BRIMSTONE copy protection answers

word number 5 on line 2 on page 15: vault
word number 3 on line 3 on page 15: Belmont
word number 5 on line 1 on page 16: fly
word number 3 on line 3 on page 16: heard
word number 1 on line 4 on page 16: faculty
word number 1 on line 2 on page 17: many
word number 2 on line 4 on page 17: Gawain
word number 1 on line 2 on page 19: mine
word number 2 on line 3 on page 19: daring
word number 1 on line 5 on page 19: valley
word number 2 on line 2 on page 21: cab
word number 4 on line 3 on page 21: mailed
word number 2 on line 1 on page 23: my
word number 2 on line 2 on page 28: writer
word number 3 on line 5 on page 28: winter
word number 3 on line 3 on page 29: party
word number 2 on line 4 on page 29: book
word number 1 on line 1 on page 30: guilty
word number 4 on line 2 on page 30: letter
word number 2 on line 3 on page 30: Brimstone
word number 1 on line 1 on page 37: Fum
word number 3 on line 2 on page 37: Nelch
word number 1 on line 3 on page 37: his
word number 4 on line 4 on page 39: Galahad
word number 2 on line 1 on page 41: white
word number 2 on line 2 on page 41: apes
word number 4 on line 1 on page 42: wish
word number 2 on line 4 on page 42: Ulro
word number 1 on line 2 on page 47: disk
word number 2 on line 4 on page 47: Synapse
word number 5 on line 1 on page 49: husband
word number 1 on line 3 on page 49: light
word number 3 on line 3 on page 50: bubbles
word number 1 on line 3 on page 55: human
word number 2 on line 3 on page 55: mind
word number 3 on line 5 on page 55: plan
word number 1 on line 1 on page 90: bookmark
word number 1 on line 2 on page 90: current
word number 2 on line 3 on page 90: point
word number 1 on line 2 on page 91: you
word number 1 on line 3 on page 91: walk
word number 2 on line 2 on page 92: useful
word number 4 on line 2 on page 92: can
word number 1 on line 1 on page 93: spit
word number 2 on line 2 on page 93: Enith
word number 1 on line 1 on page 94: fat
word number 1 on line 2 on page 94: orchid
word number 3 on line 1 on page 95: voice
word number 5 on line 1 on page 99: poet

B R I M S T O N E

AN ELECTRONIC NOVEL

By	James Paul *Author*
	David Bunch William Mataga Bill Darrah *Programmers*
Printed Material By	James Paul and Richard Sanford

THE BEGINNINGS OF BRIMSTONE

PART I

THE CONFESSION

FIRST OF ALL, I, Jeremy Diddler, confess. I stole the Albion Manuscript from a vault at the National Museum of Belmont, where it had lain unread for some centuries.

I was going crazy at the time. For three years I had labored on a thesis in Obtuse Triangular Philology, a field of sublinguistics. I was translating a volume in Nelch, *The Works of the Mystic St. Slog*. That's the thirteenth-century Slog, not the eighteenth-century Slog, for you Nelch Majors. I hated the stuff.

Still, I proceeded doggedly until I cracked. I had done 453 pages of a projected 1400, and I cracked. I began juggling six or seven hours a day, and, to occupy my mind, I took up reading mysteries, which I had formerly detested. I began, in short, to know the bliss that passes for happiness among the masses.

There was but one fly in my ointment—the half-mad Professor Volpes, who'd begun hounding me about academic standards. I had heard that Volpes had been batting my name around in faculty meetings as an example of ill-spent youth. It was he who suggested I visit the National Museum of Belmont, to immerse myself in the Slog Archives. He had assured the faculty that one glimpse of Slog in the original would cure my lethargy. Anything to get away from him, I thought, and packed my juggling equipment. Perhaps I would earn my living as a juggler in the streets of Belmontia. But once deplaned in the city, I felt the needle of guilt, and went to the museum.

I made my way to the Medieval Vault and was met there by a huge man, towering and broad-shouldered, hairless but for his bushy eyebrows which resembled nothing more than a pair of fuzzy caterpillars. He was a library clerk, by the name of Hodge. After forbidding me to read anything in the lower stacks, he led me to the Slog Archives. Seeing the books, my revulsion for the Nelch returned, and I could barely mask my disgust.

When Hodge had gone, I began to wonder about what he'd said—that no one could go to the lower stacks. His command seemed so prohibitive and so odd that I could not resist. I abandoned Slog and found the stairs.

Below all was dark, or so I'd thought until my eyes adjusted to the dimness. Then, indeed, I saw a light glowing in a distant alcove of the stacks. I crept forward—

possessed, I suppose, by the daring of the mad—and discovered a candle burning on a low shelf, next to a red volume, the book that was to change my destiny.

