

CASTLE MASTER

INTRODUCTION

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High in one tower of Castle Eternity time seeps away for your captive twin. If rescue fails, you are both doomed to become spirit slaves of Magister the Castle Master, who waits to steal your souls! Decipher the clues, open the drawbridge, maintain your strength against each and every guardian spirit. Three potions, ten keys and a plague of hazards may be encountered as you trespass behind locked doors, explore secret tunnels, descend into caverns or stumble upon treasure and terror. But should you fail ... fear is forever!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

CASTLE MASTER featuring *FREESCAPE*
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Published liv Domark Ltd., Ferry House,
51-57 Lacy Road. London SW15 1PR.
Tel. 01-780 2224 (081-780 2224 from 1st May 90)

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Thanks also to Domark Ltd. for all their helpful contributions and assistance.

SPECTRUM

LOADING INSTRUCTIONS AND KEYBOARD CONTROLS

TAPE CASTLE MASTER - If you have a Spectrum 128, +2 or +3, select 48k mode. Insert tape into tape recorder and rewind to start of side 1. Type LOAD "" and press the ENTER key. Now press PLAY on the tape recorder.

KEYBOARD CONTROLS

MOVEMENT

CURSOR UP or O	Move Forwards
CURSOR DOWN or K	Move Backwards
CURSOR LEFT or Z	Turn Left
CURSOR RIGHT or X	Turn Right
U	U Turn

SCREEN INFORMATION

- -	Centre sights
- -	Pointer for rock (Throw + Action)
Key Rack	Shows How Many Keys Collected
Dumb-bell	Indicates Your Present Strength
Spirit Level	Shows Number of destroyed spirits

HINTS AND TIPS

GETTING STARTED

1. A well aimed rock will bring the drawbridge down.
2. Examine the hanging pictures to study the clues.
3. Spirits can be exorcised by some accurate rock throwing.
4. Making a map of your progress will aid orientation.
5. It is best to walk within enclosed chambers and to run when outside or in corridors.
6. Eating food will boost your strength.

GENERAL HINTS

1. Examine locked doors for more information.
2. Alas, you cannot swim.
3. The remaining spirits' power increases all the time. You will be over-powered if the spirit level reaches maximum.
4. Examine the keys you collect.
5. Collecting treasure will boost your score.
6. Crawl to look under things.
7. Look Out for the Magic Potions.

TARGETS FOR ADVANCED PLAYERS

1. First day target 1,000,000 paints.
2. Complete the game!
3. Complete the game playing the alternative character.
4. Go for maximum score (at least 7,500,000 paints).

CASTLE MASTER

by
Mel Croucher

DRAW CLOSER FRIEND

*Draw closer friend and harken
Take hold my outreached claw
Now anvil clouds do darken*

Now bilious winds do roar..

Take shelter 'neath my garment
Don't wrinkle up your nose
Assuming there's some harm meant
Within my apeskin clothes

What's this? You wince and struggle
You wish to shake me free?
Draw close, my dear, and snuggle
I'll hold you next to me

And let me lisp a story
A saga, from beyond
The reckoning of wormbrains.
I'm not hurting you ... I'm fond!

Dare not to turn your sneer aside
I hold no portal yawning wide
For sibling scum
With dribbling gum
Don't struggle. I'm your Guide

And you, you are a player in something more than real
And I'm the great waylayer with every card to deal
Oh pardon. gentle person
Did I just break your skin?
Then stop your stupid wriggling
Let me confess your sin

I must insist to hush your voice
Within my cloak, you have no choice
It hurts you more than I, young pest
This is no fantasy-game quest
Within illuminated screens
Real life reduced to magnet screams
Stitched Onto tape, slipped into disc
Don't move your head, I must insist
And if you do I'll break your wrist

Imbecile! Hold still
Mortal! I shall test your will
Watergut! Turn your face towards that hill
Sweetness! Calm yourself e'er you fall ill

Don't fret, my pet, I won't forget to introduce myself before
I've fully told you of myself, you cannot shrug my iron claw
From your bejewelled hosiery
And all these gaudy clothes I see

You shall stay and learn a trick
Or two, greenface, now feeling sick
I'll make you feel much sicker yet
Heed ev'ry word and don't forget
And don't forgive and don't get wet

