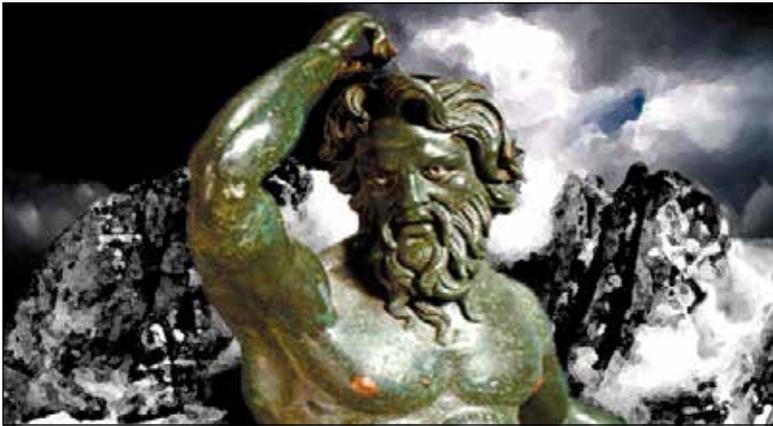


About This Guidebook

On the following pages, you will find a version of the shooting script that was used to create *Wrath of the Gods*. To make the characters of Greek mythology come alive, co-designer Jeff Cretcher videotaped costumed actors on an empty stage and then digitally composited in backgrounds from photographs taken in Greece. The original version of this script was the guide for the video shoot and also for the computer programming of the game itself. Later, when Marty Beckers was updating the program so that it would run on the latest computers, he made sure that the script exactly matches the experience of the game. We've added some of the background information that is available in the "Info" during gameplay. So this guide serves as a handy tool for learning about the Greek myths while tracking your progress through the game—with the omniscient perspective of a god of Greek mythology!

Warning to serious gamers:
this guide contains hints



Introductory Movie

THE STORMY HEIGHTS OF MOUNT OLYMPUS serve as the backdrop for the opening narration. Olympus (**oh-LIM-pus**) is an actual mountain in northern Greece, rising to multiple peaks of over 9000 feet. In mythology, it was the home of the supreme gods, who lived there in a beautiful castle and were known as the Olympians. The narration refers to the Greek Dark Age, which followed the prehistoric Heroic Age and lasted from about 1200 BC to 800 BC. “Wine-dark sea” is a phrase from Homer, traditionally a blind minstrel who composed the first two great works of Western literature, the epic poems known as *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*.

NARRATOR

Back before the Age of Darkness, when the gods of Olympus held sway upon the earth and ruled the wine-dark sea; when the

deities involved themselves in the affairs of humankind and a mortal might aspire to be larger than life...

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO MYCENAE (**my-SEE-nee**), a kingdom of the Heroic Age.

NARRATOR

(continues)

...a child was born to the Princess of Mycenae.

FADE UP on a bedroom: a young mother, Dione (**dye-OH-nee**), leans over her infant’s cradle. The King enters and kneels. He extends his finger toward the Baby.

KING

And how is my grandson today?

The Baby grabs the King’s finger.

KING

Growing stronger I perceive. Surely the father is some great hero. Why won’t you tell me his name, my daughter?

Dione silently averts her gaze.

KING

Be that as it may, the time has come to consult the Oracle of Delphi. It’s not every day that a child is born into the royal house.

FADE OUT



FADE UP ON THE SANCTUARY OF DELPHI (**DEL-fye**). The Oracle addresses the King, who stands with Dione and the Baby. Oracles were spokespersons for the divine, who often answered questions in riddles. The greatest was at Delphi.

ORACLE

Within your lifetime, oh High King of Mycenae, this child shall rule in your place.

KING

Rule in my place? Never!

FADE UP ON A DESOLATE MOUNTAINSIDE. The King gestures imperiously toward the ground. Dione, weeping, places the Baby down upon the grass, then she and the King withdraw. The Baby is crying.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF BABY ON THE GROUND. Galloping hoofbeats are heard to approach and slow to



a cautious pace. The legs of a centaur (**SEN-tawr**) enter the frame.

FADE OUT





Chiron the Centaur

FADE UP ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK WITH VISTA. The Hero, your on-screen representative (hereinafter “you”), stands on a mountaintop with Chiron (**KYERON**) the Centaur. The centaurs were half man, half horse. Notoriously uncivilized, they were prone to such behavior as disrupting wedding feasts by trying to carry off the bride. Chiron was distinguished from the other centaurs by his civility and cultivation of the healing arts. Among other skills, he taught young heroes the medicinal value of herbs and plants.

CHIRON

Well, my boy, I’ve done all I can for you. I’ve raised you in the ways of beasts and men.

(handing you something)

Take this ring, it was in your blanket when I found you. And these gems might come in handy.

The ring and the gems go into your inventory with the sound of a “ping.”

CHIRON

Now it’s time for you to make your way in the world. Venture forth, find your true parents, and prove yourself.

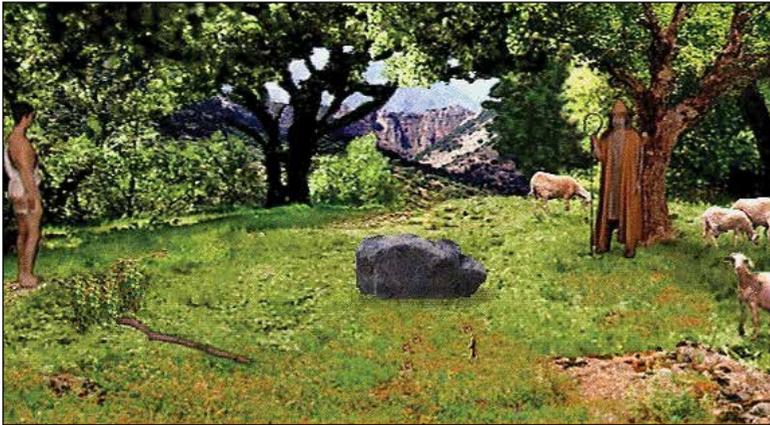
(gestures)

This is the hero’s path.



Ruins

CROSSROADS WITH RUINS OF CLASSICAL STRUCTURES. In the first scene that you enter as you set out on the hero’s path, you come upon the partially tumbled remains of some impressive architecture. Although this scene evokes the glorious spirit of ancient Greece, there were actually no ruined monuments during the Mycenaean (**my-seh-NEE-an**) Age, the probable time setting of the Greek myths.



Boulder

CLEARING WITH SHEPHERD AND BOULDER

You cross a meadow to find a huge boulder in its midst. There's also a Shepherd and some Sheep. If you click on the Sheep they react, and after the snake in the Shrine scene (next page) has cleaned your ears, they talk to you:

SHEEP

Baah! Here's b-a-a-a-d news.

If you talk to the Shepherd:

SHEPHERD

What're you supposed to be? One of them apprentice heroes?

Clicking on the boulder walks you over to it. Clicking on it again triggers an animation of you failing to lift it.

SHEPHERD

Whoa! You're stronger than you look, but strength ain't everythin'.

You notice a branch in the foreground. You pick it up and it "pings" into your inventory. You select it out of inventory and click it on the boulder. This triggers an animation of you prying at the boulder. The branch breaks. The stronger branch from the Arrest scene (page 8) moves the boulder around a little, but you still can't lift it.

SHEPHERD

That don't seem to be getting you nowhere.

If you consult the Info for a free hint, you will learn that it was by lifting a boulder that Theseus (**THEE-see-us**), grandson of the king of Troezen (**TREE-zun**), first proved himself a hero. If you read on, you'll find that Theseus might have lacked the physical strength for such a feat and used the principle of leverage instead. But if you didn't pick up the small stone in the Avalanche scene (page 10) you're out of luck for now.

If you have the small stone in your inventory, you click it on the boulder, which puts it in position to

work with the branch as a fulcrum. Use the strong branch from your inventory to lever up the stone. Underneath it you find a sword and a pair of sandals—the very items that Theseus found beneath his boulder. They had been left there by his father as tokens so that Theseus could use them to prove his identity.

SHEPHERD

I wouldn't give you much for those sandals,
but that's a fine lookin' sword!

The sword glows magically. The pattern on the hilt is the key to the episode in the Banquet scene ([page 23](#)) where you have to make a choice. But if you don't get a chance to memorize it while it is on screen, don't worry: it is good to make a “wrong” choice in Wrath of the Gods because often it will send you on a new adventure.

SHEPHERD

Yeah, I couldn't figure when that old guy buried it a while back. Seemed like a funny place to be storin' armaments.

The sword and sandals have pinged into your inventory.



Shrine

ROADSIDE SHRINE. To this day there are countless roadside shrines in Greece. These are consecrated to the Virgin Mary and various Christian saints, but in ancient times they were sacred to pagan deities. A temple was considered to be the house of a god. Its architecture was often elaborate. In contrast, a typical small shrine consisted only of a simple enclosure and an altar. In addition, there might be a statue of the god or goddess to whom the shrine was sacred. Sacrifices were placed within the sanctuary or burned on the altar. Blood offerings consisted of the meat of an animal, which was burned while wine was poured into the flames. Bloodless offerings included vegetables and fruits. Some cults featured cakes as the offering. One such cake was made from wheat and honey.

An old woman (the Peddler) is kneeling in devotion beside this shrine. As she stands up, she touches her

heart then raises her hand to heaven.

PEDDLER

If you wish to make an offering to the gods,
I have one last honey cake. I might part with
it...

(pause)

For a gem.

If you give the Peddler a gem, she hands you the cake.

PEDDLER

(spookily)

If you wish to understand the language of
animals and insects, you must clean your
ears.

A character from Greek mythology who understood the language of animals was the seer Melampus (**meh-LAM-pus**), who was kind enough to care for some young snakes after their mother died. One night he awoke in terror to find them licking his ears. This gave him the power to see into the future.

The Peddler walks away. If you place the cake on the small altar before the shrine, a Snake comes out and licks at it. If you click on the Snake, you pick it up and hold it. The Snake's tongue darts into your ear.

SNAKE

(hissing)

Now that you can unders-s-s-stand me,
here's some advice: Put me down!



River

RIVERBANK. You find yourself on the bank of a raging river. The hero Jason once found himself in a similar situation and made a fateful decision. Jason had been abandoned at birth by his father, the king of Iolcus (**eye-ALL-kus**), and raised by Chiron (**KYE-ron**) the Centaur (**SEN-tawr**). When he came of age, he set out to claim his rightful throne, and the goddess Hera (**HEE-ruh**), the queen of Olympus (**oh-LIM-pus**), decided to test his mettle. She contrived it that he came to a raging torrent on his way to Iolcus, and on its bank was an aged crone. Would Jason go about his business impatiently, or would he give way to the old woman's request to ferry him across the river?

There are two women standing beside the river looking forlorn, a Young Woman and an Old Woman. The Young Woman is beautiful. Talking to either woman zooms in on the two of them and they speak.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh please, kind hero, I'll reward you if you carry me across this river.

OLD WOMAN

I am old and have no reward to offer, but please carry me across.

Once both women have spoken, you are free to make your choice. If you click on the old woman you climb up onto her back.

OLD WOMAN

Whoops! Let's try that again.

She sets you down. If you click on her a second time, you pick her up. With her aboard, you are free to click on the far side of the riverbank. You move toward the other shore and the scene transitions.

MIDWAY ACROSS THE RIVER. You nearly lose your footing as you approach the far bank under the Old Woman's unexpected weight. But you just make it and she slips off onto the shore. She transforms into the goddess Hera.

HERA

You have chosen well. I am Hera, Queen of Heaven. I will be your patroness. We gods of Mount Olympus will follow your quest. If you meet with success, you'll be granted a godly favor.

She vanishes. If you are interested in the reward, you

are free to click your way back to the other side of the river to pick up the Young Woman.

RIVERBANK. If you click on the Young Woman, you cross the stream easily with her in your arms and put her down on the far side.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh thank you. Here, take my necklace.

She holds out her necklace to you. You click on it and it pings into your inventory.



Arrest

NARROW ROAD. If you chose to help the Young Woman cross the River (previous page), you will encounter two men. One is an armed Soldier, the other is the Young Woman's Husband. Talk to one or the other, there's a zoom-in, and they both speak.

SOLDIER

Is this the guy?

HUSBAND

Arrest that thief! He stole my wife's necklace!

There is a "ping" sound, and the necklace is taken out of your inventory. You automatically go to jail.

In the foreground of this scene there's also a branch available for picking up—it's the one that doesn't break in the Boulder scene (page 5).



Jail

PRISON CELL. Transition to a close-up of your face as a prison door slams on it. To quote from the text available by clicking on the Info button: "The heroes of Greek mythology were by no means perfect. Often they

did things for which they ought to have been thrown in jail. Such was the case when Theseus (**THEE-see-us**) visited the Amazons. These were mythological warrior women who lived on the shores of the Black Sea. The Amazons were renowned horseback riders and especially skilled with the bow. They lived apart from men and only met with them upon occasion to produce children for their tribe. Some say that Theseus had encountered the Amazons before, in the company of his cousin Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules). Heracles had been challenged to bring back the belt of the Amazon queen. The queen, for all her reputation of man-hating, had willingly given it to him. But the goddess Hera (**HEE-ruh**), who hated Heracles, stirred up trouble. A great battle ensued in which many Amazons were killed. Now Theseus visited the Amazons on his own. Their leader, fearless and hospitable, came aboard his ship with a gift. Theseus immediately put to sea and kidnapped her. Perhaps if he had been thrown in jail for this crime, he would have shown his customary resourcefulness. Lacking the physical strength, he would have cast about for some tool or implement to break down the door to his cell. Or, failing that, he would have looked for a weak point."

Clicking on the bucket causes you to walk over and kick it; a few flies swarm out, and you put your hand over your nose because something stinks. Clicking on the bench causes you to pick it up. If you click again on the door you walk over and bang it with the bench.

GUARD
(voice-over)

Shut up in there!

Clicking on the window causes you to stand on tiptoes to look out. Clicking on the skeleton hanging on the wall causes you to walk over to look at it. Clicking on a ray of light coming from a tiny hole in the wall causes you to walk over, look at it, and then walk back.

Clicking on the bench causes you to pick it up again. If you then click on the hole in the wall, you hit it with the bench and it enlarges. Repeat procedure six times: the hole grows larger each time. Once the hole is big enough, you walk through it and there's a transition to the next scene.



Pond

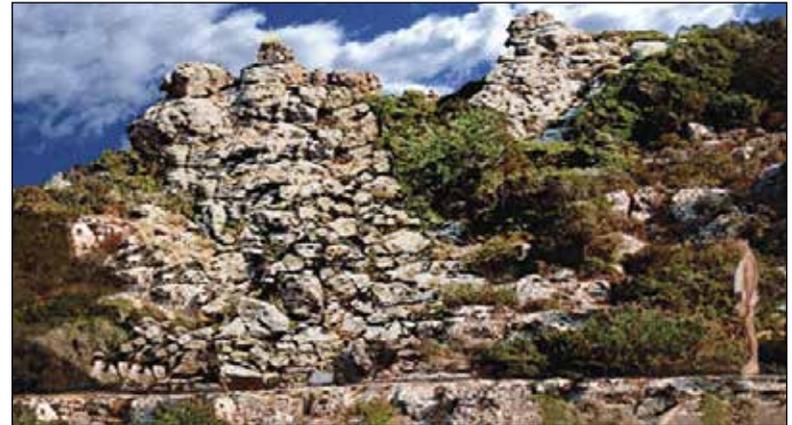
BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE. Water is a precious commodity in modern Greece, just as it was in ancient times. If the hot, dry climate of summer does not give way to winter rains, the crops fail and all suffer. Such water as there is must be shared between man and beast.

This is the scene that you see through the chink in the wall of the Jail (previous page) and then escape into. The air is filled with cheerful bird song. There are two rams drinking from a lake that blocks access to the path on the far side. If you talk to them after you have gained the ability to understand the language of animals and insects at the Shrine (page 6):

RAM

Ny-a-a-h! Butt out!

After you've encountered the two women at the River (page 7) or you break out of Jail (previous page), the rams are bloated and the lake is reduced to mere puddles through which you can now splash to the far side.



Avalanche

MOUNTAIN RIDGE. It was never easy to be a pedestrian in ancient Greece. The inland terrain makes for the roughest going. The natural ruggedness

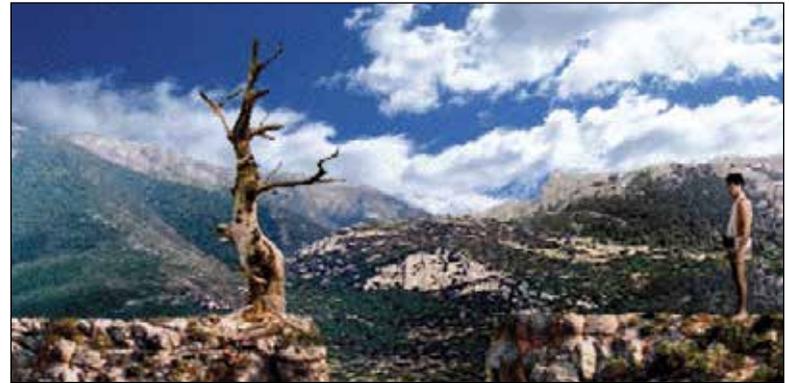
of the mountains is compounded by the climate, which is arid for most of the year and then subject to fierce rainstorms. The torrents wash away entire hillsides, leaving the exposed earth to be parched and cracked by the summer sun. The rocks are jumbled closely together, and their jaggedness is scarcely relieved by vegetation. The limited groundcover either puts thorns in the way of the passerby or gives way unexpectedly when weight is placed upon it—which of course doesn't even factor in the danger of rockslides. In short, care must be taken at all times, particularly when the wanderer is confronted by a heap of unstable stones.

There's a flash of something shiny on top of the ridge. You can't get to it, and clicking on the rocks causes them to rumble ominously. Clicking on the "keystone"—an inconspicuously small rock nestled in amongst the larger ones at the bottom of the pile—causes you to pick it up and toss it over your shoulder. A rockslide has been triggered. You jump out of the way as the rest of the rocks cascade down, bringing the shiny object—a gem—down onto the path. The avalanche itself has cascaded out of the bottom of the frame. The small keystone that you threw away is further along the trail to the right. You might not think to retrace your steps and add it to your inventory, but you'll need it for the Boulder scene ([page 5](#)). It may also come in handy with the Seed Men ([page 17](#)).



Fork

FORKING PATHS. This simple choice of routes doesn't call for heroic decision-making.

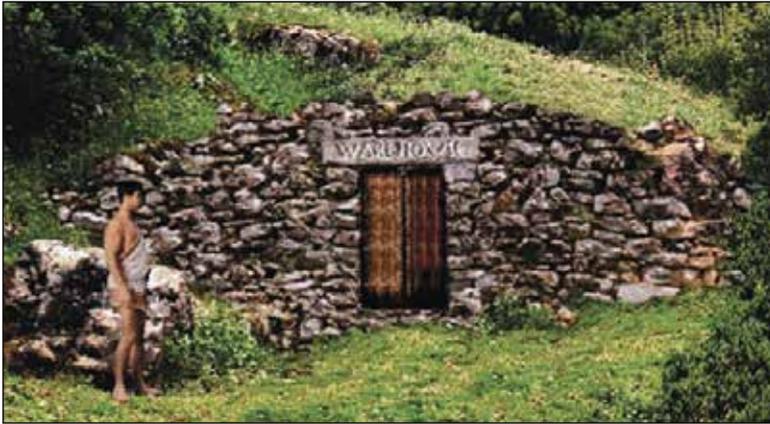


Chasm

MOUNTAIN TRAIL. Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules) accomplished some amazing feats.

He once forced the god Poseidon (**puh-SYE-dun**) to give way in battle; he wounded Ares (**AIR-eez**), god of war, in another encounter, and he wrestled the great god Zeus (**ZOOS**) himself to a draw. The hero could move mountains that hindered the route of his cattle herd. He could and did toss boulders about like pebbles. It is not recorded, though, that Hercules was ever foolhardy enough to leap across a yawning chasm.

This scene actually exists to keep you from going into one of the adventures the “back” way. When you return from the other direction, you’ll be able to push the tree down and make a bridge across the chasm.



Warehouse

BUILDING WITH LOCKED DOOR. You come to a structure labeled “Warehouse.” No amount of physical exertion will get you inside. But if you have acquired a sledgehammer for your inventory ([page 22](#)),

you will be able to break down the door.

Inside you find a large vat, a maze of tubing, and a dripping funnel. There’s a small barrel of elixir near the center of the screen. If you click on it, it is added to your inventory with a ping and you can use it when fighting the Seed Men ([page 17](#)). The same thing applies to the pair of oars leaning against the vat, which will come in handy for reaching the Island ([page 103](#)). And there’s a gem, too—click on it and it pings into your inventory.



Torchbearer

GLOOMY LANDSCAPE. You enter a bleak and dark terrain and encounter a man holding a torch. The ancient Greeks were well aware that without fire they would be forced to huddle in darkness. In mythology, the Titan (**TYE-tun**) Prometheus (**proh-MEE-thee-us**) was considered to be humankind’s great benefactor because he stole fire from the gods and gave it to mortals. (The Titan carried it away from Mount

Olympus in a fennel stalk—a method of transporting fire that was used down into historic times.) In daily life, however, the immortals could not be relied upon to provide the essential flame. Therefore it was common practice to keep a fire burning—or its embers glowing—at all times. If it went out, the household hearth could be rekindled from a neighbor's. But if the neighbor's had gone out as well, it became a matter of rubbing two sticks together or striking a spark from flint. In some ceremonies, a sacred flame was carried from altar to altar by relays of torches.

You talk to the Torchbearer.

TORCHBEARER

Dark is the wrath of the undying gods,
Blundering, the mortal who would face their
plagues.

(pause)

I'll guide you for a gem, but beware... The
Hydra lurks ahead.

If you don't give him a gem from your inventory, he just stands there and you are free to click on any of three choices of route. If you go screen-right, you enter the Swamp (facing column). As you click to walk to the first hummock it gets pitch black and you can't even see yourself let alone the way forward. You have to turn back, and the Torchbearer is waiting. If you talk to him:

TORCHBEARER

Back so soon to pay the price?
Only a fool makes the same mistake twice.

(pause)

The deal's the same: I'll guide you for a gem.

If you give him a gem:

TORCHBEARER

Okay. Let's go before I chicken out.

He lights your way into the Swamp.



Swamp

SWAMP WITH HUMMOCKS. It was in the swamps of Lerna (**LUR-nuh**) that Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules) sought out the many-headed Hydra (**HYE-druh**). You have to cross this swamp if you want to follow in the great hero's footsteps. You click your way from hummock to hummock and slog through the mucky water in between. Walking off-screen to the right transitions to the scene where the Hydra lurks.



Hydra

HYDRA'S LAIR. The mythmakers agreed that the Hydra (**HYE-druh**) lived in the swamps of Lerna (**LUR-nuh**), but they seem to have had trouble counting the monster's heads. Some said that the Hydra had nine, while others claimed as many as ten thousand. It was the head growing in the center of this array that made the Hydra immortal, and getting to this one and chopping it off was a formidable challenge. For as soon as one of the other heads was beaten down or lopped off, two more grew in its place. To make matters worse, the Hydra's very breath was lethal. Even smelling its footprints was enough to bring death to an ordinary mortal. Fortunately, Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules), who had been assigned to fight the Hydra as one of his Labors, was no ordinary mortal.

The great hero sought out the monster in its lair and brought it out into the open with flaming arrows. Then he made sure to hold his breath while grappling

with the beast. Heracles had the strength of ten, but the fight went in the Hydra's favor. The monster twined its many heads around the hero and tried to trip him up. It called on an ally, a huge crab which also lived in the swamp. The crab bit Heracles in the heel and further impeded his attack. Heracles was on the verge of failure when he remembered his nephew.

Heracles had a twin brother named Iphicles (**IF-i-klees**). Iphicles took part in a number of heroic exploits but generally remained in the shadow of his illustrious twin. Heracles employed Iphicles' son, Iolaus (**eye-oh-LAY-us**), as his charioteer. Iolaus had driven Heracles to the swamps of Lerna, and he looked on in anxiety as his uncle became entangled in the Hydra's snaky heads. Finally, Iolaus could no longer bear to stand aside. In response to his uncle's shouts, he grabbed a burning torch and dashed to the fray.

Now, as soon as Heracles cut off one of the Hydra's heads, Iolaus was there to sear the wounded neck with flame. This kept further heads from sprouting. In this fashion, Heracles cut off the heads one by one, with Iolaus cauterizing the wounds. Finally Heracles lopped off the immortal head and buried it deep beneath a rock.

Now you find yourself in the role of Heracles, confronting the monster. If you don't have the sword in your inventory and you click on the Hydra, it eats you. Fade to black and you are automatically taken to Mount Olympus (next page).

If you acquired the sword in the Boulder scene ([page 5](#))

and you wield it now, you cut off one of the monster's heads (by cutting low, near where the neck meets the body), but two new heads sprout from the wound. If you continue with the sword, the Hydra bares its fangs and lunges to bite you. There's a fade to black and the sound of the Hydra gulping you down. But if instead you go back to the Swamp (page 13) and click to talk to the Torchbearer, still standing there on the far shore, he cups his hands and hollers:

TORCHBEARER

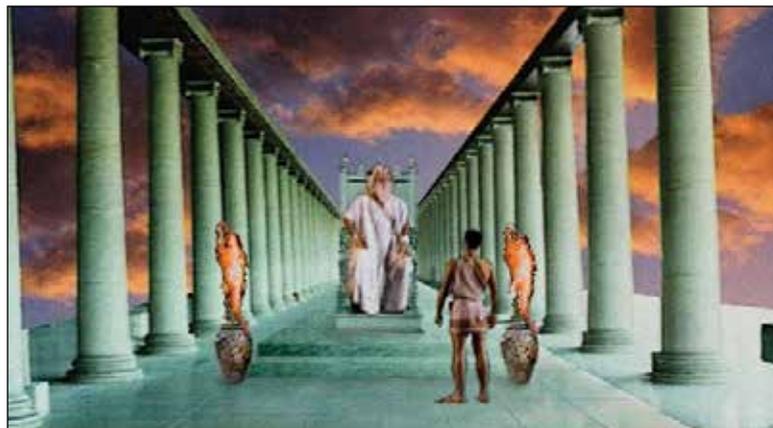
Could you use a little help over there?

He joins you by leaping from hummock to hummock with ludicrous ease. Now as soon as you lop off a Hydra-head, the torch is extended into the frame to cauterize the wound and no further heads sprout. Repeat procedure. "Whook!" — there goes the final head. The Hydra falls dead.

A fanfare sounds and a notice appears saying that you have received 50 points. You can check your running point total by clicking the Help icon.

Olympus

FADE UP ON MOUNT OLYMPUS. Even dying is an adventure in *Wrath of the Gods*. If you are killed by the Hydra (previous page) or the Clashing Rocks (page 36), you find yourself standing before the throne of a snoring Zeus (**ZOOS**). If you talk to the great king of the Olympians, he wakes up, groggy and flustered at first.



ZEUS

Wha? What? Ahem! Who dares disturb my rest? Oh, it's *you*. Has no one told you Olympus is reserved for the gods? Mortals are strictly forbidden...

(pause)

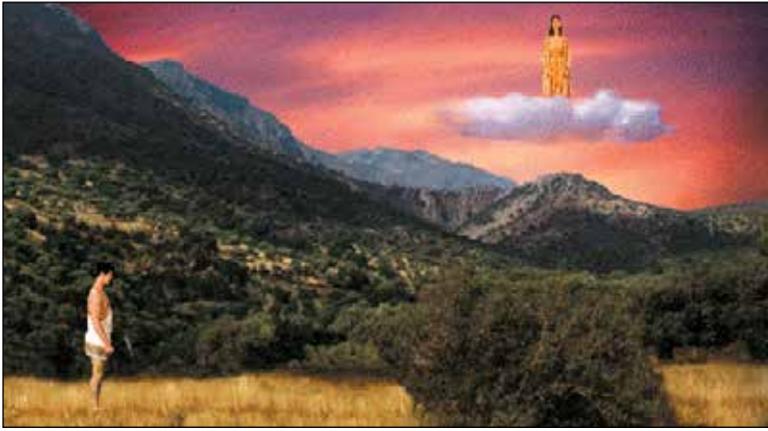
Unless you know somebody.

