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PRINCE OF PERSIA®

THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

FOR PRINCE OF PERSIA AND
PRINCE OF PERSIA 2:
THE SHADOW AND THE FLAME™

RUSSEL DEMARIA

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PRINCE OF PERSIA®

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STRATEGY GUIDE

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THE OFFICIAL STRATEGY GUIDE

Rusel DeMaria



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Executive Editor: Roger Stewart

Managing Editor: Neweleen Trebnik

Creative Director: Rusel DeMaria

Project Editors: Matthew Briere Hansen

Book Design and Layout: Marian Hartsough Associates

Copy Editor: Kathy Mejia and Linda Dailey Paulson

Persian Translation: Jalaledin Takesh

Interior Illustrations: Jeff Menges, Skaircrow Graphics

Special Image Processing: Ocean Quigley

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Jeff can be reached at:

Scaircrow Graphics
82 Ellis Ave.
Northport, NY 11768
(212) 620-7256



PRINCE OF PERSIA

INTRODUCTION

I first played Karateka on my Apple II+ back somewhere in the dark ages. I had a lot of fun playing it. So when I heard about Prince of Persia, I thought, "This should be good." And it was.

Prince of Persia has appeared on almost every platform possible by now, and it's nice to see it do so well. Now there's Prince of Persia 2: The Shadow and the Flame. It's a lot of fun, too, but you probably already know that. It's also pretty hard. You probably know that, too.

So, this book is to help you through both Prince of Persia and Prince of Persia 2. It should work pretty well with all versions of Prince of Persia except the Super Nintendo version, but we're only marketing this book for the Macintosh and DOS versions.

I've done my best to make this a complete guide to success in both Prince of Persia games while making the story entertaining and consistent with the background given to me by Jordan Mechner. Working with Jordan on this project was great fun.

I've created screen maps of each level in the game, and labeled them with numbers corresponding to the paragraphs in the guide. This way, you can refer to an area of the map, then read the appropriate paragraph(s) to get help. You don't have to read the whole section to find what you need to know. Of course, you often backtrack during the game, and there are also alternate methods for playing through some of the levels. I've tried to give you the most information possible.

Finally, in the appendix at the end of this book, you'll find a lot of general tips and tactics for playing both Prince of Persia games. Don't forget to check that out!

— Rusel DeMaria

سرزنشت من از آنها شروع شده من در حق مردان فرمادا تایم درم تا پاره های راه
حستیوس وان هست بیویم.

درینه باریان باطری ابردر خوش بگفت که این مدت که این هم از زمان داشت این خود را نمود.
پسندیده از مدت که این گفت شیخ گزش پادشاهی اس را خواست و نیز برش که در مدت نیافر
این خود را نمود. ولی شاهزادت سیگونه دلیل سانده این داشت که این این خود بود.
درینه دو بزرگ باریان در راهش بزم اعصاب است فوج را از دل دارد. آنها

نیزه اقسام مذکونه کار بین این اعیان درست داشت و خانه تسبیح من در کشت آرام نهاده بود.
ایمان ز منتهیه بزرگی بود که درست کشی زرب امیر یافت و بعدها از داشتن این درجه بود
در دلیل این باقی نهاده بود بلکه بازدید از این مسیر از آن مسیر و داشتن این دلیل ایمان
آن را نهاده شدند و یکی مگردش. فضیلت این دلیل اینکه پیش از اینکه این دلیل مذکونه
باشد - عجز نداشت که از دست مگوئیه امیر داشت از این دلیل را منتشر نداشت
پس از اینکه این دلیل مذکونه باشد سه دلیل مذکونه داشت که اینکه را می‌داند که درین موضع سرمه
که بخوبی داشت از اینکه خوب است چنانچه اینکه را می‌داند که درین موضع سرمه دارد و اینکه درین موضع
که سرمه دارد دلیل اینکه خوب است که درین موضع سرمه دارد و اینکه درین موضع سرمه دارد
که سرمه دارد و دلیل اینکه خوب است که درین موضع سرمه دارد و اینکه درین موضع سرمه دارد
که سرمه دارد و اینکه درین موضع سرمه دارد و اینکه درین موضع سرمه دارد و اینکه درین موضع سرمه دارد

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

The story of the Prince of Persia is shrouded in mystery. To date, there have been no fewer than thirty known translations, and, although these translations tend to agree on the major issues and events, there is some doubt among modern historians as to their accuracy.

In this, the most modern translation, I have attempted to identify and draw from the most veracious of the earlier texts, including those in the original language. In some cases, where translations have differed in their telling of significant events, I have presented more than one version. A good example is the Prince's original escape route from the lowest level of the dungeon. Earlier historians have presented two completely different versions. You, the reader, will have to judge which version is the more convincing.

—Robert DeMain



CHAPTER 1

THE MEETING

"I stowed away on *Farsiir*, the ship of destiny. My destiny. I had set out alone to conquer a kingdom."

The scribe arched an eyebrow and his quill seemed to hesitate briefly in its incessant scratching.

"All right, then, Hamza," the young man continued. "Perhaps 'conquer a kingdom' is a bit pretentious . . ."

"And inaccurate?" suggested Hamza, the scribe.

"And inaccurate," the young man agreed. "But don't you think it makes my story more dramatic?" Again, the scribe's eyebrow arched, which was comment enough.

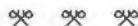
"Oh, by Allah, the truth is I simply craved adventure. My home in Baghdad had become . . . slow-paced." Again the eyebrow, and a slight upward curl at the corners of the scribe's mouth. The young man sighed and threw up his arms in exasperation.



PRINCE OF PERSIA

"Can one not paint the picture one likes?" He sat, momentarily, on the edge of a cushioned bench that jutted out like some unnatural appendage from the wall. Then he stood again and, looking resigned, told the scribe, "Of course, you're right, Hamza. This is to be the true story of my adventures. Let us start over, then."

"As you wish," Hamza replied, balling up the paper he had written on. There was silence as his companion thought about what to say. The young man paced back and forth. A scimitar bounced lightly against the fine cotton of his trousers as he paced. His soft-soled slippers made a sound like leather on sand in the otherwise soundless room. Finally, he stopped, readjusted his white silk turban, and began to tell his story, this time without eliciting any immediate response from the critical scribe.



I stowed away on *Farsiir*, the ship of destiny. My destiny. My life in Baghdad had been restless. I had lived alone and by my wits for a year or more. I longed to see other lands, to find adventure, romance, and intrigue. Of course, I knew not how much of each I would find . . . but I get ahead of myself.

Well, living in the streets of Baghdad, one cannot help but accumulate some enemies, and the time for adventure came upon me somewhat suddenly.

"*You were running for your life,*" suggested Hamza.

Even so. I had angered certain minor sheiks whose crimes I had unwittingly exposed. I had a talent for finding myself up to my ears in trouble, but this time there were too many of them and not enough of me to go around.

So I stowed away until the ship had left the dock. Then I joined the crew, and such is my ability to blend with people that I was quickly accepted and did more than my share of the work. By the time I left the *Farsiir*, I had many new, if somewhat poorer, friends. (Another of my talents is to win money in games of chance without arousing animosity. I wear simplicity and false modesty like holy garments and walk away, still simple, still modest, but much richer.)

When the ship docked again, I walked out into the unknown—a stranger with no past to haunt me, no responsibilities other than to

THE MEETING



seek my fortune. I had a little money in my purse, and was eager to explore.

But the Persian capital city was no place for a stranger. Armed guards roamed the city, terrorizing the citizens. In my first hour ashore, I was chased by a gang of fifteen guards . . .

The scribe looked up momentarily from his scratching.

Well, there were at least five of them. At any rate, this city was not a good place to be a stranger, and I soon found all avenues shut to me. My money ran out, and I began to long for the known dangers of Baghdad as opposed to the brooding menace of this place. Finally, as I began to hunger for a meal not eaten on the run, I hit upon an idea whose very audacity appealed to me. I borrowed a suit of fine silk from a local tailor, and found a jeweled ring which an unfortunate merchant had lost. Then I set my plan in motion.

I went to the Great Mosque, and there let it slip that a great prince had recently set foot in the city, in disguise. He came alone, said the rumor, and was planning on visiting the palace.

I knew that the priests would spread rumors faster than anyone else, though I salted the story in a few other likely places as well. I waited two days, then donned my silken raiment and made my way to the palace of the Sultan of Persia.

When I arrived at the palace, I had barely opened my mouth before I was escorted to the throne room. The Sultan, I was told, was off on a holy quest, but Jaffar, the Grand Vizier, would see me.

I did not like this Jaffar from the moment I set eyes on him. Perhaps it takes a thief to know one, but he was more than just a thief. He was a thief with no honor. It was in his eyes. It was bad luck, for the Sultan was reputed to be a good man. It is so much easier to deal with a man of honor. You don't have to watch your back so much.

Still, Jaffar was all courtesy when we met, and invited me to dine with the royal court that evening.

"You must join us tonight, young Prince," he stated unctuously. He seemed not at all pleased, however, despite his attempts to make think he was. "I should be honored," I replied with a small flourish and duck of the head—just enough to show deference without acknowledging inferiority. "But I must apologize, my lord. My servants and all my belongings have been taken from me by a band of brigands. I barely



PRINCE OF PERSIA

escaped with my life." I drew my sword to demonstrate how I had survived by driving the blackguards away.

Jaffar took a step back when I drew my blade, and I made note of his reaction, should I ever have need to confront him. "It is fortunate that you are so skilled with the sword, young Prince. Please allow my servants to escort you to the guest rooms. You will find anything that you require there." And so saying, Jaffar offered a shallow bow, clapped his hand once, and issued orders to the servants, who then hustled me away.

It was not easy to hide my delight from the servants as I was shown to my accommodations—a suite of rooms which was itself many times bigger than the house where I had been born. I made a show of boredom, but inside I was, I admit, awestruck. If this was a guest's accommodations, how much more opulent would the Sultan's own quarters be?

But I was not to be cooped up in a room, no matter how sumptuous. After surveying the closets and relieving myself in the solid-gold *pissoir*, I slipped out the window (avoiding the inevitable servant/guard who waited outside my door) and climbed down into the courtyard. It was a veritable Garden of Eden, replete with fruit trees, gurgling streams, swans and peacocks. It was truly an oasis of peace within the palace.

As beauteous as this courtyard garden might be, it was eclipsed by the next sight to meet my eyes. She stood near a small pool, quietly singing a sad song as she gazed into the depths of the water. Small ripples spread out from the center where perhaps a fish had come to gaze back at her. I could see her reflection waver as the ripples spread toward the edge of the pond.

I knew instantly that she was the one of whom people spoke in hushed tones. She was the daughter of the Sultan, the Princess of Persia. They said she was the most beautiful in the land, though no man was known to have seen her face and lived. They far underestimated her. I thought, *She is the most beautiful creature who ever lived.*

She was unveiled, and I knew that my death was certain if I should be discovered. So why didn't I fade back among the trees and escape certain doom? I stood rooted like one of the ancient fig trees that surrounded me, and lost myself in the ripples reflected in her great,

THE MEETING

dark eyes just as she seemed lost in the depths of the pool. Then she looked up and smiled.

Now I have by necessity become a master of disguise, and rarely do I allow my true emotions to show, but her sad smile was like a shaft of sunlight after seven years of rain. It struck me squarely in the heart and I, stupidly, smiled back with the broadest country grin my poor lips could stretch to.

She laughed, and for a moment I feared that she laughed at my foolishness, but then she spoke.

"You should know, handsome stranger, that if you can see my reflection in the water's surface, so can I see yours."

Her voice was like the music of the kanoon, rippling with melody, intonation, and grace. I think I heard little of what she said past "handsome stranger." I might even have blushed. I was completely out of control.

When I did not speak, she asked, "Who are you? Where do you come from? And what do you here in the forbidden garden?"

And here's the truly remarkable part. I told her the truth! A truth I had not even known until that very moment. "I am a poor thief come to win your hand, Princess, though I pose as a visiting prince." I was hypnotized by her as the snake is captured by the swaying flute of the charmer. Never had I told the truth before. It was an eerie feeling, made all the more surreal by the fact that I had almost surely condemned myself to a quick death—if I was lucky!

Her eyes flashed in amusement. "And how do you plan to 'win my hand' young Prince?" she asked.

"With wit," I answered truthfully yet again. "With charm. And with my sword if I must."

I feared that last bit about the sword was too much, but she seemed more thoughtful than angry. "You have told me the truth, and for that you have shown yourself to be more honorable than those around me now. I must trust someone. Why not an adventurer like you?"

Why not indeed, I thought. Suddenly I ran at full speed and vaulted across the pond—a prodigious leap, even for me. The Princess took a surprised step backward in fear, but I quickly knelt at her feet, drew my sword and presented it to her, hilt first.

"My life is in your hands, Princess. You may relieve me of my head



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here and now. If not, you will have no more devoted friend, though you live 900 years like Methuselah."

She ignored my weapon, but knelt before me and stared long into my eyes. It was all I could do to endure her scrutiny, the proximity of her goddess-like beauty, but I remained unmoving, unblinking, breathless. I was afraid of what foolishness I might next commit. I resisted all thought until I fully succeeded at becoming completely thoughtless. That's when I kissed her.



CHAPTER 2

the BETRAYAL

By the time the Princess and I parted, I to my palatial room and she to her royal suite, there was an understanding between us. She would not betray my true identity. She would, in fact, meet me in secret beneath the great tree in her garden later that evening. I think my audacity won her over. Or perhaps it was my great leaping ability. And certainly, from her response, she had no complaints about my kisses, either.

After a scented bath presided over by a palace eunuch and several giggling servant girls, I picked a simple outfit from the guest closets—a pair of baggy trousers and a silk tunic. Upon my head I wound a keffiya of red silk with gold threads in a simple design, and chose some sturdy shoes with good leather soles. A waist-length cape completed the ensemble. In the mirror, I presented the perfect picture—proud yet humble, simple yet elegant, deferential yet arrogant. Just enough style to gain respect, but not so much as to arouse enmity. What didn't show was my appetite, which was enormous.



PRINCE OF PERSIA

As I was dressing, I managed to gain the confidence of one of the servants. I learned that the Princess had been cloistered by her father, kept from the sight of all, but that now her imprisonment was even more dire. Jaffar kept her locked in her suites adjoining the gardens, but, unlike the Sultan, paraded her out on state occasions and made a great show of his *affection* for her. Some of this the Princess had told me herself.

So I was only a little surprised to find the Princess—now properly veiled so her beauty was only a suggestion—sitting to Jaffar's left, while I, as guest of honor, sat on his right hand.

I tell you truthfully, Hamza. Never in my short life had I seen such a feast—a banquet fit for an army of adventurers! Just the appetizers were enough to overwhelm a shrunken stomach like mine. There were olives of all kinds—salt, pickled, green-ripened. And there were pickles, both sweet and sour, and small miniature vegetables the like of which I had never seen. There were bite-sized delicacies made from grape leaves, and rolls and breads of all descriptions. I tried my best not to seem ungrateful, and so sampled some of every dish.

When the main course, a whole roasted lamb with apples and herbs, arrived, I was already more satiated than I had been in months. But I dutifully laid into the lamb without reservation.

Up to this point, all table talk had been light and concerned with weather and fashion and other stuff of no consequence. But I had the impression that Jaffar was biding his time before he came around to discussing me and my claims. That time had come.

"So tell me of your land, young Prince," Jaffar asked over a good-sized hunk of lamb, stroking his pointy beard with long, greasy fingers.

"My father is a great king in faraway Samarkand. Do you know of it, great Vizier?" I asked as I attempted not to swoon from delight at the richness and subtle flavors of this royal meal. I took another sip of the Sultan's wine, may Allah forgive me.

"O Great Prince, I know little of Samarkand," answered Jaffar.

I began a story, made up in the moment, of great heroism and adventure. How my father had led his armies in battle against his enemies from the mountains, and how I had, at the tender age of 13, slain a tribal chieftain in single combat. Perhaps I did get carried away, but Jaffar just nodded as if it all seemed quite natural. The Princess said nothing, but my eyes kept straying to hers, which was neither polite nor particularly intelligent of me. Her eyes were like twin suns

THE BETRAYAL



blazing into mine, and her brows, like animated crescent moons, beguiled my senses. Her hands moved like swans on a calm lake, and I longed to reach across the table and take them in mine. I feared that I would betray the trust she had given so freely, but if Jaffar noticed my lapses, he said nothing.

And so the evening moved timelessly to its conclusion. I bragged too much and Jaffar, for his part, spoke little, but made sure neither my plate nor my glass was ever empty. Never in my life had I eaten or drunk like this. By the time the dinner had ended with several varieties of dates and a parade of sweet morsels, I was sluggish and nearly witless. Finally, at Jaffar's suggestion, I retired to the guest rooms, mumbling my gratitude and my wishes for a long life and favor in the eyes of Allah to all.

Did I detect a hint of amusement in Jaffar's eyes? If so, it did nothing to alleviate the fog I was in.

After a few hours, when the moon had nearly risen to its zenith, I scaled the wall and reentered the Princess's garden. My stupor had worn off and I was feeling more or less myself again. But when I arrived, she was not there. I sat at the base of the great tree and waited, listening to the crickets and the soft splashes of the fish feeding in the small pool nearby. Once I thought I heard a twig break among the trees, but no other sound interrupted the peace of the moment.

Did I doze off? Or was I dreaming still? There she stood, like a vision too beautiful to be real. Caught off guard, I quickly scrambled to my feet and stood dumbly gazing at her radiance in the moonlight. I could not speak, however. What could I say to her?

"You spin some wondrous tales," she began. "You must have lived a most adventurous life."

"My Princess, I have lived no life at all until this moment," I whispered. And I meant it. "My tales are nothing but fictions to amuse Jaffar. Meeting you, here . . . This is the greatest adventure I have had."

She smiled again. "But I enjoyed your tales as well. I have been locked away in this palace all my life. True or not, your stories took me away from here, if only for a moment. Please, tell me more."

We sat beneath the tree and I spoke to her for more than an hour, repeating tales I had heard on the streets, embellishing shamelessly. She laughed and oohed and aahed at appropriate moments, and so the time went quickly for us.

" . . . and I will give you a third part of my treasure, if you but



spare me.' And that's how I was able to outwit the great rogue tiger of Bengal," I said, finishing yet another story.

The Princess clapped her hands in delight. She hesitated, stood, then said, "It is time for me to leave. We will meet again. Soon." But she did not turn to leave and then I, too, stood. My legs were heavy and my heart began to hammer in my chest. Slowly, I reached up and lifted her veil. Again, I kissed her, and soon we were in a tight embrace.

A shout rang through the garden. "Seize him!" It was a voice I recognized. Jaffar! My knees went momentarily weak. The food and drink were still working their way through me, and I was slow to react. Before I could draw my sword, I was pinioned between two guards while a third rammed his sword hilt into my stomach, driving all the air from my lungs. The Princess stood to the side, untouched, but shaking in fear.

Then Jaffar emerged from the darkness, as if he had not been a part of it and was only now materializing.

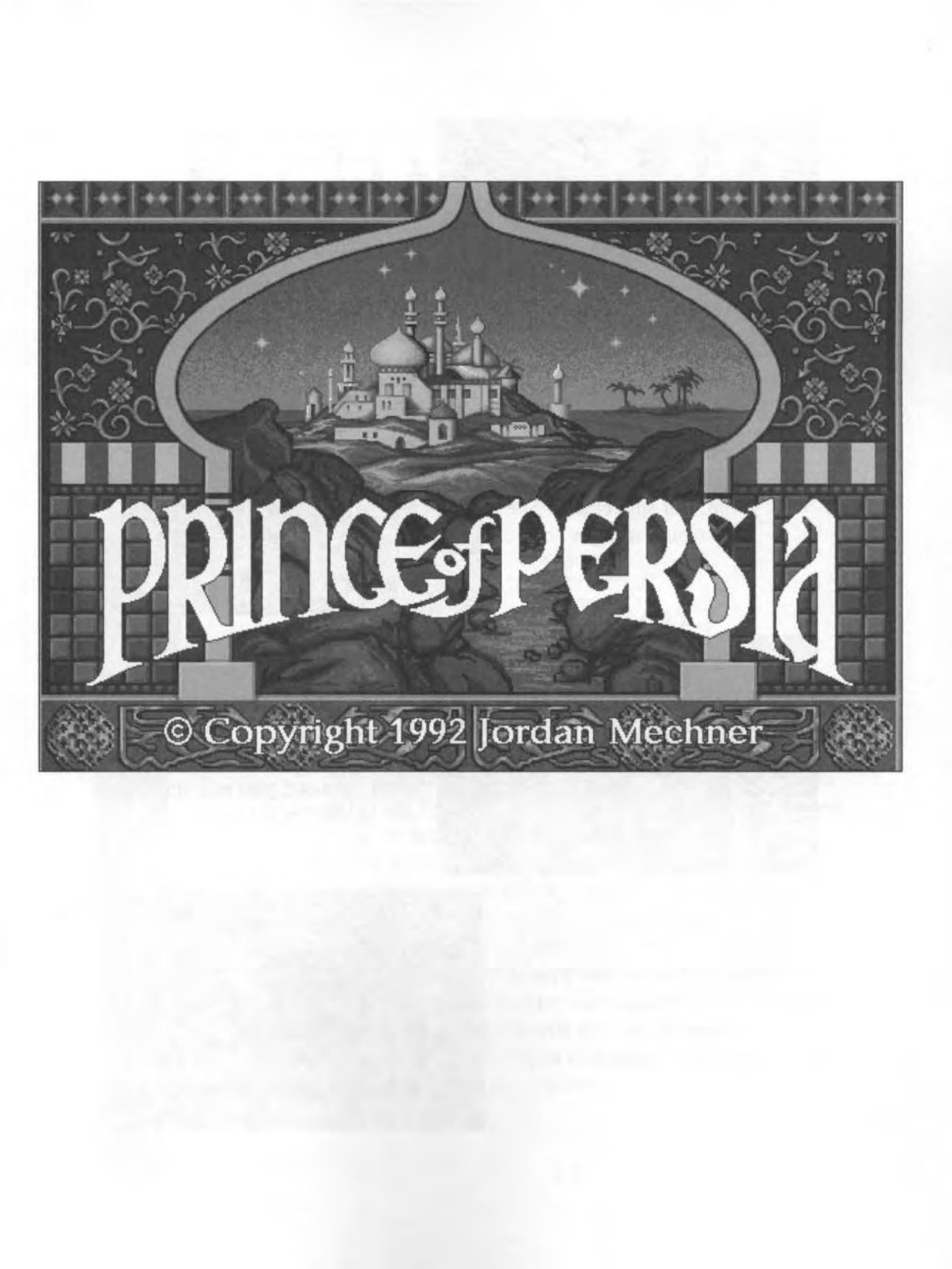
"Did you really seek to fool me, young *Prince*? I know your *father* well, and his only son is a doddering simpleton already in middle age." Jaffar walked deliberately toward me, smiling. His sour breath blew over me like a hot pestilence. "But you have served me well, whatever it was that you sought," he hissed. He ran a sharp fingernail across my cheek as he spoke, and it left a burning sensation like acid. I shuddered at his touch, which was both poisonous and caressing at the same time.

Then he stood straight and clapped his hands. "Guards, throw this young fraud into the deepest dungeon, there to await his final sentence."

As the guards dragged me away, struggling to no avail, I heard Jaffar saying, "As for you, Princess. Your punishment should not be decided upon hastily. Your dishonor is a serious matter, and I will have to consider the method of your death. For now, you will be locked away in the tower. I shall visit you soon, my dear. Guards! Take her to the tower!"

I turned to look back as the guards dragged me away and saw two more guards grab the Princess roughly by the arms.

And that is the last I saw, for one of the guards, impatient with my increased struggling, rapped me solidly in the temple with his sword butt, and I lost consciousness.



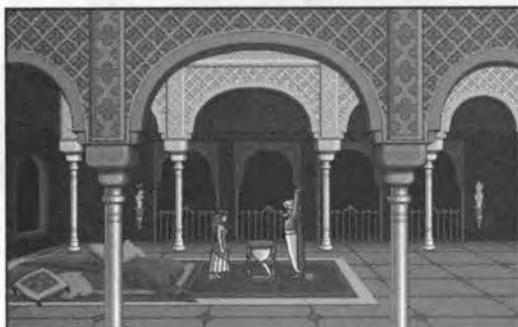
PRINCE OF PERSIA

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In my dream, I saw the Princess, alone in a high room with Jaffar.

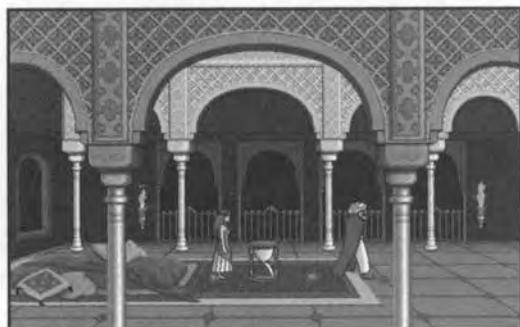
He was threatening her, compelling her to marry him. But she refused. She would not give in . . .



. . . and finally Jaffar conjured an hourglass.

"When the sand in the glass runs out, you will marry me, or die!" he told her.

Then he turned on his heels and walked away. The Princess buried her face in her hands and wept.





CHAPTER 3

the dungeon

When I awakened, I was still being dragged between two guards, though whether they were the same two as before, I couldn't say. I had no idea how long I had been unconscious, but we were now in a dark, gloomy dungeon full of acrid smoke from the numerous torches lining the walls. In the flickering light, I could see that the place was built of sandstone, slate, and granite. It was a solid, hard, and uninviting place. Dampness seeped through the cracks in the walls, and pale moss grew wherever the water dripped in slow rivulets.

"It seems our fair Prince is awake," spoke one of the guards.

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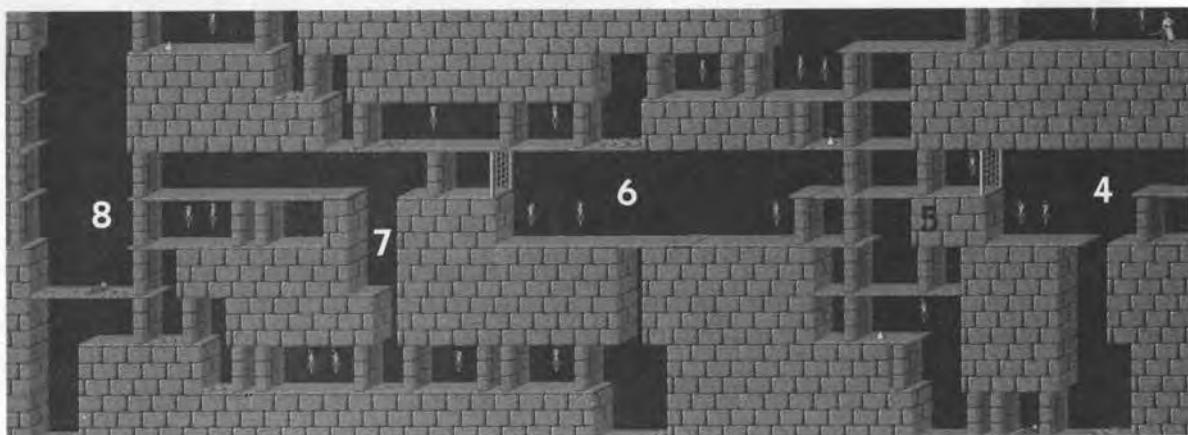
"And just in time," answered the other. "We've just about reached our journey's end."

"It's time for him to walk on his own, then."

Suddenly, they shoved me forward, and one planted his boot in my back. I stumbled through a doorway and fell to my hands and knees as a barred gate slid closed behind me with a clank. I heard the guards' laughter echoing off into the distance. When it had faded away, I was completely alone. I had no idea where I was. The grimy stone floor was smooth beneath my hands, as if polished by the passage of many feet. Slowly I stood up and began to explore my surroundings.

IMPORTANT! READ THIS FIRST.

Translator's note: The numbers at the beginning of certain paragraphs represent, as best I can determine, the location of places on the maps that have traditionally followed the Prince's story. Each room he visited is numbered and the description of events corresponds to that number. There are two conflicting accounts for Level 1: One short, one long. I have presented both here. You judge which you prefer.





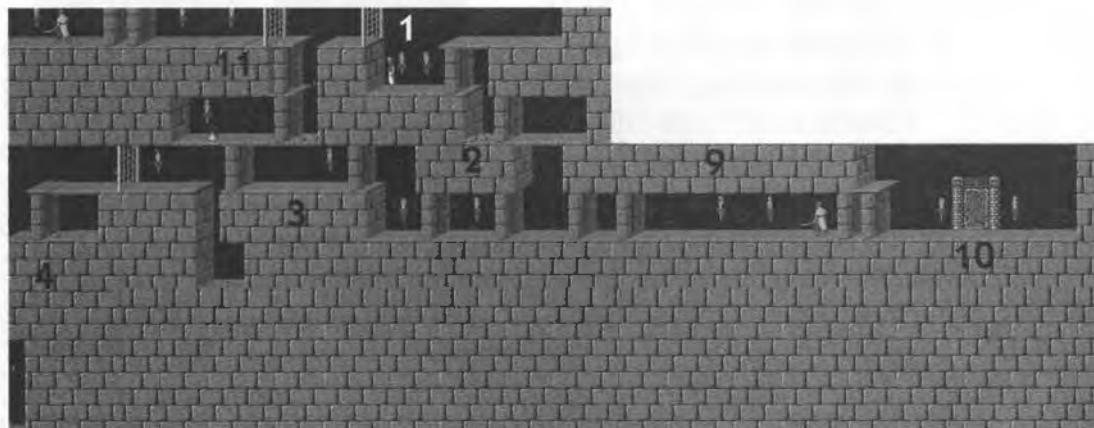
Level 1

The Long Version

I was in a small room with no apparent exit. The ground was littered here and there with broken stones and other rubble, but there was nothing else. Nothing to use as a tool or weapon.



1. I began to pace the lower floor. I was thinking what a fool I had been. Worse than a fool! I had endangered myself, but that was of no account. To meet the Princess, I would have died a thousand times. But what had I done to her? If only I could find a way out of here . . . Just then, the floor began to give way beneath my feet. I just had time to grab onto the ledge before falling into a pit of unknown depth.
2. Looking below me, I saw a dimly lit floor perhaps two body lengths below me. I let myself drop then, and found myself in a passageway. I could only see a short distance in either direction. Carefully, I edged to the east, but spied a guard in that direction. I had no weapon, and did not dare confront him. So I retreated quickly and ran in the opposite direction. I climbed a wall just taller than me, and headed west.



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3. As I jumped over a small gap, dimly below me I saw deadly spikes spring out of the ground as I passed over. A loose stone triggered a gate mechanism, and as I stood there, the gate opened. This was easy, so far. Perhaps there was hope.
4. Next, I encountered another chasm and another loose stone pressure plate that opened yet another gate. When I jumped the chasm, a loose floor tile fell beneath me, and I almost fell with it. I resolved to be more careful in the future!
5. Sure enough, as I continued to the west, I ran across two more falling floor tiles. This place was either very old and falling apart, or it was just one trap after another. Or both!
6. I kept going in the only direction I could and entered a cavern with a high ceiling. Another gate closed off the far end, but a pressure plate in the middle of the room opened it. I soon discovered, however, that a better-hidden plate closed it again. I had to jump over the second plate to avoid closing my egress. Still, I had no trouble with this trap and continued onward.
7. In the next area, I made a fortuitous discovery. I came to a gap somewhat wider than any I had crossed so far, and, though it was not too long for me, I tested the spring in my legs, worried that my last, over-indulgent meal might weigh me down. In the course of my exercises I discovered a loose ceiling tile, which dropped to reveal a gap above. I just dodged out of the way of the heavy stone before it dropped on me. I have no doubt it would have hurt!



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I was to remember this loose tile later, but for the moment, decided to push on westward. I jumped easily across the gap, landing on yet another loose floor plate. I heard the sounds of a gate lifting on its ratchets behind me, but I ran onward.

Two floor tiles fell as I ran across them, but I forgot all else as I entered the next area.

8. There below me lay a gleaming sword. By all appearances, it was a good and noble blade. Salvation! With sword in hand, I would be ready to take on all the Sultan's guards to free the Princess!

I lowered myself carefully until I stood by the sword, and knelt to retrieve it. As I felt the grip of this weapon in my hand, a strange exaltation passed through me, and though I suspected this to be an ordinary sword, I felt an increased vitality and sense of purpose. To my mind, this was a sword of destiny. And I now held it in my hand. I did not question how it got there.

I knew that I had little time to spare, so I hurriedly explored the area, but found no other way out. I decided to head back the way I had come. I ran as quickly as I could until I reached the guard I had seen before. This time I was ready for him.

9. The guard was a poor swordsman. I had only to await his foolish charge and spit him like a kabob as he blundered into my blade. No doubt he had met few challenges here in the Sultan's dungeons.





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"Let me go," I told him. "I have no quarrel with you."

"Am I a man? Or am I a slinking weasel to stand aside whenever a boy with a knife should threaten me?"

"I have no wish to kill you, but I will," I said quietly. "Please, stand aside."

But he would not. Silently, then, he attacked me and silently, in three swift strokes, I vanquished him and ran on to the east. I had done what I must.

10. I came to a great door, but it was firmly closed. I could find no latch, keyhole, or other opening. There was a ledge in the western end of the room, and I jumped upon it to see if I could find any clues above the door. No sooner had I grabbed onto the ledge, however, than the door began to slide open with a rough scraping of stone on stone. Behind the now-open door, a staircase led upward. My heart in my throat, I ran upward, hopefully to rescue my Princess.



LEVEL 1

The Short Version

It could hardly be called a cell. The guards had left me in a barren room that looked as if it had once been a storage room. There was no furniture, no bed. Not even a pile of straw. But I had no intention of sleeping here, anyway.

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I examined every inch of my surroundings, searching through the rubble on the floor in the hopes of finding something I could use as a weapon, but there was nothing.

1. I climbed down to the lower landing and began to pace. I was angry. I had been a fool. It was nothing that I was sentenced to death here in this choking, oppressive place, but what had I done to the Princess? I must find a way out . . .

Just then the floor began to give way beneath my feet. I just had time to grab onto the ledge before falling into a pit of unknown depth.



2. Looking down, I saw the dimly lit floor perhaps two body lengths below me. I let myself drop then, and found myself in a passageway. I could only see a short distance in either direction. To the east, I spotted flickering torchlight and could vaguely make out the shape of a man.

9. Thinking at first that he might be a fellow prisoner, I cautiously stepped forward. As soon as I appeared, he started toward me with a shout. He was a guard!

I waited until he was almost upon me. I don't know what I was thinking, but when his sword point was just past the last torch, I ran.



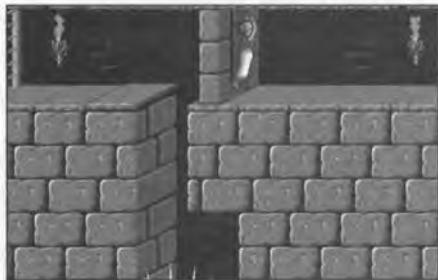
2. The guard followed me as I ran toward the western wall. Again, I waited until my pursuer was well into the room, and nearly within striking distance, before I climbed the western wall and ran away.





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3. He did not continue the pursuit, and I took a moment to explore my surroundings. There was a small gap ahead—nothing to trouble me, but I noticed a pile of dry mortar on the ground near the edge. Looking up, I discovered that one of the ceiling stones was loose. So I stood with my back to the gap, facing east, and jumped up. I just managed to dodge to the side as the great stone fell! I climbed up the gap thus created, thinking to find a secret escape route.



11. Hidden in a closet-like alcove was a small jar, but I did not stop to examine it. Instead, I climbed up two landings until I came to a gate that would not open, leading east. But a gate to the west did open as I climbed up the last ledge. I ran back to the west again.



1. My heart sank. I was back in my original cell. It seemed I had accomplished nothing. I ran back to the hole in the floor that I had used previously and dropped carefully down again, holding onto the eastern edge.

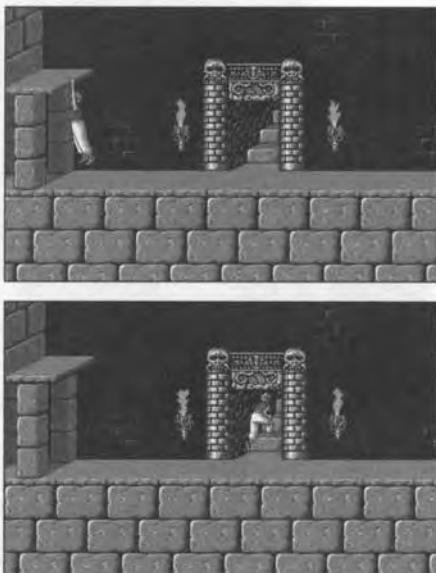


2. That stupid guard! He still stood where I had last seen him. He turned and cursed me as I dropped behind him, but he was too late. I ran as fast as I could to the east, and he could not catch me. I could hear the swish of his blade biting air.





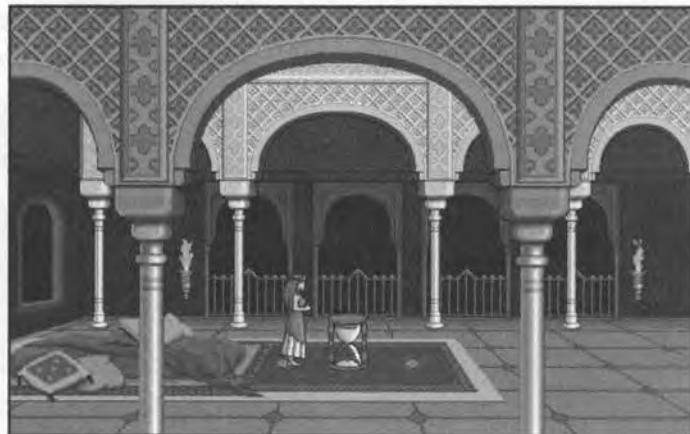
9. I passed the guard's station without stopping and continued to the east.
10. I came to a great door, but it was firmly closed. I could find no latch, keyhole, or other opening. There was a ledge in the western end of the room, and I jumped upon it to see if I could find any clues above the door. No sooner had I grabbed onto the ledge, however, than the door began to slide open with a rough scraping of stone on stone. Behind the now open door, a staircase led upward. My heart in my throat, I ran upstairs, hopefully to rescue my Princess.



Translator's note: I have included this short version of the Prince's first escape with some hesitation. As is so often the case when there are multiple versions of the same story, certain discrepancies may appear. In this case, there is no mention of the sword, which the Prince clearly has in his possession in the next area. Therefore, I can only assume that the first version is the correct one, or that the sword appeared somewhere on the stairway, which is somewhat doubtful, though not impossible.



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LEVEL 2

I had a vision of the Princess as I ran up the stairs. She stood sadly looking out into the distance, the deadly hourglass remorselessly counting off the minutes. My feet hurried even faster, and soon I came through another doorway, which fell shut with a crash behind me.

1. From the closed and sealed doorway, I ran to the west.
2. I came almost immediately upon a guard. I ran across two falling floor tiles and drew my sword.

"You! Pig swill!" he bellowed. "Come closer and I will run you through. Allah will be merciful and let you die quickly."

Now I had no more quarrel with this man than with the other, but where I come from, a man does not accept insults and threats on

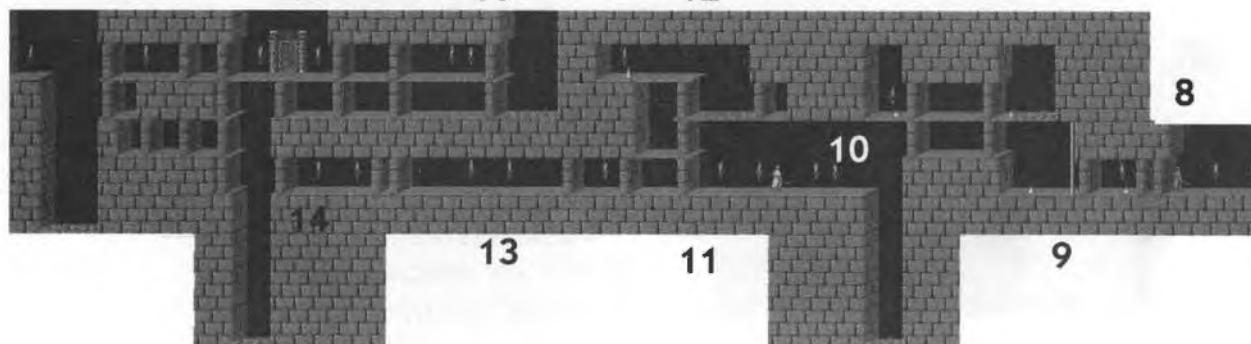
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his life passively. And this guard genuinely seemed to desire my suffering. More importantly, he stood between me and the Princess.

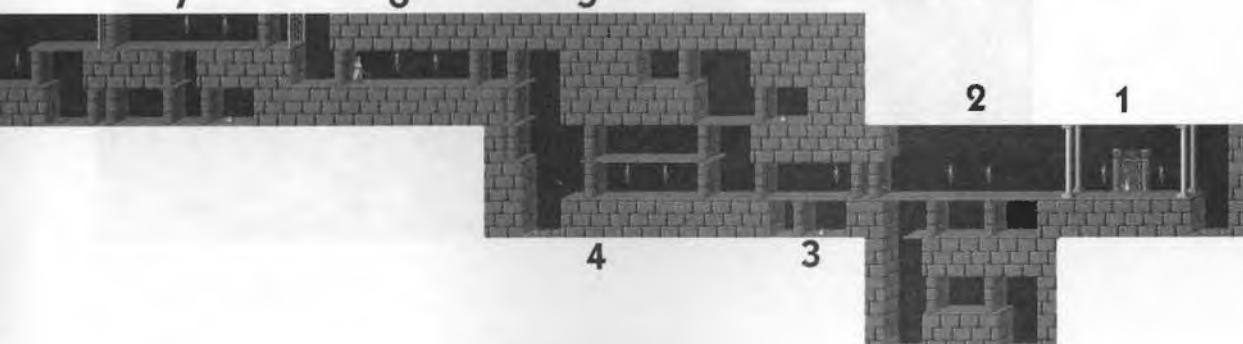
"I cannot come so close to you," I answered. "Your breath smells like the dung of a thousand camels. Allah should indeed be merciful and not force me to run you through and so soil my sword."

"You will not have to worry about your poor excuse for a sword, son of jackals. And I promise not to waste my breath on you."

And, though he talked a good fight, this guard was not much better than the first. I countered his weak attacks twice, wounding him severely. He did rally for a moment and parry two of my blows. He even managed to scratch me with his weapon, but that was all.



3. I ran to the west again, and as I stepped on one of the floor tiles it fell away, revealing a passage below. I looked there and found a curious potion. It smelled medicinal, and, impulsively perhaps, I drank some. Instantly, the little



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scratch the guard had delivered disappeared and I felt as healthy as before. It was a healing potion of some kind, and I resolved to keep my eyes out for more of them.

Climbing up another ledge after drinking the potion, I noticed some odd-looking holes in the floor. Carefully stepping closer, I nearly jumped out of my skin as five wicked spikes sprang rapidly from the holes. Had I simply run past these holes, I would have been spitted like a lamb. I resolved to watch my step even more carefully from now on.

I climbed up to a hallway above the spikes and ran to the west.

4. I came to a wide gap. Across it was a small alcove, but little more. There seemed to be no



other way to go, so I jumped across the gap, barely catching on to the lip of the alcove. I pulled myself up and continued to climb along the western wall of the room.

5. I climbed up two landings until I found a passage leading further to the west. Another guard awaited me there.

6. "Foreign dog!" he shouted. "Prepare to meet your reward!" And he launched into a furious attack. But he was no better swordsman than his predecessors, nor as witty.



Past the guard, I found another pressure plate, which opened the gate at the end of the passage.

7. Another gate opened as I stepped on its mechanism, and this time I spied the subtle outlines of the closing mechanism and jumped over it, continuing to the west through the open gate.

8. I came out on a high ramp. Beneath me was the hallway leading west, but it was blocked by another guard. How many of the Sultan's men performed their duty in this forsaken place? Or were they all here for my benefit, sent by Jaffar himself?



"Come, lad," called this latest guard. "I have a present for you."

"And I would return the favor," I replied, tired of these belligerent guardsmen. They seemed to take it personally that I was trying to escape this hellhole.

The guard laughed. "You are but a boy, a dripping, mewling camel dropping. Do you dare to insult me?"

"Not at all," I told him, carefully stepping down to face him. "I only mean to pass by you. But if you will not let me pass, I will send you to meet Allah, unworthy as you are."

"Don't do me any favors," he yelled as he rushed forward to



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attack. I barely had time to draw my sword and lunge. Had I been a split second slower, he would have been able to hit me. Instead, I struck first and he backed away, seeing his own blood staining his tunic.



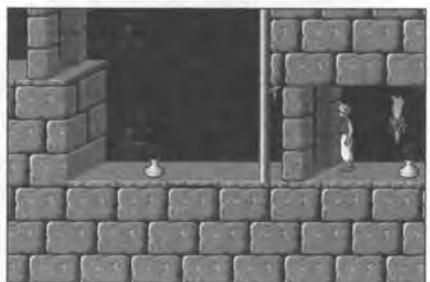
"I was wrong," he muttered. "You are a snarling dog to be beaten and put away before he bothers the innocent."

"As if you would know anything about innocence," I cried, driving him back and striking again.

"You will not escape," he said with finality, but that was the last thing he said. I continued my exploration to the west.

I tell you, Hamza, I was shaking from these encounters with the guards. Not one of them would give an inch, and, though Allah permits the vanquishing of one's enemies, still I was unused to this kind of aggression. I drew in a deep breath, seeing once again in my mind's eye the Princess at the mercy of my real enemy, Jaffar. It was this vision that kept me going.

9. Just ahead, I found two earthen jars. One was familiar. It contained another healing potion. The other smelled sweet and delicious. I drank it and was immediately overwhelmed with dizziness. I realized that this sweet-smelling potion was poison. Unfortunately, I had stepped on a mechanism, closing a gate behind me. I could no longer reach the healing potion. I resolved to be more careful what I drank in the future. I continued to the west.
10. Here I came to yet another guard. He stood his ground on a passage below my present location. I would have to jump down to get to him. But he blocked my path, and so I did jump carefully from the ledge





down to where he stood. He didn't see me until I landed before him, but he was quick to employ his weapon. Once again I was pressed to bring my sword to bear before he ran me through. Once again I was quicker and caught him as he lunged.



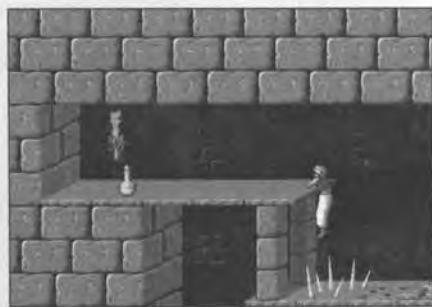
He said nothing, only grunting as he tried to attack. I don't think he meant to slice me up, but to drive me backward. I was standing perilously close to the edge of a chasm. But I was better at this game than he, and it was I who drove him back until he, like the others, fell before me.

Again, I considered my situation. I had begun to feel sorry for these unfortunate guards whose skill was so much less than their courage. For none had asked any quarter from me, nor had any turned to run when faced with my superior skills. My heart was sick with the killing, but I had to continue. The Princess awaited me. If not for her, I might have stopped then and there and given up. How many lives is one man's life worth, after all?

- 11.** In the next room, I found a series of passages leading upward. I decided to explore them in case they led to a way out.



- 12.** At the top, I found more deadly spikes in the floors, and a strange bottle, like those of the other potions I had discovered, but taller, and with different markings.



After my experience with the poison potion, I was cautious, but this one's contents smelled so vile, that I decided, with the twisted logic of this place, that it must contain something very good. I drank it.



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I experienced an eerie feeling. It coursed through my body, first like white fire, then like cool ice. When the feeling passed, I felt stronger, healthier and more complete than I had ever felt.

Whatever had been in this potion, it was the best of the lot. Even the vile taste had been replaced with a sweetness and a freshness that left me feeling clean in this filthy place.

11. Reluctantly, I climbed back down from this area, for there was no way out, and continued my journey westward.
13. In the next passage, I spied the telltale holes in the floor representing spikes. In a dead run, I leapt over the spikes before they could impale me and ran onward.
14. I continued as far to the west as I could, eventually coming to a deep chasm. There being no other way to go, I jumped across the gap and then climbed up from landing to landing.
15. I climbed as high as I could go, then jumped back across the chasm to the east and continued in that direction.
16. I came to a high wall and climbed up onto a platform leading west again. There, a guard almost surprised me, but I advanced quickly and killed him as easily as the others. If he taunted or insulted me, I don't remember. I know I had wearied of the talk and wanted only to escape this place.