I stood a moment, summoning my nerve. Then I picked up the book. Unmarked it was, and in a red leather binding. Inside I recognized a treasure. It was the Albion Manuscript!

Many years before, at the knee of the ancient Skeet, I had learned of the existence of this manuscript. Here was *The Dream of Gawain*, a vivid and masterful tale by the jewelsmith of medieval storytellers, The Third Anonymous. A single manuscript of this work had survived the Peasants' Revolt Against Stories in the early thirteenth century, a small and dingy pocket edition owned by a traveling minstrel, some suggested, in which the works of the master were written in a crabbed and illegible hand.

The injustice of it! Six hundred ninety deathly boring manuscripts of St. Slog, and only one of The Third Anonymous. At the time, I had no thoughts of stealing it. Or perhaps the thought had just teased my mind because, as I suddenly heard the stiff, quick walk of a bureaucrat, I flinched guiltily and thrust the book into my pocket, where it fit perfectly.

It was Mr. Hodge. He glared down at me from beneath his stormy brows. "No one must be in the Lower Stacks," he said. "And furthermore, a candle in the library is strictly forbidden." I had forgotten, for the moment, about the fascist government of Belmont, agents of which had already ransacked my baggage at the airport. "I'm sorry," I said in my best Nelch accent. "I don't understand what is this word 'Stacks?'"

"Stacks are floors in a library," said Hodge. "Idiot," he added. He stared at me malevolently. "Leave," he said at last.

I was ushered by this lummox into the Belmontian sunlight. So shocked was I at this rough treatment that I neglected to mention my possession of the manuscript—and the only one in the world, too, oh my and how sorry I was!

Why such a treasured volume should be on an open shelf in an unlocked section of the museum, I never determined. Nor did I find myself scrupulous enough to ask. The manuscript was mine!

Scarcely daring to admit my good fortune to myself, I returned to my lodging, a cheerless businessman's garret in the city's Noe Valley area. Night had fallen, and I latched the door behind me in the dark. When I flipped the light switch, I was instantly chagrined. No electricity. Determined to see my prize despite the darkness, I stumbled to the bed and opened the book.

No one shall believe me when I say this, but in the interests of Truth I shall say so nonetheless—some light, a dull green light, rose from the crabbed letters on those ancient pages. At first I thought it some reflection, or the product of my electrified imagination, but no. All night I sat in the green glow of the open manuscript. I read the work, beginning to end, bathed until dawn in that emerald radiance.

IN THE MORNING, it was again a plain red volume on the sideboard. Within its unassuming red binding was Gawain, Knight of the Round Table, outwitting and outfighting all the Legions of the Underworld. There was the divine emanation Enitharmon, she of the many guises, and there was the riddling morlock, Blake. Reading the manuscript, I had discovered the mystic motto, key to the land of Ulro.

All thought of giving up this exquisite book had fled from me, so possessed was I of the spirit of the adventure. I had become the possessor of the Albion Manuscript, and would defend it with the boldness and wit of Sir Gawain himself.

Hefting its red weight, I conceived a plan. I wrapped the manuscript in an old copy of the Wall Street Journal and caught a cab to the Pickwick Stage terminal. I checked the book at the Parcel Room and mailed the stub to an old friend, James Paul, at his business address, Synapse Software, USA.

Returning to my hotel, I was confronted in the lobby by five bullying Cro-Magnons, including Hodge, the "librarian." We saw each other in the same instant. I ran.

It was no use, of course. The people of Belmont are notorious in their belief of the guilt of the accused, and I was sorely accused—my pursuers fired shots in the air as we raced through the streets of the capital. Suddenly, an elderly man, a farmer evidently, jumped into my path. He stood his ground and brandished a staff, of all things. In my surprise, I hesitated, and my hesitation was all that my pursuers needed. I was tackled from behind and caught.

THIS WAS ALL I knew until yesterday. The intervening months in this drab cell have left me only with the sense of how the daylight waxes and wanes in the single air slot, high above my head. Then yesterday, I heard chains rattle outside my door, and my stingy and card-cheating jailer, T. Edward Fum by name, gave me the letter.

A group of computer programmers in California had taken up my case. My old friend Jim had retrieved the manuscript from the Pickwick, and had shown it to what he called "the boywonders at my workplace." All, indeed, felt inspired to help me out of my unjust imprisonment, in exchange for something called "the Software Rights to *BRIMSTONE*." I agreed readily, and now await word from them as to how they plan to get me out of this place.

Still, my captors have insisted that I confess to the theft of the manuscript before any procedures to release me may be undertaken. These Belmontian apes mean business. Hence this confession. I did it. I'm guilty. Now may I leave?

