

# The Quest



VOL. 2 NO. 2

The Official Newsletter of the Knightmare Adventurers Club



What a great response to my plea for budding artists – I have had so many drawings, cartoons and jokes from you that I have decided to set up a page especially to show them off! Page 7 shall, from henceforth, be known as the **Knightmare Ghouls Gallery**. Any one whose work is printed in the gallery will receive a personal Thank You from Treguard (so no unflattering drawings of the Dungeonmaster please!)

Since the new series hit the screens we have had lots of requests for an adult version of Knightmare and quite a few of our members have asked for the programme to be repeated. If you have any other opinions about the

programme, write to: The Commissioning Editor, Knightmare, c/o Wilf Wright, KAC, Norwich NR14 7BE and I will make sure that he gets to see them.

We have all our regular features in this issue of TQ along with an exclusive interview with the Dungeonmaster himself and some pictures from the set of **CYBERIZONE**. As usual, Arlo Wörts has come up trumps with our Smirk with Smirkenorf cartoon and we have a story written by one of our most avid fans, Paul McIntosh – so, as you can see, there's lots to tide you over until the next series. 'Til then, Power to the Powers that Be!

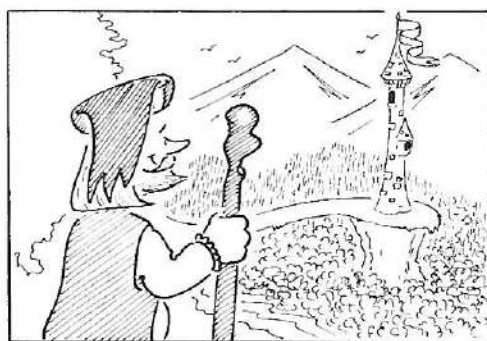
Wilf Wright

Our favourite KAC artist Andrea Barber (Memb. No. 97) has sent in this brilliant picture of Treguard so we thought we'd print it on the front cover instead of the usual photograph.

*Exclusive interview with Hugo!*

## Smirk with Smirkenorf

by Arlo Wörts.



Knightmare Knews	2
Who's Doing What and Where!	
Dungeonus Dangers	3
An insight into	
Tim Child's Imagination	
Return to	4/5
Knightmare Castle	
Our greatest fan's fantasy story	
Hugo's There?	6
Our exclusive interview	
with the star	
Ghoul's Gallery	7
Your chance to show off	
Special Spring Sale	8
Look out for your voucher	

This issue's Honorary member is **Michaela Strachan**. As you may remember in the last issue, Tommy Boyd chose Michaela as the first member of his team if he were to appear on Knightmare. When I spoke to her recently she was delighted to be offered honorary membership and is practising walking around with a bucket on her head so that she can be the dungeoneer in Tommy's team!



# Knightmare Knews

Write to:  
 Knightmare Knews,  
 PO Box 405 Norwich NR14 7DE

## Young Ornithologists' Club Update '93



Phone lines will be open from 15th March - 16th May to receive calls from young ornithologists who can give information on the arrival of migrants from Southern Europe and Africa. This is so that an accurate picture of our Summer visitors can be recorded. The Flightline 93 number is 0891 600209 to leave information. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate and 48p/min at all other times. All profits go towards protecting estuaries which migrating birds use to refuel on their long journeys.



## Best Caption Competition

Two good ideas for captions in the last issue came from Edward Greenberg who thought Julius Scaramonger was saying "No! I don't want a bottle of H.P. sauce" and the not quite so polite suggestion from Nicholas Zair - "Keep away from me with your bad breath Ah Wok!"



Do you remember that we reported in the last issue that Sarah Halsall had spent her time at the Knightmare studio with her leg in a cast? Well just in case you didn't believe us, here is the proof - a photo of Sarah, dressed in this years most coveted T-Shirt, with her cast and crutches in full view.

## Girls Are Greener Than Boys!

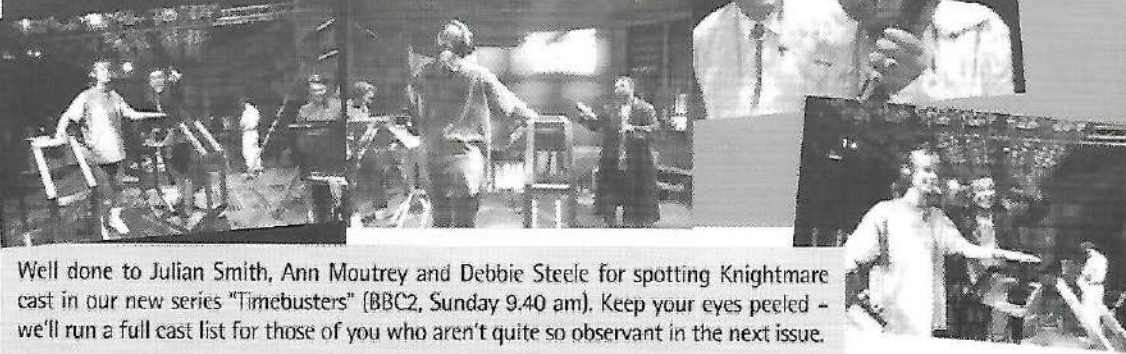
A recent survey of children conducted for Friends of Save-a-can, our favourite recycling organisation, tells us that girls are more active recyclers than boys (54% compared with 50% of boys). Girls are also keener to learn about the environment - 83% call for more recycling clubs, compared with 76% of boys. So come on lads ... get green! To find out more contact the Steel Can Recycling Information Bureau at 69 Monmouth Street, London WC2H 9NS - 24 Hour Hotline 071 379 1306.

