

The Forgotten Spell

Part 1 of the Spellcaster Gamebooks
by
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First published by Wizard Books, UK, 2006

2nd edition published in Australia in 2013 by
Elleldi Studios & Australian Self Publishing Group
Melbourne, Australia

Web: www.spellcastergamebooks.com
Email: contact@spellcastergamebooks.com

ISBN-13 978-1-925011-44-9

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National Library of Australia Cataloguing-in-Publication entry:

Author: Pearce, Louisa Dent, author.
Title: The forgotten spell : book 1 of the spellcaster gamebooks /
Louisa Dent Pearce ; illustrator Tony Hough.
Edition: 2nd edition.
ISBN: 9781925011449 (paperback)
Series: Pearce, Louisa Dent. Spellcaster gamebooks ; 1.
Subjects: Plot-your-own stories.
Other Authors/Contributors:
Hough, Tony, illustrator.
Dewey Number: A823.4

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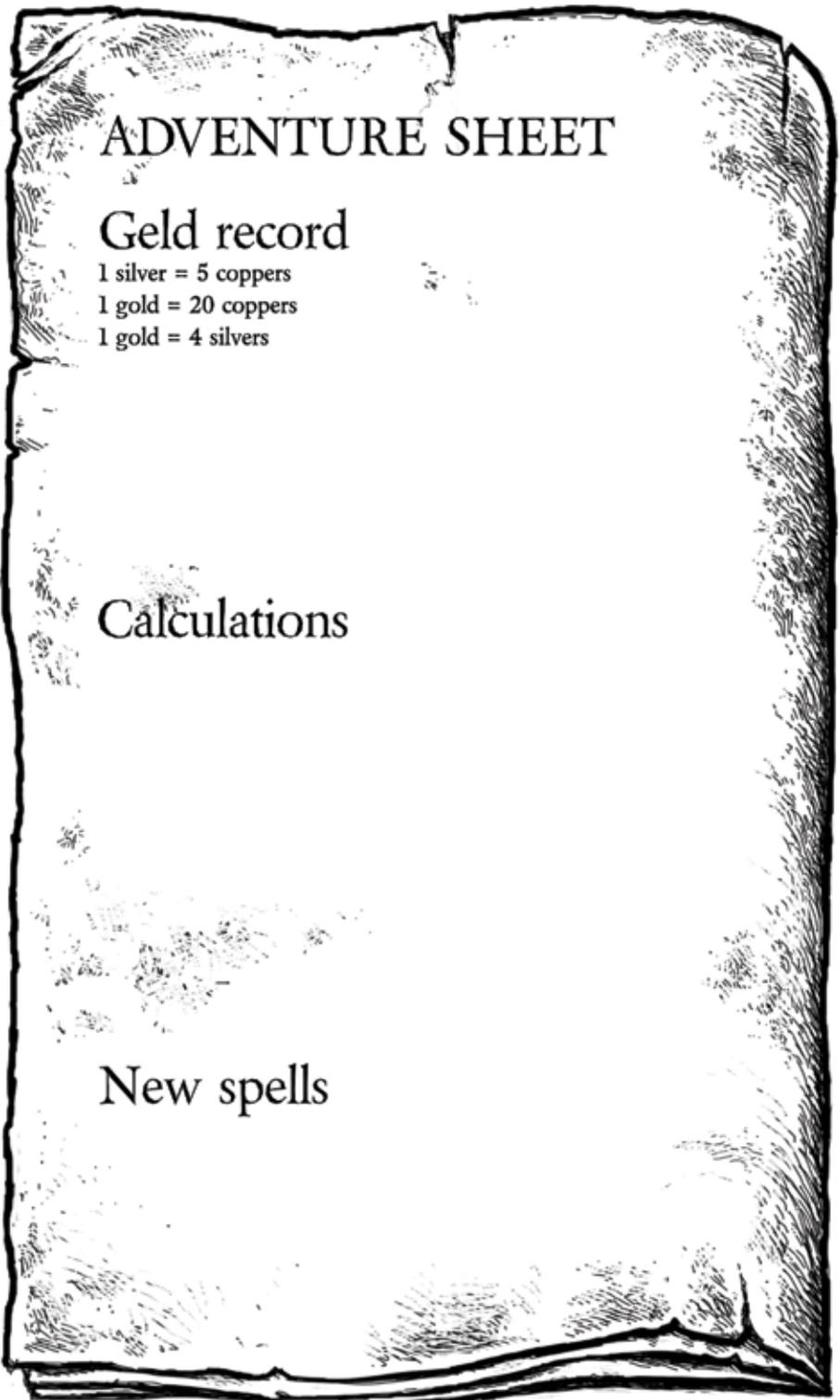
Typesetting by Mark Pearce