My name? Not now! it starts with M
Not Merlin, Mel or Male or Fem
Not Micky, Mao, select another

Not Mantovani, Mud or Mother
My title flashes into view
Before I've tolled my tail to you
I'm thirteen thousand years today
You are my birthday present, play!
And if you want to call me, cur
'Tis best you call me softly "Sir"

Now cast ill's caste o'er Castle bridge
I'll speak of what's behind that ridge
Behind before bestride bedpanned
Bejassus betarnax bedamned
Bedevilled beebeecee beknighted
Be still become bewitched befrighted
Be! Bop Alulah, What? Insane?
Not I, who causes you this pain

I invented you, dear speck
A challenge to mine intellect,
Endowed with human strength and reason
Capable of ev'ry treason

Peek and poke and look to see
Now tremble 'fore this historic...

HISTORIE

Before men learned to scribble and to lie
Before the likes of you spoke words like princess, pig and pie
When gods lived not in tawdry chapels, but thunderfooted rode the sky
When sabre-tooth made take-away of man, when I
Was young

Then earth and fire and air and watery rage
Then tree and flesh and stone did understand
And know the law of Magister, shaman and sage
Lord of the Old Time, ruler over beast and man

See where all lines of natural power fuse upon yon hill
Where the wars of heaven become captive to the will
Of He who mastered time itself and 'slaved it for eternity
There did Magister dwell supreme, none powerful as He
And then as now did storms express His majesty
And summon all to submit homage at His knee
The rat, the bat, the ghost and poison'd bumbly-bee

But there was one such creature who made to turn away from Him
To blob and daub its skin with dye, to dress in cloth instead of skin
To count to ten and dance and preen and cook
With fire, and worst of all to scratch the rune that would one day
be the book

This creature took on faffing airs and graces
And grew a leery sneer upon its faces
It thought itself superior to bear and bug and all things wild
This creature was a man and woman grown from child
The puffed-up braggart misbehaved

And Master's creatures then enslaved
Forgetting natural Old Time Law
Without respect for that which went before
And seasons passed until the years
Became an age that disappeared
Then ice-cap crept and kissed the lip
Of wilderness from toe to tip
And all the while Magister watched
Amused as human schemes were botched

They came and went, the stupid tribes
Whose leaders, warlords, chiefs and scribes
Flapped banners daft as moths in flame
Beneath which they did squat, for shame!
The hunters, fishers, farmers, vermin more or less, wild raiders too
The redhair yowzah yellowed tress, the black beard and the shaven blue
And each pathetic nursery band did occupy this hill in turn
Believing themselves eternal until diseased, drowned or burned

First mining dwarves came from the West
All ratface glowerglum barrel chest
To dig their shelters in that sloping side
But never deep enough to bore and scrape and excavate
Where Magister the Master of the hill did hide...
Are you still wrestling, young maggot? Kindly wait

Then lowlanders from fen and bog
With reed and weed and snot and log
Did build a puny sticky twiglet of a town
'Til fury's storm blew their erections and protections down

Next raiders from the North drove home
Through hillskin, moleskin, earth and stone
A circled camp of sharpened stakes
They even built a boating lake
A hurley pitch and chariot park
But one moon shortly after dark
Magister quaked the earth somewhat
And crumbled up the noxious lot

Halt! You dare to make to flee
And leave this vital historie
Then must I weld you on to me
Before Castle Eternity
Damn your fatted addled head
You've gone and made me lose my thread
Was it Nazi bombers next
Plague rockets loosed from below-decks
Or are such trifles yet to be
We've done the dwarves now let me see

Ah yes, about a thousand years before
The last believers came ashore
And made a blockstone circle site
In homage to Magister's might
Where leylines crackled magic flux
That 'tranced the wolves and frit the ducks

These gentle folk of druid ilk

Ground up their corn, churned up their milk
And sat around to talk and think
Until they all became extinct

Then Romans conquered here, my dear,
drained the bogs and drove away their memories
And stayed upon that hill three hundred year,
with dogs and poxy gods and fleas
Upon its crest they raised a home
A palace built of mud and stone
For some new warlord chief of men
Who messed the whole lot up again
And as their empire fell to bits
The Saxons boiled their heads on spits

The Old Time broke though fierce again
And men were tamed through fear and pain
With sacrifices burned inside
The ruined walls of Roman pride

Great Magister slept long and deep
Inside the hill below the keep
The storms that once ate through the sky
Did soothe and calm and fade and die
The centuries slipped by once more
And Normans occupied the shore
Their architects staked out this site
And ignorant of dormant might
They split the hill from crown to base
Then cut a moat around the place
Now listen well and shut your face...