By now, you should all have seen Craig Charles strutting his funky stuff on the set of **CYBERZONE** (BBC2, Monday 6.50). Here are some of the photos taken on the set before we started filming with our intrepid production secretary Andrea Jay, testing the equipment...

## Lord Fear's Tempestuous time...



Mark "Lord Fear" Knight whipped up a storm at the Shakespeare Globe Museum on Saturday 30th January by giving 50 school children the opportunity to be apprentice actors for the day. Aided and abetted by other Knightmare cast Hugo Myatt, Clifford Norgate, Iona Kennedy and Stephanie Hesp the youngsters spent the day learning lines and devising costumes for scenes from *The Tempest*. Turn to page 6 to learn exactly what being apprenticed means.



Well done to Julian Smith, Ann Moutrey and Debbie Steele for spotting Knightmare cast in our new series "Timebusters" (BBC2, Sunday 9.40 am). Keep your eyes peeled - we'll run a full cast list for those of you who aren't quite so observant in the next issue.

The Quest takes a look into the mind of Knightmare's creator, Tim Child...

# Dungeonous Dangers

I must confess to thinking the world a more interesting place with Elves in it.

This is no particular tribute to Pickle (a wood Elf) nor Elita (a cavern Elf), but merely because all humans find elves simultaneously entrancing and infuriating.

I'm often asked what is the difference between Elves and Fairies, and in truth it's the question that is wrong. Our Celtic and Saxon forefathers knew the truth as it was passed to them in their cradles by song and verse.

## A Parallel Universe...

Elves are an intrinsic part of that blend of races and spirits which is called Faerie. Often it is referred to as 'another place', but perhaps it is more usefully thought of as a parallel universe; a world less than an eye's blink away, yet unreachable without the bridging power of imagination. It seems to have moved further away than ever today. Perhaps that's to do with technology.

I've often thought that the more technological wizardry you have, the less of a job there is for real magic. Until you reach the point when it's all technology and no wizardry at all.

That's why we've tried so hard to maintain that however technologically advanced Knightmare becomes, we don't lose track of magic, or lose contact with Faerie.

By the way, there are some people who will tell you that Faerie is evil. It's the sort of warning too often prepared for very young persons. It's not a lie, but the truth is blurred a bit to make the warning more effective to young ears.



It's certainly true that not all Faerie is good, in those strictest of terms like right and wrong, cruel and kind, fair and foul.

We certainly wouldn't claim that all humankind were good guys, and I'm afraid that Elves have their own share of bad sorts.

Sometimes these are called dark elves, or drows.

Another name is **Shee**, as in Banshee (or screaming sprite).

Indeed, Shee has been used to describe everything from an Elf to the scariest sort of shape-changer. There are many different names, depending on whether one's ancestor was a Welsh bowman, a Scots berserker, or hailed from a frozen Norwegian fjord.

To populate an adventure world like Knightmare, it would be easy enough to

invent everything anew, with fresh creatures, that have no part in our own island legends. But that hardly seems fair.

If it's the technology that powers Knightmare, which has pushed the

Faerie world ever further away from ours, then it only seems fair that Knightmare help to bring a little of it back.

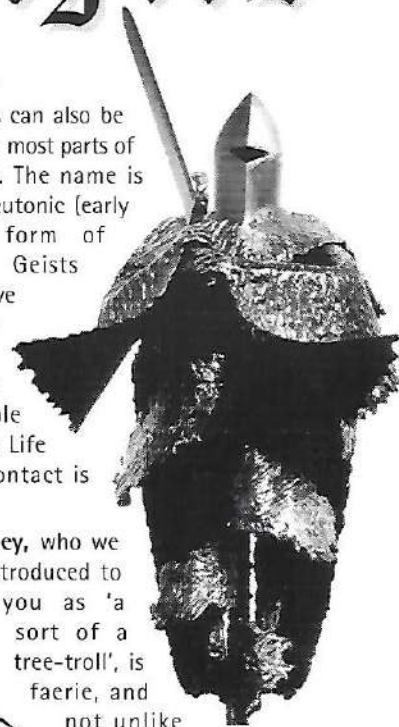
That's why we have dipped back into Faerie legend for so many of Knightmare's feature characters and monsters, and from your letters it's clear that most of you like things that way.

