land. For many years Narnia has known nothing but winter, and so it must be for many years more. Avoid the Witch and her minions: she will imprison any child of Adam and Eve she finds in Narnia."

"But can't you tell me something of my task?" you almost beg. "What must I do?"

"You must do what is right," Aslan replies. "That is your safest guide for action. But remember what I tell you now: you will be the only child of Adam and Eve in Narnia. Those who look most like your kind are to be trusted least. And do not take what is not your own, unless you take stolen goods from thieves in order to restore them to their rightful owner. And the arts of magic and enchantment are not for my friends. Do not trust such devices, nor those who use them for their own ends. Do not disdain the aid of those of honest heart, however weak they may seem. The support of my friends is never deserving of scorn. Finally, do the good deeds that come within reach of your hand. Important though your task may be, it is not more important than help to those in need." As Aslan speaks, the cloud thickens and rises around you. Gently as a snowflake, you descend through the clouds. **Turn to 126.**

391

You scream your best school yell at the Wildcats, swinging your club fiercely, but they're much too strong and quick for you. Before you know it, your club is on the ground, and Wildclaw is leaping for your throat. Spinning about in terror, you take to your heels.

Breathless, you wonder how long you can keep going. Surely not long enough! Then an unlucky rabbit crosses your path. In an instant, your pursuer has seized it in her jaws. You run onward while the cat makes the hare her dinner. When you finally collapse to the ground, you are safe from the cats and far from your friends. You will have to continue your quest alone! Poor Snowfoot! You hope he is alright. *Check Key 6 and turn to 345.*

392

"Cair Paravel lies to the east," you say abruptly. "Why are you taking me north?"

"Because the Witch lives to the north, and she has promised the greatest rewards to anyone who brings a child of Adam and Eve to her." And the Fox leaps at you, his sharp fangs bared ***Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:***

- *If 2-5, turn to 386.*
- *If 6-12, turn to 214.*

393

You slide the crowns into your pack, and then exit by the same careful path you used to enter the cave. Once outside, you and Snowfoot flee down the trail, trying to combine speed and cunning in a desperate effort to evade the Dragon - pursuit. ***Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:***

- *If 2-7, turn to 333.*
- *If 8-12, turn to 320.*

394

As he finishes his dinner, you approach the Fox, bow politely, and say: "I must get across the river and onward to Cair Paravel, but I do not know how to? Can you help me?"

The animal studies you. "Cair Paravel," he finally says. "I know the way, though I wonder why you would go to the place. No one lives there."

"I have business in the castle," you say. "It'll be safer if you don't know the details, but I will say that my success will give all the folk of Narnia a sign that the Witch won't rule forever."

The Fox looks sharply at you, then nods. "Come, child of Adam and Eve," he whispers, in a soft voice. "I will guide you across the river and then take you on eastward to the castle."

Without another word, he beckons for you to follow. The Fox takes you to a ford some miles upriver, then leads you through a spruce wood. While the going is easy, it is also well hidden. You feel very safe.

- *If you have a compass (checked Key 2), turn to 289.*
- *Otherwise, turn to 349.*

395

After eating what little you have, you and the St. Bernard snuggle close together, taking warmth and courage from each other. You refuse to think about the dangers that tomorrow may bring as sleep closes your eyes. ***Turn to 399.***

396

You walk silently through the long, thin shadows of the snowy woods, and soon find a sign at the junction of several paths. One arrow points southeast to Cair Paravel, and you choose that route through an even denser forest. Soon, high castle walls show their crenellated edges against the sky. You slow down and move cautiously from tree to tree and bush to bush. Though you have heard that the Witch's folk cannot enter the castle grounds, you fear that she might have some sentry hidden near it.

Suddenly you see him — a huge wolf prowling the sparse grass below the castle's walls. He sniffs the air and turns in your direction. Has he seen you? Can you get past him?

Then a squeaky voice sounds from a tree overhead. "Are you the messenger with the crowns?" it asks, and you look up to see two large grey squirrels. After a pause, you nod.

"Can we help you?" the smaller of them asks. "We heard that your quest is vital to all Narnia."

- *If you ask for their help, turn to 117.*
- *If you refuse it, turn to 127.*

397

"Fiddle," you say, taking some food from your pack. "You have a been a good friend to us. I cannot let you go without food, when I have some to spare."

The Dwarf's eyes mist over for a moment, then he smiles. "Thank you, friend," he says, "thank you. It was a lucky day when I met the two of you." As the Dwarf disappears from sight, you and Snowfoot ready yourselves for your own day's journey. **Turn to 368.**

398

You smile at the sleeping Dragon. Evidently, he travelled a great distance this evening. On tiptoe, you slip into the cave, circle Firesteam's great bulk, and approach the crowns. Holding your breath, you slip them into your pack. Still the Dragon has not moved. You go back to the cave entrance and slip away into the night. Once outside, you gulp deep breaths of air (you must have been holding it in all this time), then begin the long trek back down the pass. *Check Key 11, then **pick a number** and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-10, **turn to 168.***
- *If 11-12, **turn to 388.***

399

A long, cold day's march leads you to higher elevations. The going is rough, for the air is thinner, the slope steeper than before, and the snow grows only deeper. A abandoned woodman's shack provides shelter for the night. To your relief, you find a bag of raisins, hard tack, and dried milk powder. You make a satisfying supper of it before snuggling into your blanket for the night. In the morning, you arise stiffly. Surely you must be near your goal! It cannot be many miles more to the top of the High Pass.

All morning and afternoon you climb, your path moving in and out among huge boulders. The air dampens and grows misty, obscuring all but the ground at your feet. Near dusk, the fog lifts to show you an arching sky filled with stars sparkling more brightly than diamonds in its velvety blue dome while a ribbon of crimson, peach, and pale jade streaks the western horizon.