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15. Heading still to the west, I found another door, much like the one that had led to the stairway to this level of the dungeon. Once again there was no obvious way to open the door.

17. Continuing to the west, I spotted a raised floor tile across a wide chasm. I surmised that this might have something to do with the exit door, but this gap was farther than the others I had made. I ran back a few steps, turned, and made a running jump across the chasm.

I made the jump more easily than I had expected. Getting back was the hard part. I could not run here, so I crept to the very edge of the chasm and jumped as hard as I could. I barely caught the opposite ledge with my fingertips. With an effort, I hauled myself up and ran back to the doorway.

15. The door was open, and I ran up the stairs, hopeful of finding myself outside the dungeon this time. In that hope, I was greatly disappointed.



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LEVEL 3

Once again, I ran from the stairs through a door, which closed behind me. I was still in the dungeon, but the air was a little less stale and the stonework appeared to be of low-grade marble interspersed with serpentine. The air was drier here and less harsh on the throat. My spirits lifted momentarily. Perhaps I was close to the exit.

1. After a quick exploration, I decided to head to the east.
2. I soon came to a tower blocking the path. High up I could see a torch and knew a passage led through the tower. So I climbed the western wall opposite the tower and jumped across after climbing to the second alcove. Then I walked carefully to the edge of this landing and, in the light of the flickering torch, spotted more ledges above me. So I climbed again.



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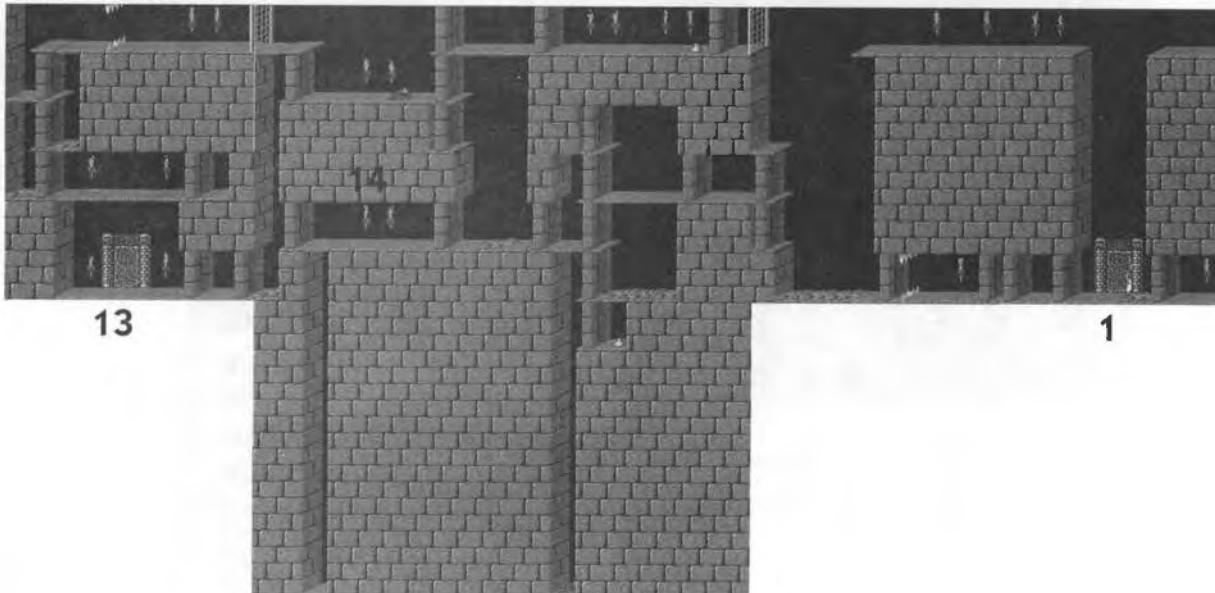
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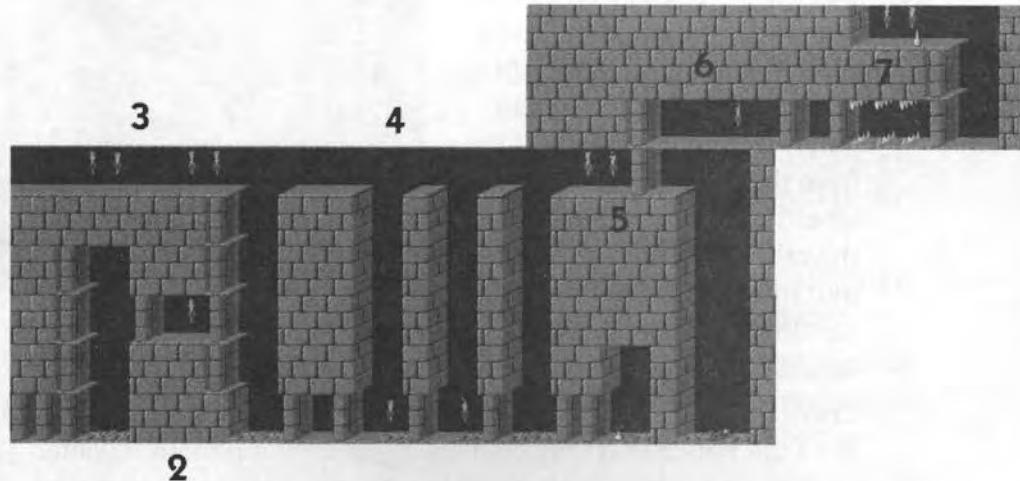
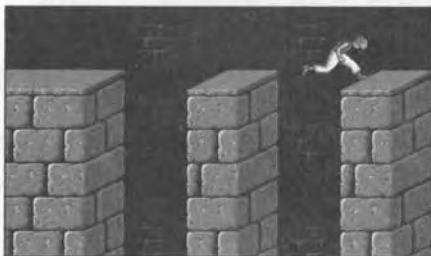
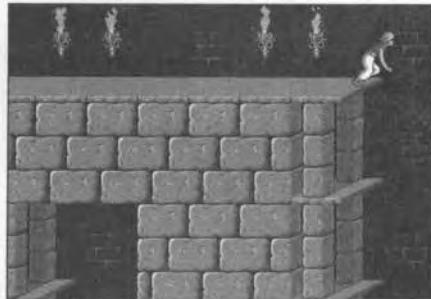
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3. Three times I lifted myself up until I stood high above the floor. The western path seemed more inviting, but for some reason I turned again to the east and jumped across a gap to the platform I could dimly perceive on the other side.
4. I stood on a platform just longer than my body. Two small pillars stretched through the darkness to the east, and one showed the telltale signs of a pressure plate. I jumped carefully across the two gaps, and far in the distance to the west, I heard the sound of a gate lifting.





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I was about to head back toward the gate, when I thought I saw a platform just east of my position. So I jumped into the darkness to the east.

5. I landed on the platform, but could see no way to continue. I was about to head to the west again, when I remembered the loose ceiling tile I had discovered previously. I jumped up and luck was with me. I found one of the stones was loose. It fell, revealing a gap above. It was just past the pillars holding the ceiling up. I climbed up into the gap.
6. There was nothing above but a path stretching to the east. I ran that way.
7. Suddenly I stopped short. My approach had set in motion a diabolical trap—a set of three chopping blades that would surely separate one half of me from the other. A sensible man would have turned and gone the other way, but I did not get into this predicament by being sensible, and I wasn't sure I would get out by being entirely so.



There was no switch that I could see to turn the terrible blades off, but I did notice that they clanked together in a pattern. I waited until the first of the blades was just closing and began to run as fast as I could. By the time I had gained speed, the blades were open again. I kept going and made it through the gauntlet!

Now I climbed up two landings (there being no other way to go), and, although I came to a dead end, I found another of the life-

giving elixirs—what I have come to call Life Enhancing Potions. I drank it happily and experienced the same hot/cold sensation followed by an increased sense of my aliveness.

My elation was quickly damped by the realization that I would have to backtrack through the chopping blades. I could see from their pattern that I could not rush headlong through them as I had on the way into this trap. But by stepping very carefully up to each one and waiting until just the right moment, I was able to get through the first two sinister traps. I ran with relief through the third.



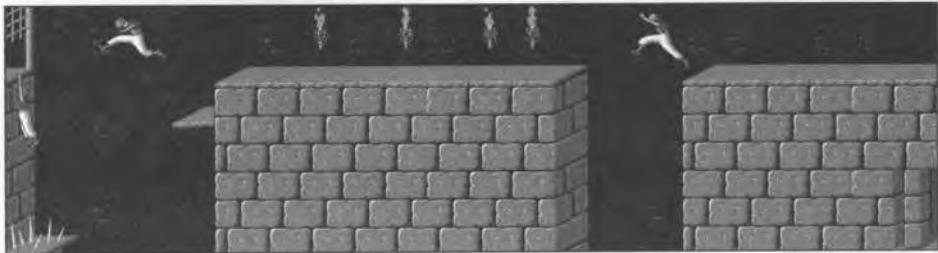
5. I dropped through the gap in the floor and headed west, jumping across the gap and back onto the pressure plate I had stood on before.
4. Again, I heard the sound of the distant gate and realized that I would have to find it. But it was far away, and would close before I reached it if I did not hurry.

Quickly, I jumped across the two narrow gaps, and when I landed on the widest of the platforms, I started running right away, jumping as I reached the edge.

3. As I landed again on the solid pathway, I heard the sounds of the gate already beginning to close. I ran as fast as I could.
8. Up ahead I spied another gap, and without hesitating, I jumped it while in a dead run and continued on toward the gate ahead.
9. The gate was almost closed! I ran as fast as I could, hardly seeing the gap that lay ahead of me. At the last instant, I leapt as hard as I could. I felt the stone beneath my feet drop away, but had no time to worry about it. I stretched out my hands, seeking a grip on the ledge beneath the gate. For an eternity I sailed through the dusty air until finally, with a wrench that nearly took my arms off, I caught hold of the distant wall. I heard the slithering hiss of spikes appearing below me, but had no time to look down. I pulled with all my might, and just managed to roll under the closing gate.

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10. I stood, breathing heavily, nearly spent. I had made it, but it had been a close call! Death had awaited me and I had barely escaped it. I hoped my escape from this dungeon would come soon. Allah grant that it not get any worse!

There was a healing potion on the ground in front of me, but, fortunately, I had no need of it. I continued west, there being no other way to go now.



11. As I continued my exploration, I passed a pile of bones—a grim reminder that others before me had tried . . . and failed. But perhaps some had succeeded. I had to believe it possible!

Another gate blocked my way to the west, but it opened with a pressure plate and I continued, leaving the skeleton behind—but not for long!



12. I passed a single blade trap without difficulty and dropped down a series of landings until I came to a long hallway.





- 13.** At the end of the hallway I spotted a pressure plate. I stepped on it and heard the familiar sound of stone sliding on stone. The sound came from below me, and I guessed that the exit door was there.

I could see no way to get down to the door from here. However, I backtracked, climbing back up the maze of short landings until I had returned to the single blade trap.

- 12.** As I climbed, I pushed on a pressure plate and heard a gate opening to the east. I watched the blade as I climbed and realized that I could run right through it without hesitation, which I did.

- 11.** I almost met my doom as I ran through the gate and jumped down to the lower platform. I gave no thought to the old skeleton lying there, but, the moment my feet touched the ground, the pile of bones clattered to its feet and brandished a sword that also seemed to be made of bone. It was sharp, though. I could see that!

I just had time to draw my sword and strike before the skeleton got me. It was fast, but I made it retreat. When I struck the monster, it seemed momentarily to break into pieces, but some unnatural force kept knitting it





back together, and it attacked me relentlessly.

My arm grew tired from whacking this creature without any result. Each time I would connect, a dry, rattling sound would emanate from the skeleton and it would back up. But it came forward again almost immediately.

Finally, I drove my undead opponent backward off a ledge, and it fell soundlessly. I heard its brittle body hit the ground and thought, that's done. Breathing more easily for the moment, I sheathed my sword and followed the skeleton's path, carefully climbing down in the hopes of finding the exit door from this hellish place.



Translator's note: Here, there are two distinct versions of the Prince's story. One is decidedly more entertaining than the other and shows the remarkable resourcefulness of this legendary hero. However, in the interests of historical accuracy, I have included both versions.



Version 1:

14. The fiend was waiting for me! It got a good stroke on me before I could strike back. Would I never be done with this creature? I attacked furiously, angry at its sneak attack! I struck merci-lessly, again and again, until the creature stepped on a loose floor stone and, once again, fell soundlessly into a dark chasm.



This time, I did not follow the skeleton's path, which seemed to lead to certain death, but leapt over the chasm and jumped down to a floor beyond. I headed further west, seeking the door.

**Version 2:**

11. I climbed down at the ledge and peered into the flickering light below me. I thought I saw a form move down below, and quickly pulled myself back up.

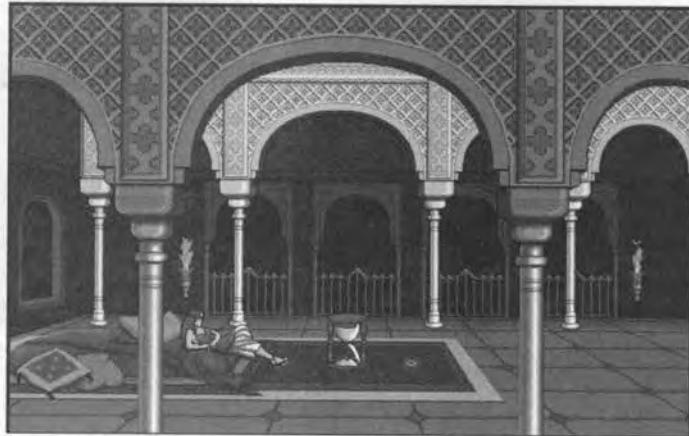
Again I lowered myself and looked down. This time I saw more clearly. The fiendish skeleton was still alive! And when it saw me it tried to get as close as it could to me. I pulled myself up again. I had to think.

Several times I lowered myself, spotted my bony adversary, and hauled myself up again. However, I had a method to my madness. I saw that the brainless creature below would eventually run past me and I would be able to drop behind it and make my escape.

And so it was! I outwitted the monster by dropping down behind it, and ran to the west, leaving it clacking its bones together angrily.



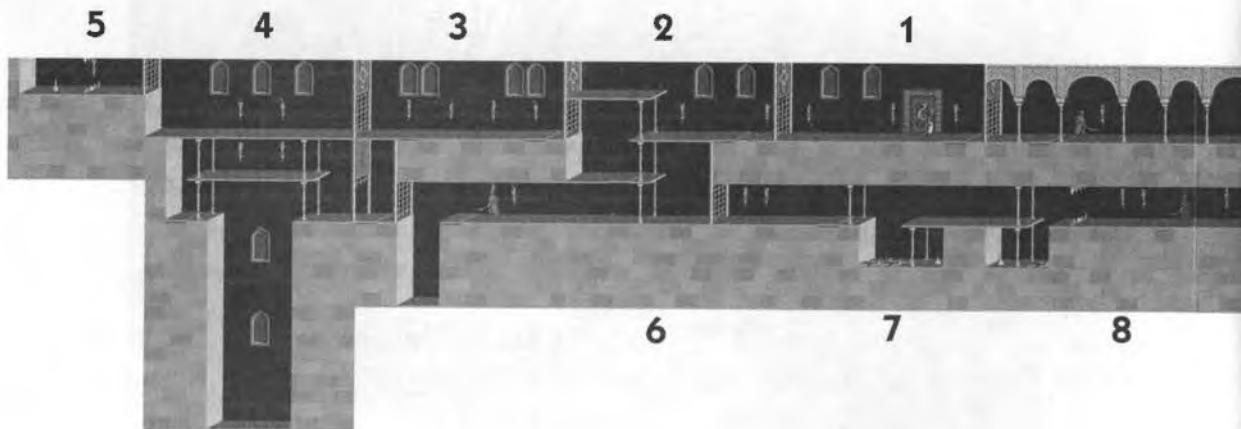
13. Luck was with me, at last! I found the door just ahead, and it was open, revealing yet another staircase. Would this lead to freedom?



As I ran up this latest staircase, I had a momentary vision of the Princess. She lay exhausted on her pallet, staring at the sand in the hourglass as it emptied steadily, relentlessly, hastening her doom. The sand in the upper half had lowered perceptibly. Time was passing too quickly. Could I escape in time?

LEVEL 4

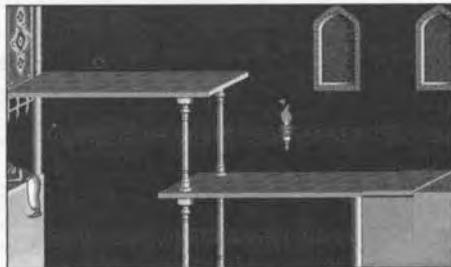
When I reached the end of the stairway I came through a door, which, as usual, slammed behind me. But I hardly noticed. I was no longer in the dim and forbidding dungeon. I appeared to be in one of the palace wings. Had I truly escaped? Was I now free? I knew that freedom



THE DUNGEON

meant danger, for every guard in the palace was my enemy.

1. I quickly found a pressure plate that opened the western gate. To the east was a closed gate, and beyond it, a guard. I headed west.
2. I ran across several pressure plates and through another gate leading still to the west.
3. I was in a great hallway. A gate blocked the western exit, but I spotted two pressure plates and guessed that one opened and the other closed the gate. I stepped on the first and avoided the second, but when I stepped on the floor



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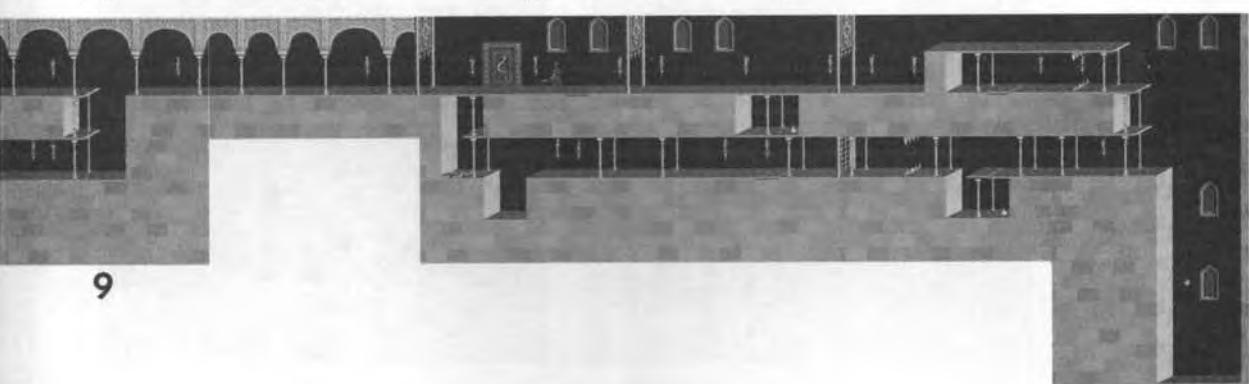
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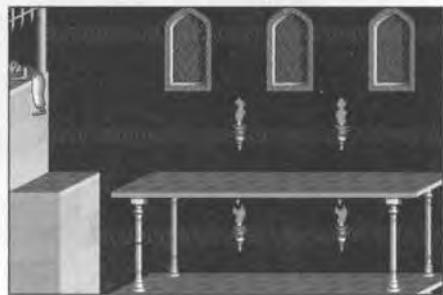
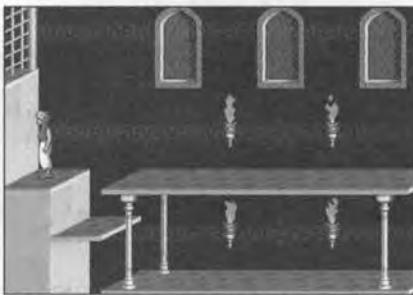


PRINCE OF PERSIA

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next to the gate, it began to fall. My momentum carried me forward, but I thought I heard the sound of a distant gate opening back to the east.

- Just as I began to feel safe, I felt the floor give out beneath my feet again. I caught myself before I could fall, and lifted myself back to the solid floor. Another high gate greeted me to the west, but I



could see no pressure plate. I walked all the way to the wall beneath the gate and heard another floor stone fall behind me. Suddenly the gate began to open. I guessed that the stone had triggered something. I had no complaints. I continued to the west.

- Just behind a blade trap I found another Life Enhancement Potion, which I greedily drank. There seemed to be no exit from this place, however, so I returned the way I had come.
- I came to the area just west of the entrance and this time chose the lower path, leading east.
- I dropped down into a low hallway, dimly lit with torches. I continued to head east.



7. I spotted a healing potion on a lower alcove, but had no need of it, so I continued on my way.
8. Ahead of me was a single blade trap, and behind it, a guard. In an alcove below I spotted another healing potion, but I had no need of it. I stood hesitantly at the edge of a short gap.

"Which blade do you want to taste, young cur?" called the guard.
Another talkative one! And another insult!

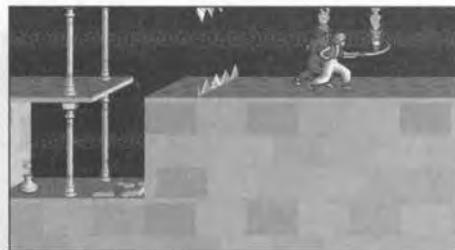
"Why don't you sample them for me?" I replied. "Or should I introduce you to a friend of mine, O consort of jackals?"

"You have a nasty tongue, O swine-dressed-as-a-man. It will be my pleasure to cut it out."



At this time, I made up my mind. I leapt across the gap, just as the deadly blades were snapping shut. They opened as I reached them and I landed just past their mortal embrace. The guard, seeing his opportunity, charged forward. I had to fight furiously to push him back as he tried to force me back into the biting teeth of the trap!

"You are an even poorer swordsman than you are a talker," he





PRINCE OF PERSIA

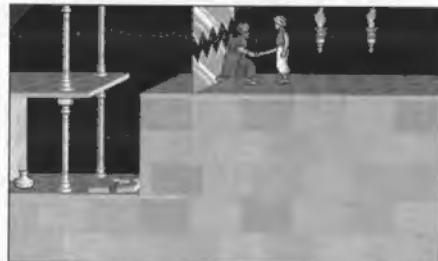
taunted, but the blood on his tunic belied his insult. I said nothing. I had seen a way to turn the tables on my enemy.

I charged forward, blocking his blows, until we stood hilt to hilt. Our eyes locked, even as our swords were thus engaged, and I quickly spun around him. Now the deadly blades were at his back!

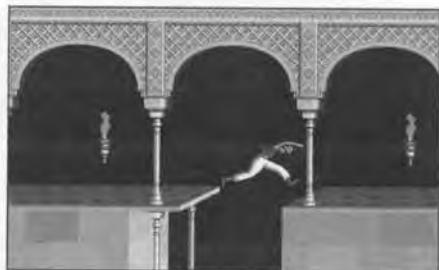
I would gladly have turned and run at this point to avoid another senseless death, but I knew I would not get two steps before he would cut me down from behind. So I advanced, forcing him toward the snapping razors.

He fought furiously, fear giving him renewed strength. I parried his wild blows, then thrust forward with a final, telling lunge. He had made his choice of blades — the same choice he had offered me. It was justice of a sort. I turned my back to him and ran to the east.

9. My path suddenly ended at a wall. I turned and climbed up some ledges on the western face of a chasm.
10. Twice I climbed the ledges until I stood in an arched and colonnaded hallway. I decided to head east, so I turned and jumped across the gap in that direction.
11. I continued to run east, jumping over a spike trap at the last instant.
12. I came through an open gate and almost ran into the guard there. He seemed less surprised than I. Perhaps he had heard me coming. I drew



Sometimes the guard stands too close to the blades. You put your sword away. He won't hurt you now.





my sword quickly. Without any of the customary banter, we laid into each other.

I felt that should I survive and rescue the Princess, I would have to speak with the Sultan about the quality of his guards. This one fell as easily as the others, though he was a bit tougher. It took four solid strikes to dispatch him.

I had noticed a doorway when I first entered the room, and now that the guard no longer occupied my attention, I had a moment to search for a way to open it. There was none, so I continued east.

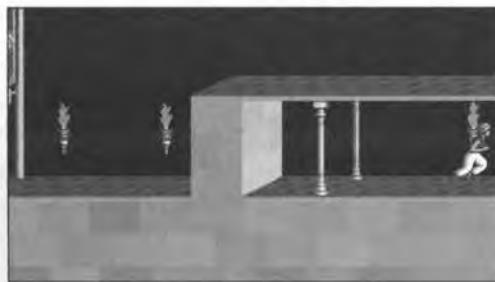
13. As I ran, I stepped on a loose floor stone. I had a glimpse of a potion below before I passed onward.

14. I ran through an open gate and to a wall, which I climbed. I continued running to the east, worried that time was passing all too quickly.

15. I came to the end of the hallway, but dropped down one level to find yet another. A blade trap clacked and clanked to the west, and I figured that it must guard something of importance. I jumped through the blades.



14. I found another pressure plate just beyond the blades, and when I stepped on it, I knew I had found the way out. The door would be open now. If I could just make it back through these blades, I would be on my way.



15. Without hesitation, I ran through the blades. They never touched me. Then I climbed the way I had come and began running again.



PRINCE OF PERSIA

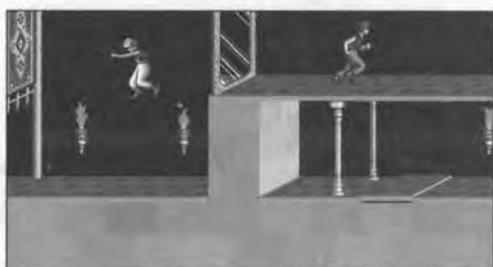
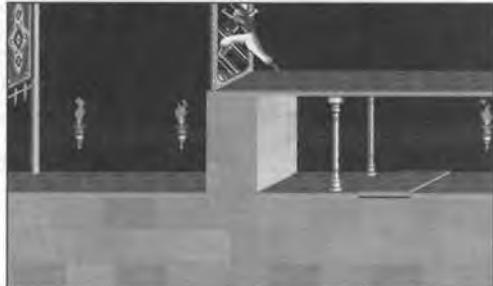
14. I thought I had seen the end of traps and tricks in this place, but I was dead wrong. For as I ran back toward the exit door, I was brought up short. I could feel an uncomfortable tingling in my spine as I ran to the west. Then I saw the mirror.

It hadn't been there before. Of that I was sure. And I was equally sure that it wasn't there to help me comb my hair. What its sinister purpose could be, I had no idea, but instinct told me that it was Jaffar's doing. It seemed solid and I could not get past it.

No better idea came to mind, so I decided to smash my way through the mirror—seven years' bad luck or not. The Princess needed me. So I made room, ran my fastest and jumped into the mirror—dead center. I braced myself for the impact, for the shards of glass that would fall with me, but there was no impact . . . no shards. I had passed completely through the mirror without touching it!

Although the mirror did not break, I felt a terrible weakness and a great wrenching in my gut. My head felt as if it were being torn apart, and I stumbled. I could hardly stand. It was as if the life had been sucked out of me. Looking back, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a shadowy, man-like form run off to the east, directly on the other side of the mirror, which was now transparent.

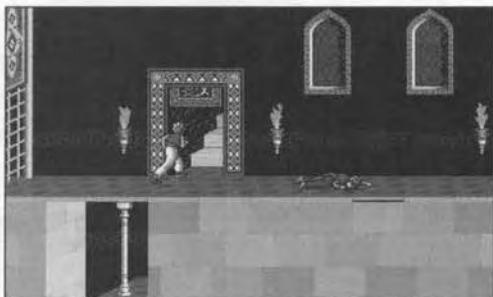
13. I stumbled onward and drank the healing potion I had passed earlier. It helped a little, but I was still weak.



the DUNGEON

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12. I came finally to the door. The guard still lay dead where I left him. At least he did not come back to life! In my sorry state, I wasn't sure I could fight him. But I could climb the stairs and get out of this place of black sorcery. I thought only of the Princess as I scaled the stairs and made my way hopefully to safety.



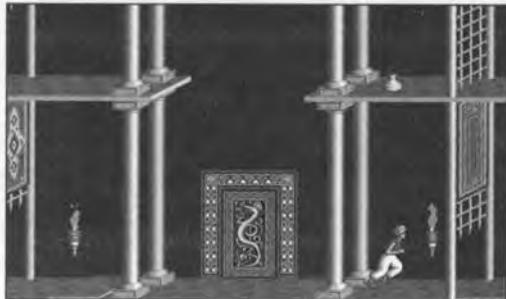


PRINCE OF PERSIA

LEVEL 5

As I climbed the stairs, the malaise that had overtaken me after jumping through the mirror faded and my strength returned. I still felt a strange emptiness in the pit of my stomach, but my head no longer ached as it had, and my legs and arms regained their strength. I ran up through the inevitable doorway and found myself standing in a great room with two high balconies and gates everywhere.

1. A quick survey to the west showed me that I could not go far, so I headed east after activating the gate in that direction.
2. I came into a multi-level room where balconies and alcoves stuck out with little regard for architectural harmony. A guard awaited me on the first balcony.



"Don't tell me you're going to insult me and therefore make me quake with fear," I called, hoping to head off the usual conversation.

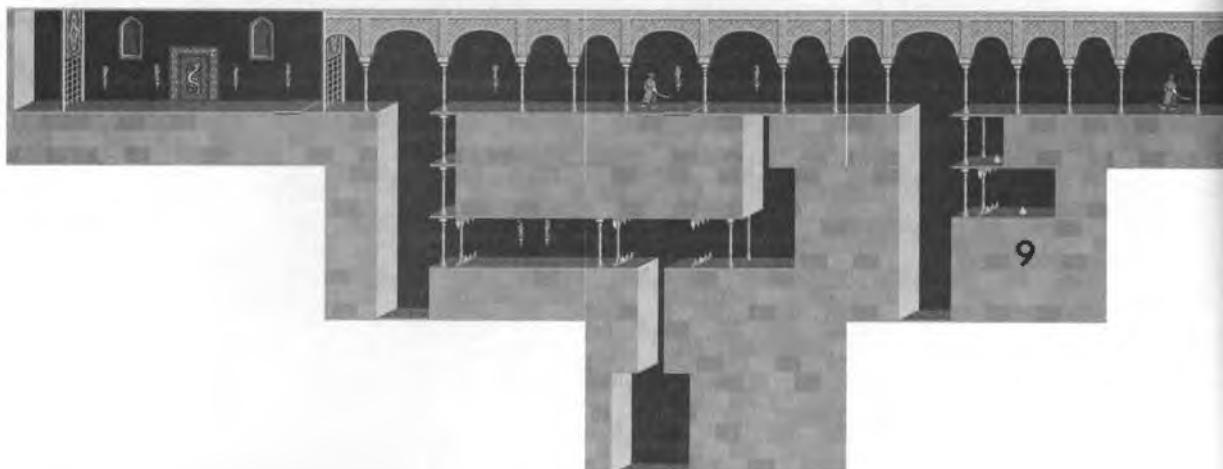
"Fear not, little evil one," he called back. "I have no skill with words, but prefer to let my sword talk for me."

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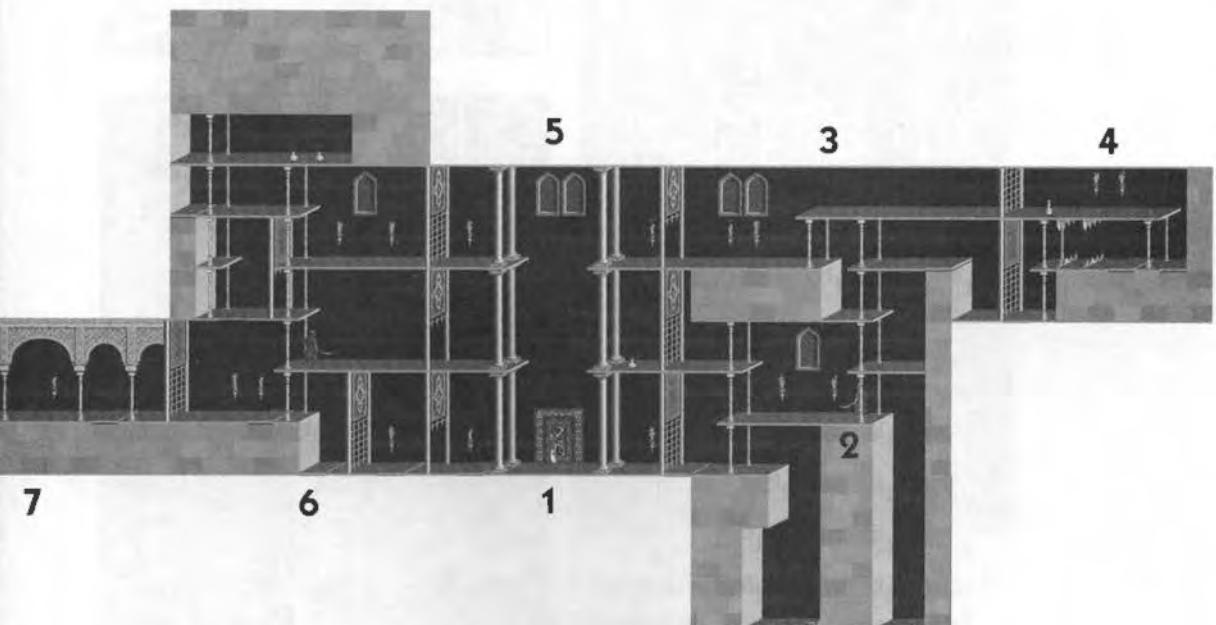
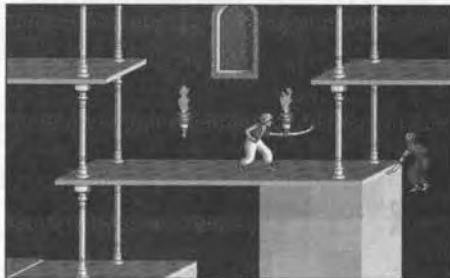
8



THE DUNGEON

"That's a relief," I answered as I pulled myself up to his level. "Your sword is no doubt as illiterate in the arts of battle as you are in the world of ideas. Let me pass."

The guard offered no reply, but attempted to stick me through before I had yet drawn my sword. He was too late, however. I struck first, and drove him backward. I saw that I could send him over the edge of the chasm that yawned at his back, but he was so poor with his weapon that he was finished before he came close to the edge.

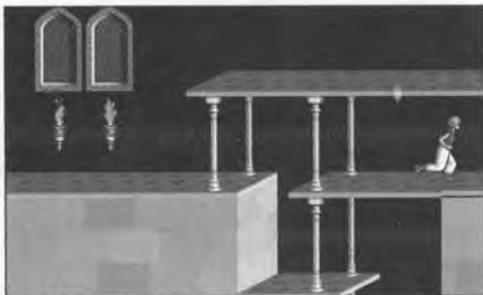




PRINCE OF PERSIA

I climbed up to the east, then turned around and climbed again, finally heading west.

3. Here I had several choices of direction, but I chose the middle path, as I spotted a pressure plate to the east.
4. As I passed another pressure plate, a gate opened below. I heard the distinctive clash of two blade traps, though a hanging tapestry prevented my seeing them.

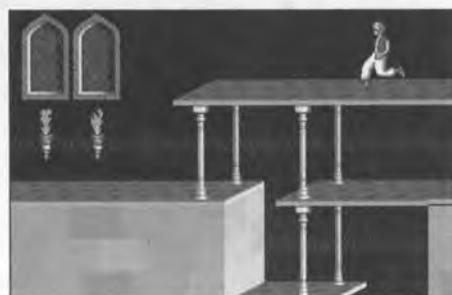
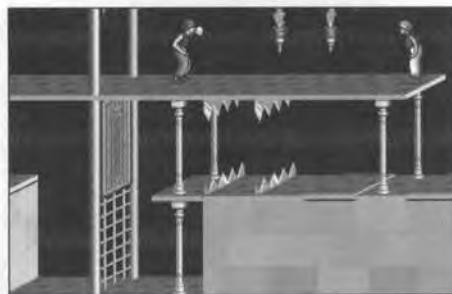
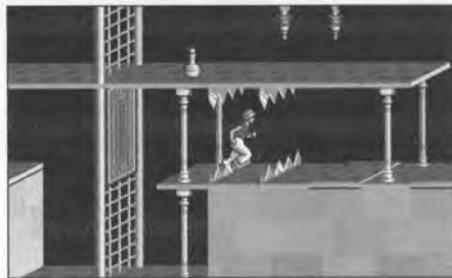


I jumped down and ran through the gate, which crashed closed behind me. The blade traps were just above me now.

Climbing carefully, I faced the traps, and ran just as the nearer of them clashed shut, clearing them both in one headlong rush.

I stepped on another pressure plate and heard a gate open above me. As I stepped onto one more plate, I spied a Life Enhancement Potion above. I started toward it, but before I had moved more than a few steps, a familiar shadowy, manlike form ran from the west. The creature drank the potion before my eyes and ran back the way it had come.

3. I ran in pursuit, but the shadow disappeared as if it had never been. I was angry. What was this shadow figure? And would it continue to haunt me?



THE DUNGEON

5. I ran to the west, still angry, and almost fell to my death. I had come out on a balcony high above the entrance door. At the last moment, I took a running jump and made it to the balcony on the opposite side.

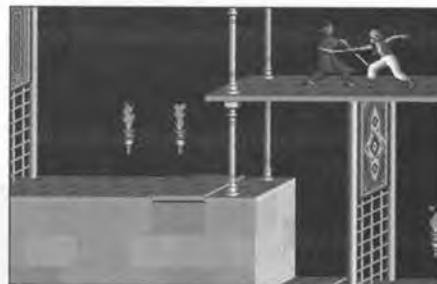
I stood there, perplexed. For the gate leading from this balcony was closed. I was pretty sure I could just make the jump across to the first balcony, but could see no reason to return the way I had come. Then I had an idea.

Looking down below where I stood, I saw another balcony, and the gate leading from it was open.

1. I lowered myself to the next balcony and headed west again.

6. Immediately I ran into another guard. He had been waiting for me, and once again I had to move quickly to fend off his attack. He said nothing, and I thought I detected a hint of fear in his eyes. I countered his attacks and forced him backward until he fell off the edge to the ground below. He struggled to his feet and stood there, glaring at me but not daring to climb back up, for he would be helpless as he climbed.

I was tired of killing, and decided to spare him, perhaps because he had not insulted me. I got a running start and jumped safely over his head. I continued running to the west and he did not follow. Perhaps he knew better than to seek death.





PRINCE OF PERSIA

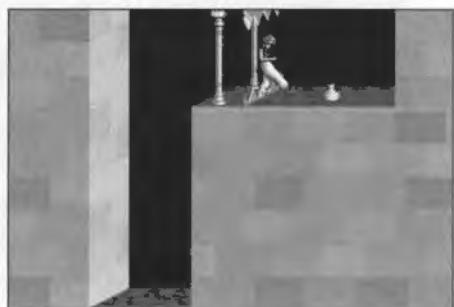
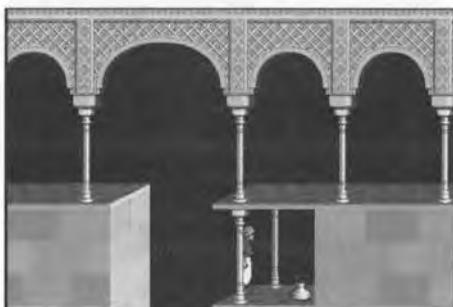
7. Yet another guard awaited me. Was there no end to them? I knew that if I survived, I would have unpleasant dreams of killing and death for years to come. But first, I had to survive.

"Stop!" yelled the guard. "You cannot pass here by order of the Grand Vizier, Jaffar!"

"Jaffar is a two-headed toad," I screamed. "Stand aside and let me go on my way!" He said nothing, but his eyes told me that he would not give way. I came forward carefully.

This guard was by far the quickest and most skillful I had encountered so far. I was forced to counter several attacks, and, I'm ashamed to say, he landed several blows. But in the end, the result was the same. I parried a vicious chop at my forehead and countered with a direct hit, and the battle was done.

8. I ran to the west and found a healing potion below the floor in a secret alcove.

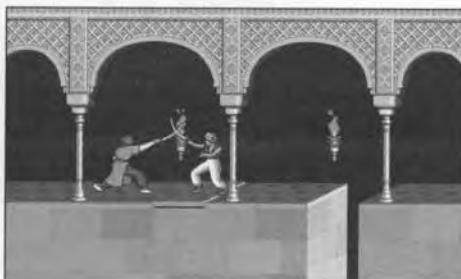


9. I found yet another healing potion below the first, guarded by a blade trap. I climbed back up two landings and continued on my way along the upper path.

THE DUNGEON



10. I was in for an unpleasant surprise. Yet another guard. And he was as intent on my death as the others. Moreover, I almost got caught standing on a loose floor. I had to move quickly past it, then attack immediately, or else he might have driven me to my death.



I don't remember what this guard said to me. Something unoriginal about a camel and my ancestors, but I ignored his insults and fought silently. I continued to the west.

11. A gate was closing as I ran down the hallway, and I had to jump a chasm in the middle of the floor and get through the gate before it completely shut me off.



12. As I stepped through the gate, I landed on a pressure plate. For once, things went easily. The plate opened the exit door and I wasted no time climbing the stairs.



PRINCE OF PERSIA



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I had a vision of the Princess again. She stood before the hourglass, looking, perhaps hoping for me to rescue her. The sand was running out. I could see it clearly. I had little time.

LEVEL 6

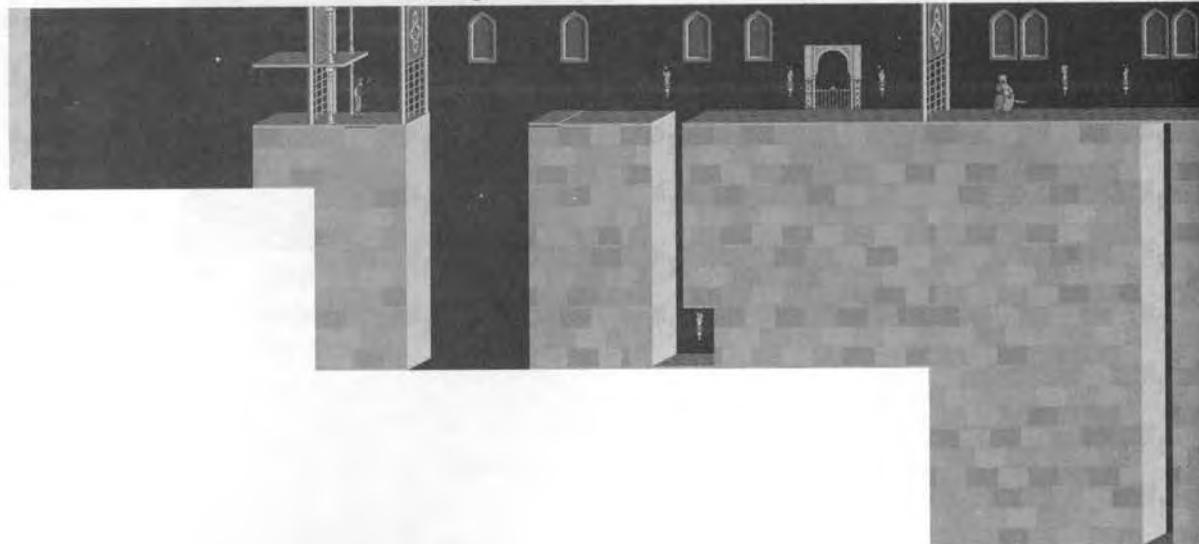
1. I was still in the palace, but higher. I could almost smell the scented halls of the residential levels above. I tried running to the east,



6

5

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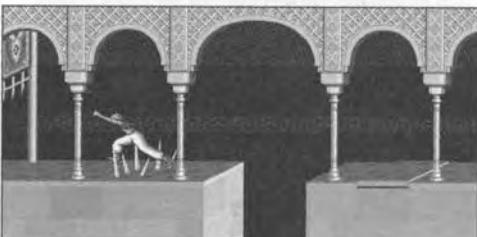
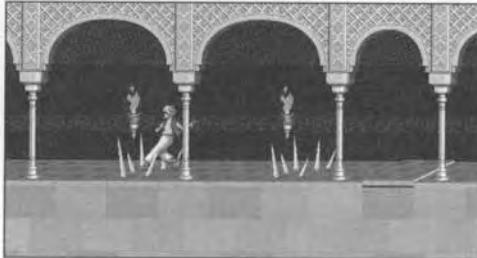


THE DUNGEON

55

but came to a dead end soon enough, so I headed west from the doorway.

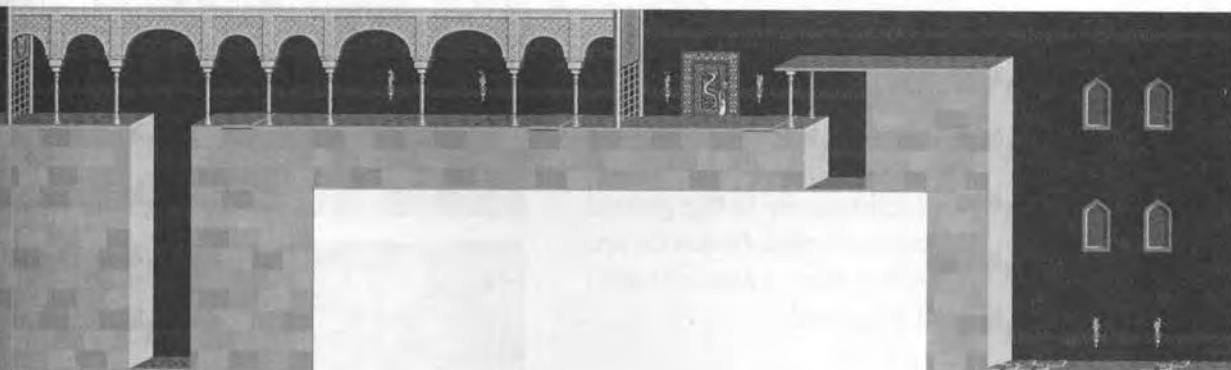
2. I came to a long hallway with great arches and columns, much like those in the other parts of the palace. I ran with care past two spike traps in the floors.
3. Eventually, I came to a gap. A pressure plate opened the gate ahead, but I spotted the telltale sign of a spike trap across the gap. I jumped with great care over the gap, then over the spikes, and through the gate.



3

2

1





PRINCE OF PERSIA

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- On the other side of the gate stood another guard, this one as fat as a caliph. I shuddered at the thought of burying my sword point in his girth.

"Well done, young son-of-lowly-dogs," cried this more than ample swordsman. "You have come farther than any other. Too bad you must end your journey here."

I walked forward and almost fulfilled his prophecy when the floor began to drop beneath me. I hurried forward and drew my sword as the guard advanced.

"Isn't there some carrion you have missed devouring, O weighty one?" I taunted, striking a blow to the man's shoulder.

But this guard was deceptively fast — by far the best swordsman I had met. His counterattacks were swift and deadly. I had to parry quickly and then strike. First I drove him back before he could push me into the chasm behind me. He parried my blows, but fell back as he did so.

I found that if our sword tips nearly touched, I was one step from hitting him. But in taking that step I had to be careful and parry before I struck. But if I awaited his advance, I could parry his blow, then strike.

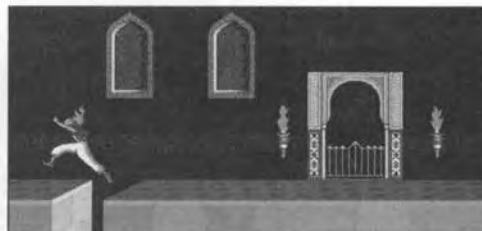
Sometimes we would stand, each waiting for the other. If our blades crossed slightly, I found I could hit him if I was the faster to strike. Eventually, he died as had all the others, and fell heavily to the ground. I was wounded, however, and bleeding from a few cuts he had delivered.



THE DUNGEON

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5. I ran to the west, across a narrow gap.



6. Finally I came to a wide chasm. A gate opened across the gap when I stepped on a plate, but I saw, standing across from me, the Shadow Man from the mirror. I knew he could be up to no good, but there was only one way to go. I ran back to get room and then vaulted across the chasm, grabbing onto the wall with both hands. I began to pull myself onto the ledge.

And that diabolical fiend of Jaffar's stepped casually forward onto the pressure plate that closed the gate. He had trapped me for certain, and I had no choice. I could not get the gate open and I could not get back to the other side. My death was at hand. My Princess would die without me. Or worse.