They drove foundations at its heart
Dressed up their rocks and made their start
To raise that castle's earthly powers
With riddled rooms and four great towers
A courtyard with a stable shed
Where warhorses were bed and fed

The Normans made a smithy true
And workshop for the sawyer too
And kitchen for the cooks to scoff
With hospice when the food was off
Five hundred years in peace and quiet
With just the odd war, plague and riot

Now then the fools became ambitious
And one such who was overvicious
Decreed five caverns to be found
From living rock deep underground
With tunnels hewn from living rocks
And ten great keys for ten great locks
In ten great doors from room to room
That were secreted in the gloom
The cunning engineers devised
Strange stairways that could fall and rise
But having passed one way they learned
To block the passage of return

But such disturbance did they make
That Magister had cause to wake
From deepest sleep of centuries
And he was somewhat less than pleased
To find his chosen place cut through
With cave and tunnel dug anew

Yet he was more than vexed to find
That in the intervening time
Of slumbering to such great length
His godly powers had lost their strength
And cursing ranting raving on
His magic too was almost gone

Where had it gone, his former might?
In truth, it never left the site
Because it was a mystic place
It drained of him from toe to face
Until there was but one last trace
Superior to human race

Where had it gone, Magister's power?
In truth, it seeped into each tower
In every chamber, every cave
In tunnel, funnel, arch and nave
The stones themselves had sucked it in
Until the castle mastered him

And worse than this, while he had slept
Mankind's intelligence had leapt
To heights that he could scarce conceive
To depths that he could scarce believe

What had once seemed some great magic
Was now a simple chemist's trick
And even thunderclaps were made
By gunpowder and cannonade
The secrets of the stars were wrenched
By telescope and science bench
But what caused the most misery
Was disrespect for wizardry

Then Magister crawled on all fours
Up through the ground and out of doors
Into the wilderness outside
The castle walls and he did hide
Inside a ragged wooden hut
From whence to plot his comeback but
The people in the castle laughed
At Magister and called him daft
And called him wizard and buffoon
And threw old fishguts at the loon
Even little infants teased
And pulled his hair and kicked his knees
And sent their dogs to wet his shoes
And made him stand at backs of queues

The wizard's hut became his lair
And Magister awaited there

To build his strength and body too
And practice ways to make anew
His former power o'er man and beast
He also brewed some beer with yeast
Which is irrelevant but shows
He had a human tongue and nose
Attention! Or I'll crunch your toes

He took the leaf and mushroom cap
From stunted tree he squeezed the sap
And then with secret oils he brewed
Those potions which himself renewed

But still the yokels thought him weird
And spat his face and tugged his beard
The children that were tall enough
Covered his hood with sticky stuff
The babies puked when he passed by
The sparrows aimed into his eye
The priest declared he was insane
The baker tripped him in the drain
The baker's wife crow'd at his smell
Her daughter threw him down the well

From whence Magister rubbed his bones
And muttered spells in Old Time tones
And hatched his retribution plot
By which he would expunge the lot
Thus underground where water lapped
With energy from leylines tapped
He ruminated water schemes
By which to conjour up his dreams
Revenge is sweet but poison's sour
And so he plucked the cavern flower
With which to brew one final flask
And steal the human souls at last
Next morn the king woke and tossed off his blanket
And declared an outrageous and disgusting banquet
To celebrate nothing whatsoever and at all
He needed no excuse to throw himself a ball

Then heralds climbed the four tall towers
Screamed invitations for four hours
To South and North and West and East
That all should come attend the feast
All, that is, except the fool
Who festered in the water pool
The wizard remained uninvited
The king and queen remained delighted

That night the minstrels raised a din
The yokels danced the servants grinned
The great hall's floor with silk was paved
The knights in armour danced and raved