(sternly)

You've proven unworthy to fight the Hydra.

He waves his hand at you dismissively. You dematerialize and return to the Hydra's Lair.

(For Zeus's speeches when you die at the Clashing Rocks see page 39.)



Secret Word

MEADOW. The greatest secret of the ancient Greek world was at the heart of the famous mysteries of Eleusis (**ee-LOO-sis**). Only the initiated were allowed to participate in the rites, and they were sworn never to divulge what they heard or saw. One reconstruction has it that those deemed worthy were guided to a special edifice by night. Here they waited in mounting trepidation for they knew not what. Suddenly a great fire burst forth. Though surprising and awesome given the solemn and auspicious setting, this was not yet the heart of the mystery. This would appear to have been the news, conveyed in a high-pitched and jubilant voice by the presiding official, that the goddess of death had given birth in a conflagration to a baby boy. The import of this message, which has contributed to our notions of the soul and an afterlife, was that one might be born again in death.

After you have killed the Hydra ([page 14](#)), if you go

east and enter this scene, the goddess Hera appears.

HERA

Well done, young hero. The Olympians now grant you a password that will stand you in good stead. The letter I, emblem of the hero's uprightness, and the letter O, for the cycle of completion. Remember: "I-O."

Io (EYE-oh) is the name of a character from Greek mythology, a princess of Argo (**AR-goh**), who was transformed into a heifer by Zeus in order to hide her from the jealous Hera.



Elixir

CORINTH (CORE-inth). The ancient city of Corinth was a crossroads of the Greek world. There at the foot of the mountainous citadel (seen in the background of this scene), one might expect to find merchants and

mercenaries, princes and pirates, heroes and little old ladies selling decoctions of supposedly magic elixir. You encounter the Peddler.

PEDDLER

Greetings noble wanderer! Could I interest you in a little magic elixir? Guaranteed to prolong your life in combat. Only one gem.

She holds out her hand for payment. If you pay her, she hands you a vial and it pings into your inventory.

PEDDLER

You'd better use it soon 'cause it's past the expiration date. But the price was right, eh? Look me up if you need a refill. I'll be heading back to the warehouse soon to stock up.

Seed Men

FIELD PLOUGHED FOR PLANTING. This episode comes from the myth of Jason, who had been dared to retrieve the Golden Fleece from the far-off land of Colchis (**KOL-kis**). Before Jason could even get to the grove where the Fleece was hanging, he had to face a series of challenges set by the king of Colchis.

Fortunately for Jason, Hera (**HEE-ruh**) had persuaded her fellow goddess Aphrodite (**a-fro-DYE-tee**) to intervene on Jason's behalf. The Goddess of Love arranged it so that the king's daughter Medea (**meh-DEE-uh**) fell in love with Jason the minute she saw him.



The king instructed Jason to harness two fire-breathing bulls, plow a field, sow it with seed, and then reap the harvest in a single day. Medea, a famous sorceress, slipped Jason a magic salve which he smeared on his body, making him proof against fire and the sharp metal hooves of the bulls.

Thus the hero was able to force the creatures into harness and plow the field. But the seeds which he proceeded to sow turned out to be dragon's teeth. As soon as they lodged in the soil they began to sprout into fully-armed, menacing warriors. Fortunately, Medea had given Jason a tip in basic psychology. He simply threw a stone at one of the men. The man thought his neighbor had done it, and in short order all the seed men had turned on one another with their swords until not one was left standing.

Now it's your turn to be like Jason. In the foreground of the scene is a leather bag. It is labeled:

ACME DRAGON'S TEETH. THE FARMERS FRIEND.
PLANT IN ROWS AND WATER FREQUENTLY.

When you click on the bag, it pings into your inventory. Retrieve it from inventory and scatter the teeth on the field. Armed men spring up from the furrows and line up to attack you. If you don't have the sword from the Boulder scene (page 5):



SEED MAN

Hey, dude, we can't fight you if you don't have a blade.

When you come back with the sword, clicking it on the seed men transitions to a fighting perspective. While fighting the first man, you get exhausted and just stand there looking feeble and worn out, with your sword drooping.

SEED MAN

Hey, wimp, what's your problem?

If you bought the elixir from the Peddler (page 16), you take it from your inventory and click it on yourself. You upend the elixir and drink it, but the effect soon wears off.

SEED MAN

What, you wimpin' out again?

If you've acquired the barrel of elixir from the Warehouse (page 12), you get out the container and guzzle it down. Now you can fight forever. You dispatch the first man, but as he falls the second seed man advances into his place. He in turn is replaced by yet another seed man. The foes just keep on coming—if you don't have a stone to throw at them, you're out of luck. When you return with the stone from the Avalanche (page 10) or the Market (page 77) and click it on one of the men, you throw it and it hits a seed man on the helmet. He doesn't catch on to where it came from and turns to his neighbor.

SEED MAN

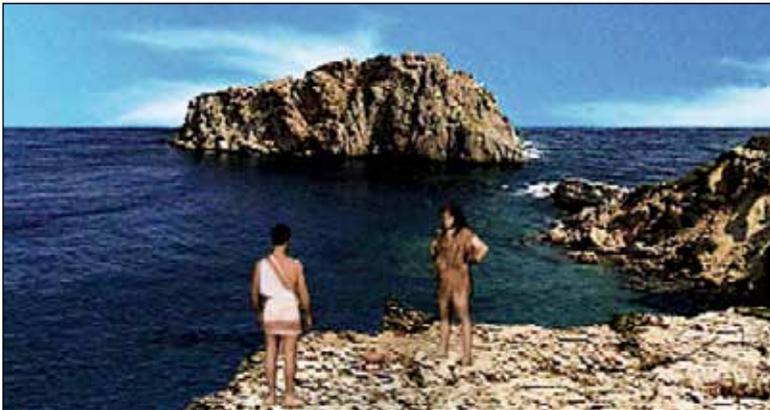
Hey, man, what'd you do that for?

They go at it with their swords, the brawl becomes general, and soon all are lying dead. You receive 25 points.



Crossroads

DARK WOODS WITH CROSSROADS. There are multiple choices of direction here. Crossroads were haunted by the hellhounds of the awesome goddess of the night—Hecate (**HEH-kuh-tee**), patroness of sorcery, queen of ghosts.



Sciron

SEASIDE CLIFF-TOP. When the hero Theseus (**THEE-see-us**) set out on the road to Athens to meet his father for the first time, he ran into a number of robbers and thugs. He dealt with most of these briskly, making it a point to give each a dose of his own medicine. For instance, a fellow named Sinis (**SIN-is**) used to ask passers-by to help him bend two pine trees to the ground. (Why the wayfarers should have wanted to help in this activity is not disclosed. Presumably Sinis was persuasive.) Once he had bent the trees, he tied his helper's wrists—one to each tree. Then he took a rest break. When the strain became too much, the victim had to let go, which caused the trees to snap upright and scatter portions of anatomy in all directions. Theseus turned the tables on Sinis by tying *his* wrists to a couple of bent pines, then letting nature and fatigue take their course.

Further along the road, not far from Athens, Theseus encountered Sciron (**SKY-ron**). This famous brigand operated along the tall cliffs which to this day are named after him. He had a special tub in which he made each passing stranger wash his feet. While they were engaged in this sanitary activity, Sciron kicked them over a cliff into the ocean below, where they were devoured by a man-eating turtle. Theseus turned the tables on Sciron, just as he had turned them on Sinis.

You encounter Sciron and talk to him.

SCIRON

I am Sciron and these are my cliffs. I demand

that you kneel down before me and wash my feet.

For some reason you kneel down and proceed to do so. If you talk to Sciron again:

SCIRON

Shut up and wash!

If you draw your sword or click the hand or “do” cursor anywhere on the screen except your own foot (the trick for solving this puzzle and winning 25 points), Sciron kicks you over the cliff. Sciron laughs diabolically. You fall for a long time, into Hades and onto the banks of the River Styx.



Styx

BANKS OF THE RIVER STYX. Having been kicked off the cliff by Sciron, you land in a heap in Hades (**HAY-**

deez). It was to the kingdom of Hades, god of the dead, that all traveled when life was done. This realm lay beneath the earth and was called the Underworld, or Hades, after its ruler. The first barrier to the journey of the dead beyond the grave was the most famous river of Hades, the Styx (**STIX**). Here the newly dead congregated as insubstantial shades, mere wraiths of their former selves, awaiting passage in the ferryboat of Charon (**CARE-on**) the Boatman. Charon was an ill-tempered and imposing figure to his would-be passengers, but he was capable of being cowed by a more forceful personality. When Heracles (**HUR-a-kliez**; Roman name: Hercules) sought to bring back Cerberus (**SUR-bur-us**), the hellhound, in furtherance of one of his quests, he glared at Charon so menacingly that the ferryman poled him across forthwith—fare or no fare. The customary bribe, however, was a coin called an obol. And the customary way of presenting it to Charon to ensure safe passage was to place it in the mouth of the corpse.

You pick yourself up and click over to a Shade.

SHADE

Welcome to Hades, kingdom of the dead. Say, you look kind of healthy to be hangin' around down here. Oh, no matter. That's Charon the Boatman over there. He'll take you across the River Styx if you've got the toll.

Charon's face is invisible in the shadow of his large hood. If you talk to Charon he growls. If you've acquired a coin from the female Shade (next page) and you click it on Charon:

CHARON

No, no, no, that won't do at all. Bad form, bad form.

If, however, you click the coin on your own head:

CHARON

That's right, under the tongue it goes. Good show!

He reveals his face to be a skull with glaring eyeballs.

CHARON

Climb aboard!

You cross the river and climb out onto the far bank. If you think to talk to Charon again:

CHARON

I'd avoid Sciron if I were you. But if you should run into him again...quit trying to use your head and use your foot.

Charon remains on this side of the Styx so that you can come back to him to get this hint. (There's only one coin in the game, so you won't be able to pay for another ride.) When you enter from the exterior Hades Portal 1 (next page) without dying first at Sciron (page 19), Charon is still on the other shore so you can't cross the Styx from this direction. Of course the boat ride with Charon requires that you've got a coin for the toll, so you are compelled to wander around looking for one. The exit from the first scene leads to some Underworld catacombs.



Shade

CATACOMBS OF HADES. You wander through these Underworld grottoes. The afterlife, as conceived by the early Greeks, was a grim and gloomy proposition. Although there was no religious dogma on the subject, most imagined that some part of a being lived on after death. What survived, however, was very insubstantial, a ghostly shadow—or shade—of the living being. The surviving families did their best to provide for these specters, sending them off to the Underworld with a bribe for Charon, to induce him to ferry them across the Styx to the kingdom of the dead. Here they would live on forever in the company of their fellow wraiths—unless, that is, they had been guilty of some egregious sin, in which case they might be punished for eternity by the ruler of the Underworld. The only worse fate, perhaps, might be to lack the toll for Charon and be condemned to wander in lonely desolation on the near shore of the

river Styx until the end of time.

You encounter a female Shade. She points at her mouth and uses facial expressions to try to clarify her meaning.

FEMALE SHADE

I han't halk. I gah a coy uhher eye ung.

She drops a coin from her mouth; it can be heard to hit the floor with a "ching!"

FEMALE SHADE

Now look what you made me do!

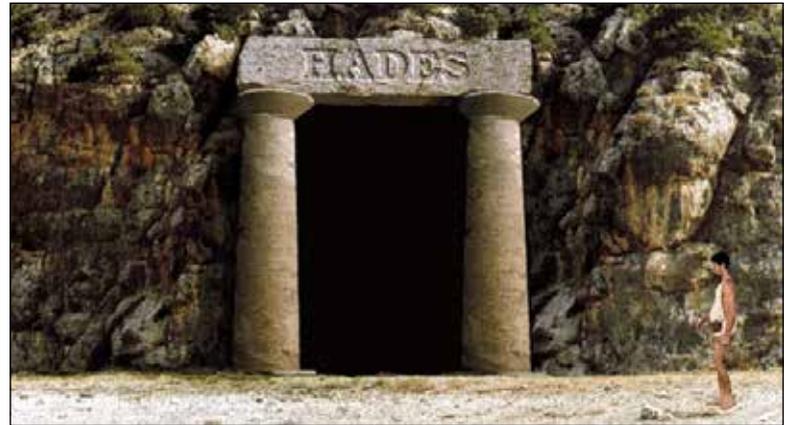
You add the coin to your inventory in order to pay Charon's toll.



Sledge Rack

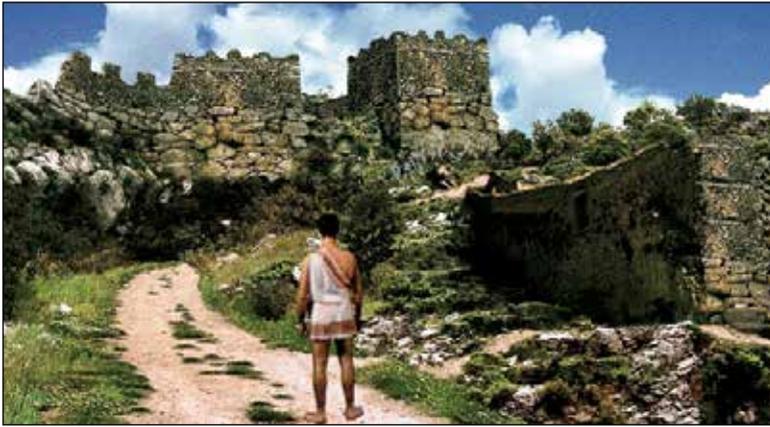
HADES CATACOMB. In a subterranean grotto you come upon a rack of sledgehammers. (It turns out that this is where the tormented soul in the Rock-

Breaking scene ([page 27](#)) keeps the tools of his trade.) You pick one up and head for the door, but as you step on a panel in the floor, a heavy slab descends with a resounding thud and blocks the exit. What's going on is that the floor panel is weight-sensitive and you've exceeded the limit with the sledgehammer that you're carrying. You need to go back and exchange it for another, but since they all have differently shaped heads, there's no way to tell which is the lightweight one. So this is a process of trial and error.



Hades Portal 1

PORTAL IN HILLSIDE. In this landscape a lintel inscribed "Hades" marks a portal to the Underworld. This is where you emerge after various adventures in Hades. You can also get here from the Crossroads ([page 19](#)). Just inside this portal to the right is a grotto with a sign that says: LUNCH BREAK. COME BACK LATER. The Rockbreaker ([page 27](#)) will return in time to meet you after you've died at the Banquet.



Castle Vista

CASTLE EXTERIOR. A hilltop fortress beckons you to visit. Castles back in the Heroic Age were often built on hilltops for an added measure of safety in defence.



Servant's Entrance

CASTLE EXTERIOR WITH SMALL DOOR. No one answered your knock at the castle's main door, so you walk around to the side and you find yourself at the servant's entrance. Knock on the door, and it opens.

KING
(voice-over)

Come in.



Banquet

BANQUET HALL. You enter and find yourself in a banquet hall, where the King from the Introductory Movie (twenty years older now) sits at the table with his Queen. This conjures up the situation that greeted Theseus (**THEE-see-us**) when he arrived in Athens to meet his father, King Aegeus (**EE-joos**), for the first time. The encounter was far from heartwarming.

Theseus did not reveal his identity at first but was hailed as a hero by the Athenians, for he had rid the highway of notorious brigands like Sciron (**SKY-ron**) the robber.

In honor of his exploits, Theseus was invited to the palace for a banquet. Serving as hostess was his father's new wife Medea (**meh-DEE-uh**). This was the same Medea who had helped Jason harvest a crop of armed warriors and steal the Golden Fleece. Jason had eventually abandoned Medea, and she had grown understandably bitter. Now she sized up Theseus and decided that he was a threat to her own son's prospects of ruling Athens after king Aegeus. In fact, Medea's magic disclosed the identity of Theseus.

Years before, she had aided Aegeus, who was desperate for an heir. It was Medea's power that ensured the birth of Theseus to the princess of Troezen (**TREE-zun**). Though he left instructions with the princess should a child be born, Aegeus had either forgotten the incident or despaired of a birth. Now Medea played on the king's insecurity. Surely the stranger at the banquet was too popular for the good of the throne. With the people behind him, he might well seize it for himself. Medea persuaded King Aegeus to serve Theseus poisoned wine. And the hero, unawares, would have drunk it had he not paused first to carve his dinner.

This, at any rate, is the prosaic version of the myth. Romantics claim that Theseus drew his sword not to mince his boar's meat but because he had chosen the dramatic moment to reveal his identity. In any

case, Aegeus recognized the pattern on the sword's hilt. This was his own weapon, which he had left under a rock for his son to discover. Aegeus dashed the poisoned cup to the ground. Medea, meanwhile, stormed out and made her escape in a chariot pulled by dragons.

If you talk to the Queen:

QUEEN

What do you want?

If you talk to the King:

KING

Hail, hero! This banquet is in your honor.
Please, take your seat.

You join them at the table.

QUEEN
(scowling)

Death to the impostor!

KING
(muttering)

Er, yes, well... Perhaps we'd better establish your credentials. Here's a simple test...

He turns partway around in his chair and points at the wall behind him, where three pennants hang. You turn to look at them too.

KING
(continues)

Which of these banners bears the royal insignia?

You click on one of the banners. While you and the King are turned around, the Queen pours some powder into your wine glass. You and the King turn to face forward again. If you've guessed wrong, the Queen raises her glass in a toast.

QUEEN
(sneering)

To the hero!

You lift your glass to your lips, there's a glugging sound, and your head drops down onto the table—you've been poisoned. You'll materialize in the Underworld in the Rock-Breaking scene ([page 27](#)).

When you get back to the banquet and happen to talk to the Queen first, she greets you as before:

QUEEN
What do you want?

When you talk to the King:

KING
Please, take your seat.

If you click on the empty chair, you walk over and sit down.

KING
Now, choose again.

When you choose the proper pennant (matching the pattern on your sword), the Queen sneeringly proposes her toast:

QUEEN
To the hero!

The King jumps to his feet.

KING
Don't drink that!

FADE TO BLACK. FADE UP on the same scene, minutes later. You and the King are standing in front of the table.

KING
You would seem to be the stranger spoken of in the omens. But something's amiss. When I was younger, my ambition knew no bounds. Prophesied to lose my kingdom, I abandoned my own grandchild. But then I grew weary and longed for an heir. An oracle said to bury my most prized possessions. One day a hero would appear. He'd know the royal symbol, and he'd be carrying my sword. So here you are, as foretold... But you lack the sword.

If you remove the sword from your inventory and click it on the King, he takes it from your hand and

looks carefully at the hilt.

KING

Can it be? Yes! The royal insignia! This is indeed a happy day!

But his features lose their animation as a nagging memory crosses his mind.

KING

May the gods forgive my selfishness for wishing you to be my own flesh and blood.

He hands you back the sword.

KING

But of course that's just a dream.

He freezes in a posture of dejection. When you give him the ring from your inventory—the one that Chiron said was “in your blanket when I found you” (page 4)—he looks at it joyously.

KING

(exulting)

Child of my child! Kneel before me.

You kneel down.

KING

(continues)

I now proclaim you king!

He transfers the crown from his head to yours.

KING

If only Princess Dione were here to see this. But alas she was carried away by that despicable tyrant, King Minos.

He hands you a parchment scroll.

KING

She left this message for you—just in case.

You unroll it and a cameo of Dione comes up over the writing and speaks to you:

DIONE

My precious, my lost, my son I thought I'd never see; if you have need to come to me and prove who you might be; remember this and pace it true and step it carefully...

(pause)

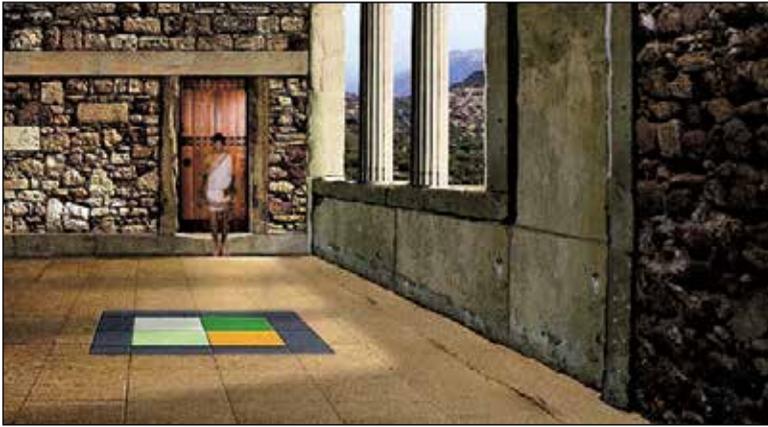
As the seasons follow, beginning in the Spring with its budding growth, so shall you proceed.

The scroll pings into your inventory.

KING

The kingdom is yours, though I'll keep an eye on it while you continue your adventuring. Farewell.

There are two exits from the Banquet Hall. One leads to the palace exterior, the other to the Princess's Room (next page).

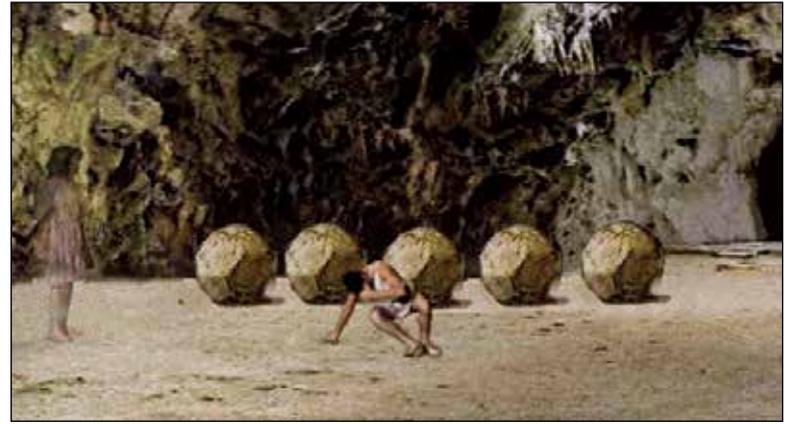


Princess's Room

CASTLE INTERIOR: BEDROOM. There are four tiles on the floor here, colored pale green, dark green, gold, and white. Hop from one tile to another according to the riddle of the Princess's message: "As the seasons follow, beginning in the Spring with its budding growth, so shall you proceed." If you follow the sequence representing the colors of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, a panel slides up and reveals a jewel box. Inside is a beautiful tiara. This will serve to prove your identity to your mother when you eventually find her. Click on it and it goes into your inventory.

Rock-Breaking

UNDERWORLD CATACOMB WITH BOULDERS. Having been poisoned at the Banquet ([page 23](#)), you come to your senses in Tartarus (**TAR-tuh-rus**). This



was the zone of the Underworld where the greatest sinners were punished for their transgressions. The worst of these offenders were deemed to be those who had sinned against the gods themselves. The fifty daughters of Danaus (**DAN-ay-us**) murdered their husbands on their wedding night, driving daggers into their hearts and chopping off their heads. In fairness, they had not sought the marriages and were acting on their father's orders. All the same, they were condemned in the afterlife to a perpetual labor of carrying water from the river Styx (**STIX**) in jars—jars that leaked like sieves.

For throwing his father into a fiery pit, Ixion (**iks-EYE-on**) had to be purified by Zeus (**ZOOS**). Then he ungratefully tried to seduce the great god's wife. Hera (**HEE-ruh**) warned her husband what was afoot, and Zeus fashioned a cloud into Hera's likeness. Ixion made a pass at the cloud and was caught in the act. In punishment, he spends eternity in the lowest level of the Underworld, chained to a fiery wheel.

The greatest crime of all was to abuse the gods' hospitality. All the more so since to be on familiar terms with the great deities was a particular favor, reserved for the elect. Thus the hero Bellerophon (**beh-LARE-uh-fon**) was guilty of the greatest presumption when, in his later years, he dared to ride the winged horse Pegasus (**PEG-uh-sus**) to the very gates of Olympus. Apparently he imagined that his heroic conquest of the Chimaera (**kye-MEE-ruh**) qualified him automatically for admission to the company of the gods. Zeus repaid this arrogance by sending a horsefly to sting Pegasus. The flying horse reared and Bellerophon was flung from its back, falling so far and landing so hard that he was crippled for life. He spent the remainder of his days a miserable, wandering outcast.

Tantalus (**TAN-tuh-lus**), on the other hand, was invited to share not just Zeus's table but the great god's secrets. But Tantalus dared to tell these secrets to his fellow mortals. Or, some say, he stole Zeus's ambrosia (**am-BROH-zhuh**). (Nectar and ambrosia were the special treats of the gods. Nectar was fermented honey, or mead. Ambrosia may have been a concoction of honey, water, fruit, cheese, olive oil, and barley.) For either or both of his transgressions, Tantalus was consigned to Tartarus—as far beneath Hades as Hades is beneath the sky.

A dead soul stands in a field of boulders.

ROCKBREAKER

Wha'cha in for? Me, I pulled fifteen to eternity at hard labor for swipin' ambrosia

from the gods.

(pause)

Tell ya what, you break some of these rocks for *me* and I'll clue *you* in.

If you don't happen to have a sledgehammer, you try the hand or "do" cursor on one of the boulders. This causes you to kick it—futilely. This hurts your foot, so you hop around saying, "Ooh, ah, ow, oh!" Using your hands and/or sword, if you hit the rock a few times:

ROCKBREAKER

You'll never get nowhere that way. You're gonna need some kinda rock-buster.

You're free to click your way along an exploration of Tartarus. When you return with the sledgehammer ([page 22](#)) and click it on a boulder, it causes you to hit some of the various boulders scattered around. After breaking three boulders:

ROCKBREAKER

Okay, okay, that's enough... The king at the banquet? He expected you ta recognize the royal pattern 'cause it's on the sword.

If you enter this scene from Hades Portal 1 before you've died at the Banquet, the Rockbreaker is off on his lunch break.



Nymph

TEMPLE INTERIOR. When the hero Perseus (**PUR-see-us**) found himself committed to bringing back the head of the Gorgon Medusa (**GORE-gun meh-DOO-suh**), he might have paused to consider the extent to which such a quest was akin to graphic adventure games like *Wrath of the Gods*. For starters, there's the essential business of bringing back—as in Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules) “bringing back” Cerberus (**SUR-bur-us**) from the Underworld, or Jason “bringing back” the Golden Fleece. How remarkably similar to a gamer acquiring a particularly hard-sought icon for his or her inventory—or so Perseus might have reflected had he been born in the era of computers. And then, in furtherance of the Medusa quest, there was the laundry list of other “inventory” that had to be acquired first: the shield with the mirrored surface, the helmet of invisibility, the sandals of Hermes (**HUR-meez**) which, when

strapped even to mortal feet, conferred the ability to fly.

Now, some of the inventory that Perseus needed was in the care of certain nymphs (**NIMFS**), or more accurately, naiads (**NYE-adz**)—who were specialized nymphs (young and beautiful female spirits) of springs, ponds, and rivers. And just to find these naiads, let alone induce them to part with the needful items, Perseus had to go to great lengths indeed—but that is another story.

Some versions of the myth have it that the naiads in question were pretty much garden variety—minor deities of a far-less-than Olympian order, mildly powerful in their own limited way, but not even immortal, and confined in their scope of operation to a given body of water. For just as dryads (**DRY-adz**) are fairy creatures attached to trees, and Nereids (**NEE-ree-ids**) are ocean-going, naiads are nymphs that live in ponds and pools. Thus when the handsome youth Narcissus (**nar-SISS-us**) fell in love with his own reflection in the surface of a pool, he broke the heart of the nymph dwelling therein, who was condemned only to repeat Narcissus's sighs and murmur like an echo (in fact, Echo was her name). And thus when the handsome youth Hylas (**HYE-lus**) strayed while fetching water for his shipmates on the Argo, some nymphs at the waterhole were so smitten that they yanked him underneath the surface to dwell with them forever—much to the despair of Heracles, whose squire he was.

One version of the Perseus myth holds that the naiads he sought were special indeed, having as their domain

the dark and lifeless waters of the river Styx, in the deepest Underworld. They were also reputed to have such bad personal habits that they could be smelled from a great distance. Such is perhaps understandable given the dubious cleansing powers of a river in hell, but it would hardly apply to a nymph dwelling in a pool within the precincts of a temple. Such pools, being used for ritual bathing of those seeking to approach the shrine, might be held to have had a particularly cleansing and purifying effect. And any nymph dwelling therein could reasonably be expected to smell as sweet as the flower named for Narcissus.