Dedication

To my husband, who faithfully sailed the sea of toil with
me; never was there a better Captain's mate.

To my brother, who is still the boy I loved as a child.

To my parents, who encouraged my dreams.



ADVENTURE SHEET

Geld record

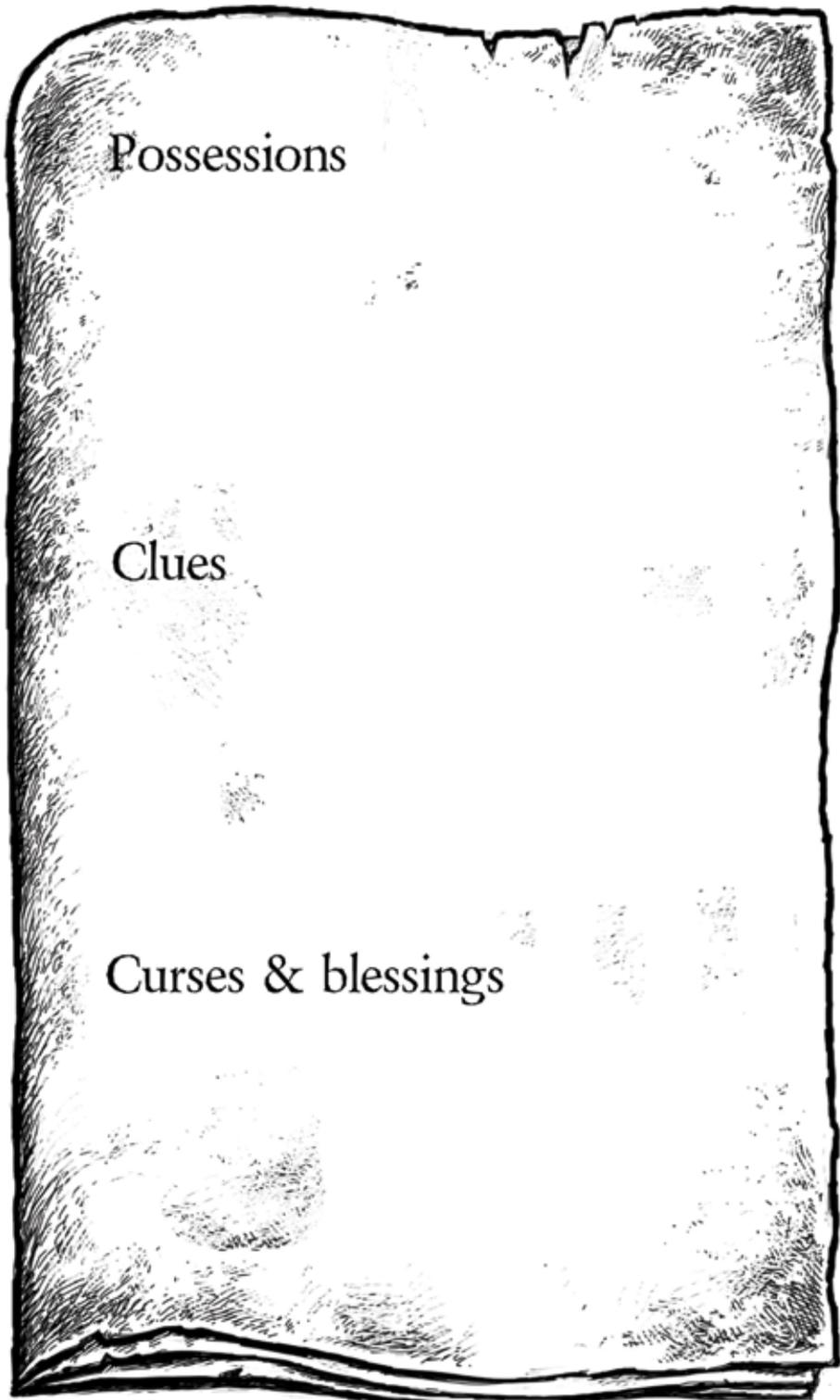
1 silver = 5 coppers

1 gold = 20 coppers

1 gold = 4 silvers

Calculations

New spells



Possessions

Clues

Curses & blessings



Introduction

You are about to enter into the strange and dangerous world of the faeries. Sometimes called the fey, they are a vast population of creatures that inhabit a world out of reach of mortals. It is a world of forgotten forests, uncharted mountain ranges and ancient cities. Here live faeries larger than men and smaller than toads. There are clans of dwarves and gangs of goblins. There are trolls, leprechauns, dryads, sithes, bruinies, mirfolk, gnomes, lughtins and hags. There are other creatures, too, which have no names and live deep in the wildernesses, never to be seen or heard.

It all lies just beyond the pale—the space between night and day, sleep and waking, shadows and light.

There are few who can find it and fewer still who can return. The mortal is no match for the magic of the fey. Yet your Quest will take you into this world, to one of the most evil and despised cities of the faery: the city of Suidemor. Here you must be prepared to test your courage, strength and wit against the myriad of evil foes that await you. Will you survive?

Suidemor

Suidemor lies on the southern shores of a vast southern continent. It is the last outpost of all the civilised kingdoms of the Elder Fey—the race of faeries who have risen to power by virtue of their great cities and castles, built with their powerful magickcraft.

Suidemor has been long forgotten by the Elder Fey rulers of the north. Isolated by wild oceans, the city's edifices are beaten by wind and rain, snow and hail. It is always cold and always miserable. Here live faeries who have come from prouder cities, bringing their cauldrons and curses and unsettled arguments. By the light of the southern moon they trade in crafts and magic, and talk of dark deeds under their hoods.

The Mortal World

Far from the troubles of Suidemor is the mortal world where YOU live with your mother, Eleanore. You have never known your father, for he vanished without a trace on the day you were born. Except for this one mystery, your life has been quite ordinary and unremarkable.