PRINCE OF PERSIA

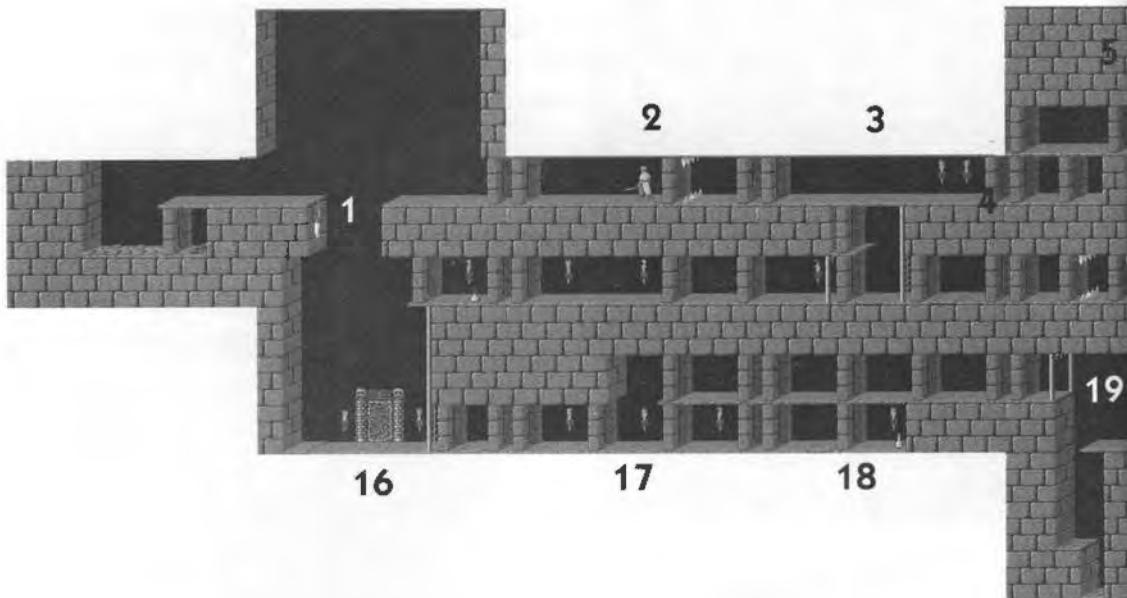
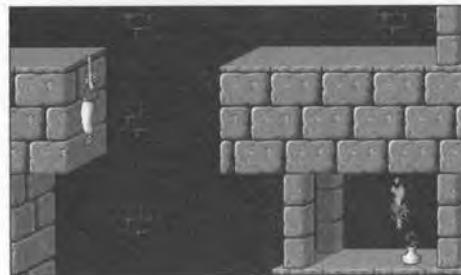
58

LEVEL 7

I dropped. I had no choice, but I kept hoping for a miracle. And one occurred. How far I fell, I know not, but I was able to grab onto a ledge using all my strength. My arms felt as if they had been pulled from their sockets by wild horses, but I held on. My elbows and knees were skinned and my palms bled, but I did not let go. With the last of my strength, I pulled myself up, then rested a few moments.

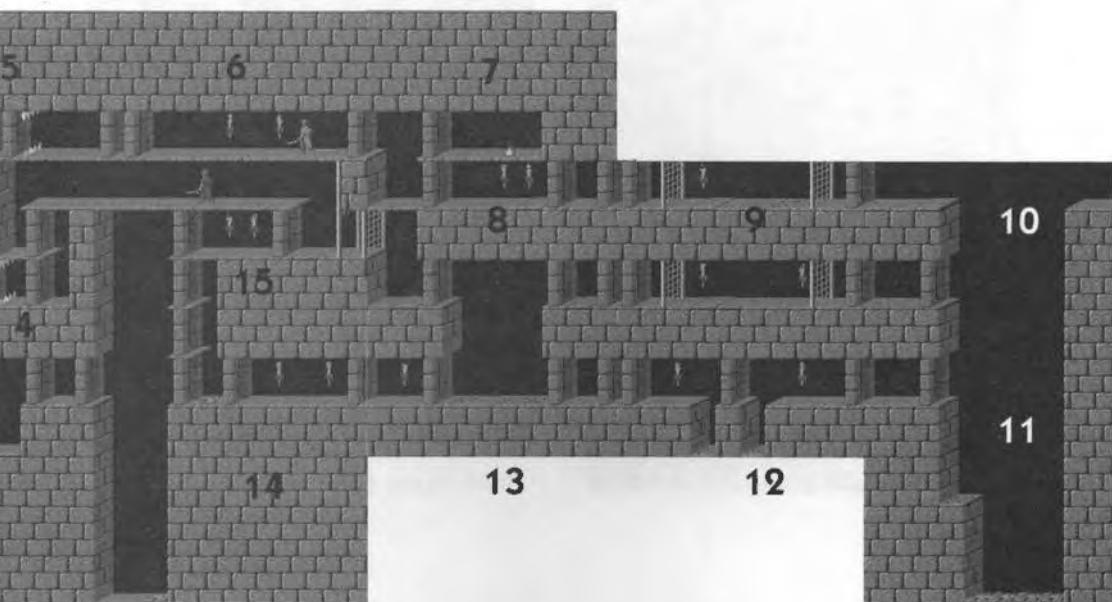
I was back in the dungeons—in the marble and serpentine level, from appearances. My spirits sank. But I was alive, I told myself. There was still hope.

1. I had no time for rest or recovery. Not while the sand in the hourglass continued to drain away my future and that of my Princess. I found that the path west was a dead end, so I jumped across to the east and headed in that direction.



THE DUNGEON

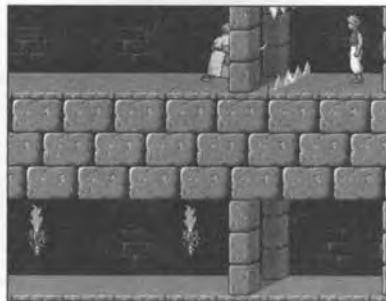
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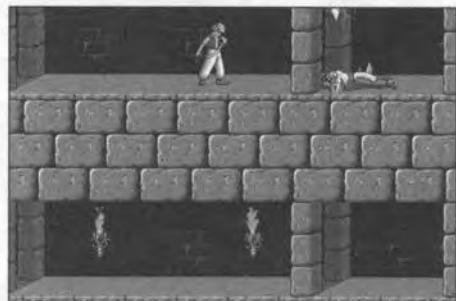
PRINCE OF PERSIA

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Sometimes you can get the guard near the blades. He doesn't die, but he stops attacking.

2. Immediately I came to another guard. I forced him back into the blade trap behind him. He died horribly, cut in half by the deadly teeth.
3. As I ran through the smoky hallway, I felt the floor give way, but I was long past it before I heard the stones crash below. I continued east.
4. I found myself at a dead end, but a loose ceiling stone fell at my prodding and I climbed up the gap it revealed.
5. I passed another blade trap and proceeded east.



the dungeon



6. Another guard accosted me. He was thin and wore a long mustache. He seemed sure of himself, but I handled him, though I was forced to parry several well-placed blows. With him lying on the cold stone behind me, I continued to the east.
7. I found a healing potion at the dead end of this passage, then dropped down.
8. As I headed to the east, I stepped on a plate and saw a gate lifting up ahead.
9. Past the near gate I could see a second one, and two more pressure plates—one clearly for opening the far gate and the other, no doubt, to close it. There was also a spike trap just past the closing plate.

Carefully I stepped onto the first pressure plate, then inched carefully forward. Before I could step on the closing plate, I jumped across. My leap took me over the plate and the spikes at once. I thanked Allah again for my great leaping ability.



10. Once through the second gate, I found myself standing at the edge of a precipice. The gap ahead was too wide even for me. I had no choice but to lower myself down the edge, let go, and catch onto the ledge below me. I could hear



PRINCE OF PERSIA

the gate closing to the west. I hurried in that direction.

9. The twin gates were already closing, but just in time I noticed that a closing plate lay ahead of me. I jumped quickly over it and ducked under the second gate before it closed.
8. Up ahead was a gap too wide to cross from a standing jump. I ran back to the now-closed gate and ran as fast as I could, jumping off the eastern edge and catching myself on the other side. Then I continued through the gate leading to the west.



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Translator's note: At this point in the Prince's journey, many scholars lean toward an alternate translation that can be traced to the late 14th century. It is of little consequence, as it only recounts a slightly different route, but I have decided to include it so that you, the reader, can know all versions of the story.

11. I dropped down a second time to an even lower path and ran to the west.



12. I came to a small platform surrounded with inset spike traps. I jumped across, catching myself on the far wall so I wouldn't fall into the spikes, and continued west.



THE DUNGEON

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13. More spikes. I walked carefully through them and kept going.



14. Now I could only climb upward. Eventually I came to the top and there was a guard awaiting me.



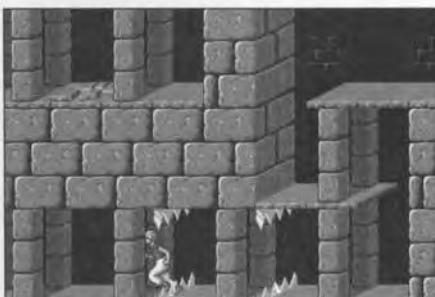
Here the alternate route rejoins the main path.

※ ※ ※

15. I could see that the best way to go was up and west, but a guard stood in my way. I barely had time to get to the passage where he stood when he was on me. In desperation I struck repeatedly, driving him back before he could push me over the edge. I pressed the attack, parrying often, but striking blow after blow until I had defeated him. It had been a close call, but I was still alive.



4. I next came to a wall and climbed down two landings. Two blade traps stood before me and I carefully stepped past them.





PRINCE OF PERSIA

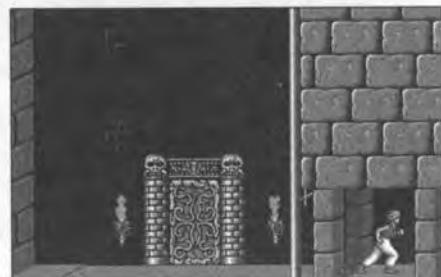
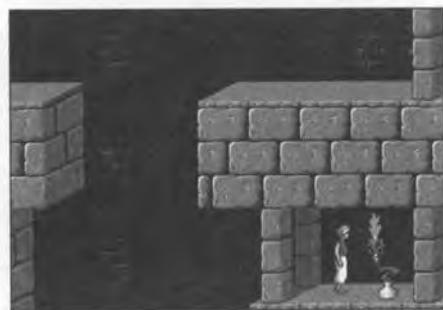
64

3. I ran past two closely spaced gates and continued west.
2. For a change, nothing sprang out at me. No guards bothered me for some time. I continued to head west.
1. I came to the end of the passage. An unfamiliar potion lay before me. It smelled unlike the others—neither sweet nor sour. Should I taste it? I decided to try it, though the risk was great.

The potion made me feel nauseous, but once the feeling passed, I felt very light, as if I were floating above the ground. I realized that this might be useful, as the only way to continue on my path was down.

I lowered myself over the edge and looked below me. I could see a doorway flanked by two torches. I dropped. I floated like a feather. The potion had indeed helped me. I realized that I could have just jumped from the ledge.

16. Once I landed, I ran to the pressure plate at the western edge of the room and stepped on it, hoping that it would open the exit door. It did not. It did open a gate to the east, and so I headed in that direction.



THE DUNGEON

On the other side of the gate, I stepped on a pressure plate and looked back to see the exit door opening. I should have gone immediately to the door and climbed the stairs, but I became curious to see what was up ahead. Just for a moment, I told myself.

17. I ran quickly to the east, leaping as I went to move even faster than normal.

18. Soon I came to the end of the passage I. My curiosity was rewarded! A Life Enhancement Potion. I drank the thing down and felt its special boon to my system.



17. I returned, again leaping to gain speed. I thought I saw the gate to the west already closing.



16. I made it just in time to duck under the closing gate. It had been a close call! I headed for the doorway and the stairs leading up.



Translator's note: There are conflicting accounts of the Prince's return to the western gate. Some have it as recounted above. Others say he did not make it back in time. I have included one of the more popular versions here, for completeness.

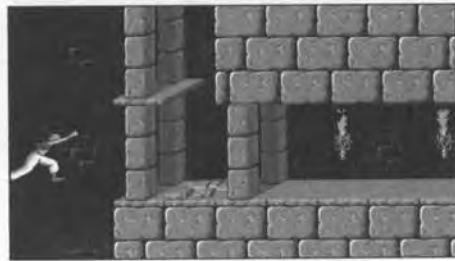




PRINCE OF PERSIA

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16. When I returned to the door leading out, I was too late. The gate had closed and I couldn't get it open again. There was nothing to do but to retrace my steps and try to find a way out.
17. I tried the upper passage I had ignored previously. It headed east.
18. I kept going east, over some falling floor stones.



19. I came at last to an open gate that hung precariously over a precipice. I jumped across, hitting a hidden plate that closed the gate behind me. I climbed up and jumped across a gap to the east.
14. I found myself at the bottom of a series of ledges.
15. Climbing to the top, I discovered the place where I had fought the guard who almost got me.
1. I ran back the way I had come until I returned to the ledge where the floating potion had been. Of course there was no more potion, but I knew I could survive a drop of a few stories with only minor damage. It was the only way. I hung over the edge and dropped.



THE DUNGEON

16. I landed with a thud and felt something twist in my ankle. But I was alive. I ran, despite the pain, up the stairs and away from one more hideous part of the Sultan's dungeons, and hopefully one step closer to the Princess.

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LEVEL 8

In my vision I saw the Princess, and she was talking to someone. Or something. It was a white mouse, and it seemed to be listening to her! I wondered if her mind had snapped and I was already too late, but then the mouse ran off and I saw her stand. Then the vision ended. I had better hurry, I thought.

1. To the east I found only a poison potion, so I headed west, climbing up into a raised hallway.

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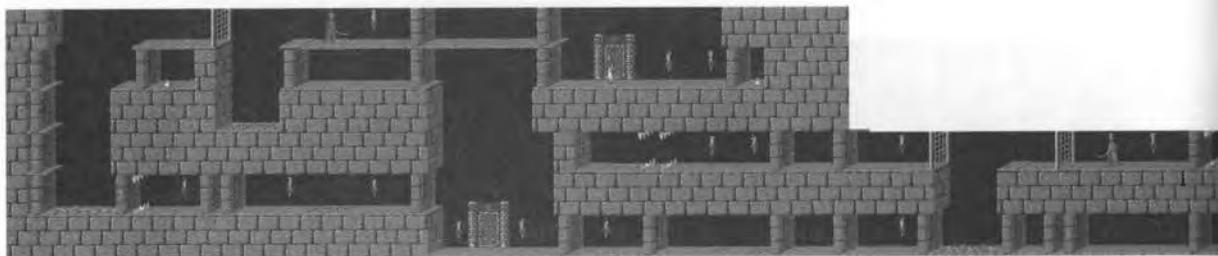
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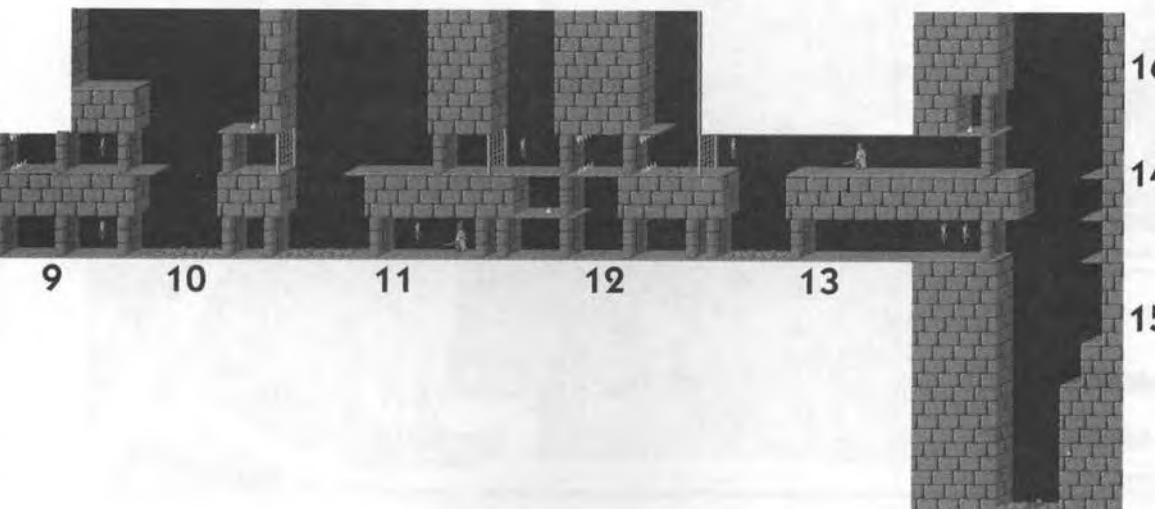
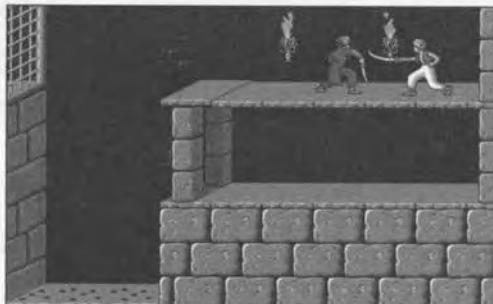
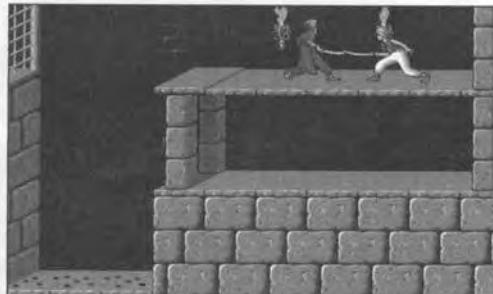


THE DUNGEON

2. "I have been looking forward to your arrival, O lowly earthworm," said the guard as he drew his sword and attacked. I parried. "Have you any last words before I cut you in half and watch you wriggle your poor life away?" he asked.

"You have mistaken me for someone else, I'm afraid," I countered. I launched an attack of my own and barely managed to parry his lightning-like riposte. "Son of mules, have you no shame parading as a man?" I yelled, renewing my attack.

This guard was actually very good. I could not gain an advantage. Every time I thrust, he countered before my blade could connect. But



PRINCE OF PERSIA

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I soon had his rhythm. I would step into his guard, parry first, then thrust, then parry again, for he often launched a second attack. Slowly I drove him backward, though he parried my attacks well. It was his bad fortune that a precipice loomed behind him, and soon he missed his footing and fell into the darkness, impaled gruesomely on the spikes below.

This last had been the best swordsman I had met so



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far. I worried lest I encounter one of even greater skill. But there was no choice. I must continue on. I jumped across the chasm that had spelled death to the guard, and continued west through the gate.

3. I spotted a healing potion in a small, dark hole, and drank it to relieve myself of the scratches the last guard had delivered. Then I walked near the edge and jumped across yet another chasm. I had been standing a little away from the edge, perhaps over confident, and I missed catching onto the first landing directly across from me. With some distress to my overworked arms, I managed to grab onto the next landing below.
4. I dropped to the bottom where a blade trap snapped its deadly rhythm, and ran the moment I hit the ground. I cleared the trap with an instant's grace, and continued to run to the east.
5. I had by this time become adept at spotting traps, so I jumped easily over the pair of spike traps up ahead and continued east without breaking stride.





PRINCE OF PERSIA

6. I came to a doorway. Could I be at the exit already? No opening mechanism was visible, and, as usual, there was no lock or other feature on the door that might serve as a means to open it. I continued running east.



7. I jumped over another pair of spike traps. These were slightly separated, but I leapt over them, again without breaking stride.



8. I kept running as fast as I could, past a pile of broken stones on the floor . . .



9. . . . down a long hallway . . .

10. . . . over another spike trap and more rubble . . .



11. . . . and finally to another guard. He had, no doubt, heard my approach, and rushed out to meet me, sword in hand. If he bantered with me, I don't remember. He was not the equal of the guard I had most recently vanquished, and I defeated him easily by charging forward and thrusting before he could think. I ran by his corpse without another thought, imagining doing to Jaffar what I had been forced to do to his minions.

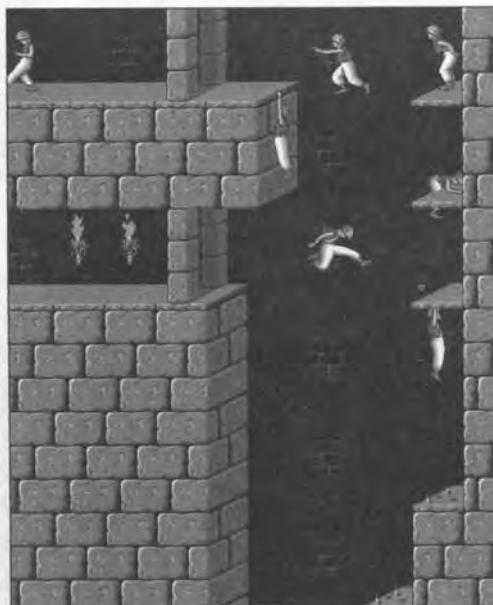
"Allah, O Great and Merciful," I cried. "Forgive me if I have grown accustomed to death and destruction." If I should survive this place, I knew would have much to reflect upon.

12. I passed another spike trap and barely caught sight of a healing potion above it. I stopped and swilled the draught down, then jumped across and over the spikes. I continued running east.

13. As I ran, I spotted another guard high above me. He seemed to be looking up and had, surprisingly enough, not noticed me, though I had been anything but quiet. I thought I'd try to avoid him, so I tiptoed under him in the lower passage until I was far enough away that he could no longer hear me.

14. I came to a wide gap on the other side of which I could see a series of ledges such as I had already climbed many times. I made a running jump, barely making it across and held on for dear life.

15. Below me, I could see the hungry spikes as they sprang from their hiding places. But they were to be disappointed. I pulled myself up again.





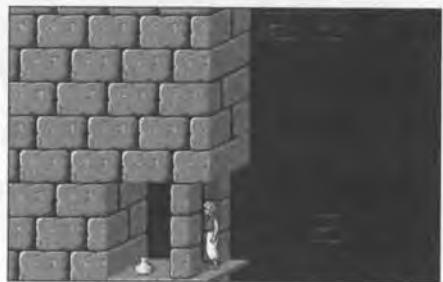
PRINCE OF PERSIA

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14. I kept climbing until I stood across a slightly narrower gap than the one I had just crossed. I stood on the edge of the platform and jumped as hard as I could, catching the ledge once again by my fingertips. I pulled myself up.

16. Just above me I spied a small, dark alcove. I climbed up and discovered a healing potion, but I had no need of it and so dropped down again.

14. I walked to the west, carefully. I knew that the guard I had seen was just ahead, his back still turned. But he would turn around as I approached. Of that I was sure.



13. I had hoped to run past him, but I could see that my plan would not be possible. I drew my sword as he whirled around in surprise. "By Allah!" he cried. "You snake! Crawl on your belly!"

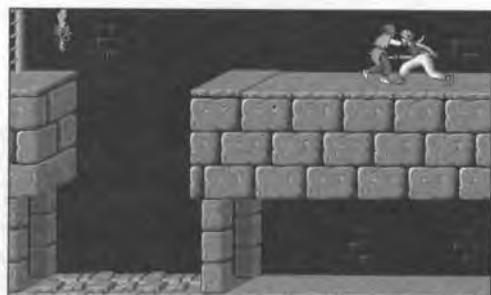
But I was faster and struck him before he could launch his attack. He grunted in surprise and fell back. He was a good swordsman.

Not as quick as the one I had admired before, but

less predictable. He surprised me several times, and I was bleeding in several places before I struck the final blow. Mortally wounded, he fell and an expression of surprise crossed his face.

"Your errand is a merciful one, stranger. I would once have done as you do now," he muttered. "But you are too late. You will never make it. The worst is yet to come." His eyes closed, and I thought he was gone, but they opened again a moment later. "It's a pity," he gasped. Then his eyes closed for the last time.

I felt tears well up. For the first time I felt real remorse. This man had not been evil incarnate, and, in the end, he died with a kind word for me. This was so much worse than the cold, unrelenting



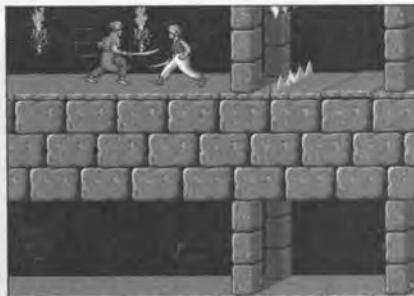
enmity of the others. But his warning also gave me a moment of fear. Was I already too late? I had no sense of time. But no. In my visions, which I must trust if I were to trust anything, the hourglass still had not emptied and the Princess yet lived. I must hurry though.



What happened in the next sequence was so fast that it blurs in my memory. I remember running hard and making three long leaps, one after the other, without stopping between. Here's how I remember it . . .



13. I ran forward and jumped, at the same time triggering the gate to the west.
12. As I emerged from the gate, I spotted a pair of snapping blade traps. I ran through them without stopping and emerged unscathed. I ran through another gate without hesitation.
11. I could see a gate across a gap, and it was already beginning to close. I jumped at the last moment.
10. I made it through the gate, and, as I landed, I saw another gap ahead. Almost immediately I readied myself for a leap and jumped across—my third leap without stopping. But now I slowed my pace. I could see an obstacle of some kind up ahead.
9. A blade trap snapped at me as I stepped on a pressure plate and a gate up ahead began to open. But another guard stood between me and the gate.
I stepped quickly through the blades and drew my sword. The





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guard wore a smile of incredible cruelty, and any remorse evaporated like water in the desert. This one wanted to drive me into the blades at my back.

I took an aggressive stance and lunged, driving the man back. His smile turned to a sneer and his eyes blazed. But he was no match for me, and I kept driving him backward until he stepped on a hidden plate that closed the gate behind him. I worried that it might remain closed if he died on the plate, so I backed away and he followed. I picked my moment, then delivered the final blow and he collapsed in a heap.

I had to step through the blades again to trigger the gate, then back once more to continue my passage west. At the last moment, I leaped over the closing plate.

8. I came to another gap, but a plate triggered the gate in front of me and I jumped across when it opened. Then I continued to the west.
7. I came to a hallway where two blade traps sought to take my life from me, but I carefully stepped between them, then past them without suffering harm.
6. A pressure plate marked the end of the hallway. When I stepped upon it, I heard the familiar sounds of the exit door opening nearby. I turned to retrace my steps, there being no alternative.



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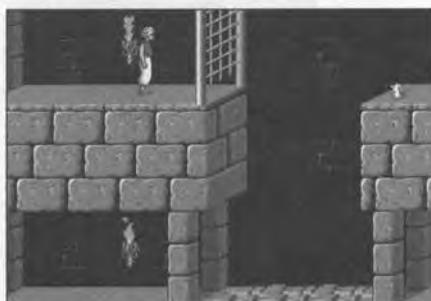
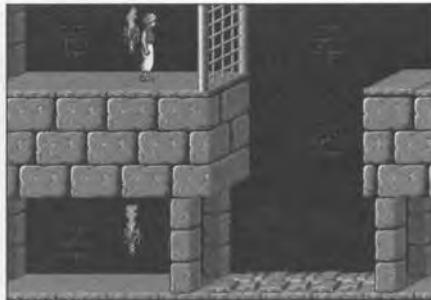
7. I stepped once again through the blades and ran back to the east.
8. I came to the last gate I had passed through, but it was closed. I tried the ceiling, but there were no loose stones. I stopped to think. Had I missed something?

As I stood there, something truly remarkable happened. I stood staring out through the sturdy bars of the gate when a small white mouse appeared. It jumped onto the pressure plate which opened the gate, sat up and waved a tiny paw in my direction, then scuttled off the way it had come.

If ever I had needed confirmation that my visions were true, this was it. For I had seen this mouse before. With the Princess. In my vision.

I had no time to waste thinking about mice or even the Princess. Quickly, I lowered myself down the ledge. I knew where the doorway was. I dropped to the floor and ran back to the west.

7. I ran carefully by the spike traps. I was too close now to make a mistake.
6. Finally, I made it to the door and up the stairs. Would I find the Princess at last?





Once again, I saw the Princess in my vision. She knelt to pet the white mouse. If I could believe what I was seeing, perhaps the mouse told her that I still lived and gave her some hope.

LEVEL 9

1. I was still in the dungeon. The walls and floor were made of sandstone and brown granite. It was a depressing place. Perhaps the guard had been right.

Perhaps the worst was yet to come.

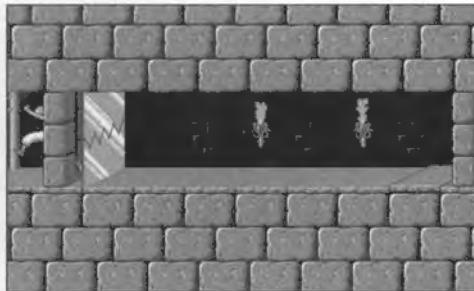
I could see only a dead end to the east as I came up the stairs, so I headed to the west.



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- I stepped on a pressure plate and could see a gate open ahead of me. A blade trap blocked the way, and I approached it with caution. I stepped through the blade trap carefully, for I had spotted a closing plate just beyond it.



I jumped over the closing plate and through the gate. In hindsight, I realized that I probably could have run full speed through that hallway, jumping at the last moment—through the blades and the gate in one leap. However, I was cautious this time. And perhaps caution was best in this case.

- I came to a wall and climbed up two landings.



- The path led back to the east, so I jumped across a small gap and headed that way.



- I had already found the exit door! It was in a cavernous room with great columns supporting twin balconies. Dim torches burned on either side of the doorway and above each balcony. I could see no way to reach the upper area, so I continued to the east. As I ran, I stepped on a pressure





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plate, hoping it would open the door. But in that hope, I was to be disappointed. I did notice, however, that the gate leading from the western balcony opened.

6. I stood facing another guard on the opposite side of a blade trap.

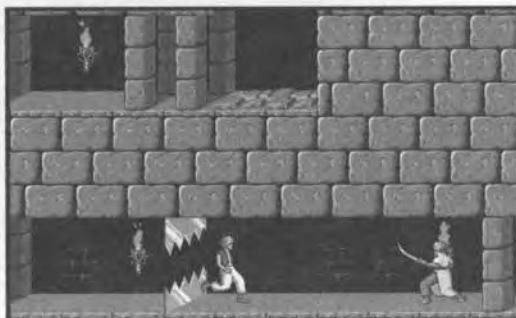
"If you run, I will not kill you," I told him.

He laughed. "And what kind of man would I be if I ran?" he inquired.

"A live one," I answered.

The guard brandished his sword in reply. "I will see you carved in two, and I will have the last laugh," he said after a moment.

"I am not here for laughter," I said as I stepped through the blades and drew my weapon. And I did not laugh as I fought. He

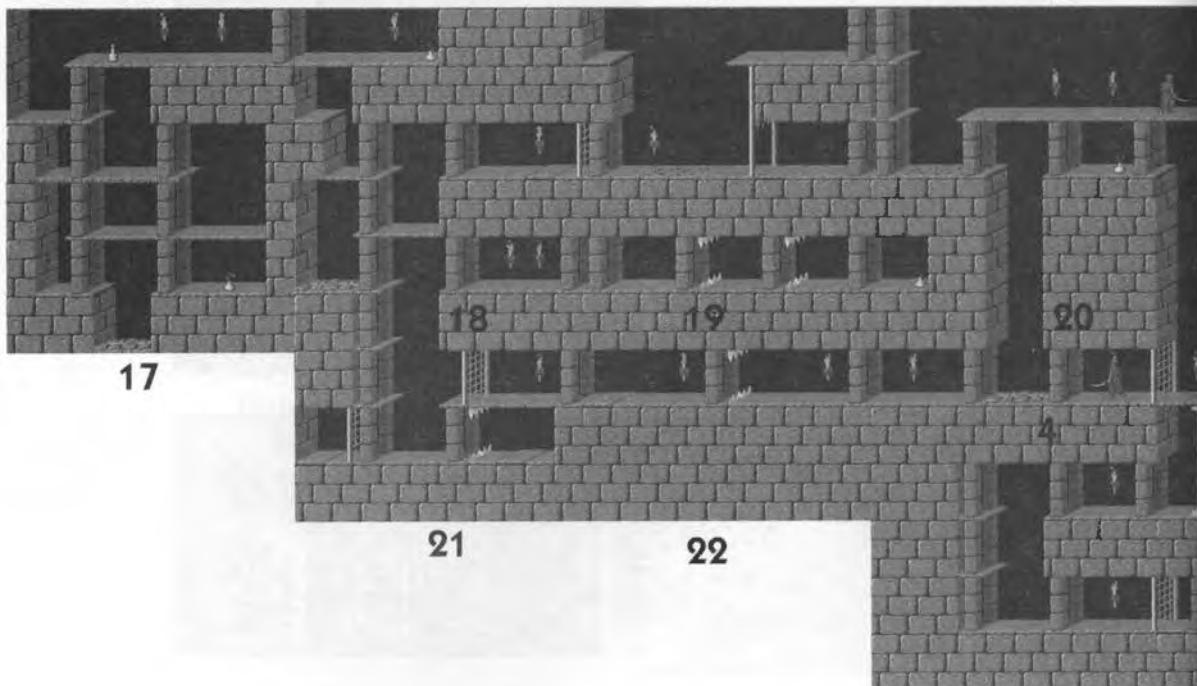


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THE DUNGEON

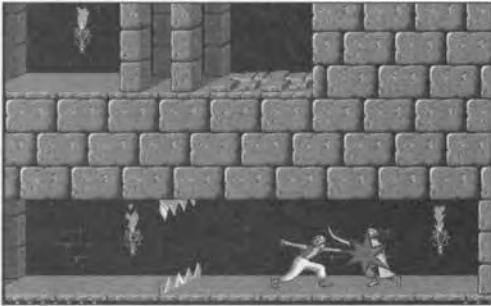
81

practically walked into my blade, time after time, until he could do no more.

"You were right, of course," he said as he lay there. "I should have run. But someday you, too, will meet your match."

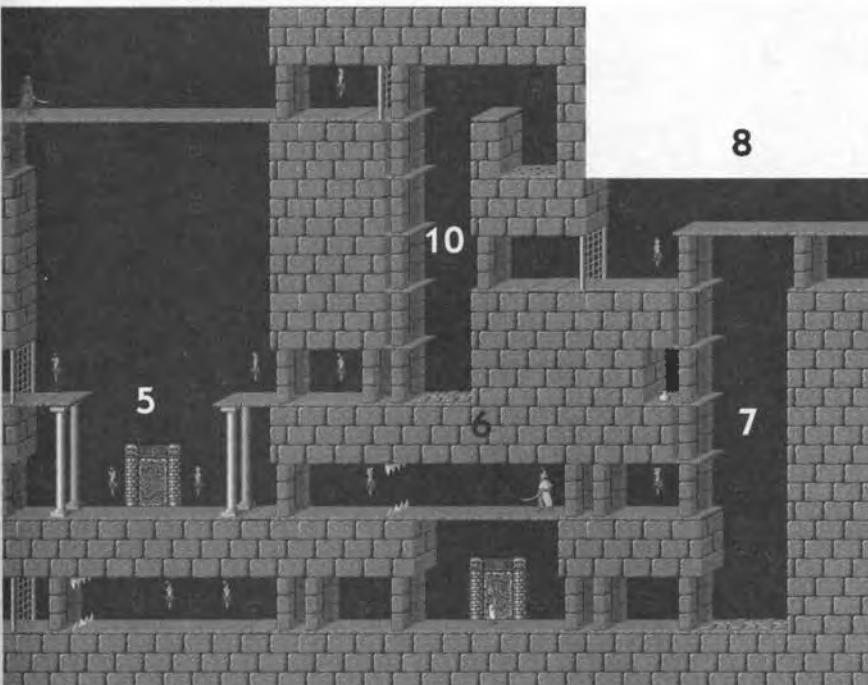
I left him and continued to run to the east.

7. I came to a sheer wall on the other side of a gap. I could go up or down, but having climbed up once already, I knew that going down would send me back where I had started. So I



12

11



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climbed. I drank a healing potion on the way, then continued climbing.

8. Finally, I reached a place where a gate barred my passage west and a gap stood between me and the way east. A higher path stretched to the east just above my head, and I decided to try that route.

I climbed up and ran to the east as floor stones fell behind me. The way had been less stable than I had imagined.



9. A guard jumped out at me suddenly and I drew my sword and attacked in one motion. I drove the man back, and to my knowledge he never uttered a sound as he fell backward and impaled himself on the spikes below.

I spotted a pressure plate across the gap where the guard had fallen, and jumped across to it. To the west, I heard a gate opening. I jumped back, dropped down, and ran through another blade trap.



8. I continued running and hurdled the gap to reach the already closing gate. But in my rush to get through the gate I missed the hidden closing plate next to it. I was forced to retrace my steps, back to the pressure plate. This time when I jumped the gap, I jumped again immediately—over the closing plate and through the gate.



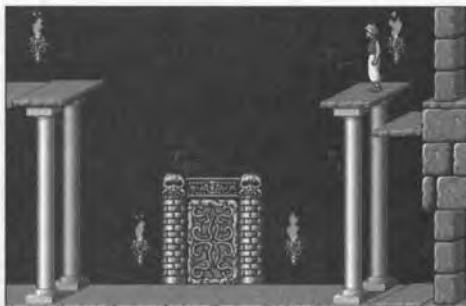
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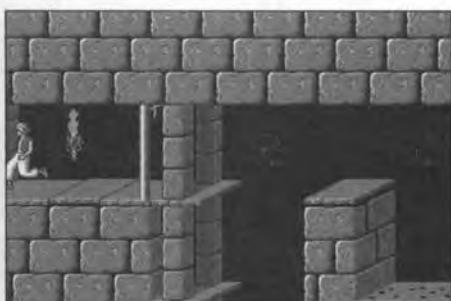
10. I faced a steep wall lined with small alcoves. I could jump across to the wall, but then had to decide which way to go—up or down? I decided to climb down first.



6. A passage headed west and I walked along it. Just ahead, I could see a torch and then darkness.
5. I stepped out onto the eastern balcony above the exit door! I walked right to the edge, and as I walked, one of the floor stones loosened and fell. It fell directly on the pressure plate below. The one that opened the gate to the east! But the gap was too far to jump, so I retraced my steps and went back to the wall.



6. I climbed back up the way I had come.
10. I continued to climb until I reached the top.
11. A gate blocked my passage west, but I saw a pressure plate to the east. I jumped across and, as I suspected, it opened the gate. I jumped back across and through the gate, continuing my passage west.





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12. I stood on a long bridge, stretching over a wide chasm. At the other end of the bridge stood a guard. I ran forward, trying to intimidate him, and felt the floor give way. One stone fell, and I heard the crash a few moments later. By that time, I was engaged in another battle, swords clashing and ringing through the cavernous space.
- We exchanged the usual pleasantries as we fought, but in the end, the result was the same. I ran on to the west.
13. I jumped across a small gap and landed in a darkened alcove. Below and to the east I thought I saw a potion. Upon further inspection, it turned out to be a healing potion.
- I returned to the alcoves along the western wall and climbed upward.
14. I ran quickly to the west and, coming to the end of the path, jumped across, grabbing onto a pressure plate on the other side. Below me, I heard a gate open. I hung onto the pressure plate a moment, then dropped down and ran through the now open gate.
15. I came upon an enclosed area and stepped up to the gap. Below, I could see more torches, but I explored the upper shelf before starting down. In my explorations, I found some



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loose ceiling stones, one of which fell on me, causing a nasty headache and a small cut above the eyebrow.

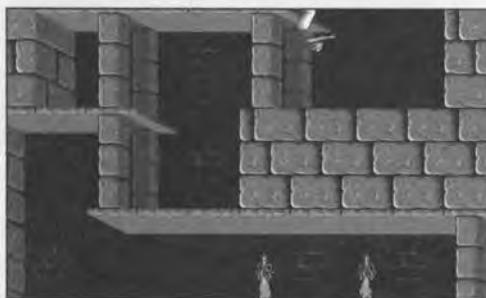
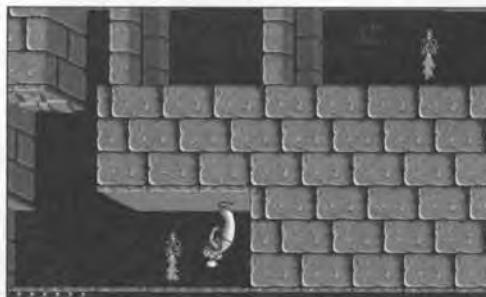
I climbed up through the gap the falling stone had left and discovered a potion next to the eastern wall. It smelled quite innocuous, neither vile nor delicious, and I had no idea what to think of it. I drank it, and immediately wished I had refrained.

Hamza, have you ever had occasion to remark that your world had turned upside down? Well, you've probably never experienced the literal fact of it! With a dizzying flash, I suddenly saw everything as if in an inverted lens. I stumbled forward—west, I guessed, though nothing made sense. I could only hope that the effect of this potion would soon pass. I realized that I should not have drunk it. If I had had this decision to make over again, I would have skipped it.

16. I spotted another potion hanging from the ceiling, or at least so it appeared to my confused senses. But then it was the ceiling upon which I now walked! I

inspected the potion and wondered that the contents did not spill out when I unstoppered it. It was a Life Enhancement Potion, and I drank this one down gratefully, its contents eerily flowing upward to my mouth.

I had hoped that the effect of the inversion potion would be reversed, but I was wrong. I continued to the west, “climbing” down. I was thoroughly disoriented.





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17. By the time I made it down to the bottom of a series of landings, I had begun to get used to this inverted world. I spotted yet another potion. It was similar to the one that had inverted my world. I drank it, thinking it would correct the problem. I was right.

With the world in its rightful place, I climbed back up the way I had come and hastened back to the room where I had discovered the Life Enhancement Potion.

16. I ran back to the east.

15. Climbing down again, I dropped into the gap I had previously bypassed.

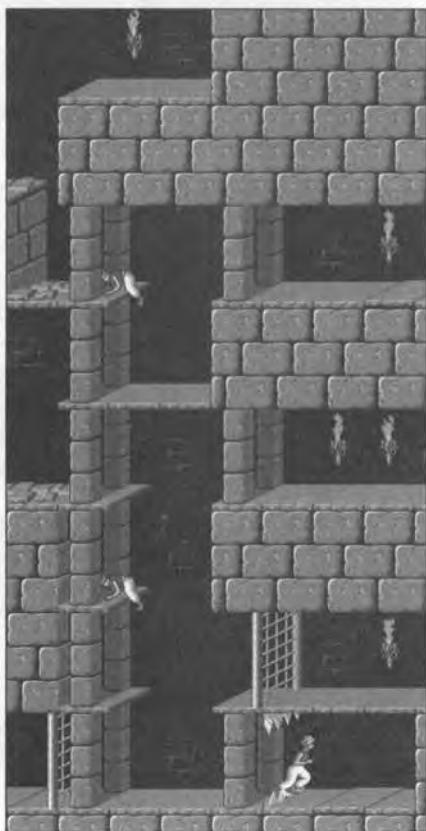
18. Two landings down, I saw a passage leading east. I jumped a gap and headed that way to see what lay ahead.

19. I ran through two blade traps . . .

20. . . . and discovered a healing potion at a dead end. I realized that this was a false path, and since I had no need of healing (having just drunk the wondrous life enhancer), I retraced my steps.

18. I let myself down the western wall, three landings.

21. At the bottom, I found two closed gates and one blade trap. This was a simple puzzle. I could see a pressure plate

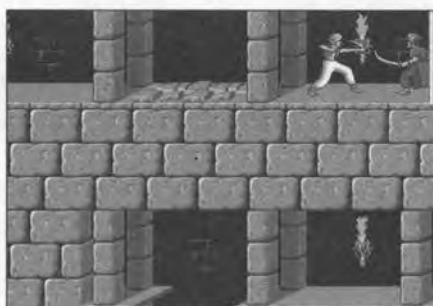
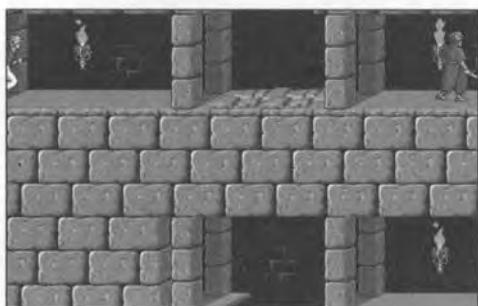


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beyond the blade trap and another beyond the lower gate. Stepping through the trap I triggered the first gate, then ran through it to another pressure plate which triggered the upper gate. I quickly ran through it and on to the east.

22. I ran across another pressure plate that appeared to do nothing, then through another blade trap.
4. A guard stood facing away from me as I neared him, however he turned quickly as



I drew my sword. We greeted each other with the usual insults, but the fight was typically one-sided and I dispatched him quickly. I continued to the east.

5. I passed the guard and stepped out on the western balcony above the exit door. As I stepped to the edge, I triggered a pressure plate and saw below me that the door opened! I had only to hang off the edge of the balcony and drop down. I was quickly up the stairs as the door slid closed behind me.



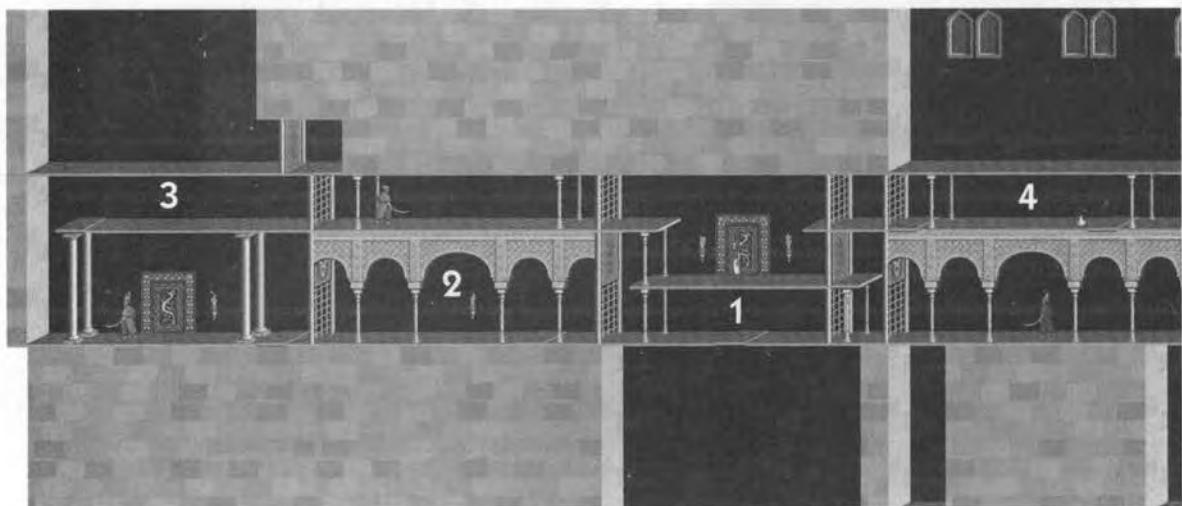
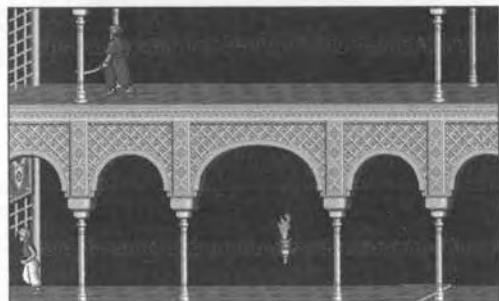
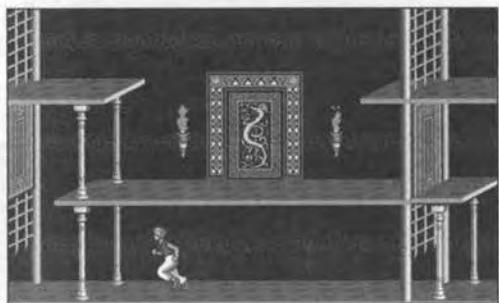


PRINCE OF PERSIA

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LEVEL 10

1. The stairs led me back into the palace again. I stood on the middle of three landings, though all ways were blocked. A pressure plate on the lower level opened the two gates leading east and west. I decided to explore to the west first.
2. I ran across another pressure plate, which opened a gate far to the west, and ran on.