As you enter this scene, a Nymph surfaces in the temple pool.

NYMPH

Don't be shy. Dive in!

If you click on the pool, you jump in and submerge. The Nymph submerges too, smiling. Cut to yourself and the Nymph underwater.

NYMPH

(chattering happily away)

Blub blub blub blub blub.

You are holding your breath with your cheeks puffed out, about to burst. You pop back above the surface and gasp for air. The Nymph pops up too, looking very happy. If you talk to her:

NYMPH

Stay forever and be my friend!

If you talk to her again:

NYMPH

We can bake cupcakes together.

If you click on the shore, you exit the pool.

NYMPH

(puzzled, hurt)

What's the matter? Was it something I said?

If you jump back in:

NYMPH

You've come back to play with me!

This pool is also your refuge from the bees in the adjacent scene (next page). If you haven't been in the water before, when you first click on it, the Nymph invites you to dive in and the sequence is the same as before. When you submerge, the bees fly away and leave you in peace.

When you return to this scene after being told you must purify yourself before entering the Temple ([page 32](#)), you jump in the water and submerge. You bob up again. The Nymph surfaces beside you.

NYMPH

(grouchily)

Okay, so you're purified.

If you talk to her again:

NYMPH

You're still no fun. Oh, I almost forgot. There's something I'm supposed to give you. It's a helmet of invisibility.

She dons the helmet and disappears. The helmet pings into your inventory.



Bees

TEMPLE WITH OLIVE TREE. You come upon a beehive in the trunk of a hollow tree. The bees are buzzing and flying around. Bees played a vital role in the everyday world of the ancient Greeks. Honey was the sweetener that made all manner of otherwise unpalatable food and drink fit for human consumption. Wine was often flavored with honey to take the edge off inferior grapes, while honey was added to a porridge of barley to elevate it from staple to treat. In fact, it is held by some that ambrosia,

a delicacy so precious that it was reserved for the gods, was made from honey, olive oil, barley, cheese, water, and fruit. And nectar, the special beverage of the Olympians, was made from fermented honey. Nor does that exhaust the catalog of the bee's importance to the Greeks. In point of fact, beeswax can lay claim to consideration as the most valuable substance in all of Greek myth. To keep his ship from leaking when Jason set out with the Argonauts, he caulked the seams in the hull with beeswax. When Daedalus (**DEED-uh-lus**) taxed his inventive genius to the full to find some means of escape from the Labyrinth (**LAB-i-rinth**), he hit upon melted beeswax as the ideal glue to adhere feathers to a framework which became a pair of wings. And when Odysseus (**oh-DISS-ee-us**) wanted to hear the fabled song that the Sirens (**SYE-rinz**) sang from their rock in the western sea, a melody so sweet that passing sailors lost all thought of duty and abandoned their ships to crash, he had his shipmates lash him to the mast. But first he stopped their ears with beeswax. And thus they rowed on obliviously while Odysseus, his ears exposed to the enchanting strains of the beautifully wicked mermaids, rained pleas upon his unheeding shipmates to alter their course toward the treacherous shoals in the lee of Siren rock.

Clicking on the tree causes you to reach into the hole in the tree and pull out a lump of beeswax. The bees swarm out and follow you around in an angrily buzzing cloud for one scene in either direction. You swat at them a few times, to no avail. If you bought the bee-sting ointment at the Market ([page 77](#)), you can select it in your inventory and click it on yourself. This causes you to slather it on your body—to no avail.

The bees will still wait to pester you every time you pass through this scene, and they'll preclude you from getting into the Temple—until you get rid of them by diving into the pool in the Nymph scene (page 29).



Temple

TEMPLE EXTERIOR. The magnificent temple known as the Parthenon (**PAR-theh-non**) was built on the peak of the Acropolis (**a-KROP-uh-lis**) of Athens during that city's golden age. Pericles (**PARE-uh-kleez**), the great orator and statesman, commissioned its construction. This was during the era long after that of the mythological heroes, but the sculptures which decorated the building's exterior celebrated their feats, together with those of the immortal gods. They showed Lapiths (**LAP-iths**) fighting centaurs (**SEN-tawrs**), Olympians battling giants, and perhaps scenes from the Trojan War. The Parthenon symbolized the power and religious devotion of

Athens. In later years it became a church and then, when Greece became part of the Turkish empire, a mosque. It survived relatively intact until 1687, when the Venetians, bombarding the Turks, inadvertently exploded a store of gunpowder within the building.

You find yourself in front of an imposing temple. As you approach, lightning flashes and thunder crashes. If you are being pursued by a swarm of bees:

VOICE ONE
(echoing, thundering)

No bees in the temple!

If you are bee-less:

VOICE ONE
Profane mortal, who dares approach these sacred precincts without an offering?

If you keep trying to get in, all you get is more thunder and lightning. If you make the wrong offering from your inventory, you get one of a series of responses:

VOICE ONE
Ha! You call that an offering?

Or:
VOICE ONE
That? No way!

Or:
VOICE ONE
Are you kidding?

Or:

VOICE ONE

Get serious!

If you've acquired the offering from Hermes in the Medusa scene (page 73) and you click it anywhere on the screen, you make it a little further up the steps only to get the meteorological special effects again.

VOICE ONE

Pitiful human, don't you know the first thing about divinity? You must purify yourself first.

Again you can't enter. But when you return after ritually purifying yourself by bathing in the Nymph's pool (page 29) you are free to enter at last.



TEMPLE INTERIOR. You approach a large frieze depicting five Olympians. There's an automatic

transition to the frieze, full-screen.

VOICE ONE

Groveling mortal, know ye that this temple is sacred to the deity of arts and war. Which Olympian do you invoke?

You click on one of the three gods and two goddesses. Guess wrong, there's thunder and lightning, and you find yourself back outside. But if you click on Athena, the frieze rumbles up and out of the way, revealing a larger-than-life-size golden statue in a niche. If you talk to it, it emits an awesome light and comes to life.

ATHENA

When challenged to slay the Gorgon Medusa, never look that snake-haired hussy in the eye. Perhaps my shield might be of use...if you reflect upon it.

She extends her shield toward you and you see your reflection in the polished surface before it pings into your inventory. Athena disappears. The frieze rumbles back down again.



Temple Fork

It bears repeating that there were no stately ruins bedecking the roadside during the Age of Heroes. Magnificent temple architecture had not yet evolved. The only places of worship were natural shrines in caves and on hilltops, or private ones in households.

In this scene, you have a choice of ways to proceed.



Mycenae Chariot Stop

CHARIOT TERMINAL. You come to a building with a loading dock for chariots pulled by dragons. The point of the "dragon chariots" is to save you walking when you return from distant adventures. So if this is your first visit to a chariot stop, there's no dragon chariot parked outside, and the ticket booth inside is closed. By the time you've reached the next chariot stop, however, you will have done a lot of walking and will be happy to see that it is open for business. And when you return to this first chariot stop, it will be open too.

Inside, you find a ticket booth, some chairs, and a variety of travel posters. There's also a slot machine that is rigged so that you have enough gems to pay for chariot rides. On the audio track are the echoes associated with a huge space and the occasional announcement.

VOICE TWO

(female voice-over)

Argos Local boarding in 30 minutes,
making all stops: Corinth, Mycenae, Tiryns,
Epidaurus...

Talking to the Agent in the ticket booth or walking
towards him turns your point of view toward the
booth.

AGENT

Where to?

There's a Departures board to the left of the booth,
with a list of destinations. There are three functional
destinations (two of which are available at a given
chariot stop): Mycenae (**my-SEE-nee**), Mount Pelion
(**PEEL-ee-un**), and Hesperides (**hes-PER-i-deez**).
Together with these are four additional destinations:
Pylos (**PYE-lus**), Mantinea (**man-ti-NEE-uh**), Colchis
(**KOL-kis**), and Calydon (**KAL-i-don**). If you click on
a destination other than Mycenae, Mount Pelion, or
Hesperides (or try to buy more than one ticket for a
given destination), the Agent speaks.

AGENT

That flight's a little delayed. Try again next year.

Or:

AGENT

Oh, sorry. That flight's been cancelled.

Or there's the sound of a crash and:

AGENT

We don't talk about that one.

In the case of the two legitimate destinations:

AGENT

That'll be two gems.

If you pay him, a ticket pings into your inventory. You
walk out of the building and over to the chariot. There
is a transition to you climbing into the chariot and
standing behind the Charioteer. He turns to face you.

CHARIOTEER

Ticket please.

If you don't click the ticket on him, nothing further
happens. If you do, he speaks again, his voice suave
and polished like a flight attendant's.

CHARIOTEER

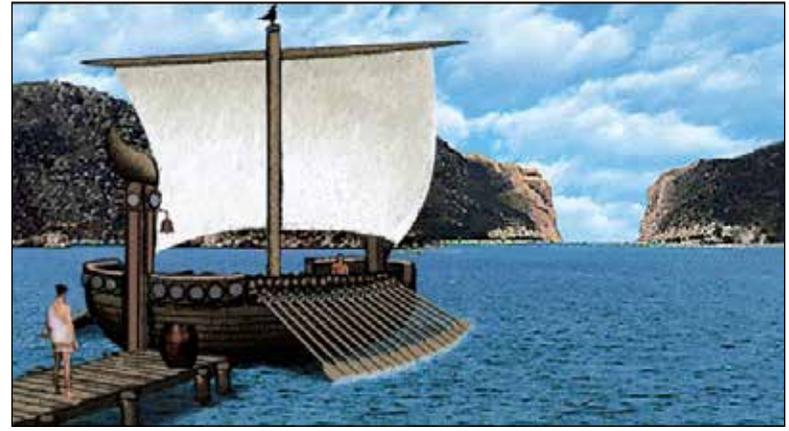
Welcome aboard. For your safety and
convenience we recommend that you hold
on for dear life.

Pulled by the flying dragon, the chariot takes off.



Beach 1

BEACH. You pass through this scene, walking along the seaside. Greek culture grew up around the sea. All the early sites of civilization were along the coast and on the islands of the Aegean (**i-JEE-an**). The sea was the highway that linked the Greeks together and permitted their innovations to spread outward, to the shores of the Black Sea, to Italy, Sicily, and Africa.



Clashing Rocks

SHIP AT DOCK. This is an episode from the myth of Jason and the Argonauts. When Jason arrived in Iolcus (**eye-ALL-kus**) to claim the throne that by rights was his, his uncle Pelias (**PEL-ee-us**) had no intention of giving it up. "What would you do to get rid of someone who was giving you difficulties?" Pelias asked his nephew.

"Send him after the Golden Fleece?" suggested Jason, anxious to show a kingly knack for problem solving.

"Not a bad idea," responded Pelias. "It's just the sort of quest that any hero worth his salt would leap at. Why, if he succeeded he'd be remembered down through the ages. Tell you what, why don't you go?"

And so it came to pass that word went out the length and breadth of Greece that Jason was looking for shipmates to embark upon a perilous but highly

glamorous adventure. And despite the fact that Pelias had been attracted to the idea precisely because of the miniscule chances of anyone surviving to lay eyes upon the Fleece let alone get past the guarding dragon and return with the prize, large numbers of heroes were ready to run the risk. Among them were Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules) and the heroine Atalanta (**at-uh-LAN-tuh**). So Jason arranged to have a ship constructed by the worthy shipwright Argus (**AR-gus**), who in a fit of vanity named the vessel more or less after himself, calling her the “Argo.”

Argus had divine sponsorship in his task. The goddess Hera (**HEE-ruh**), who had it in for Pelias, enlisted the aid of her fellow goddess Athena (**a-THEE-nuh**). This patroness of crafts secured a prow for the vessel from timber hewn at the sacred grove of almighty Zeus. This prow had the magical property of speaking—and prophesying—in a human voice.

And so one bright autumn morning the Argo set out to sea, her benches crewed by lusty ranks of heroic rowers. And true to Pelias’s fondest aspirations, it wasn’t long before big troubles assailed the company. After stopping for better than a fortnight on an island populated exclusively by women, they put in at Salmydessus (**sal-mih-DESS-us**).

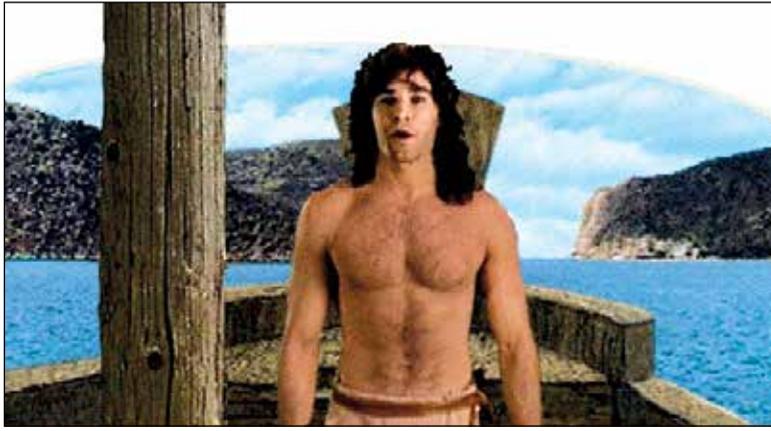
The king welcomed them but was in no mood for festive entertainment. Because he’d offended the gods, he’d been set upon by woman-headed, bird-bodied, razor-clawed scourges known as Harpies (**HAR-pee-z**). These Harpies were possessed of reprehensible table manners. Every evening at dinnertime, they dropped

by to defecate upon the king’s repast and hung around making such a racket that he wouldn’t have been able to eat had he the stomach for it.

As a result, King Phineus (**FIN-ee-us**) grew thinner by the hour. Fortunately two of Jason’s crew were direct descendants of the North Wind, which gave them the power to fly. And they kindly chased the Harpies so far away that the king was never bothered again. In thankfulness, he informed the Argonauts of a danger just ahead on the route to the Golden Fleece—namely two rocks called the Symplegades (**sim-PLUG-uh-deez**), which had the disconcerting habit of crashing together upon any ship that passed between them.

Phineus suggested that it might be best not to experience the effect of these Clashing Rocks firsthand. And he even suggested a mechanism by which this might be avoided. If someone or something could be induced to pass between the crags first, causing them to clash together, the Argo could follow quickly behind, passing through safely before the Symplegades were ready to snap shut again. By means of this device, Jason caused the rocks to spring together prematurely. The Argo was able to pass between them relatively unscathed. Only her very stern was nipped and splintered.

A ship awaits you at the end of a pier. Before you clamber aboard, you look at the barrel of hardtack on the pier. If you click on it, you help yourself to a handful.



ONBOARD SHIP. Once you're aboard, a Sailor greets you.

SAILOR

Aye, welcome aboard the Argo, finest ship that ever sailed, built with the help of the gods. They even installed a talking timber. Darn thing won't shut up!

TALKING PROW

Stop me if you've heard this one. Guy comes into a tailor shop holding a pair of pants. Tailor says, "Euripides?" Guy says, "Yeah, Eumenides?"

(Euripides (**yoo-RIP-i-deez**) was one of the great playwrights of Classical Greece. The Eumenides (**yoo-MEN-i-deez**) were goddesses of fertility. This ancient joke is based on their name sounding a little like "You

mend-a deze?")

SAILOR

See what I mean? Up ahead are the Clashing Rocks... You want to take her through?

The scene freezes. There are five areas of interest: the oarsmen, the ship's prow, a bell, and a bird on the yardarm. Click the bell and it rings. Talk to the Prow:

PROW

Get it? The guy's pants are torn, so the tailor says "Euripides?"

And:

PROW

Stick around, I got a million of 'em.

And:

PROW

Really, stick around. I got more.

It is only if you further persist in talking to the Prow that you get the hint on the next page. If you click on the bird, this animates you waving your arms and shoeing it. Clicking on the oars starts the rowers in action. The boat moves toward the Clashing Rocks and into the passage between them. Cut to your face in terror as the Rocks slam together and smash the ship.

OLYMPUS. Transition to Mount Olympus. If you haven't talked to the Prow yet:

ZEUS

(exasperated, shaking his head)

So you're the young upstart who just smashed the Argo to pieces. Let me see if I've got this straight. You're given a custom boat and you don't even try out the options? Next time check out *all* the bells and whistles.

Zeus waves you away like a minor annoyance and you dematerialize. You find yourself back on the pier. When you climb aboard the ship, the Sailor greets you.

SAILOR

Oh my gods, fellas, he's back. You sure you want to take her through again?

You remember Zeus's admonition and speak to the Prow.

PROW

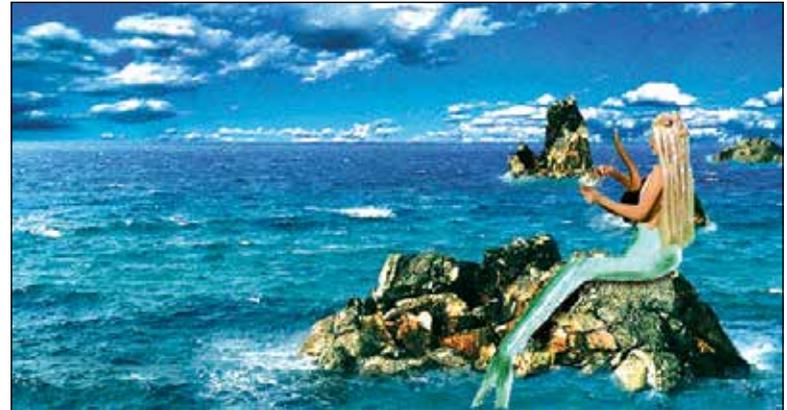
At long last you finally ask
For speech right from the heart
I've languished here for weeks and weeks
With wisdom to impart
Before you pass between the rocks
You'll have to spring the trap
Lest valiant Argo and all her crew
Be pounded into...pieces.

If you've had this hint but still crash, you find yourself on Olympus again.

ZEUS

Let me see if I've got this straight. I give you a talking prow, and you don't even pay attention.

If, however, you realize that "springing the trap" means luring the bird between the Clashing Rocks, you take the hardtack from your inventory and click it on the passage between the rocks. This animates you throwing the hardtack toward the rocks. The bird flies between them. The Rocks clash together and then open up again. You click on the oars and the boat moves forward. Cut to yourself in the perilous moment of passage. You flinch and say "uh oh" but the Rocks slam behind you. You hold up your arms in victory and receive 25 points.



Siren

SEASCAPE WITH ROCKS. Having made it through the Clashing Rocks, you're still at sea and approaching

a rock on which a lovely Siren perches. There were actually two or three Sirens, who had the bodies of women with bird heads and bird feet, or bird bodies with women's heads and voices. Some say that they acquired this form when, as attendants to the goddess Demeter (**dee-MEE-tur**), they witnessed the abduction of her daughter Persephone (**per-SEF-uh-nee**) by Hades (**HAY-deez**), god of the dead. Persephone was gathering flowers in a meadow one day when a huge crack opened up and Hades emerged in his chariot. He snatched up Persephone and descended to his realm again. Demeter, goddess of the harvest, was heartbroken, and while she wandered the length and breadth of the earth in search of her daughter, the crops withered and it became perpetual winter. At length Hades was persuaded to surrender Persephone for one half of every year, the spring and summer seasons when flowers bloomed and the earth bore fruit once more. The half-year that Persephone spends in the Underworld as Hades' queen coincides with the barren season.

The Sirens, meanwhile, had been punished with bird legs for not thwarting the abduction, or they were given wings to extend the scope of Demeter's search for Persephone. In later years they settled on a rock in the West, off the coast of what is now called Italy. Here the sweetness of their singing, together with the strains of the flute and lyre, lured sailors to their doom. Those who heard the haunting melody lost all thought of home and languished on the Sirens' rock until they died. Or they forgot their sailorly craft and shipwreck ensued. When the Argonauts passed on their return from Colchis (**KOL-kis**) with the Golden Fleece, Orpheus (**ORE-fee-us**) saved his crewmates

from this fate by his own singing and plucking of the lyre. Some claim that he simply drowned out the Sirens; other says that he sang more sweetly.

Forewarned of their musical reputation, Odysseus (**oh-DISS-ee-us**) also saved his ships when passing the Sirens' lair. He plugged up the ears of his crew but, wishing to hear what all the fuss was about, he left his own unplugged. He took the precaution, though, of having himself tied to the mast. So he couldn't grab the tiller and make for the rocks when, true to their reputation, the Sirens lured him on.

SAILOR

Captain, sir, we're about to pass the Siren. Her song's so sweet, it makes you lose your mind and crash into the rocks... You take the tiller.

At this point you should select the beeswax in your inventory and click it on yourself. This triggers an animation of you sticking the wax in your ears. You click on the tiller, which causes you to take hold of it. The ship begins to pass the rock on which the Siren is sitting. Without wax in your ears, you crash into some smaller rocks in the background; the boat sinks and you wash up on Beach 2 (next page). With wax in your ears, you float safely behind the Siren's rock. The scene transitions soon after the prow goes behind the rock, so you don't have all that much time to think of clicking on the Siren as you go past, either to try to take her lyre or to get her to play her melody. If however you do think to click on her, she plays a sequence of four notes on the lyre. She repeats the pattern and you see the exact sequence in which she

plays the notes (the lyre's strings come up in the black below the screen and glow in sequence: 2-1-3-4). You will need to play this pattern to win the Golden Fleece (page 43). (It turns out you can't take the Siren's lyre.)

Once past the Siren rocks you're on open sea again. The Sailor approaches, beaming. His lips move like he's talking enthusiastically, but there's no sound. By clicking on your head, you remove the wax from your ears. Suddenly you can hear the sailor talk.

SAILOR

Way to go! You did it. You made it through the Rocks. You're a hero!



Taverna

BEACHFRONT HUT. If you walk down the beach to the right, you find a beachfront taverna—just the place to acquire something to knock out the Cyclops (page 46).

Be it for a hero of ancient times or her counterpart today, there's nothing quite like a day at the beach to work up a thirst. A modern hero would know better than to drink alcohol in such a situation, but wine was a popular drink in ancient heroic times. To say that the Greeks of that era drank it like water would not be too great an exaggeration. But they also drank it *with* water, mixing in a goodly proportion to dilute the intoxicating effect.

Fortunately that does not seem to be the practice in this particular taverna, because it requires a large quantity of undiluted intoxicant to put a Cyclops to



Beach 2

BEACH. You find yourself ashore once again. The ship that carried you safely past the Siren is anchored offshore. Or, if you were shipwrecked, the scene opens with you washed up on this beach.

sleep. The bartender is wiping the bar with a towel and whistling. If you talk to him:

BARTENDER

Oh, you look a little worn out. How about a nice cool bottle of retsina? It's got a kick that would fell an ox. That'll be one gem.

If you pay the man, he hands you the bottle, you heft it and take a big swig of Greek wine. You keel over backwards. He moves the bottle and says:

BARTENDER

Easy there, old buddy. You better take the rest with you.

Then he goes back to whistling and wiping the bar. You click on the bottle to take it, and it pings into your inventory.



Aeëtes

EDGE OF GLOWING FOREST. Near an impenetrable grove you come upon King Aeëtes (**ee-EE-teez**), from the myth of Jason and the Argonauts. Aeëtes ruled the barbarian kingdom of Colchis (**KOL-kis**) on the frontier of the heroic world. He and his people were not kindly disposed toward strangers. When Jason arrived in quest of the Golden Fleece, Aeëtes feigned hospitality but did what he could to cause the hero's demise. On an earlier occasion, however, Aeëtes had extended a gracious hand to a visitor from Jason's home town. This may have been due to the newcomer's unorthodox mode of transportation. For he arrived on the back of a golden-fleeced flying ram. The stranger's name was Phrixus (**FRIK-sus**) and he and his sister had been on the point of being sacrificed when the ram carried them off. The sister, whose name was Helle (**HEL-ee**), had fallen from the ram's back into the narrow strait which came to be called the Hellespont (**HEL-es-pont**) in her memory. But Phrixus arrived safely in Colchis, where he sacrificed the ram to the gods and hung its fleece in a grove. Aeëtes gave him the hand of one of his daughters in marriage.

Aeëtes must realize that you are on the same quest as Jason, for he feigns hospitality:

AEËTES

Greetings, stranger! I'm the King of Colchis. And in yonder grove is my fabulous Golden Fleece. You're welcome to the treasure, for many have tried to take it—and all have failed.



Golden Fleece

GROVE. Entering the forest behind King Aeëtes, you emerge in a small clearing where the Golden Fleece hangs from a spike on a thorn tree. If you click on it, suddenly there's a roar and the dragon arrives, breathing fire.

We left off the tale of the hero Jason at the point where Medea (**meh-DEE-uh**) of Colchis (**KOL-kis**) helped him harness the fire-breathing bulls and harvest the crop of warriors that grew from the field which he had sown ([page 17](#)). Jason had asked Medea's father politely if he might have the Golden Fleece, to take home to Iolcus (**eye-ALL-kus**) and win his spurs as a hero. And King Aeëtes, masking his hatred of strangers, had said "Surely"—upon completion of the bull-and-seedmen challenge. Now he had no choice but to pretend that he'd give the Fleece to Jason, but he had no intention of doing so. Unfortunately from his point of view, he committed the tactical error of divulging his true

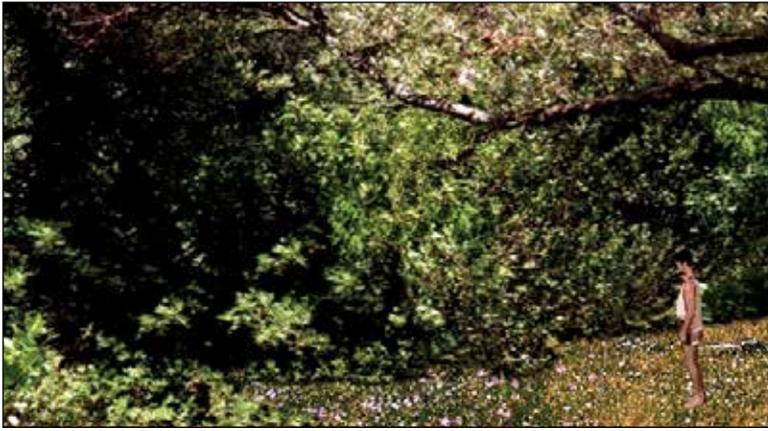
intentions to his daughter. And Medea, who had been entranced by the Goddess of Love, confided them in turn to Jason.

And so at midnight they crept into the sacred precincts of Ares (**AIR-eez**), god of war. Jason, ever the hothead, whipped out his sword, but Medea wisely restrained his impetuosity. Instead, she used more subtle means to subvert the monster's vigilance. With a magical herb and a magical chant, she put the beast to sleep.

You click on your sword and attack. At first it seems you're doing well, but then the tide turns in the dragon's favor and you're scorched to a crisp. There's a fade out and you find yourself in the Underworld, in the Tantalus scene (below).

When you come back with the lyre that you have taken from Orpheus ([page 54](#)), you select it in your inventory and click it on yourself. Numbered strings appear in the black below the picture window. Click on the strings in the order given you by the Siren ([page 39](#)): 2-1-3-4.

The dragon falls asleep. Victoriously you hold aloft the Golden Fleece while receiving 50 points. The Fleece's removal from the place where it hung reveals a new path off through the trees, into the Thicket scene (next page).



Thicket

GLOOMY THICKET. If you do the adventures in a different order and enter this scene before you have retrieved the Golden Fleece (previous page), you'll see a glow coming through a gap in the trees, emanating from the back side of the Fleece. After you acquire the Fleece, the gap is open and you can pass through the thicket.

Tantalus

HADES CATACOMB WITH POOL. Having been killed by the dragon guarding the Golden Fleece (previous page), you find yourself in Tartarus (**TAR-tuh-rus**), Underworld zone of eternal punishment. Here you encounter Tantalus (**TAN-tuh-lus**), who is in the process of being punished for his sins. The word "tantalize" comes from the plight of this mythological character, who so offended the gods that he was condemned in the afterlife to an eternity



of hunger and thirst. He was made to stand in a pool in Tartarus, and each time he reached down for the water that beckoned to his parched lips, it drained away. Overhanging the pool were boughs laden with luscious fruit. But each time Tantalus stretched to pluck this juicy sustenance, the boughs receded from his grasp. For his crime, which may have involved stealing ambrosia from the gods, this great sinner was tantalized indeed.

As you arrive in this scene, Tantalus reaches up for some grapes but the vine moves up and out of his reach. His exasperated expression barely changes as he notices you.