Far, far below, snowy mountain peaks catch the last rays of the sun. It's like standing atop the world! This must be the High Pass, but what should you do now? As you pause, your eyes light on a stone hut perched at the edge of a steep drop. Thin streams of acrid smoke rise from its chimney.

- *If you have a check on Key 6, **turn to 308.***
- *Otherwise, **turn to 274.***

400

Suddenly, you notice which side of the trees moss is growing on! Why is the Fox leading you north, when Cair Paravel lies to the east? What is he doing? **Turn to 392.**

401

The Dragon studies you through half-closed lids, then says: "Humans are an interesting species, for one can never predict the ways of your people. You have not done badly, child of Adam and Eve. I would trust you with the crowns, but I fear that you lack the strength to carry out your quest. Tell me why I should let you try."

What can you say to convince this stern judge? "Since Aslan himself set me this task, surely he will help me see it through!" you exclaim. "In his name, let me take the crowns to the castle." **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- *If 2-3, **turn to 301.***
- *If 4-5, **turn to 247.***
- *If 6-10, **turn to 191.***
- *If 11-12, **turn to 295.***

402

You begin to phrase your request to the Centaur, then stop, appalled by what you almost did. The greatness and nobility of the Centaur is obvious — it would be a gross insult to ask him to serve as a beast of burden! **Turn to 452.**

403

Fortunately, two slashes with your knife cut the rope and free Snowfoot. Quickly you hurry away from the dwarfs and their awful valley. *Erase your check on Key 6, and **turn to 219.***

The Dragon carries you to a great height above the old woman's hut, hovers for a moment, then swoops down toward the pass. As he descends in smooth, rushing arcs, your toes almost scrape the tips of the mountain peaks! A dark speck appears in the snow below you and grows larger rapidly as the Dragon makes a sudden dive. It's Snowfoot! Firesteam swoops beside your friend and scoops the St. Bernard up with his other claw. Moments later, the Dragon glides gracefully into the wide mouth of a cave. There he lights a dozen torches with a single fiery breath.

Bathed by the glow of the torches, you see a most wondrous sight. The floor of the cave is covered with an vast array of riches. There are heaps of gold and silver coins, loose jewels of every imaginable hue, rings, bracelets, and necklaces dripping diamonds, swords whose hilts are heavy with emeralds, chaplets of ocean pearls, shields of bronze filigreed with silver, red leather breast plates swirled with brightly painted patterns, chalices encrusted with agate and onyx, tureens of jade, crystal flasks of myrrh, frankincense, cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice, and chests of silks, velvets, and furs.

Blinking, you note that some treasures rest in special places of honor. A great Calormene scimitar hangs from one wall, its hilt covered with sapphires, the steel of its finely wrought blade shimmering in the torchlight. A necklace of luminous opals winds around a stone of such deep blue that it must be lapis lazuli. A niche in the wall near the back of the cave is shaped to hold a large ring, though nothing rests there now.

Beside the empty niche, two marble busts (one a noble knight with handsome beard and steady gaze, the other a lovely lady with gentle brow and warm smile) sit on a pedestal. Golden crowns encircle their heads. At long last, the goal of your quest! The delicate circlets are wrought of finely filigreed gold, one set with rubies, the other with emeralds.

Your study of the magnificent hoard is interrupted by its possessor. "Rest easy, children of Aslan," the Dragon rumbles. "I have no proper food for you within my halls. I go to seek some, but I shall return shortly." Without a further word, Firesteam glides through the cave mouth, out into the night.

"Do you trust the Dragon?" you whisper to Snowfoot. "Or should we take the crowns and escape while we can."

"Would that be right?" the Dog answers. "It seems very ungrateful to rob a creature that saved your life." You consider the situation carefully. Surely the Dragon would never simply give you the crowns! This might be the only chance to carry out your quest!

- If you take the crowns, **turn to 329.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 300.**



Firesteam stares down at you with great sadness in his eyes. "I am sorry, little one," he says in the gentlest voice he can manage. "You have followed many a strange road and braved many dangers to reach me, but I cannot permit you to take the crowns. Your intentions may be good, but your heart and will are unequal to the task. Yet do not despair for Narnia. I will consult with the Centaur Starguide, whom I know to be a creature of wisdom and knowledge. We will find someone who can carry your quest to its successful conclusion. Though you did not complete the task yourself, you have made possible its success. Now make yourself comfortable and sleep, child. Your way has been long and hard."

Why has the Dragon made such a judgement? You toss restlessly on a pallet in a snug corner of Firesteam's cavern, reliving your adventures in your thoughts. Then, in a dream, you see Aslan and hear his deep, calm voice. **Turn to 279.**



Choosing your words very carefully, you tell Firesteam the tale of your adventures. You realize that some of the story shows that you are neither as brave nor as good as you might wish. But you know that it is worse to lie to the Dragon. He listens carefully, without comment, until you have finished. Anxiously, you await his decision.

- If your Inner Strength bonus is less than 0, **turn to 363.**
- If your Inner Strength bonus is 0 or 1, **turn to 313.**
- If your Inner Strength bonus is greater than 1, **turn to 418.**

Someone is knocking on your door, urging you to dress so as not to miss breakfast. Still half asleep, you look around the room, and finally recognize it — you are in Miss Plummer's house in London.

Was Narnia a dream after all? But perhaps it does not matter. Though you failed to complete your quest, you learned much about Narnia and yourself. You will not make the same mistakes again, whether in Narnia or in England. But your heart warms at the thought that some day Aslan might permit your return to Narnia. Next time you will do all he asks of you! **THE END.**

If you want to return to Narnia now, just turn to the Prologue and start again!