## Pooka - The Mischievous Sprite

One of the commonest threats in our dungeons is the **Pooka**. You'll find many references to him (or is it her?) in old English and Celtic tales. Usually the Pooka is described as a mischievous sprite. Shakespeare's Puck was probably evolved from it.

In Knightmare, Pooka's don't always attack, but it's best not to trust to luck where they're concerned.

**Geists**, or Stormgeists can also be disturbed in most parts of Levels 1-3. The name is simply a Teutonic (early German) form of ghost. Geists seldom prove fatal, but they can cause considerable damage to Life Force if contact is prolonged.



**Oakley**, who we introduced to you as 'a sort of a tree-troll', is faerie, and not unlike

the mid European dryads, or Rusalkas, who dwelt so long in trees that they became part of them. We have no actual trolls (they're from Iceland by the way), but a few ogres, which is quite enough for most people.

## Messy Eaters

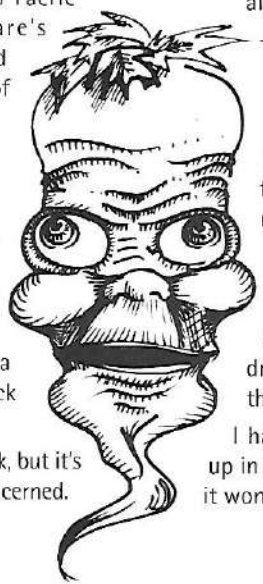
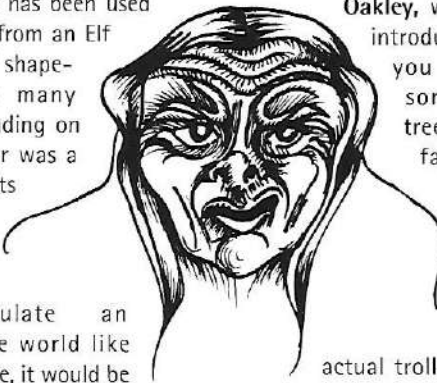
Our **ogres** (the family Grimwold), are not, by the way, cannibalistic. Mrs Grimwold would not allow it, and in any case the younger Grimwold is a vegetarian. They are still very messy eaters however, and you wouldn't care to dine with them.

**Goblins** of course, we have a plenty. Not just the stalwarts Grippa and Rhark, but a horde of smaller Goblins, eager to take their places. It's my theory - and a few others subscribe to it - that Goblins are not truly part of faerie, but are more closely related to humankind. They're not all as small as you'd think either.

Not if you've met our Hobgoblin Tiny.

That leaves us with **Frightknights** and **Dreadnoughts**. Of course these are not faerie at all, but that frightful mixture of magic and modern technology which Lord Fear is so keen on. Throughout the winter months, there has been a series of muffled explosions, and then some dreadful hammering coming from the vaults in Mt Fear.

I haven't a clue what he's conjuring up in there, but I have an awful feeling it won't be long before we find out...





Rain lashed relentlessly and fiercely, enormous forks of lightning illuminated the vast expanse of the Great Ocean. About one mile from the South West of the coast of England a makeshift craft struggled onwards. The craft had travelled for many miles and held just one man, one Holy Grail and one very frightened elf.

Another huge wave crashed against the seemingly enchanted boat. Pickle the elf cowered over the precious Grail while Treguard stood defiantly against the small mast as they drew ever closer to England. Treguard spoke to Pickle but his words were drowned out by the storm. "I'm sorry Master but I am afraid you'll have to speak up!" shouted Pickle. "This is no ordinary storm is it Pickle?" boomed Treguard. "This is Sorcery, foul Sorcery!" "Yes Master," replied Pickle "I - I'm afraid you're r-right, and it's getting worse as we approach England." Pickle wasn't the only frightened one, even Treguard was nervous.