TANTALUS

So, what, they're giving tours of the Zone of Punishment now? The name's Tantalus. Do me a favor, will you? Reach me down a few of those grapes.

Tantalus gestures at the grape vine hanging over the pool. You click the hand cursor on the grapes but they keep swinging up and out of the way, only to droop down again.

TANTALUS

Darn! The same thing happens to me. Oh well...a word to the wise about dragons... Sometimes a song is mightier than the sword.

If you explore the adjacent scenes and then return to this one, Tantalus is reaching down to get water but the water drains away.

TANTALUS

You wouldn't happen to have a glass of water on ya?

If you are killed again by the dragon, you arrive to find Tantalus reaching for some fruit or trying to get some water. He can't get either of course, and he snaps his fingers in incongruously lighthearted aggravation. If you talk to him:

TANTALUS

Back again, eh? I guess you need music lessons. Come back later and I'll tell you where to get 'em.

If you heed his injunction about coming back later by simply going into the next scene and immediately returning:

TANTALUS

When it comes to melodies, no one outdoes the Siren.

There's also a gem to be picked up in this scene.



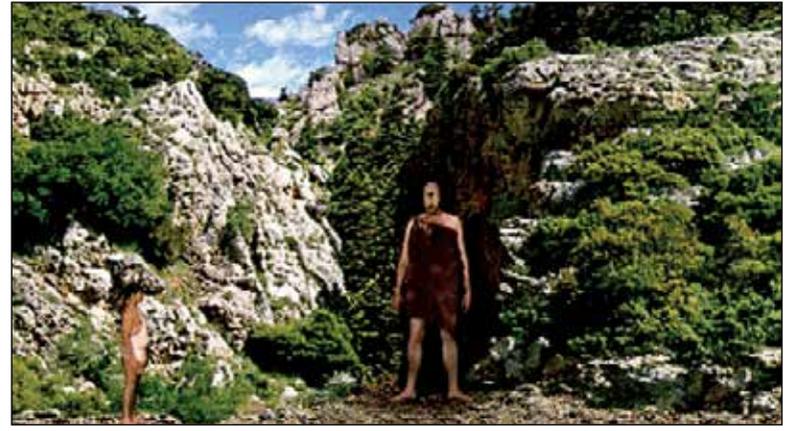
Stalagmite

CAVE WITH STALAGMITE. Leaving Tantalus, you enter an Underworld grotto with a huge stalagmite at the far end. You break it up with the sledgehammer or your sword and open a passage out of the Underworld.



Hades Portal 2

CAVE MOUTH. This is where you emerge from the Underworld after meeting Tantalus (previous page). A convenient billboard points you back to the Golden Fleece. If you enter this cave before you've met Tantalus, it's a dead end because the back side of a stalagmite (previous page) is in your way.



Cyclops

PASSAGE BETWEEN CLIFFS. You come to a narrow defile blocked by a Cyclops (**SYE-klops**) straight out of the myth of Odysseus (**oh-DISS-ee-us**). It was that hero and his shipmates who encountered a Cyclops on their ill-fated return from the Trojan War. This nine-year conflict had pitted the Greeks against the city of Troy, on the western coast of what is now Turkey. The Greeks had finally triumphed, but many would not live to enjoy it. Odysseus and his shipmates were blown far off course, and after a number of perils they reached a small wooded island, where they beached the vessels and gave thought to provisions. Odysseus had noticed a larger island nearby, from which came the sound of bleating goats. This was encouraging to his growling stomach, and he detailed a scouting party and led it to the far shore. Here they found a huge goat pen outside a cave and, inside, all the cheeses and meat they could desire. They were

lounging in drowsy contentment when the shepherd came home.

The sight of him brought the Greeks to fullest attention. He was as big as a barn, with a single glaring eye in the middle of his forehead. He was one of the Cyclopes (**sy-KLOH-pee-z**), giant blacksmiths who had built Olympus (**oh-LIM-pus**) for the gods. This particular Cyclops was named Polyphemus (**pol-i-FEE-mus**). He and his neighbors lived like hermits with their flocks. If the Greeks were shocked, Polyphemus was pleasantly surprised. For here before him at his own hearth was a treat that would nicely vary his diet.

Taking care to roll a boulder into the mouth of the cave—a stone so huge that even a full crew of heroes could not stir it—he promptly snatched up the nearest two of Odysseus’s men, bashed out their brains on the floor, and popped them into his mouth. Then with a belch he curled up in a corner and drifted happily to sleep. Odysseus naturally was beside himself with concern. What had he led his men into?

There was nothing for it, though, but to wait out the night in terror, for the boulder blocked the door. In the morning the Cyclops rolled the massive stone aside, called his goats together, and let them out, some to pasture and others to the pen in the yard. Then he sealed the entrance again. That night he had more Greeks for dinner.

Desperate, Odysseus conceived a plan. To begin with, he offered the Cyclops wine. This was especially potent wine, which he and his men had brought

ashore in skins. The Greeks customarily mixed water with their wine to dilute its strength. But the Cyclops had never drunk wine before, diluted or not, and it went straight to his head. Before he conked out, he asked Odysseus his name.

“Nobody,” replied the hero.

“Well, Mr. Nobody, I like you,” said the Cyclops drowsily. “In fact, I like you so much that I’m going to do you a favor. I’ll eat you last.

With these encouraging words he fell fast asleep. Odysseus jumped up and put his men to work. They put a sharp point on the end of a pole and hardened it in the fire. Then, with a mighty “heave-ho,” they rammed it into the Cyclops’s eye.

In agony Polyphemus groped about blindly for his tormentors, but the Greeks dodged him all night long. “Help, come quickly!” he shouted at one point, and his fellow Cyclopes came running.

“What’s the matter?” they called in at the mouth of the cave.

“I’m blinded and in agony,” roared Polyphemus.

“Whose fault is it?” they shouted back.

“Nobody’s,” said Polyphemus.

“Well, in that case,” responded the Cyclops as they departed, “you’ve got a lot of nerve bothering us.”

In the morning, as usual, Polyphemus called his flock together and rolled the boulder aside to let them out. He planted himself in the door to bar the Greeks' escape. Muttering at great length to his ram, he sought sympathy for his affliction. "Whatever you do," he told the beast, "don't trust Greeks."

So saying, he stroked the animal's woolly back and sent him from the cave. Little did he know that Odysseus himself clung to the ram's belly. And, in a similar fashion, his shipmates had already escaped beneath the rest of the flock. When Polyphemus realized the deception he rushed to the seaside, where Odysseus and his men were rowing hard for safety. The hero could not resist a taunt.

"Just to set the record straight, the name's Odysseus," he called across the water. "But you have Nobody to thank for your troubles—nobody but yourself, that is."

With a mighty curse Polyphemus threw a boulder which almost swamped the ship. But the rowers redoubled their efforts. They left the blinded Cyclops raging impotently on the shore.

If you click on the Cyclops who confronts you, or on the road trying to get past him, he turns and eyes you hungrily.

CYCLOPS

Oh boy! Me Cyclops. You dinner!

If you poke the Cyclops with your sword:

CYCLOPS

Hee, hee, dat tickles.

If you show him the eye chart from the Market ([page 77](#)), he covers his ears. The trick is to offer him wine from the Taverna ([page 41](#)) or the Market ([page 77](#)).

CYCLOPS

Tank you. Because you so nice me won't eat you 'til me finished drinking.

He guzzles the wine and passes out.



Hades Portal 3

CAVE ENTRANCE. This scene offers a choice of routes, one of which leads into a cave which turns out to be a portal into Hades (**HAY-deez**).

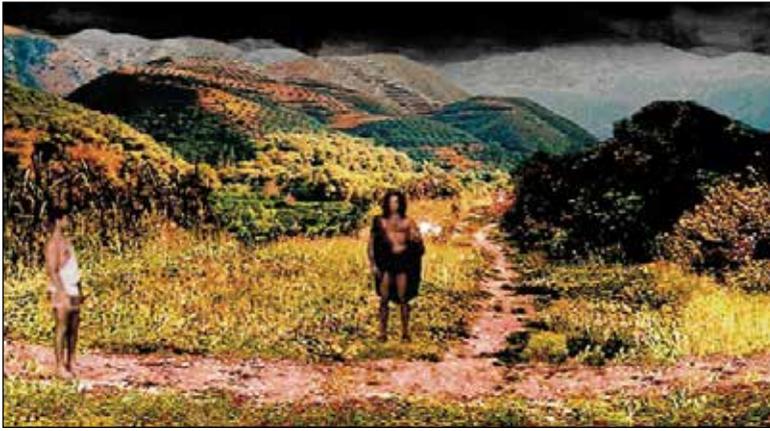
There were two ways to get to the Underworld. The first and simplest was to die. All mortals traveled to

the kingdom of the god Hades after death. The other way was only open to gods or heroes, who could proceed with caution to Hades' realm via certain natural chasms and caves. The most popular of these seems to have been Taenarum (**TEE-nuh-rum**) in Laconia (**luh-KOH-nee-uh**). This is where Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**) descended in fulfillment of his Labor to bring back the hellhound Cerberus (**SUR-bur-us**) to the land of the living. And this was the portal chosen by Theseus (**THEE-see-us**) and his companion Peirithoüs (**pye-RITH-oh-us**) on their ill-fated venture to abduct Hades' queen Persephone (**per-SEF-uh-nee**). And some say that it was via Taenarum that Orpheus (**ORE-fee-us**) pursued his wife Euridice (**yoo-RID-i-see**) when, bitten by a snake, she shared the common fate in journeying to the afterlife below. But others maintain that Orpheus's entrance was Aornum (**a-ORE-num**) in Thesprotis (**thes-PROH-tis**). Before becoming a fully fledged member of the godly council on Mount Olympus, the wine-god Dionysus (**dye-oh-NYE-sus**) brought his mother up from Hades. She was the heroine Semele (**SEM-uh-lee**), who had been consumed by lightning when she asked Zeus (**ZOOS**) to reveal to her his true nature as storm god. To retrieve her from the Underworld, Dionysus went to Lerna (**LUR-nuh**) and dove into the Alcyonian (**al-see-OH-nee-an**) Lake, which has no bottom.



Hades Crossroads

CATACOMB. If you enter this catacomb for the first time through Hades Portal 3 (previous page), there's only one way to proceed—towards the Elysian Fields (next page). But eventually other passages open up and this becomes a crossroads.



Elysian Fields 1

SURREALLY BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE. On his epic return from the Trojan War, the hero Odysseus (**oh-DISS-ee-us**) made a side trip to hell. He had been advised by a witch that only the blind prophet Teiresias (**tye-REE-see-us**) could tell him how to find his way home at last. And Teiresias happened to be dead. So Odysseus sailed west until he reached the stream of Ocean, the broad river that encircles the earth (or so the ancient Greeks conceived their geography). And here he found the frontier of Hades (**HAY-deez**). At the confluence of the infernal rivers Styx (**STIKS**) and Acheron (**ACK-uh-ron**), Odysseus dug a pit and poured sacrificial blood into it. At which the ghosts of the dead thronged up, eager to drink the vital liquid and regain their living strength.

Odysseus held them all at bay until he had talked to Teiresias, and then he decided to speak to various other deceased celebrities. Among these was the great

hero Achilles (**a-KILL-eez**). Achilles had been the best fighter of the Greeks besieging Troy. He had slain the Trojan hero Hector in single combat and was only brought down himself by the connivance of the god Apollo (**uh-POL-oh**). Now he lived in paramount honor among the heroic dead. Odysseus hailed him as first among mortals while living and now virtually on a par with the gods, albeit consigned to Hades.

“Enough, smooth-talking Odysseus!” Achilles interrupted. “I’d rather be a lowly farmhand—and a living man—than king of these hollow dead.”

Then cheered somewhat by tidings of the prowess of his son, he went striding off across the fields of asphodel (**ASS-fuh-del**), a gray and ghostly flower. Such was the version of Hades sung of by the minstrel Homer. And though others sang of the fields of Elysium (**i-LIH-zhum**), where the likes of Achilles lived on in splendid company, in pleasant surroundings, in heroic pursuits of the hunt and banquet, Achilles’ words haunt the memory. Though the humblest toil await, far sweeter is the dawn’s pink light under an open sky than the strange paradise at the edge of the western world.

You come upon a semi-transparent Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**) in a zone that looks a lot more attractive than the rest of Hades, because these are the Fields of Elysium. When the great hero speaks, he refers to himself by his more familiar Roman name:

HERACLES

Surprised to find Hercules in Hades? These are the Elysian Fields, where the cool guys

go when they croak.

If indeed you are surprised to find Heracles down here, the explanation is that the mortal status of Greek mythological heroes was subject to varying interpretations. Most heroes were sons of gods, and as such at least semi-divine. But this by no means meant that they automatically got to go to heavenly Mount Olympus when they died. Perseus (**PUR-see-us**) achieved immortality of a sort by being made into a starry constellation. The Dioscuri (**dye-us-KOO-ree**), or Hero Twins, were originally accorded a mixed blessing: Polydeuces (**pol-i-DYOO-seez**)—better known by his Roman name Pollux (**POL-uks**)—was deemed godly enough to be admitted to Olympus, while his brother Castor (**CASS-ter**) was dispatched to Hades as a mere mortal. But Polydeuces interceded on his twin's behalf, on the plea that he could not bear eternal separation. The gods relented to the extent that the two were allowed to remain together forever, spending half the year deep in the earth beneath their shrine in Sparta and the other half on the airy heights of Olympus.

Heracles was the only hero to become a full-fledged god upon his demise, but even in his case there was his mortal aspect to be dealt with. He received special consideration because he had aided the Olympians in their epic battle against the Giants. These Titanic sons of Mother Earth had piled up mountains upon mountains in order to storm the godly citadel, and the deities of Olympus would never have prevailed without Heracles and his bow. By virtue of his spectacular achievements, even by heroic standards, Heracles was given a home on Mount Olympus and

a goddess for a wife. But part of him had come not from his father Zeus but from his mortal mother Alcmene (**alk-MEE-nee**), and that part was sent to the Underworld. As a phantasm it eternally roams the Elysian (**i-LIH-zhun**) Fields in the company of other heroes—thereby proving that in the case of the truly exceptional, you can indeed be in two places at once.

If you return to this scene because you couldn't find your way through Infernal Darkness ([page 53](#)) and you talk to Heracles, he gives you a solemn hint:

HERACLES

If, in the pride and vaunting of your conquering heart, you aspire to be a hero...

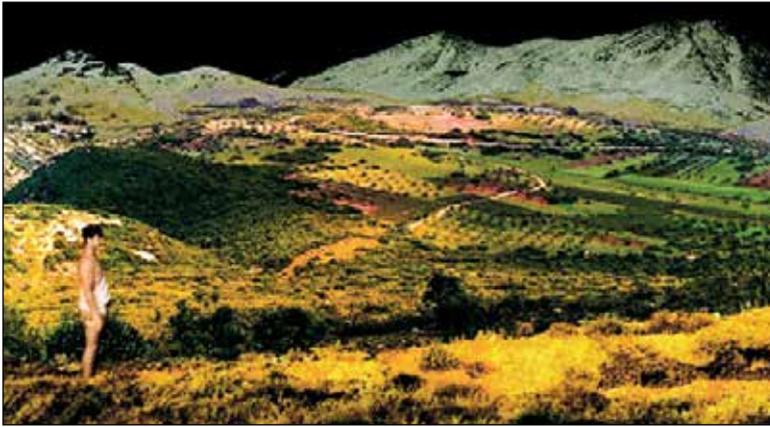
(pause)

Ya gotta eat your vegetables.

When you return after talking to Theseus ([page 55](#)):

HERACLES

Need a hand? Always happy to oblige a youngster comin' up through the ranks.



Elysian Fields 2

ANOTHER SURREALLY BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE. After you've been to Jousting (facing column), Perseus follows you back into this scene and calls to you.

PERSEUS

Hey kid!

You have to click the talk icon on him for him to continue:

PERSEUS

(hesitant, uncomfortable)

Um...there's something that you really ought to know about, well, about your mother and your ... father.

(anguished pause)

I... That is... Well, I...

(blurring it out)

Well, I'm really not supposed to tell you about this. Let's just say that you're shaping up to be a real chip off the old block.



Jousting

YET ANOTHER SURREALLY BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE. When they died, heroes went to the Elysian (**i-LIH-zhun**) Fields to pass an eternity in the pursuits of a heroic leisure—hunting, feasting, and bragging. It is not unreasonable to suppose that these activities included sparring of one sort or another. Having spent their mortal careers hacking, hewing, and stabbing at monsters and opponents, no doubt the heroes would have wanted to stay in shape. And thus it is no surprise to come upon the great Perseus (**PUR-see-us**) and Jason engaged in jousting with staves.

PERSEUS

Jason and the Argonauts, ha!

He loudly bangs the other's staff to emphasize the "ha!"

PERSEUS

(continues)

You couldn't kill a gnat with that thing.

JASON

Yeah? Your mother wears Spartan army boots.

If you talk to Jason, he turns to camera and clears his throat in preparation to recite:

JASON

They sing my praises all through Greece
For I brought back the Golden Fleece.
If you would duplicate my feat
The fearsome dragon you must beat.

If you talk to Perseus:

PERSEUS

You can say you got this tip from the hero
Perseus himself, so listen carefully:

(pause)

From rosy-fingered dawn 'til dusk
I fought the Gorgon drear,
But never would have won renown
Without some godly gear.

They freeze. You can take Jason's staff and hold it in your hands, after which it pings into your inventory. Perseus's staff is partly obscured by his body. If you take it, it simply pings straight into inventory. You can't take both.



Infernal Darkness

PITCH-BLACK HADES CATACOMB. Back before there were imposing temples like the Parthenon (**PAR-theh-non**) on the Acropolis (**a-KROP-uh-lis**) in Athens, people worshipped in caves and other natural spots where the power of the supernatural seemed strongest. In the dark recesses of a cave, of course, worship would have been impossible without the keenest of vision or some sort of light. And in the presence of stalagmites and stalactites and other strange subterranean excretions, the eyesight could easily be tricked by shadows cast by the flickering

light. Even today the guides at the birth cave of Zeus (**ZOOS**) on Mount Dicte (**DIK-tee**) in Crete (**KREET**) will train their flashlights in such a way as to show you the profile of the sleeping godly infant.

You click your way into this scene and suddenly you can't see anymore. You'll need the carrot from the Firewood scene ([page 59](#)). Eating it lights the scene dimly and you can proceed.



Orpheus and Eurydice

HADES CATACOMB WITH ASCENDING PATH. Orpheus (**ORE-fee-us**) had been taught to play the lyre by Apollo (**uh-POL-oh**), and such was his skill on the instrument, together with the sweetness of his singing voice, that he could charm wild animals and even cause trees to uproot themselves and follow in his steps. Jason and the Argonauts took him along when they quested after the Golden Fleece, and

Orpheus saved them from shipwreck by drowning out the treacherously alluring voices of the Sirens with his own musical stylings.

Orpheus fell in love with a nymph (**NIMF**) named Eurydice (**yoo-RID-i-see**) and blissful was their life together until one day she was pursued by a son of Apollo, the minor deity Aristaeus (**air-is-TEE-us**). In her headlong eagerness to escape, she stepped on a poisonous snake, was bitten, and died. Disconsolate, Orpheus found a cave which led to Hades and followed Eurydice to the Underworld. Here his musical charms were so persuasive that the King of the Dead permitted the minstrel to take his sweetheart home with him—on one condition.

This condition was so simple that it takes some explaining to account for Orpheus's failure to heed it. Perhaps he could not bear to keep his eyes off their beloved object for a moment longer. Perhaps he wanted to share his rapture at bird song and sunshine as they approached the mouth of the cave. Or maybe he wanted Eurydice to hear the latest lick that he had worked out on his lyre. In any case, he did the one thing he had been forbidden. He turned around and looked at Eurydice, and she was lost to him forever.

Orpheus swore he would never love another, and it may have been the steadfastness of this vow that caused certain wild women of Thrace to tear him limb from limb in a fit of jealousy. They threw his head into a river, and it kept on singing all the way to the sea.

When you enter this scene, a conversation is in progress.

EURIDICE

Just remember, Orpheus dear, Hades said you could take me with you to the land of the living on one condition. You must not look back.

ORPHEUS

(looking back over his shoulder)

What was that, honey?

Euridice vanishes. Orpheus reacts in horror. Talking to him has no effect—he's frozen in despair. You can proceed past him and up the spiral ramp and out of the scene. You can also take his lyre before you go.



Theseus

HADES CATACOMB. It was the custom in early Greek historical times for the younger sons of noble houses to embark, in the fine sailing months of

autumn, upon the honorable occupation of piracy. When Theseus (**THEE-see-us**) received word that one such pirate and his crew were making off with the royal Athenian herds at Marathon, he raced to the seaside plain. He grabbed the miscreant by the scruff and spun him around to give him what for. But the moment king and pirate laid eyes upon one another, their enmity was forgotten.

“You’ve caught me fair and square,” said Peirithoüs (**pye-RITH-oh-us**), for this was the pirate’s name, and he was of the royal house of the Thessalian Lapiths (**the-SAY-lee-un LAP-iths**). “Name your punishment and it shall be done,” said he, “for I like the looks of you.”

The admiration being mutual, Theseus named as penance an oath of perpetual friendship, and the two clasped hands upon it. And so, in the fullness of time, when Theseus decided to carry off young Helen of Sparta, Peirithoüs agreed to lend a hand. This was the same Helen whose face would “launch a thousand ships” when, as Helen of Troy, the lover and captive of the Trojan Paris, she caused the allies of her husband Menelaus (**men-uh-LAY-us**) to wage the Trojan War to bring her home.

At the time of Theseus’s contemplated abduction, however, she was a mere lass of thirteen. And Theseus, having succeeded in spirited her off with Peirithoüs’s assistance, left her with his mother for safekeeping while he went about his business and she grew of marriageable age. But before this had come to pass she was rescued by her brothers, the hero twins, Castor (**CASS-ter**) and Pollux (**POL-uks**), whose conjoined

starry constellation still brightens the night sky between fellow heroes Orion (**oh-RYE-un**) and Perseus (**PUR-see-us**).

One day not long after this escapade, Peirithoüs drew Theseus aside and spoke to him earnestly. “Remember when I agreed to help you with Helen?” he inquired, “and you pledged to help me in turn in any little outing of a similar nature?”

Theseus nodded and muttered yes.

“Good,” responded Peirithoüs. “Spoken like a true pal. Well, I’ve picked my little exploit. I’ve decided to make off with Persephone (**pur-SEF-uh-nee**), wife of Hades (**HAY-deez**), King of the Dead.”

Theseus was speechless at the very idea of this sacrilege, but a pledge is a pledge. And so the two set off for the Underworld via one of the convenient caverns leading thereto. And at length they fetched up before the throne of Hades. Lacking any false modesty, Peirithoüs boldly stated his business, adding that he was sure the god would concede that Persephone would be happier with himself.

Hades feigned consent. “Very well,” he said. “If you love her that much and you’re sure the feeling’s mutual, you may have Persephone. But first, join me in a cordial. Please, take a seat.”

He gestured at a bench nearby, and the two heroes, little thinking it was bewitched, seated themselves upon it. And here they stuck like glue. Meanwhile, Hades loosed a flock of torments upon them in the form of serpents and Furies and the fangs of the

hellhound Cerberus (**SUR-buh-rus**), not to mention the infamous water of Tartarus (**TAR-tuh-rus**) that recedes as parched lips draw near.

And here the two heroes would be stuck today, were it not for the fact that Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules) happened to be passing by on one of his Labors. Seeing his cousin Theseus’s plight he freed him with one heroic yank, leaving only a small portion of his hind parts adhering to the bench. But Heracles couldn’t or wouldn’t free Peirithoüs. And so Theseus’s pal pays for eternity the price of his heroic audacity.

You come upon a hero, sitting on a stone bench.

THESEUS

Yo, it’s me—Theseus! Hades stuck me to this seat. All I did was try to carry off his Queen Persephone—what a killjoy. I’ve been waiting for a fellow hero to come along and pull me free. Do you mind? I’ll tell you a secret in return.

You click the hand cursor on Theseus, which animates you yanking on him—to no effect.

THESEUS

That’s what I was afraid of. Darn, it was a good secret too.

When you fetch Heracles from Elysian Fields 1 ([page 50](#)) and return with him, he pulls Theseus from the throne.

THESEUS
Alright!
(to Heracles)
Thanks, cuz.

HERACLES
No problem.

Theseus turns to you. If you talk to him:

THESEUS
The secret is, if you want to get by Cerberus,
the Hound of Hell, you'd better be charming.



Cerberus

HADES CATACOMB. To make amends for a crime that he had committed, Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules) was compelled to perform

a series of heroic tasks, or Labors. Bringing Hades' dog Cerberus (**SUR-buh-rus**) up from the infernal regions was one of the most difficult of these. The first problem was Charon (**CARE-on**) the Boatman, whose job it was to ferry dead souls across the river Styx (**STIKS**). Heracles had gotten to the banks of the Styx easily enough, via one of the several natural caverns which led from the regions of sunlight down to the gloomy depths of Hades. But then having arrived at the river, he was confronted by a glowering Charon. The boatman wouldn't ferry anyone across unless they met two conditions. Firstly, they had to pay a fare or bribe. And secondly, they had to be dead. Heracles met neither condition, a circumstance which aggravated Charon's natural grouchiness and caused him to glower more fiercely than usual.

But Heracles simply glowered in return, and such is the perseverance of a proper hero that once having set about a task, said hero will not fail to achieve and excel. The task in this instance being glowering, Heracles accomplished it with such gusto that Charon let out a whimper and meekly conveyed the hero across the Styx.

The next and greater challenge was Cerberus himself. The dog had teeth of a razor's sharpness, three (or maybe fifty) heads, a venomous snake for a tail, and for good measure another swarm of snakes growing out of his back. When Heracles closed in and began to grapple with the hound, these snakes lashed at him from the rear, while Cerberus's multiple canines lunged for a purchase on the hero's throat. Fortunately, Heracles was wearing his trusty lion's

skin cloak, which had the magic property of being impenetrable by anything short of one of Zeus's thunderbolts. After a titanic struggle, Heracles got Cerberus by the throat and choked the dog into submission.

Cerberus growls at you ferociously. You'll need Orpheus's lyre (page 54) to charm him into letting you past.



Hades' Treasury

HADES CATACOMB. As is not surprising, the ancient Greeks did not know what to expect after death. Some thought the greatest heroes lucked out by traveling to the Elysian (**i-LIH-zhun**) Fields, where they could hunt and feast and socialize in pleasant company for eternity, while commoners were consigned to a lifeless and boring abode in the fields of asphodel (**ASS-fuh-**

del). First they'd drink the waters of Lethe (**LEE-thee**), which caused them to lose all memory of their former lives and thus lack anything to talk about. In its earlier depictions, the Underworld kingdom of Hades was such a dank and moldering place that were it laid open to the heavens, the gods themselves would turn away in disgust.

Certainly the god Hades was a dread figure to the living, who were quite careful how they swore oaths in his name. To many people, simply to utter the word "Hades" was a frightening proposition. So they made up a euphemism, a word that meant the same thing but with a more pleasant sound. Since all precious minerals came from the earth (the dwelling place of Hades) and since the god was wealthy indeed when it came to the number of subjects in his kingdom of the dead, he was referred to as *ploutos*, "wealth." This accounts for the name given him by the Romans, who called Hades Pluto, Zeus Jupiter, Ares Mars, and Hermes Mercury.

In this catacomb there is an indented panel in the wall, over which is inscribed "Treasury of Hades." There's a red button next to it. Push the button and the panel rises to reveal something that looks vaguely like an automated teller machine, with an illuminated screen that says "Welcome, Mr. Hades. Please enter your Roman name." Below this are four illuminated buttons: "Mars," "Mercury," "Pluto," and "Jupiter." Press "Pluto" and a little door opens and dispenses gems. Press any other name and the panel lowers. (You'll have to exit the scene, come back in, and guess again.)