You study the ropes that hold Snowfoot. They have been pulled very tight, and the crone has tied them in odd combinations. If you untie the wrong knots first, you will probably make the rest of them even tighter.

Desperately, you try to figure out which knots to loosen first. **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 332.**
- If 6-8, **turn to 222.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 125.**

Who is this old woman anyway? Surely Aslan said that you were the only human in Narnia! You must be near to your goal, and it would be silly to risk success for a little physical comfort.

But the place looks so inviting, and you are very curious why anyone would be living alone on this desolate slope. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 457.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 141.**



410

You shake loose from the old woman's grip on your elbow, thank her again for supper, and head for the door.

"How dare the foolish babbler refuse my help?" she screeches suddenly. "Silly, toothsome lamb! It shall not insult me so! Gemcrest, seize the itty mite!"

As you open the front door, a most peculiar beast springs through a curtained archway behind the irate crone. The beast's emerald and sapphire crest feathers brush the ceiling: its flaming eyes pounce upon you as it presses forward on powerful griffon's claws.

One look is more than enough. You slam the door behind you and dart up the mountain as fast as your legs will go. You hear pants and snarls at your heels, but don't dare turn to watch your pursuer. **Pick a number** and add your Action bonus:

- If 2-6, **turn to 124.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 183.**

411

You continue through the woods until dusk. Then, ahead of you, the glow of a campfire beckons. The Fox hurries up to it. Sitting around the flame are half a dozen Black Dwarfs! Before you realize what is going on, they seize and bind you!

"Thank you, Foxy," says one. "We will see that Her Majesty rewards you as you deserve for your loyalty. She has wanted to capture one of these humans for many a long year. They are treacherous enemies to her gracious reign." You shudder at the dwarfs' cackling laughter and cruel faces. Oh, what a terrible fate! **Turn to 192.**

412

As you run through: the trees, you hear the dwarfs close behind. Desperately trying to escape, you run even harder, and don't watch where you're going. As you crash through some bushes, your foot hooks onto a heavy fallen branch, and you tumble head over heels. The blow knocks all the air out of you. Before you can get your breath back, the dwarfs catch up with you. Quickly they tie your hands and feet, and drag you north through the woods.

"The Queen will reward us well," the leader laughs. "She has promised all her servants rich rewards if they can bring her a child of Adam and Eve. She will have fun with this puny bundle!"

Your head bumps over roots and stones, while your wrists and ankles burn from the tight cords restraining you. At last, your captors stop in a clearing where two dwarfs feed logs to a campfire. **Turn to 192.**

413

Ignoring the old woman's gesture, you strike at her with both fists. But Gemcrest is quicker! While the crone cowers away from you, her beast servant slashes at your face with its talons. Can you defeat this terrible creature? **Pick a number** and add your Fighting bonus:

- If 2-9, **turn to 280.**
- If 10-12, **turn to 196.**

You creep up to a corner of the hut and peer around it. The old crone has taken Snowfoot out behind the stone building and tied him to a low, granite table. The table squats on a rock shelf overlooking a precipitous drop of hundreds of feet. The old woman cackles gleefully and whets a stone knife.

Near her stands a creature with a curving flame-red beak, emerald and sapphire crest feathers, golden cat-like eyes, and smooth chestnut fur covering griffon hindquarters. It watches the old woman eagerly as she makes her preparations. How can you possibly save your friend?

- If you attack the old woman, **turn to 326.**
- If you try to trick her, **turn to 248.**

"It is a strange gift," Fireteam says. "I believe these are of little worth to you in your own land."

You reluctantly admit that his words are true.

"Still," he continues, "we are not in your land. We are in Narnia, and in Narnia the coins are unique. I appreciate the gift, child of Adam and Eve. You are clever and resourceful. Such qualities will give you more of a chance to complete your quest than many stronger people." **Turn to 443.**

You awake suddenly, the tiny guest room so chilly that you instinctively try to pull the blankets tighter.

Only you are no longer in bed!

You sit up in shock, and look around. You are outside, but the sun and the sky are far brighter than you have ever seen in England. You look down and find you are sitting in the midst of something fluffy and damp. It looks like fog or mist or could it be...

"You are right, Child of Adam and Eve," a voice says from behind you. "You are sitting in a cloud. Do not be afraid." The voice is so warm and strong that it calms all your fears. Slowly you turn around. Your mouth drops open in awe at the sight of a huge, golden lion with a thick magnificent mane. He makes the captive lions in the zoo look like scruffy housecats.



"Who are you, sir?" you ask in a timid voice.

"I am Aslan," he answers calmly, "son of the Emperor Beyond the Sea. I have come to call you to serve us in Narnia in a time of great need."

"But sir," you ask, "if things are so bad that you need to bring me all the way from London, surely you could deal with the problem much better yourself. Besides, I'm only a kid!"

"I cannot bring help at present," Aslan answers. "My time has not yet come, but my people need a sign that Spring come. Do not worry. You will be shown how to carry out your task." **Turn to 390.**

Though the water is colder than a Christmas icicle, you manage to reach the other side. Shuddering violently, you climb the steep bank and pull on your clothes after a brisk rubdown with your extra sweater. (You don't want to get your blanket wet: you'll need it soon to sleep in!) Then you start into the woods, heading east and walking briskly to warm yourself. **Turn to 396.**

The Dragon listens to your tale. Can he read the very depths of your soul? Then, to your amazement, Firesteam smiles.