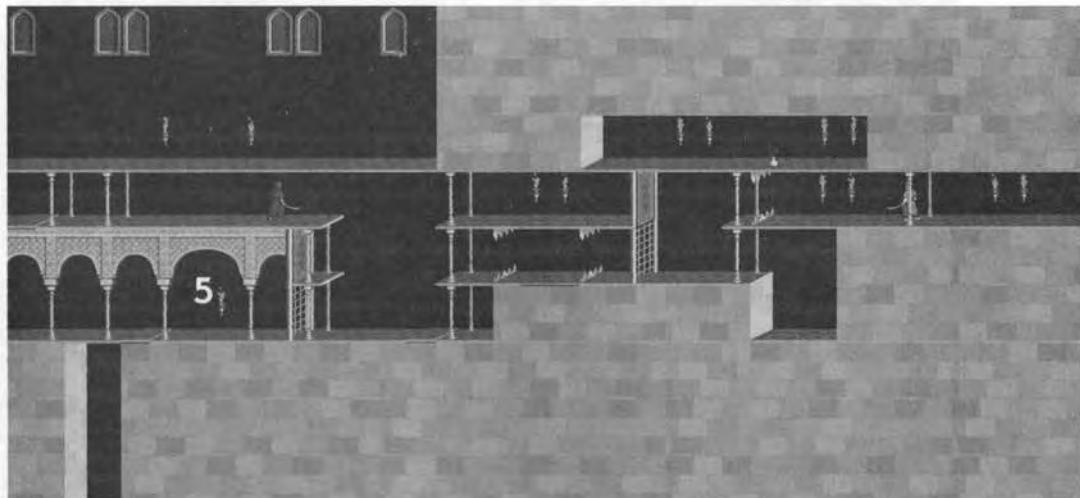
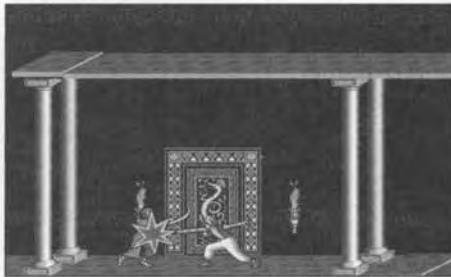
THE DUNGEON

3. I had discovered the exit door already. At least so I supposed. But a guard prevented me from searching for a way to get it open.

With the usual bravado, he insulted, then attacked me. I steadily forced him backward until he was pinned against the far wall. I attacked vigorously until he slid in slow motion down the wall and ended up in a contorted sitting position.

I searched for a way to open the doorway, but could only see a pressure plate high out of reach. I ran back to the east.

2. I ran through the hallway without incident.

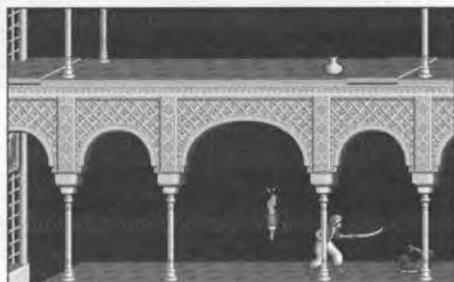
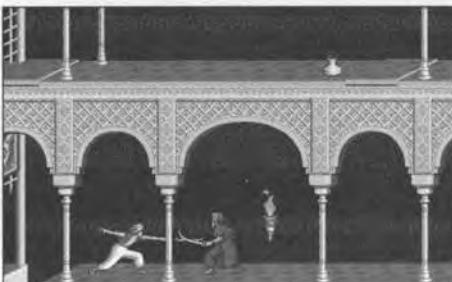




PRINCE OF PERSIA

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1. This time I tried the eastern route, hoping to find a way to get to the upper level.
4. I ran through the eastern gate and saw a guard ahead of me. But I also felt a floor stone wiggle beneath my feet, so I dared



not stop. I ran past the loose stone, almost up to the guard, and, drawing my sword quickly, launched into a furious attack. I drove him backward as he tried to drive me into the chasm behind me. But he was a mediocre fighter, and, though he scored once or twice on me, I sent him to meet his maker.

5. I ran to the east and came to a gate, which opened as I passed over a pressure plate. I stopped a moment and heard the sounds of humming—out of key, I might add—from above me. Apparently someone was up

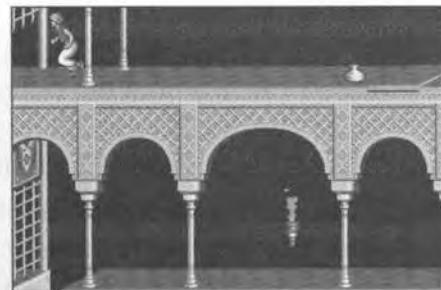




there and didn't suspect that his enemy was near.

I sneaked very quietly through the gate and climbed up a couple of landings. As I topped the second level, I spotted him. His back was to me and he still hummed his sour tune. I got to my feet and drew my sword as he turned in surprise. I was quicker than he, and was able to get in two good blows before he could react. Then I pressed the attack and soon had completed his destruction.

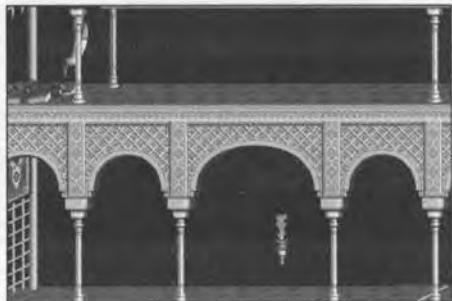
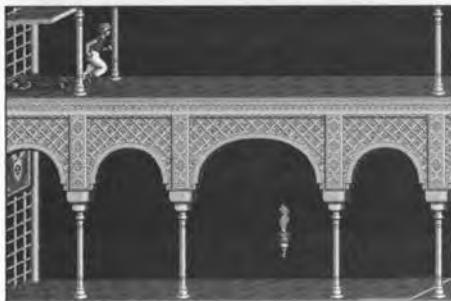
4. As I ran back to the west, I stepped on two pressure plates and passed a healing potion. I ran through the gate.
1. I was back in the room where I had started, but I now saw that the upper gate to the west was open. I didn't stop running, but vaulted down to the level below and then climbed up to the western balcony. I ran through the gate as it began to close.





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2. Another guard confronted me, but I was in no mood to be trifled with. I don't remember what he said to me, but it only increased my desire to see the end of him. I forced him backward, parrying his blows, and eventually did him in.
- A gate confronted me to the west, but I could find no pressure plate to open it. I soon noticed a slightly raised stone in the ceiling



just east of the gate. I stood near it, facing east, and jumped. A loose stone fell from the ceiling as I stepped out of its way. I walked back and jumped, just touching the pressure plate above. The gate opened and I continued my passage west.

3. I was on the upper path in the room with the exit door. I ran quickly across the floor. It was fortunate I did not stop when I entered the room, for part of the floor fell away as I passed. At the end of the passage was a pressure plate, and when I stepped upon it, the door below opened. I hung off the



ledge and dropped, landing next to the body of the guard I had previously killed. I repressed all thoughts of remorse and ran for the stairs, leaving this part of the palace behind. I must be close to the Princess now. I could feel it.



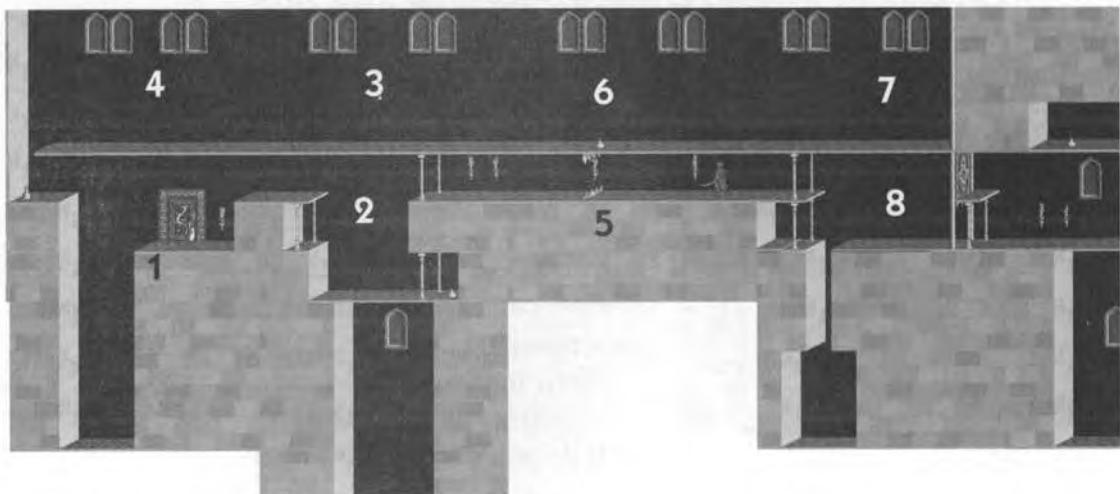


PRINCE OF PERSIA

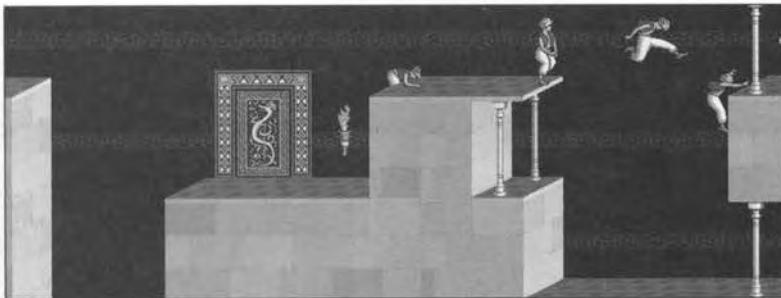


LEVEL 11

1. I did not know where I was, but I suspected that I had arrived at a little-used part of the palace. I spotted a potion bottle to the west of me, but there was no way to get to it. I climbed a steep wall and looked to the east.
2. I ran and jumped as far as I could. There was no other way to go. I barely grabbed onto the wall on the other side, then pulled myself up. As I sailed through the air, I had spotted what looked like a

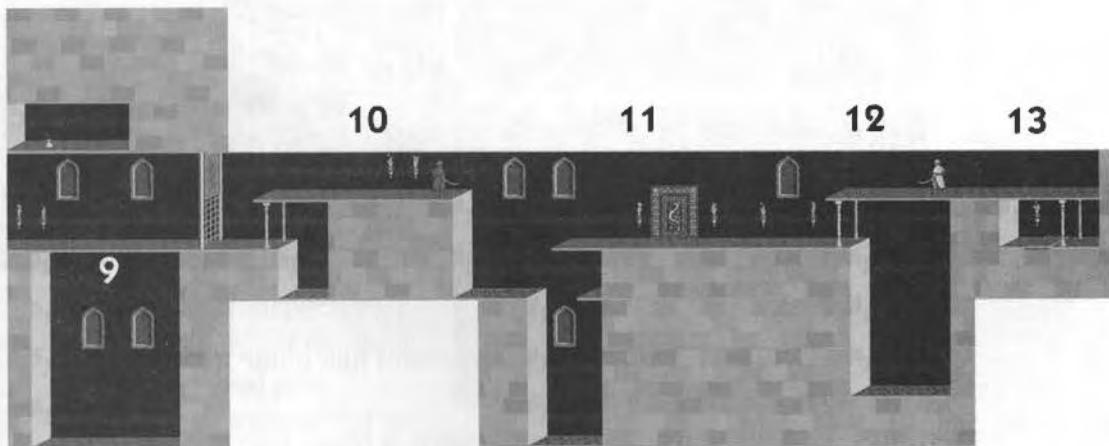
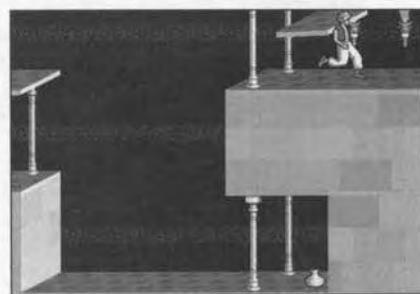


THE DUNGEON



healing potion below, but I had no need of it.

Some dust fell from above, and I realized that the ceiling might be loose. I stood facing east, under two supporting columns, and jumped. One of the ceiling stones fell as I stepped aside.

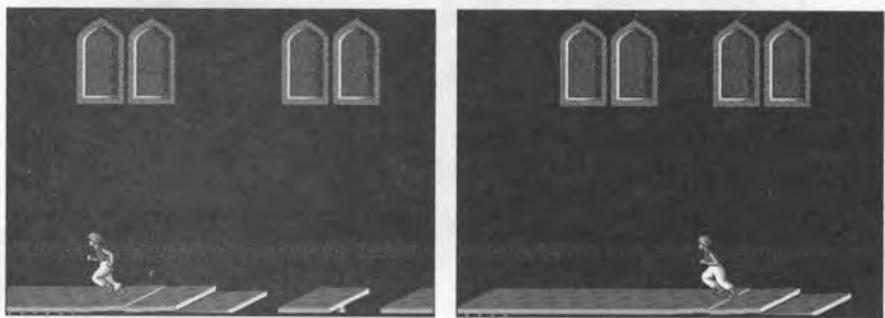




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- I climbed up the gap and, remembering the potion I had seen far off to the west, started running in that direction. The stones



beneath my feet dropped, one after another, but I kept running as fast as I could.

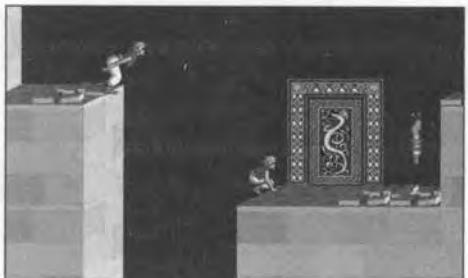
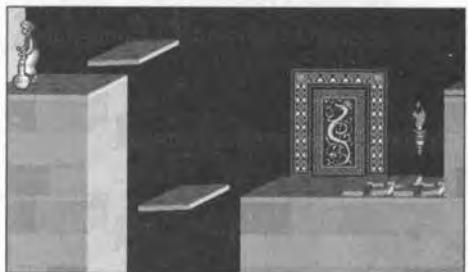
- Finally, I came to the end of the passage and dropped down.

- My reward? A Life Enhancement Potion. I drank it greedily.

Now, to get back where I had started from, I had to attempt a difficult jump. I crept to the very edge and jumped across the gap. I landed on the edge of the opposite landing, just in front of the door that had led me here. But as I landed, I fell backward, off balance. I just had time to grab the ledge before falling to what I was sure would be my death.

I then retraced my steps.

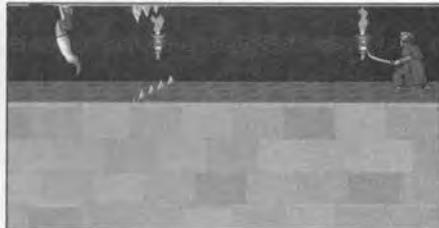
- Leaping again across the wide chasm I just made it by my fingertips. Then I headed east.
- Just a few steps further, I came upon a blade trap and spotted a guard beyond it. I saw more dust on the floor near the blade trap. I



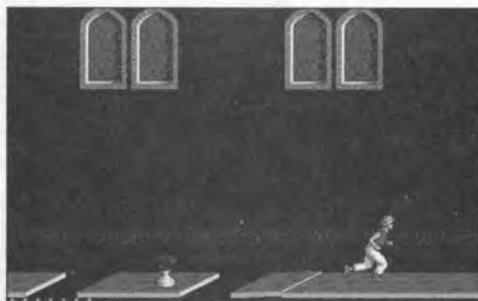


stood near the blade trap and faced west. I jumped and, as I suspected, a ceiling stone fell. I stepped out of its way. The guard taunted and yelled at me, but he did not dare brave the blade trap, for then he would have been helpless—before my sword on the one side and the blades on the other. He could only yell in frustration.

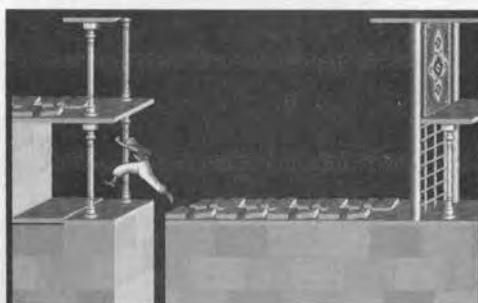
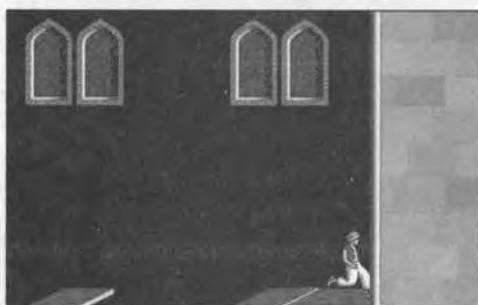
6. I found a healing potion up above the blade trap, but had no need of it. So I ran, this time to the east, over the rotten ceiling (now the floor) as it crashed and fell behind me.



7. I did not stop until I had reached the far wall, where I found a stone that did not fall. Carefully, I climbed down.

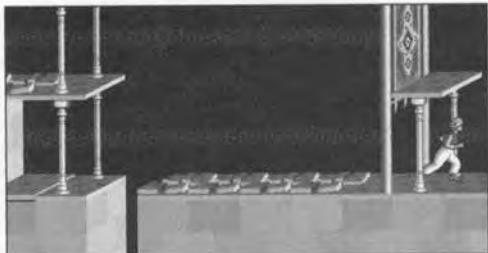


8. I stood before a closed gate, the rubble from the ceiling behind me. I could see that the fallen ceiling tiles had ruined some mechanisms, and, on closer inspection, I saw that several of the floor stones disguised gate-closing mechanisms. Far to



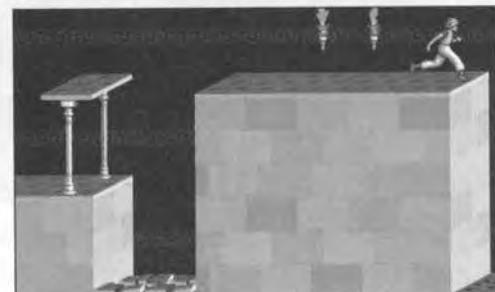
the west, over a narrow gap, was a gate-opening pressure plate. I ran and jumped onto it.

I jumped the gap again and ran through the gate to the east.



9. I kept running as I saw another gate far ahead. As I ran, more floor stones fell beneath my feet, and I dared not stop until I was safely through the second gate.

10. A guard stood on a high passage, and, as I climbed to encounter him, he stood ready to attack. Several floor stones were loose, however, and I had to advance almost into his sword before I could safely stop and attack. I swung my sword as quickly as I could to drive him back, but he got in the first blow. I redoubled my efforts and drove him steadily backward until he fell with a cry, landing impaled on the spikes below. Then I ran to the east, at the last moment jumping the gap.

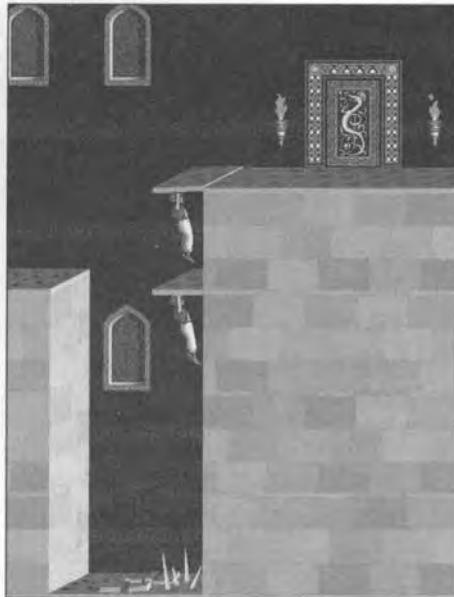




11. I sailed through the air, over a row of spike traps, and barely got hold of a part of the floor that stuck out over a chasm. The floor was old and rotted, however, and gave way beneath my weight. I started to fall, but grabbed another floor stone below the first. It, too, gave way, but I continued to grab whatever presented itself. Finally, I caught a solid ledge and pulled myself up.

The exit door was there, but without a pressure plate to open it. I continued east.

12. Another guard stood above me, and as I climbed to meet him, he hurried forward. Once again, I just had time to draw my sword and strike in one smooth motion. I had had plenty of practice by this time, however, and I drove him back. He was a cautious fighter, but I baited him and struck whenever he was near. Soon he had joined his fellow



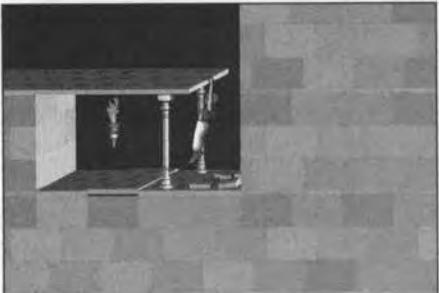


PRINCE OF PERSIA

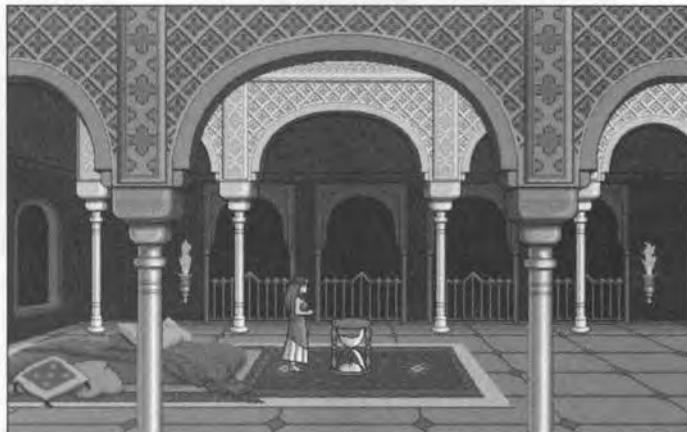
guards in whatever place was reserved for Jaffar's servants when they died.

13. I ran east until I reached a dead end. I was momentarily stymied, but then the floor gave out beneath my feet. I fell with the stone, but discovered a pressure plate in a small alcove. I stepped on it and heard the distant sound of the door opening.

I ran back the way I had come, past the dead guard, and onto the stairs that led upward. A fresh breeze blew down the stairwell, and for the first time I knew I was close.



THE DUNGEON

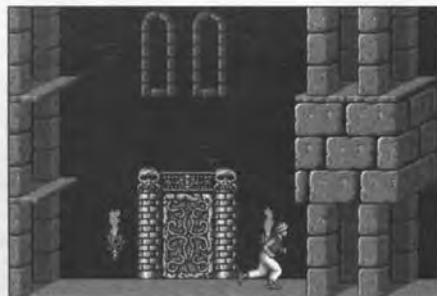


LEVEL 12

I had another vision. I saw the Princess standing before the hourglass, rubbing her hands nervously. I knew she was waiting for me. I knew I was close. I could feel it. But the sand in the hourglass was getting dangerously low. Each grain that fell caused my heart to pound and my breath to tighten. I could not fail!

As I ran through the door, I saw that I was in an ancient tower. The air was fresher here, but tinged with evil. Jaffar had left some sort of spell on it, I was sure. I peered up into the inky black above me and could see nothing. It was as if the tower had no end.

1. I soon determined that the landings and handholds gave out directly above me, so I ran to the east, the only other way I could go.
2. I climbed up three landings.
3. Then I crossed to the other side of the tower and climbed

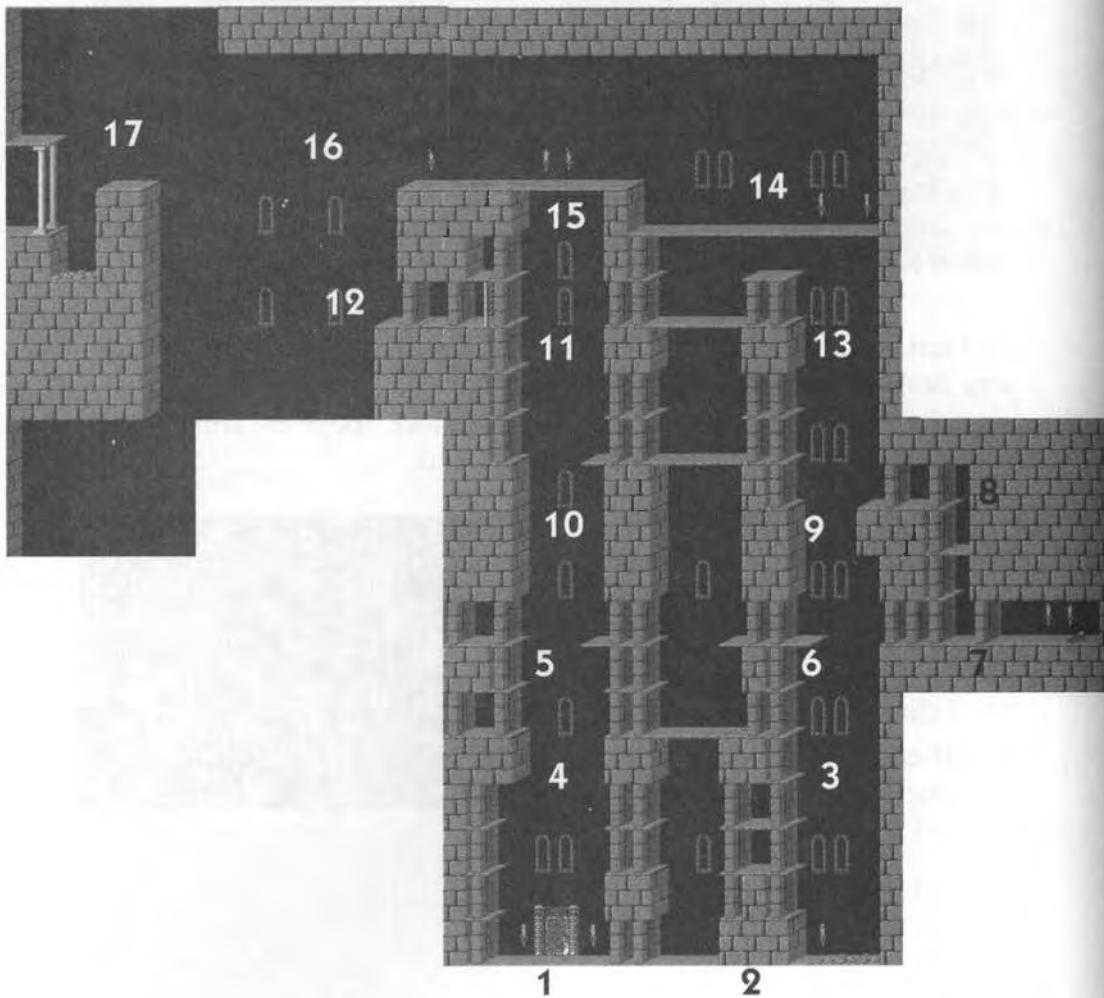


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up two more landings. I avoided a spike trap and took off running. Several floor stones just beyond the spikes broke and fell, but I was already far past them when I heard them crash to the floor.



4. As I neared the edge of this unstable walkway, I tensed and jumped as far as I could. It was dark up here, but my vision was good, and I had spotted a hallway across the gap.

I made it by hanging on with my fingertips, as usual. Once again, I hauled myself up. I was tired, and Jaffar's evil hung over me. But I was near the Princess. I could feel her love, and it drove all else from my mind. I had reached a dead end. There was nowhere to go but up.



5. I climbed up two landings and saw that I was at another dead end. To the east I saw a series of landings stretching into the distance, each separated by a gap. The glow of torches lit an area far across the tower.



I stood with my back to the wall and ran. I estimated that I would have to make three jumps in a row, and, knowing how unstable the floors were up here, I determined not to stop until I had made it to the other side of the tower.

I jumped across and immediately jumped again.

6. And for the third time, I jumped again without stopping.



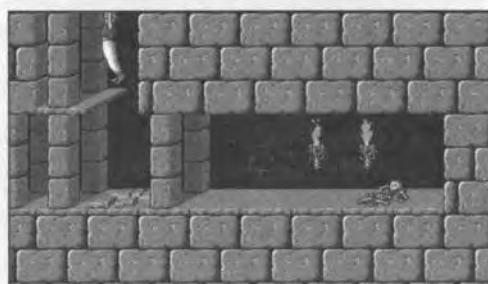
PRINCE OF PERSIA

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7. I came into a room where I spotted the bones of some unlucky man. I imagined he had been like me, an adventurer, a fugitive. And he had made it this far. I stood a moment in dread and silent admiration.

Then I thought, Maybe he was just a careless guard. And the moment passed. I continued on my way.

I climbed up one landing and explored the ceiling. I stood near the edge facing



east and jumped. One of the stones fell, revealing a space for me to wriggle into.

8. I climbed as high as I could. Ahead I spotted a gap and set off running.

9. I jumped immediately and made it across to a small alcove in one of the central towers. I climbed up to the next landing. I began to run back to the west.





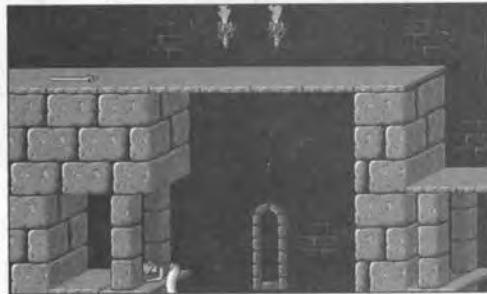
10. As I neared the edge, I jumped the chasm while the floor stones crashed behind me. From here, I climbed up again.



11. At the third landing I came to a gate, the first I had seen in this place. I climbed one landing higher to see what was there.



12. I found a pressure plate, and when I stepped on it, I heard the gate below begin to open. I quickly climbed back down.



11. I ran through the gate, but there was nowhere to go. So I ran back toward the eastern edge and jumped the gap. I caught the ledge with my fingertips and pulled myself up once again to a more solid perch. I ran east.



13. The stones fell beneath me and I stopped when I reached the safety of the second tower. I crossed to the eastern edge and began to climb.

14. I was high atop the eastern tower and could see no place to go from here. I stood in the center of the platform, facing east, and jumped to explore the ceiling. A loose stone fell on me, making me dizzy for a moment, but then I climbed up the gap, along the eastern edge.

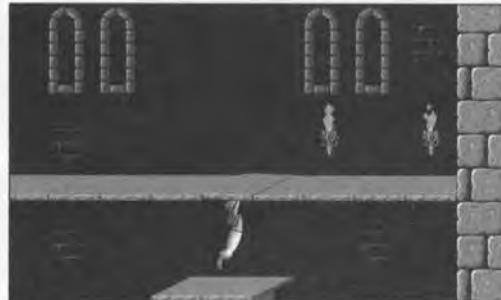
When I had pulled myself up, I edged close to the wall, stepping carefully, to get room for a running start. I had seen that several other stones were

loose. The last stone near the wall also seemed to be loose, so I avoided stepping on it. I wondered what was holding up the stones I stood upon. I had seen no visible support, but I didn't want to think too much about it.

I ran west, jumped the gap, and kept running.

15. I practically crashed into a wall in my haste. Then I climbed up and continued to the west.

As I ran west, suddenly part of the flickering shadows detached and attacked me. It was the Shadow Man. My first instinct was to attack. I furiously lunged and parried, trying to drive this mysterious opponent





away from me, but I could gain no advantage.

Who, or what, was this silent entity which parried my attacks with machinelike precision? All I knew was that it stood between me and my beloved, and in a surge of energy, I struck quickly, finally catching it off guard. As the point of my scimitar slashed its chest, I felt a searing pain in my own chest. I backed away quickly. Astonishingly, I saw that I bled as if it had been the Shadow Man who had struck me and not the other way around!

"Who are you?" I demanded. "Speak!" But the Shadow Man remained silent.

"Demon, or whatever you are," I cried, "by Allah, you won't keep me from the Princess!" Angry and confused, I redoubled my attack. My enemy was helpless before my ferocity.

But with each blow I landed, it was I who felt the effect! A strange and random thought occurred to me. What if in Allah's wisdom He were to make all men feel the pain they inflicted on others? What kind of world would we then live in? Was it that way in Paradise?

With this thought my anger spent itself. The Shadow Man, too, seemed to have lost his lust for battle. I suddenly reached the end of killing. I had only one goal—to save the Princess. And only one true enemy—Jaffar!

I moved back and sheathed my sword.

"Why don't you strike?" the Shadow Man asked in a quiet, familiar voice.

I tell you truthfully, Hamza, that I cannot swear to this day whether the Shadow Man actually



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spoke or whether I imagined it all. But there was a deep despair in the voice I remember.

"Kill me," he said. "End my torment."

"I can't," I told him, and I told him truthfully. "Stand aside and let me pass."

Then, strangely, the Shadow Man also sheathed his sword and stood directly before me, his dark eyes piercing mine.

I can't say who moved first, but almost as if compelled, as if magnetically drawn, we ran toward each other and . . .

A series of bright flashes blinded me, and my body shook violently. I was paralyzed, and, for just a moment, feared that I had fallen once again into Jaffar's trap. As suddenly as it had begun, the sensation passed. I inspected myself. I felt strong and whole again. I was complete! No

wounds bled; no emptiness tortured in my soul. And no Shadow Man. He was gone. If he had been a part of me, as I suspected, we were now reunited. I was ready to finish my quest. Nothing would stop me!

I ran west.

16. I came to a sheer precipice. There was nowhere to go. All was emptiness. My recent triumph with the Shadow Man faded away, and my spirits sank. I didn't know what to do.



As I stood there, it came to me. I don't know what it was. Perhaps the spirit of the Shadow Man speaking to me, or maybe the Princess calling me, but I knew what I had to do.

I backed up a few steps, ran and jumped into the sheer darkness to the west. Though there was nothing there when I jumped, I knew that a bridge would be built beneath my feet.

Such is the power of the mind that it can sometimes create what is not there. Was it my mind that did it, or was it some other protection afforded me? I may never know. I do not need to know, for when I think back on it, this was the ultimate leap of faith, and I do not have to question faith, Allah be praised!

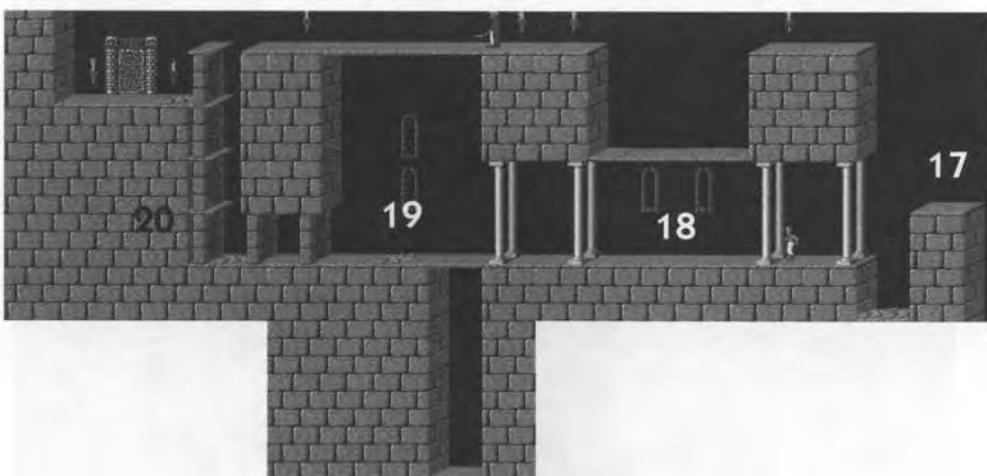
17. As I ran, the bridge appeared beneath my feet until I reached a dead end. I jumped across to a lower path and continued to the west.



21

22

23





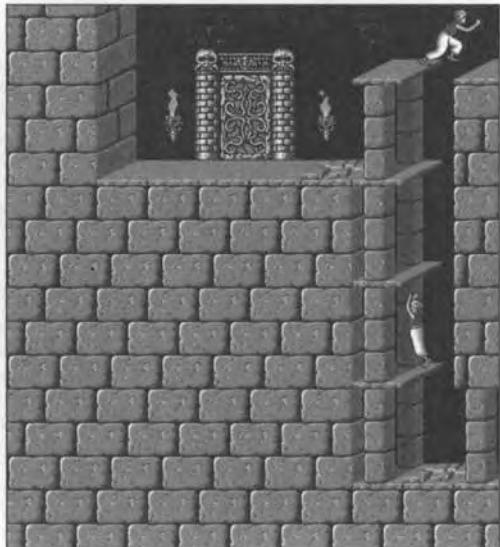
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18. I entered the next hallway, hesitated, and as I watched, the ceiling fell crashing before me. I would have been crushed under the stones if I had rushed headlong through the hall.



It is possible to run all the way through this room without stopping to wait for the tiles to fall, but it's very risky!



19. Again the ceiling fell, but I waited, then picked my way quickly across the rubble, still heading west.

20. I came to a wall and climbed up three landings.

21. There was the door! I was sure this was the way out, but I could see no pressure plate. I climbed up onto a higher pathway and headed east. There was nowhere else to go.

22. And there he stood. Jaffar!

"So, you have made it this far, young Prince," he sneered. "It is a pity that you have wasted so much effort only to die here!"

I think Jaffar expected me to cower and whine like one of his lackeys. Instead, I laughed. I was whole again, and I knew Jaffar feared me. I would not back down.

"Enough words, Jaffar. It's just you against me now," I spoke quietly, feeling the floor with my feet. A loose floor stone wriggled before me, and I stepped quickly over it. In a flash, Jaffar had his sword out, and I drew mine as well.

Jaffar was fast. He was a better swordsman than I had expected him to be. His first stroke caught me in the arm, and I felt a searing pain. Worse, he drove me backward, toward the gap left by the stone that had fallen.

The battle was furious, neither of us giving in to the other. I parried. He parried. I thrust. He thrust. I was bleeding in several





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places and so was he. But I soon felt the rhythm of his attacks and was able to block them and counter with attacks of my own. It was an endurance test, and I was determined to win.

23. Ultimately I forced him into a retreat and drove my blade home. He staggered backward, mortally wounded, and fell screaming into the blackness below. I never heard him hit the ground, but I did hear the door open behind me. I headed west to rescue the Princess. Jaffar was gone. The danger was past.
21. I ran up the stairs. My ordeal was almost over.



ENDING

1. I was in a hallway. A gate blocked my passage to the west, but a pressure plate opened it and I ran.
2. I crossed two more pressure plates . . .



THE DUNGEON



3. . . continued west, through another gate . . .
4. . . and onto a verandah whose windows would, no doubt, have revealed a beautiful, starry night. But I had longed for only one sight. Up ahead she stood, waiting for me.

I ran to the Princess and she fell into my arms. At last, we were together. As we held each other close, I heard the sound of tiny feet running across the carpet. Looking down at my feet, I spied a small white mouse. I laughed, and still holding the Princess tight, extended my hand to the mouse.

The creature ran up my arm and perched upon my shoulder.

After we had clung to each other for a long, long time, the Princess finally stood back from me, tears still running down her cheeks. There was fear in her eyes.

"Jaffar . . ." she whispered.

"Dead," I replied. "He fell to the bottom of the tower."

"Then . . . then I am free. You have saved me," she said wonderingly. "But not only me. You have saved my father's kingdom and his people from the yoke of Jaffar's treachery." She





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paused then, and I, for my part, simply drank in her beauty like water in the Sahara. When next she spoke, it was with a serious inflection. "There is just one question I must ask."

I knelt at her feet.
"Anything, my Princess," I said.

"Before I marry you," she began, and my heart momentarily stopped. "I must know your name."

I told her my name.





epilogue

A messenger was sent to find the Sultan and inform him of the events that had taken place in his absence. Meanwhile, I returned to the guest room, and for two days my muscles ached and I moved like an old man. The Princess met me every day beneath the ancient tree near the pool. I told her more stories and she planned our life together. And I was content, for the most part.

Now I don't want to sound ungrateful, but once my body had recovered fully, the inactivity and the luxury of this life began to grate on me. I had lived only to survive for so long that I found this state of ease unsettling. I begged the Princess to let me go for a few days. I needed to clear my head.

I don't think she understood what I was saying, and I could see that she took it personally. But I promised I would be back again within two weeks.

Now don't get me wrong, Hamza. I loved her more than my own life. But I needed to feel danger around me again, if only for a moment. It is said that people sometimes become accustomed to a way of life, and cannot change immediately to another.

That was the case for me.



PRINCE OF PERSIA

I wandered the streets of the city for a few days, daring fate and dodging calamity on a daily basis. The escape from the dungeon had hardened me, and my wits were at their peak. Then, slowly, I began to see more clearly. I stopped fighting my way through my life and began to talk with the people of the city and to listen. When the first week had ended, I had learned much about the people of this land of which I expected soon to be a prince.

I don't know when the change actually occurred, but by the time I returned to the palace, I had come to love the city and its people. I was no longer at odds with it. And I knew—as no one bred to rule could ever know—its peoples' sufferings and aspirations.

I approached the gates and announced myself to the guards. I knew the Princess had left standing orders for me to be admitted without question. But the guards told me to wait and did not admit me.

I waited nervously at the gate until a cohort of 20 royal guardsmen arrived. Their leader took my sword and told me to follow him, then the troops fell in on either side of me, surrounding me. I kept pace with them, but inside I fretted. Something was wrong.

I was taken to a cell. Oh, it looked like a small waiting room with soft pillows and silent eunuchs waving fans to cool the air. But I recognized it as a cell. It was no dungeon, but it held me trapped, nonetheless.

Soon, the captain of the guard appeared again and motioned me to follow him. He was alone this time, but, unarmed, I posed little threat. He led me to the throne room where a powerfully built man sat in the place where Jaffar had previously sat. I knew him to be the Sultan himself. The Princess was not present.

"You are the impostor who has consorted with my daughter," said the Sultan in a booming voice. His tone was anything but inviting. How should I answer him? I could see that not only my marriage to the Princess, but my very life hung on my reply.

"I am he," I answered simply.

"You know that the punishment for seeing my daughter unveiled is death," he stated simply. I nodded and turned my attention to my shoe tops. "On the other hand. . ." he began, and I felt a twinge of hope. "On the other hand, you have rid the land of the traitorous Jaffar. You have saved my kingdom and displayed qualities that I would hate to

epiLOGUE

see wasted." I said nothing, but tried to look humble and worthy of his benefice.

"My daughter has petitioned for your life. And due to your service to me, I will grant your life and any other boon you ask. My only conditions are that you leave my daughter alone and that you leave Persia, never to return. Ask of me anything else. Gold. Jewels. Any other woman in my kingdom. These you may have."

I had not expected this. I had been prepared for death. I had been prepared to marry the Princess, whom I loved beyond reason. I had not counted on exile.

"No," I blurted. "Kill me now. It would be the most merciful act. For if you exile me from your daughter, I will certainly die slowly and unhappily. There is nothing I want from you, O Great Defender of the Faithful, but to serve you as loyal subject and son."

"By Allah, I must kill you then," he said with matter-of-fact sincerity. As I thought the Sultan was prepared to strike me down in that very instant, I prepared myself for Paradise.

"Praise be to Allah, the Merciful," I prayed. "There is no power nor strength save in Allah, the Almighty."

The Sultan rose mightily to his feet, his great jeweled scimitar half drawn. My vision was compressed to a tight focus on the gleaming blade. Then, as if from nowhere, the Princess suddenly appeared at my side.

"No, Father. Please. Do not kill him," she begged. "How can you take the only man worthy of me? I wish to marry him, Father. I will have no other suitor. Please. You will not regret it!"

Now I have known few fathers who could resist their daughters' wishes for long, and the Sultan was no exception. He blustered and threatened, invoked the Almighty, and brandished his sword. She begged, cajoled, entreated, bargained, reasoned, and she, too, invoked the blessings of the Almighty. I said nothing during the exchange in which my life and future had been tossed back and forth like a child's ball. It was humbling. In the end, the Sultan relented. He agreed to the marriage at last. As he did so, his eyes burned holes through me.

Now, Hamza, I will not say that the next few days were pleasant. I spent much of the time being interrogated by the Sultan and his advisors. They pried every ounce of my history from me and explored my every thought and opinion. Finally, I guess I passed their tests,





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because the wedding was announced for the Spring Equinox.

Everybody in Persia knows of my wedding. It was the grandest affair in the country in years. For the first time, the beautiful daughter of the Sultan, Princess of the realm, was revealed to the people, and they cheered her seemingly for hours. And they cheered me, too. My story had been told and retold, embellished and expanded, until it was a legend unto itself. And so they cheered me, too, the new Prince of Persia.

PRINCE OF PERSIA 2

Prince of Persia: The
Two Thrones
Prince of Persia:
The Sands of Time
Prince of Persia:
The Forgotten Sands



BOOK 2

THE SHADOW AND THE FLAME

Translator's note: Herein is recorded what is widely thought of as the second adventure of the Prince of Persia. Through painstaking research, I have determined certain facts about this story, facts which may help scholars to determine its truth or falsehood. But you, O Reader, may judge for yourself whether this is the true story or just another work of imagination.

"Your escape from the dungeon was truly remarkable, O Prince," Hamza said.

"Allah is great," the Prince responded, "but that story is nothing compared to what happened to me next."

"O Prince, I was a witness at your wedding, and I was present at the court during your first days with the Princess. Everyone was talking about the two of you." Hamza lowered his eyes. "You seemed so happy."

The Prince laughed. "Bismillah," he answered. "We were happy."



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"But then . . ." began Hamza, and the Prince's brow clouded and the world turned dark before his eyes.

"Then evil magic placed a cloud of illusion on us all. Take up your quill, Hamza. I will tell you a story so strange you will most likely doubt its veracity many times before I'm done. But I tell you, Hamza, this is a true account of my adventures."

Hamza took up his writing materials. Soon the sounds of the scratching quill punctuated the deep voice of the Prince as he launched into the strangest tale of all.

* * *

It was the morning of the eleventh day after the wedding. I arose early and went riding by the river. It was a day full of promise. The light breeze was from the south. Small white clouds scuttled across a sea-blue sky. I couldn't have been more blissful if I had been in Paradise, Allah be praised.

When I returned to the palace the Princess was already gone to court, so I bathed and dressed in a red vest and white trousers of fine cotton from Egypt. Over this I wrapped my favorite cape of cotton and silk. My turban was also white, with a gold-mounted red ruby in the center. I strapped on my new scimitar—a gift from the Sultan himself. It was a fine blade, though I had little expectation of using it any time soon. How wrong I was. But swordplay was the furthest thing from my mind just then.

I tell you, Hamza, I had never been so conscious of clothing as when I became a prince—and a husband. My dear wife had offered me some insights into the world of fashion, which I endeavored to put into action.

So I was feeling a bit proud, and, if looks could make a prince, then I was certainly well on my way. I still had much to learn about the handling of governmental affairs. I was, perhaps, a somewhat slow student at times. But the Princess was remarkably well-informed, and in politics, too, she was my advisor.

I could see that it gave her great pleasure to instruct me, and I was a willing student.

As I strode toward the throne room to join in the day's activities, I passed many servants. They all averted their eyes when I walked by. I also passed many of the Sultan's guards. It was not so long ago that I

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had been fighting these same men, or their brothers in arms. But I had since sparred with many of them, and they bore me no malice. They often smiled when I passed. All was right with the world, I tell you, Hamza. And then, as I approached the doors to the throne room, the darkness descended upon me.

It was only a momentary chill, a dimming of the light, and a feeling like ice ran through my veins. Then it was past. I shook myself free of the sense of foreboding that remained and approached the doorway to the throne room. At the time, I did not realize anything was wrong, though in retrospect I should have taken heed.

How so? asked Hamza.

Well, though I paid it no mind then, I did notice that some passing servants were not avoiding my gaze as was their custom. And, when I entered the throne room, people stared at me strangely. Ever since I had become Prince I had been attracting a lot of stares, but these looks were not the kind I had been receiving. Not in some time, anyway. But I was full of myself, Hamza, and paid these clues no mind.

I strode up the central walkway, conscious of the unpleasant stares. I made to greet the Princess, my wife, and her father, the Sultan. But, before I could open my mouth to speak, I saw a sight that, to my dying day, will count as one of the strangest of my life. From behind the curtains and tapestries of the royal dais came a young man. I stared for several heartbeats at this handsome personage, but nothing would register in my brain.

I was seeing myself, Hamza. It was my image in all things . . . except when it spoke. Its voice was cold, harsh, and without any compassion.

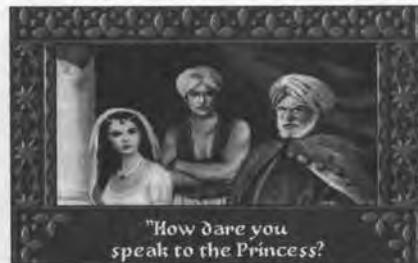
"Seize him," this *doppelganger* shouted, and, almost, the voice seemed familiar.

I was shocked. I stood rooted, my eyes automatically seeking those of the Princess.

"But he's just a poor mad



...he feels the
eyes of the court upon him.