In spite of the relentless storm, the boat, or what was left of it, reached the English shores. Even as it hit the land, parts of the boat were breaking up, it would not be taking them any further. Treguard and Pickle wrapped themselves tightly in their cloaks, they never imagined that reaching the Nightmare Castle would be so difficult. In the distance a badly damaged village could be seen, it looked hopeless, but suddenly Treguard shouted happily "I know this place Pickle! Come on, follow me." Clutching tightly onto the Grail, Pickle obediently followed, confused but in no mood to argue! Treguard marched on confidently across the rocks towards the village with Pickle struggling on behind him. They reached a vast cave with an entrance set

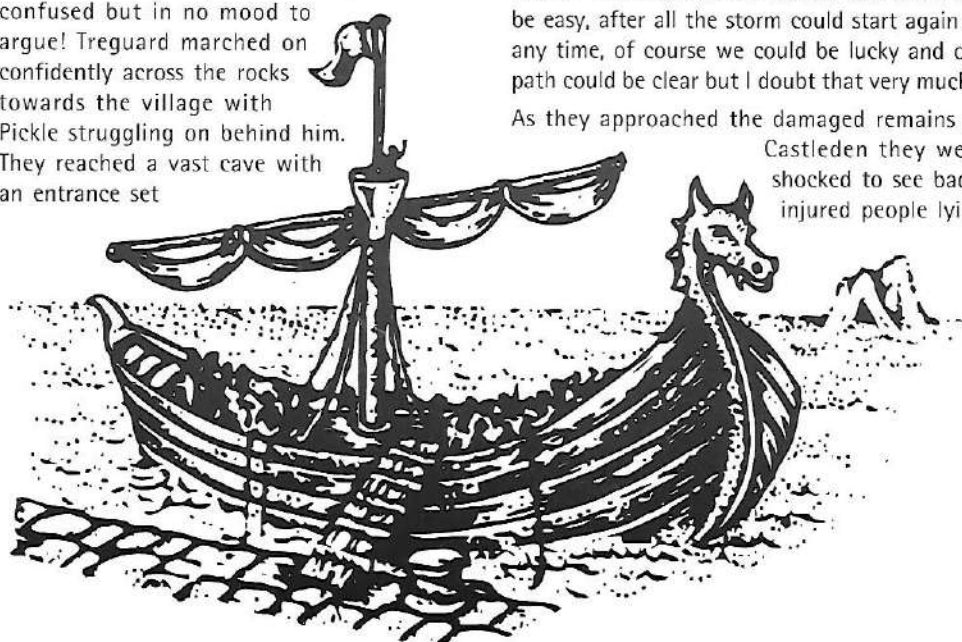
into the cliffs and as the rain showed no signs of letting up they wasted no time in entering. Once inside the cave Pickle was ready to settle down and fall asleep but Treguard was allowing no time wasting and headed deeper into the cave. Once again Pickle obediently headed after him. Despite the violent storm outside the dark damp cave had an eerie silence. This didn't appear to bother Pickle and once he had caught up with Treguard he said excitedly "Well Master, where are we then?" "I can't believe we've been so lucky Pickle" exclaimed Treguard "The village we are heading for is Castleden!" Pickle looked confused. "I'm surprised that you don't know Castleden Pickle, it is the neighbouring village to Wolfenden - on the other side of Wolfglade!" Pickle remained doubtful. "But how can we ever hope to reach the Nightmare castle from here in this weather?" He asked, Treguard thought for a moment, he realised he must keep Pickle's spirits up "I do see what you mean Pickle, but cheer up things can't get any worse!"

They decided to rest until morning in the hope that the weather would improve and in spite of the uncomfortable ground, they managed to sleep until morning. It was a delighted Pickle who awoke Treguard. "You were right Master!" he exclaimed, "The storm has died down!" Sure enough there was nothing more than a slight drizzle to be seen from the cave entrance. Pickle was ecstatic. "Now that the storm has gone we can go straight to Nightmare Castle and ..." "Slow down Pickle!" interrupted Treguard, Pickle's spirits had obviously been raised a little too far "You know as well as I do that it will not be easy, after all the storm could start again at any time, of course we could be lucky and our path could be clear but I doubt that very much."

As they approached the damaged remains of Castleden they were shocked to see badly injured people lying

in the streets. Treguard began to help some of them as Pickle asked an old man with a broken leg in a makeshift splint if there was anything he could do. "Thank you young man, I thought that the storm would last forever! Strange storms they are, you can always tell when they are coming" "What do you mean?" asked Pickle, as Treguard joined them, the man continued "These little green thingies start dancing around on the floor and then everything goes silent just before the heavens open and the wind starts." Treguard's fears were confirmed, "I thought so, a Sorcerer's storm" "Not just one though," continued the man "we've had loads of them, there'll be another tonight, you'll see." Pickle was worried again. "We must hurry on Master!" Treguard agreed and they began helping the injured into the sheltered safety of the cave. "We will return soon, I promise, but not until we have stopped these Sorcerous storms" announced Treguard, and they set of again.