Rock Slab 1

YET ANOTHER CAVE-LIKE CATACOMB. Imagine a country so rich in local legends of a hoary antiquity that they go back thousands of years, as far as the time of gods and heroes. Such is modern Greece. In the region of Achaia (**a-KEE-a**) is the cave of Kastria Kalavryta (**KASS-tree-uh kuh-LAHV-ree-tuh**), known as "The Cave of the Lakes," where the story told locally blends with the mythology of the ancients. When the daughters of the king of Tiryns (**TIR-inz**) boasted that their beauty surpassed that of the goddess Hera (**HEE-ruh**), they were driven mad. Thinking they were cows, they roamed the countryside in a frenzy. The king called on the seer Melampus (**meh-LAM-pus**) to cure them of their mania. (This was the same Melampus who had been given the power to understand the language of insects and animals when he awoke one night to find snakes licking at his ears.) Melampus found the daughters of the king in the Cave of the Lakes, and it was here that he cured them. It was only in 1964 that the people

of Kastria discovered the inner recess of the cave, which is unique for its cascading pools. It must have been with pounding hearts that they extended their wooden ladders to the second floor. For they sensed a lingering aura of that far-off time when the presence of the gods was real.

In the middle of the screen is a hot spot where a large slab of rock leans against the wall. Click on it and you exert heroic strength to slide it out of the way. You reveal a hole through which you can exit into Hades Crossroads ([page 49](#)) and then leave the Underworld via Hades Portal 3 ([page 48](#)).



Firewood

BUILDINGS WITH LOG PILE AND HORSE. At one time Greece was far more densely wooded than it is today. But whole forests were cut down over the years for ship's timber and firewood.

You come upon the Peddler from the Shrine ([page 6](#)) and Elixir ([page 16](#)) scenes. She's feeding a carrot to a

horse, and when you enter the scene she walks over to a pile of logs.

PEDDLER

Hello again. Remember me? Yeah, there was no future in elixir. I'm in a new line now. Wanna buy some nice seasoned firewood? Only two gems.

She holds out her hand, the one not holding the carrot. Pay her, and a worthless pile of wood pings into your inventory. But look more closely at the carrot—it's yours for the taking. Click on it and it pings into your inventory.



The Graeae

CAVE ENTRANCE. You find yourself at the mouth of a cave. If you enter, you will be following in the footsteps of the hero Perseus (**PUR-see-us**). When Perseus sought the head of the Gorgon Medusa

(**GORE-gun meh-DOO-suh**)—a being whose very gaze had the power to turn to stone anyone unfortunate enough to lock eyes with her—he knew he'd need special equipment. And the gods were kind enough to inform him where such might be found. "Seek ye the nymphs (**NIMFS**) who guard the helmet of invisibility," they counseled the young hero.

And where, Perseus inquired, might he find these nymphs? "Ask the Gray Sisters, the Graeae (**GREE-ee**), born hags with but one eye between them. They know—not that they'll tell you."

And where were the Graeae? "Ask him who holds the heavens on his back—Atlas, renegade Titan, who pays eternally the price of defying Zeus almighty."

Okay, okay, and where's this Atlas? "Why, that's simple enough: At the very western edge of the world."

While these directions were somewhat deficient as to particulars, Perseus did indeed track down Atlas, who grudgingly nodded in the direction of a nearby cave where, sure enough, Perseus found the Graeae. He had heard the version of the myth whereby these Sisters, though gray-haired from infancy and sadly lacking in the eyeball department, were as lovely as young swans. But he was disappointed to find himself taking part in the version that had them as ugly as ogres. Nor was their disposition any cause for delight.

Sure, they knew where the nymphs did dwell, but that was, in a manner of speaking, theirs to know and

his to find out. With cranky cackles and venomous vim, they told him just what he could do with his quest. But the hero had a trick or two up his sleeve, and by seizing that which by virtue of its scarcity and indispensability they valued above all else, he made them tell him what he wanted to know about the location of the water nymphs.



Entering the cave, you discover three horrible hags with but a single eye between them, which they pass back and forth as they speak in turn.

FIRST HAG
(cackling)

We three Graeae have it in our power to bestow a hero's gift...

SECOND HAG
...but we wouldn't think of it...

THIRD HAG

...on one so unworthy.

You try to click on the eyeball and realize that the best technique for grabbing it is to wait with the cursor in one of the Graeae's hands. You take it away from them and they fly into a rage.

THREE HAGS TOGETHER

He took it! He took the eyeball!

You bounce the eyeball in your palm extortionately.

SECOND HAG
(shrieking)

Give him a gift, give him a gift!

FIRST HAG
(to Second Hag)

Which gift?

THIRD HAG
(to other two)

Let him choose.

FIRST HAG

Oh very well...

A bow and quiver materialize in the First Hag's hand; she holds them out to you.

FIRST HAG
(continues)

Do you want a bow...?

A club materializes in the Third Hag's hand; she holds it out.

THIRD HAG

Or a club?

You click on either the bow or the club—and discover that you can't have both.

FIRST HAG

Now give us back the eyeball!

SECOND HAG

And leave us alone!

THIRD HAG

Or we'll invoke the curse of the Furies!

(The Furies were female spirits who tormented evil-doers, particularly those who had committed some crime against a family member.)

You hand them back the eyeball. The chosen item is now in your inventory. Clicking on daylight takes you out of the cave again. If you return before you've been to the Clubbing Contest ([page 69](#)) without the club or Archery ([page 71](#)) without the bow:

FIRST HAG

What do you want? You were just here.

SECOND HAG

Go away.

THIRD HAG

Or by the powers of darkness you'll wish you had.

They freeze and you can't take the eyeball. If, however, you've been to the relevant scene before coming back:

FIRST HAG

You again!

SECOND HAG

You can't have the club!

THIRD HAG

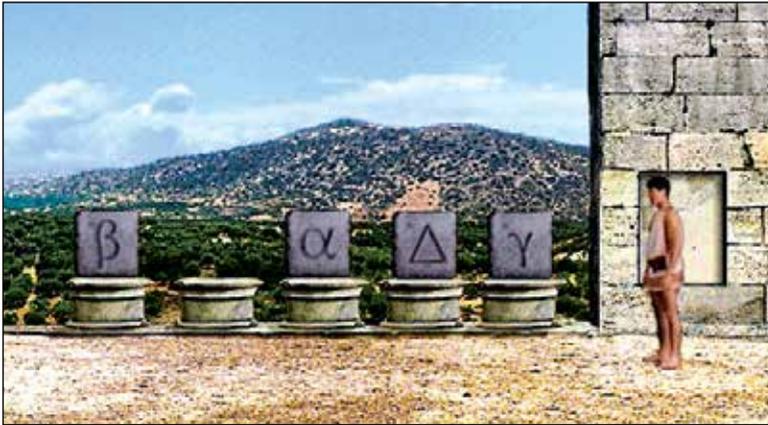
Don't give him the club!

But you swipe the eyeball.

THREE HAGS TOGETHER

He took it! He took it! Give him the club, give him the club!

The Third Hag hands you the club (you click on it and it pings into your inventory).



Alphabet Blocks

BLOCKS OF STONE. Europa (**yoo-ROH-pa**) was a princess of Tyre (**TYE-r**), a kingdom in the land of the Phoenicians (**fi-NISH-unz**). One day she was gathering wildflowers in a seaside meadow when she came upon a beautiful bull. This bull was uncommonly gentle and did not inspire fear. Decking its horns with flowers, Europa was at length emboldened to climb upon its back. Whereupon the bull—actually the god Zeus in disguise—took off at a trot and dove into the sea. Europa was carried off to the island of Crete (**KREET**), where she became the mother of King Minos (**MYE-noss**).

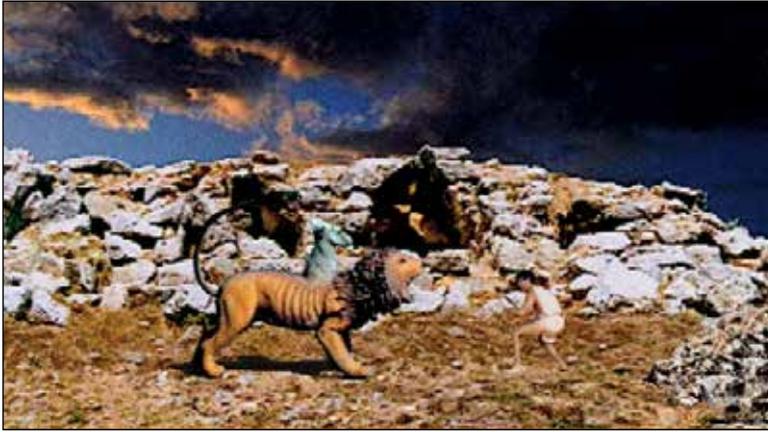
Europa's brother Cadmus (**CAD-mus**) was charged with the duty of finding his sister and securing her return. He consulted the Oracle of Delphi, however, and was told to abandon the search. Instead he was to venture forth until he should meet a cow, to follow

this cow wherever it should lead, and to found a city on the spot where it lay down. Such is the foundation legend of the city of Thebes (**THEEBZ**), which goes on to relate how Cadmus and his companions went out to fetch water for their new settlement at a nearby fountain. Here all but Cadmus were slain by a dragon. Cadmus killed the dragon and, at the prompting of the goddess Athena (**a-THEE-nuh**), sowed some of its teeth in the ground. Armed men sprang from the earth, just as they later would for Jason under similar circumstances—for the teeth that Jason strew upon the fertile soil of distant Colchis (**KOL-kis**) came from the very dragon that Cadmus had killed. Using the same trick that would eventually serve Jason, Cadmus caused the sown men to fight amongst themselves until only five were left standing. These five, together with Cadmus, became the original inhabitants of Thebes. Cadmus, their king, is said to have taught them the alphabet and the art of writing.

Indeed, the Greek alphabet historically derives from the land of the Phoenicians, mythological home of Cadmus and his sister (modern Syria and Lebanon). The first four letters of the original Greek alphabet—in the upper and lower cases of the standard alphabet still in use today—are: A (**α**) ALPHA, B (**β**) BETA, Γ (**γ**) GAMMA, Δ (**δ**) DELTA.

In this scene, there are four blocks of stone (like oversized alphabet blocks) set on five pillars. The stones are inscribed with the first four letters of the Greek alphabet, in mixed-up order (beta, alpha, delta, gamma). To begin rearranging them, click on a given stone, then click again on one of the empty

depressions to place the stone there. Now move another stone to the empty slot created—and so on. When you’ve successfully rearranged the stones, there’s a rumbling sound and a door in the square pillar screen opens up to reveal...a cache of three gems.



The Chimaera

ATMOSPHERIC RUINS. Some say the Chimaera (**kye-MEE-ruh**) had a lion’s front, a goat’s middle, and a snake’s tail, with but a single head pertaining to the lion portion. But others submit that the monster had three separate heads—lion, goat, and snake—with (or some say without) the accompanying body parts pertinent to each. One thing is certain: the Chimaera was one mixed-up monster. Which is not to say that it was lacking in ferociousness or in any way unsuitable as a proper hero’s adversary. The proper hero in question was named Bellerophon (**beh-LARE-uh-fon**).

Now, Bellerophon was a citizen of Corinth (**CORE-inth**) who was exiled owing to a murder which he had committed. In those days it was possible to be purified of the guilt of such a crime, and Bellerophon was in due course absolved by King Proëtus (**proh-EE-tus**) of neighboring Tiryns (**TIR-inz**). The king’s wife, generally identified as Stheneboea (**sthen-uh-BEE-uh**), made a pass at the young hero, and when he repulsed her advances she told her husband that it was Bellerophon who made a pass at her.

King Proëtus cloaked his indignation, not wishing to violate the sacred obligations of hospitality by doing harm to his guest. But he contrived his revenge by asking Bellerophon to deliver a letter on his behalf to King Iobates (**eye-OB-uh-teez**) of Lycia (**LISH-ee-a**), his father-in-law. This is somewhat surprising in that writing hadn’t been invented yet, except perhaps a rudimentary form used for inventory-keeping on the island of Crete (**KREET**) and certain parts of the mainland. No wonder Bellerophon couldn’t make out the meaning of the message he was to deliver. Either that or the letter was sealed—although for that matter “letters” hadn’t been invented yet either.

What the message said was: “Dear Iobates, please do me a favor and kill the person who hands you this.” To do so proved impossible, however, as Iobates was bound by the same strictures of hospitality as King Proëtus. So instead he feasted Bellerophon for a goodly number of days and nights, until at length he announced that he had a favor to ask of him. Assuming that this had something to do with a return

letter to Proëtus, Bellerophon may well have been giving thought to establishing the first postal service, when Iobates surprised him with the unexpected nature of his request. Would Bellerophon be so kind as to rid the kingdom of the Chimaera?

Not wishing to sugarcoat the challenge, the king went on to describe the Chimaera as a fire-breathing monster directly related to Heracles's nemesis the many-headed Hydra, and Cerberus (**SUR-bur-us**), watchdog of Hades. Iobates was hoping to make good on his son-in-law's request to do away with Bellerophon, and he had hit upon the Chimaera as the ideal agent in expediting his young guest's demise. And while one might think that he would have made little of the Chimaera's dangers in order to instill a false sense of security, Iobates had sized up Bellerophon and deduced that he was a sucker for a challenge—the bigger the better. And in fact Bellerophon was pleased at the opportunity to elevate himself from mere postal-delivery person to authentic hero. He immediately began to plan his campaign of attack.

Word was that the Chimaera was virtually impregnable to any ground assault. Others had waded in on foot with spear or sword—to their eternal regret. There was even a rumor of a mounted Thessalian who had come up short in the encounter, his horse having been blasted out from under him by the Chimaera's fiery breath. With a keen sense of logistics, Bellerophon narrowed down his viable options to an attack either by air or sea. The latter course being out by virtue of the inland nature of the Chimaera's lair,

he settled on the aerial option and immediately set out to procure himself the services of a winged steed.

When Bellerophon was still a boy growing up in Corinth, he had yearned to ride the magic horse Pegasus (**PEG-uh-sus**), immortal offspring of the god Poseidon (**puh-SYE-dun**) and the Gorgon Medusa (**GORE-gun meh-DOO-suh**). Pegasus was born when the hero Perseus (**PUR-see-us**) cut off Medusa's head. Like everyone else, Bellerophon had been unable to so much as approach Pegasus. So he had sought the advice of the seer Polyeidus (**pol-ee-EYE-dus**).

Polyeidus suggested that Bellerophon spend the night in Athena's temple. In a dream, the goddess came to him and gave him a golden bridle, which was still there in the morning. And so it was that Bellerophon found Pegasus drinking at the spring of Peirene (**pye-REE-nee**), slipped the bridle over his head, and rendered him tame and rideable.

And now grown to adulthood, Bellerophon once more sought out the Corinthian watering hole and his tamed and trusty mount, and as he did so he gave thought to the essential issue of armament. Clearly not just any sword or spear would do in fighting the Chimaera. For starters, a lance would be indispensable—the sort of spear best suited to fighting on horseback. And even a proper lance was no guarantee of victory over so substantial a foe.

Again the gods came to Bellerophon's aid, suggesting that a lump of lead affixed to the end of the spear would have a decidedly deadly effect. Firstly, when

thrust into the monster's maw, it would cause the Chimaera to gag. And secondly, when melted by the beast's fiery breath, it would trickle down into its innards and cause a fatal case of heartburn.

And now having trekked all the way from Lycia to Corinth, Bellerophon located the fountain of Peirene and found Pegasus sipping therefrom. Mounting up, the hero made a much speedier trip back to Lycia, swooped down on the Chimaera's lair, and rammed home the secret weapon. And with a great, gasping groan of rage, the Chimaera gave up the ghost.

You enter a strange landscape. A man stands looking at the horizon. When you talk to him, he screams:

MAN

Run for it! The Chimaera!

He runs past you and out of frame. The monster appears and lets out a mighty roar. You draw your sword and click it on the beast. The Chimaera jumps down to your level. At first you seem to be holding your own. But then the monster wears you down, pounces, and blasts you with flame. Fade out; fade up on Sisyphus (next page).

Once you've got Pegasus (page 95) you're mounted up already when you fly into this scene, where the monster waits. If you draw your sword and attack, you die again. If you fly in on Pegasus and attack the Chimaera with an unsharpened lance—the staff that you take from one of the heroes in Jousting (page 52)—you also die again. You need to take out your sword in

the pasture just before you board Pegasus and click it on the staff to sharpen it into a proper lance. If you've done this, you jab the monster a few times before you die once more. You still need to put the lump of lead from the Clubbing Contest (page 69) onto the tip of the lance before you board Pegasus. Now you maneuver it into the monster's mouth and kill the beast.

Gesturing triumphantly (and receiving 50 points), you fly off into the sunset on Pegasus.



Sisyphus

HADES CATACOMB WITH INCLINE. Sisyphus (**SIS-i-fus**) was founder and king of Corinth (**CORE-inth**), or Ephyra (**EF-i-ruh**) as it was called in those days. He was notorious as the most cunning knave on earth. His greatest triumph came at the end of his life, when the god Hades (**HAY-deez**) came to claim

him personally for the kingdom of the dead. Hades had brought along a pair of handcuffs, a comparative novelty, and Sisyphus expressed such an interest that Hades was persuaded to demonstrate their use—on himself.

And so it came about that the high lord of the Underworld was kept locked up in a closet at Sisyphus's house for many a day, a circumstance which put the great chain of being seriously out of whack. Nobody could die. A soldier might be chopped to bits in battle and still show up at camp for dinner. Finally Hades was released and Sisyphus was ordered summarily to report to the Underworld for his eternal assignment. But the wily one had another trick up his sleeve.

He simply told his wife not to bury him and then complained to Persephone (**per-SEF-uh-nee**), Queen of the Dead, that he had not been accorded the proper funeral honors. What's more, as an unburied corpse he had no business on the far side of the river Styx at all—his wife hadn't placed a coin under his tongue to secure passage with Charon (**CARE-on**) the ferryman. Surely her highness could see that Sisyphus must be given leave to journey back topside and put things right.

Kindly Persephone assented, and Sisyphus made his way back to the sunshine, where he promptly forgot all about funerals and such drab affairs and lived on in dissipation for another good stretch of time. But even this paramount trickster could only postpone the inevitable. Eventually he was hauled down to Hades,

where his indiscretions caught up with him. For a crime against the gods—the specifics of which are variously reported—he was condemned to an eternity at hard labor. And frustrating labor at that. For his assignment was to roll a great boulder to the top of a hill. Only every time Sisyphus, by the greatest of exertion and toil, attained the summit, the darn thing rolled back down again.

You find yourself at the foot of a gloomy incline, where a sweating man leans against a boulder.

SISYPHUS

Say, do me a favor, will you? Roll this boulder to the top of the hill...

Clicking on the boulder walks you over to it and sets you up to push. You nudge the boulder up the incline one click at a time. You get it to a small ledge at the top and step aside. Suddenly the stone goes rumbling back down again. Sisyphus barks out a laugh, then collects himself.

SISYPHUS

Ehem... Never let it be said that Sisyphus does not return a favor. You'll never beat the Chimaera without the winged horse Pegasus.

You're free to click your way to an exploration of the Underworld. If you go a few scenes away and come back to Sisyphus while you're still in the neighborhood, you return to find him just having reached the top of the hill with the boulder; he's

holding it in place by sheer force of will. You take him by surprise and it rolls back down again. Sisyphus raises his eyes towards the heavens in exasperation. He sighs.

SISYPHUS

Thanks a lot. I suppose you want another hint. When fighting on horseback you'll want a proper cavalry weapon.

If you die again because you didn't sharpen the point of the lance, Sisyphus is exasperated:

SISYPHUS

For the love of Zeus, this is bad enough without you barging in here all the time.

(sighs)

You've got a lance more or less, but before you go into combat you must consider that it's pointless.

If you've died because you still lack the lead:

SISYPHUS

The lance alone won't do it. You want to give that Chimaera a bad case of indigestion.

If you die yet again:

SISYPHUS

Are you sure you want to keep tangling with the Chimaera?

The second time you drop by while in the neighborhood, the boulder rolls and so do Sisyphus's eyes.

SISYPHUS

I'd invite you to tea but I don't get a break.



Rock Slab 2

HADES CATACOMB. This is another scene where you push a rock aside to make a passage into Hades Crossroads ([page 49](#)).



Stadium

STADIUM ENTRANCE. The arch in this scene is from the actual stadium at Olympia, Greece. Ancient Greece, of course, was the home and birthplace of the Olympic Games. Robert Graves suggests that these contests originally arose out of footraces between young women for the honor of becoming chief priestesses.



Clubbing Contest

ARENA. When Theseus (**THEE-see-us**) set out on the road to adventure, he encountered an impressive series of challenges right away. Perhaps the most interesting of these came in the form of an evildoer called Procrustes (**proh-KRUS-teez**), whose name means “he who stretches.” This Procrustes kept a house by the side of the road where he offered hospitality to passing strangers. They were invited in for a pleasant meal and a night’s rest in his very special bed. If the guest asked what was so special about it, Procrustes replied, “Why, it has the amazing property that its length exactly matches whomsoever lies upon it.”

What Procrustes didn’t volunteer was the method by which this “one-size-fits-all” was achieved, namely that as soon as the guest lay down Procrustes went to work upon him, stretching him on the rack if he was too short for the bed and chopping off his legs if he

was too long. Theseus had made it his motto to do unto bad guys what they made it their evil habit to do unto others. In the process of adjusting Procrustes to fit his own bed, Theseus killed him.

Theseus had developed his heroic credo in the course of his very first adventure on the road. Having set out from Troezen (**TREE-zun**), his birthplace, the first community of any size through which he passed was Epidaurus (**ep-i-DAW-rus**). And here he was waylaid by the ruffian Periphetes (**per-i-FEE-teez**). Periphetes was nicknamed Corynetes (**kor-i-NEE-teez**) or “Club-Man,” after his weapon of choice, a stout length of wood wrapped in bronze to magnify its impact upon the skulls of his victims. Theseus merely snatched this implement from Periphetes and did him in with it. Some say that this incident was manufactured to account for depictions of Theseus carrying a club like his cousin (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules), one of a number of instances on Theseus’s part of heroic imitation.

You’ve just walked into the stadium, where the Barker and Periphetes are standing. If you talk to Periphetes he just growls and the crowd cheers. When you talk to the Barker, he gestures towards Periphetes and begins his announcement:

BARKER

And now the defending champion,
Periphetes!

Periphetes raises his arms to great applause and steps forward. The Barker also moves toward you.

BARKER

(continues)

Who will dare take on the champ? Say, you look like a contender. Could I interest you in a little sport? The prize is fabulous.

The Barker holds out a club toward you. If you take it in your hands, the cursor becomes a club icon and you click on Periphetes to spar with him. He soon knocks you down. The Barker holds up Periphetes’ hand in victory.

BARKER

How about that! Still the champeen—
unvanquished, undefeated, and unscored
upon!

(helping you to your feet)

Want to go again? Look, kid, you’re alright.
You got no style, you got no strength, you
got no staying power...but I like you. So let
me give you a piece of advice...gratis. You
need to get you a club with some wood on it.

If you heed this advice and get a heavier club from the Graeae ([page 60](#)), you are able to knock Periphetes down.

BARKER

How about that! A new champeen! Theseus
himself couldn’t have done better.

(handing you something)

Here’s your prize: a fabulous lump of lead.

You turn to camera, your expression suggesting that a

lump of lead isn't your idea of a fabulous prize.

BARKER

(continues)

What, you expected gold? You greedy, newfangled, upstart heroes... Why, when I was a boy, a lump of lead was a real big deal.



Mt. Pelion Chariot Stop

CHARIOT TERMINAL. Like the other two stations for dragon chariots, the Mount Pelion (**PEEL-ee-un**) stop offers a chance to save a lot of sandal leather. Instead of walking you can buy a ticket and fly to Mycenae (**my-SEE-nee**) or Hesperides (**hes-PER-i-deez**).



Archery

FOREST GLEN. To the sound of hoofbeats, Chiron (**KYE-ron**) the Centaur (**SEN-tawr**) enters the scene. This is the kindly horse-man who raised you when you were abandoned as an infant ([page 3](#)).

Most centaurs were governed by the bestial half of their double nature—part horse, part man. Their behavior was uncouth, and a very small amount of wine drove them wild. When Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules) was entertained by Pholus (**FOH-lus**), one of the few civilized centaurs, he made the mistake of demanding the guest's prerogative of a beaker of wine. Pholus could not refuse, though he hesitated before unearthing a jug of the liquid which he kept buried underground for fear of just the sort of consequence that now ensued. As soon as Pholus uncapped the jar of wine, his brothers caught sent of it on the wind from more than a mile away.

Driven instantly to madness, they attacked Heracles, and the hero barely succeeded in driving them off with flaming arrows. On another occasion, a centaur named Nessus (**NESS-us**) offered to ferry Heracles's wife across a torrent on his back. Midway, his animal nature got the better of him and he tried to force his attentions on his passenger. She shrieked and Heracles came running. He killed Nessus with a single arrow through the heart.

Chiron was not an ordinary centaur, having ended up with his horsely half by virtue of his father, the god Cronus (**KROH-nus**), taking the form of a horse when Chiron was conceived. Chiron became renowned for his civility and wisdom. He served as tutor to many famous heroes, including Heracles and Jason. He taught music and medicine, as well as the skills of the hunt.

CHIRON

Well, my pupil, we meet again. Rumors have reached me of your success. I'm glad you've learned to use your wits as well as your strength—your parents would be proud.

(pause)

There's one final skill I can teach you... But first you must prove yourself by bringing me a single golden apple.

When you return with the apple from the Midas Touch scene ([page 98](#)) and give it to Chiron:

CHIRON

Well done, my pupil. It's time I taught you

archery. Take out your bow.

The bow in question can be obtained from the Graeae ([page 60](#)). If you select it in your inventory and click it on yourself, there's an automatic transition to a view in which your arm extends forward on the horizontal plane, your hand gripping the bow, a bold vertical line. You try to aim where the top of your thumb meets the shaft of the bow. An arrow goes automatically into firing position.

CHIRON

Now, about my dinner tonight... Quick, there goes a boar!

The boar runs across the scene, followed by an assortment of other creatures. As you shoot, new arrows are automatically loaded. Though a single hit of a moving target chalks the adventure up to you, practice continues until you click the walk cursor to leave.



Gloomy Landscape

BLEAK LANDSCAPE. You enter a gloomy landscape with a choice of directions. Straight ahead leads to the Gorgon Medusa (**GORE-gun meh-DOO-suh**).



Medusa

BLEAK LANDSCAPE. When Perseus (**PUR-see-us**) was challenged to bring back the head of the Gorgon Medusa (**GORE-gun meh-DOO-suh**)—a monster who could turn you to stone just by looking you in the eye—clearly he had his work cut out for him. Fortunately he had an ally in Athena (**a-THEE-nuh**), who wanted Medusa's head to decorate her own shield in order to magnify its power by the Gorgon's terrible gaze. Athena told Perseus where he could find the special equipment needed for his task. He was instructed to seek out the Graeae (**GREE-ee**), who in turn might be compelled to tell him the whereabouts of certain water-nymphs (**NIMFS**), who in turn might be induced to give him the gear which they guarded in safekeeping. Before sending him off in search of the Graeae, Athena lent Perseus her own shield and suggested how he might make use of it. Perseus found the Graeae and then the nymphs and got the gear. This consisted of a helmet of invisibility, a pair of winged sandals, and a special pouch for carrying Medusa's head around once he had chopped it off—Medusa would retain the power of her gaze even in death, and it was vital to hide the head unless occasion called for whipping it out and using it on some enemy. The god Hermes (**HUR-meez**) also helped out at this point, providing Perseus with a special cutting implement—a sword or sickle of adamant. Some add that it was Hermes, not the nymphs, who provided the magic helmet and sandals.

Thus Perseus was equipped—one might even

say over-equipped—for his task. In fact, a careful examination of the hero's inventory leads to the suspicion that we are presented here with a case of mythological overkill.

A quick escape would be essential after slaying Medusa, since she had two equally monstrous sisters who would be sure to avenge her murder, and they had wings of gold or brass which would bear them in swift pursuit of the killer. So at least the winged sandals were a good idea. But if this supernatural appliance guaranteed the swiftest of escapes, why bother with a helmet of invisibility, which made it just about impossible for the Gorgons to find you even if you didn't deign to hurry away? Because it makes for a better myth, that's why.

And so Perseus sought out Medusa's lair, surrounded as it was by the petrified remains of previous visitors, and he found the Gorgon sleeping. Yes, even though he had the good old magic arsenal, Perseus was not so foolhardy as to wake Medusa. And even though her gaze could hardly be expected to turn anyone to stone while her eyes were closed, he used the mirrored shield provided by Athena to avoid looking at Medusa directly. (This suggests that you could be turned to stone just by gazing at Medusa, though most versions of the myth have it that it was the power of her gaze that counted.)