"How dare you
speak to the Princess?"



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"beggar," I heard her say. I quickly looked myself over. Gone was my fine new outfit. I felt my head. Gone was the great ruby I wore in my turban.

Now, I haven't survived this long by suffering from indecision. Hamza, and I wasted no time making my mind up then. I ran. I knew the guards were coming behind me, so I did the only thing I could. I turned and ran through the crowd of ministers and wives who had gathered for the day's business. Shoving my way through them, I reached a great arched window. Holding my arms before me, I crashed through it and fell to the rampart below. As luck would have it, a guard was already stationed on that rampart, and he immediately began to close the distance between us, his sword drawn. I had no more time to consider my situation. I would be dead in seconds if I didn't act.



LEVEL 1

1. As I landed, a guard came running, sword in hand. He was yelling, "Hey, Thief!" and was almost upon me before I could draw my sword. Instinctively, I whirled about, drawing my sword as I did, and he ran



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headlong onto the sharp point of my weapon. He fell from the parapet with a scream.

Behind the first guard came a second. He, too, ran foolishly toward me. He gave me no chance to prove my innocence, and I was forced to defend myself a second time.

I ran west, then, the only direction I could go. I was high atop the palace wall, and wished only to escape to the relative safety of the docks, where I knew my way around and might find a place to hide and think things through.

2. As I ran, two more guards attacked me, but they were weak swordsmen, stubborn and brave, but overmatched.

3. I came to the corner of the wall and leapt across to another building. I kept running, the sounds of yelling and other running feet echoing behind me.



4. I ran across the rooftops and jumped another gap onto another building. There I turned to meet my pursuers. Two of them leapt the gap, intent on destroying me, but I caught them before they could land, sending them screaming to their deaths. A third guard stopped and stared at me from the other



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rooftop. When I saw that he made no attempt to follow, I turned and carefully ran onward.

5. Another guard had somehow gotten ahead of me and stood ready to attack. I defeated him quickly, but as I prepared to run, one



more guard appeared on an upper landing and jumped athletically over my head. I quickly put my sword away and ran in the direction he had come from, climbing to the higher landing before he could gather himself and attack me. I left him behind and ran onward.

6. I jumped to a lower roof and could see the marketplace below.



7. I came to the end of the roof and carefully climbed down, dropping onto the narrow, first-floor patio of a tapestry shop.



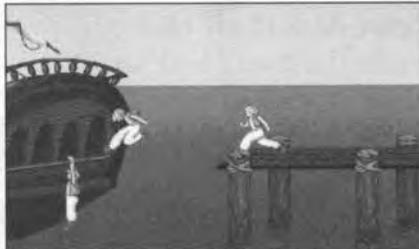
8. To the west was a pier. To the east were the shops and warrenlike streets of the soko, the marketplace. However, all thoughts of

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hiding in the marketplace were dashed when I heard another shout and more guards appeared. I ran west. In the distance, I could see a ship just pulling away from the pier.

The guards continued to pursue me, but I was fleeter than they were.

11. I came to the end of the pier. The ship was already too far away! I would never make it. But with a veritable army of the Sultan's guards waving their swords at me, I was inspired to make a great leap, just catching onto a ledge at the stern of the departing ship as she pulled away.





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LEVEL 2



So in a matter of minutes, I had come back to my origins. I was once again the thief I had been. I was once again a stowaway, a fugitive. I found a place in the hold, among carpets and bags of grain, and tried to comprehend what had happened.

You must realize, Hamza, that I did not know anything then. I later learned of the Old Witch, the evil sorceress who had become Jaffar's mentor. Like everyone else, I thought Jaffar had died in the tower. Little did I know.

Jaffar did not die when I battled him in the tower, Hamza, but through some sorcery, he was able to survive when he appeared dead. He had acquired the power to cast an illusion that changed appearances, making him appear to be me and me . . . to appear as I did. All this I learned later. But as I lay alone and lost in the hold of an unknown merchant ship, I knew only that evil had struck me down in my happiest moment.

I fell into a fitful sleep. Voices roiled in my head in a feverish blend as I relived the day in dreams and saw, in no less horror than before, the blank expression on the face of my beloved Princess, my wife, as she stared at me and yet did not see me.

There was a moment of clarity in my dream, and a strange peace descended upon me. A unfamiliar woman, by appearances a queen in a magnificent palace, stood before me, calling me. "Come to me," she said. Then the lightning hit and the



THE SHADOW AND THE FLAME



ship began to toss in a too sudden, unnatural storm. I heard a sound I had never thought to hear again—the sound of Jaffar's laughter. I heard it, Hamza, recognized it, and in an instant at least one of my questions was answered.

After that, I was swimming for my life, clinging to a broken piece of what had once been the ship, a ship whose name I never even knew.

1. I awakened on a deserted beach. Pieces of the broken merchant's ship had washed up around me. I saw no other survivors or anything of use. Fortunately, I still had my sword. I had no idea where I was, but a quick exploration of





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the beach revealed nothing to the east. I headed west, toward a high cliff at the other end.

2. Strange carvings appeared on the cliff face before me, and the sand between me and the cliff looked different somehow. As I stood there wondering if it was safe to walk upon this wet and somehow unsolid-looking sand, six strange stones rose from beneath the surface. All were blank except for one, which had a design matching the one on the cliff face.



Now, I've learned to recognize magic when I see it, and there was something definitely magical at work here. Unsure of what to do, I cautiously walked upon the blank stones, but avoided the one with the design. As I stepped off each stone, it sank with a sucking sound back into the odd sand from which it had emerged.

Finally, I stood before the cliff. Only one stone remained—the one with the design. Then it, too, sank into the depths.

Shortly thereafter I heard a great scraping sound, and a giant boulder slid away from me, revealing a cavern

entrance. I could see little inside, but had the impression of a light coming from within. Cautiously, I left the world of sun and water to explore unknown depths within an unknown mountain.



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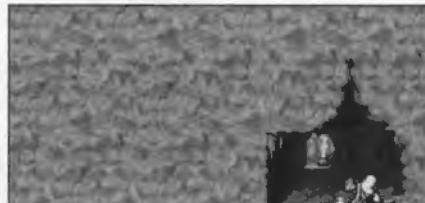
LEVEL 3

- As I entered the cavern, a door shut behind me, and I could see no way to open it again. Why was this so familiar? The cavern was cut from sandstone and some kind of reddish clay, and was lit by oil lamps set in small niches. The air was warm and humid. The doorway was solid and framed in metal. Adorning the upper corners of the door were sinister skulls of some creature much larger than a human. I had a distinctly unpleasant tingling in the back of my head as if something were watching me.

Which way to go? I could go east or west. A small alcove above and to the east seemed to lead nowhere, and my instinct for such things led me to explore it more carefully.

I climbed upon the ledge and jumped to test its integrity. A loose floor tile moved, but so did something above, in the ceiling. I jumped three times, and two loose floor tiles crashed simultaneously.

- In the ceiling was a secret hole in which burned a small oil lamp. A familiar potion was there as well—a red healing potion. I drank it, though I felt no immediate need for it.



- I decided to continue east, down a series of short ledges.
- To the west, I saw the skeleton of some unfortunate visitor and decided to avoid that route. I found a stable path leading still to the east, and continued in that direction.
- I accidentally stepped on a hidden pressure plate in the dirt floor of the cavern. A nasty, sharp dart hit me in the neck and I felt a searing pain where it had buried itself in me. I looked carefully and spotted the

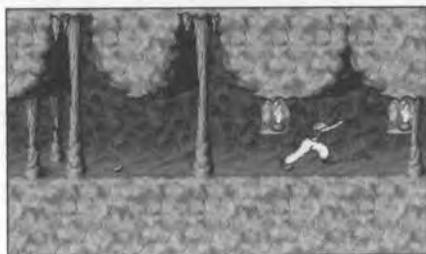




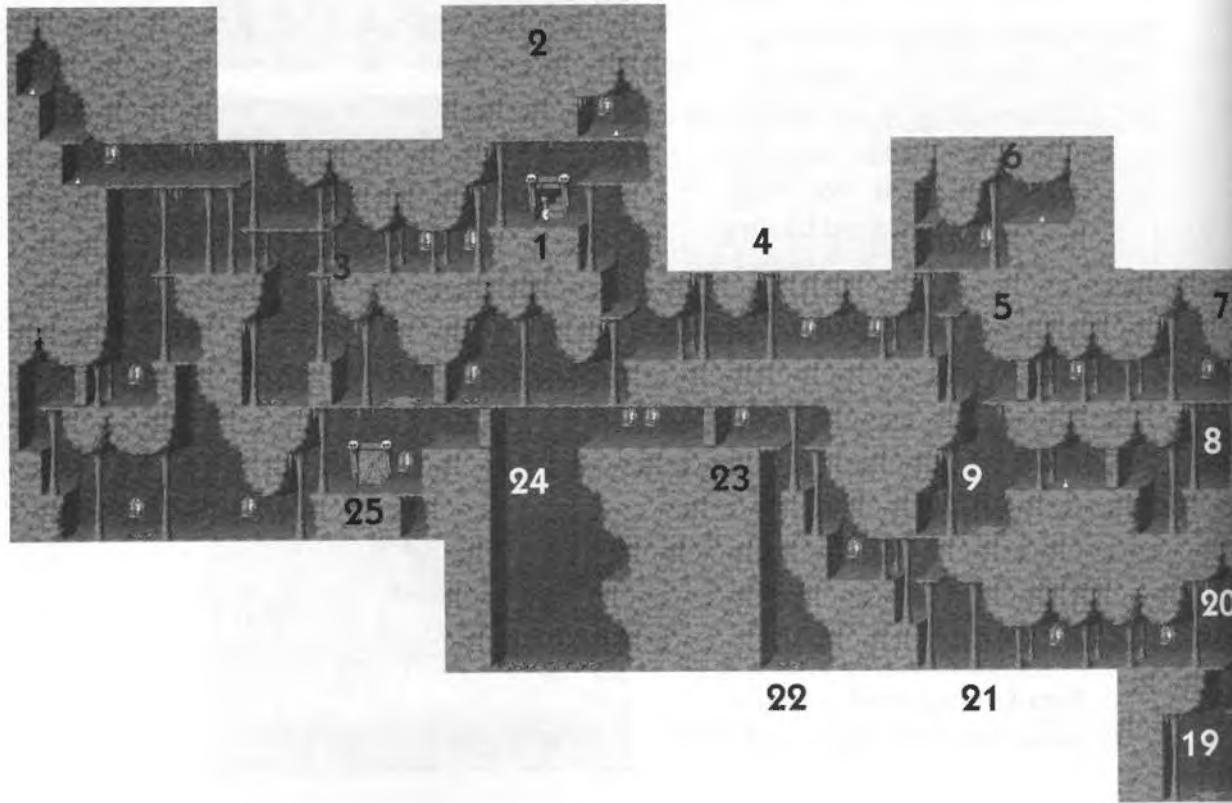
PRINCE OF PERSIA 2

little dart shooter and the pressure plate behind me. Looking just ahead, I noticed a similar pair of devices.

Of course, it had been too much to hope this would be a simple cavern. Whoever had created this underground labyrinth had wanted to make life difficult, and short, for whomever found themselves here. Carefully, I jumped over these new traps and continued to the east.



5. Still heading east, I stepped on a pressure plate, not seeing any dart shooters around, and saw a stone gate rise into the ceiling ahead of me. But before I investigated the gate, I decided to examine the ledge just above me.



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I climbed onto the ledge and jumped up to hit the ceiling. Once again, the floor gave way. I just had time to climb back down from the ledge before half the ceiling fell where I had just stood! I climbed into the gap.

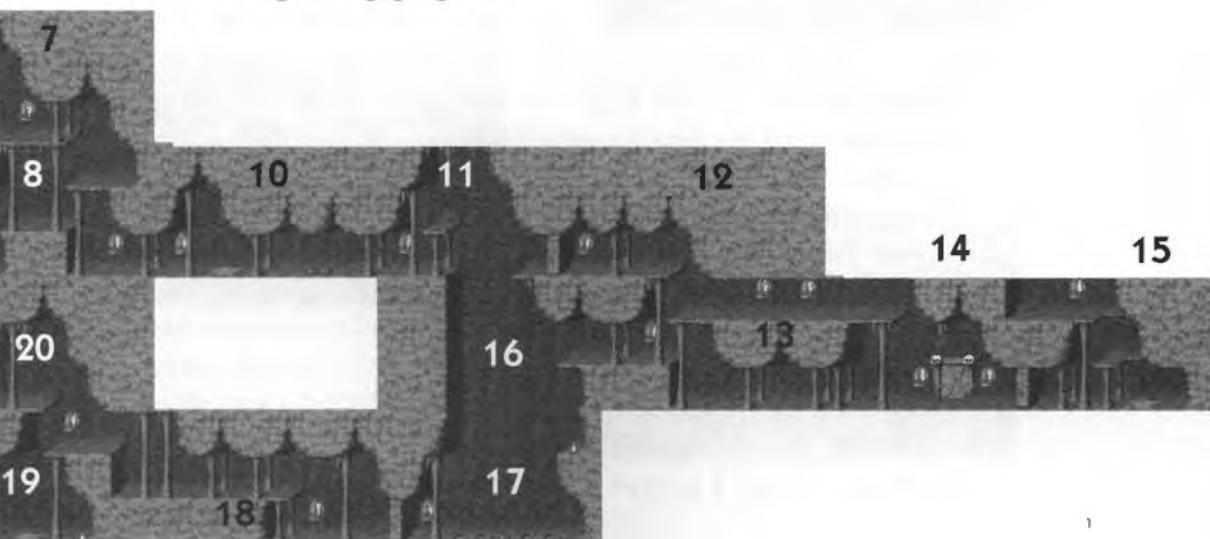


6. I found another secret room. To the east was a potion, but when I went to get it, a dart flew over my head. The shooter was in the eastern corner of the room. If I should try to climb up to get the potion, the shooter would get me.

I saw that a loose ledge hung over the dart shooter and I devised a plan to disarm it. I jumped across the gap I had climbed through and stood facing away from it. Then I jumped to dislodge the loose ledge, climbed quickly back through the gap, then up again.



When the ledge fell, it crushed the dart shooter and opened the way to the potion, which was of the healing variety. Drinking it made the sting in my neck go away, and I felt better. I climbed back through the gap again.





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5. I jumped another narrow chasm to reach the gate I had seen previously. It had closed while I was getting the potion, but I landed on another pressure plate that opened it again. I continued to the east.
7. I stepped on a pressure plate and heard the gate behind me crash to a close. I didn't want to go back anyway, so I paid it no mind. The path ended and I had to drop down a short distance into another area of the cavern.
8. Great columns of sandstone held up the landings. They looked anything but solid to me, but for the most part they bore my weight. The air had grown stuffier and hotter as I descended into the cavern. Faintly sulfurous fumes irritated my throat as I breathed.

I jumped from the third landing to the second, then carefully across to the west, where I had spotted a pressure plate and what looked like another stone gate. As I had suspected, the gate opened when I landed on the plate. Below the plate I spied some round holes in the wall, and guessed (correctly, I later discovered) that something nasty would emerge from the holes if I were to drop next to the wall. Instead, I headed west, through the gate.



9. As I stepped through the gate, it closed behind me. But I had discovered one of those special potions I call Life Enhancement Potions. These very magical potions have a remarkable effect on me, and I drank this one down gladly, despite its rather unpleasant taste.



There was nothing else of interest in this area, other than a completely uninviting pool of bubbling lava which I determined to avoid at all costs. I spotted a pressure plate near the edge of the

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path, and when I stepped on it, the door opened again.

Apparently these plates operated as switches. Step on one the first time; it opened the gate. Step on it again; it closed.



8. There being no other direction to try, I headed to the east.

10. Another pool of lava blocked my path, and beyond it a pile of bones that looked vaguely human. I thought I heard some noise coming from it.

I walked carefully to the edge of the lava pool and jumped across. Yes. The bones did rattle. Then, without any more warning, the skeleton rose from the hard-packed floor and brandished a very convincingly deadly sword.



Now, I had fought skeletons before, and so was not more than a little disconcerted by this development. I swiftly drew my own weapon and, in three quick strokes, reduced the monster once again to the state I had found it in originally—a pile of bones. I hastened from the room, however, not completely convinced that the creature was truly dead or defeated.



11. As I entered another area of the cavern, I heard the rattle of bones behind me. The fiend had only been playing dead (and it was a very good act, I must say). I whirled around and took care of the creature again. This time, I climbed quickly





onto a small ledge, inadvertently activating a pressure plate. I saw a gate slide open across a wide cavern.

I jumped from the ledge to the gate, and continued to the east.



12. Another pressure plate closed the gate behind me as I dropped to a lower ledge.

Translator's Note: Here we come to one of numerous discrepancies among the many surviving accounts of the Prince's second adventure. As usual, when I have found merit in more than one account, I have included them to let you, the reader, make your own choice as to which is the more convincing.

Version 1: The Short Route

13. I dropped into another area and immediately headed east. As I ran, loose floor sections dropped behind me.



14. I came to the edge of the path I was on and saw an exit door just below. A falling floor section had apparently dropped on a pressure plate, and I saw a gate opening to the east.

I carefully lowered myself to the level of the door and ran through the open gate.



15. The path dead-ended at a pool of lava, but I climbed up two landings and backtracked to the west again.

14. I found a pressure plate, stepped upon it, and heard the





sound of stone grinding on stone. Feeling sure that this meant the exit had opened, I retraced my steps.

Translator's note: In some versions of the Prince's story, he does not run along the upper path when entering the exit room. Entering from the bottom, he does not break the floor section that opens the gate, but simply opens it by walking on the pressure plate. However, when he reaches the alcove where the exit pressure plate is located, the gate has closed again. In these alternate accounts, the Prince is able to dislodge the distant floor section and cause it to fall, reopening the gate below. Whether this is a credible account or not, it is found in several early translations.



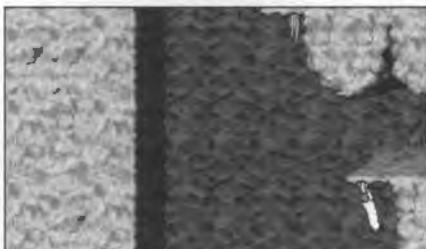
15. I cautiously climbed down the landings, being careful not to slip and fall into the lava pool, then headed west.
14. I found the exit door open and inspected it. A stairway cut from the native rock led upward.



Version 2: The Long Route

13. When I dropped into another area, I noticed that there were several routes I could take. I decided to explore the path leading to the west.
16. I came to a sheer ledge hanging over a huge, open cavern. I peered down into the chasm below and saw a potion bottle some distance below. It had the distinctive shape of a Life Enhancement Potion, and I decided to





investigate. Hanging carefully over the edge, I swung my body toward the eastern wall and dropped.

17. I landed on the narrow ledge and drank the potion quickly. Refreshed, I dropped down (there being no other way to go) and landed near a pressure plate.

A skeleton suddenly came to life. I had noticed it before, but hoped it would not be one of those undead types. I was not to get my wish, however.

The skeleton closed upon me quickly, and I drew my sword just in time to fend off its attack. It was more skilled than the last of its kind I had met, and I had to fight hard. I found that I could strike it just as it began its thrust toward me.

When I had defeated the skeleton, I quickly stepped on the pressure plate in the corner of the cavern, then ran quickly through the gate. It closed behind me.

Note: If you wish, you can trade places with the skeleton quickly, force it onto the pressure plate, then put the sword away and run through the open gate. Keep running and you'll step on a plate to close the gate and trap the skeleton on the other side!



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18. As I ran forward, I came to a ledge. Telltale holes in the wall ahead alerted me to their hidden danger, and I climbed carefully to the next landing. Then I jumped over a pressure plate to avoid a dart shooter and continued to the west.

19. I climbed another ledge and could see what looked to be a healing potion below me. I saw no way to get back up if I were to drop down into the pit, so turned my attention upward.

I spotted a ledge leading upward and climbed.



20. I was on a firm pathway leading west. I continued in that direction, there being little choice.

21. I avoided another dart shooter, then climbed a pair of landings, continuing to the west.



22. The path came to an end, but I saw a gap above me and climbed into it.

23. As I climbed toward the top landing, I could see faint cracks around a part of the floor above me. I climbed onto the eastern ledge first. If I had tried to climb onto the western ledge, I would have fallen, I'm sure. Finally, I jumped across and landed on a pressure plate, which opened the gate leading west. However, my ears were attuned to certain sounds, and I could hear the sound of another gate opening even further west.

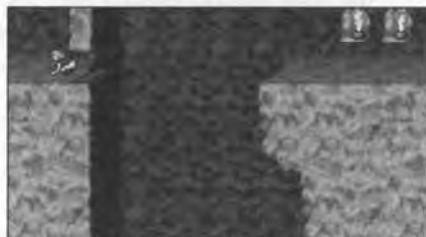




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Knowing something of the diabolical traps people were prone to devise, I ducked and hopped quickly under the gate as it rose, then ran as fast as I could. The gate crashed shut behind me.

- 24.** Almost too late, I noticed the wide chasm that loomed ahead. I could see a gate on the other side and jumped without thinking, catching the opposite ledge with my fingertips. I pulled myself up quickly. The gate was already closing! Carved from solid stone, it looked to weigh several tons; it would have crushed me. I hopped out from under the gate just in time. Taking a deep breath, I continued to the west.



Translator's note: In some versions, the Prince stops short at the edge of the chasm and retraces his steps. He opens the first gate again, then steps on the first pressure plate to reopen the far gate. Forewarned, he is able to make the jump across the chasm and pull himself under the gate before it closes.

- 25.** The exit! As I dropped to the lower level, a floor collapsed beneath me, apparently triggering a pressure plate. I was hurt a little, and I realized I should have been more careful, but I barely noticed the pain. The doorway slid open with a stone-on-stone grating, revealing a stairway leading up.



THE SHADOW AND THE FLAME

LEVEL 4

"I imagine it was about this time that the Princess took ill," said Hamza.

"We all thought you had been possessed. With the Sultan gone, your cruelty and heartless rule were even worse than we remembered from the days of Jaffar. Our love for you quickly turned to hate, our respect into fear. Of course we did not realize it wasn't you at all."



"Perhaps it is fortunate I knew nothing of what was happening. I would have worried all the more," answered the Prince.

"Yes, with the Sultan away, all the people were victimized by Jaffar's evil. Have I told you how good it is to have you back?"

"Yes, Hamza, you have. But I don't mind you telling me again."

Hamza cleared his throat and looked down at his stack of papers.

"Yes, well. . . Perhaps we should continue with your story."

"By all means," answered the Prince.

1. The stairway led me to another doorway and into a large open area lit by three oil lamps. Not surprisingly, the door closed behind me when I reached the top of the stairs and entered this new area. I could see several ways to go, but decided simply to head to the east.A black and white photograph showing a person standing in a large, open, dimly lit room. There are three oil lamps hanging from the ceiling, casting a warm glow. The room appears to be made of stone or brick. The person is wearing traditional clothing.
2. I reached a wide gap, and stepped on a pressure plate that opened a gate to the east, but when I jumped across, I found only a dead end past the gate. The only other way to go was down. I lowered myself over the edge just west of the gate and dropped, swinging in toward the eastern wall.A black and white photograph showing a person jumping across a gap in a stone wall. The person is in mid-air, with their body angled downwards. The wall is made of rough-hewn stones. The background is dark and out of focus.



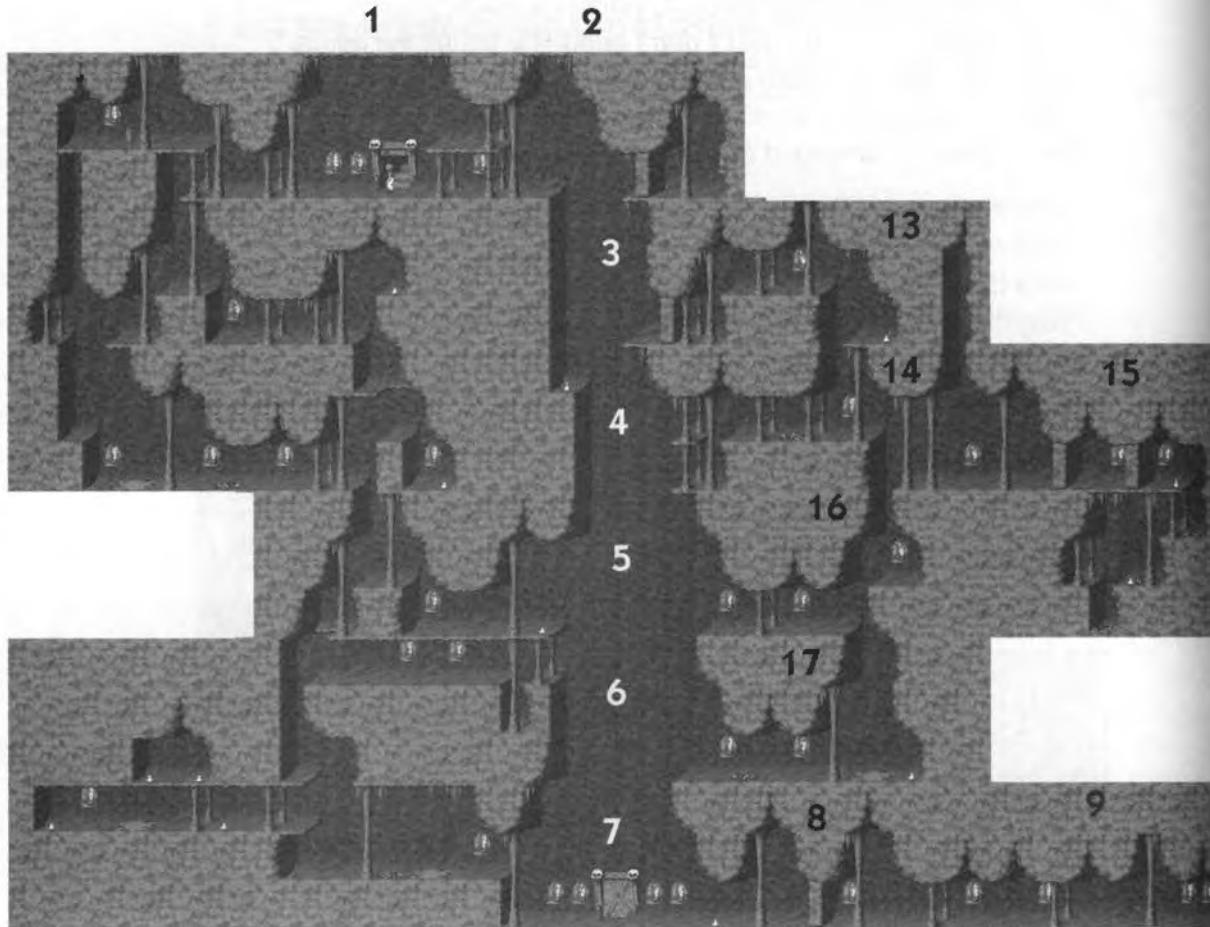


PRINCE OF PERSIA 2

Translator's note: As often happens, this part of the Prince's story has also been told several ways. Make your own judgment which version tells your preferred tale.

Version 1: The Short Route

3. I landed painfully (it was a long fall) on a ledge with a pressure plate and a gate opened, inviting me east. However, I looked first to the west and spotted a potion on a ledge below me and against the



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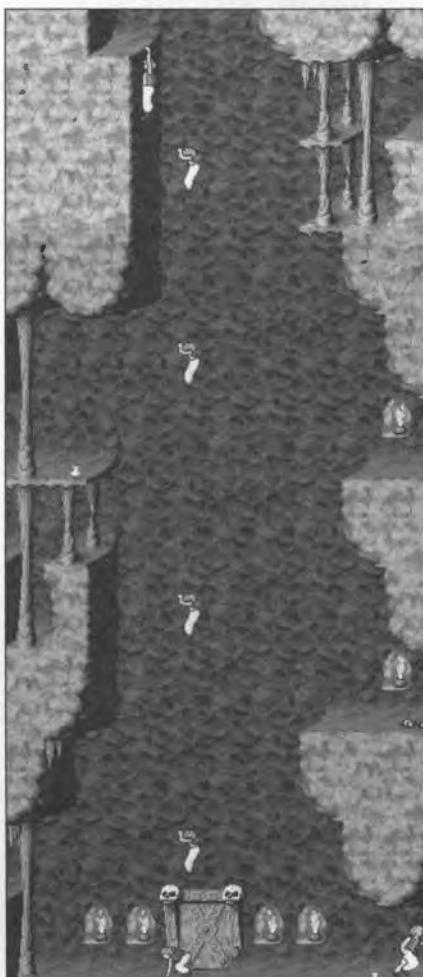
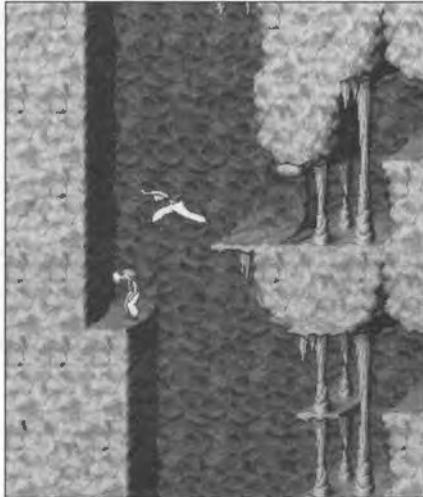
western wall. I jumped from the edge of my current ledge.

4. I landed on another narrow ledge and investigated the potion I had seen there. I recognized it as a weightless potion of the kind I had drunk once during my escape from the dungeons. I seemed to be standing within a huge vertical cavern, and decided that the best way down might be to use this potion.

I drank the potion and felt the strange lightness take me over, then lowered myself carefully over the edge and, with a prayer to Allah on my lips, dropped like a feather into the seemingly bottomless blackness.

5. I dropped . . .
6. . . and dropped . . .
7. . . and dropped until I finally landed next to what I hoped would be the exit door. I could find no way to open the door, however I found a potion refreshed my health.

I decided to hunt for a plate to open the exit. I began my search to the east.

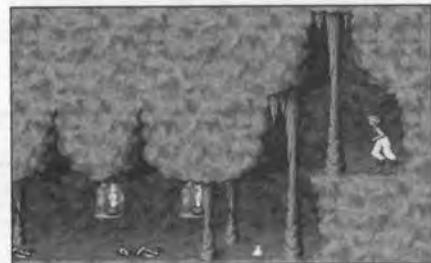




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8. I ran quickly to the east, through a stone gate that opened when I stepped on the pressure plate next to it.
9. I passed another pressure plate, but did not hear anything in the distance to indicate that an exit had opened.
10. I ran past some old bones that rattled as I ran.
11. More old bones. Was this some sort of trap?
12. More bones, a healing potion (which I ignored), and a pressure plate on a high ledge. I stepped on the plate and heard the distant grinding sound of a door opening. I began to run back the way I had come.



Something had really awakened the skeletons! As I ran past them, they jerked up from the ground and began a silent pursuit, only their rattling joints and the eerie clicking of their bony feet on the stony ground disturbing the silence of the cavern. It quickly became a race.

11. I ran . . .
10. . . . and ran, leaping to gain some distance from my pursuers.
9. I stepped on the pressure plate again, but did not hesitate.



8. The gate! I was just about there, the clattering horde on my heels. As fast as I could, I ran through the gate, stepping on the pressure plate just beyond it. The gate snapped shut,



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stranding the stupid skeletons on the other side. I was safe. Well, more or less. For the moment.

7. The exit was open, as I had suspected it would be. I climbed yet another set of stairs. The skeletons had made me nervous. I hoped these stairs would lead me out of the caverns.



JM ©1993

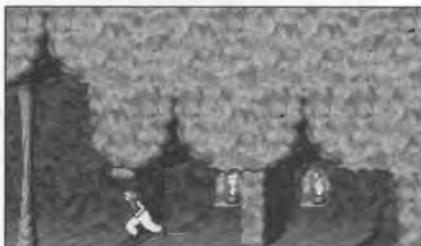
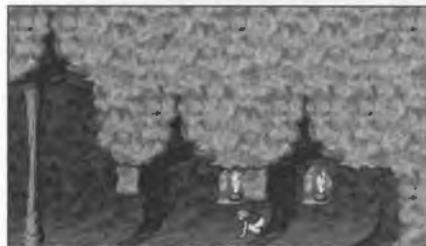
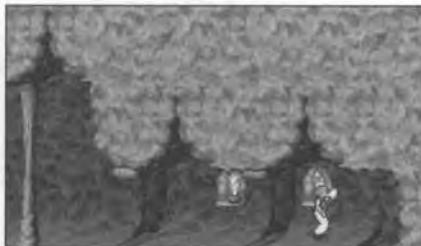
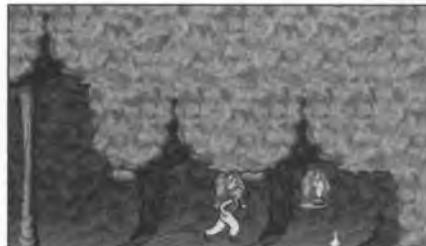
Version 2: The Long Route

3. I landed painfully (it was a long fall) on a ledge with a pressure plate and a gate opened, inviting me east. I ran in that direction.
13. I jumped carefully across a narrow chasm, where I found a healing potion. I drank it; then, finding no other way to proceed, walked carefully to the edge and lowered myself over the side. A pattern of holes in the wall to the west alerted me to be careful of spikes, but I moved very slowly and no spikes appeared.
14. I dropped into another small area with more oil lamps. I spotted a skeleton to the west. I decided to head east. I jumped another narrow chasm and continued.
15. I found myself standing before a stone gate. A pressure plate before it caused it to open, and I noticed there was another gate just past it, and another pressure plate. Now I'll tell you, Hamza, when I saw a Life Enhancement Potion on the other side of the second gate, I was determined to get it. But I had a funny feeling about the two gates.

After some experimentation, I discovered that standing on the pressure plates when both gates were closed would open them both, but activating any plate when a gate was open would close it. Furthermore, the



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second gate seemed only to stay open a short time, and I saw no pressure plate beyond it to open it if I should be trapped there.

Finally, I decided to risk going after the potion. I maneuvered the gates until they were both closed. Then I stepped onto the first pressure plate and ducked. As soon as the first door was halfway up, I hopped under it and then ran about four quick steps, grabbed the potion and drank it down. As I was drinking, I was planning my next move and was in the process of turning around as I finished the draught. I then crouched down immediately and slid quickly under the gate, which almost crushed me.

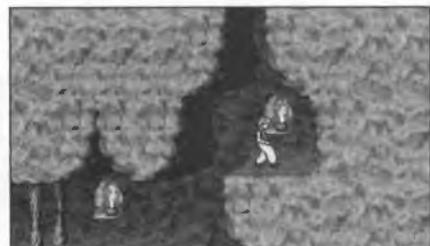
My timing had to be perfect, and it was. Once I got past the second gate, I used the pressure plate to open the first one again. By the way, I went back and took a very quick look down below the area past the second gate, and saw nothing but a purple poison potion. I retraced my steps to the west.

14. There was only one way I could go from here, and that was down. I walked carefully to the edge of the gap in the floor, wary of the spike holes in the wall to the west, then lowered myself down and dropped.

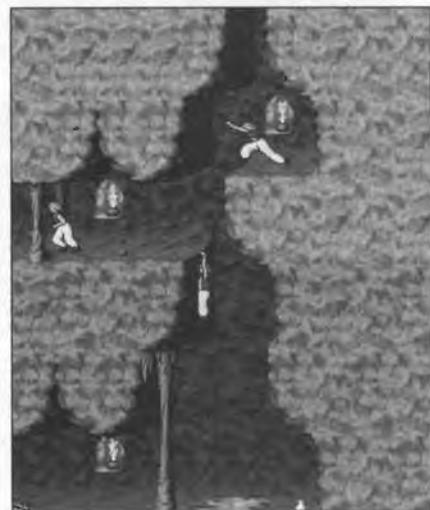


PRINCE OF PERSIA 2

16. The path led farther west, but I would have to drop to a lower landing to follow it. I saw a dart shooter and pressure plate below and knew that this would not be the routine jump it appeared to be. I took one careful step east, away from the spot where I had landed, then jumped so I would not hit my head on the low ceiling. I caught the edge of the pressure plate, activating the dart shooter, which fired harmlessly above me.



17. I had a sickening view of a lava pit directly below me, a healing potion to the east of it . . .



16. . . . then I hauled myself up and ran to the west.

5. I could see a potion across a very wide gap, but the jump seemed too far even for me. So I lowered myself over the ledge and dropped. I could see no other way to go.

6. I landed painfully on a wide ledge next to a pile of bones and I eyed it suspiciously when it began to rattle. Off to the east, I thought I could see a potion, but another glance at the skeleton revealed that it was indeed starting to come to life.



Quickly, I lowered myself over the edge again and dropped.

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7. Again, I landed painfully, my ankles and wrists twisted and sore from absorbing the impact of two such landings. But I spotted a healing potion nearby and drank it down greedily.

There was a door that might have been the exit I sought, but no way to open it. I headed east in search of a way out.



8. I ran quickly to the east, through a stone gate that opened when I stepped on the pressure plate next to it.

9. I passed another pressure plate, but did not hear anything in the distance to indicate that the exit had opened.

10. I ran past some old bones that rattled as I ran.

11. More old bones. Another trap?



12. More bones, a healing potion (which I skipped) and a pressure plate on a high ledge. I stepped on the plate and heard the distant grinding sound of a door opening. I began to run back the way I had come.

Something had really awakened the skeletons! As I ran past them, they jerked up from the ground and began a silent pursuit. It quickly became a race.



11. I ran.

10. . . and ran, leaping to gain some distance from my pursuers.

9. I stepped on the pressure plate again, but did not hesitate.





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8. The gate! I was just about there, the clattering horde on my heels. As fast as I could, I ran through the gate, stepping on the pressure plate just beyond it. The gate snapped shut, stranding the stupid skeletons on the other side. I was safe. Well, more or less. For the moment.
7. The exit was open as I had suspected it would be. I climbed yet another set of stairs. The skeletons had made me nervous. I hoped these stairs would lead me out of the caverns.



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LEVEL 5

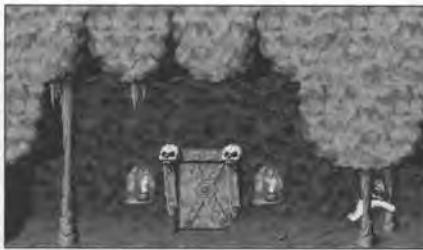
In a vision, I saw a familiar tree. I recognized it from the garden where I had first met the Princess. A leaf fell from a branch, and another, then a voice spoke in my head, the same voice I had heard in my dreams on the ship, just before the storm hit. The voice said, "Prince, your bride is dying. When the last leaf falls, all will be lost. Waste no more time. Come to me."



I had known all along that great evil was at work back at the palace, but I had been busy staying alive and finding my way through this cavern. Now, I realized the immediate danger to my bride. I had to hurry. Once again, I had to save my Princess.

But who was this mysterious woman who called to me in my mind? Was she an agent of good or evil? Perhaps she was in league with Jaffar. On the other hand, if she were opposed to Jaffar, perhaps she would be able to help. First, I must find her.
"Where are you?" I asked, but received no response.

1. I came to the top of the stairway and was disappointed to find I was still in the cavern. Would I never get out of this diabolical maze? As usual, the door shut behind me, and I surveyed my situation.



There seemed nowhere to go but to the east, so I started in that direction. I jumped over a dart shooter and ran under a low ceiling.

2. I came almost immediately to a thick earthen wall which blocked my path. I climbed onto the wall and jumped from it to the ground again. I had noticed a pile of bones on the ground, and it apparently noticed me as well.

The skeleton attacked quickly. I just had time to see that the earthen wall behind me was peppered with spike holes. The





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skeleton could defeat me simply by driving me backward! On the other hand, a pit of molten lava smoldered and bubbled behind the skeleton. So it was to be a contest of who could drive the other back.

Of course I won, Hamza, or I wouldn't be standing here now. The skeleton took one too many steps backward, slipped, and fell sizzling into the lava. The lava spattered and spit a moment, then a small cloud of smoke rose from the pit which then settled back into its usual boiling.

I carefully jumped over the lava pit and continued to the east.

3. I came upon a strange place that I immediately recognized as a



5

1

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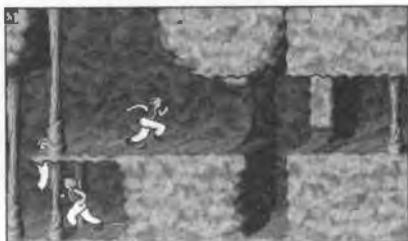
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4



trap room. There were two stone gates, the nearer of them standing open and the other closed. I saw a pressure plate in a dark alcove and another on the second landing, where the gates were.

I decided to test the lower plate first, and heard the sound of a gate opening as soon as I stepped on it. As quickly as I could, I climbed up to the second landing and started running. There was a dart shooter near the first gate, so I jumped before I reached the pressure plate there. I cleared the two gates and the gap between them (noticing the deadly spike

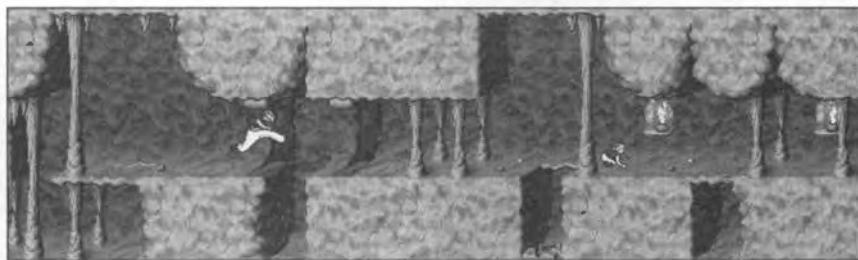


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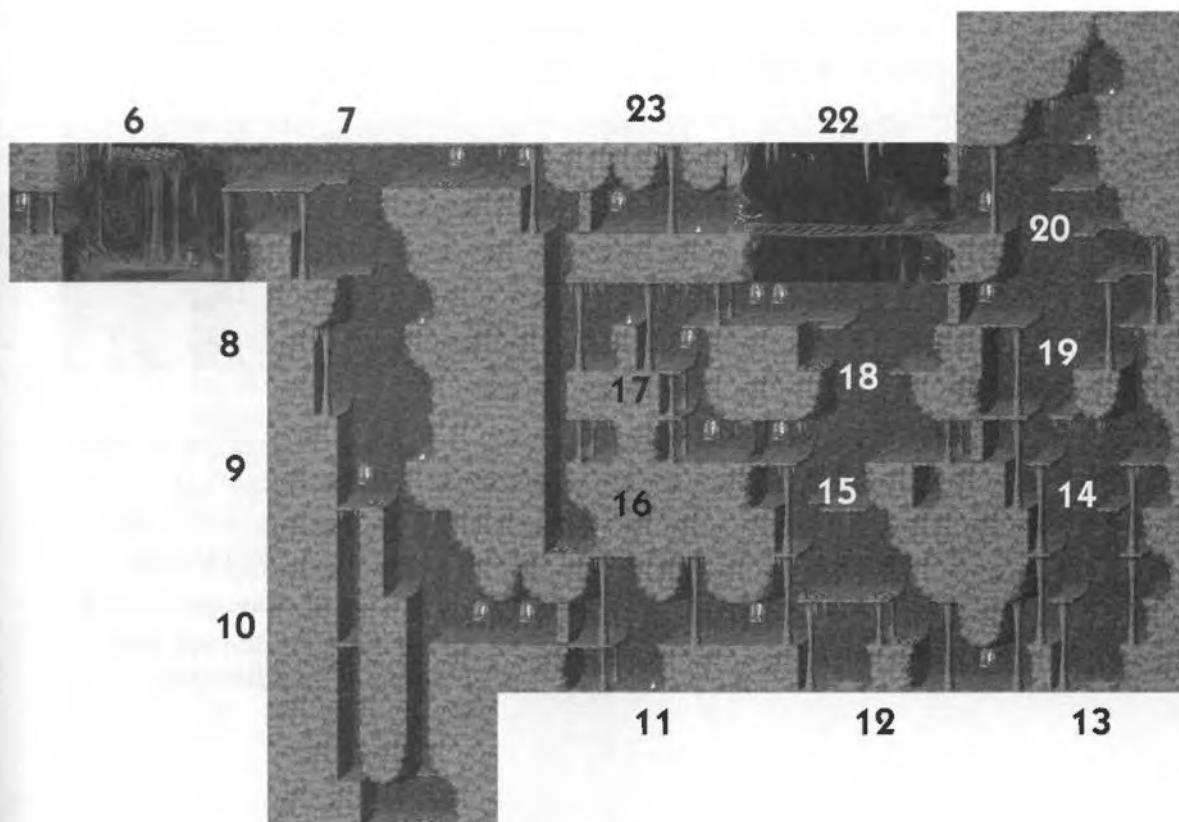
holes in the pit below me). I landed on a pressure plate just beyond the two gates, which crashed closed behind me. But I was safely through. I ran to the east.

- As I ran east, I noticed two dart shooters in a row, but no pressure plates near them. As I ran past the first of them, the floor gave way



beneath my feet. Instinctively I ducked, figuring (correctly, I might add) that the falling floor might trigger the dart.

21

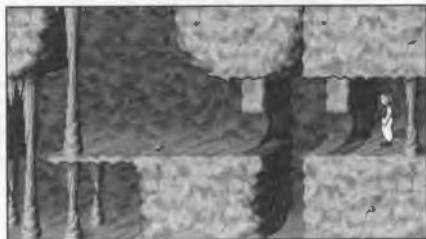


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After the dart had shot harmlessly over my head, I walked cautiously forward, past the second dart shooter. As I ran over another loose floor, I ducked again, and again the dart flew over my head. I heard a distant sound, barely within hearing, of a gate opening. Curious, I decided to investigate. I turned around and headed back to the west, jumping over the two new pits in the broken floor.

3. I stepped on the pressure plate and both gates opened. I edged a step closer so I would clear the deadly spike pit, but not so close that I would land on the pressure plate across the gap and set off the dart shooter there. I jumped the gap, then the dart shooter plate, and continued to the east as the stone gate closed behind me.
2. I nearly made the mistake of my life, then, Hamza. In my hurry to investigate, I almost ran directly into the lava pit where the skeleton had fallen. I stopped just in time and jumped over the steaming pool.



Cautiously, I walked up to the thick wall. When I came close, the spikes sprang from the wall. But I had moved very carefully, and they did not hit me. I was able to climb the wall, the half-meter tall spikes surrounding me, and continue back to the entrance door.

1. It looked as if my curiosity might be rewarded. A stone gate to the west had opened. I know I had not seen it before. Jumping over the dart shooter pressure plate, I continued in that direction.

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5. I could see nothing of interest in this small cavern, but there were several overhangs and landings to explore. I climbed up to the second landing and was about to run across the path, when luck or intuition stopped me. I tested the floor



and found it loose. So instead of running to the west, I jumped over the loose floor. My caution was well-placed. Below the loose floor was a Life Enhancement Potion. Had I walked upon the floor, it would have fallen and destroyed the delicate jar.

Of course I drank the potion happily, then, seeing nothing else to interest me, I ran back to the east and into the door room again.

1. I retraced my steps to the east, jumping once again over the dart shooter plate.
2. The skeleton was gone, so I quickly jumped across the lava pit and ran onward.
3. When I got to the double gates, I realized that my previous strategy for getting through them would not be possible now. The falling floor had destroyed the lower pressure plate. But I had no wish to receive another dart to the neck. One was enough.

After a moment of deliberation, I realized what I had to do. I carefully walked up to the edge of the pressure plate, then ducking down, I hopped onto it. As expected, the dart came flying with a *snick* from the shooter barrel. But it sailed over my head and the gates began to open. I took a careful step forward to be sure I would clear the pit, then jumped across.





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4. I quickly leapt over the two pits in the floor and continued to the east.
6. I found myself in a high-vaulted treasure room. There were several chests, great pottery jugs of wine and other delicacies . . . and a superb carpet laid out on the floor. I could see at a glance that it was a superior weave, with the shine of silk and the pattern of a master weaver.

Above, I could see a great round opening in the ceiling and daylight shining through it. The hole was closed by a metal covering, however, and I could see no way to get up there. After a few moments, I realized that there was



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nothing in this room that would serve me, and continued on to the east—the only path open to me.

7. I came into another strange cavern. I could see an upper path, but no way to reach it. Dropping to the lower landing, I saw only one possible path—down. I walked up to the edge of a great chasm and hung over the side to take a look.