They had not gone far when the green flickers that the man had described began to move around their feet. "Oh no!" Exclaimed Pickle. "What shall we do Master?" "Run!" shouted Treguard "Or we could be caught up in the same kind of storm that hurt all those villagers." The gentle breeze soon became a gale force wind as they battled against the elements to reach the Castle. As they reached the brow of a hill they spotted a cottage, seemingly untouched by the tempest. They continued to run for all their worth, they both knew this was their only chance for survival. Finally they reached the cottage and, summoning all their strength, they hammered on the door as hard as they could. A small wrinkled old man slowly opened the door. "Please come in you need to shelter from the



# ghtmare Castle



By Paul McIntosh (Memb. No. 25)

storm." He closed the door behind them and as Treguard and Pickle began to warm themselves by the fire the wizened old man shuffled out of the room. "What a stroke of luck!" said Pickle. "Yes, but I can't help thinking that I recognise that shuffle of his..."

The next thing that they were aware of was a loud banging and to their amazement they found themselves lying in the centre of Wolfglade having fallen asleep in the old man's cottage. "Good day to you both!" called a jolly voice, it was Brother Mace who had been chopping wood. "May I say what a pleasure it is to see you again Treguard, and you too Pickle."

Suddenly Pickle had an idea. "I don't suppose you happen to remember where the magic elf path is do you Brother Mace?" "Just behind you, but be warned, it could take you anywhere!" And with that Brother Mace left, humming a little tune to himself. Pickle and Treguard headed for the elf path, both totally bemused by the events of the last few minutes, the menacing sight of Wolfglade and the thought of Tree-trolls spurred them on.

Treguard had never actually used an elf path before. "Don't worry Master," said Pickle jokingly "I'll look after you!"

Treguard smiled anxiously, suddenly a blinding flash threw them both back, there in front of them was a huge portcullis. "Knightmare Castle!" exclaimed Treguard with relief in his voice. "Yes!" boomed a deep voice which seemed to come from nowhere. Pickle trembled. "Ha, ha, ha!" Came the voice again. "Yes Treguard, it's me, Lord Fear, and this is my castle now. Of course if you want it back, why not take up my challenge... If You Dare!"

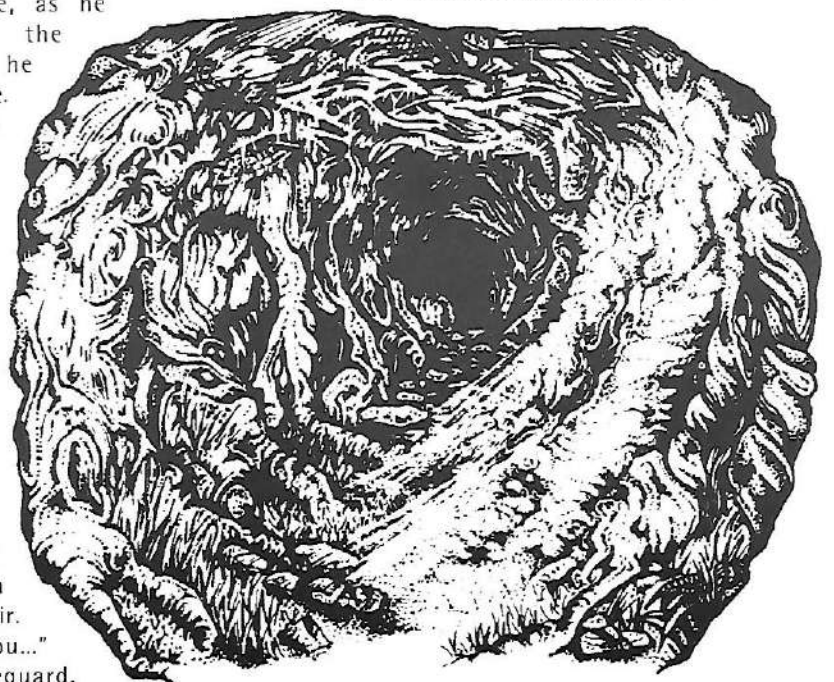
The portcullis was slowly raised revealing darkness ahead. "I shall reclaim my castle, no one will stand in my way" shouted Treguard as he strode purposely forward, Pickle following nervously on.

The first room they entered was small and circular, with a narrow set of steps to the right and left. "I know this place," said Treguard "Pickle, have you a staff or a talisman?" "Erm.. no Master." Replied Pickle. "If you did, we could take the right hand passage, straight to level three. But since you don't all we have is my memory - come on Pickle, follow me." They set off and, to their amazement, nothing halted their progress. "This is odd Master, we can't be far from level three now." "No Pickle," replied Treguard "I would guess that there are less than 100 steps ahead of us." The tunnel itself was hardly appealing, with no source of light and a sewer-like smell. Suddenly a loud metallic scraping sound shattered the silence. "Oh no! It's a F- frightknight!" Yelled Pickle. The Frightknight advanced on them with its almighty sword raised. Somehow they both managed to dodge its blows until a vicious swipe gashed Pickle's leg. As he fell to the ground the Frightknight stumbled slightly and Treguard saw his chance, he pushed the metal warrior with all his might. The huge Knight fell down the steps, disintegrating as it fell. "Well done Master!" said Pickle. "You must go on without me, my leg is very badly hurt." "As you wish." said Treguard, not wasting any valuable time, as he headed for the opening door he turned to Pickle.