Yet all that is about to change, for as you sleep safely in your mortal bed, there are those who are plotting to destroy you. As your thirteenth birthday approaches, unseen forces gather beyond the pale, preparing you for a Quest that may cost your life.

How To Read This Book

Like the faeries, this book is not a friendly book. YOU will have to decide which way to go, which fey to trust, and ultimately, how the story ends. Make your choices by following the instructions at the end of each paragraph. Choose wisely, because once you have turned the page, you will not be able to go back!



Casting Spells

The world of the faeries is magical and there are many different types of magic, from the powerful and ancient systems of Elder Magic and Witchery, to the more simple crafts of conjuring. To survive, you will need at least a basic range of skills and spells. You will have to wait until you find your spellbook in the journey before you can start using magic. When you find the book, you will be given special instructions on how to use it. Until then, you are unprotected and very vulnerable to the powers of the fey, so beware!



Keeping Records

Carry a pencil with you, as you will need to note any valuable information and items that you find along the way. For this purpose, you may use the adventure sheets at the front of the book.

The common currency in Suidemor is the *geld*, available in copper, silver and gold. At times you may have to calculate your own change. You will find that one silver equals five coppers, and one gold equals twenty coppers. Keep a record of the *geld* you find or earn, as you will need to pay for some things—after all, Suidemor is a city busy with trade.

Solving Puzzles

The creatures you will meet are secretive and their secrets are often bound in puzzles. Instructions will be given when you come across a puzzle. You may pick up clues along the way that will help you solve puzzles, so note anything down that you think may be important.

If you cannot solve a puzzle, you may use the Puzzle Solver at the back of the book. You will not be given the option to use it—you may simply turn to it when you need it. But beware! By using the Puzzle Solver, you are relying on intuition and luck, and because luck has a way of running out, you may use this page no more than *twice* during your adventure.