Entering, then, somewhat unglamorously into the fray—if "fray" is the right word to describe a battle against a sleeping opponent—Perseus whacked Medusa's head off. At just this instant, the winged horse Pegasus (**PEG-uh-sus**), offspring of Medusa and

the god Poseidon (**puh-SYE-dun**), was born from the bleeding neck. Then Perseus put the Gorgon's head into his special sack, donned his special getaway gear, and departed victoriously before Medusa's sisters could take their revenge. Though these sisters were immortal, Medusa clearly was not. She died when her head was severed, which required the special cutting implement given to Perseus by Hermes—an item of inventory strangely lacking in *Wrath of the Gods*, in the world of which decapitation transpires with much less messy magicity.

You enter this scene for the first time to the sound of a ghostly voice.

VOICE THREE

The Gorgon Medusa yonder waits
For any who would tempt their fate
Gaze not into her eyes, nor talk,
Lest you be changed to solid rock.
And don't forget when deed is done,
Leave with haste, be seen by none.

You hear the ghostly screams of Medusa. You can either go back the way you came, or you can click across the meadow leading northward. As you move in this direction Medusa's screams grow louder. Suddenly, Medusa looms and you gaze upon her repulsive features. Cut to your reaction as you are turned to stone.

The Gorgon recedes and Hermes materializes, holding his caduceus (**kuh-DOO-see-us**)—a winged staff with two serpents twined around it.

HERMES

The schedule of Hermes, messenger of the gods, is much too full to play nursemaid. Before you cross Medusa again, you'd better be prepared—or else.

He touches you with his caduceus and turns you human again. Then he hands you something.

HERMES

Here, take this. It's the thigh bone of an ox wrapped in fat.

As you turn, the item disappears from your hands and pings into your inventory. Hermes disappears. Because a thigh bone of an ox wrapped in fat was a traditional offering to the gods, you can use it to get into the Temple ([page 32](#)). And there you can procure Athena's shield. (By the way, this is one of the situations where the chariot stops come in handy: you can catch a dragon chariot at nearby Mt. Pelion and fly to the Mycenae station near the Temple.)

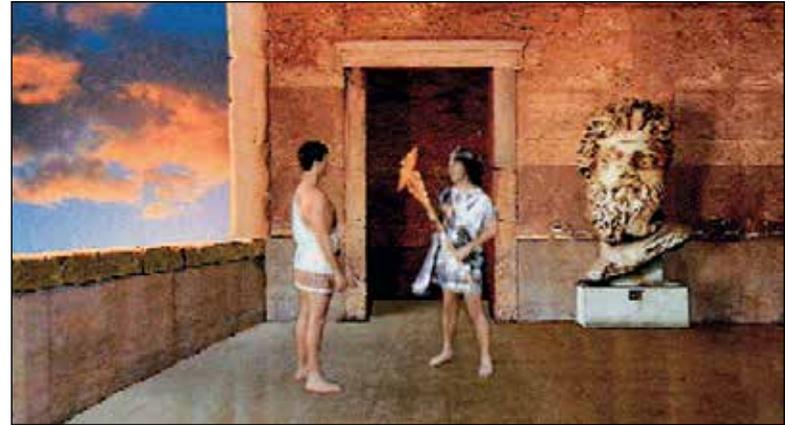
When you return with Athena's shield, you select it in your inventory and click it on yourself before advancing toward Medusa, but first you must remember to "reflect upon it" by clicking it with the eye cursor. Otherwise you are turned to stone as before. Hermes materializes and touches you with his caduceus.

HERMES

In future pay more attention when

addressed by your betters. Athena said the shield might be of use—if you reflect upon it.

If you don't "eye" the shield, you approach Medusa crouching behind it, but you still get turned to stone. If you do eye it, you back towards her looking into the shield's mirrored surface. Your sword is operational. When you smite her, she writhes, cries horribly, and drops to the ground. A notice says that you have been awarded 25 points "and 25 more if you escape." You start to leave, when suddenly Medusa rises up and pounces. She flashes her hideous teeth. Cut to black and the sound of her gulping you down.



You find yourself on Olympus, on the terrace outside Hermes' bedroom. Hermes comes through the door.

HERMES

(sighing)

You guys never learn. Pay attention, it's

a two-parter: leave with haste, be seen by none.

If you manage to die again:

HERMES

We have a quota on miracles, you know. I can't continue to bail you out.

You are “caduced” back to the first screen of the module.

In order to “leave with haste, be seen by none,” you are going to need the winged sandals from Hermes' bedroom (page 96) and the helmet of invisibility from the Nymph (page 29). If you've returned with all three items—shield, sandals, and helmet—you wound Medusa as before. Then while Medusa is lying there, you quickly select the sandals and helmet in your inventory. When you click yourself with the helmet, you turn “invisible” just as Medusa rises up again to pounce. If you have only the sandals or only the helmet, she catches you. (If you're invisible she manages this by groping.) Once you've done everything right, Medusa looks around for you in puzzlement while you flit around. Then she drops dead. Medusa's head pings into your inventory.



Ruined Dwelling

LANDSCAPE WITH RUINS. As the time of the heroes gave way to the Greek Dark Age, ruins of abandoned dwellings lay scattered upon the land. The kingdoms that produced the glorious golden artifacts of Mycenae (**my-SEE-nee**) and formed the backdrop for the exploits sung of by bards like Homer now lay in shambles. Some speculate that Dorian (**DORE-ee-an**) invaders from the north with iron weapons laid waste the Bronze Age culture. Others look to internal dissent, uprising, and rebellion. Or perhaps some combination brought the era to an end. One thing is certain: civilization had taken a giant backward step. Material culture and the life of the mind were reduced to a lower common denominator. And when the flame of learning and the aspiring spirit was kindled anew, people looked back across the time of darkness to what seemed a golden age. Then it was, they thought, that a special breed of men and women had trodden

the earth—not quite gods but not quite human either. They made up stories about them, some based perhaps on faint recollections of real individuals. These were the heroes of Greek mythology.

There's a mountain in the background of this scene that blocks off egress in this direction, until Dionysus shatters it in the Midas Touch scene (page 98). There's also a ruined wall from the stones of which a gem can be seen to gleam.

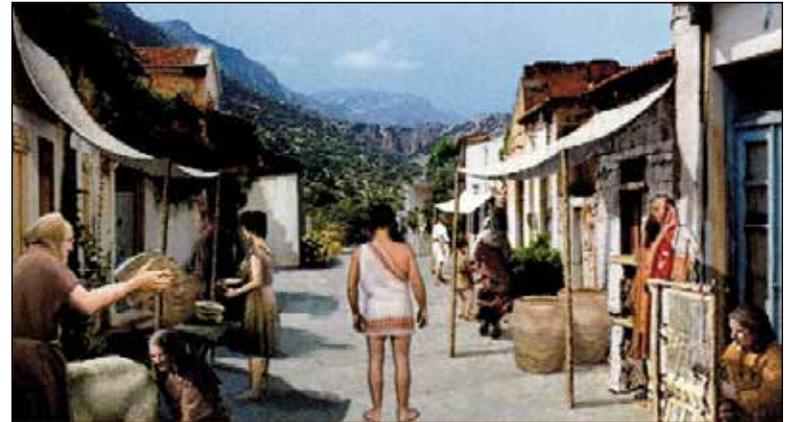


Golden Glow

MOUNTAIN PATH. You see something glowing on top of a ridge in this landscape. But you can't get to it without some means of flying. When you come back with the winged sandals from Hermes' bedroom (page 96), you select them in your inventory and click them on yourself. Once you've donned the sandals, you click on the glow and fly toward the top of the ridge.



RIDGE TOP. You land near the object and see that it's a golden bridle. You are free to acquire it for your inventory.



Market

MARKET. The marketplace was the vital center of ancient Greek communities. Democracy, the political

system by which the people govern themselves, may be said to have been born in the Athenian agora (**AG-ore-uh**)—a combined marketplace and civic center.

The market is noisy and colorful.



MARKET STALL You turn toward a particular stall, where a Vendor stands before his wares: a rock, a bottle of wine, bee-sting ointment, a parchment eye chart with Greek letters, and an iron.

VENDOR

What's your pleasure, smart shopper? Take your time, have a look.

If you click on a given item on display, the vendor comments.

VENDOR

Ah! The rock? It's a beaut! Good for warriors

that you plant as seeds. It isn't magic or anything, but hey, it's cheap!

Or:

VENDOR

Ah! The wine? I'll have to see some ID.

(pause)

Just kiddin'.

Or:

VENDOR

Bee-sting ointment? You just know this stuff is going to come in handy.

Or:

VENDOR

Ah! The eye chart? Great gag gift. Find any Cyclops, tell him you're a doctor, and have him cover one eye.

After each of these speeches, the vendor quotes a price of two gems and holds out his palm for payment—unless you click on the iron:

VENDOR

I can't sell you that. Electricity won't be invented for another few thousand years.

If you give him the gems, the given item pings into your inventory. If you don't want the item after you hear its description, click on something else.

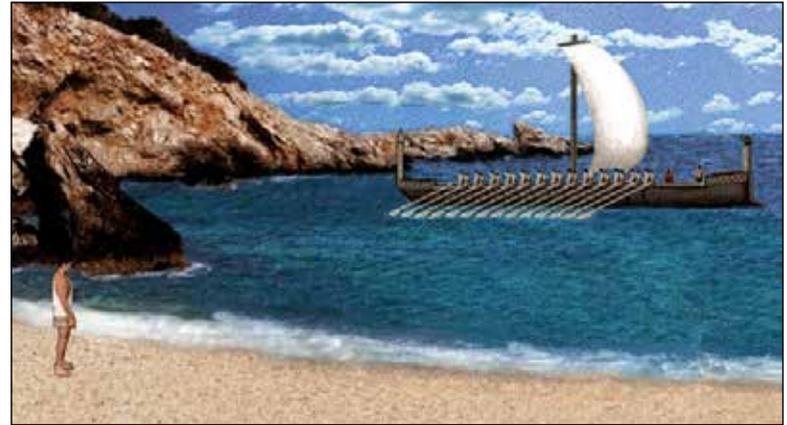
The fact is, you don't really need anything in this scene: While the rock works on the Seed Men ([page 17](#)),

so does the one from the Avalanche (page 10). The wine from the Taverna (page 41) puts the Cyclops to sleep (page 46). And while the bee-sting ornament is fun to slather all over your heroic skin, it doesn't actually protect you from bees (page 31).



Hesperides Chariot Stop

CHARIOT TERMINAL. With your convenience in mind, the transportation authorities have located the Hesperides (**hes-PER-i-deez**) chariot station on the far fringe of the heroic world. Here you can buy a ticket for Mount Pelion (**PEEL-ee-un**) or Mycenae (**my-SEE-nee**). Next to the entrance to the waiting room is another door. Right now it's locked, but eventually Hera will give you the key (page 106).



Beach 3

BEACH WITH SHIP OFFSHORE. Seafaring in heroic times was a perilous affair. The sailing season, when one might hope to venture forth with any degree of safety, was limited to some fifty days after the end of summer. Prior to that season, the Aegean (**i-JEE-an**) Sea bakes under the summer sun and any slight imbalance in barometric pressure causes the hot air to rise up suddenly, sucking down cold from the north. Suddenly out of a cloudless sky the north wind rages down with almost hurricane force. And even in the absence of these dreadful gales, the prevailing wind, the *meltemi*, can be relied upon to kick up a choppy and violent sea. Small wonder that the ancient mariners strove to keep land in sight at all times, making their way cautiously from headland to headland. And small wonder that they drew their vessels up on the beach at night.

There's a ship with a white sail anchored out beyond the surf line. If you click on the ship, you swim out to it and climb aboard. King Minos (**MYE-nos**) and his guard are on the ship. If you talk to the guard you get no response. If you talk to Minos:

MINOS

(sarcastically sincere)

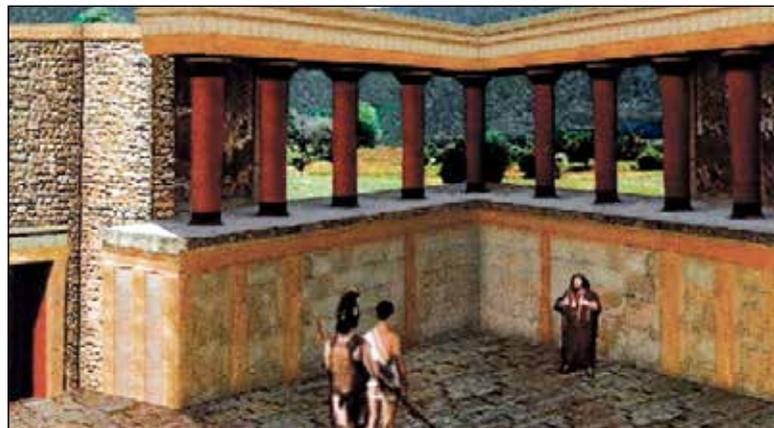
Good move! You just joined a boatload of victims for the Minotaur! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Cast off for Crete!

And so you find yourself once more in the footsteps of Theseus (**THEE-see-us**). When that hero had identified himself to King Aegeus (**EE-joos**) by producing the tokens hidden beneath the boulder, he was now the recognized heir to the kingdom of Athens. Thus he was on hand when King Minos of Crete (**KREET**) arrived to collect his periodic tribute of young men and maidens to be sacrificed to the Minotaur (**MIN-uh-tawr**). Because his son had died while in the safekeeping of the Athenians, Minos exerted the power of the Cretan navy to enforce this onerous demand.

The Minotaur was a monster, half-man, half-bull, that lived in the center of a maze called the Labyrinth (**LAB-i-rinth**). It had been born to Minos's wife Pasiphaë (**pa-SIF-ay-ee**) as a punishment from the gods. Minos had been challenged to prove that he was of divine parentage, so he called on the sea god Poseidon (**puh-SYE-dun**) to send him a sign. The god obliged, and a beautiful white bull emerged from the sea. Minos liked it so much that he neglected to sacrifice it to the gods, as he should have done.

As a punishment, Poseidon caused the king's wife to fall in love with the bull. She had the master craftsman Daedalus (**DEED-uh-lus**) build her a hollow cow in which to approach the beast. As a result, the Minotaur was born. The monster is generally depicted as having the head of a bull and the body of a man. But in the Middle Ages, artists portrayed a man's head and torso on a bull's body.

Some say that Theseus expressed his solidarity with his fellow citizens of Athens by volunteering to be one of the victims. Others maintain that Minos noticed the handsome young prince and chose him to be sacrificed. In any case, Theseus became one of the fated fourteen who embarked with the Cretan fleet.



Knossos

FADE UP ON A MINOAN COURTYARD. The island of Crete (**KREET**) was the site of the earliest high

civilization in Europe. For two thousand years there flourished a culture called “Minoan” (**mi-NOH-an**), after legendary King Minos (**MYE-nos**). This civilization was characterized by unique artwork and architecture, notably the imposing complex at Knossos (**NOSS-us**). Discovered in 1899 and generally considered a palace, it may instead have been a temple. The layout of Knossos was so complicated that it would have been incomprehensible to visitors, contributing to the myth of the Labyrinth (**LAB-i-rinth**).

The abrupt end of the high Minoan civilization has always been a great mystery. It is now theorized that the eruption of the nearby volcanic island of Thera, with its shock-wave, clouds of ash, and tidal waves, weakened the civilization so much that mainlanders were able to take over rule of Crete. Indeed, when Krakatoa, a volcano in the South China Sea, erupted in 1883 the sonic reverberations traveled three times around the world, and the sky in New Haven, Connecticut, glowed so strangely that the fire department was called out. Ash was ejected almost twenty miles into the air, and day was turned to night for almost three hundred miles around. It has been estimated that the magma chamber of the Thera volcano was five times as large as that of Krakatoa. Folk memories of this even may underlie the legend of the lost island-continent of Atlantis.

Thera is today called Santorini. Its steep cliffs are remnants of the volcano’s rim, and the harbor is actually its flooded interior. The eruption left the volcano hollow inside, and when it collapsed some time later the waters of the Aegean rushed into the

cavity. Rebounding when they hit bottom, they caused a tsunami or tidal wave. A tsunami caused by an earthquake in Chile in 1960 was still thirty-five feet high when it reached Hawaii. It is estimated that the Santorini tidal wave started at a comparable height and was still twenty-two feet tall when it reached the shore of what is today Israel. It would have destroyed the low-lying coastal settlements of Crete.

A Guard prods you at spear-point into the presence of King Minos. When you talk to him:

MINOS

(sarcastically)

Welcome to my palace of Knossos. Make yourself at home—there’s no way to escape. I hope your stay will be a pleasant one—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

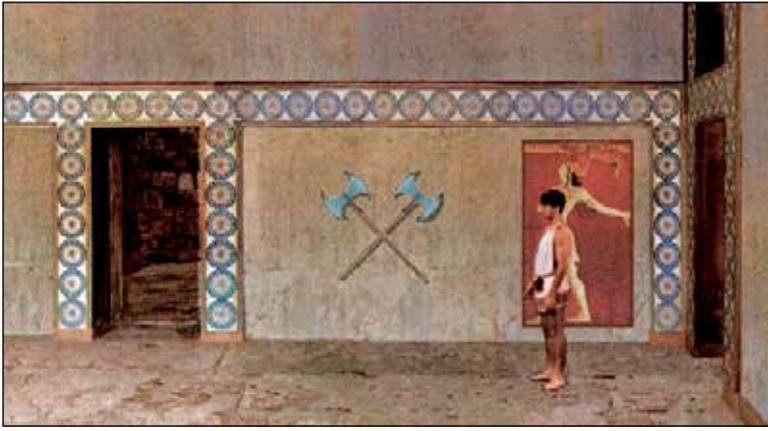
(You notice that he pronounces Knossos (**NOSS-us**) as if the “K” weren’t silent, but what does he know?) If this is your second trip:

MINOS

(sarcastically effusive)

Gosh, it’s great to have you back at Knossos! The Minotaur’s been asking after you.

(...the Minotaur (**MIN-uh-tawr**) being the monster of the Labyrinth.)

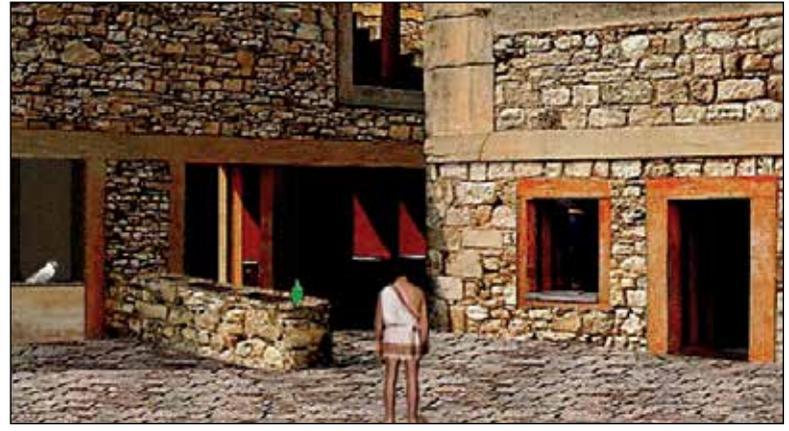


Axes

CORRIDOR WITH AXES. The name “Labyrinth” (**LAB-i-rinth**) comes from the word *labrys* (**LAB-riss**), meaning “double-ax,” and the dynasty of King Minos (**MYE-nos**) was referred to as the “House of the Double-Ax.” Clearly there is history behind the myth here, for many images of double-axes have been found by archaeologists on Crete (**KREET**) from a time even earlier than that of the mythological heroes. But such images are far older still, being found on European icons from as long ago as 5000 BC. And before they became stylized as double-headed axes with curved blades, it is clear that they depicted butterflies.

You click on the crossed axes on the wall and they fall with a great crash, breaking into pieces. You look at the wreckage.

Click on the shafts and they ping into your inventory. The same thing goes for the axe heads.



Well

MINOAN COURTYARD WITH WELL. Water, whether for ritual use or domestic purposes, played a central role at Knossos (**NOSS-us**). It was here that the Minoans (**mi-NOH-anz**) invented a system of water supply and drainage of a sophistication unsurpassed until the Romans centuries later.

There’s a Parrot perched on a ledge in this courtyard. If you talk to it and you have the ability to understand the language of birds and animals, it doesn’t seem to do you much good:

PARROT

Aaawk!

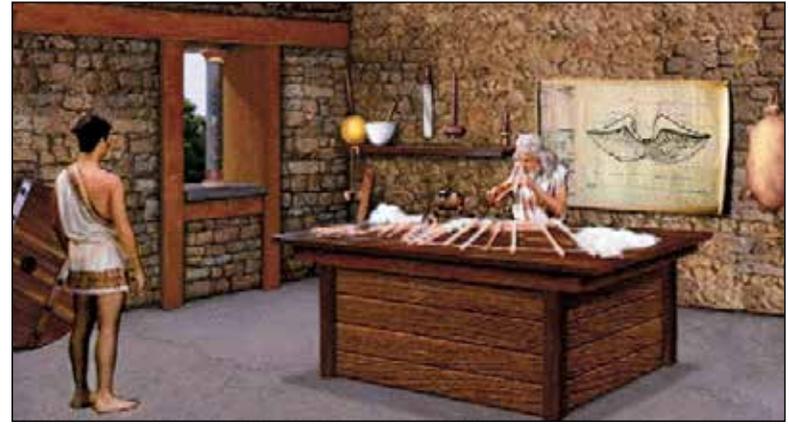
If you hand on the bird, it molts. Click on the fallen feathers to add them to your inventory. You also notice a green vessel sitting on the wellhead, but clicking on it causes it to fall into the well.



Hallway

MINOAN CORRIDOR. The palace of Knossos (**NOSS-us**) was a veritable maze of hallways, rooms, terraces, courtyards, and cellars. No wonder the marveling tales of visitors and returning travelers gave rise to the myth of the Labyrinth (**LAB-i-rinth**).

Walking down this corridor you pass an open doorway.



Daedalus

INTERIOR WITH SCIENTIFIC CLUTTER. Daedalus (**DEED-uh-lus**) was a renowned craftsman and inventor. Before his time statues had their arms fixed stiffly to their sides—Daedalus gave them naturalistic poses and, some say, the power of movement. Daedalus claimed to have invented the saw, but credit instead went to his nephew, whom Daedalus consequently murdered in a fit of professional jealousy. Because of this homicide, he fled his native Athens for the court of King Minos (**MYE-nos**) on the island of Crete (**KREET**).

King Minos was a notorious ingrate. One day when his son Glaucus (**GLAW-kus**) turned up missing, he sought the aid of the seer Polyeidus (**pol-ee-AYE-dus**), hoping to draw on the latter's powers of prophesy and inner vision. Polyeidus was the same seer who had advised Bellerophon (**beh-LARE-uh-fon**) on how to tame the flying horse Pegasus (**PEG-uh-sus**). True

to his reputation, he soon found the boy, smothered headfirst in a huge jar of honey. In thanks for this service, Minos locked Polyeidus in a room with the dead boy, telling him that he'd be released when he had returned Glaucus to life.

Polyeidus, a visionary not a magician, hadn't an inkling what to do, until a snake crawled into the room and died. Its mate slithered away and returned moments later with an herb, which it rubbed on the body. The first snake was brought back to life. Polyeidus applied the same herb to Glaucus, and it did the trick. Reasonably expecting thanks and a reward, he was stunned to be told by Minos that he couldn't even go home again until he had taught Glaucus all his mystical powers. Resignedly, this he did. And in the end, with his freedom in sight, he bid King Minos farewell. "One last thing," he said to young Glaucus. "Spit into my mouth."

With what distaste may be imagined, Glaucus did as instructed—and instantly forgot everything he had been taught.

King Minos behaved with similar ingratitude to Daedalus. In return for numerous services, notably the building of the Labyrinth (**LAB-i-rinth**), Minos had Daedalus imprisoned, either in his workroom or the Labyrinth itself. Admittedly, Daedalus had been compelled to design the Labyrinth in the first place owing to an indiscretion on his part. Minos's queen, Pasiphaë (**pa-SIF-ay-ee**), had fallen in love with a bull—through no fault of her own but in consequence of divine vengeance on Minos for—you guessed it—ingratitude to the gods. To help the queen, Daedalus

fashioned a lifelike hollow cow inside which Pasiphaë could approach the bull. As a result she gave birth to the Minotaur (**MIN-uh-tawr**), half-man, half-bull.

The Labyrinth was invented by Daedalus in order to confine the Minotaur and, some say, Pasiphaë and her accomplice. But there was no cooping up a genius like Daedalus. Having been locked up in his own architectural masterpiece, the great inventor knew better than to attempt the portal. Naturally Minos had placed this under heavy guard, knowing that if anyone could negotiate the twisting passages to the exit it was the creator of the Labyrinth himself. So Daedalus gave thought to other means of escape.

Minos had been kind enough to provide him with a room with a view, looking out over the Cretan landscape many stories below. The king was quite confident that his prisoner would not be leaping to his freedom. What he had overlooked was the possibility that the caged bird might fly. Indeed, Daedalus might well have been inspired by the soaring flight of the birds outside his window. It is certain that there were in fact birds in the vicinity because Daedalus managed to possess himself of a goodly supply of feathers. Like the great Leonardo da Vinci many centuries yet in the future, he sketched out on his drafting table a winglike framework to which these feathers might be applied. Building a wooden lattice in the shape of an outsized wing and covering it with the feathers, he set to testing his prototype.

It must have created quite a stir in the dank passages of the Labyrinth when Daedalus began waving this monumental feather duster around. The trials were

important, though, for the ultimate invention would be freighted with the risk not just of his own life but that of his son Icarus (**IK-uh-rus**) as well. For Minos had wickedly imprisoned the guiltless boy together with his father.

At last the day was at hand to take to the skies. As he attached one pair of wings to Icarus and another to himself, Daedalus cautioned his son repeatedly.

“Remember all the trouble I had getting these feathers to stick?” he said for the sixth or seventh time. “The beeswax I used as a binding agent is unstable,” he pointed out as Icarus fidgeted impatiently. “I had to heat it to make it work. If it gets heated again—by the sun, say—it’ll give way and the feathers will come loose. Do you understand, boy?”

To judge by Icarus’s expression, he felt his father was belaboring the point. As it turned out, he might have given his old dad more credit for a caution worth repeating. For as soon as they had leapt from the windowsill and caught an updraft which bore them high into the sky about Mount Juktas (**YOOK-tas**), Icarus became giddy with exhilaration. Now he knew what a falcon felt like, dipping and soaring at will.

Perhaps with some notion of going down in the annals of aviation with the first high-altitude record, he started flapping with a vengeance. And as he climbed into the thinner air aloft, the sun’s proximity began to work as Daedalus had anticipated. The feathers came loose and Icarus plunged headlong into the sea, which—scant consolation—henceforth bore his name.

You enter a cluttered room in which a man labors at a workbench. He’s made a framework consisting of simple shafts and cross-pieces (not unlike those of a broken ceremonial axe), and amongst the other props is a brazier for heating the binding agent. Talk to him and he mutters to himself:

DAEDALUS

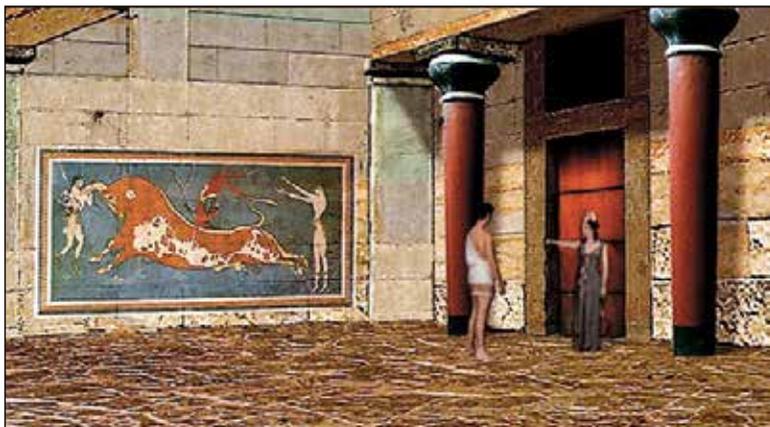
Hold me prisoner, will he? If that fool King Minos thinks he can put one over on me, the great Daedalus, he’s got another think coming. Once these wings are ready, I’m out of here. Now if I could just get these feathers to stick...