"Wish me luck!" He cried, picking up the Frightknight's sword, ready for the final conflict. This was to be the toughest test of his ability yet.

Treguard burst into the main chamber, Lord Fear sat proudly in Treguard's chair. "Why you..." muttered Treguard.

"Now, Now," mocked Lord Fear "your task is simple, all you must do is strike me once with that sword and I will surrender." Treguard lunged forward but he fell to the ground as Lord Fear disappeared and rematerialised on the other side of the room in a puff of smoke where he sat pompously. "Tut, tut Treguard, very silly!" He started to walk across the room but as he moved a hand reached out from the door, tripping Lord Fear and he fell to the ground. Treguard wasted no time and drove his sword into his enemy, who disappeared with an evil scream in a cloud of thick green smoke. Pickle came through the door, smiling. "So, it was you who saved me!" exclaimed Treguard, how can I ever repay you?" "Oh, it was nothing." Smiled Pickle, modestly. A flickering image began to form in the centre of the chamber, Merlin appeared. "Well done Treguard! And you too Pickle! You have broken the spell, now I can attempt to bring Good to the Knightmare Castle with you again. May I take the Grail?" Pickle handed it over. "Thank you," said Merlin cheerfully "this will help me restore the damaged castle." As Merlin turned and shuffled away Treguard realised where he had seen that walk before... in the cottage on the hill.



# Our Exclusive interview with the Dungeonmaster himself, Hugo "Treguard" Myatt

## Hugo's There...?

1 Do you enjoy the role of Treguard?

Yes. More so now than ever.

Why do you think that is?

Because it's so exciting, no-one knows what is going to happen next.

2 You have played the character for 6 years now, do you think that Hugo Myatt is becoming Treguard or visa versa?

Well I don't think that I am becoming more like Treguard, not at home anyway. I don't use a Treguard voice when I'm talking to the dog or he would just growl at me. Anyway I would probably frighten everyone to death.

Is Treguard becoming more like me? Slightly, he shows his sense of humour more nowadays and like me he doesn't always know the answer to everything.

3 How do you see Treguard growing old in the series, will he use magic to give him eternal youth?

Well, it's a funny thing, Treguard actually looks younger in series six than he did in series one and two. I put this down to experimenting with Hordriss's spells. The trouble is that they are not terribly reliable, I've tried all sorts of magic to stop my beard going grey but to no avail. I suppose I shall end up with totally white hair and beard and then Hordriss would be jealous!

4 Do you ever feel like entering the game yourself? Is it hard to remain an observer whilst mere mortals battle on your behalf?

Yes frequently, particularly when something is very obvious to me but seems to elude the team or when I know something that they don't. The occasion that most tempts me is when the team is faced with a desperate floor puzzle, then we all want to join in.

5 Do you like your costume? Would you wear it in the street?

Yes, I do like my costume, (and no, it doesn't really have "Harley Davidson" written in studs on the back!) Actually I have often worn it in the street when doing public appearances as Treguard, I even wore it when riding a quadricycle (a four wheeled bicycle for two people). The only problem is that people tend to tread on the back of my cloak which stops me in my tracks rather sharpish.

6 Do people recognise you in the street?

Yes people do recognise me in the street, and the shops and things. Sometimes they ask for autographs and sometimes they just say hello.

The other day I was walking the dog in the countryside, miles away from anywhere, when a solitary hiker approached me with a map to ask the way. Just as I started to give him instructions he suddenly said "You're him, aren't you?" There's no real answer to that.

7 What other roles have you played this year?

Well, I've played Frank in *Educating Rita*, a laid back police inspector in a psychological thriller and a man in a hotel who shouldn't have been there! He spent a lot of time climbing in and out of windows to avoid being caught.

I directed an *Agatha Christie* play and did a couple of shows based on the *Knightmare* book with David "Pickle" Learner.

Of course I have just played Igor, the giant's wicked henchman in *Jack and the Beanstalk* in Swindon where I had the pleasure of meeting David Warner, the winner of the *Quest Quiz*. The last part I played, though for only one day, was Alonzo in *The Tempest* which was organised by Mark "Lord Fear" Knight. (See below - Ed.)

8 In the first issue of *TQ* we saw a photo of you on a Vincent motorbike, are motorbikes a passion of yours?

Yes they are, well British ones anyway. I have two, both over forty years old one of which I have owned for 25 years. Both of them are taxed and insured and I ride them on the roads quite regularly. (Yes adventurers, I do get my hands dirty and do all the mechanicking myself!)