Cordially,

Jeremy Diddler

Jeremy Diddler

PART II

DOCUMENTS

An Explanatory Note By James Paul

I WAS A SCHOOL chum of Jeremy Diddler's, back at Lambeth Tech. I was, at any rate, as far as Diddler was concerned. To be honest, I never really cared for the man, but finding myself too polite to tease him about his massive girth, as some of the other boys did, I became his friend by default. Since then he has sent me copies of his work—papers on some medieval saint, which I found useful chiefly for entertaining my friends. When I received a hat check stub and a note from Diddler last January, I thought he had sent me another one of those stodgy essays.

But no. Here was an odd, old-fashioned stub, upon which was written, "Articles left more than thirty days shall become the property of the State." I might have discarded the stub, except for Diddler's note, which was more hysterical than usual, and my own plans, which included a trip to Belmont. I was, at that time, a writer of travel articles

Diddler's note said only that I should guard the stub with my life, and that he would get in touch with me. Well, I heard nothing from him. Winter went to spring, and I left for Belmont, where I planned to take notes on the seacoast in the province of Oothoon. Once in Belmontia, I was to go by bus to Oothoon. As luck would have it, the government had declared a Day of Calisthenics, and all transportation had come to a halt. I was sitting in the waiting area of the Pickwick Stage Lines, enduring the delay, when something about the name Pickwick pricked my memory.

The stub! I still had it in my wallet. Sure enough, it was the same place. A marvelous coincidence to be sure. Chuckling to myself, I crossed to the parcel desk and handed the stub to the clerk, a huge, hairless man with bushy eyebrows. He read it, looked at me suspiciously, and brought forth a package wrapped in newspaper. I tipped him liberally— not the usual custom in Belmont—and took the package back to my seat.

It was a red book, the story of a knight from the days of old, who has a dream about the Underworld. I could hardly make heads or tails of it. It was written in such horrible handwriting that I assumed Diddler must have scribbled it himself. I stuffed the book into my luggage and waited. Finally the squat-thrusting crowds in the streets were dismissed and the bus departed. Oothoon was drab, despite the sea, so that after a week I decided not to write the article after all, and went home to California.

I threw a party on my return and invited several friends from my occasional place of employment, a software company. I wrote reader-directed tours of the world for them.

You know the kind: "Go East. East of you is the glorious Taj Mahal." And to entertain the party, I brought out Diddler's book.

It was evening, of course, and I had dimmed the lights to enhance the party atmosphere. I was stunned, when I opened the book, to notice a green radiance rising from the pages. My friends, long accustomed to special effects, were only mildly impressed. But as we began to examine the manuscript in detail, we found not the drivel I had expected from Jeremy Diddler, but true adventure! Strong and stately prose! The decadent glory of the Underworld!

Suddenly, William, one of the computer prodigies, suggested a computer analysis of the curious structure of the manuscript. The party was forgotten as we all packed into our cars and raced to Synapse. The programmers had detected what I could not have seen in the text—that its ornate structure could be penetrated by the wonders of electronics. They were consumed with their task. The book lay open, lighting the room with its green glow, as we huddled around a keyboard, whipping our huge mainframe to exhaustion. We worked all night, and all night for many nights thereafter, creating what we called *BRIMSTONE*.

I kept expecting Diddler to appear, demanding his book, but months went by and he failed to show. The programming team, utterly spent, finally finished their work, and our natural impulse was to present *BRIMSTONE* to the world. But certain legal niceties demanded that we contact Diddler.

I wrote to the government of Belmont. Naturally there was no response. On a hunch I called the Belmontian Liberation Front, who maintained a suite of offices on San Francisco's Montgomery Block. Indeed, they had heard of Diddler. He was in prison, in Belmont. On what charge? I asked. The secretary simply snickered. "There are no charges in Belmont," she said. "Everyone is already guilty."

I had a letter smuggled in to him. In it we requested the rights to *BRIMSTONE*. Of course, none of us showed the least interest in profiting on the project—we simply wished to abide by the letter of the law. Naturally I did not have the leisure or the space to explain everything to Diddler and, to tell the truth, I doubted that he would understand.

Just today I have received from the local consulate a confession, signed by Jeremy Diddler, and long-winded as usual. Letters of support for Diddler's release may be directed to the Jeremy Diddler Defense Committee, Belmontian Consulate, 1170 Guerrero Street, San Francisco, California 94110.

We have endeavored, herein, to present the manuscript in all its original glory and have added features to aid the contemporary reader. Phrases in strange and ancient tongues, including Nelch, may be translated by a simple command. And through the modem miracle of integrated chips, the reader may venture into the Underworld with Gawain the Bold himself.