If you try to touch anything:

DAEDALUS

Don’t touch that! Hands off!

The fact is, though, you can take a candlestick from his collection of tools and bric-a-brac.



Snake Priestess

DOOR AND FRESCO. For thousands of years now, a large part of humankind has thought of the great power of creation and rebirth as male in gender. But for tens of thousands of years before that, it is likely that the essential source of life and death, the terror and fruitfulness of nature, was conceived of as female.

The Great Mother—known often simply as the Goddess—took a number of forms. She was sometimes worshipped in conjunction with other deities, some male. Snakes were sacred symbols because they shed their skin and were in that sense reborn. And the rebirth of the crops and edible plants in the springtime was humankind's greatest preoccupation. So a snake might be worshipped or serve a ceremonial role, either as a symbol or an embodiment of the goddess herself.

You come to a impressive portal next to a fresco

depicting the sport or ritual of bull-leaping (see next page). Click on the door and a Snake Priestess materializes.

SNAKE PRIESTESS

Stop right there. This room is for initiates only. You must prove yourself one of the elect by answering this question: What maiden was changed into a cow?

An alphabetic display comes up, and you spell out the answer: Io (**EYE-oh**), the princess who was transformed into a heifer by Zeus (**ZOOS**). This password was given to you by Hera (**HEE-ruh**) in the Secret Word scene ([page 16](#)) after you vanquished the Hydra (**HYE-druh**). If you can't remember the secret word or you spell it wrong:

SNAKE PRIESTESS

You are not yet ready to enter here. Now... begone!

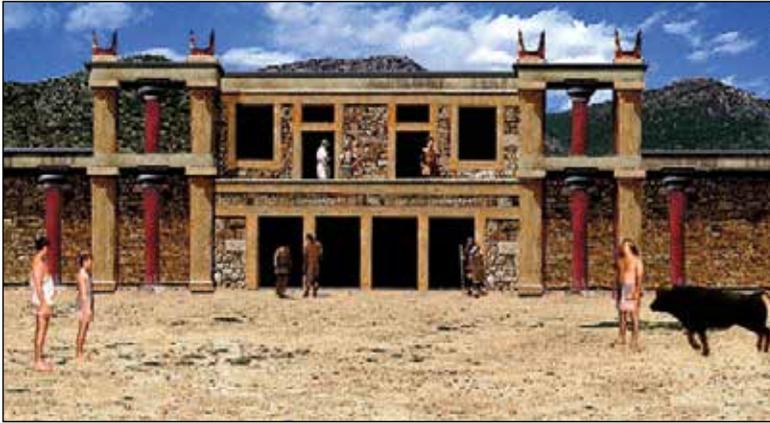
If you answer correctly:

SNAKE PRIESTESS

Blessings upon you, for you are well launched upon the hero's path.

She disappears and the door opens. If on the other hand she's told you to get lost, you can click on the left edge of the screen to go back the way you came or the right side (where she's pointed) to return to your exploration of Knossos (**NOSS-us**). Eventually you'll escape to the mainland and, having completed

enough exploits to be granted the secret word, you'll make your way back to Beach 3 (page 79) and swim out to the tribute boat again.



Bull-Leaping

MINOAN COURTYARD. From abundant archaeological evidence it is clear that some sport or ceremony involving acrobats and bulls was practiced in ancient Crete (**KREET**). And from the myth of Theseus (**THEE-see-us**), one might conclude that the acrobats were captives or sacrificial victims, whose athleticism and timing might have spelled the difference between gory death and popular adulation by the Knossos (**NOSS-us**) throngs.

Historians have long speculated on the scant likelihood of anyone grabbing the horns of a charging bull and vaulting up onto or over its back, even with the aid of a “catcher” standing by to steady the leap to the ground. It has been pointed out that bulls tend to

make a sideways sweeping gesture with their horns, the force and speed of which impales anyone within reach. But the long-horned Cretan bull of ancient times may have been a more sluggish creature, bred perhaps for the usefulness of this trait in ritual. Or the bulls may have been drugged for the sport. Still, it is not hard to see how a successful bull-leaper would have been treated like a celebrity in the halls of Knossos.

You find yourself in a bright courtyard where a young lass confronts an enormous bull. The bull snorts. The girl braces herself resolutely. The bull paws the dirt, then charges. Just as it's about to run her down, the girl grabs the horns, vaults into the air over its head, does a somersault, and lands near her catcher. Applause. The Catcher points to you.

CATCHER

Now...you!

You react in consternation: “Me?”

The bull snorts even more ferociously. In response to your click it charges at you. You'll need to click it again right when it is close enough for you to leap onto its back, but not so close that it runs you over. If you don't click at all or click too late, the bull tramples you down. As you stagger back to your feet:

CATCHER

Maybe this isn't your sport.

If you click too soon, you somersault over the bull's back but land on your own. The Catcher smiles

sympathetically.

CATCHER

Easy does it.

If you are successful, you see yourself perform the acrobatic trick. To the sound of cheers, you raise your arms in victory and receive 25 points.

CATCHER

Good timing!

You get credit for the adventure after one success, but you can stay as long as you want; the bull just keeps charging.



Throne

MINOAN THRONE-ROOM. Guides at Knossos (NOSS-us) today talk of King Minos (MYE-noss)

and his throne, but such ceremonial seats as have been restored more likely served a presiding religious official than a king. The “palace” itself may have been a religious center. And since the deity worshipped was probably female, the throne was as likely to have served for a priestess as a priest or king.

There are two vases to the right and left of this throne. You can click on them and they ping into your inventory.



Ariadne

GARDEN. It was not long after he arrived in Crete (KREET) to brave the terrors of the Labyrinth (LAB-i-rinth) that the hero Theseus (THEE-see-us) encountered Princess Ariadne (air-ee-AD-nee), daughter of King Minos (MYE-noss). She fell in love with him at first sight. It was Ariadne who gave him a clew—a ball of yarn or thread—which she had

obtained from Daedalus (**DEED-uh-lus**). It was to prove invaluable to Theseus in his quest to survive the terrors of the Labyrinth.

This maze had been so cleverly and intricately contrived by the master builder Daedalus that once thrown inside, a victim could never find the way out again. Sooner or later, he or she would round a corner and come face to face with the all-devouring Minotaur (**MIN-uh-tawr**). This was the fate which awaited Theseus.

When he first entered the maze he tied off one end of the ball of thread which Ariadne had given him, and he played out the thread as he advanced deeper and deeper into the fiendishly twisting passages. Eventually he encountered the Minotaur and, lacking any weapon because he could hardly have sneaked one past the guards at the entrance, he beat the monster to death with his fists. (His success in this regard may have been fostered by the circumstance that the Minotaur was asleep when Theseus found him.) Then the hero followed the thread back to the entrance. Otherwise he would have died of starvation before making his escape.

Theseus now eloped with Ariadne, pausing only long enough to put holes in the bottom of her father's ships so that he could not pursue. But Theseus soon abandoned the princess, either because he was bewitched by a god or because he had fallen in love with her sister Phaedra (**FEE-druh**). Some say that he left Ariadne on the island of Naxos (**NAK-sos**), but others maintain that such was his haste that he left her on the small island of Dia (**DYE-uh**), within sight of

the harbor from which they had sailed. The deserted and pining Ariadne has been a favorite theme of artists down through the ages.

You find yourself in a garden, with an ornamental fountain and a beautiful maiden. The door at the end is locked. When you talk to the maiden:

ARIADNE

I am Princess Ariadne. Tell me your desire.

A grid of words comes up below the picture window. When you press on the words, they are added together to form a sentence. The words are:

demand...me...you...a...give...want...
force...am...please...help...kiss...I...gem...
lyre...rock...sword...will...hero...need...
have...to...your

When you have assembled a sentence, you press a "talk" button to get a reaction from Ariadne. The following are some of the things you might say, together with Ariadne's reactions, which are delivered sweetly even when they are sarcastic.

You: "I am a hero."

ARIADNE

Good for you!

You: "I want a gem (or sword, or rock, or lyre)."

ARIADNE

Too bad.

You: "I want a kiss."

ARIADNE

I beg your pardon.

You: "Please give me a kiss."

ARIADNE

Maybe later. I'll have to think about it.

You: "I will force you to help me."

ARIADNE

That's no way to talk to a princess.

You: "I need help."

ARIADNE

What's the magic word?

You: "Please."

ARIADNE

I worship God the Mother, who respects life, not violence. So I'll help you avoid a gruesome fate. Here, take this ball of thread.

She holds out the clew to you. You hand on it and it pings into your inventory.

ARIADNE

It may serve you in the Labyrinth, where the hideous Minotaur lurks. But you may still be able to escape—I've unlocked the door. After that you're on your own. As we say here on Crete, may the sun be at your back and the wind under your wings.

Ariadne disappears. You walk to the door at the end of the garden, open it, and exit. On your subsequent visits to this scene, you simply pass through an empty garden without encountering anybody.



Fire

MINOAN INTERIOR WITH TORCHES. The palace of Knossos (**NOSS-us**) burned down a number of times. Open flames, resinous wood, and an abundance of oil storage jars make for a volatile combination in

earthquake country. The final conflagration, however, was caused neither by an earthquake nor the volcanic eruption of a neighboring isle. Though its source remains a mystery, it left a profound impression on the people of Knossos. The site was abandoned, as if haunted.

As you enter this scene the door swings inward and knocks over the first of a series of tall stanchions holding torches. You witness the result of a chain reaction in which the last stanchion has fallen against the door at the far end of the room and set it on fire.

You remember the fountain from Ariadne's garden (page 88) and the two vases which you acquired in the Throne room (page 88). Either in this scene or in the garden, you select a vase in your inventory and click it on yourself or on the fountain. This triggers an animation in which you rush to the fountain, dip the vase into the water to fill it, and race back to the fire.

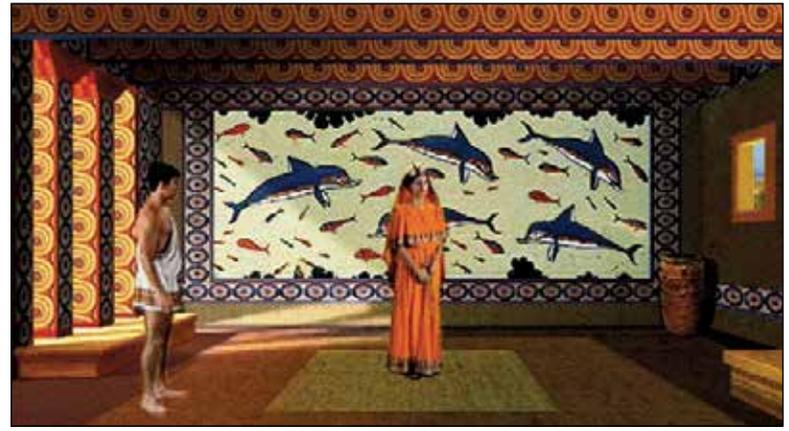
Of the two vases in your inventory, one leaks, and as you approach the fire the water spurts out. You tip it futilely over the flames and then smash it in frustration. You select the second vase in your inventory. This time when you fill it at the fountain and return, you are able to douse the flames.

Only a glowing ember remains on the floor. If you click on it to pick it up, you toss it from hand to hand like a hot potato. Eventually it pings into your inventory.



Corridor

MINOAN HALLWAY. For all the imposing beauty of its public spaces and mere passageways, there was no getting around the fact that somewhere in the labyrinthine (**lab-ih-RIN-thin**) depths of the palace of Knossos (**NOSS-us**) lurked the Minotaur (**MIN-uh-tawr**).



Dione

MINOAN BEDROOM. You come upon a woman of noble bearing.

DIONE

Who are you? I get so few visitors here.

She walks slowly to the window.

DIONE

(continues)

My days are lonely and bitter, waiting for my long-lost son to appear.

If you give her the tiara that you acquired in the Princess's Room ([page 27](#)):

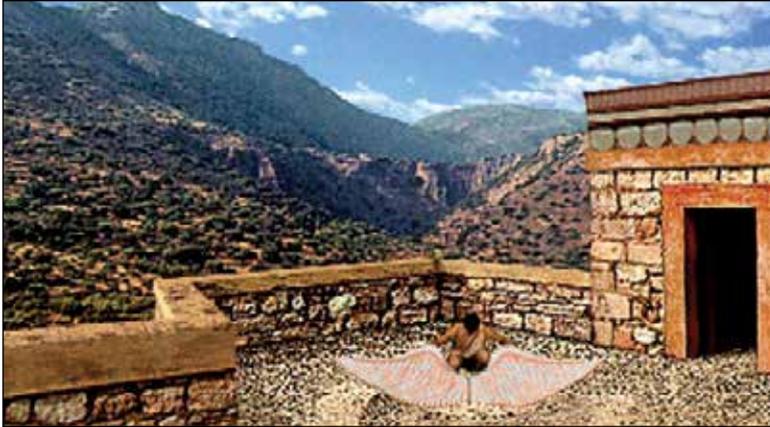
DIONE

Can it be? My own true child, come to take

me home!

(sighing)

But no—that day won't come. Not 'til you defeat the monster of the Labyrinth—the Minotaur. I shudder at the very name. Until then, farewell and godspeed, my son. I know you must go now.



Wings

MINOAN TERRACE. You find yourself on a rooftop terrace. This is your chance to escape Knossos (**NOSS-us**), inspired by the achievement of Daedalus (**DEED-uh-lus**), who made wings of feathers and wax so that he and his son could fly to freedom ([page 83](#)).

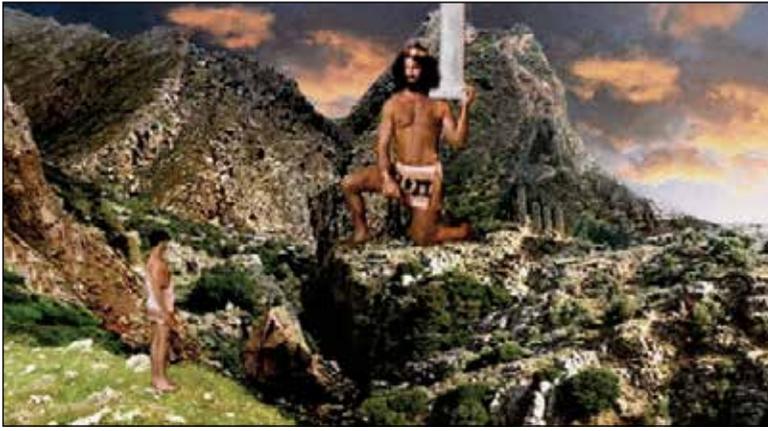
In your inventory, select the shafts from the Axes scene ([page 82](#)) in order to make a framework, and add the feathers from the parrot at the Well ([page 82](#)). You'll need beeswax from the Bees scene ([page 31](#)) or from the

candle in the workshop of Daedalus ([page 83](#)) to attach the feathers. But you'll find that they don't stick unless you soften the wax with the ember from the Fire scene ([page 90](#)). You pile these items on the ground and then click on them to assemble them into wings, which ping into your inventory upon completion. Select them in your inventory and click them on yourself, and you climb up onto the terrace wall, don the wings, and fly away over the mountains and through the clouds until you land on Beach 1 ([page 36](#)).



Wings

GRASSY LANDSCAPE. This meadow is located near the Hesperides Chariot Stop ([page 79](#)) and leads to the Atlas and Pegasus scenes (next pages).



Atlas

EDGE OF THE WORLD. Atlas was a Titan (**TYE-tun**), which is to say a member of the first generation of deities, born of the goddess Earth. One of his brothers was Cronus (**KROH-nus**), father of Zeus (**ZOOS**). Atlas made the mistake of siding with Cronus in a war against Zeus. In punishment, he was compelled to support the weight of the heavens by means of a pillar on his shoulders. When Heracles (**HUR-a-kleez**; Roman name: Hercules) was questing after the Golden Apples of the Hesperides (**hes-PER-i-deez**), he was advised to seek the aid of Atlas. The Titan was only too happy to oblige, since it meant being relieved of his burden. He told the hero to hold the pillar while he went into the garden of the Hesperides to retrieve the apples. But first Heracles would have to do something about the many-tongued dragon which guarded them. This was swiftly accomplished. Then Heracles took the pillar while Atlas went to get the apples. He was successful and returned quickly enough, but in the

meantime he had realized how pleasant it was not to have to strain for eternity keeping heaven and earth apart. So he told Heracles that he'd have to fill in for him for an indeterminate length of time. And the hero feigned agreement to this proposal. But he said that he needed a cushion for his shoulder, and he wondered if Atlas would mind taking back the pillar just long enough for him to fetch one. The Titan graciously obliged, and Hercules strolled off, omitting to return.

You find Atlas, kneeling on top of a mountain with a huge pillar on his shoulder.

ATLAS

I—the Titan Atlas—am stuck here holding up the sky. So I'll give you a golden apple—if you'll silence that obnoxious dragon over there.

DRAGON

Obnoxious? Obnoxious, is it? I'll show you obnoxious, you pea brain. And who's your friend? What a wimp, you're both wimps. I dare you to let go of that pillar. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

If you return to this scene and haven't defeated the dragon yet:

DRAGON

Hey, Atlas, talk about job security, you're one lucky guy. Ha, ha, ha!

If you have the bow in your inventory, you click it on

yourself and there's a transition to the arrow-shooting perspective, with the dragon in the background.

DRAGON

What's that little thing? A bow and arrow? You couldn't hit the Parthenon if you were three feet away. Get outta here! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

If you shoot and hit the dragon, he says "Good shot!" or "Nice shot!" but it takes a number of hits to quiet him up. If you shoot and miss, he taunts you obnoxiously. If you haven't been taught by Chiron to be more skillful at archery ([page 71](#)):

ATLAS

I guess the centaur Chiron never taught you how to shoot.

When you return after getting archery lessons from Chiron:

DRAGON

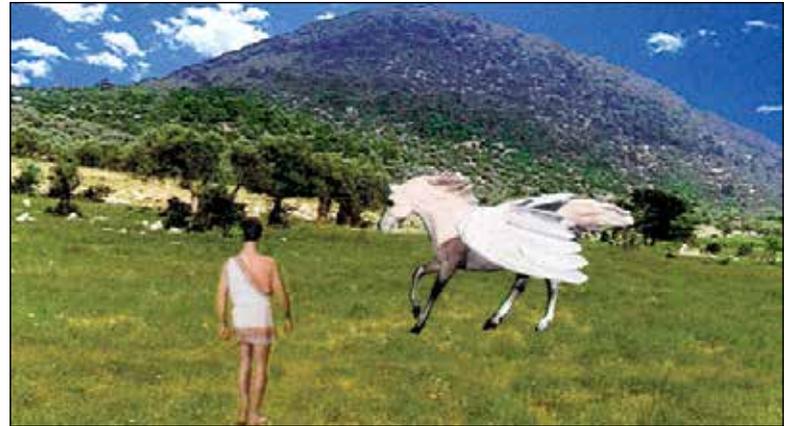
Hey wimp, you're back. You got some lessons? You needed 'em. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

When you finally kill the dragon, Atlas hands you the apple and almost drops the pillar in the process.

ATLAS

Way to go! Here's the golden apple... Whoops!

The apple pings into your inventory, and you receive 50 points.



Pegasus

PASTURE. When the hero Bellerophon (**beh-LARE-uh-fon**) undertook to fight the Chimaera (**kye-MEE-ruh**), he had a rather substantial ace up his sleeve in the form of the flying horse Pegasus (**PEG-uh-sus**). This winged stallion, offspring of the god Poseidon (**puh-SYĒ-dun**) and the Gorgon Medusa (**GORE-gun meh-DOO-suh**), was born when Perseus (**PUR-see-us**) cut off Medusa's head.

So when you first come to this pasture, if you haven't killed Medusa yet, Pegasus won't be here. But once you've slain the Gorgon (and Pegasus has been born from her neck), he will be waiting for you. If you talk to him—and if the snake in the Shrine scene ([page 6](#)) has given you the ability to understand the language of animals:

PEGASUS

(nickers)

Bppph! Hey, hero, to go after the Chimaera, you'll have to tame me first. Neigh!

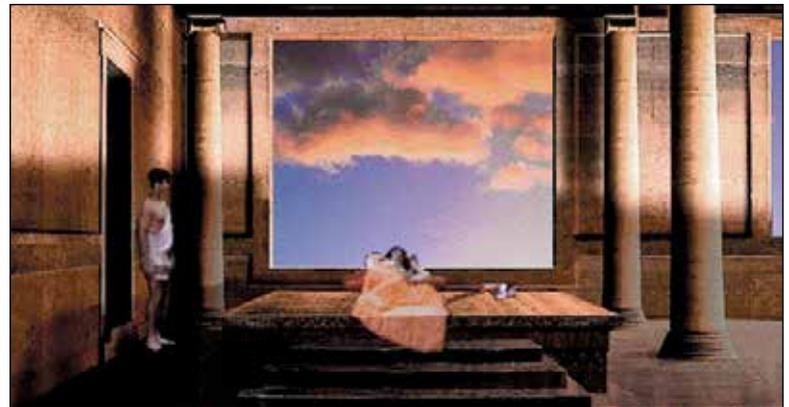
To tame Pegasus, you'll need the bridle from the Golden Glow scene (page 77). If you put this on Pegasus and then click the "do" cursor on him, he lets you mount up on his back and fly off to fight the Chimaera (page 64). But you will learn the hard way that you are not prepared to battle the monster unless you arm yourself ahead of time with the proper weapon. Make yourself a lance by using your sword to whittle a point on the staff from the Jousting scene (page 52). (You do this by selecting both sword and staff in inventory and clicking them on yourself here in the pasture.)

Now when you fly into the Chimaera scene you'll be better prepared. But alas, even this isn't the complete procedure. You must model yourself on Bellerophon and put a lump of lead on the tip of the lance (so the monster's fiery breath will melt it and cause his demise). So, sharpen the staff into a lance if you haven't already done so, or select the sharpened staff in your inventory. Then select the lump of lead and put it on the lance. Now, mount up and fly away to vanquish the Chimaera at last!



Olympus Ascent

IMPOSING MOUNTAIN. The trail is a bit steep here, as you are climbing Mount Olympus itself.



Hermes' Bedroom

OLYMPUS EXTERIOR. Having scaled the mountain and climbed over a wall, you find yourself on the

terrace outside the bedroom of Hermes (**HUR-meez**). (If you've been eaten by Medusa, you've been here before.) You proceed through the open door.

OLYMPUS INTERIOR. You come upon Hermes fast asleep in his godly bed. Hermes, the messenger of the gods and more particularly of Zeus (**ZOOS**), was the son of that great god and a mountain nymph (**NIMF**). As a newborn he was remarkably precocious. On his very first day of life, he found the empty shell of a tortoise and perceived its utility as a sounding chamber. Stringing sinews across it, he created the first lyre.

Hermes was known for his helpfulness to mankind, both in his capacity as immortal herald and on his own initiative. When Perseus (**PUR-see-us**) set out to face the Gorgon Medusa (**GORE-gun meh-DOO-suh**), Hermes aided him in the quest. According to one version of the myth, he loaned the hero his own magic sandals, which conferred upon the wearer the ability to fly. Some say that Hermes loaned Perseus a helmet of invisibility as well. Also known as the helmet of darkness, this was the same headgear that Hermes himself had worn when he vanquished the giant Hippolytus (**hi-POL-i-tus**). This was on the occasion when the gargantuan sons of Earth rose up in revolt against the gods of Olympus.

Hermes' symbol of office as divine messenger was his staff, or caduceus (**kuh-DOO-see-us**). This was originally a willow wand with entwined ribbons, traditional badge of the herald. But the ribbons were eventually depicted as snakes. To support this mythologically, a story evolved that Hermes used

the caduceus to separate two fighting snakes which forthwith twined themselves together in peace.

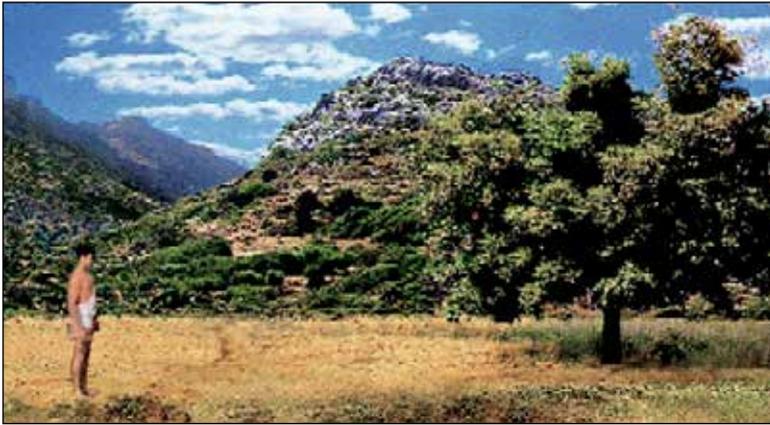
It was Hermes' job to convey dead souls to the Underworld. And as patron of travelers, he was often shown in a wide-brimmed sun hat of straw. Hermes was known to the Romans as Mercury. His most famous depiction, a statue by Bellini, shows him alight on one foot, wings at his heels, the snaky caduceus in hand and, on his head, a rather stylized combination helmet-of-darkness and sun hat.

There's just enough room to walk around the end of the bed to the god's winged sandals, which are hanging on a peg. If on your way to acquire these for your inventory you bump into the bed, Hermes wakes and cracks a bleary eye.

HERMES

Go away, kid, ya bother me.

If you are more careful about it and manage to click on the sandals, they ping into your inventory.



Midas Touch

MEADOW. Midas (**MYE-das**) was a king of Phrygia (**FRIJ-ee-a**), a region nowadays part of Turkey. One day some of his farmhands brought him a satyr (**SAY-tur**) they had caught napping in the vineyard. This creature, part man, part goat, still groggy and much the worse for wear, had been thoroughly trussed up to keep him from escaping. Midas immediately recognized Silenus (**syee-LEE-nus**), right-hand satyr to the god Dionysus (**dye-oh-NYE-sus**), and ordered him set free.

Silenus explained that he and his master had just returned from the East where they had been engaged in spreading the cultivation of the grape. Dionysus had brought back a tiger or two, an ever-expanding flock of followers, and one very drunken satyr. Silenus had conked out in Midas's vineyard to sleep it off. Now he was grateful to the king for treating him with dignity, and so was Dionysus. The god was so

pleased, in fact, that he offered to grant whatever Midas should wish for.

Now, you didn't get to rule a kingdom in those days without a pretty active grasp of what makes for a successful economy. Midas didn't have to think twice. As the simplest plan for the constant replenishment of the royal treasury, he asked that everything he touch be turned to gold.

Arching a godly eyebrow, Dionysus went so far as to ask if Midas were sure. To which the king instantly replied, "Sure I'm sure." So Dionysus waved his pine-branch scepter and conferred the boon.

And Midas rushed back home to try it out. Tentatively at first, he laid a trembling fingertip upon a bowl of fruit and then a stool, and then a woolly lambkin. And when each of these had been transmuted in a trice into purest gold, the king began to caper about like the lambkin before its transformation.

"Just look at this!" he crowed, turning his chariot into a glittering mass of priceless-though-worthless transportation. "Look what daddy can do!" he cried, taking his young daughter by the hand to lead her into the garden for a lesson in making dewy nature gleam with a monotonous but more valuable sheen.

Encountering unexpected resistance, he swung about to see why his daughter was being such a slug. Whereupon his eyes encountered, where late his child had been, a life-size golden statue that might have been entitled "Innocence Surprised."

“Uh-oh,” said Midas, and from that point on the uh-oh’s multiplied. He couldn’t touch any useful object without it losing in utility what it gained in monetary value, nor any food without it shedding all nutritional potency on its leaden way down his gullet.

In short, Midas came to understand why Dionysus had looked askance when asked to grant the favor. Fortunately, the god was a good sport about it. He allowed Midas to wash away his magic touch in the river Pactolus (**pak-TOH-lus**), which ever after enjoyed renown for its shimmering deposits of gold.

In a mountain-ringed meadow you come upon a fruit tree. Closer examination reveals a juicy apple. As you pick it, a deity materializes beside you in a radiant glow. His voice is overly suave and modulated, like a game show host.

DIONYSUS

Hi, it’s me, the god Dionysus! And this is your lucky day! That’s right; you’ve been selected to receive...the Midas Touch! Yes, the power to change whatever you touch into gold!

There’s a magical sound. The apple, which you’re still holding, turns golden just as you are about to take a bite. You react in confusion.