"You have done well, little one," the Dragon says. "I respect the courage and skill that allowed you to reach my home and request the crowns, but I give even more honor to your behavior. Many an adventurer would justify foul deeds by the importance of his or her quest — you have seldom done so. Aslan chose well when he brought you to Narnia."

Does this mean the crowns are yours? **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

• If 2-6, **turn to 382.**

• If 7-12, **turn to 142.**

The old woman glares at you for a moment, then nods as if your request were to her own advantage. "Very well, poppit." she says, "face to the stone it shall be, clever moppet!"

She unties your hands, and your numbed wrists throb in pain. As she frees your right foot, you roll over on your side and bend your left leg to slacken the rope for her.

"Nice lambkin," she praises, freeing your left foot and reaching to tie the right one with the same cord. At that moment you push off hard from the table and leap away from her. As you run, she shrieks, "Gemcrest! Gemcrest!"

Risking one look over your shoulder, you see the terrible form of the monster, covered half with feathers and half with fur. You turn to dash up the pass, knowing you must run as you have never run in your life. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

• If 2-7, **turn to 239.**

• If 8-12, **turn to 183.**

You almost turn and run away in fright. The Dragon is there, apparently asleep, his huge body coiled around his heaped up wealth: coins and gems and jewelry and weaponry beyond count or price. On the walls hang yet more treasures — golden trumpets to herald cavalry into battle, bronze plate mail fashioned like a fish's scales, swords as long and sharp as the Dragon's teeth, and tapestries showing heroes pursuing adventure.

Blinking, you note that some treasures rest in special places of honor. On a shelf carved of black marble rests a great Calormene scimitar, its golden hilt covered with sapphires, the steel of its finely wrought blade shimmering in the torchlight. A necklace of luminous opals winds around a stone of such deep blue that it must be lapis lazuli. A niche in the wall near the back of the cave is shaped to hold a large ring, though nothing rests there now.

Beside the empty niche, two marble busts (one a noble knight with handsome beard and steady gaze, the other a lovely lady with gentle brow and warm smile) sit on a pedestal. Golden crowns encircle their heads. At long last, the goal of your quest! They are wrought of finely filigreed gold, one set with rubies, the other with emeralds. All you have to do is get them from the Dragon. **Turn to 118.**

Summoning all your courage, you creep up to the cave mouth and look in. One thing dominates all else — the powerful might and majesty of Firesteam the Dragon. He is coiled around a heap of gold and jewels, his huge wings folded back, his brilliant eyes hidden by tightly shut lids. Even asleep, the creature makes your legs shake in your boots. His sharp teeth glimmer like steel, and his mouth seems big enough to swallow you in one quick bite!

• If you attack him in his sleep, **turn to 423.**

• If you try to steal the crowns, **turn to 398.**

• If you speak to the Dragon, **turn to 449.**

422

Your attack on the Wildcats ends in disaster. They easily avoid the blows of your club, and turn their attention on your friends. Sheepstealer lays poor Lockhorn out in the snow with a mighty swipe of his claws, while Wildclaw injures Snowfoot's leg so badly that the dog can barely stand. Then Sheepstealer turns to you, avoids the last desperate swing of your club, and knocks you to the ground. You shut your eyes, cringing from his sharp teeth.

Oh, it's not cold anymore! Nuzzling your cheek into what feels suspiciously like a flannel pillow, you open your eyes. It is a pillow! And you're cozily tucked in bed with soft, woolly blankets pulled up to your chin.

"Where am I?" you murmur. Then it all comes back. You're in Miss Plummer's guest room in London. But what of Narnia? **THE END.**

If you want to return to Narnia, just go to the Prologue and begin again!

423

You pick up a large rock in one hand and grip a stout stick in the other. After another moment's hesitation, you take a deep breath and yell "Death to the Dragon!" as you charge the creature. He sluggishly raises his head in surprise, and you hurl the rock before belaboring him with your rough club. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-9, **turn to 204.**
- If 10-11, **turn to 426.**
- If 12, **turn to 335.**

424

You and Snowfoot spend the morning sweeping and dusting the dwarfs' lodgings. You begin to feel desperate. How could your noble quest come to such a humiliating end? You are certain that the dwarfs have not washed a dish or swept anywhere in their dwelling since Fiddle left.

But you do have one idea. Nackle boasted of his cleverness. Perhaps you could convince the Dwarf Lord to steal the crowns himself, and then send you and the crowns to the Witch as an offering of friendship. Then you might find some opportunity to escape and carry out your mission. You whisper the idea to Snowfoot, and he urges you to try it.

- *If you try the plan, **turn to 135.***
- *Otherwise, **turn to 202.***

425

You put aside all your doubts and seize the crowns, storing them away in your pack. But look at all this gold! How could one creature have gathered all of it? Firesteam must be the most successful thief who ever lived! You do not have an easy trip ahead of you — some of these coins might make the difference between success and failure. Should you borrow a few? *Reduce your Inner Strength bonus by 1. Check Key 11.*

- *If you take some of the other treasure, **turn to 334.***
- *Otherwise, **turn to 128.***

426

Firesteam casts an irritated look at you as you batter him with your club. Then he puffs a sharp breath over your head, and you land your next blow with a flaming club. In shock, you drop the stick. Before you can think of a new strategy, the Dragon's long tail whips around, picks you up, and throws you from the cave.

Fortunately, you land in a deep snow drift. You lie there for a few minutes, then struggle to your feet. Obviously you cannot defeat the Dragon! With disappointment choking your throat and tears fogging your eyes, you turn back down the pass.