What small danger may be involved in exploring the world of *BRIMSTONE* is, of course, more than offset by the splendor of the story itself. We have done our best, though no mere junkpile of circuits and cables could have captured the splendor of the Albion Manuscript. And considering that, we have arranged with the royal family of the kingdom of Nales to place the manuscript on permanent display in the Palace at Richmond, so that its beauty may again be available to the masses. Know, however, as you "boot up" the disk herein, that we have done all that is humanly possible to bring to you the experience of *BRIMSTONE, The Dream of Gawain*.

Notes by Ernest Volpes, M.A., Ph.D., L.Gk., B.T.Z.

I HAVE BEEN REQUESTED by Synapse Software to supply certain historical details which may ease the reader's transition into the underworld realm of Ulro. I have decided that the best way to proceed may be to provide a Directory, listing the more distinguished inhabitants of that place, and giving relevant historical detail.

A Directory of Ulro

Sir Gawain *(b. Inglethorp, 1297-1343): A minor knight of the Round Table, best known for his compassion and his gullibility. On All Saints Day in 1317, Gawain startled the court by declaring that he had experienced a dream vision. Sir Galahad had made many such declarations, but no one had ever expected Gawain to declare such a thing. The court poet, who is now known as the Third Anonymous, was summoned, and Gawain dictated his dream in detail. This much we know from the record. Legend has it that Gawain set out, soon after, on his Great Quest, instructed by the vision he had experienced in his sleep. The Quest of the Garter is so commonly known that any recapitulation seems superfluous in this directory.*

Enitharmon*: An emanation, reported in several guises in* The Dream of Gawain*. She appears as a demanding and willful spirit-guide, given to riddles and other inexplicable utterances. In her guise as a young woman, she plays a central role in The Quest of the Garter (see Gawain). As an emanation, Enitharmon proceeds through history, sometimes known as The System Voice (see Master Adam).*

Fum*: A bat-eared gargoyle (Skeet suggests that Fum is the protogargoyle, but Nelch literature includes others of his kind.). Before his inclusion on the west wall of the Cathedrale de Notre-Dame, Fum was a minor figure in folk songs of the Late Middle Dark Ages, "Fum and the Fairy Ring" being the best known. After 1317, Fum appears regularly as a character in political satire, representing the Wandering Spirit of Uproar. In* The Dream of Gawain*, Fum is an underdemon, slave to the Powers That Be in Ulro, a role which may have conditioned his later behavior.*

Lord Hodge: *An overdemon. Hodge is a type, that is, he appears in every epoch and age, ready always to forbid and prohibit, to boss and order about. In* The Dream of Gawain, *he appears as a large hairless demon, complete with scimitar, who guards the First Gate of Ulro. In other guises, he appears as a project manager, an executive director, a company president, even as a librarian.*

Master Adam *(1212?-1321?): Squire master of Camelot during the High Period. Master Adam was responsible for the training and development of most of the great knights of the Round Table, including Sirs Lancelot, Galahad, Percival, Bedivere, and Gawain. Though he was most skilled at the martial arts, Master Adam was a learned man in many disciplines. It was he, for instance, who refined Bedivere's lute technique. Much beloved during his own time, he too appears in literature of later periods. In The Tale (Albion B210), Adam may have had the role of The System Voice, but since no manuscripts remain, this is mere conjecture. Many of the Master Adam Tales were spared in the general catastrophe known as the Peasants' Revolt Against Stories.*

Blake: *A master magician, noted in the earliest texts as Black, who by dint of his contradictory nature occupies a garden paradise in Ulro. Not to be confused, of course, with the eighteenth-century engraver.*

The White Apes of Ulro: *Some of the last remnants of the Ambrosian apes, the few survivors of the Onslaughts of Har. Two colonies of Ambrosians are extant: one, The Defeated of Har, flee forever through the wastelands of Ulro, still in panic from the Ultimate Onslaught. The Defeated appear in The Tale (Albion B210). The other group, The Victors of Har, live in obscure tranquility on their remote island. Despite their huge and fearsome appearance, the Ambrosian apes were noted for their refined culture, which made them the favorites of the nobility of Europe. In a noted passage, the Medieval diarist Guillaume recalls his surprise at hearing an Ambrosian converse with the court in perfect French.*

The Green Knight: *Bercilak de Hautdesert (1297-1343), a Knight of the North, sworn enemy to King Arthur and lifelong opponent to Sir Gawain. Hautdesert's origins are obscure—one source claims him to be the offspring of Morgan Le Fay and Merlin the Sage. If so, his distant claim to the throne of England would go far to explain his enmity to Arthur (but see Guillaume's 'Missive to Bertrand,' in which he states that H. is actually Gawain's twin brother!).*

Hautdesert's shocking Headless Challenge to Camelot on New Year's Eve, 1319, incited the well-known Quest of the Garter. He was the antagonist in a number of Gawain's other quests, both historical and legendary, including The Voyage to Har and the disastrous Quest of the Green Globe, which ended in the apparent deaths of both Hautdesert and Gawain. In The Tale (Albion B210), The Green Knight appears in Gawain's dream as a premonitory figure and as the Ultimate Guardian of Ulro.