9 What other hobbies do you have?

I have rather too many hobbies. Apart from an old sports car, I paint in oils and am a dab hand at woodcarving and sculpture. (we still didn't quite trust him enough to make the eye-shield, see page 7 - Ed.) I also have an old wooden sailing cruiser on the

Norfolk Broads called "Mother Goose" (you can tell I've been in a lot of Pantomimes). I'm not terribly good at sailing but I like to get out in her when the weather and commitments allow.

10 When we interviewed Tommy Boyd we asked him who he would have in his team for *Knightmare*, who would you chose?

This is very difficult but if I could chose just anybody I would make Anne Boleyn the Dungeoneer because you could rest the helmet on her shoulders but her head would be under her arm so she would be able to see where she was going! (I think he thought of that one off the top of his head - Ed.) I would have Arthur Daley (George Cole) as an advisor so that he could sort out all the deals and bribery. What about Gordon Brittas (Chris Barrie) from *The Brittas Empire* as things always seem to go right for him in the end how ever much chaos it causes, at least it wouldn't be dull! Maybe Sharon from *Birds of a Feather* (Pauline Quirk), she always has great ideas and she is very inventive. Well that lot would be fun but I'm not sure how long they would last so maybe I would rope people like Einstein, Karpov and Isaac Newton in instead.

11 Over the years who have been your favourite friends in the dungeon?

Without doubt my favourite character is Festus the dog, but they have all been great, man, woman and monster and who knows what is in store next?

12 How would you change the game if you could?

I wouldn't change it at all, not in concept, but I am all for development. The possibilities are endless. Just look at the way it has developed over six years, it is incredible. It was great when it started but not only has it kept up with the times, it's way ahead. I think we can safely leave it to Tim Child and the programme makers to push the boundaries of the *Dungeon* into realms we can't even imagine.



**Following the workshop at the Shakespeare Museum Theatre run by Mark Knight we thought we would give you an insight into how an apprentice would have gained experience in a 17th Century theatre company...**

### What's a 'prentice?

Younger actors would be apprenticed to older performers and would be taught all the skills necessary for playing: speaking, singing, dancing, stage-fighting, mime, stage building, prop making and occasionally, reading and writing. They may also have learnt arithmetic - someone has to take the door money.

### Prenticed to who?

Companies in Shakespeare's day had to be under the protection of a sponsor, usually a powerful lord

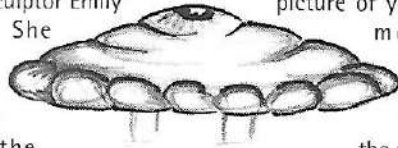
or politician. He could have the apprentice - or the entire company - fired or fined. (It was best to agree with everything he said and call him Sir!)

### What would 'prentices get out of it?

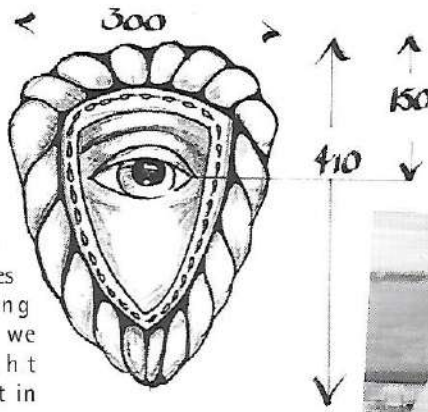
They would get shouted at with alarming regularity. They would get to do all the messy jobs. They would get payed a pittance. They would, however, learn all that the actor that they were apprenticed to had to teach them and occasionally get up on stage. Was it all worth it?

# Ghouls Gallery

We have had lots of letters from people telling us how they play Nightmare at home, using dustbin lids as eye-shields and buckets as Helmets of Justice. Very inventive it is too! These are Treguard's original plans for the eye-shield which we gave to sculptor Emily Mayer. She cast the one that we use for the



dungeoneer in aluminium suspended in resin powder and then finished with paint. If any of you are adventurous enough to make your own out of papier mache or cardboard do send us a picture of yourselves modelling them, we might print it in the next issue.



Rosalind Buttery – membership no. 225 – sent us this poem which not only shows that she is a natural poet but also that she would be a determined adversary for Lord F.

## A Quest

Step boldly forwards,  
The voice echoed on  
As I took my last steps,  
In the Safe Kingdom.  
Treading very carefully  
I moved into level one  
Hoping for my safety  
As I met puzzle number one.  
I chose my weapons carefully  
To save my own dear skin  
Now coming to the causeway,  
Here's hoping that I'll win.

Arriving at the other side  
I breathed a sigh of relief  
Entering the next chamber,  
I was shaking like a leaf.

But now I know that I  
Stepped wrong,  
I took one step too far,  
And fell like a falling star.