Exhaustion overtakes you before long, and you make a cold camp in a small cave. It is hours before you can fall asleep, and when your eyes finally close, bizarre dreams trouble your rest. A large animal weaves in and out of your sight, coming closer and closer with every step. It's a Lion! Aslan the Lion! **Turn to 186.**

Snowfoot struggles to pull free of your restraining hands, thoroughly alarmed by the old woman's weakening screams. Aha! That's it!

"Snowfoot," you say desperately, "before I was sent to you, I talked with Aslan in a vision." The dog stops and stares at you. "While the Lion did not tell me what I was to do or how I should do it, he did warn me that there are no other humans in Narnia. He said that those who looked most human were the most dangerous and fearsome folk of all. That creature you wish to rescue must be something else, disguising itself as a helpless old woman in order to trap you. Isn't that possible?"

Snowfoot shivers violently. "A Hag! They are the most feared beings in Narnia, servants of the darkest magic. Thank you, my friend. You have saved me from a terrible mistake!"

Together, you and the St. Bernard turn and walk onward up the slope, leaving the odd hut behind. You crest what must be the highest point in the pass and survey the view in front of you. The Dragon awaits! **Turn to 459.**

428

Your courageous charge ends, not in a solid blow to the Dragon's flank (as you had planned), but in a hurried leap to avoid his snapping teeth! Then you sidestep the slash of one foreclaw, while Snowfoot pulls you clear of a blow from a raking hindclaw. Next, you leap high to dodge the sweep of the Dragon's tail, dropping your club in the process. As you stoop to pick it up again, Firesteam says: "Peace, little one. I know not why you attacked me, for I have never seen you before. Tell me what you want, and perhaps we can settle our differences in a peaceful manner."

"Let's talk with him," Snowfoot whispers. "If he wished it, we would both be dead already!"

- *If you talk to the Dragon, turn to 364.*
- *If you insist on fighting, turn to 150.*

The Dragon stares at you and slowly shakes his great head. "You are brave, little one," he says, trying to make his voice sound gentle. "I know that failure is bitter for any human, but I cannot entrust the crowns to your care. You do not have the strength and character to successfully complete the quest. I will consult with Starguide. Between us, we shall find a proper courier to return the crowns to Cair Paravel."

You stand motionless, crushed by the Dragon's refusal. Then you turn and stumble from his cavern, Snowfoot following close behind. You do not travel far before the dog guides you to a sheltered overhang and insists that you try to sleep.

You rest poorly and find it almost impossible to make yourself comfortable. Odd and confusing dreams fill your mind. Then, as though through a fog, you see a great golden figure coming towards you. It is Aslan. **Turn to 279.**

430

Firesteam shakes his great head. "A true follower of Aslan would not rob me, whatever his or her need," the Dragon says. "I am grateful to hear of the prophecy, friend Snowfoot. But, I will find a more suitable courier for this quest."

Crushed by the Dragon's refusal, you slink out of the cave. A mile down the mountain Snowfoot finds a sheltering overhang of rock where you finally fall asleep. In your dreams, you suddenly see Aslan pacing towards you. **Turn to 186.**

431

Deciding it is better to trust no one, you avoid the Beaver. You follow the river's banks for what seems a long way, but find no good crossing place. It will have to be swimming! Quickly you undress and wrap your clothes in your blanket. Then, holding this bundle out of the water, you wade in, gasping in the icy cold waves. Floating on your back (to keep your clothes dry), you kick out for the opposite bank. **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- *If 2-5, turn to 140.*
- *If 6-8, turn to 282.*
- *If 9-12, turn to 417.*

432

Desperately you tug and strain at the knots. Are they enchanted? The dwarfs won't be gone forever! **Pick a number and add your Action bonus:**

- If 2-5, **turn to 170.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 264.**

433

Walking quickly, you find your steps lead you back to the meadow where you saw the Fox. Oh, thank goodness he's still there! **Turn to 394.**

434

You bow to the Dragon, and try to explain your mission, telling of Starguide's prophecy, your meeting with Snowfoot, your adventures in the mountains, the hostility of the Black Dwarfs, and all that has befallen you. "Aslan brought me to Narnia," you conclude. "I must fulfill the prophecy of the Centaur, and return the lost crowns to their rightful place in Cair Paravel."

"Indeed?" the huge creature asks. "And you travelled all this way alone, to face me and ask for the crowns? What has happened to the companion Aslan gave you? Does he suffer yet as a slave of the Black Dwarfs? Why did you permit that to happen?"

- If you try to excuse yourself, **turn to 209.**
- If you admit that you failed your friend, **turn to 101.**

435

When you finish your tale, the Dragon continues to study you; his face is solemn. "Give me the crowns, child of Adam and Eve," he finally says. "I know that your heart is sincere, but you lack the strength to carry out your mission. Too many mistakes and too many wrong deeds have marred the path of your quest. I am certain that you will fail if you continue. I will consult Starguide, and between us we will find a fitting way to restore the crowns to Cair Paravel."

There is nothing else to be done—it is impossible to refuse the Dragon's demand. Sadly, you take the crowns from your back and lay them at his feet. Grasping the delicate circlets in his mighty claws, Firesteam leaps into the sky, wings spread. You watch him, despair filling your heart, until he is only a speck on the horizon.

Snowfoot's efforts to comfort you fail, and it is a long time before you can bring yourself to eat breakfast. At last, you swallow a few bites of hard biscuit and a gulp of melted snow-water and start the hike down to the valley. Plodding, you stare at the ground, wishing you could begin all over again. Later that night, you toss and turn before falling into a troubled sleep. Dreaming, you hear Aslan's deep, rumbling voice in your ear. **Turn to 186.**

436

You hide in the woods while Lockhorn leads the sheep northward through the trees. When they are several hundred yards away from the cats, they come out of woods and head down towards the stream. In moments the cats are after the dock. **Pick a number:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 371.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 304.**

437

As you follow Snowfoot into the lowlands, the countryside gets flatter and the trees sparser. During a stop for rest, the dog tells you: "We will soon come to the last obstacle in our path, friend. The biggest river in Narnia lies just ahead. There are two ways that we might cross. We can try to swim the river, through the water will be very cold. Or we can use a ford I know of. But the Witch's minions are often on watch there."