In conclusion, I wish to thank James Paul for the opportunity to introduce this story—he is a dear man and a generous one. I am only too happy to shed what light I can on the

mysteries of Ulro. However, I want it made known that my name shall not appear in any publication alongside that of Jeremy Diddler, whom I forebore as a slothful graduate student and who betrayed the trust of a great university by frittering away his study time. I understand that he is presently incarcerated, and that he spends his time playing cards with his jailer. Far be it from me to criticize a man upon whom fate has fallen so heavily, and yet I cannot help but note my speech to the faculty of 1983, in which I wisely predicted the downfall of Diddler and all sluggards of his kind.

PART III

A WARNING FROM THE
PROGRAMMER GENERAL

A word of caution, before the reader proceeds to the disk. Certain self-generated innovations have appeared in *BRIMSTONE* since its completion. No one at Synapse, for instance, can explain the appearance of the huge spider-like creature sighted in The Realm of the Guardians. Likewise, the Maze of the Fury, simple enough when we tested it for public consumption, seems to have grown more fiendish since it was programmed.

When tested on adventure game enthusiasts in a double-blind experiment, the subjects showed only a small increase in chortling behavior. Anecdotal reports from human users, however, showed some rather dramatic changes in attitude, not to mention lifestyle. Ms. Carol Quick, for example, wife of a cardboard container designer from Lodi, Illinois, wrote to the Programmers' Commission to complain about *BRIMSTONE*'s effect on her husband Harry:

"Please help me! My husband barricaded himself in our host's study and refused to come out. All we can see is some green light in the crack under the door. Harry won't speak to us, but once in a while he shouts, 'It is I, Gawain the Bold!'"

Contacted by phone, Mr. Quick simply stated that he was in Ulro, that he was climbing the stairs into the flames of the Furygate, and that he hoped he had the token of love in the proper hand. At that moment the connection began to crackle and Ms. Quick could only report hearing Harry cry out, "The flames are...." In the next second the line went dead.

Prompted by this complaint, we at the Programmer General's Office have recently begun to draw up guidelines prohibiting Nests of Eels, panic-stricken Troupes of White Apes, Giant Orchids, and Seas of Flame in Software Products. At this point in time, however there is little more that we in government can do to bring *BRIMSTONE* within Maximum Daily Brainload (MDB). Therefore, in order to avoid unpleasantries and legal entanglements, the Programmer General has devised this simple safeguard:

THE READER IS REQUESTED TO LOOK AWAY FROM THE SCREEN EVERY HALF-HOUR, FOCUS ON SOME DISTANT, REAL OBJECT AND SAY, "THIS IS ONLY A STORY," SEVERAL TIMES.

This simple procedure—together with more extreme measures to be taken in the event of uncontrollable fright—is outlined in our pamphlet, entitled "Gathering Your Wits: a Self-Help Manual," available for $150.00, plus handling, from the Office of the Programmer General.

Donations to BUBBLES, Bystanders Upset By *BRIMSTONE*-like Electronic Software, may be made to Ms. Carol Quick, care of the Harry Quick Memorial Software Control League in Lodi, Illinois. Ms. Quick will star in a made-for-TV movie about the incident, "Harry Was My Husband, BUBBLES Is My Cause," to be broadcast this fall.

ADVENTURER'S DIARY

THE UNIVERSE IN an Electronic Novel is constantly changing. Sometimes things happen too fast for the human mind. You may need some time to consider and some space to take notes, make maps, and otherwise plan your strategy. You may use these pages for that purpose.

[Transcriber's note: Each left-hand diary page is topped by one of the following unattributed quotations, most of them from the work of Spanish poet Federico García Lorca.]

"The archers are blind."

"The south wind spits at the broken boats."

"But I no more am I, nor is my house now my house."

"Why was I born among mirrors?"

"Conceal your targets!"

"The big eyes of my horse never close at night."

"How often did she wait for you on this green balcony?"

"The moon goes over the water. How tranquil the sky is."

"What perfect voice will tell the truths of the wheat?"

"I behaved like what I am—a legitimate gypsy."

"I want to live without seeing myself."

"O, nightingale of his veins."

"We read the rhyme of Lancelot, how love had mastered him."

"O city of gypsies, who could see you and forget?"

"Rid me of the invisible people who move about forever in my house."

"The light of understanding has made me most discreet."

How to Talk to BRIMSTONE

YOU ENTER THE world of BRIMSTONE by typing on your computer keyboard. You can type whenever text appears on the screen and you are ready to respond. Whatever you type directs the knight in his activities. Your decisions and your dialogue with characters will determine how the novel unfolds.