A Final Word

Though you will be able to wield magic, your wit is your greatest weapon. Take heed of all you see and hear, and keep your courage, for you will need it to find your way through Suidemor, the City of The Faeries.

Turn to paragraph 1 to begin your adventure...

I

It is your thirteenth birthday, this dreary winter's day on which you hurry home from school. Your shoes splash in puddles as you criss-cross the streets of the city where you live, following a well-worn path to the doorway of a gloomy, many-storied block of flats. You bound up the stairway, three at a time, passing Mrs Clement who is descending and who shakes her black umbrella disapprovingly at you.

"You watch out for your mother—I've a bad feeling about her today!" she calls out.

You ignore her, quickly reaching the landing of the uppermost flat. The key is already in your hand, ready to open the door, but as you pause to catch your breath you notice something amiss. The door is ajar and on the doormat, a single, black feather has fallen there.

Stepping over the feather, you enter the flat. It smells of oil paint and turpentine, and is filled with a clutter of canvases. Your mother is nowhere to be seen but this is nothing unusual, for she has likely retired to her workshop to paint. Dumping your schoolbag on the floor, you notice that she has left some coins and a note for you on the kitchen table. The note reads:



As you pocket the coins, you hear the sound of voices, raised and angry, coming from your mother's workshop. You creep towards the workshop door.

"The child is not here! There is no person of that name!" you hear your mother say.

Peering through the doorway, you see a shadow of a man against the wall. You strain to hear his words, spoken in a strange accent.

"Mortals can nun change this child's destiny. I, Olcrada, alone have the power," he says. His shadow looms larger. You are stunned to see two wings spreading from his shoulderblades, their shadows crossing the wall like bloodstains.

"Anivad belongs to me now," says the stranger. He continues in a language you



*The winged stranger turns swiftly to meet you, his gaze burning,
his wings glimmering behind him.*

have never heard before:

*“Begetten sicklie wyth myred plegm,
Airedd byen tainted wind
Fouledd breath en blakenedd blod
Reepen sowen ere het liefde”*

Your mother cries out. Alarmed, you push the door open to see her kneeling in the chalk dust and pencil shavings of her workshop floor. She is grasping at her throat.

The winged stranger turns swiftly to meet you, his gaze burning, his wings glimmering behind him. Sitting on his forearm is a black, sleek-feathered crow. He advances towards you in three short strides.

“Ye—ye have the Elder Fey sight,” he hisses, “Now it will be your curse.”

He speaks another string of strange words. You are suddenly thrown against the wall, crashing into the shelves of paint and brushes. Jars smash on the ground. The stranger holds you in his gaze as you try to get to your feet. You slump to the floor instead. The coins clutched in your hand are scattered like marbles.

“Happy Birthday, Anivad,” mocks the stranger. “Ye will not live to see another.”

A wave of nausea washes over you. The feeling is like death itself. You try to inch towards your mother but the effort exhausts you and you fall unconscious.

Turn to 19.

2

Hensoi wipes his hands on his apron and flies into the shop to greet his customer. You follow him, eager to be on your way. But as you reach the doorway, the hag steps into your path. She catches your wrist with her icy hand. A short, cruel laugh escapes her lips.

“Tis only Pearlie!” she rasps at you.

Turn to 148.

3

The candle is made of beeswax. The merchant tells you that to light it, you need only blow on the wick.

Return to 258 to continue making purchases or if you have finished, turn to 196.

4

You fumble in your satchel for the vivifying elixir. You quickly unstopper the bottle and take a sip of the liquid. Your body is wracked by a chill. When you open your eyes, you see the faces of faeries gathered around you. Pucker is pointing at you with glee, laughing at your dilemma.

“Can nun hold the spirit!” you hear someone chide.

You pull yourself quickly to your feet. It seems to be time to take your leave.

Turn to 186.

5

You shoulder your satchel and turn to leave the bakery. As you push open the door, a hunched figure steps inside, blocking your path. She is a hag, her face partly concealed beneath a dirty hood. She catches your wrist with her icy hand.

“’Tis only Pearlie!” she rasps at you.