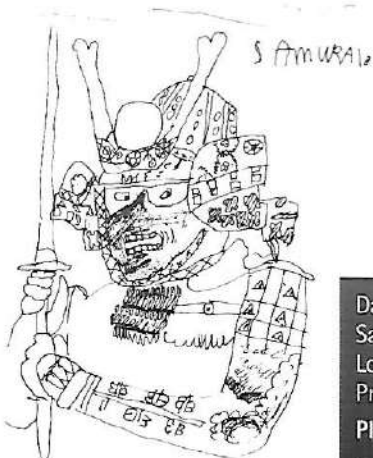
Once more Lord Fear has won his way,  
I shall keep my anger at bay,  
And hope that I'll return one day.

See if you can untangle this secret message based on what Christopher Barnett – membership no. 613 – has to tell you about ancient runes... (The answer is at the foot of the page)

These are Anglo Saxon Runes. They were carved on wood or stone or even metal. They believed that runes had magical powers and that enemies could be cursed by using them.

HX/NM/RM  
M NM  
BMW

A	B	h	M	F	X	N	I	*	h	
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K
^	h	f	r	u	p	y				
L	M	N	O	P	R	S	T	U	W	X
^	b	s	x	x	^	w				
Y	TH	GORH	NG	OE	AE	EA				

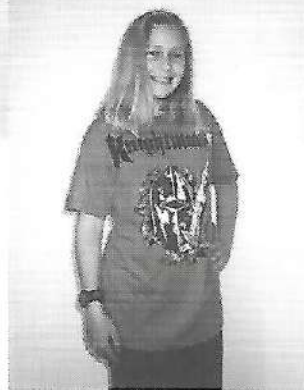


Dancing Pickle by Edward Greenberg (No. 586)  
Samurai by David Edwards (No. 716)  
Lord Fear by Chris Lightwing (No. 278)  
Prickly problem by Varuni Subramaniam (No. 547)  
Please keep your contributions coming!



Live in FEAR

# Be one of the first to wear one of the new Knightmare T-Shirts with the Frightknight Logo



Sizes: S, M, L, XL - All at £7.95 (inc. p & p)

With the Frightknight printed in a startling black and white on a blood-red background

## And Sweatshirts too...

Adult sizes: S, M, L, XL - All at £14.95 (inc. p & p)

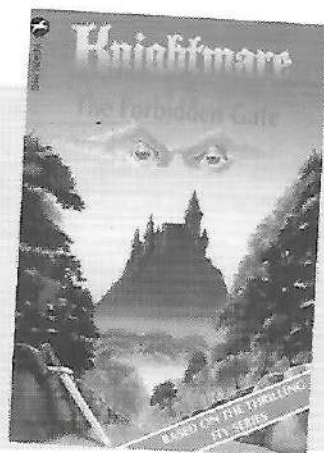
plus Age 5-6 (26" - 28")

Age 7-8 (30")

Age 9-11 (32")

All at £12.95 (inc. p & p)

Get a set of original signed photos of the entire cast from Knightmare Series VI. £3.50 (inc. p & p)



## The Forbidden Gate

"If your heels be nimble and light  
You can get there by candlelight..."

...to enjoy the latest Knightmare adventure by Dave Morris - £2.99 (inc. p & p)

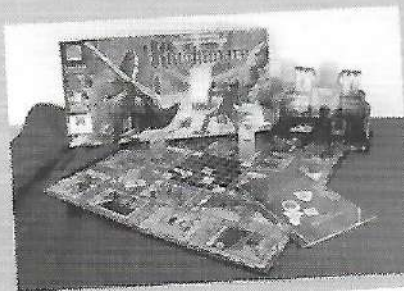
## Mugs...



In royal blue with silver logo  
£2.95 (inc. p & p)

## Knightmare for the Home Dungeon...

### The Board Game



Special Offer  
Price - £15.99  
(inc. p & p)

### The Computer Game

Special Offer Price  
£23.49 (inc. p & p)  
(Costs up to £30.00  
in the shops!)

Commodore Amiga  
or Atari ST



Look out for your sale voucher - inside



Voucher offer  
valid until 20th  
March 1993

Thanks for their help on this issue of TQ to Andrea, Jan, Colin, Jimbo, Arlo, Mark, Tim, Hugo and Paul.

TQ competitions are open to residents of the UK, Eire and the Channel Islands, except employees of Broadword Television, Anglia Television and their immediate families. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost or damaged in the post. Prizes are as stated and no alternatives will be offered. All entrants are bound by the rules. TQ will not enter into any correspondence. Names of competition winners will be published in future editions of TQ.

"The Quest" is published by Broadword Television, Anglia House, Norwich NR1 3JG.

Broadword are the producers of "Knightmare" for Anglia Television and Childrens ITV.

Design & layout by Guildhall Design Studio  
35 St Giles Street, Norwich NR2 1JN.  
Tel. (0603) 624244