BRIMSTONE responds to a wide variety of commands. Some common ones are explained below, but you'll discover others as you begin play. In fact, Electronic Novels recognize a vocabulary of over 1200 words. Many synonyms of commands are possible. For example, "get" works as well as "take," and "toss" is a synonym for "throw." For ease of typing, some commands can be abbreviated. You can also type commands in either upper or lower case. When you are finished typing a command, press the RETURN key.

You can also take a greater part in the action by prompting the knight to talk to characters. A note on how to use dialogue follows the discussion of commands.

The universe of BRIMSTONE is constantly transforming itself. Even if you do nothing, characters will enter and leave, voices may be heard in the Underworld, and time will pass.

Occasionally, the text being displayed will be longer than your screen. Instead of "scrolling" information out of sight faster than you can read it. BRIMSTONE will pause and instruct you to **Press any key to continue.** When you press a key, the rest of the text will display on your screen.

COMMANDS

AGAIN
Repeats your last command, just as though you had typed it again. After this command, you must still press RETURN.

BOOKMARK
Retains your progress in the novel by making a copy of your current position on a formatted diskette. Later you can resume the novel from that point with the **RESUME NOVEL** command. See the Special Features section of the computer reference card packaged with your novel diskette for details.

CLOSE (object)
Tries to close the object you specify.

DROP (object)
Frees Gawain of an object he picked up along the way.

EXAMINE or **EX** (object)
Checks the characteristics of an object—works like **LOOK**.

FOLLOW or **FOL** (person)
Allows the knight to follow a character who is going his own way.

GET (object)
Tries to pick up the object you specify. Produces the same effect as **TAKE**.

GIVE (object) **TO** (person)
Giving objects to characters can be risky, innocuous, or crucial. You can also use this form: **GIVE** (person) (object).

HIT (object or person) **WITH** (object)
This and commands like it exercise the knight's aggressive tendencies.

INVENTORY or **INV**
Tells you which objects Gawain has collected and is currently carrying.

LOOK or **L**
Shows you a snapshot of the current surroundings.

LOOK (direction)
Describes what lies in a particular direction from Gawain's position.

LOOK AT (object)
Describes the features of an object—works like **EXAMINE**.

NORTH and others

Allows the knight to move in the direction you specify. You can also abbreviate directions (**N**, **S**, **E**, **W**, etc.). **GO TO** (object) and **WALK** (direction) produce the same result.

OPEN (object)

Tries to open the object you specify.

PAUSE NOVEL

Halts the changing world of the novel as long as you wish. You can resume the action by pressing any key. To stop the novel in a faster way, see the Special Features section of the computer reference card packaged with your diskette.

PRINTER OFF

Stops the printing of BRIMSTONE begun with the **PRINTER ON** command. See the reference card packaged with your diskette for details.

PRINTER ON

Creates a printed record of your progress through BRIMSTONE. See the reference card packaged with your novel diskette for further information.

PROGRESS or **PR**

Reports on achievements of importance in the Underworld.

PUT (object) **IN** (object)

Tries to merge objects. The results may be important or pointless.

QUIT NOVEL

Ends your session of BRIMSTONE without saving your current position.

RESTART NOVEL

Begins BRIMSTONE again from the start.

RESUME NOVEL

Reopens the novel from the point at which you typed the **BOOKMARK** command. For specific instructions, see the computer reference card packaged with your diskette.

SHOW (object) **TO** (person)

Displays an object to a character. You may receive an interesting reaction.

TAKE or **T** (object)

Allows Gawain to collect objects which seem interesting or useful. You can take one thing or several at a time.

TIME FASTER
 Speeds up the changing world of the Electronic Novel™. This command does not
 change the speed at which your commands are responded to by the novel. It increases
 the rate at which characters and elements of the novel's physical world enter the
 scene, pop up, or fly by. Typing this command repeatedly will speed up the universe a
 little each time. To slow down the changing world, type **TIME SLOWER**.

TIME SLOWER
 The opposite of **TIME FASTER**. Typing **TIME SLOWER** repeatedly will slow
 down the changing universe of the Electronic Novel by degrees.

TRANSLATE (phrase or object)
 Since BRIMSTONE is a medieval dream-vision, you may occasionally come across a
 phrase in an ancient or foreign tongue. This command asks the knight to render the
 obscure words into English. You may complete the command with the phrase or the
 object on which you find it. Example: **TRANSLATE DOOR**.

TURN (object)
 Gives the object a quick twist.