- If you swim the river, **turn to 218.**
- If you go to the ford, **turn to 292.**

Picking your words with extreme care, you try to explain why the completion of your quest is so vital, both for you and for all the free creatures of Narnia. The Dragon's face is cold and expressionless. **Pick a number and add your Talking bonus:**

- If 2-3, **turn to 429.**
- If 4-9, **turn to 382.**
- If 10-12, **turn to 142.**

You run too quickly for the dwarfs, and Snowfoot's knowledge of the trail helps you pick the best escape route. Soon, the sounds of pursuit fade away, and you slow down to walk at a more comfortable pace. Once you are certain that you are completely safe, you and Snowfoot rest until morning beneath the down-swept boughs of a pine tree. **Turn to 219.**

This day's march leads you high into the mountains. The trail winds around and around one high peak, then along - barren ridge. As dusk comes, Snowfoot leads you into the shelter of an overhanging ledge, then announces: "Tonight we stay with my friend, Longwing the Eagle." You reluctantly follow him until you come to a huge nest. He calls out "Longwing," and a harsh, cawing voice answers.

The Eagle is a magnificent creature, taller than you, with a fierce beak and long talons. He seems a strange host, but you feel safer when he brings you a dinner of rainbow trout and blackberries. While you eat, he and Snowfoot start to talk.

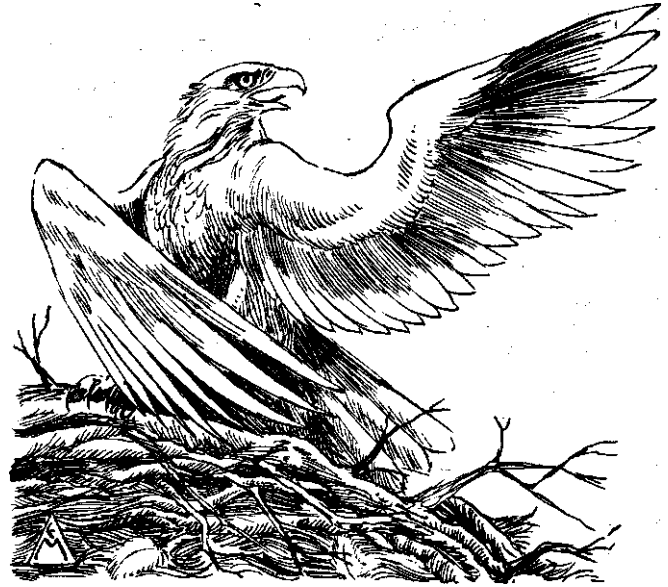
"It has been a long time since you walked these mountains Snowfoot," the Eagle begins. "Your friends have missed your loyal service and stout heart."

"I have been away in the south," Snowfoot answers between bites. "In this merciless winter, many folk there are unused to such severe weather and need my help. I live with Nutcracker the Squirrel and Virbinus the Faun, who need 2 strong friend to protect them from the servants of the Witch. In turn, their clever hands make our home much more comfortable."

"Then why are you so far from home?" the Eagle asks. "I see few travellers. Indeed, most folk go out of their way to avoid this region. There is a Dragon in the High Pass, and all save the foolish stay away."

"But that is where we are going," you interject (and rather rudely I must say).

Longwing stares at you in amazement. "It must be dire need that carries you to such a place."



"The wisdom of Starguide the Centaur guides me there," says Snowfoot. "He has read the heavens and there found hope for Narnia in a prophecy."

"What is this prophecy?" the Eagle asks.

"The Centaur said that if the lost crowns of the King and Queen are returned to Cair Paravel, it will be a sign that the Witch shall not reign forever."

"We do not know yet how to retrieve the crowns," you add, "but the High Pass is our destination. Do you think the Dragon is really dangerous?"

The huge bird laughs with a ghastly cackle. "The Dragon is a danger to everyone! In the mountains far to the north of here, I saw it kill and eat another Dragon! After that, it would probably consider a human child a delicate morsel indeed. You will have to find some way to deal with him;"

"Starguide did not mention the Dragon, only the High Pass," Snowfoot says hopefully. "Perhaps the monster will have nothing to do with us at all."

"But the Dragon has the crowns," Longwing says. "I saw them clutched in his talons, when returned to his cave one day. They lie within his hoard, and none may easily take riches from a Dragon. I wish you luck on your quest." **Turn to 294.**



441

You find that the Dwarfs were a little careless when they tied your wrists. They put the ropes around the heavy clothes you were wearing. First you pull your shirt sleeve up your arm. and feel the rope loosen. It's a little harder, but you also twist your jacket cuff loose. Now you have enough slack to free your left hand from the ropes. Then it's easy to untie the right. You stretch for a moment, then free your feet and hurry over to untie Snowfoot. It seems a long time before the dog regains his feet, but he takes only a moment longer to lick your face. Then you both pick up your packs, and slip out of the room. **Turn to 366.**

442

You agree that taking the ring is a good idea. When you go up to the display case that contained the ring, you find that it, does not even have a latch to secure it. The ring lies next to a shirt of golden chainmail, and you move your hand cautiously, fearful of the least disturbing rattle. Can you pick up the ring without setting off an alarm? **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 378.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 180.**

443

The Dragon continues to study you with serious eyes. "Little one," Firesteam says. "What will you, such a frail creature, do to ensure the success of your task, a quest that touches so many others. You cannot fail!"