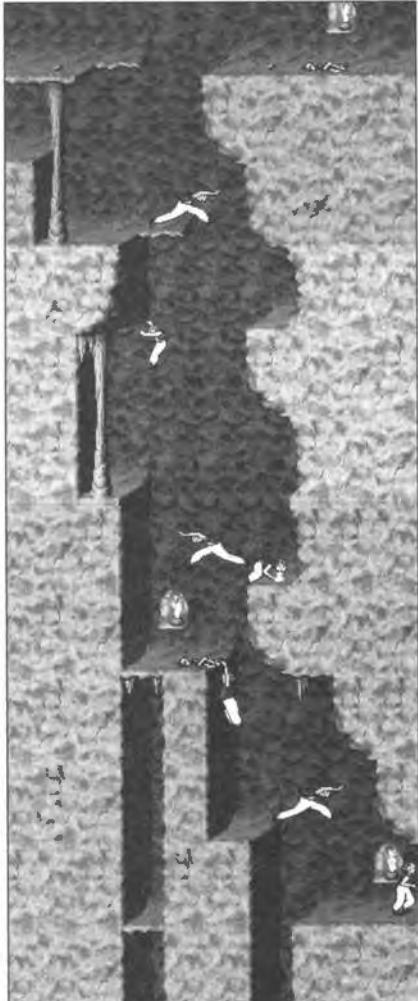
I saw a potion on an eastern ledge, so I pulled myself up and jumped across, hoping it was a healing potion.

8. The potion was, indeed, of the healing variety, and I felt its refreshing balm as I drank it down.

I looked below me and noticed another ledge below and to the west. I decided to see if I could get to it, so I jumped across the chasm, landing painfully.

Again, I lowered myself over the edge and spotted another potion on an eastern wall. I jumped across.

9. I landed on another ledge and drank the potion. Then I jumped cautiously onto a ledge to the west. There was a skeleton on it, and I sure didn't feel like fighting on so narrow a platform. However, the skeleton stayed dead and I finally lowered myself off the edge of the small outcropping and dropped safely to another, even narrower one below.
10. I jumped across the chasm, which had grown narrower down here, and continued to the east, now on more solid footing.

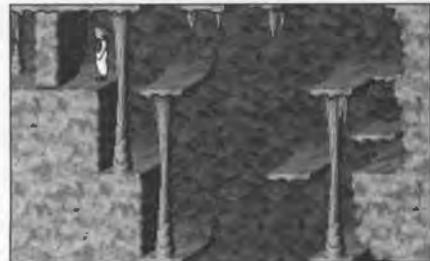
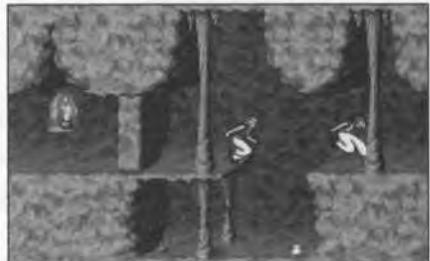




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11. Stepping on a pressure plate caused another stone gate to rise, and I passed through it. I saw some dart shooters below my path and a pressure plate across a small gap. I decided to avoid the pressure plate, and putting my back to the stone gate, which had closed, I ran and jumped hard, just clearing the plate across the gap. I ran on to the east.
12. I could see a possible path leading upward, but I chose to stay on the lower path for the moment. I jumped carefully across a gap in the path, just hanging on to the opposite ledge. A lava pit bubbled slowly below and gave off sulfurous fumes. Once past the lava gap I jumped again, landing on the lower path, and ran onward.
13. I was in a high cavern with odd ledges everywhere. I climbed up the western set of ledges to see what I could find.
14. At the top of my climb, I found a stone gate barring a path that led back to the west. I saw no pressure plate other than one across the cavern to the east. Jumping up to push on the ceiling next to the gate revealed no loose places, but I noticed it did jar a very loose section above the pressure plate to the east. I jumped three times, and, when the loose section did fall, the gate opened as I had hoped. I walked carefully to the west.



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15. I found a loose floor section just past the gate, and two pressure plates sat side by side ahead, then a wide gap, and an open gate. This looked like a trap of some kind, but I had no way to test the right way to go. I decided to jump over the loose floor, however, preferring to take my chances with the visible pressure plates and not with whatever was below the loose floor. I heard the sound of a gate opening somewhere when I landed on the second pressure plate, but the gate west of me stayed open. I edged as close to the precipice as I could, then jumped across, caught myself on the ledge, and hauled myself up. I ran through the gate.



16. The path ended quickly after the gate. I avoided a spike trap in the wall, and climbed up into a gap in the ceiling.



17. Climbing several landings, I came to a small promontory. At the top I found another Life Enhancement Potion. I drank it and felt the effects of its strange and invigorating magic.

An upper path led to the east, and, rather than attempt to double back on my former path, I headed that way.



18. I triggered a pressure plate and saw a stone gate open to the east. But my path lay across a wide gap and I realized that caution was called for here. I made my way to the edge of the chasm on the upper path and then jumped across, landing on





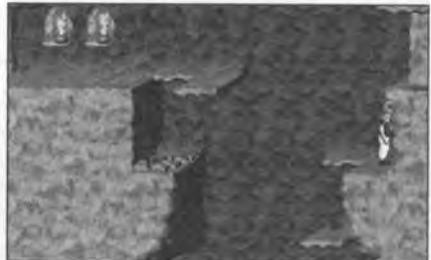
a lower path, but safely on the other side of the deadly gap. However, by the time I had climbed back up, the door was already closing.

I noticed a loose floor section behind me on the ledge, and on a hunch, jumped up and down to send it crashing into the depths. Luck was with me once again, Hamza, and the stone apparently triggered another plate, opening the gate again. I climbed up and continued to the east.

19. I walked to the edge of the path I was on, and behind me more of the loose floor dropped. I jumped across the gap and, landing safely on a lower platform with a pressure plate, I surveyed my options. The plate, by the way, appeared to have no purpose, unless the falling floor section had destroyed whatever it triggered.

I decided to take the upper path, so I climbed several landings.

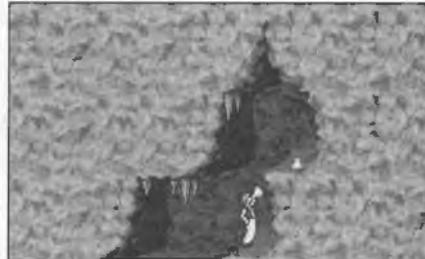
20. I climbed to the middle landing, then started to climb to the next, but the floor was loose and began to drop. I quickly climbed back to the lower landing as it fell, then up again when it was safe. This time, nothing fell as I climbed to the upper landing, then up once again.



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21. In a dark hole up above I found two healing potions. After drinking them, I climbed back down.



20. From the upper landing, I jumped back to the west. There seemed to be no other direction to try.

22. On a rickety wooden bridge stood a fiendish skeleton. When he saw me, he began to cross in my direction. I ran toward him, to prevent him from gaining the advantage. As I ran, I stepped on a pressure plate and heard the sound of a gate opening ahead.

The monster pressured me and kept coming forward, but I would not give ground. We exchanged places, and then I saw what its intentions were. The fiend was going to run to the pressure plate to the east and close the gate I had opened.

I quickly slashed at it as it began to turn around, and it abandoned its plan, crossing swords with me again. I could not seem to kill this creature (as if you could hope to kill something that should not be alive in the first place). And it was fast. I could hardly block its blows. I found a good offense was my best defense,





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and I kept pushing it backward, part of me still considering running for the gate. I was standing near the western edge of the bridge. The skeleton was just east of the middle.

Then the whole thing collapsed. I mean, the bridge broke and I just had time to whirl around and catch myself on some rungs that had not broken. My sword, Hamza — my sword fell from my hand as I clutched desperately for the rungs. Hanging there, I heard it clatter onto the rocks below, moments after the dry, brittle sound of the skeleton as it, too, clattered to the floor below.

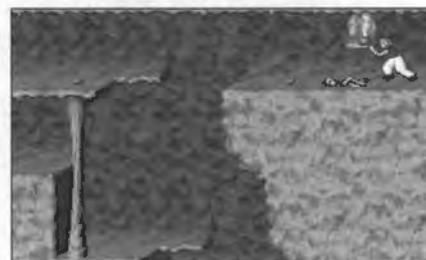
23. Thoroughly shaken, I ran west, spotting a healing potion, a dart shooter trap, and an open gate. Just beyond the gate was a narrow gap. I drank the potion, jumped carefully over the dart plate, then jumped through the gate and across the narrow gap. I climbed a short ledge and continued west.



Translator's note: There are various versions of this part of the Prince's story.

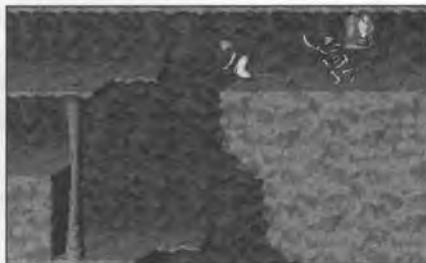
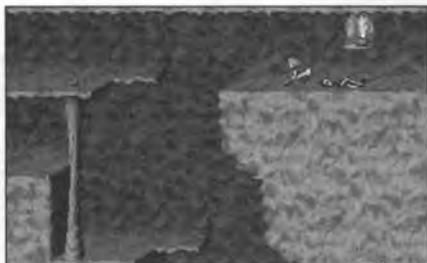
Version 1

7. A pile of bones and a dart shooter confronted me. I jumped quickly over the dart shooter plate and took one careful step toward the second plate. Then I ducked and hopped onto the plate. I could hear the skeleton coming to life



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behind me. Quickly I stood up and leapt across the chasm. I could practically feel the steel of the skeleton's scimitar bite into my back, but it was my imagination. I made it across without being hit, and the skeleton stood foolishly staring at me with its empty sockets. I headed west.

6. I was back in the storeroom, but on an upper path I had not been able to reach before. Stepping on a pressure plate caused the steel spikes across the domed ceiling gap to withdraw. On a hunch I lowered myself to the bottom to inspect the carpet again.

This time I sat on the carpet, thinking perhaps it would trigger a magical response. I tell you, Hamza, nobody was ever so surprised as I was when the carpet actually began to float in the air and then flew up through the gap. It was truly an event to record.



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Remember: Without a sword, you'll die with one hit!
Of course, you may have noticed that already.

THE SHADOW AND THE FLAME

LEVEL 6

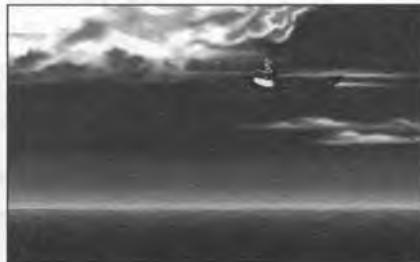
Hamza, never since the mythical days of Icarus and Daedalus did man ever so high into the heavens. Yet I was transported on this supernatural carpet into air so thin my breath came hard. The clouds were all around me as if I were a part of them and I feared I had at last earned my reward. Was this the way that men were taken to Paradise? I wondered.

Then the carpet dipped and began a long descent. I flew over high, unfamiliar mountains, then above a breathtaking valley cut deep by a winding river that, even from this great height, looked wide as a small sea. As I wondered at the marvel of this unknown land, a great fortress built atop a sheer cliff loomed ahead. It was old, Hamza. Older, I think, than my poor knowledge of history could place. It was seemingly cut directly into a huge mountain and stretched off into the distance.

It was to this fortress that the carpet now took me, and as we came closer, I could see that the place was ruined and falling apart. I saw no sign of life at all, and many of the towers were cracked and the battlements broken.

The carpet stopped suddenly and I heard the voice again—the voice from my dreams that said simply, "Come to me." The carpet then buckled powerfully, throwing me onto the ledge before the fortress entrance, and flew away and was gone.

I stood there a moment. I was, as you can imagine, very distressed. Why was I here? For that matter, where was I? All I knew was I was far from where I wanted to be, needed to be, and the only way I could go was forward. Swordless now, with no idea what awaited me (though I suspected the worst) and with a quick, silent plea to Allah to watch over me, I entered the fortress.

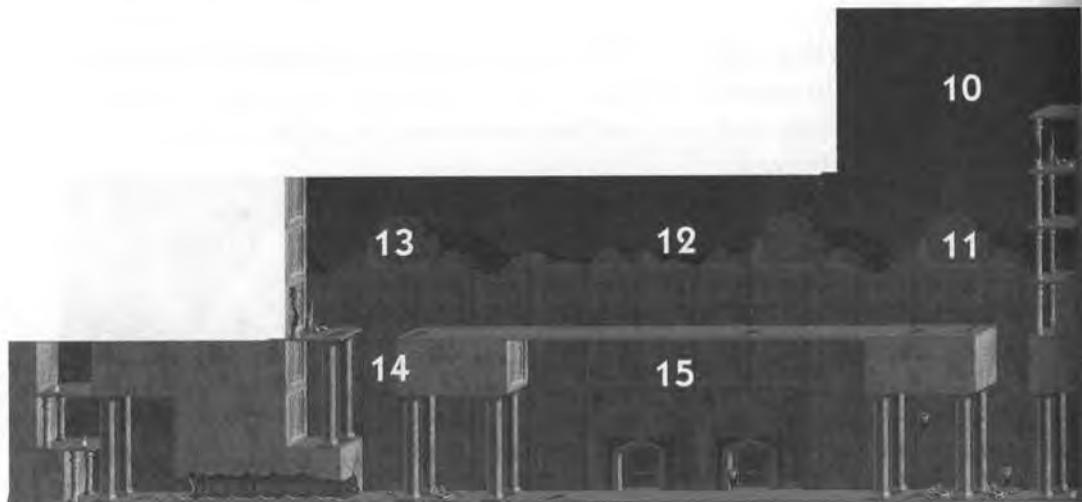


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The entrance had led me to a short hallway, then to a staircase. Upon emerging at the end of the stairs, I found myself standing in a huge hallway built to grand proportions. The ceiling was so high, it was almost out of sight. The great walls were carved from blocks of some purple marble such as I had never seen, and there was a mystical sign painted crudely over the marble, something like an S, that brought to mind a deadly serpent. The sign was painted on, as if placed there by some vandals. It was not a part of this place. The floor was of a pinkish marble laced with the same purple as the walls. It must have been impressive and beautiful at one time.

The place was in ruins, though. Great piles of fallen stone marred the floors, and cracks and great gouges had been taken from them. The walls seemed solid enough, but there was a definite air of decay and desolation to the place.



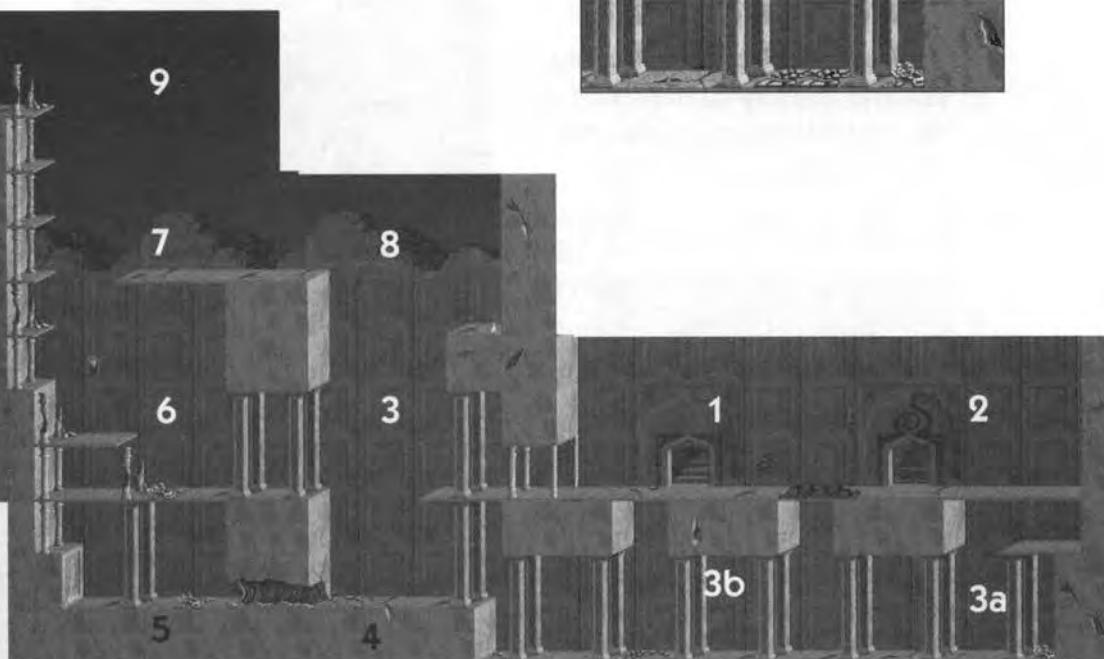
Translator's note: There are two versions that keep appearing among the many translations. They involve the beginning of the Prince's quest in the fortress.

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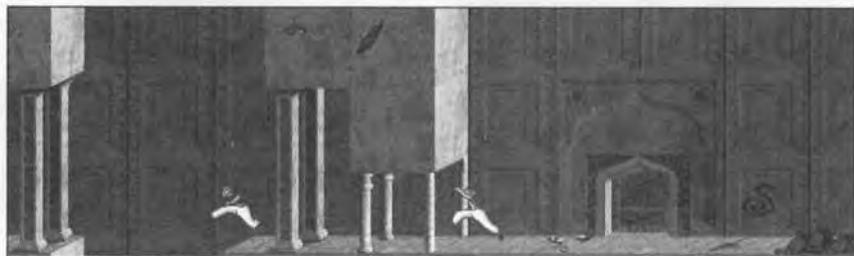
Version 1

1. The door behind me had slammed shut as I observed my new surroundings, but I had almost expected that.
2. A brief survey to the east revealed another doorway adorned with a huge serpent sign, but no way to open it. I tried jumping up and down, which dislodged some very loose floor sections, but nothing happened. Looking down into the gap revealed by the falling floor, I could see another immense room and several large serpents, obviously agitated by the disturbance. I had no desire to mingle with these creatures, so I headed back to the west, to the room I had first entered.

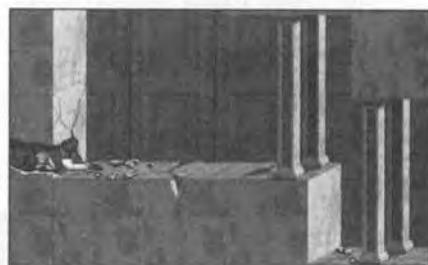




- I began to run to the east, at the last moment spotting a very well-hidden pressure plate just before a gate. I jumped over the pressure plate, feeling sure it would have closed the gate and trapped me there.



- As I leapt past the gate I could see a wide gap to the west, but I thought I might make it across. I jumped too early, though, missing the last section of the floor, which wobbled a little *but did not break*. I missed the opposite ledge and was slightly hurt by the fall, but not seriously.
- I landed in a huge, multi-tiered hallway. Great squared-off columns supported the ceiling, and the hallway stretched off to the east. However, as I landed I discovered what looked like a tunnel cut crudely through the wall leading west. Curious, I got down on my belly and began to crawl through it.



It was not lost on me that, in this place of serpents and serpent signs, even I was moving along on my belly.

Version 2

- The door behind me slammed shut as I observed my new surroundings, but I had almost expected that.
- A brief survey to the east revealed another doorway adorned with a huge serpent



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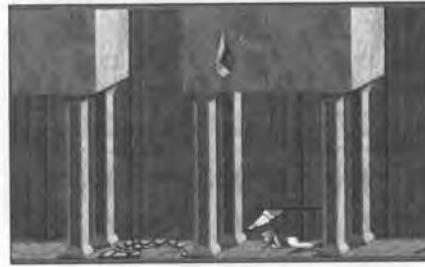
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sign, but no way to open it. I ran all the way to the wall, and several loose floor tiles fell behind me. I dropped into a lower area.

- 3a. Several large serpents, obviously agitated by the disturbance, were slithering about. I had no desire to mingle with these creatures, but there was no other way to go. I dropped down to the floor and, running as fast as I could, jumped over a serpent before it could coil and strike, and continued to the west.



- 3b. I stopped short. Ahead of me was a deep, regular slit in the side of the wall. It was not a crack or defect, but an intentional straight slot that I decided could mean nothing good. Getting down on my hands and knees, I crawled under the slot and was appalled to see a razor-sharp blade come springing out of the wall over my head. If I had run heedlessly by this trap, I would have shortly been cut in two pieces!



Once I had made it past the blade, I ran on to the west.

4. I discovered what looked like a tunnel cut crudely through the wall leading west. Curious, I got down on my belly and began to crawl through it.

It was not lost on me that, in this place of serpents and serpent signs, even I was moving along on my belly.



Translator's note: From here on, most translations are consistent.

5. Once again, Hamza, Allah had guided me. Though it was broken and rusted, a sword lay amid an unrecognizable pile of bones.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say half a sword, but it was better than none. I picked it up and, once again armed, surveyed the room I was in.

Climbing upon a raised alcove, I discovered that some ceiling tiles were loose and fell at a mere touch. I climbed into the gap their falling had revealed.

6. I stood on a small ledge, turned and jumped east to where another pile of unfamiliar bones lay. Then I saw it, even as it saw me.

I thought I had seen enough of horrors, Hamza, but the monstrosity that attacked me was beyond even my own nightmares. It was a screaming, bloody head that floated by some magical means and attacked savagely, using its razor-sharp teeth. Its hideous screams still echo through my mind late at night. I shall never forget this creature and its like, these goblin heads as I came to call them.

Now, I eventually gained a certain knowledge of these creatures, but in this first encounter I was lucky rather than skillful. I drew my half-sword immediately and backed up, facing west, until my feet were just clear of the bones.

When the monstrosity attacked, I struck quickly, catching it with the ragged but still dangerous tip of my broken sword.

The goblin head recoiled and seemed damaged, but it quickly resumed its attack. I noticed a slight hesitation just before it floated quickly forward, mouth agape, to bite me. It was in that moment of hesitation that I



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struck again. I eventually learned the timing of this counter-strike. But this first time, the creature took one immense bite out of my shoulder and I only just managed to kill it before it could get me again. I think, had my timing been better, I would not have been struck.

The creature seemed to disappear, to vanish as if it had never been, and I was left with half a sword and half a shoulder. There was little bleeding, but the burning sensation was terrible. Weakly, I put away my sword and, realizing that to continue east would take me back where I had already been, I decided to climb. I thought I could see a way through the ceiling that might lead to safety.

The columns holding the first ledge seemed broken, and I didn't trust the tiles there, so I



jumped back onto the stable ledge to the west and jumped upward to test them. As I had suspected, two of the overhanging tiles broke off and fell crashing to the floor below. I climbed carefully, and painfully, upward.

7. What made me do it, Hamza, I don't know. It was truly a risky attempt and might have led me to disaster. I had reached the second ledge in the next area. An outcropping of floor tiles was just within jumping range, but nothing supported them. By all rights, they should have fallen when I jumped across, but they did not. My motivation for attempting such a foolish, blind jump? Though events were to prove beneficial, I could not tell you that anything rational made me do it. Some guidance beyond ordinary thought, perhaps.

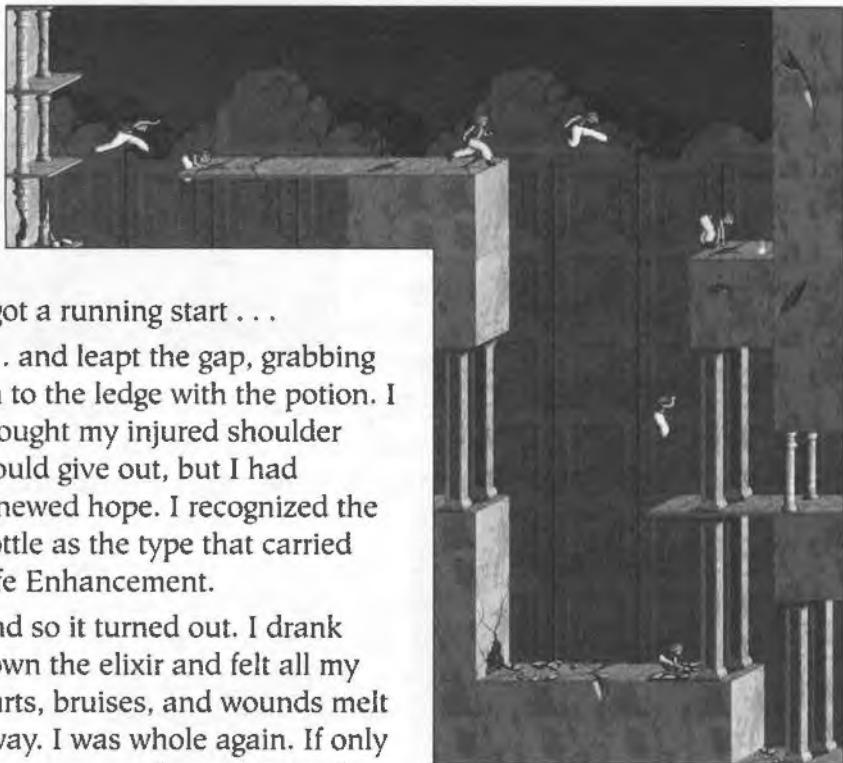
My shoulder throbbed as I pulled myself onto the hanging floor, which did not fall, much to my delight and relief.

8. I ran east, coming to a sheer cliff. However, below me, and across the wide gap, I spotted a potion. It was worth the attempt. I backed up to make room for a running start.



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Note: To make this leap, start the jump just before you enter the screen of Room 8.



7. I got a running start . . .
8. . . and leapt the gap, grabbing on to the ledge with the potion. I thought my injured shoulder would give out, but I had renewed hope. I recognized the bottle as the type that carried Life Enhancement.

And so it turned out. I drank down the elixir and felt all my hurts, bruises, and wounds melt away. I was whole again. If only there were such a potion to fix my poor blade.

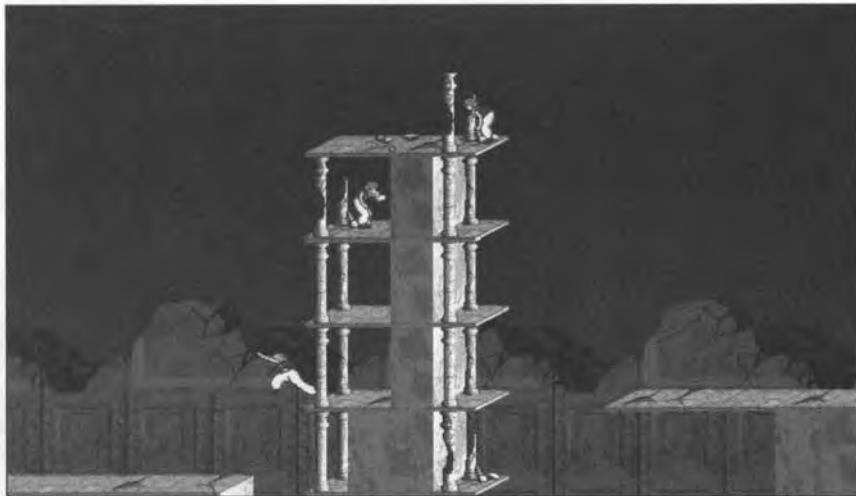
I saw no way off this ledge but down, so I hung over the edge and dropped.

3. It was a long way down, but my fall was broken by a loose floor. However, the floor broke before I could grab onto anything solid and I fell again.
4. I landed painfully in the room where I had discovered the tunnel. The loose floor had broken my fall, or I would certainly have died, Hamza. But I still felt better than I had before. At least my

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shoulder no longer throbbed and burned. I retraced my former path, through the tunnel . . .

5. . . up through the ceiling . . .
6. . . up some more ledges . . .
7. . . and on up past the place where I had taken my foolish, but serendipitous leap.
9. I stood atop a ruined tower. Its walls had all broken away, and I stood at its pinnacle with nothing but the sky around me. I walked to the west.



10. Seeing no other way to go, I began my descent, spotting a healing potion along the way. I drank it gladly and was refreshed.
11. When I spotted a solid walkway to the west, I jumped across a narrow gap and headed in that direction.
12. Just in time, I spotted a dark slit in the wall. Ducking and crawling under the slit, I avoided being sliced in half by the wicked blade trap it had concealed. I continued to the east.



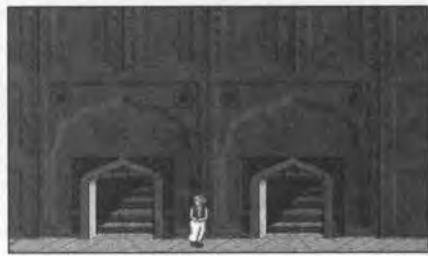
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13. I came upon a small gap, jumped it, and hung over the edge.
14. I dropped into a large hallway similar to one I had seen before. At the bottom of this hallway, I spotted a tunnel, but I had a bad feeling about it and headed east.
15. I entered an area with two doorways set in arches in the purple stone. Another goblin head awaited me, however, and I drew my sword quickly. As I fought the creature, the door to the east opened. On this second encounter with a goblin head my timing was better and I sustained no wounds.



I saw that the doorway led to a staircase leading upward. However, another pressure plate was just visible beyond the door and I stepped onto it. The western door then opened. I had a choice. But which to take? Did one of these stairways lead to death and the other to salvation? I had no sign, no moment of clairvoyance or revelation to judge by. I simply chose.



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Translator's note: The Prince is not the only one faced with a choice here. Unfortunately, the ancient texts and translations that have survived are divided almost evenly between two equally convincing tales. In one, the Prince chooses the western door. In the other, he chooses the door to the east. I will, therefore, present both versions and let you decide which one you prefer.

LEVEL 7

The Left Exit

1. I was in a room that, by the standards of this fortress, was not large. An iron gate barred my way to the east and a high wall blocked the western path. As usual, the door closed



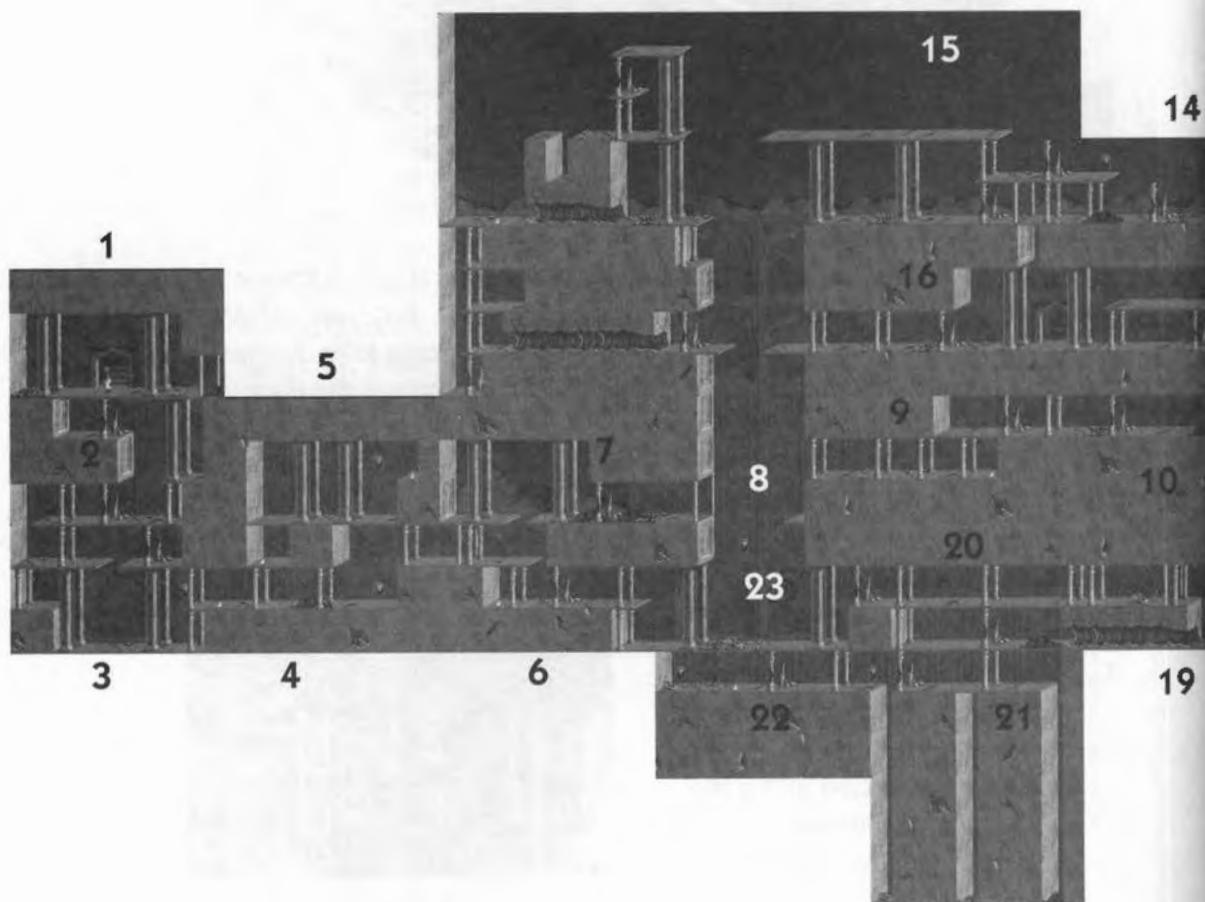
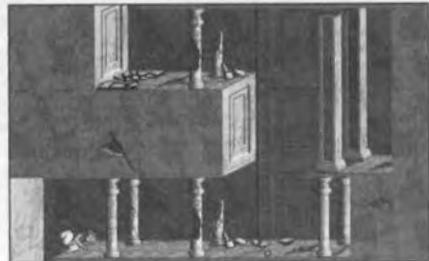


PRINCE OF PERSIA 2

behind me. (How I wished, Hamza, that I could jam these doors open, if only out of sheer spite.)

I tested the floor and found a loose tile. Jumping up and down caused it to fall and I climbed down into the gap it left.

2. I landed easily on a high alcove whose original purpose I could not fathom, then jumped across to a middle ledge. I spotted a serpent below me, but it seemed to slither into the eastern wall. I jumped past it and ran to the west, lowering myself into a gap I had spotted in the floor.

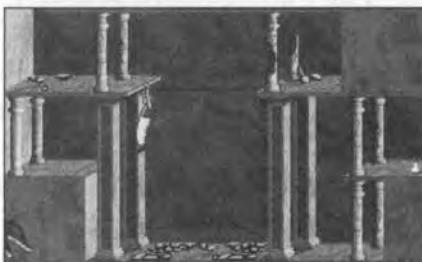
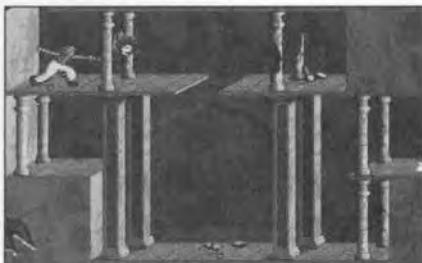


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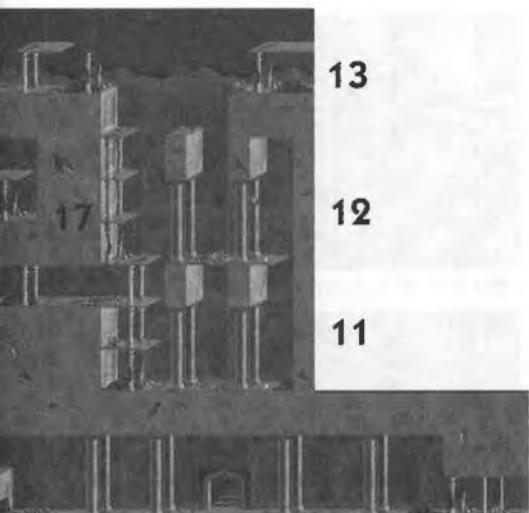
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3. Another goblin head attacked me on the high ledge. With my poor, ineffective blade, I had to hit the creature many times before it died, and it took a gouge out of my arm with its slavering mouth. But I defeated it and continued onward, first knocking down some loose floor tiles, then lowering myself to the ground level of this room. A healing potion rested on a middle ledge, and I drank it before continuing to the east.

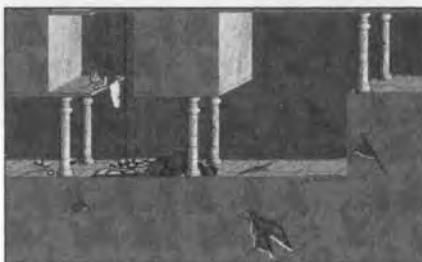
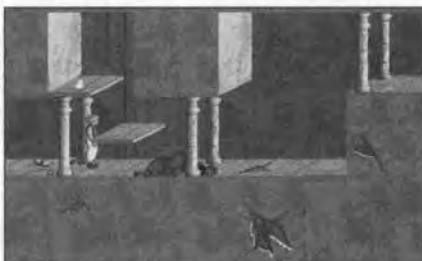


4. Another goblin head attacked me almost immediately, but my timing was improving. Once I had the fiendish creature's rhythm, I struck it repeatedly with my blade.

When the creature vanished, I noticed some dust on the floor just to the east, and jumping up, dislodged a ceiling plate. A small, secret alcove hid a healing potion, which I drank.

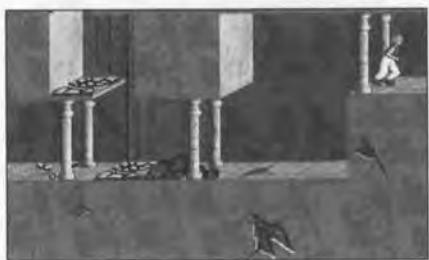


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Then, testing the ceiling of this alcove, I found another loose ceiling, but just lowered myself out of the way before it could crash onto my head.

5. I climbed into a large, empty room. On the eastern wall was a small niche set halfway up the wall, and in the niche was a Life Enhancement Potion. I spent no time in celebration, however, because another goblin head attacked me. I hit it a few times and the creature floated sulkily back toward the eastern wall. I didn't know what to do about it, so I started toward it to finish it off. It suddenly came out of its daze and turned to attack me again. I was in a bad position and it began taking great chunks of flesh from my arms and chest before I was able, finally, to dispatch it. I climbed painfully up onto the niche and drank the potion there. As usual, it healed my wounds and I felt better than before. Seeing no other exit, I lowered myself into the gap again.
4. I ran east along the bottom path again, and heard the sound of metal grinding as I stepped on a pressure plate next to a half wall. I climbed up and continued my running.
6. After a brief exploration, I discovered another healing potion, but had no need of healing. Then I decided to explore a small gap in the ceiling that I had discovered. I climbed up through it as the gate behind me clattered shut.



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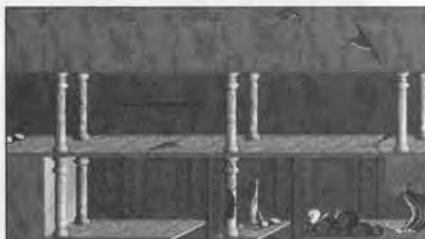
7. As I climbed, I felt the ledge move a little. It was a pressure plate, and I heard a gate opening to the west.



Translator's note: From here on, both common translations are substantially the same. Therefore, in the interests of brevity, I will skip to the next version, and end this one on page 182.

The Right Exit

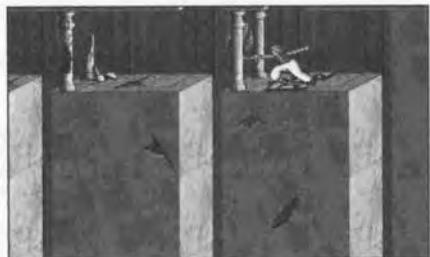
18. I was in a moderately large hallway with the familiar square columns stretching up to the ceiling. I started out to the west.
19. As I passed a set of columns, I stepped upon a pressure plate, which opened a gate on the second landing to the west. However, I also noticed a wide crevice in the wall ahead of me, which turned out to open into a narrow tunnel.
20. I crawled through the tunnel and came out in an enclosed hallway with no exits. Some careful investigation, however, revealed some loose floor tiles. I jumped once and two of them fell. I lowered myself into the area below.





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21. Immediately, a goblin head screamed and came at me. I drew my sword and slew the creature with six quick, well-timed strokes. Then, carefully, I jumped across to the west.



22. Again a goblin head attacked me, but once again I drew my weapon and, striking just as it set itself for the attack, destroyed it with four quick strokes. And my reward? Another Life Enhancement Potion!

Refreshed, healed, and strong, I returned the way I had come, finding no other way out of this dark, narrow hallway. Carefully, I walked to the edge of the first gap to the east.



21. I jumped across to the east and hoisted myself up again.



20. I crawled back through the tunnel . . .

19. . . ran to the pressure plate that opened the upper gate, then ran to the west.



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20. I spotted a blade trap in the wall and crawled under it.

I could hear a strange sound coming from nearby to the west. It was a sort of gasping moan, almost a tune. I had no idea what was making the sound, but I resolved to be careful. I stepped carefully into the next area.



23. It was another of the ghastly heads moaning to itself. I drew my sword and stepped back in preparation for its charge. The tip of my blade was just short of the edge of a broken column. I remember because I had worried that the column might interfere with my stroke.

My timing was good, however, and I delivered six unanswered blows to vanquish the floating monstrosity. I jumped to the lower floor and ran east, past a pile of bones and a large serpent sign.

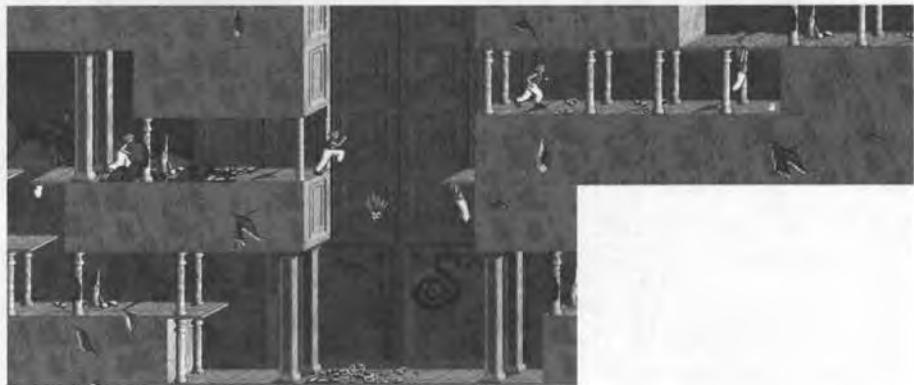


6. I came across a welcome healing potion and a closed gate. I could find no way to open the gate, but a gap in the ceiling led upward. I climbed that way.
7. As I climbed, I felt the ledge move a little. It was a pressure plate, and I heard a gate opening to the west.



The Final Section

Translator's note: From this point on, most common translations agree.



8. I ran, and, just as I came through the gate, launched myself into the air, vaulting a wide gap and catching on to the ledge on the other side. I pulled myself up. I climbed onto a higher landing and kept running west.
9. I reached a healing potion at the end of a hallway. After drinking the potion, I noticed dust on the floor. I moved directly between two columns where they supported the ceiling and jumped. The ceiling tiles on either side of me crashed to the floor and I continued west, climbing onto a middle landing.
10. As I entered the next room, I saw two serpents headed directly at me. I took a quick step and then leaped over them. They seemed to have even less interest in me than I had in them, and continued slithering to the west. However, I wasn't out of trouble yet. I spotted a straight, regular slit in the wall—a slicer! I crawled under the slicer after checking once again to see that the serpents did not turn around and come after me.



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11. Far below, I saw two more snakes disappear, heading west. A healing potion lay on the floor to the east. I had no need of it, so I examined the ceiling and found a way leading up. I climbed.



12. I was pulling myself up along the western wall when I heard the banshee scream of a goblin head. Without turning, I drew my sword, then whirled about to meet the attack. I took one step backward to make room, then struck. I kept striking each time the head set itself for a charge, and after six solid hits, it was gone.



This last goblin head had been very fast and very aggressive. I took a moment to catch my breath. I had been scratched, and welcomed the healing potion I found to the west.

After drinking down the potion, I realized the only way to go was farther up, so I returned to the western wall and climbed the ledges there. I saw daylight above me.



13. I had reached the roofless top of this part of the fortress and a dusky evening sky greeted me. In the dimming light, I realized that I could not make any progress if I tried to go east, so I climbed to the highest landing and headed west.

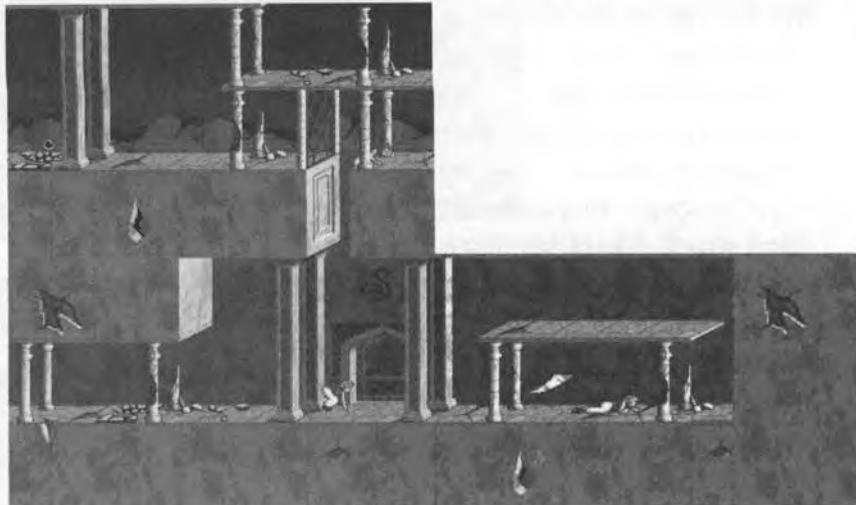




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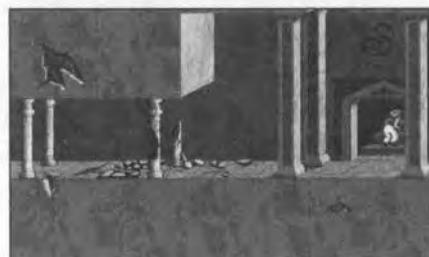
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14. A screaming goblin head attacked me almost immediately, but I stood my ground and killed it with four quick strokes. I continued west.
15. Ahead of me was a closed gate. I saw no pressure plate, but I did discover that the floor just in front of the gate was loose. I made it fall by jumping, then I peered into the hole. I saw below me the dim outlines of a doorway and decided to drop, though the fall



would almost certainly hurt. But I was in good health and decided to try to reach this doorway without delay.

16. I was right about the door (and about the fall being painful) but I saw no way to open it. On a hunch, I headed east.
17. I found a pressure plate, but only after crawling under a nasty blade trap.
16. I returned the way I had come and found the door open and a stairway leading upward. I climbed.



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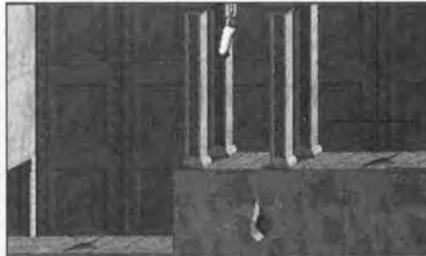
LEVEL 8

- As I stepped from the stairway, the door — yes — slammed shut. That wasn't unexpected. What did take me by surprise was the serpent that I nearly stepped on. I spotted it in time, however, and took off running to the west.
- I dropped off the edge of the landing and then dropped again.
- When I landed on the next ledge, I noticed a tunnel leading to the east.
- Through the tunnel, I found a



healing potion down a couple of landings, but, since I didn't need it, I backtracked and crawled again through the tunnel.

- I dropped to the second landing and jumped across to the west. Then I walked over to the gap in the floor and lowered myself off the western edge.
- I dangled over a hallway. Directly below me I saw a pressure plate and an open iron gate. I swung my body to the west and dropped, avoiding the

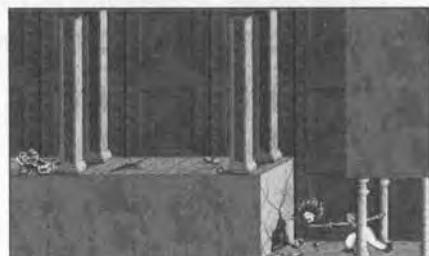


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pressure plate. As I landed, I noticed a blade trap behind me, and another pressure plate. I decided to skip all that and, facing west, jumped across to the lower landing. A loose floor tile fell behind me. I ran through the gate to the west.

6. I had to fight a goblin head, but was able to destroy it quickly by drawing my sword, taking one step forward, and smashing the creature against the wall. There was a tunnel leading into the wall before me, but it turned out to be a dead end. I climbed onto the second landing and ran to the west.
7. Ahead of me was an open gate. However, I discovered some loose floor tiles and made them fall, revealing a series of ledges below. I decided to investigate the lower path first.