And as the midnight bell was chimed
And as the drinkers went near blind
And torches gutted on the walls
And horses whinnied in the stalls

The centrepiece of revelrie
Was borne aloft o'er sagging knee
There came a giant roasted ox
So big the king climbed on a box
In order to be tall enough
To raise his sword and split the stuff
From crotch to chin of the great beast
And loose the contents of the feast

The castle folk could hardly wait
Such gossip they'd anticipate
The kitchen maids had told of how
Inside this dripping steaming cow
One dozen sheep were stuffed inside
And within every sheepish hide
A dozen piglets waited there
Each one itself filled with a hare
Inside of which a duck was laid
Filled by a compressed bird parade
Each tiny fowl stuffed with a fish
Each fish itself a complex dish
Containing twenty garlic snails
Wrapped round a score of mouses' tails

The king's sword fell and split the ox apart
The celebrating crowd rushed forward to its heart
Hot grease and gas and meat exploded out
All mouths grinned wide and inhaled breath to shout
But even as the yell escapes their lips
But even as the roar the ceiling rips
It chokes and stifles and turns to screams
As from the oxen belly their worst dreams
Emerge. The uninvited guest stood obscene there
With thunder in his voice and lightning in his hair
With eyes as cold and strong as in Old Times
Magister rose from reeking ox intestines

Then every soul from king to stable lad
Did cower and moan before the eyes of mad
Magister

THE CASTLE MASTER

Yet death was not to be their fate
Because such was his depth of hate
That Magister made each soul weep
To hear that they would fall asleep
Drugged by the brew that was consumed
And when they woke they would be doomed
Transformed do spirits yet unswerving
Loyalty to bid his serving
Taking on the form of beasts
Gone was the rule of kings and priests
Henceforth Castle Eternity
Shall have one Castle Master, He!
And so it was, the stricken crowd
Collapsed in deepdrug coma's shroud

And while they tumbled through their sleep
Their nightmares spouted tears to weep
The horrors that they dreamed became
Real horrors of another name
As shapes did change and horns did sprout
And skin grew scales and tails popped out
And fangs and fur and leather wings
As well as quite disgusting things
From nobles and from common knaves
Transformed into Magister's slaves

At last a fortress worthy of his name
From whence to tame man's willful spirit once again
Magister stretched his sphere and pulsed his brain
Then woke the rested storms to rise and aim and maim

But now the souls of common muck were not enough
As Castle Master longed for extraordinary stuff
Nothing less than royalty would do
Which brings us here at length and last to you

And so my pet, lest we forget
Why you have wandered far and wide
I shall now let go of your throat
And you can honestly confide
By whispering into my ear
The circumstance that brought you here

Why have you come? What do you seek?
Why are your arms and legs so weak?
What's that you say, you seek your twin?
Your royal sibling rots within
Imprisoned in one tower of four
Full banged to wrongs behind locked door

This story too I know fulwell
Lend me your ear and let me tell
Of how your mirror image came
One year ago across this plain
To shelter in the forest glade
Where that twin was a captive made

And in the teeth of blasted gale
Half froze to death outside the pale
Was summoned by Magister's call
And frogmarched there behind the wall
Where Castle Master's spirits dwell
Right up the pole left down the well

No sooner was this twin inside
Then castled spirits ceased to hide
They raised the drawbridge, locked the doors
They screamed through walls they burst through floors
They snapped with fangs and wiggled claws
Until their captive messed its drawers

The Castle Master then declared
This pris'ner would only be spared
If before one year was through

Another came, and this means you
To free the contents of the tower
And wrestle with Magister's power
Else both twins become spirits too
Turned into stoats or pots of glue

You will be let free from my hand
As soon as you can understand
That there are some simple rules
Designed to sort the wise from fools
In fact before you can begin
You must decide how to get in
And judge your way in depth and length
As well as ways to boost your strength
Use your ears and use your brain
And use your eyes for clues to gain

And if the ground begins to shake
It means a spirit is awake
Yet there will be no liberty
While one such ghoulie remains free

Enough! The time for talking's done
Your greatest challenge has begun
So now as my claw sets you free
I'll tell you my identity

Think you still lam insane?
My story of your twinself's pain
The Castle Master all to blame?
God's teeth! MAGISTER is my name!