"I cannot promise success, Firesteam," you answer. "But I follow Aslan's commands. Surely I will succeed if I do his will as best I can. And if I fail... Aslan brought life out of death; surely he might also bring victory out of defeat." The Dragon nods, evidently pleased by your words. **Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:**

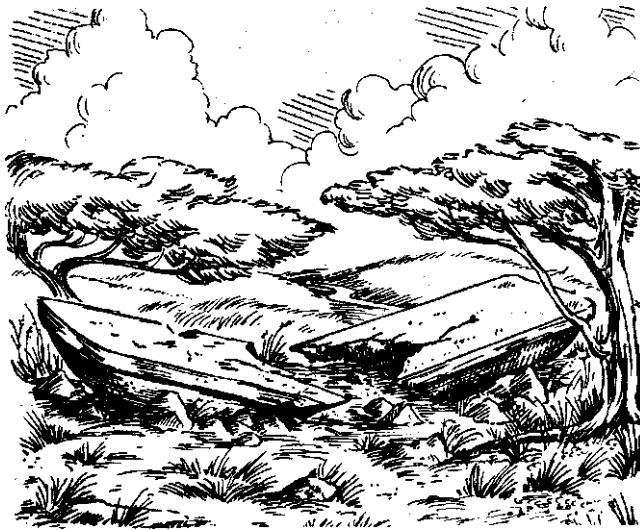
- If 2-5, **turn to 382.**
- If 6-12, **turn to 142.**

444

Nackle solemnly considers your pleas, then nods. "You are very eloquent, child of Adam and Eve," he says grandly.

Your mission must be of supreme importance, and I cannot stand in your way. I shall release you." You sigh in relief at his words. Then he cackles. "But I see no need to let this dog go. He can do the work for both of you!

- If you accept his offer, **turn to 250.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 217.**



445

You have no way to light the fire. Even though you wrap yourself tightly in the blanket and huddle up close to Snowfoot, you pass a cold and miserable night.

When the new day comes you are more than willing to leave the little cave. **Turn to 440.**

446

Walking quickly to get warm, you wonder if the Fox might not be an spy for the White Witch. To hunt and kill a Talking Animal for dinner! How awful!

What was that? The Fox? No, thank goodness! It's the Beaver. **Turn to 206.**

447

After a few strides, you realize it's useless to run. The Wolf is gaining fast. Panting, you turn to face him, the knife the squirrels gave you in one hand, a stout branch in the other. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-8, **turn to 226.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 158.**

448

As Beehunter talks about the Dragon, you realize that he does not fear the monster. But why? A plump bear would make a perfect dragon-size dinner.'

"Has the Dragon ever come around here?" you ask Beehunter. "I'd be much too scared to live anywhere near him."

The Bear gives a low, deep rumbling laugh. "I see no need to fear the Dragon," he says. "I don't bother him, of course, and I own little he would value. The only reason to fear him would be if he were hungry; but he has never eaten a Talking Beast. He's probably an evil, greedy brute like all Dragons, but at least he knows some things aren't done."

"You are quite certain that he lives in the High Pass?" Snowfoot asks, scratching nervously behind his ears.

"Yes, right up at the top," Beehunter answers. "Perhaps he won't be home when you get there. Do not upset him, Snowfoot. An angry dragon is a terrible enemy. His great wings carry him across the mountains quicker than thought, and he's very unforgiving."

"Does he serve the White Witch?" you ask.

"I have heard that he leaves her folk alone," Beehunter answers. "But I think Firesteam hates this eternal winter as much as anyone else." **Turn to 216.**

449

Gathering all your courage, you rise from your hiding place to stand at the cavern mouth. "Greetings, Firesteam!" you call. The dragon lifts his great head and studies you with gleaming eyes.

"Oh, please," you say, wishing you knew how to speak more grandly, "please listen to what I ask before you roast me."

The Dragon makes a strange noise, that might almost be laughter. "Indeed, child of Adam and Eve," he says, "I will pay close heed to your words. You have no need to fear me, as I have no need to fear you. But speak swiftly, and tell me what strange fate brings you so far from your home and folk." **Turn to 434.**

You try to gather enough courage to approach the cave, visible just down the slope. How much easier it would be if you still had Snowfoot to help you! Then a familiar voice calls your name. It's too good to believe! Snowfoot bounds up the path toward you and leaps, landing with both muddy paws on your shoulders. Only after much excitement and many hugs do you begin to exchange stories. You tell the St. Bernard how you escaped the Hag and what followed afterward.

"I do not know as much," he admits. "I remember the old woman captured you, and then a great darkness fell on me. I knew nothing else until I came to myself, wandering in the mountains above the pass. The spell must have broken at the crone's death. When I came to myself, I caught your scent upon the wind and hurried to join you. Come, I am ready to face ten dragons! Fireteam can hardly be a match for the pair of us!" Strengthened by his confidence and optimism, you turn toward the Dragon's cave. *Erase your check on Key 9. Turn to 377.*

The Dragon raises his head (he wasn't asleep after all) and snaps at you with clashing jaws. You dodge, but the creature tries to crush you with his body. Snowfoot grabs your shirt tail with his teeth and pulls you out of the way. Just in time! As you recover your balance, you see the Dragon's tail swinging towards you. You jump to avoid it. Too late! The Dragon sweeps you out the entrance of his home! With a yip, Snowfoot joins you.