Have you seen Pearlie in another shop? If so, turn to 148. If not, turn to 152.

6

You bang on the door, hoping that someone will hear you. You have not been banging long when you hear voices and scuffling on the other side, followed by the sound of the lock being picked.

The door suddenly flies open and you come face to face with two goblins who look as surprised to see you as you are to see them. But their expressions are not welcoming; their eyes narrow and their mouths bend in cruel smiles. Their faces are scarred from many a fight, and one of them holds in his hand a short-bladed knife.

“Got any geld?” asks one of them.

You shake your head.

“Outcumlin’s lying!” sneers the other one.

Without waiting for your reply, the goblin attacks, sinking the knife into your throat. You fall to your knees as they pounce on you and begin to search your clothing. You have no defence against the evil-minded fey of Suidemor, who care nothing for your life. You lose consciousness...

Turn to 112.

7

You tell the drunk you don’t want his help. You push passed him to get to the door but as you reach for the handle, you find your hand has gone numb and is unable to grip anything. You try with the other hand but it too has gone numb. You grope clumsily at the handle, feeling more and more silly.

The drunk appears beside you, his face inches from your own.

“Such a simple spell this be and yet ye be helpless. Your magic be your only defence and ye must learn to usen it.” With these words, he turns and disappears through the crowd.

As the feeling returns to your hands, you consider the faery's words.
Will you chase after the faery (turn to 379) or leave the tavern (turn to 276)?

8

The graffiti transforms to reveal a message slashed across the wall:

To all the Warlock be known a scurn
To Elder Fey, he be known as Murn

The message is a cryptic one, though it may be useful.

Make a note of it if you want to and then return to your previous page.

9

He is Hensoi the bonsai herbalist. He is happy to show you his collection of bonsai trees, each of which take thousands of years to grow. Suitably impressed, you marvel at the little trees. Hensoi explains how each one produces a different beneficial fruit, seed, leaf or root to be used for the treatment of ailments or as ingredients for magic. He also sells a range of common herbs for cooking and magic. While most of the wares are too expensive for you, Hensoi shows you the last of his seasonal specials.



Buy as many herbs as you want, or can afford, and turn to 39. If you don't want to buy anything, turn to 102.

IO

Disheartened, you sit in the middle of the damp floor, fighting your growing panic. There is a tomb-like silence all about you. You stare at the grated window high above, wondering if you will die in this terrible place.

Then you notice something odd—bits of powdery dirt begin to fall from the cracks around a large stone near the window. The stone begins to loosen; something or someone is pushing it from behind. It leans precariously for a moment, giving you just enough time to jump aside before it crashes to the floor, splintering the floorboards with a cracking sound. As the dust settles, you look up to see a neat rectangular hole.

The promise of escape seems too good to be true. You wait for a moment but no further instruction follows. Trap or no trap, languishing in the cell seems less appealing than a bit of rock-climbing. You are wary of the nettles but looking up at the wall, you notice there are several stones which may provide you safe purchase.

To reach the hole, you must climb the wall without touching the nettles. Examine the picture opposite. You will see that certain stones have no nettles growing on them—these are safe stones. To solve the puzzle, count the number of safe stones in the picture and turn to the answer.



II

You close the spellbook, aware of Garda watching you.

“Do nun trusten fey in this city, *halven*,” she warns. “It be ruled by the Elder Fey in name only, for the King Othirom has not been seen for many years and his castle be locked to all. It be the King’s brother, Olcrada, who rules in truth. He commands a magic far stronger than Elder magic alone, for he has learnt the secrets of Witchery, the only magic to rival that of the Elder Fey. With the power of both, he plots to take the throne. Pah! ‘Tis the petty squabble of brothers that bringeth the city to ruin!”

Garda huffs angrily as she gathers up the breakfast dishes, dumping them with a clatter into the sink. She then tosses a grubby leather pouch at you. It jingles with the sound of coins.

“That be payment for yer work,” she says.

You open the pouch to find eleven coins: seven copper, three silver and one gold.

“But where should I go?” you ask, feeling none too cheered. Garda’s face hardens.



As the dust settles, you look up to see a neat rectangular hole.