BRIMSTONE will recognize many other commands; feel free to experiment. Some
interesting examples might be:

put sword in sheath

get the coin and give it to fum

run master adam through with your sword

show the handkerchief to blake

read the label on the golden apple

spit on the ice

ask enith for help

DIALOGUE

Electronic Novels™ allow you to talk to characters and creatures. You can ask them questions, order them to do your bidding, or tell them to do things with objects or to other characters. They will respond in their own unique ways. The FORM you use for this kind of dialogue is important. Here are two examples:

adam, "where is blake?"

fum, "get the pen and give it to me"

Notice that it is not necessary to capitalize or to use periods at the ends of sentences. When you are finished typing a line of dialogue, be sure to press RETURN.

To relieve you of some typing, dialogue also has a shorter form. You may omit the comma following the name of the character you're addressing. The second quotation mark may be omitted also. Example:

Instead of

fum, "come here"

you may type

fum "come here

Some other examples of BRIMSTONE dialogue might be:

fat man "give me a drink

orchid "what about the words?

blake "how can i enter the fury?

enitharmon "what do you want?

If you have just spoken to a character, BRIMSTONE will assume that whatever you speak aloud next will be directed at that character, unless you have moved away or you address someone else.

TIME AND SPACE

Many of the characters in BRIMSTONE move around of their own volition. When you talk to a character in your area, he will answer you in his special way. If he happens to move to the next room. he won't brush you off: he will still answer. However, if the character moves far away from your position, he'll no longer be able to hear you. Examples:

(Fat man in your area)
fat man "what's your crime?

"I had an overdue library book," said the fat man, "but the demons hereabouts accuse me of gluttony."

(Fat man in the next room)
fat man "who are you?

"My name is Jeremy Diddler," the fat man replied.

(Fat man far away)
fat man "what do i do now?

The knight's voice would not reach over so great a distance.

Engaging characters in conversation allows you to enter the world of BRIMSTONE completely. But remember, when you talk to an Electronic Novel™, anything can happen.

PERIOD

By typing several periods (**...**) and pressing RETURN, you can watch the universe unfold over several time intervals. This is an advanced strategic tactic you may find useful.

RETURN KEY

Press RETURN whenever you are finished typing a command. If you press RETURN without typing any command, the world of the novel will still continue to change all around you. When you press only RETURN, time will pass and the universe will turn, together with whatever else may be happening at the time: characters entering the vicinity, conversations beginning, etc. As in life, the universe of the Electronic Novel™ is constantly unfolding.

About the Authors

JAMES PAUL

James Paul is a poet and writer, living in San Francisco. He has asked us to remind the public that "Any similarity of characters in *BRIMSTONE* to real persons—especially Jeremy Diddler—is purely coincidental."

DAVID BUNCH

David has programmed ELECTRICIAN for Synapse and has been responsible for ingenious conversions of PROTECTOR, RAINBOW WALKER, and others. He is now at work diagramming circuits for a voice-activated hint robot, which can be programmed to find the home of any Electronic Novel™ adventurer, for a small fee.

WILLIAM MATAGA

William, the inventor of BTZ programming language, is currently writing a data base search-and-intuit program to test his theory that weirdness is inherited, not learned.

BILL DARRAH

Bill is the best-selling Electronic Novel™ author and programmer of ESSEX. He is living on past royalties while designing a fully electronic presidential candidate.

ELECTRONIC NOVEL™
REFERENCE CARD

MACINTOSH

Start-up Instructions

What You Need

A Macintosh with at least 128K of memory.

Optional Equipment

512K of memory • An external disk drive • One or more blank, initialized disks • An Apple Imagewriter printer

Starting the Electronic Novel

1. Be sure that your Macintosh is plugged in and that the keyboard and mouse are attached to the main unit.

2. If the Macintosh is not already on, turn on the power switch. In a moment, the disk with the blinking question mark will appear on screen.

3. Insert the Electronic Novel program disk into the disk drive with the label toward the front of the drive, facing up. The disk drive will whir for a few moments, and the novel will load and begin automatically.

The Electronic Novel will ask you a simple but very important question when you begin (be sure to have your book handy).

Troubleshooting Checklist

If your Electronic Novel did not load properly, answer each of these questions:

1. Is your computer plugged in? Are the keyboard and mouse cables firmly connected?

2. Is the program disk inserted properly with the label toward the front of the drive facing up?

3. Can you detect any physical damage to the disk?

If these questions do not reveal the problem, repeat the loading instructions in sequence.

Special Features

Saving and Resuming

BOOKMARK

Perhaps you've made progress in an Electronic Novel and you'd like to pick up next time where you left off. Some novels are designed so that you cannot always save your position. Usually, though, you can bookmark your novel, either on the program disk in the internal drive or on a blank disk in an external drive.

If you do use a blank disk in an external drive, be sure to initialize it first. After you have initialized your bookmark disk, do not use it for anything except storing versions of Electronic Novels.