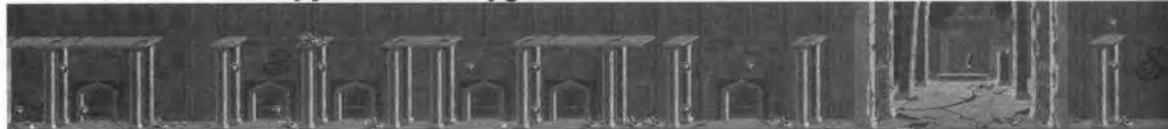
18

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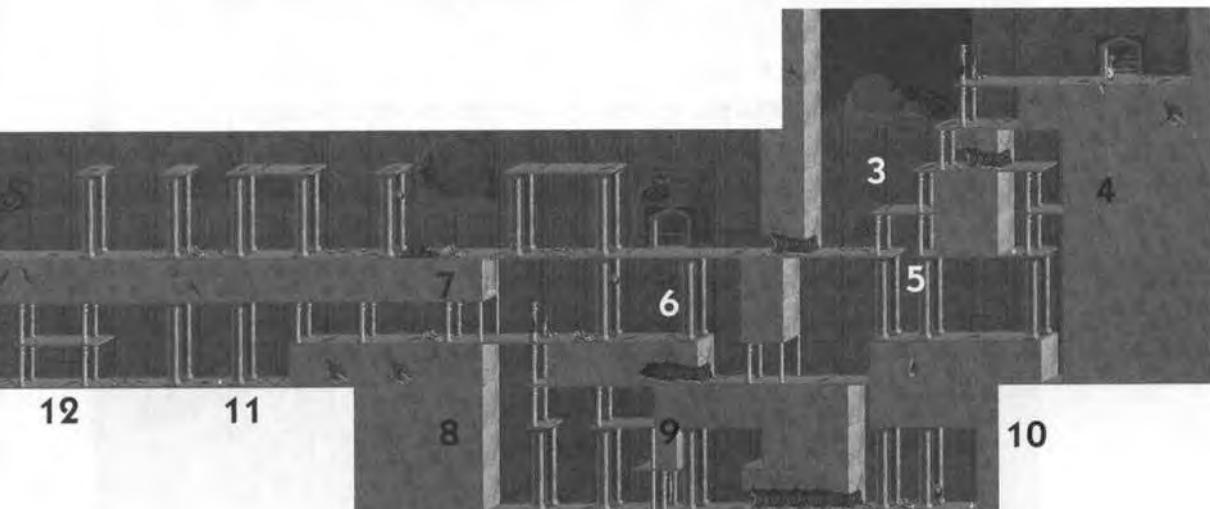
8. I climbed onto a landing, then carefully stepped forward and jumped across the gap to the east.



9. I noticed a loose tile near my feet. I made it drop and noticed that it opened a gate below. I dropped to the floor, passed through the gate, then under a blade trap, and found a tunnel leading farther to the east.
10. I could see the goblin head from inside the tunnel. It was moaning and making sounds that might have been a mournful song, eerie as the thought struck me. I waited until it was as far away as it could get, then quickly came out of the tunnel. Why risk another encounter with one of these fiends? Well you may ask, Hamza. It was a Life Enhancement Potion, that most precious of elixirs.

2

1





PRINCE OF PERSIA 2

I was barely able to draw my broken sword before the fiend was upon me, and I think, had my timing or position not been perfect, I would have been chewed up. As it was, I had to fight furiously to destroy the creature. But then, the reward was worth it.

I noticed a well-hidden pressure plate just before the potion, but I jumped over it cautiously, as it looked like the kind that closed gates and I didn't want the gate to the west to close. I drank the potion, then jumped back over the plate and crawled back through the tunnel.

Note: There's an easier (yes, really much easier) way to beat this goblin head, but you must have at least five potions. Wait until the head is right next to the tunnel, then come out and draw your sword. It will hit you several times, but you'll end up facing west. Smash the head against the wall and it'll die with one stroke. This is usually a much quicker way to kill the head as well, since the thing doesn't go up into the far corner very often.



- When I got back to the gate it was still open, so I went through it. I climbed back up to the second landing, then to the third. As I reached the third landing, the gate below me closed. It had a pressure plate on it.



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The gap was very narrow between me and the next tile, but I was afraid I might jump too far. Instead of jumping, therefore, I walked off the edge of the tile I was on, catching the next one with my hands and pulling myself back up. Then I jumped across from this tile to the next.



8. I climbed back up to where I had come from.

7. I had seen the open iron gate previously. This time I jumped across the gap to the west and through the gate.



11. I came into a room with a healing potion, but somehow the appeal of the room was marred by the pair of serpents that inhabited it. I watched as the two creatures slithered into a hole in the floor, then ran through the room to the west. I had no need of the potion anyway!



12. A goblin head floated above and to the west. There was a high path and a lower path. I climbed to the upper path and the goblin spotted me. I just had time to draw my sword and fight the thing off. Once it was destroyed, I headed west again.

13. Another goblin head floated above me. I was afraid to climb up to its level. It was too close. So I stood back in the eastern part of the room, my sword tip just even with the first column, ready for it when it finally discovered me. I fought it off





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and killed it in six well-timed strokes. Once the head was no longer a threat, I found an opening in the ceiling and climbed through it.

14. Ah, what a wonder it is to perceive a blade so finely wrought. Gleaming and sharp, it lay abandoned between two rusted and twisted iron gates. I ran quickly and tried to pick up the sword.

Instantly, the world turned black. A bolt of great energy shot through me, like lightning, and I could feel myself falling to the ground. Even as my mind fought to retain consciousness, I slipped away, deeper and deeper. Finally, I saw myself,



Note: There's a trick you can play on the goblin head in Room 12. Stand next to the upper landing and wait until it discovers you. It will come after you, but will probably go under the landing.

Quickly climb up and run across. The head will be stuck below and you can run from the room without having to fight it.



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lying there in the same great room, with the same two iron gates, but now everything was as it must have been once, long ago. I could see as if from outside my body, but I could not move.

I lay on a great carpet woven in a royal pattern. The two gates, no longer rusted and broken, now sparkled golden in the diffused light, and the walls and floors were as new. A woman appeared as if from the very air. It was the queen of my visions and she stood over my body, which lay still and lifeless. She spoke.



"Once this was a great city ruled by a son of kings. He was slain and his palace laid waste by the armies of darkness. I died at his side. You alone were spared, my son. I gave you up that you might live. This was your father's sword. Avenge us. Avenge us."

It may seem incredible, Hamza, and you might think I was simply delirious or bewitched, but to me, her voice had the ring of truth in it and I was, and am, convinced that she was my own mother, come from the dead to warn me, and to plead with me.

It wasn't until much later that the meaning of her words sank in. She was my mother. Her husband had been a king. Then I was truly a prince, not just by my marriage, but by birth!

But when I awakened, once again in the ruin that had once been my father's palace, I clutched my new sword and set off through the western gate.



15. My blade was tested sooner than I had expected. As I entered the next cavernous room, three of the deadly goblin heads came shrieking to the attack. I destroyed the first with a few strokes, and noticed



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immediately that this sword was far more effective than the broken blade I had been using. But the other two heads kept attacking. My new blade bit deep, and I made short work of them.

There was a door in the room, but I saw no way to open it. High above me I could see a pathway, but there was no way to reach it. I continued west.

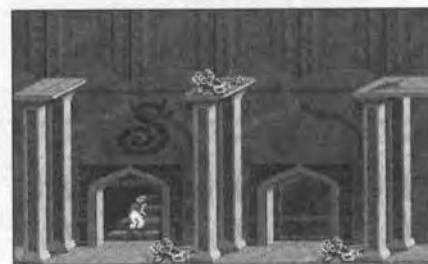
16. Again, I fought three heads.

Sometimes the heads would go into a sulk and float away, but I knew by now that meant nothing and so stayed on guard. This room had two doorways and a healing potion, but no way to open the doors. I continued cautiously west.

17. I stepped on a pressure plate as

I entered this latest area, but was immediately attacked by three more goblin heads—the three toughest I had yet encountered. But with a whole sword and a good sense of timing, I made short work of them.

A door had opened under another of the ubiquitous serpent signs. I peeked briefly into the next room and saw more goblin heads, then ran for the stairs.



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LEVEL 9

1. The door behind me closed and I found myself in a hallway with moderately high ceilings. A pile of bones moldered near the door, but otherwise the area was empty. I explored the area, found one floor tile to the east that fell, but eventually decided the only route to take was west. As I ran, more floor tiles fell behind me.



2. When I reached more solid footing, I stopped and fought a goblin head that attacked with its usual shriek and gaping maw. My new-found weapon made short work of the monster, and I surveyed my surroundings.



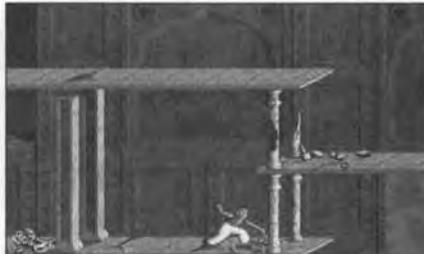
A potion lay one landing below me, across a wide gap. I had no need of it, but knew that a jump from the eastern ledge would take me to it. However I decided to pass it by. I got a running start, jumped to clear the gap, and headed west.



When I landed on the other side, a floor tile fell, smashing the healing potion, I think.

3. Which way to go? Should I try the upper path or the lower? I chose the lower path first.

Looking down, I saw a serpent slithering in my general direction. I jumped over it and then killed it from behind. It never turned around and was easily dispatched. I ran on westward.



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4. Another goblin head attacked. This one was very aggressive, and I lost some flesh to its razor teeth. Fortunately, a healing potion lay just beyond and drinking it refreshed me and partially healed the wound.
5. Another monster head! And this one tougher than the last! It took three good strokes to dispatch the creature, leaving the way open to another healing potion. I drank and continued on.
6. I continued forward, but stopped just in time to avoid being sliced in two by a hidden blade trap. I crawled under the diabolical device and hurried forward.
7. Two more hideous heads came screaming to the attack, and I fought them off with all my skill. Then, as I ran forward, I stepped on a falling floor tile. Curious, I decided to investigated the gap made by the falling floor, but first I went a little way further west.
8. I had reached the end of the fortress and now stood on a rubble-filled plain. Broken walls and fallen columns lay strewn about, but my attention was drawn to the one dominating landmark in the area. It was a great statue of a horse, carved in full life size from alabaster-white marble. Magnificent! The sculptor must have been



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Note: Explore thoroughly, and you may find a hidden reward!

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a master, for the horse was true in every detail, and none of the erosion that had battered the fortress itself seemed to have affected the statue. I tried to climb onto the statue to see it closer, but could not reach the base.



9-13. I ran west through a desert-like plain. I was at the top of a high plateau and the purple mountains stretched into the distance to the north. I saw one serpent, but easily leaped over it.



14. I came to a sudden halt. In my headlong rush, I almost miscalculated and nearly fell to my death from a great cliff. Below, I could see a raging river that stretched from north to south, and to the north, a huge temple atop a high mountain. But there was no way for me to cross the gorge at whose brink I now stood. The way down was too steep and unstable to climb, and reluctantly I returned the way I had come.



13-8. I ran back across the plateau to the statue. What secret did this statue hide? I was beginning to think it must have some magic in

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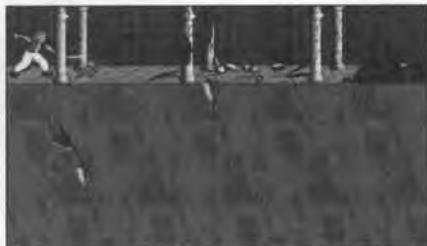
it, or it would have been destroyed long ago. But I could not get up to inspect it more closely. I turned and headed east, thinking that perhaps I had missed something before.

7. On my way back, I remembered the floor tile that had fallen before. I climbed into the gap it had left.
15. I found a low hallway leading east. Once I dropped into it, I had no choice but to follow it. I drank down a healing potion and continued east.
16. I spotted a blade trap, but before I dared to crawl under it, one more danger approached. It was a serpent. I drew my sword and



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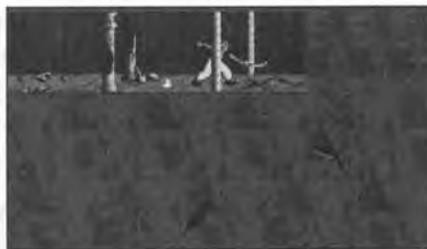
waited until it was close enough to hit. The serpent coiled, ready to strike, but I was faster. My new blade sliced the creature in half. I crawled under the blade and continued east.



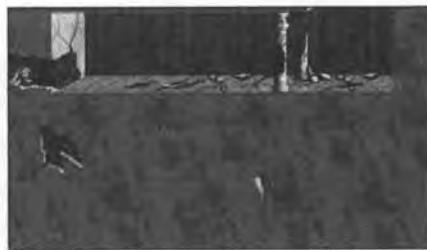
17. Two more snakes appeared. I cut the first as it tried to strike.

The second continued away from me, and I continued east, but carefully, with my sword drawn.

18. The second snake had slithered toward a gate at the end of the hallway. I approached slowly, triggering a pressure plate that opened the gate. When I was close enough, I sliced it in half. I drank another healing potion and ducked down to discover a tunnel leading further east. I crawled cautiously through the tunnel.



19. A serpent went into its hole ahead of me, and with a feeling of heavy dread, I crawled under a blade trap directly over the same hole! Then, just as I began to crawl, the creature emerged and began to slither east. I was going the same way, but I didn't relish following the serpent. It crawled into another hole just past the blade trap.



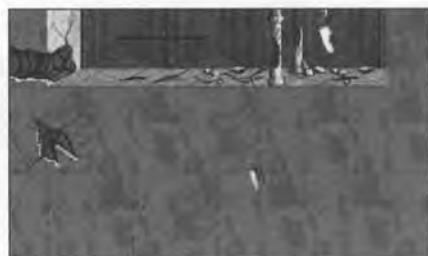
I saw that my path lay upward where its path lay downward, so I stood on top of the hole and jumped to the upper landing, pulling myself quickly away. I spotted the snake emerging from the second hole and moving to the east. But I was through with it and back at the place where I had slain the first snake.



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Translator's note: Here is some text from another version of the Prince's story: "I could feel myself sucking in my stomach and hoping the serpent wouldn't decide to come out again just now. With relief, I made it to the end of the hallway. The serpent emerged, then, and I turned around and sliced it before it could strike. Then, having come to the end of the hallway, I climbed out through the ceiling."



3. I was back in the area where the paths diverged. I had tried the lower path. Now I decided to try the upper path. It had occurred to me that I might be able to jump onto the horse statue from one of these high walkways. They looked partially broken and unstable, but I had to try everything. I climbed onto the upper platform and ran to the west.

Note: There are actually three ways to get by this snake. First, and perhaps best, just keep going under the blade trap without stopping at all. If you do this, you should be able to climb out of the room before the snake can bite you (as detailed in the translator's note above). Second, if you wait about two moves west of the snake's hole until it begins to emerge, then start forward quickly, you'll actually crawl past it as it heads in the opposite direction. This method is a little nerve-wracking, but interesting. The third way is to stop and wait about one move west of the hole. Then the snake will emerge and head east, following the path in the story/walkthrough.



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As I ran, many of the floor tiles fell behind me. I would not be able to return this way should I fall.

4. I could see a small section of the upper walkway ahead, but it seemed unstable, so I took a running jump onto it, then jumped quickly from there to the next landing.
5. I just caught the edge of a tile by my fingertips. I pulled myself up, thinking how fortunate it was that I had previously rid the area of goblin heads. I would have been helpless hanging like that.

I ran quickly over the rotting floor and jumped at the last minute.



6. I landed on another unstable platform. In fact, I overshot the edge and felt the floor beneath my feet give way. Quickly, I turned around and grabbed the stable ledge before I fell to the lower floor. Then I climbed back up, faced west again and jumped across to the next stable platform atop two tall, square columns. From there I jumped west again, to another pair of columns. Then I jumped again to the west.
7. I caught another stable platform and pulled myself onto it. I then walked carefully to its western edge and jumped across. I landed on an unstable floor, and had to catch myself before I fell. Below me was the entrance to the snake pit I had previously explored. I could see the statue up ahead.



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8. I got a quick running start and leaped, landing squarely in the saddle.

And, Hamza, I was right. This was no ordinary statue, but a magical beast somehow enchanted into stone. As I landed on its back, the creature reared and came to life, began running swifter than the wind, and headed for the chasm I had seen before.

Fearful now that I had come this far only to fall to my death, I contemplated trying to jump off, but it was not possible. So I hung on and prayed to Allah.

I need not have doubted. This magnificent beast soared over the gorge as if it were nothing but a minor crack in the path, the great river below a mere trickle. Then the mystical steed headed directly toward the temple I had seen in the distance.

Then sun was low and the sky glowed pink in the distance as we rode up the ramparts, galloping directly into the great temple itself. Then the horse stopped, and I could tell it would go no farther. I dismounted and it reared once, snorted, and changed again to stone. It appeared now to be carved entirely from red agate or carnelian.



LEVEL 10

1. I stood in a long hallway. High walls surrounded me with bas relief columns and various other carvings. The walls were made from huge blocks of stone, hard and solid like granite, but red as if impregnated with iron. The place looked well-tended and sturdy. This was no abandoned ruin like the fortress. I resolved to proceed with caution. I headed east.



2. I was running forward, but with caution, when two strange, bird-headed men suddenly appeared, swords in hand. They said nothing as they attacked, and I saw they weren't about to let me explain my presence in their temple, so I also drew my weapon.



I had not encountered such adept swordsmen in a long time, and my skills might have grown a bit rusty. I was forced to parry many times, and I received several wounds. But these men, as dangerous as they were, did not inspire the same dread as the goblin heads had done. And though the wounds I received hurt greatly, they had none of the venomous burning I had come to associate with the goblin head's bite.

I defeated the guards and headed farther east.

3. I came to a short wall, climbed, and ran forward to a welcome healing potion. A floor tile fell behind me as I ran. So this place wasn't in perfect shape, after all, I thought. I continued east.
4. Before me, two great carvings acted as supports for the ceiling. My path ended, and I could see a ledge at the base of the statue





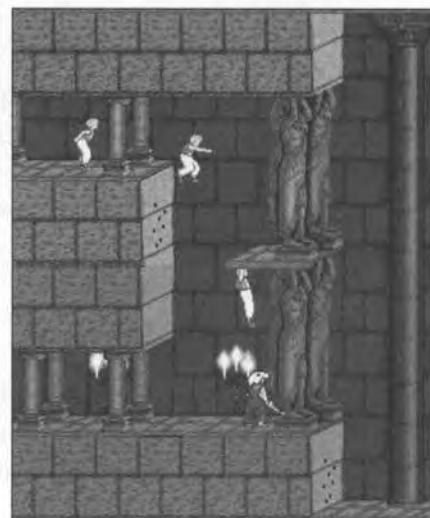
columns. I stood back a little from the edge, just behind two short columns, and jumped, catching the ledge below with my fingertips.

It was loose!

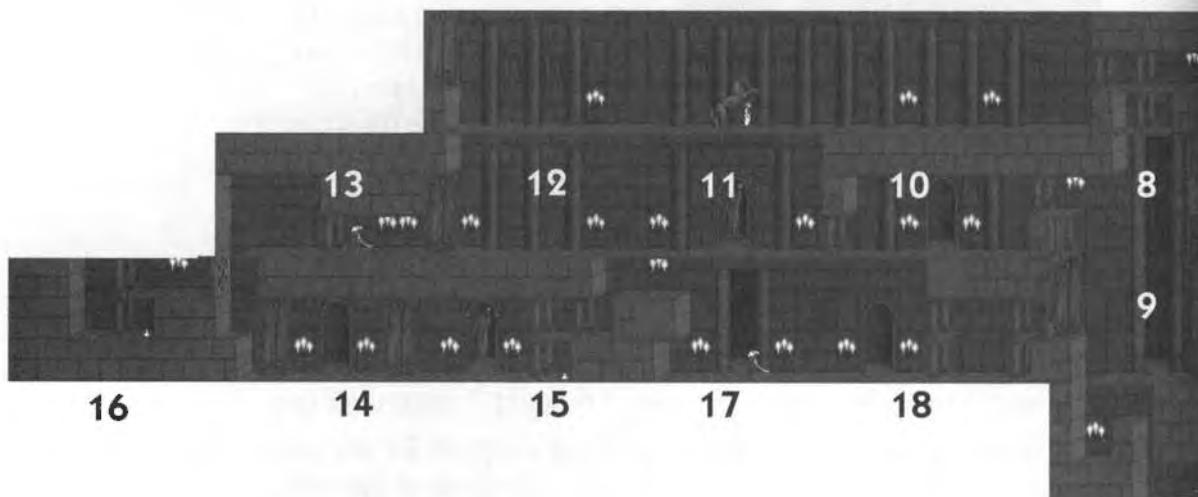
5. I fell with the floor tile, but it had stopped my momentum and I fell safely. Moreover, a guard was standing below, and the floor fell upon him, crushing him just as he was drawing his sword. I was sorry about the guard, but I have no doubt he would not have felt sorry at all if our roles had been reversed.

I decided to continue east, jumping to a lower landing first.

6. I ran quickly, spotting a doorway ahead on an upper landing. As I ran, I stepped on a pressure plate, and the door began to open. But I could see no way to get up to the door. A gap prevented me from climbing up, and I knew I could not make the jump.



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7. I dropped into a low-ceilinged passage blocked to the east by a metal gate. There were, however, a blade trap and a healing potion. I crawled under the trap and drank the potion, returned to the west, and climbed back out.
6. I could see the doorway, open now, and so close. But I still saw no way to get to it from here. I returned to the west.
5. As I came up to the low wall, I spied a pattern of holes that could only mean one thing—a spike trap! I stepped carefully up to it, avoiding the long rusted spikes as they sprang out. I climbed and headed west again, stepping on a pressure plate as I ran.



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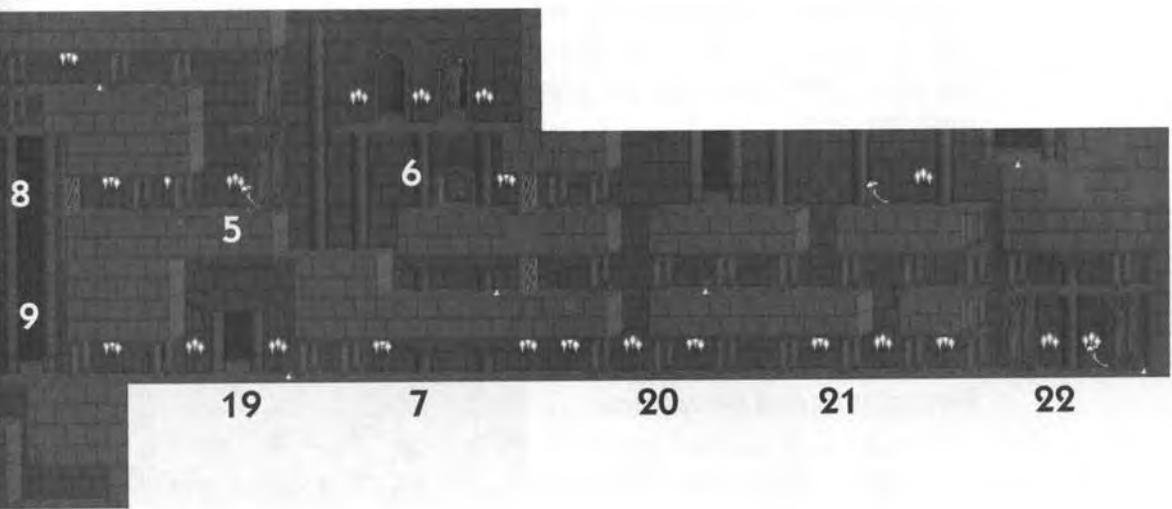
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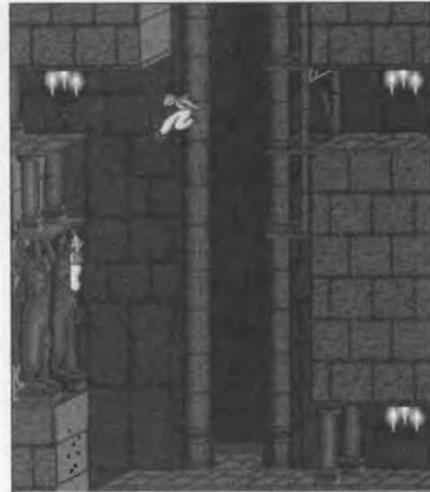
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8. A gate was opening up ahead and I could see a wide gap with several ledges on the opposite side. I ran full speed and jumped at the last moment, hurtling through the air and barely catching onto a ledge.
9. It was a long fall below me. Two great statues stood along the western wall, and I saw a gate between them. I pulled myself up.



8. I climbed to the top landing and headed west again, very carefully.
10. Below me I could see the straight groove made to accommodate a blade trap, so I jumped over it. Immediately a pair of bird-headed guards appeared and I was forced to fight with the blade trap at my back. However, I charged them, pressing aggressively forward until they fell.
11. I ran unmolested past a statue depicting a strange creature—perhaps it was a god to these people.
12. As I headed toward a twin set of statues holding up the ceiling, another bird guard came running up from behind me. I kept running and he stopped.



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13. I almost ran directly into another guard. My head was turned, watching the one behind me, and I barely drew my sword in time. This guard was quick, and I had to advance, parry, then strike. He managed to hit me a few times, perhaps because I was distracted by the guard behind me. Eventually, I pushed him backward. There was a terrible whooshing sound, Hamza, and he was suddenly cut in two by a blade trap I had not seen. I stepped away from the deadly device before sheathing my sword. Then I quickly made my way past his gruesome remains and under the blade trap. The only exit was through a gap in the floor. I lowered myself into it.



14. I swung my feet to the west and landed on a platform below me. To the west was a closed metal gate. To the east were several of the giant statues. I jumped to the floor and ran to the east.

Immediately, more guards appeared. I think there were three of them, but they kept coming, and I kept fighting as well as I could. They struck quickly, and I had to parry often to protect myself, but eventually they fell. I ran onward.



15. I saw a healing potion ahead, and, as I ran toward it, I stepped on a pressure plate. I could hear the sound of a gate opening behind me. I skipped the potion and ran back to see what had happened.

14. The gate I had seen previously was now open. Carefully but quickly, I stepped up to the first wall—I had spotted a spike trap—and climbed up two landings and walked through the gate.

16. I was in a very small room. I walked carefully, on the alert for traps, and discovered a loose floor. I jumped over it, and it's a good thing I did. Directly beneath it was a Life Enhancement Potion that would have been crushed if the floor had fallen. I drank the potion, grateful for its healing effects, then made my way from the room and retraced my steps.





- 14.** This time, there was no attack as I ran to the east.
- 15.** I climbed up onto the second landing, then climbed again to the third, still heading to the east.
- 17.** Below me I could see one of the bird-headed guards, but he faced in the other direction. Carefully, I lowered myself over the ledge, trying not to make any noise. But the guard heard me as I landed and turned quickly to the attack. Too late I had noticed a spike trap in the wall behind me. Now I was truly caught between two sharp, pointy deaths.
- I surprised the guard a little, I think. I pushed forward, toward him, then struck. I was able to press close to him and turn him around. Now it was his back to the spikes. He fought furiously, especially when he saw that I had turned the tables on him, but I eventually wore him down. I ran to the east.
- 18.** I avoided a blade trap by climbing onto a ledge and jumping over it, but I saw a pressure plate below and dropped down to step on it. To the east, I heard a gate opening.



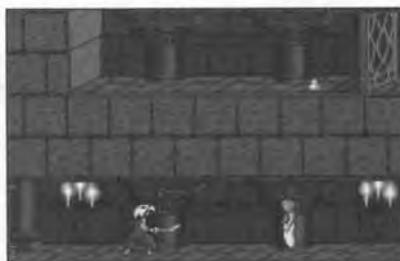
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Translator's note: Here's another version of this encounter, though I don't know which is the more believable. "I saw the guard below me and decided to try a daring attack. I made room to get a running start, then jumped clear over his head. In the moment it took me to regain my balance and draw my sword, he stood there, I think a little surprised. He was very skillful, however, and I suffered at the point of his blade. Finally, however, he fell and I continued east."



9. I recognized this room. I had seen it briefly when I jumped across the wide gap before. I stood now at the base of the two giant statues and jumped to the east. A guard came running out and I fought him, then ran onward.
19. I drank a healing potion and ran through the great hallway. I kept going east.
7. I ran through a narrow hallway, ducking and crawling under a blade trap. As I was crawling, a guard came running into the hallway from behind me, but he stopped short of the trap. We stood facing each other a moment from opposite sides of the blade trap; then, seeing that he could not attack, I ran to the east.

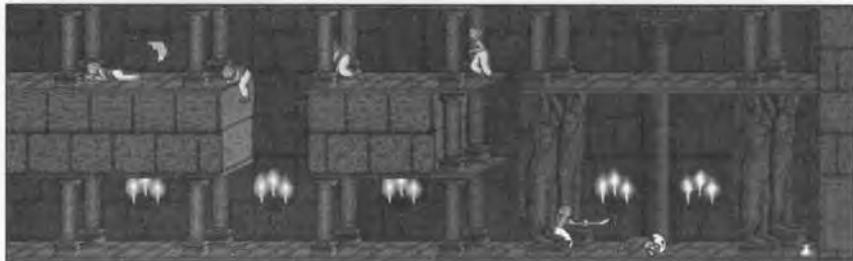




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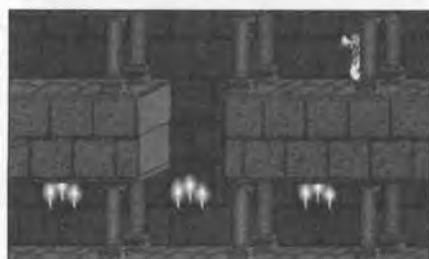
20. The hallway seemed endless, broken occasionally by high gaps in the low ceiling, which revealed a higher path. I ran on . . .
21. . . . and on.



22. I came at last to a room dominated by four great statues. A guard awaited me, and we fought silently. He was quick, but I blocked his blows and answered with my own riposte. I found a healing potion behind him, then started to climb up to the third landing, using a series of ledges.

I decided to explore an upper path first, so I headed west when I reached the third landing.

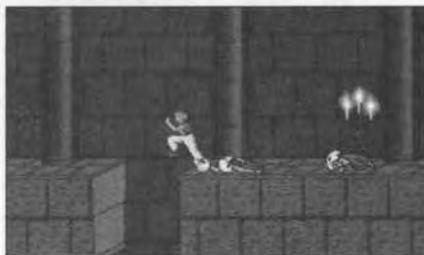
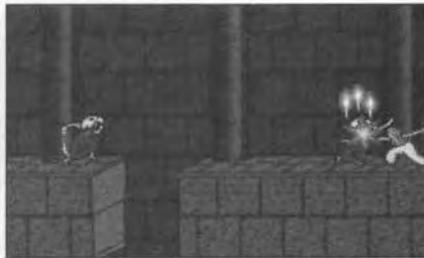
21. I came to a gap and jumped very carefully. A blade trap was just on the other side. I crawled under it and continued on.
20. I grabbed a healing potion, then jumped another gap.
7. I came to a familiar room. I had previously found a healing potion here. There was no reason to enter it, however, and I remembered there was no way to open the gate from inside, anyway. So I turned around and headed back the way I had come.
22. I reached the room with the four giant columns and climbed up through the ceiling.
23. There was only one way to go, so I ran west.



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24. A guard stood in my way, and I drew my sword. His was already drawn, but I was able to hit him repeatedly. As we fought, more of his friends appeared and lined up behind him to take their turn, but they, too, fell when I attacked furiously. I ran west and jumped a small gap.



25. I continued running west and jumped another gap.
6. I came to a gate, which began to open as I stepped on a pressure plate. I ran to the exit door and climbed the steps.

LEVEL 11

I had been seeing images of the tree in the garden back at the palace. I knew that it was somehow linked with the fate of my Princess, but I had tried not to think about it. This time, when I saw the vision of the tree, its leaves were nearly gone. I knew I had little time left to complete this mission, whatever it was.

1. I was in a small room lit by wrought iron candelabras. The door closed behind me and I set out to the west, down a low hallway.



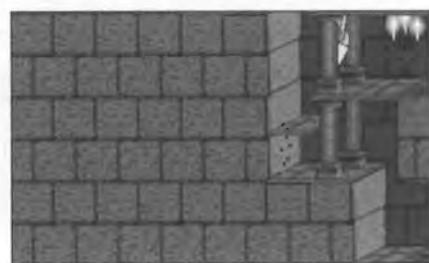
2. I stepped on a pressure plate and heard a metal gate clanging above me. Looking up, I could see a huge tower, but the sound of the gate echoed so that I could not tell where it was.

I climbed onto a landing between two giant statues, then climbed again to another landing. A pressure plate on this second landing opened a gate above me.



3. I pulled myself up and walked through the gate.
4. I stepped onto a pressure plate and heard the gate close behind me. Then I climbed onto another landing and walked carefully to avoid the spike trap I had spotted in the western wall, activated another pressure plate, turned, and climbed again.

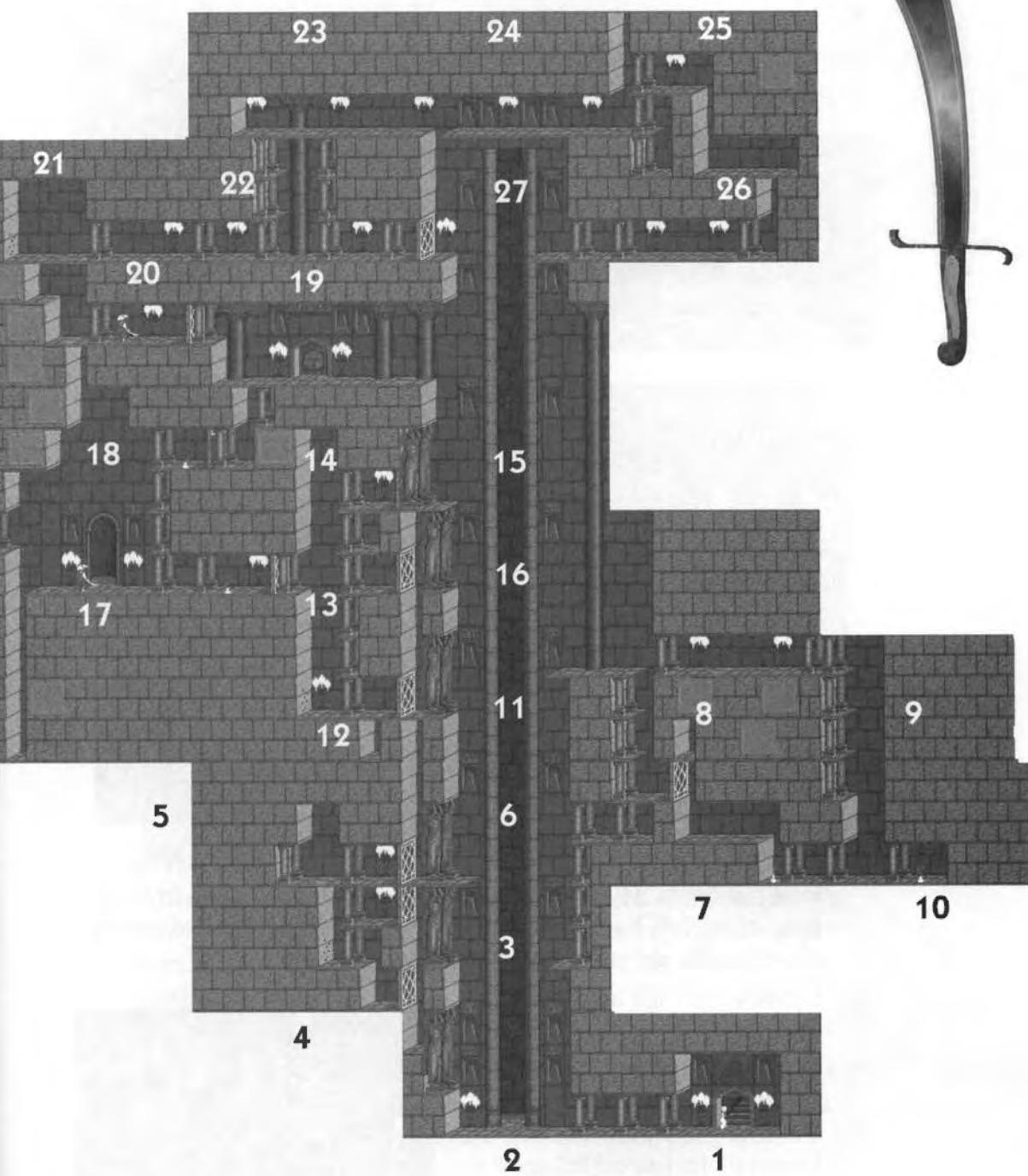
There was a gate to the east, but it didn't lead anywhere, so I returned to the western part of the small hallway I was in and examined the ceiling. I managed to loosen a tile there and it fell, revealing a gap. I climbed up.



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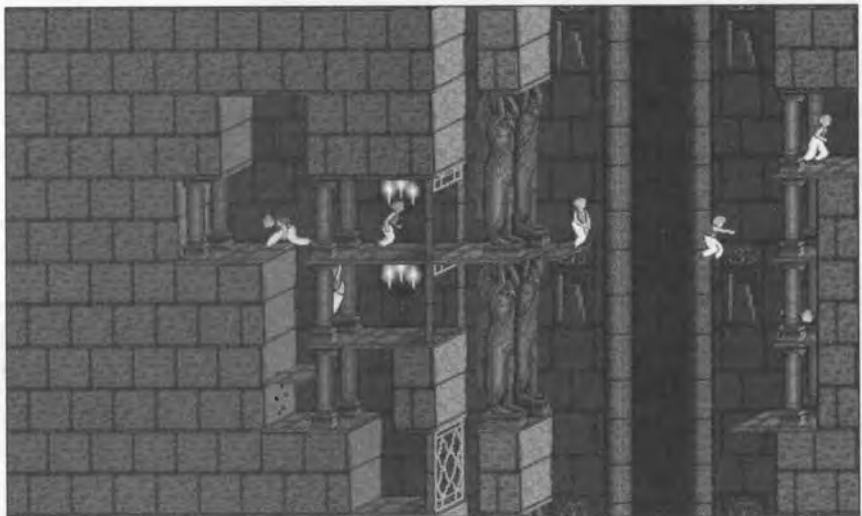




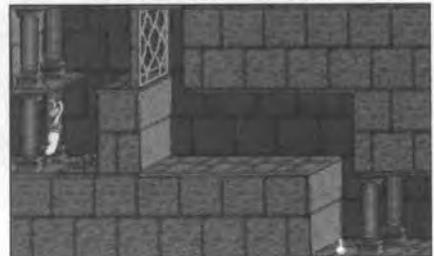
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5. I looked to the east and found a gate. It was closed, but I could see that there was nowhere to go past it. I would have to jump across to the other side, where a series of ledges looked favorable. I returned to the gap I had climbed through and noticed a pressure plate on the opposite side. I jumped across, triggered the plate, jumped back across the gap, then ran . . .
6. . . and jumped from the ledge, flying across the deep chasm . . .



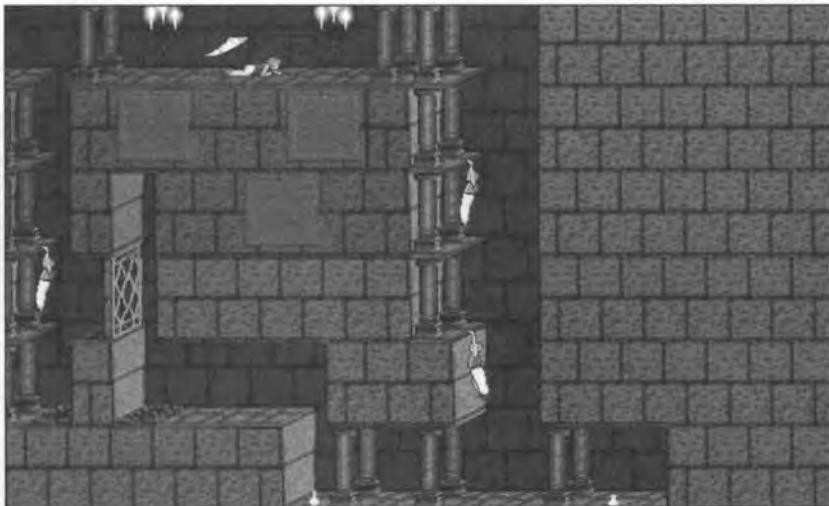
3. . . and caught myself on a ledge on the opposite side, several landings down. My arms nearly pulled from their sockets from the force of my fall, but I held on with all my strength. I pulled myself up, not quite able to breathe again.
6. I climbed as high as I could go, then ran to the east.
7. I was at a dead end. There was no other way out, so I explored the ceiling and managed to loosen a tile. I stood between some sturdy columns, where



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the falling floor wouldn't hit me. The floor tile smashed onto a pressure plate and above me I heard the sound of a gate opening. I climbed onto a ledge, but something made me hesitate before the gate. I saw three pressure plates below and had little doubt they were part of some kind of trap. I jumped up and down a few times, and a ceiling tile fell onto the first pressure plate, closing the gate. Now there was no choice. I jumped over to the western wall and climbed.

8.



When I reached the highest landing, I decided to investigate the way leading east. I triggered a pressure plate and heard a gate opening far to the west, then ducked under a blade trap and continued east.

9. I came to a series of ledges leading downward.
10. The ledges eventually ended in a long drop. It wasn't too long for me, however, and I decided to drop and investigate. There was what looked like a poison potion at the bottom, but I spied something good to the west and headed that way.



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7. It was a Life Enhancement Potion. I drank it down and felt better. Climbing onto a low wall, I triggered a pressure plate and saw to my dismay that I was on the opposite side of the gate I had previously skipped. The gate was opening. I saw another pressure plate just in front of me, and decided to jump over it. I climbed up through the gate, certain that I had narrowly averted some extreme and final danger. I climbed up the series of ledges again.
 8. This time, I took a quick look to the west, where I had heard the gate opening before. As expected, the path ended at a chasm. I didn't try to go all the way to the edge—one of the floor tiles was



loose there. I realized I would have to backtrack, trigger the pressure plate, then jump the small gap, run, and jump again to get across the chasm. It didn't seem like a very good option, but it was the only one I could see.

I stood on the pressure plate and listened as the gate rose in the distance. Taking a deep breath, I ran and jumped over the small gap . . .

Note: There's a nifty trap near the potion. If you want to find out about it, step on the middle pressure plate on the second landing (just above and to the left of the potion).

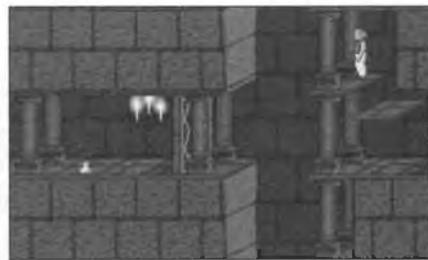
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11. . . and almost immediately leaped again. The chasm loomed below me, and for a moment I didn't think I would make it, but I just caught the wall with my hands and held on. Moments later—long moments later—I heard the crash of the loose floor as it hit the bottom of the tower. As quickly as I could, I pulled myself up and ran through the gate before it could close. Another floor tile fell behind me.

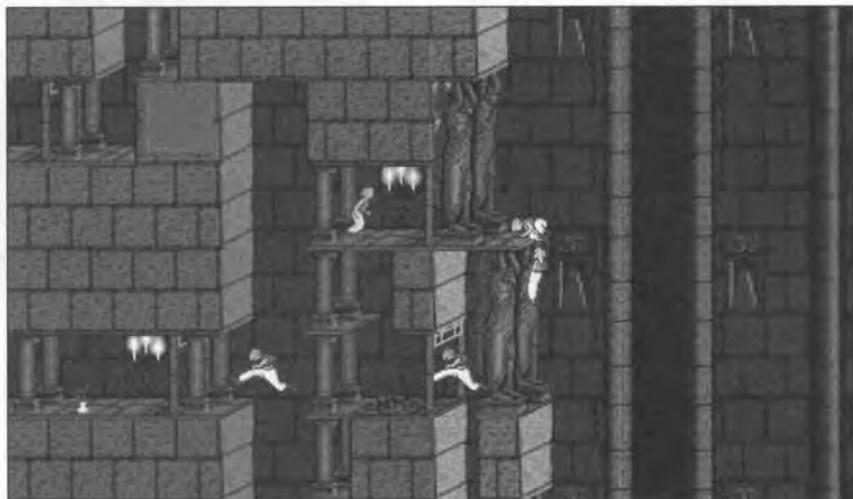
12. In my haste, I almost skewered myself on some wall spikes, but I stopped short as another floor tile fell behind me. I climbed up a series of landings.

13. To the west was a closed gate, and beyond it, a potion. A pressure plate lay to the east, and another closed gate. Stepping on the pressure plate did nothing, and I guessed its purpose was to close one or both of these gates.



I had a feeling I was not going to want these gates to close, so I broke a floor tile above the pressure plate and sent it crashing down to jam the device. Then, not seeing any other way to go, I climbed up to the highest ledges.

14. I stood in a short, low hallway and ran carefully east.





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15. When I reached the end of the path there was nowhere to go, but I stepped on a pressure plate and heard the sound of a gate opening. I realized that I might not have a lot of time to reach it before it closed, so I lowered myself off the edge and dropped.
16. I landed between the feet of two giant statues and immediately jumped west. The gate was open.
13. I ran and jumped again immediately to pass through the gate, realizing that I had done well to destroy the pressure plate that would certainly have closed the gate across the narrow gap. I had no need of the healing potion and left it where it was, just in case.
17. I had been wondering where all the guards were, and now I found out! The first guard was tough, and I had to fight furiously, even so taking several nasty hits from him. And while I was learning the timing of his attacks and countering him, several more guards appeared from a high ledge to the west. They lined up to take their turns at me. I finally learned to time my attacks to catch him just as he began his attack on me, and to parry when he struck. Once I had the timing down, I was able to catch him again and again. Soon he fell, and the next one took his place. This guard was also skillful, but I thrust again and again, hitting him and killing him quickly. The rest of the guards were slower and fell even more quickly.
13. I was glad I had saved the healing potion. I was severely wounded, and even this potion only partially healed me. I returned to the west after drinking it.

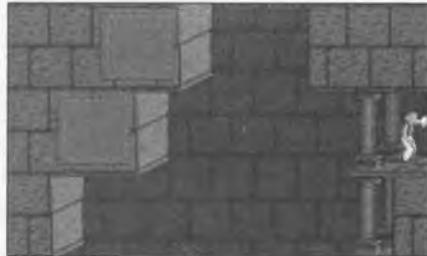


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17. Now that I was no longer under attack, I surveyed the room and discovered that the only way to go was up. I climbed a series of ledges along the eastern wall.

18. When I reached the highest ledge, I made a pleasant discovery—another healing potion. I drank it and continued east.



14. As I passed through an open gate, it closed behind me. I climbed into an alcove and knocked a ceiling tile loose, then climbed through the gap.

19. I had found a doorway, but was it the exit? To the west was a closed gate. To the east was an impassable cliff. But there was a pressure plate that way and I triggered it hopefully. It did not open the door, however, but only the western gate. I headed that way, jumping over the small gap in the floor and climbing up to walk carefully through the gate.



20. The guard almost caught me by surprise. The gate slammed shut behind me and I found myself in a fight for my life. I barely got by him. I learned to anticipate his attacks and to counter, but not before receiving a few new wounds. I was in bad shape.

I became very cautious after my last two encounters with guards. I checked out everything, and that's how I discovered the trap door in the floor. It was just past two low



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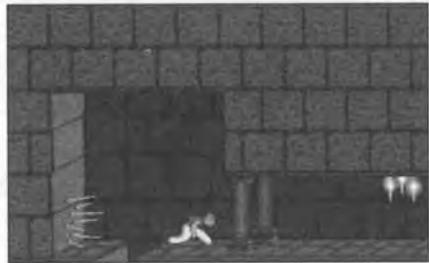


columns, and when I jumped on the floor, it spun around. I jumped over it, then climbed onto a ledge, triggering a pressure plate.