You both run as hard as you can until you must stop, breathless. Fortunately, Fireteam does not follow, but you know that your quest has failed. With Snowfoot you find a sheltered resting place and soon fall into an exhausted, but troubled sleep. As your eyes close, Aslan's solemn face appears. ***Turn to 186.***



"I propose two methods of travel to you," Starguide declares. "First, you and Snowfoot might travel unassisted, trusting to your own wiles to evade the minions of the Witch. That is not a bad choice. Not bad at all."

"And what is the other choice?" Snowfoot asks.

"I have arranged a disguise for you, if you wish to use one," the Centaur replies. "Lockhorn the Ram has assembled a flock of sheep which you may take east to better grazing fields. The human child will act as shepherd, disguised as a satyr, and you, Snowfoot, will be a loyal sheepdog. You might thus escape many unwelcome questions."

- *If you wish to disguise yourself, turn to 148.*
- *If you prefer to travel alone, turn to 330.*

453

"There is more to Snowfoot's story than he is letting on," you tell Beehunter. "He is taking me to the High Pass, as the Centaur told him to. We must find the lost crowns and take them to Cair Paravel," you add, wondering if this reference to the prophecy will make sense to the bear.

"To the High Pass?" Beehunter asks in astonishment. "But you've never been there, Snowfoot! From everything I know, you'll meet a Dragon there. Firesteam, the birds name him. Can you face a creature like that? Most folk would think they were already too close down here."

"Does the Dragon have the crowns?" you ask, more frightened than ever and covered with goosebumps.

"I don't know what the Dragon has in his hoard," Beehunter answers. "But he must have many strange and fabulous treasures." **Pick a number and add your Perception bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 216.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 448.**



454

You grab Snowfoot as he starts to go to Lockhorn's aid. "No Snowfoot," you say, "the ford is open. We must get across this stream while we can."

He follows you, but is obviously unhappy that you have abandoned the sheep to the cats' mercy. You understand what he feels — you feel very guilty yourself. But how could you have possibly defeated two wildcats? **Reduce your Inner Strength bonus by 1. Turn to 437.**



455

Grabbing a long, heavy branch that should make a good club, you dash to Lockhorn's aid with Snowfoot by your side. **Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:**

- If 2-4, **turn to 422.**
- If 5-8, **turn to 391.**
- If 9-12, **turn to 220.**

456

The Wildcats are unprepared for victims who fight back like you do. As they hesitate, Snowfoot leaps forward and clamps his teeth around Sheepstealer's leg. Imitating him, you rush forward and whack Wildclaw across the nose. Both cats turn and bound away yowling. You sigh in relief, then turn and prepare to cross the fallen tree. What dangers and tests still await you? **Turn to 437.**

457

You know you should resist the temptation of visiting the hut, but your curiosity is too strong, eerily strong. Something about this place draws you like a magnet. Shaking your head, you laugh and relax. Rest in a warm place surely won't hurt you; and the woman might know something useful about the Dragon named Firesteam. **Turn to 311.**

At first glance, the climb seems impossible, but you must try! Twice you scramble halfway up before the loose earth gives way, sliding you back to the bottom. Exhausted, you pause and study the slope before trying again.

It is not as barren as you had supposed. Near the bottom, a root sticks out, which will support a foot while you grab a little bush higher up. Panting, you find new hand and footholds. Eventually you roll over the top and out onto open ground.

"Hurry, hurry," the Owl whispers. "Here are the crowns. I took them from the dwarfs, who are asleep right now. But they won't sleep forever!" Spurred by his words, you rise to sneak off through the woods. The Owl stretches his silent wings, and you follow his shadow through the moonlight. When the bird is certain you are walking along the right path, he bids you farewell and vanishes into the night. At least you have the crowns! **Turn to 396.**

As you step forward, you survey what must be the High Pass. The mountains on either side form a narrow valley, running from east to west. Halfway down the slope you see the black mouth of a huge cave. Firesteam's lair!

- If you checked Key 9, **turn to 450.**
- If you checked Key 6, **turn to 112.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 325.**

Left alone by the Dwarfs, you study the way your ropes are tied, looking for a way to free yourself. Snowfoot urges you to do your best. "Please try hard, little friend," he whimpers. "I can do nothing myself. I can neither break the ropes, nor reach them with my teeth, and they have bound us so that we cannot help each other." Desperate, you search for an escape.

- If you have a Pocketknife (checked Key 1), **turn to 205.**
- Otherwise, **turn to 339.**

You bid farewell to Lockhorn, and watch as he leads the sheep north to safety. Then you and Snowfoot work your way down the slope towards the stream, using every bush and snowdrift to shield you from the cats.

You can see that a heavy tree has fallen across the stream off to your right — that will serve as a bridge if you can reach it without being seen. **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-6, **turn to 188.**
- If 7-12, **turn to 256.**

"If we are to succeed, we must take the crowns now," you say. "I feel this deeply in my heart."

Snowfoot says nothing, but follows you as you put the crowns in your pack. Outside, feathery flakes of snow are falling. The weather seems a good sign, since the snow will cover your tracks. Leaving, you know you have wronged the Dragon. *Reduce your Inner Strength bonus by 1.* **Pick a number and add your Trickery bonus:**

- If 2-7, **turn to 333.**
- If 8-12, **turn to 320.**

"Climb down, little one," the Dragon tells you. "You must walk the rest of the way yourself. Follow the path there, and it will take you to the road to Cair Paravel."

"But what will you do?" you ask.

"I am going to fly low over the land, scorching the camps of the slaves of the Witch. I shall drive them away and keep them so frightened and busy that they cannot bother *you*! May Aslan guide your steps, child." Without another word, the Dragon rises into the air. You find the path he mentioned and start on your own trip to the great castle. **Turn to 396.**