To bookmark your Electronic Novel on the program disk in the internal drive, follow these steps:

1. From inside the novel, type **BOOKMARK** and press Return or choose the command from the File menu.

2. When the dialog box appears, type a name of the version you want to save. Then press Return or click Save. The dialog box will disappear, the disk drive will whir for a moment, and the bookmark version will be saved on the program disk. The novel will then begin again automatically.

To bookmark your novel on a blank disk in an external drive, follow these steps:

1. Be sure that the disk you will use as a bookmark disk is initialized and unlocked. Then, from inside the novel, type **BOOKMARK** and press Return or choose the command from the File menu.

2. When the dialog box appears, insert the initialized bookmark disk into the external drive. The name of the bookmark disk will appear in the dialog box.

3. Type the name of the version you want to save. Then press Return or click Save. The dialog box will disappear, and the bookmark version will be saved on the disk in the external drive. The novel will begin again automatically.

RESUME NOVEL

You can use this command to reopen a version of a novel you saved with the BOOKMARK command. The process is a little different, depending on whether you are resuming from an internal or an external drive.

To resume a bookmark version from a program disk in the internal drive, follow these steps:

1. From inside the novel, type **RESUME NOVEL** and press Return or choose the command from the File menu. **Press any key to continue** will appear at the bottom of your screen.

2. After you press a key, a question similar to the one you answered during loading will appear. Again, be sure to have your book handy.

3. After you have answered the question, a dialog box will appear. Choose the name of the version you want to resume, then click Open. You can also choose the version and open it at once by double-clicking the name. In a moment, the novel will resume from the point at which you saved it.

To resume from a bookmark disk in an external drive, follow these steps:

1. From inside the novel, type **RESUME NOVEL** and press Return or choose the command from the File menu. **Press any key to continue** will appear at the bottom of your screen.

2. After you press a key, a question similar to the one you answered during loading will appear. Again, be sure to have your book handy.

3. After you have answered the question, a dialog box will appear. Insert the bookmark disk into the external drive. The name of the bookmark disk will appear in the dialog box.

4. Choose the name of the version you want to resume, then click Open. You can also choose the version and open it at once by double-clicking the name. The novel will resume from the point at which you saved it.

Printing

PRINTER ON

If you have a printer connected to your Macintosh, you can use this command to create a printed record of the novel. Follow these steps:

1. Be sure that your Imagewriter printer is turned on and cabled correctly to your computer.

2. Follow steps 1 through 3 under *Starting the Electronic Novel* on this reference card.

   •• NOTE •• You can use the **PRINTER ON** command only *after* you have answered the question the novel asks during loading.

3. After you have answered the question, type **PRINTER ON** and press Return or choose the command from the File menu. Whatever commands you type now, together with the Electronic Novel text responses, will both print and display on your monitor. To stop printing, use the PRINTER OFF command.

PRINTER OFF

To end a printing session, type PRINTER OFF and press Return or choose the command from the File menu. Printing will stop.

Using the Menus

Electronic Novels make use of the Macintosh pull-down menus. If your Macintosh has 512K, you can use the desk accessories also. The Note Pad can be especially useful for taking notes while retaining your place in the novel.

FILE

This menu contains some general commands and some which control special features. Their functions are described in the back of your Electronic Novel book and on this reference card. When you choose a command from the File menu, it is not necessary to press Return after choosing it. The command will appear in the command window at the bottom of your screen and execute automatically.

EDIT

Commands from this menu operate only on text you type in the command window, not on the novel text responses. The Undo command operates only on the desk accessories.

COMMANDS

This menu gives you quick access to more commands which you will use often in the course of play. It is not necessary to press Return after choosing a command from this menu; the command will execute automatically.

SHORTCUTS

You can reduce your typing by using the Shortcuts menu to create and store commands of your own. Follow these steps:

1. Type whatever you like, a single word or a complete command, in the command window.

2. Use the mouse to select what you typed.

3. Pull down the Shortcuts menu, move the pointer to one of the sets of brackets, and release. The words you typed and selected will be stored in that position on the Shortcuts menu.

4. In the future, you can use the words you stored. Pull down the Shortcuts menu, move the pointer to the words you want, and release. The words you stored in that position will appear in the command window. To enter them as a command, press Return. You can also enter the command with the mouse by clicking in any area of the screen except the command window and menu headers.

TALK

This menu makes it easy for you to begin dialogue. The name of one character is already stored on the menu. Pull the menu down and choose the character's name. The name will appear in the command window, followed by a space and an open quote. Type whatever you want to say to the character. When you're finished, press Return.

You can add the names of the other characters as you meet them. To do so, type the new name, a space, and an open quote in the command window. Then select what you typed and store it between a set of brackets on the Talk menu in the same way that you stored words on the Shortcuts menu. The names of the characters, together with the open quotes, will remain on the Talk menu for future use. If you run out of space, you can store new characters' names over old ones.