DIONYSUS

Personally, I’d have chosen something more valuable. But hey, if anybody asks you where you got that fine little knickknack, tell ‘em:

I’m the mighty Dionysus and I’ve got the *power!*

He points his finger and there’s a huge fireball and the mountains in the background split asunder (opening a shortcut for you).

DIONYSUS

Whoa! Better watch where I point that thing.

He dematerializes. The apple pings into your inventory.





Pan

TRAIL THROUGH RUINS. You come upon a figure, goat from the waist down and more or less human from the waist up. This is Pan, the god of shepherds and flocks, who was born in Arcadia (**ar-KAY-dee-uh**). Different stories are told of his parentage, most often that he was the son of the god Hermes (**HUR-meez**) and a mountain nymph (**NIMF**). Pan was born with a human body but goat legs, hooves, ears, and horns. His mother ran away screaming, but the proud papa took him straightaway to Olympus (**oh-LIM-pus**), where the gods thought him cute as could be. Pan once loved a nymph named Echo, but she fled from him and was changed into a voice that can only repeat the last words spoken by someone else. When another nymph eluded his pursuit and was transformed into a reed, Pan was inspired to invent a musical instrument. He took seven reeds, cut them to varying lengths, and bound them together to make a shepherd's pipe—an item that was consequently known as a panpipe (or

panpipes). Pan was considered to be the cause of the sudden fear that sometimes comes for no reason, especially in lonely places. That's why it's called "panic."

This particular Pan talks like a beatnik musician.

PAN

I am the great god Pan...

(pause)

And you're not.

He tootles a few off-key notes on his panpipes and wrinkles up his nose in distaste.

PAN

Oh man!

If you come back after you've discovered that a fallen pillar is blocking your progress (next page):

PAN

Normally I'd give you a hand with that pillar, but I've just broken my panpipes—and I'm nothing without my tunes. Make me up some new ones and I'll see what I can do.

When you come back with the materials from Circe's Island ([page 103](#)), you select the reed in your inventory and place it on the ground. Next you select the sword and use it to chop the reed into pieces. And finally you select the string and bind the pieces together. You click the assembled panpipes on Pan, who tootles a few notes as a test, then smiles in satisfaction.

PAN

Lead on, bro!

He follows you to the pillar and plays a tune.

PAN

Yeah!

The pillar vanishes and Pan gestures toward the path.
You can click to take the panpipes back again.



Branch

BRANCHING ROAD WITH RUINS. There's a choice of directions here.



Pillar

TEMPLE RUINS. You come to the ruins of a temple, with a huge fallen pillar blocking the road. There's a cart in the roadway. The driver is an old acquaintance.

PEDDLER

Somebody's going to have to move that thing out of the way. And don't look at me—I'm no god.

Clicking on the pillar causes you to strain at it futilely. You're going to need Pan's help (previous page).



Rowboat

BEACH WITH ROWBOAT. The homeward journey of Odysseus (**oh-DISS-ee-us**) from the Trojan War took him past two obstacles that have become proverbial in the expression “between Scylla and Charybdis.” Charybdis (**kuh-RIB-dis**) was a whirlpool in the narrow strait between Italy and Sicily. Many times a day this monster gulped down the larger part of the surrounding sea and then belched it up again. This constituted a serious impediment to navigation.

Odysseus had decided to risk it because the alternative was worse—the Wandering Rocks, which smashed together upon any ship that tried to shoot the gap between them. It should be pointed out that these weren’t the same as the Clashing Rocks, which were braved by Jason and the Argonauts as they sailed to Colchis (**KOL-kis**), land of the Golden Fleece. To compound the confusion, Jason and crew encountered the Clashing Rocks on their way to Colchis and the

Wandering Rocks on their return. The Nereids (**NEE-ree-ids**), daughters of the Old Man of the Sea, guided them through safely on the latter occasion.

Odysseus had been warned about the whirlpool by Circe (**SUR-see**), and he told his men to steer clear, keeping up against the base of the cliff opposite. What he didn’t tell the men was that the cliff harbored the dreaded Scylla (**SIL-uh**). Scylla had started out as a beautiful maiden but had ended up a monster with six heads and an equal number of slaving maws.

Odysseus had been instructed to put up no resistance but felt honor-bound to don his armor and brandish his sword—for all the good it did him. Scylla promptly snatched up and gobbled six sailors simultaneously while their captain looked on in an agony of frustration. There was nothing for it but to row harder—to have changed course would have meant the whirlpool.

And so before you grab some oars and go boating westerly, beware if your course should take you ‘twixt the devil and the deep blue sea.

You come upon a rowboat on a beach, but you’ll need the oars from the Warehouse ([page 12](#)) to operate this watercraft.



Island

BEACH. When, in the course of their return from the Trojan War, Odysseus (**oh-DISS-ee-us**) and his shipmates put in at a beautiful but slightly spooky island, it was imperative that someone go out and scout for provisions. Odysseus himself had led the shore party on a recent landfall and been imprisoned and almost eaten by a Cyclops (**SYE-klops**) for his pains. So this time he put someone else in command and sent him out with half the crew. The rest stayed in camp and alternately worried about the scouts and thanked their lucky stars that they hadn't been picked.

Their worries were justified. The explorers had come upon a snug little house in a clearing, where a beautiful woman invited them in for tea. They'd already observed that the yard was full of lions and wolves of a surprisingly docile nature, but they chose to overlook this portent that something might be amiss. All but one of the sailors accepted the invitation

and went inside. Whereupon their hostess, who turned out to be an enchantress by the name of Circe (**SUR-see**), turned them into swine.

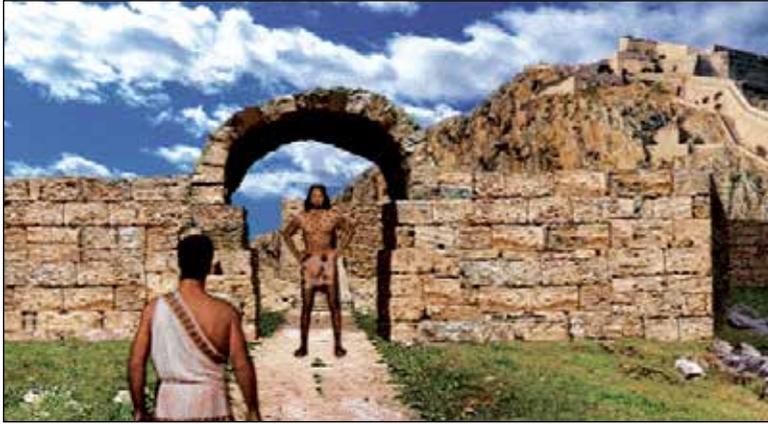
The one crew member who hadn't shared this fate reported back to Odysseus, who must have thought a grouchy thought or two about the responsibilities of captaincy before he set out to see what he could do for his men—or, rather, pigs. When he was approaching the house, he happened to run into the god Hermes (**HUR-meez**). Or perhaps it was something more than happenstance. Those of the Olympians who weren't trying to make Odysseus's life miserable were bent on helping him, and they'd sent their herald with a timely bit of aid. This was in the form of a sprig of moly (**MOH-lee**), a magical sort of plant which, Hermes assured Odysseus, would counteract the witch's spells.

Sure enough, Circe had no sooner said hello to her latest visitor and raised her magic wand to turn him forthwith into a porker than Odysseus drew his sword as Hermes had instructed him to do. And holding the moly to his nose like smelling salts, he said: "Drop that thing right now or your wand-waving days are over!" (Or words to that effect.)

Circe was so taken aback that she not only spared Odysseus her spells but restored all his men to human form. She and Odysseus became great friends. The hero stayed with her for many a day, and when at last he set out again Circe gave him essential advice about the perils ahead.

Your rowboat has landed on a beach bordering a

swampy lagoon where there are reeds growing up through the muck. You pick up a handful of reeds and one of them pings into your inventory. There is also some string cast up on the shore near your feet, so you acquire that too.



Argus

FORTRESS ARCHWAY. Argus (**AR-gus**) was a hero from Arcadia (**ar-KAY-dee-uh**). He is sometimes called Argus All-Seeing to differentiate him from others named Argus (such as the builder of Jason's ship). Argus "All-Seeing" got his nickname from his unorthodox number of eyes. In a classical case of mythological inconsistency, some say he had four eyes—two in the standard placement and two in the back of his head—while others claim he had up to a hundred eyes all over his body. This excess ocular equipment made Argus an excellent watchman, a talent which the goddess Hera (**HEE-ruh**) used to good effect in the case of Io (**EYE-oh**). Io was a young

priestess with whom Hera's husband Zeus (**ZOOS**) had fallen in love. Needless to say, Hera was jealous and angry, so she changed Io into a cow. Or maybe Zeus himself brought about the transformation to hide the object of his passion from Hera. In any case, once Io had become a heifer, Hera asked Argus to so-to-speak keep an eye on her and let Hera know if Zeus came near. Argus was able to perform this watch around the clock since he could always keep a lid or two peeled while the rest caught a little shut-eye.

But Zeus told Hermes (**HUR-meez**), god of thieves, to snatch Io away, and Hermes resorted to a clever ruse. Disguising himself as a shepherd, he bored Argus with long-winded stories, beguiled him with song, and eventually lulled him to sleep by playing tunes on a shepherd's pipe, recently invented by Pan. Or so, at least, goes one version of the tale. In another, Hermes killed Argus with the cast of a stone.

Your way is blocked by a giant with eyes all over his body.

ARGUS

Hold it right there! I am Argus the All-Seeing, and I've been set to guard this passage. No one gets by me.

You try to click your way around Argus, but he keeps blocking you.

ARGUS

Oh no you don't!

If you poke him with the sword:

ARGUS

Your puny weapons have no effect on me.

If you give Argus the wine from the Taverna (page 41) or the Market (page 77), he simply guzzles it down. If you flash him the eye chart from the Market, he frantically moves his hands around trying to cover his many eyes. Instead you need to lull him to sleep with the pipes that you took from Pan at the Pillar (page 101).



Argus

URBAN ARCHWAY. Caenis (**SEE-nis**) was a young nymph (**NIMF**) loved by Poseidon (**poh-SYE-dun**). One day the god said he would give Caenis anything she wanted in token of his affection. She asked to be changed into a man, and an invulnerable fighter at that. Although this was the last thing Poseidon had expected or wished to hear, he obliged, and Caenis became Caeneus (**SEEN-yoos**). Under her—or rather his—new name, Caeneus became a great warrior and

got so carried away with his prowess that he walked into the middle of town one day and propped up his spear in the marketplace. “From now on,” he said, “everyone will worship my spear as a god.”

Zeus (**ZOOS**), hearing this, thought to punish the heresy. Since Caeneus was invulnerable, the great god had to be clever in bringing about his downfall. He decided to get the centaurs (**SEN-tawrs**) stirred up against Caeneus, figuring that these rough and ready beast-men would find a way to do him in. And sure enough they did. It happened at the wedding of Theseus’s (**THEE-see-us-ez**) friend, Peirithoüs (**pye-RITH-oh-us**) the Lapith (**LAP-ith**). The centaurs were unwisely treated to wine and it went straight to their heads, inspiring them to attempt to abduct the bride. Caeneus came to her defense and started killing centaurs right and left. The rest ganged up on him and, finding that he was impervious to weapons, they pounded him into the ground. Caeneus suffocated and, dying, turned back into a woman.

Another warrior blocks your path.

CAENEUS

So, you got by Argus, did you? Well, you won’t get by me. I am Caeneus and the gods have granted me invulnerability.

You try to walk around him by clicking on either side, but he keeps blocking you.

CAENEUS

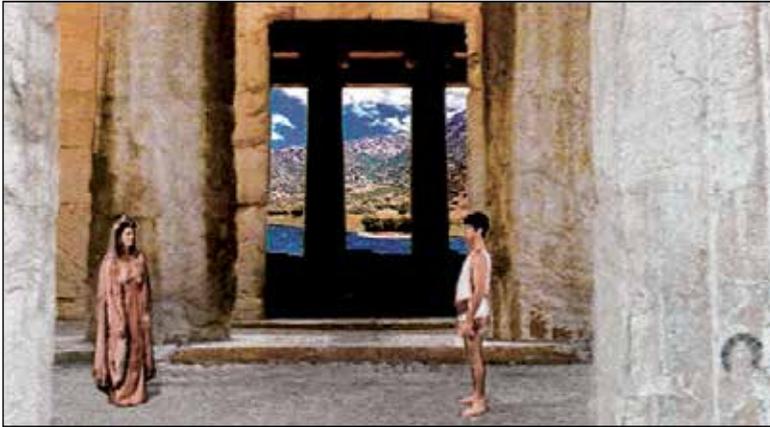
You shall not pass!

If you try your sword:

CAENEUS

Hey, cut it out! I'm invulnerable for Pete's sake.

If you give him wine from the Taverna (page 41) or the Market (page 77), he simply guzzles it down. But when you show him the Gorgon's head from the Medusa scene (page 73), he freezes in a posture of utter horror.



Hera

TEMPLE WITH SEA VISTA. As you enter this temple, the goddess Hera (**HEE-ruh**) awaits. If you haven't been to Crete by swimming out to the boat from Beach 3 (page 79), or you made it to Crete but didn't know the secret word to get past the Snake Priestess guarding the door to Bull-Leaping school (page 87):

HERA

Before you proceed to your final adventure, there's somewhere you must go. Come back when you are ready.

She gestures, whereupon you dematerialize and reappear either on Beach 3 or at the door to Bull-Leaping school, as appropriate. When you return to this scene:

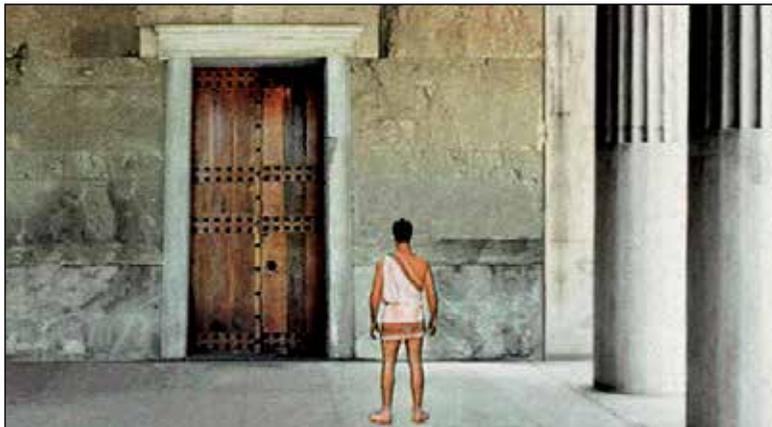
HERA

Now you deserve to know the secret of your parentage. But first...one last challenge awaits. Your kingdom is in distress. King Minos exacts a horrible tribute—victims for the monster of the Labyrinth. No one would blame you if you turn away now. I'll even give you the keys to the passage.

This, of course, is a reference to the myth of Theseus (**THEE-see-us**), who was selected by King Minos (**MYE-noss**) of Crete (**KREET**) to join the young men and maidens who would be sacrificed to the Minotaur (**MIN-uh-tawr**) in the Labyrinth (**LAB-i-rinth**). The keys that Hera hands you open the locked Passage Door (next page).

HERA
(continues)

But if you're the hero we think you are, you won't shirk the challenge ahead. The choice is yours.



Passage Door

TEMPLE DOOR. Locks and keys of the sort that we're familiar with today actually weren't invented until Roman times. The Greek heroes made do with a cruder arrangement. The *Odyssey*, an epic poem by the blind minstrel Homer, tells of the strongroom of Odysseus (**oh-DISS-ee-us**). This was safeguarded by stout oaken doors, with a number of bolts on the inside. From the exterior, these were drawn back by means of a hook inserted through a slit in the wood. A more advanced system entailed a slot in the bolt itself, into which a peg dropped, stopping the bolt from sliding freely. A "key" in the form of a special hook was required to lift the peg before the bolt could be shot.

The key given to you by Hera (above) is the kind that hasn't been invented yet, but it works quite well to unlock this door. If you are shirking Hera's challenge, or simply curious, you pass through and find yourself outside the Hesperides Chariot Stop ([page 79](#)).



Minos Selects You

SEA-VIEW TERRACE. The Greek gods (or the ancients who made up myths about them) sometimes showed a strange sense of justice. King Minos (**MYE-noss**) did a number of things which—one would have thought—disqualified him for a distinguished career in the afterlife. When challenged to prove his right to the Cretan throne, Minos asked the gods to show him a sign. The deities instantly obliged, causing a beautiful white bull to emerge from the sea. Minos was so delighted that he decided not to offer the bull for sacrifice as was expected. Instead he substituted another bull from his herd. This displeased the sea-god Poseidon (**puh-SYE-dun**) so much that he made Minos's wife fall in love with the bull from the sea. The Minotaur was born as a result.

When Minos besieged Megara (**MEG-uh-ruh**), its princess fell in love with him. Learning that the town's safety depended on an immortal lock of hair

which grew from the head of her father the king, she was driven to treachery by her passion for Minos. She cut the hair and Megara fell. It may well be that Minos encouraged the princess in this act. In any case, he was so ungrateful that he spurned her love and allowed her to drown—or he drowned her himself.

According to the Athenians, Minos was a supremely wicked king. But others considered him wise and just. It is certain that the gods rewarded him in the afterlife, making him one of three great judges of the dead.

As you walk onto a terrace overlooking the sea, King Minos and his Guard await. If you try to go by without talking to Minos, the Guard blocks you. If you click on the Guard or King Minos:

MINOS

(sarcastically delighted)

Hey, great to see you again! I was wondering what became of you. Guard, take him to the ship!



Undersea

FADE UP ON A SHIP AT SEA. Arguably the three most powerful gods were Zeus (**ZOOS**), Poseidon (**puh-SYE-dun**), and Hades (**HAY-deez**). Between them they divided creation, Zeus taking Mount Olympus and the sky, Hades the Underworld, and Poseidon the sea. But there were other deities of the watery depths, notably the “Old Man of the Sea,” the god Nereus (**NEE-ryoos**), with his fifty daughters, the Nereids (**NEE-ree-ids**). When Theseus (**THEE-see-us**) was being taken to Crete (**KREET**) to be sacrificed to the Minotaur (**MIN-uh-tawr**), he encountered one of these deities. As the ship bearing Theseus and the other sacrificial victims drew near to harbor, King Minos (**MYE-noss**) made rude advances to one of the sacrificial maidens and Theseus sprang to her defence, claiming that this was his duty as a son of Poseidon. Minos suggested that if Theseus’s divine parentage were anything but a figment of his imagination, the gods of the sea would sponsor him. So Minos threw

his signet ring overboard and challenged Theseus to dive in and find it. This Theseus did, being abetted indeed by the deities of the depths. Not only did he retrieve the ring, but he came upon an underwater palace where he was given a jeweled crown by one of the Nereids.

You find yourself on the foredeck with King Minos. If you talk to the seagull up the rigging, it poops on you. If you talk to Minos:

MINOS

So you claim to be a hero. Well, let's find out if the gods of the sea will favor your quest. I dare you to retrieve this ring.

He takes off his ring and throws it overboard. You dive in after it.

You enter a maze-like submarine geography. As the Oracle will tell you if seek a hint, "The deal here is that every time you run into a shark, you get sent back to the starting point—just like in real life. Not." She gives you this hint for free but says that if you don't want to map this maze for yourself, you'll have to buy a hint.

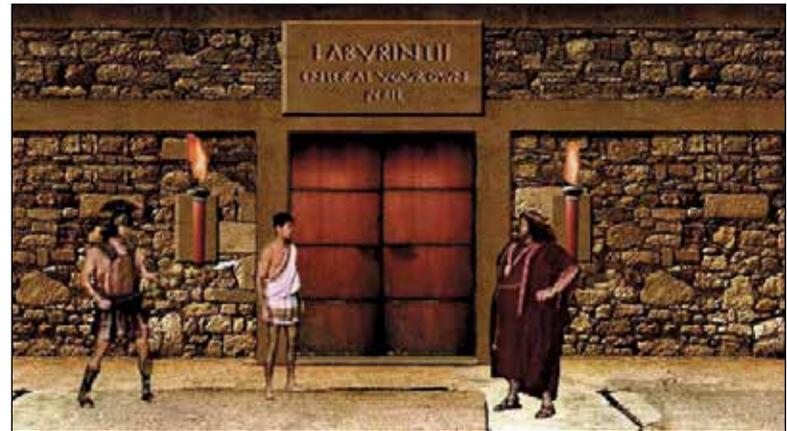
With the Oracle's help or on your own, you eventually navigate around the danger and reach an underwater palace, where a sea-goddess awaits. If you talk to her, she hands you the ring that Minos threw overboard. And with a smile she holds out a crown and places it on your head. You pop up to the surface, triumphantly bearing aloft the crown and ring. Minos is not impressed.



MINOS

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

FADE OUT



The Minotaur

FADE UP ON PORTAL TO THE LABYRINTH. The Labyrinth (**LAB-i-rinth**) had been so cleverly and

intricately devised by the master builder Daedalus (**DEED-uh-lus**) that once thrown inside, a victim could never find the way out again. And then there was the fact that sooner or later, he or she would round a corner and come face to face with the all-devouring Minotaur (**MIN-uh-tawr**). This was the fate which awaited the hero Theseus (**THEE-see-us**).

When Theseus first entered the maze he tied off one end of the ball of thread which Ariadne (**air-ee-AD-nee**) had given him, and he played out the thread as he advanced deeper and deeper into the labyrinthine passages. Many artists have depicted Theseus killing the Minotaur with his sword or club, but it is hard to see how he could have concealed such bulky weapons in his clothing. More probable are the versions of the tale which have him coming upon the Minotaur as it slept and then, in properly heroic fashion, beating it to death with his bare fists.

You, the Guard, and King Minos stand before an imposing portal. Over it is inscribed, "Labyrinth. Enter at your own peril." A torch on the wall flares brightly. If you click on it, it falls to the floor. The Guard hops around stamping it out. If you talk to King Minos:

MINOS

Throw him to the Minotaur!

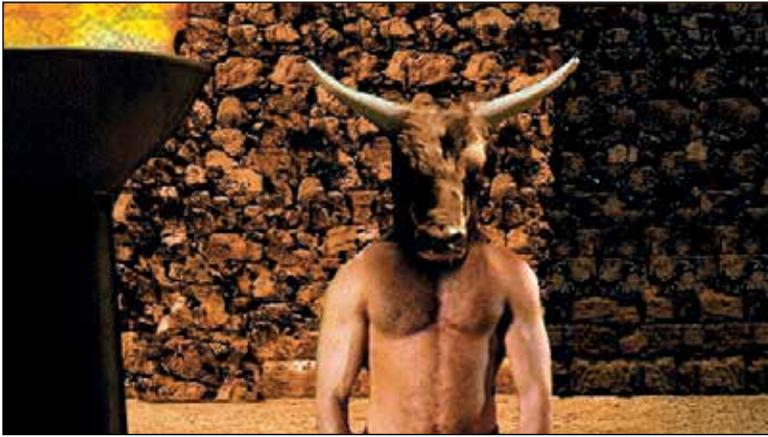
The door creaks open; the Guard prods you in with his spear. You find yourself in a maze of architecture. If you seek the Oracle's advice, she says to start mapping if you want to be methodical, or following your nose if you don't. She offers to jump you to the



end of the maze, but it will cost you ten points. One way or another, you reach the center of the Labyrinth and come upon its monster.

Now you might realize why Hera ([page 106](#)) didn't think you were ready for your final adventure before you'd been to Bull-Leaping school ([page 87](#)). The





challenge here is the same: jump too soon and you get thrown by the Minotaur's horns, jump too late and you get gored. In which case:

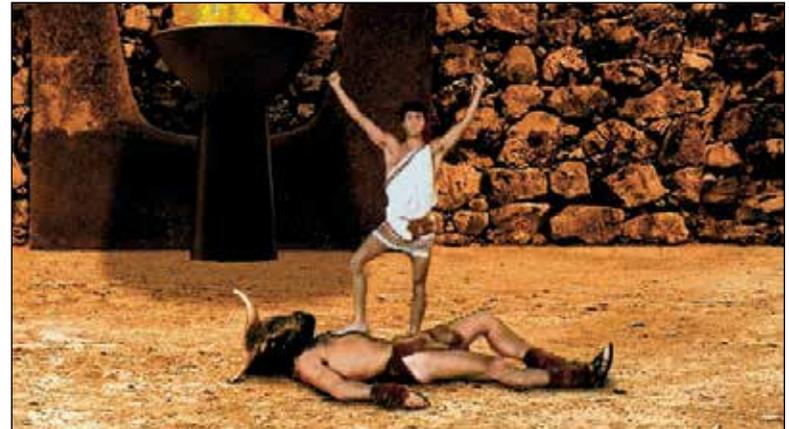
FADE UP ON MOUNT OLYMPUS. You find yourself on Hermes' bedroom terrace. The god enters, brandishing his wand and looking decidedly put upon, but he only touches you with the wand and sends you back to the Minotaur.

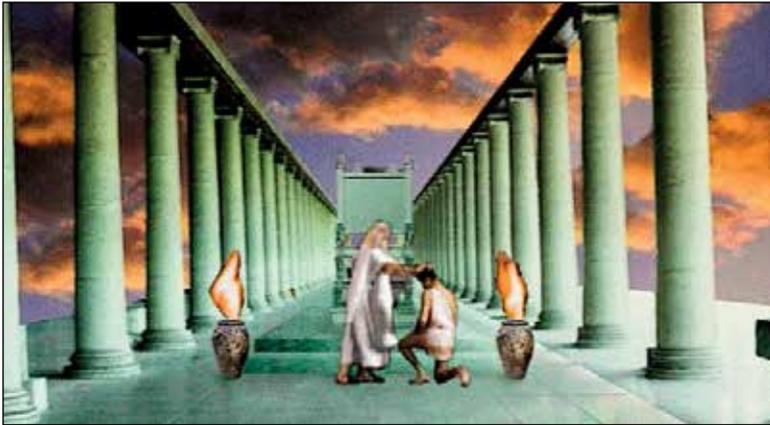
When you time it better, you vault acrobatically over the Minotaur's back.

But before you can enjoy your triumph, you find

yourself face to face with a very angry bull-man. Now it's time to make like Theseus and use your fists. By a combination of punches to the body and snout, you vanquish the monster of the Labyrinth. You receive 50 points.

Now it's time to start navigating the maze to find your way out again. Once more your only real hope is to remember the hero Theseus and the ball of thread that he got from Ariadne. If you think to use the clew in your inventory, you emerge from the Labyrinth in triumph. King Minos is nowhere to be seen. In the midst of celebrating your victory, you dematerialize in a shaft of light.





Finale

FADE UP ON MOUNT OLYMPUS. You materialize on Olympus and kneel before Zeus's throne.

ZEUS

You have done well. Your labors are accomplished and you have saved your people.

The King of the Olympians anoints you with his staff.

ZEUS

You are now fit to hold the title of hero. Congratulations, my son.

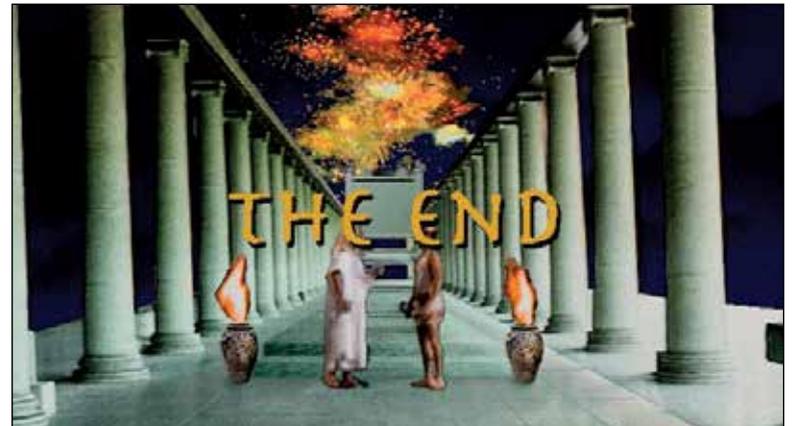
(pause)

Yes, you are my own child. Like all true heroes, you are semi-divine. Now it is time for you to rescue your mother and return to Mycenae, where your subjects await. Yours will be a long and contented life. For you have successfully completed...the Trials of Olympus.



YOU

I'd just like to thank all the little people who made this possible.



FIREWORKS. FADE OUT. CREDITS.