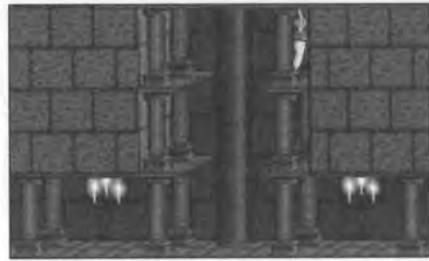
There was no apparent place to go, but I was able to break a floor tile next to the western wall. I dropped to a lower landing when it fell so I wouldn't be hit, then climbed back up and into the gap.

21. I stood next to some spike holes, but was careful not to get hit by the spikes. I faced east and jumped over the gap. There was a loose floor tile, but my jump took me over it and it didn't fall.

I crawled under a blade trap, then continued east.



22. I came to a small series of ledges lining both sides of a tall center tower. To the east I could see a closed gate. There was no way to open the gate, so I climbed the eastern series of ledges and broke through the ceiling.



23. I climbed into a hallway and headed east.

24. I jumped over a narrow gap and continued east.



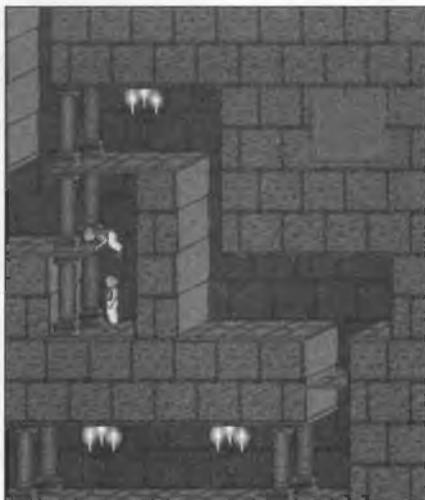
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25. There was a ledge above me and a gap leading down. I decided to investigate the gap first.

26. As I dropped into a very small alcove, I heard the sound of a loose floor off to the east. Not really knowing what I was doing, I jumped up and down until I heard it fall. Then I climbed back out of the small, dark place.



25. I climbed onto the upper landing and crossed to its edge. Hanging down, I could make out a room below. I dropped.

26. As soon as I landed, I heard a sickening sound of metal gears and scraping stone. To my horror, I saw a whole section of the wall begin to move rapidly in my direction. If I had not moved like a cat, dropping down through a gap in the floor, I would have been crushed! As it was, I was slightly hurt by the fall, but as I watched through the gap above, the wall drove forward without stopping until I heard it crash with a thud into the opposite wall. I shuddered to think what sound it would have made with me in the middle!

I stepped onto a pressure plate

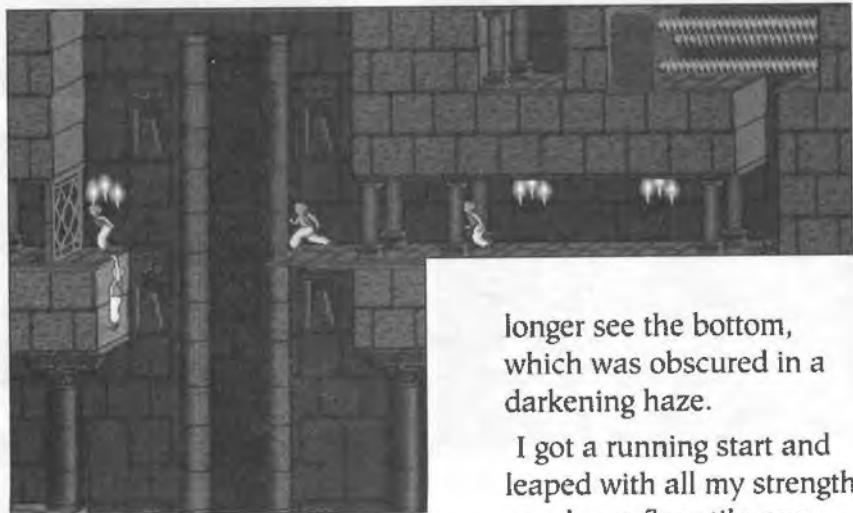


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and heard, far away, the sound of sliding stone. I believed I had found the exit plate! Now I just had to find my way back to the exit! I crawled under a blade trap and looked to the west.

27. The gate across the chasm was closed, but I had to hope I could find a way to get it open once I got across, because that was the only way I could see to go now. Looking down, I could no



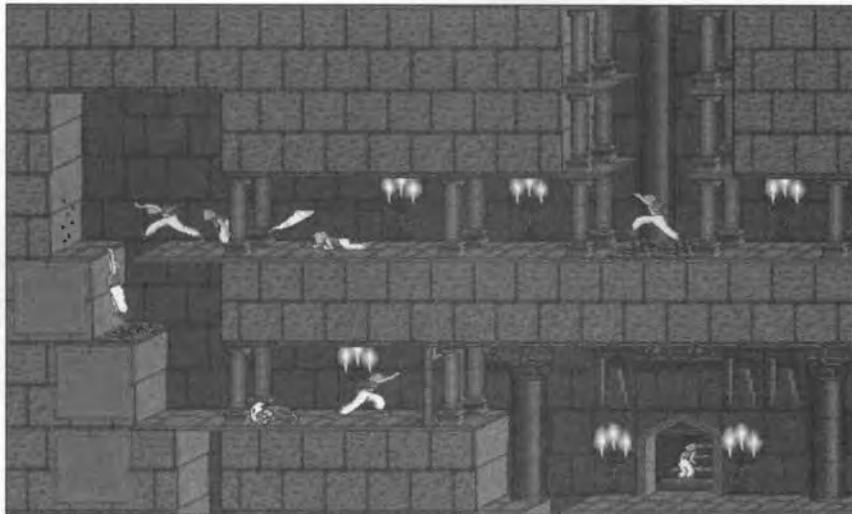
longer see the bottom, which was obscured in a darkening haze.

I got a running start and leaped with all my strength as a loose floor tile gave

way. There was a sickening moment in which I imagined myself hurtling into the darkness below, but at the last instant my hands caught the stone ledge and my body jerked to a halt. I held on by my fingernails and began to struggle onto the ledge.

I stood staring at the gate. It was still closed. I stared what for seemed like minutes. Hamza, though it was probably only a few seconds, then there was a distant crash—the floor tile finally smashing to the ground—and the gate miraculously opened. A man could have recited his evening prayers in the time it took the tile to drop, and I thanked Allah once again that it was the stone floor and not this unworthy Prince that fell. I ran through the open gate.

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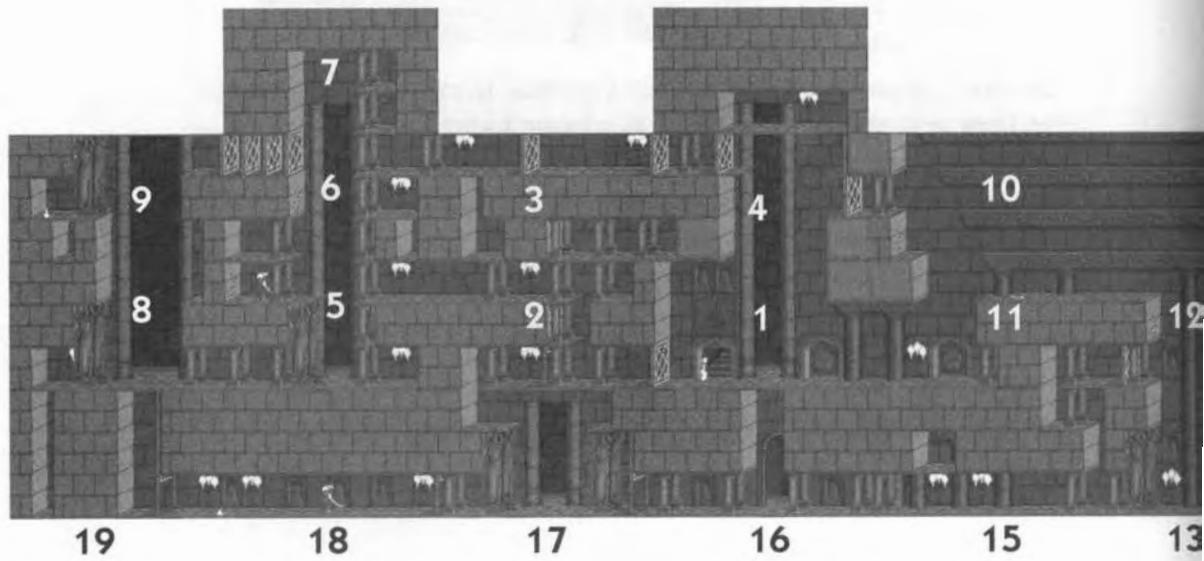


22. I ran through the small tower room . . .
21. . . . then crawled under the blade trap and took one careful step, then jumped over the loose floor tile, and into the gap in the floor. I made sure I did not jump too far and activate the spikes in the wall beyond the gap. Nor did I want to hit the remaining loose floor tile. I knew there was a pressure plate below it.
20. I landed on a ledge, then lowered myself onto the pressure plate below. I turned and jumped over the trap door and then jumped over the pressure plate that closed the gate to the east. I went through the gate.
19. The exit door was open! Carefully I jumped over the narrow gap in the floor and ran up the stairs. I think one more death-defying jump and I would have been finished. Would these stairs lead to freedom? To some answers, perhaps? At least they led out of this place. . .

LEVEL 12

... and into another very much like it.

- As I came up the stairs and through the door (which closed behind me, or do I still need to tell you that?), I noticed immediately that some of the floor tiles seemed to be pressure plates. Two were raised and one was recessed. I walked on the recessed one and nothing happened. When I stepped on the raised pressure plate past it, a gate opened behind me. So I turned around again and, jumping over the recessed plate this time, I headed for the gate. As I stepped on the pressure plate just in front of the gate, I heard another, more distant gate open.



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- Now I had two choices. I could try climbing up a series of landings, or I could explore the way down a gap to the west.

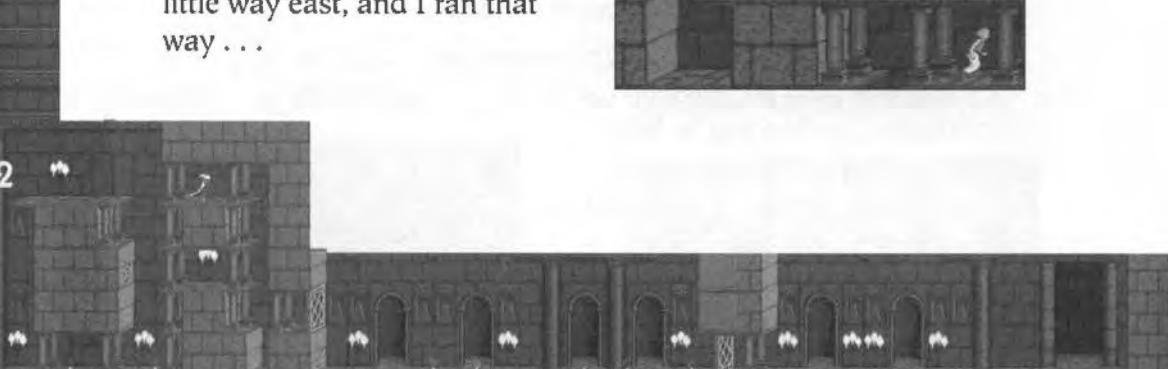


Translator's note: Again, the accounts of this adventure differ somewhat, and in some significant details. Here are the two versions for your perusal:



Version 1

- As I stepped up to another gate, I triggered a pressure plate and the barrier slammed shut. Now the only direction I could go was up. I climbed a pair of landings and explored the ceiling, finding a loose tile there. As I stepped aside to let it drop, I stood on yet another pressure plate and heard yet another gate open. I climbed up the gap created by the falling floor tile.
- The short hallway only led a little way east, and I ran that way . . .



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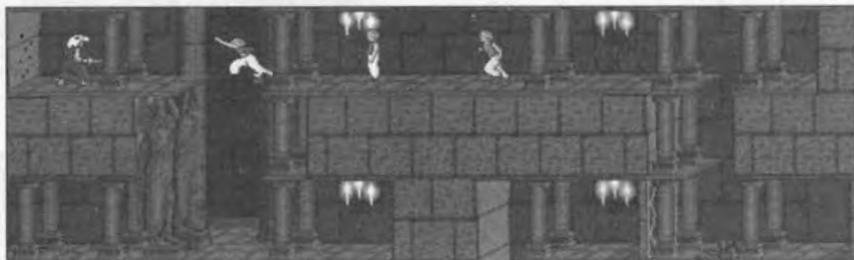
4. . . just turning . . .



1. . . and catching myself at the last instant as the floor gave way beneath me. I heard the sound of a distant gate opening as the floor tile fell onto the pressure plate I had seen in the entrance room.



4. I pulled myself up again and returned to the original gap.
3. I lowered myself into the hole again.



2. On the upper landing once more, I headed west.
5. A guard stood ready to fight me across the way. I thought I could challenge him, so I walked to the edge of the landing and jumped the gap, landing just in front of him. He quickly ran forward and stabbed me in the shoulder, knocking me backward.

Now, I wasn't seriously hurt, and I managed to catch onto the ledge before I fell and hurt



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myself further, but seeing him standing above me, I knew I could gain nothing by climbing back up, so I dropped. He stood there, glaring.

I stepped on a pressure plate and heard a gate opening high above me. Quickly I began to climb the eastern series of ledges to investigate the sound, for the moment leaving the guard to gloat over his victory.

6. I was just in time to see the gate close again. I would never be able to trigger the pressure plate below and climb fast enough to get through that gate. Besides, there were four gates in all. I wondered if I really had to open them, but I assumed I did.

I stood on the first landing. I had noticed what looked like loose floor tiles across to the west, and I decided it was time to turn the tables on that guard. I jumped up and down a few times and the tiles fell. I heard the sound of a gate opening and saw that the last of the four gates began to open. Then I climbed up one ledge.

I stood at the edge of the second landing and jumped safely across, coming altogether too close to a spike trap in the wall, however. I then lowered myself down the gap created by the falling floor tiles.

5. I found myself behind the guard I had seen earlier. He whirled, his sword still drawn, and I quickly drew my own. I pushed





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him backward, toward the ledge, but he was fast and hit me several times. Eventually, however, he lost his footing and fell screaming to the floor below. I heard the sound of a gate opening above me.

I found nothing to the west but a spike trap, so I jumped back across to the east and climbed the ledges I had climbed before.

6. I had not looked into the alcove in the middle landing, but when I walked into it, the floor dropped beneath my feet. Then another of the four gates opened.

I continued to climb as I high as I could go.

7. I reached a narrow tower with two small landings in it. When I reached the highest one, I stepped up to the wall to inspect it. The floor dropped beneath me and I heard another gate opening. I climbed down, not seeing anything more of interest at the top.

6. I was even with the four gates again. They were all open now, so I got a good running start and jumped at the last instant. I had noticed a spike trap in the wall below the gates, and I didn't want to risk jumping into that!



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9. I came to a ledge and saw a potion across the gap. It looked like a Life Enhancement Potion, and I thought it would be good to get. Again, I got a running start and jumped, just clearing the wide chasm and catching on to the ledge near the potion.

I took no chances. Seeing that the only way to get back from here would be to jump back to the east, I jumped to the potion, fearing a loose floor tile. My caution was rewarded, because a tile did jiggle a little, but it did not fall.

I drank the potion, my back against the western wall, then ran and jumped back into the air . . .



8. . . landing on a narrow ledge. I dropped to the floor and ran to the east again.
5. I was back where I had fought the guard. He still lay across the pressure plate where he had fallen. Again I climbed.
6. When I reached the level of the four gates, I turned to the east and started in that direction.



3. I was cautious and tested the floor, or I would have fallen through the trap door. It lay hidden just before an open gate. I jumped it and then went through the gate. A pressure plate beyond the gate triggered yet another gate just ahead of me.
4. As I passed through this next gate, I saw a wide gap ahead. I stepped on yet another pressure plate, and a gate across the gap

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opened. For some reason, I was suspicious of this situation, so I performed one of my usual tests, jumping up and down three times. Two tiles fell, one just in front of me, the other from the ceiling to the east. And two gates closed suddenly, the one behind me and the one across the gap. Was I trapped here?

I stepped back onto the pressure plate behind me and, with relief, I watched as both gates reopened. Now I made some room and ran, leaping across the wide gap and catching the ledge below the eastern gate by my fingertips as I had done so many times before. I continued east.



10. My path came quickly to an end. There was no place to go but down to a narrow ledge below me. However, when I looked down and across to the east, I saw a fine, shining sword lying on the ground.

I put my back against the gate to the west, then ran and jumped as quickly as I could to clear the gap between me and the sword.



11. I landed painfully right next to it. Before I could reach to pick it up it burst into flame and rose in the air as if wielded by an invisible swordsman. I was very close to it and drew my own



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sword out of habit, though I did not know what I would do against this fiendish blade.

Suddenly, I changed my mind about this sword. I exchanged positions with it, then quickly put my sword away and ran away from it, to the east.

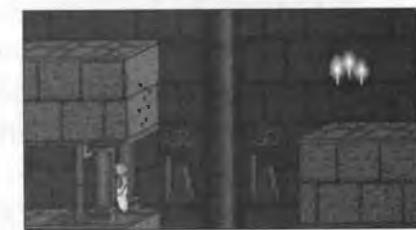


12. I continued to run until I came to another gap. With the flaming sword on my heels, I jumped across without hesitation and fell to a lower ledge. Ahead stood a tower with a guard atop it, but I heard a gate opening to the west.

I changed directions and ran back toward the landing where the gate was opening. I jumped a little too early (which was fortunate as it turned out) because I narrowly missed impaling myself on a spike trap in the wall above the gate.

The gate was already beginning to close as I made it through. It closed completely as I stepped on a pressure plate just past it.

11. I walked west . . .



15. . . then dropped down a narrow gap and landed on a pressure plate. I thought I heard the sound of a door opening somewhere.

The exit? I was hopeful. But the gate above was now closed, and I saw no way to open it. Finally, I looked to the east.



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13. I walked carefully to the edge of a sheer drop and let myself down into a large room, where I spotted a healing potion. I drank it and spotted another to the east.



14. I stood at the base of a great tower. I drank the potion, but decided to retrace my steps and explore to the west.



13. I ran back through the room where I had found the first potion, continuing to the west.



15. Just in time, I stopped and crawled under a blade trap. I heard footsteps coming from the west. Just as I got out from under the blade trap, a guard appeared.

Breathing heavily from the exertion of running, the guard lunged at me. I parried and began to attack with some intensity. I had the blade trap still at my back and knew I had to get out of this dangerous position.

I soon defeated the guard and continued on to the west.

16. I ran through a long, low hallway. I passed a small alcove with a very high ceiling, then continued west.

17. I came to a very large room with twin sets of statues at either end. I spotted some pressure plates in the floor and carefully jumped over all of them. I almost didn't notice the one past the second set of statues. Then I passed through the gate to the west.

18. I almost turned back again when I saw the two blade traps and the guard standing between



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them. But I had come this far, so . . .

I crawled under the blade, all the while keeping my eye on the guard, who stood impassively watching me. When I stood up, the guard immediately lunged, slashing me painfully in the chest. He drove me backward toward the deadly blade trap.

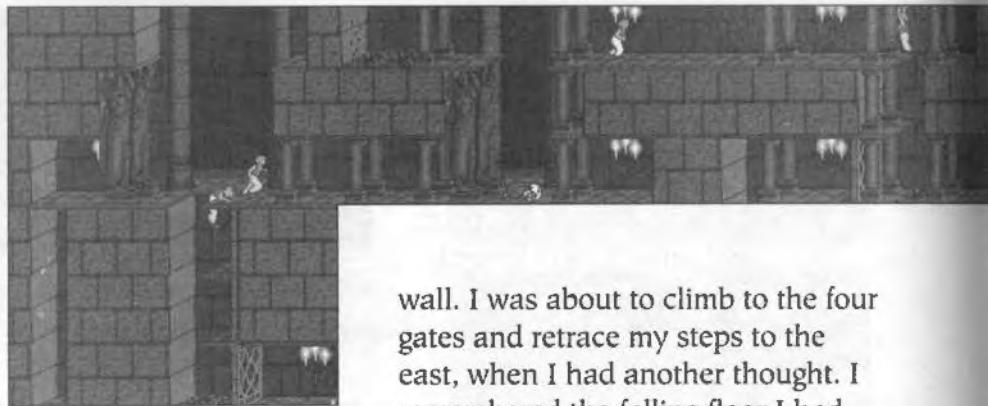
I immediately countered with an attack of my own. I pushed him backward, but kept crowding him until he was forced to switch places with me. My position wasn't much better now, but I think he was a little surprised. I kept up the attack, parrying and slashing until he backed into the blade. It was sickening, but it was him or me.

I crawled under the second blade trap and continued to the west.



19. I found a welcome healing potion, which I drank, then passed through an open gate. The gate closed as I stepped through. There was nowhere to go but up, so I climbed a couple of landings and tested the ceiling. It was loose and a little prodding made one of the tiles fall.
8. I went up through the gap in the ceiling into a huge room. The ceiling was high above me, out of sight. The room looked familiar, though, and for good reason, as I discovered when I headed east, the only way I could go.
5. I groaned in frustration. I had been here before. The guard still lay dead across the pressure plate. I had just made a big circle.

Well, I knew the way to go. I climbed the ledges along the eastern



wall. I was about to climb to the four gates and retrace my steps to the east, when I had another thought. I remembered the falling floor I had

seen above the entrance room. I decided to investigate on a whim. I remembered having seen another doorway nearby.

I headed east.

2. I climbed back up the gap I had previously discovered.
3. I walked carefully to the east, then lowered myself over the ledge. I saw the entrance door beneath me.
1. I dropped, twisting my ankle a little, but it was worth it.
11. Just a little to the east, I found the open exit door. I left this area of the temple behind me at last.



Version 2

2. I carefully approached a gate and noticed a recessed pressure plate in front of it. Instinctively, I jumped over it, then lowered myself into the gap in the floor past the gate.



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17. I landed on a small outcropping held by two giant statues. A similar, but smaller, outcropping jutted from the wall to the east. I lowered myself and dropped to the floor below, then ran to the east, jumping over a recessed pressure plate just in front of the base of two statues. I passed through an open gate.



16. I ran down a long corridor, stepping on a pressure plate. I heard a gate close somewhere. I ran on.



15. As I crawled under a blade trap, a guard came up from behind, but he didn't dare follow me. Once I was safely through the trap, I stood a moment, almost daring him to follow, then turned my back and ran again.



13. I passed a healing potion, but saw no need to stop for it, and continued eastward.

14. I came to a strange tower. A healing potion lay at its base, but I climbed immediately to the second landing, then crossed to the eastern side and climbed down to the bottom where I triggered yet another plate. This last one opened a gate to the east. I climbed the short wall blocking the way east, then carefully stepped through the gate. I jumped . . .



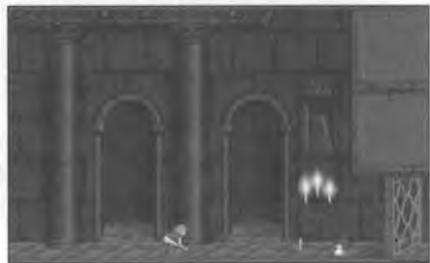


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20. . . . landing on a pressure plate in another great room where I found two potions I recognized from past experience as containing poison. The gate behind me closed. I ignored it, however, and continued on my way.
21. At the other end of this great hall, I found a doorway that might have been an exit. That, and a healing potion, a poison potion, and a very unfamiliar potion.

I knelt and sniffed the bottle—it smelled vaguely of cinnamon—then tasted it. It was exceedingly bitter and burned my tongue. I tossed the bottle away and then, O Hamza, the bottle disappeared in a great cloud of purple smoke and a tiny man appeared.



The tiny creature ran away, slipping between the openings of a closed gate, and I could only watch him run. I heard the sound of a door opening somewhere back to the west and a gate closer by. I decided to make all haste to return the way I had come.

20. I passed back through the room with the poison potions, carefully jumping over a nearly invisible pressure plate that I felt sure would close the gate ahead. I then stepped carefully to the wall—there being a spike trap there, and just managed to climb up and through the gate before it closed again.



14. Once again, I climbed the base of the tower and then retraced my steps.



13. I ran back through the room where I had found the first potion, continuing to the west.

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15. Now the guard I had taunted the first time stood on the other side of the blade trap. I would have to crawl under the trap, then get up and attack him before he could drive me back into the blade. I crawled under the blade, all the while keeping my eye on the guard who stood impassively watching me.



He struck immediately as I came out from under the trap. I parried and began to attack with some intensity. I had the blade trap still at my back and knew I had to get out of this dangerous position. I pushed him backward and struck again and again until he fell, then I continued on to the west.

16. I ran through the long, low hallway again, and continued west.

17. I came to the room with the twin sets of statues at either end. I spotted some pressure plates in the floor and carefully jumped over all of them. I almost didn't notice the one past the second set of statues. Then I passed through the gate to the west.



18. I almost turned back again when I saw the two blade traps and the guard standing between them. But I had come this far, so . . .



... I crawled under the blade, again watching the guard carefully. When I stood up, the guard immediately lunged, slashing me painfully in the chest. He drove me backward toward the deadly blade trap.

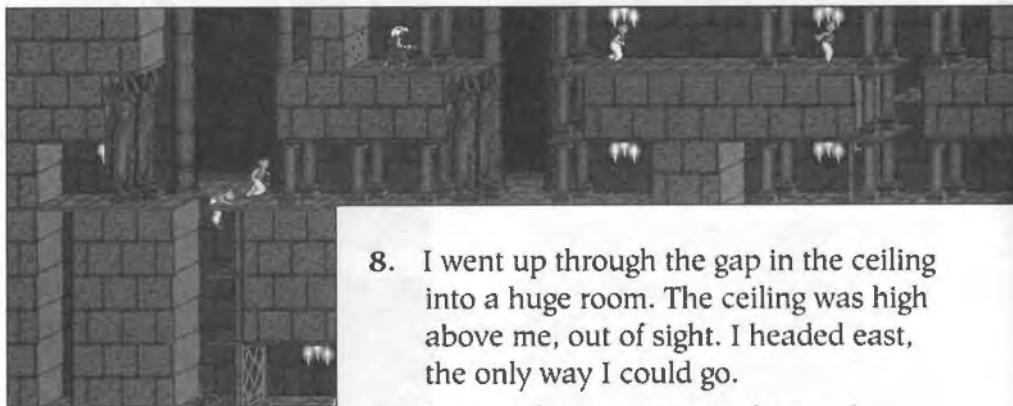


I immediately countered with an attack of my own. I pushed him backward, but kept crowding him until he was forced to switch places with me. My position wasn't much better now, but I think he was a little surprised. I kept up the attack, parrying and slashing until he backed into the blade. It was sickening, but it was him or me.



I crawled under the second blade trap and continued to the west.

19. I found a welcome healing potion, which I drank, then passed through an open gate. The gate closed as I stepped through. There was nowhere to go but up, so I climbed a couple of landings and tested the ceiling. It was loose and a little prodding made one of the tiles fall.



8. I went up through the gap in the ceiling into a huge room. The ceiling was high above me, out of sight. I headed east, the only way I could go.

5. I stepped on a pressure plate and heard a gate open high above me. I began climbing some landings along the eastern wall, then turned and spotted a guard standing to the west.

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I decided to look the east and see what lay at the end of the hallway I was in.

2. I came into another room full of ledges and explored a few moments, finding some loose ceiling tiles. I prodded them until they fell, then climbed into the gap they revealed.
3. The short hallway only led a little way east, and I ran that way . . .



4. . . just turning . . .



1. . . and catching myself at the last instant as the floor gave way beneath me. Below I could see the room I had started in. On an impulse, I dropped to the floor below. It hurt a little, but it was worth it, because I turned to the east . . .



11. . . and found the exit door, now open and inviting. With a sigh of relief, I climbed the stairs and left this part of the temple behind me.





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LEVEL 13

- When I came out of the stairwell, I discovered I was in a room with two gates, both closed. Testing the floor, I found no pressure plates, but one tile was loose to the east. I jumped up and down to make it fall. A moment later, the gate to the west opened, and I headed that way.
- I was in a very long, low-ceilinged hallway. There was a blade trap just ahead of me and an upper path stretching also to the west. I decided to climb to the upper path.



12

11

10

9

8

7



6

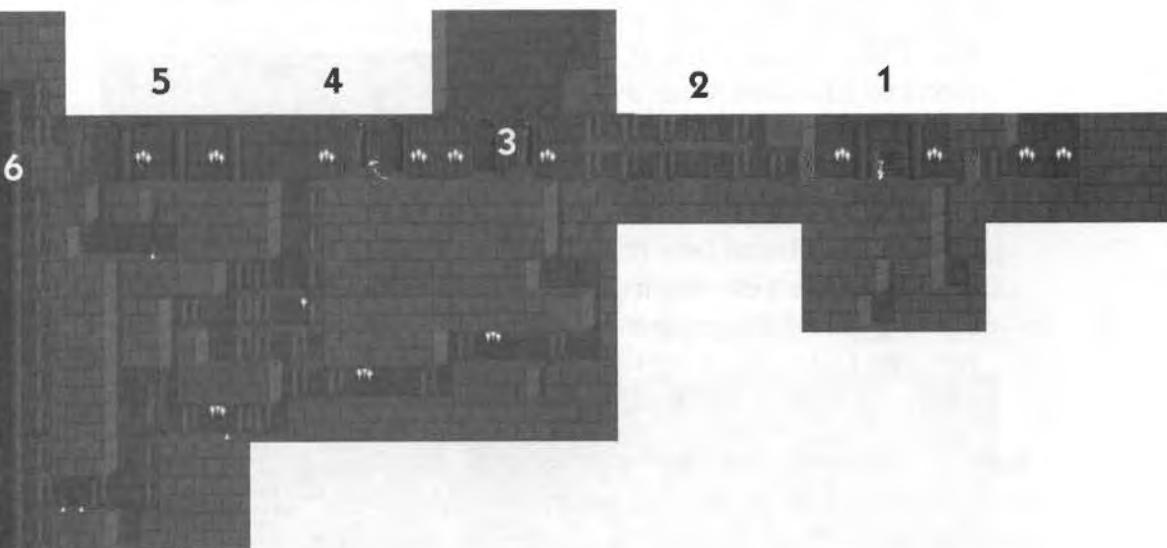
THE SHADOW AND THE FLAME

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As I came onto the upper pathway, I checked the floor and found a trap door over the blade trap. I jumped over the trap door and continued to the west.

- When I came to a ledge, I jumped immediately across the gap, dropping to the floor one landing below. I heard the sound of footsteps coming from somewhere to the east and drew my sword.

A guard appeared above me and jumped. He landed right next to me, with the ledge at his back. I struck even as he dropped, hitting him quickly three times. He fell over the edge. I heard footsteps then





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from both directions and instinctively turned and backed toward the ledge, even as another guard sailed over my head and a third one ran from the west.

I fought the nearest guard and he dropped after three quick blows. Then I edged closer to my next assailant, making room behind me so I could not be forced over the edge. I defeated him and another of his brethren-at-arms, still moving continually to the west. Then



no more guards appeared, and I edged carefully forward.

4. I thought I had seen the last of the guards, but there was another waiting for me and I had to fight him while two more of his friends appeared, each waiting their turn. The guard was tough, and I barely succeeded in defeating him. I was worn down and bleeding from a dozen wounds by the time I had finished him off. The next two guards were not as skilled and I was able to hit them with long lunges that hadn't worked on the other guards.

I ran on to the west, leaping over a gap and triggering a pressure plate. Far to the west I heard a gate opening, and I headed that way.



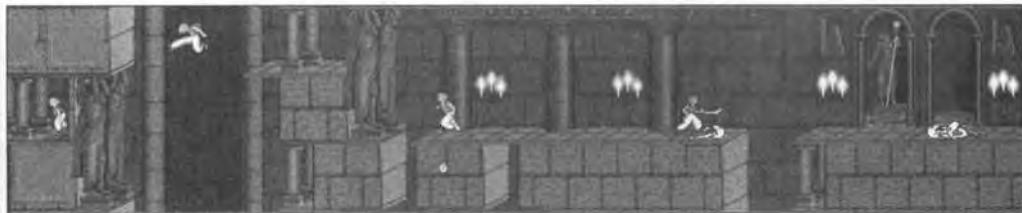
Translator's note: The gate the Prince must reach apparently closed very quickly. However, there are two quite different accounts detailing how he was able to reach it in time. I've presented both versions for your edification.

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Version 1

5. A guard appeared behind me, so I had to choose. I was afraid the gate ahead might close, so I turned to meet him. I forced him backward and finally dispatched him.



4. He fell onto the pressure plate I had previously triggered, and I heard the distant gate opening again.
5. I ran to the west, jumping a small gap at the base of two statues. A floor tile fell behind me, but I didn't take the time to investigate. I found a short ledge at the base of the statues and climbed onto it.
6. To the west I could see a gate, but it lay across a wide gap. I backed up to make room.
5. I started to run . . .
6. . . and at the last moment I jumped, barely catching the ledge on the opposite side of the chasm. I didn't even want to think how far up I was now.

I pulled myself up and through the gate and headed west.

Version 2

5. I stood a moment, catching my breath, and heard the distant gate close. I decided to investigate anyway, so I ran forward, toward the base of the two statues, jumping a small gap on the way. As I ran,



I heard the sound of footsteps behind me. Another guard. But this guard did me a favor, as it turned out. He triggered the pressure plate behind me, and I heard the gate ahead opening.

I found a short ledge at the base of the statues and climbed onto it, then ran quickly to the west, ready to jump across the gap I saw ahead.

6. At the last moment I leaped into the air, flying across the wide gap. A floor tile came loose as I jumped, and a few moments later I heard it crash to the floor far below. But I had caught onto a ledge below the gate and struggled to pull myself up before the gate closed.

Translator's note: From here on, the published accounts seem to be consistent.

7. I found myself on a narrow parapet. Below was a strangely illuminated temple or cathedral. I didn't have time to investigate it, though, because more guards appeared. They fought with great skill, and all my ability with the sword was tested. I kept lunging and parrying steadily, trying to keep them within sword range. I found that the secret with these bird-headed guards was in the timing. If I could catch them in mid-slash, they were vulnerable. I kept moving in a westerly direction, and after I had slain three of them, there were no more. Whatever it was they were guarding, it seemed to be ahead.
8. I had to fight more guards, and I heard the sound of sandals on stone coming from the east. They were going to surround me! I had already defeated two of the guards ahead of me, but they kept coming. I was pushing them steadily to the west. Now I quickly slew the last of them, sheathed my sword, and ran to the west as the new arrivals came at me from the east. There



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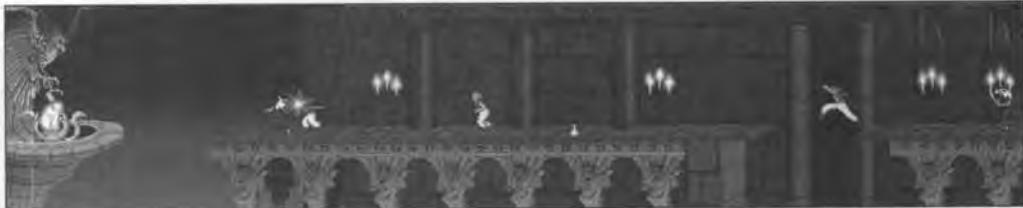


Note: Keep moving forward as you fight the guards in this room. After about the third guard you fight, new guards will appear from behind. If you can beat the last guard in front of you before the new ones arrive to surround you, put your sword away and run full speed to the west. If you do get surrounded, crowd the guard to the west until you change places with him. Finish him off, then the guard behind him. Now you should be able to escape by putting your sword away and running for it.

seemed to be no end of the creatures, and I had no desire to remain, fighting until my arm grew too weary to lift my blade.

I don't know how I had the time to see it, but I did notice a great tapestry on the wall that said "He who would steal the flame must die." It meant nothing to me at the time, but I would soon learn what it meant.

9. I ran past another closed doorway, saw no way to open it, and, with the guards still on my heels, I kept running west.
10. I saw a wide gap ahead, and jumped it as quickly as possible. The pursuing guards stopped at the ledge. I was safe—for the moment. I took a deep breath and continued west.
11. I ran through one more long section of the parapet, but was not attacked. I passed by a potion. It seemed unimportant at the moment.



12. An iridescent blue flame flickered in a huge torch. A great statue of an eagle perched over it. I was fascinated by the flame; so much so



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that the guard took me by surprise. I was very weak after all my battles, and the guard's blow was sudden. I died. I felt my spirit leave my body, and all was blackness.

In a dream, I imagined my shadow-self emerging and jumping across to the great torch. He touched the blue flame and it infused him. Then he jumped back across and came to me, lying dead on the ground.



Suddenly I was awake. I was alive. Dream or otherwise, I was no longer dead or in great pain. I felt a new vitality flowing within me. Even stranger, the guard, who had just a moment



Note: If this isn't enough of a hint, here's what really has to happen. You have to get killed by the guard in the flame room. Don't press any keys. As soon as the "Press Key to Continue" message appears, the Shadow Man will leave the Prince's body and go get the flame. When he re-enters the Prince, you'll be able to finish this level and go on to the final level.

the shadow and the flame

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before killed me, now bowed his head to the ground before me. It made no sense to me, but I was pleased with the change in attitude.

I decided to head back toward the exit doors. There was nothing else to do here.

11. I ran back along the parapet toward the gap I had jumped across previously. I was worried that the guards who had been chasing me would be waiting.
10. I needn't have worried about the guards. As I neared the gap they all bowed, and in their haste to show their obeisance, several of them fell over the edge. Now I felt sorry for them.

I leapt across the gap and continued east.



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9. I came to the room where I had seen the lone doorway, and it was open now. Without another thought, I ran up the stairs. Could my life get any stranger? I wondered as I climbed.



LEVELS 14 & 15—THE FINAL BATTLE



At the top of the temple I found another statue of a horse, or perhaps the same one somehow relocated. This time I mounted more easily and, as before, the statue came to life. But the ride was even more enchanted than the previous one. This marvelous beast stepped lightly out onto a high parapet, so high I didn't want to look down. Then it reared and, with a powerful jump, took off into the air. It carried me, soaring in long, airborne strides, over the clouds and back to the land I had so briefly called home. It seemed so long ago, now, with all I had been through.

We landed at the top of an unfamiliar minaret of the kind the muezzin use to call us to prayers. But something told me I was not about to have a lesson in the Koran.

I stood on the very roof of the minaret, my steed now turned once again solid, as if carved from ivory or some rare marble. The roof was round and its diameter no more than two or three times my body length. There was no trap door or ladder to lead me into the tower itself.

Finally, I let myself hang over the eastern edge of the tower and dropped, having spotted an opening below. I landed safely on the ledge and walked inside.



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The inside of the minaret was both more ornate and larger than I had expected. Fine carpets covered a marble floor, and I saw silken curtains and other fineries scattered here and there. But all thoughts of architecture and interior design were forgotten when I stepped a little farther into the place and saw him.

Jaffar!

"So we meet again," I said. "This time you will not escape."

But he just laughed and raised his arms above his head. He chanted some words I did not know, and I felt my head splitting open and my stomach twisting inside me. The next thing I knew I was dreaming a most impossible dream.



1

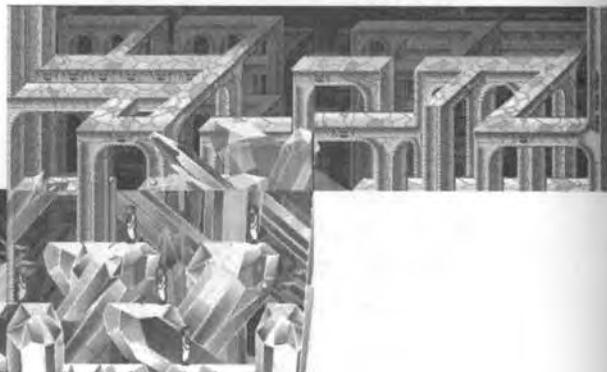
3

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2



4

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- I stood on a chess board that stretched away as far as the eye could see. The pieces, easily five meters tall, carried the faces of Jaffar, the Sultan, the Princess, and myself. Of course, I knew this was no ordinary chess board.
- I found some gaps in the floors and, peering downward, saw the great body of a spider, turned on its back and either dead or nearly so. I also spotted a turbaned guard and decided to avoid this room for now, only returning if I could not find any other way out of this dream.
- Then I heard a voice. It was like the voice of the queen, my mother, and it told me, "Let the Shadow free." I didn't know what



the voice meant, but inside me I could feel a stirring, and a vision of a blue flame passed before my mind's eye. In all my life, I've never had such feelings and thoughts.

I think I went into some kind of trance, then, Hamza. It was as if I were no longer there. I turned first this way, then that, no longer in control of my body, and as I did, I could feel the vitality flowing out of me.



Now, I had been through a lot what with the skeletons, the snakes, the goblin heads, and the strange bird-headed priests. I had even died and been reborn. But



this was beyond my comprehension. I could see the blue flame bursting from me as my body still turned. Then I fell.

This time I did not lose consciousness, Hamza. I saw my body crumpled on the floor, draped over one purple square of the chess board. But I stood above it, illuminated with the glow of the sacred flame. I ran to the east, jumping easily over a gap in the floor.

3. I was nearing one edge of the chess board. A great chess piece with the face of my beloved Princess stood before a short pathway leading toward some sparkling crystals of immense proportions. I ran on, leaping another gap at the last moment.
4. The crystal room was beautiful. It sparkled with rainbow colors and iridescent reflections. But it was marred in one respect. There, atop the great flat surfaces of the crystals themselves, stood four Jaffars!

The Jaffars did not move or show any reaction to me at all, and I went among them, stabbing each with my sword. I began with the one in the middle, then the bottom one. Finally, I stabbed the one



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who stood in the upper west. I was about to turn toward the final Jaffar when it dissolved before my eyes!

There were gaps in the floor of the crystal room, but they seemed to lead into an abyss. Above, I could see a strangely constructed maze. One support led down into the room I was in. I was standing next to it after I stabbed the last Jaffar, so I climbed up.

5. I had never seen anything like this place before. I took a careful step to the west, then climbed upon one of the strangely constructed pathways, facing east.

I saw several healing potions, but left them alone. I climbed to the top pathway and ran to the east.



6. There he stood. Jaffar! At last I've found you, I thought, but I could find no voice with which to speak.

As soon as Jaffar spotted me, he began to climb down to a lower platform and run away. I gave chase. I could feel the power of the flame surging within me and longed to make him taste it.

I ran after Jaffar, following closely on his heels. He ran along the bottom pathway, jumping a gap. I jumped just behind him.



5. Jaffar then climbed onto the middle landing, turned to face west, and climbed onto the upper landing. I saw a way to gain on him. I climbed onto the middle landing behind him. Then, even as he jumped the gap, heading east, I was climbing onto the upper landing on the eastern side of the gap. I



Note: In the story, I've given you the (more or less) ideal way to play this level. However, there are a few things you should know. First, in the tarantula room the guards will continually appear and reappear. If by some really strange circumstance you've arrived at this level without enough life potions to turn into Shadow Man, you can *sometimes* receive Life Enhancement Potions from the guards. Others will leave healing potions. However, fighting them requires good skills.

Most players will not turn into Shadow Man at first. Here are a few tips. The false Jaffars will not do anything if you are very careful. It's safest to start with the upper Jaffar, then drop down to the middle one. Stay very close and carefully step near them. Draw your sword and stab once. If you are careless, they will suddenly strike and kill you with one blow.

When you meet Jaffar in the Escher maze, your sword is useless. If you don't believe that, try attacking him with it and see what happens.

When chasing Jaffar, you should catch up with him easily once you know the pattern of the two rooms. If you have trouble



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saw him running away and quickly fired the flame at him. It missed! I could feel the flame leave my shadow body and suddenly I knew I could no longer use it. Jaffar seemed to realize the same thing, because he suddenly turned and ran after me! I ran from Jaffar until I found a healing potion. Quickly I drank it down and it restored my health—and the flame, too! Now Jaffar was on the run once again, and I was the pursuer. This time I was more careful. I chased Jaffar until I had him

doing so, just try to stay close and don't make any major mistakes. After a while, Jaffar will make a mistake and end up in a crouching position. Then you've got him for sure.

However you deal with Jaffar, you have to get a clear shot at him with the fireball. If you miss, you must drink a healing potion to recharge, so you can fire again. Once you throw the fireball, the fire leaves the Shadow Man and Jaffar will begin to chase you. If he gets a clear opportunity to cast his spell, you're done for.

Remember the tarantula room? The guards are tough for the Prince, but they're a piece of cake for the Shadow Man. If you need to recharge, you can go there and get a potion, then return to the maze to get Jaffar.

It may seem very difficult at first to get Jaffar, but it's really quite easy once you figure out the pattern. The trick is in the first room. Jaffar will climb up onto the highest pathway, then jump across to the east and run. You can climb up directly at the eastern edge of the screen, saving yourself several seconds and gaining on Jaffar. Once you have him, fire away and collect your reward!





cornered against a wall. He looked surprised, then began to plead, but it was too late. I threw the flame without mercy, incinerating him in a blue flash.

AFTER THE BATTLE

I was back in the minaret. Jaffar's ashes dusted the marble floor, and everything was silent. Carefully I swept up the ashes, being sure to get every one, and placed them in a small jar I found in one of the rooms. Then I climbed down and made my way to the palace.

Now, I had not known how Jaffar had used my identity to work so much evil, but the looks of fear and hatred the guards at the palace showed me were enough to let me guess that all had not been well in my absence. At least they did not attack.

I found the Princess, just arising from her bed. She was weak and pale, and shrank from me when I first appeared.

"It is I, Beloved. Your true Prince," I told her.

She stared, suspiciously, then sat again at the edge of the mattress, clearly too debilitated by her illness to stand for long. Then she buried her face in her hands and began a great sobbing. I felt the tears well up in my eyes, too, Hamza. I'm not ashamed to say it.

I knew Jaffar could impersonate my looks, but never the power of my love for the Princess. She knew it, too, and did not resist when I put my arms around her and held her for the most precious moment of my life. Jaffar was dead and I was back where I belonged.



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Suddenly I began to laugh, almost uncontrollably. I had faced death so many times, doubting whether I would ever be able to return to my Princess. And now, here I was. I swept her up in my arms and her sobbing stopped. Her eyes were wide with surprise as I laughed and held her to me. Finally, she smiled. Then she, too, began to laugh. And we rolled hysterically upon the bed, laughing until we were both exhausted. Then we slept.

"And that is my story, Hamza. I call it 'Into the Dark and Back'."

"It is a marvelous story, my Prince, but if you would accept a humble servant's suggestion?"

"Of course, Hamza. Tell me."

"I would suggest a more . . . compelling title for your story. I should like to call it 'The Shadow and the Flame.'"

"You know, Hamza, in your way, you are a prince as well. 'The Shadow and the Flame' it shall be. Make it so, Hamza. Make it so."



and the number of political parties in each state
is a question of considerable interest.¹ In this article
we shall attempt to determine the number of
political parties in each state by using the same
methodology as that used by the author of the study
of the number of political parties in each state in 1952.²
The methodology used in this study is described
below. The results of the study are presented in "Appendix
A." The results of the study are presented in "Appendix
B."

¹ See, for example, the study of the number of political parties in each state by the author of the study of the number of political parties in each state in 1952.

² See, for example, the study of the number of political parties in each state by the author of the study of the number of political parties in each state in 1952.

³ See, for example, the study of the number of political parties in each state by the author of the study of the number of political parties in each state in 1952.

⁴ See, for example, the study of the number of political parties in each state by the author of the study of the number of political parties in each state in 1952.

⁵ See, for example, the study of the number of political parties in each state by the author of the study of the number of political parties in each state in 1952.

⁶ See, for example, the study of the number of political parties in each state by the author of the study of the number of political parties in each state in 1952.



appendix

PRINCE OF PERSIA BASIC STRATEGIES AND TRICKS

HINTS FOR PRINCE OF PERSIA

Sword-Fighting Basics

In sword fighting, look at the distance between sword tips. You can almost always tell when you're in range that way. Once you get used to this distance, you won't waste a lot of energy thrusting when your enemy is too far away.

You must learn to parry. This is even more true in Prince 2, but it is true enough in Prince of Persia. The more skillful enemies will hit you a lot if you don't learn to parry. One good technique is to practice a rhythm attack that goes step-parry-thrust-parry. It's a good idea to parry after lunging, because if your enemy blocks your attack, he may counter with one of his own.

Step back. Sometimes you can lure your enemy into a more vulnerable position by giving a little ground.

Turn him around. Often you can gain an advantage over your enemy by getting on the other side of him. To do so, keep crowding him until he's forced to change positions.

Use surprise. Sneak up on an enemy whose back is turned. Use the element of surprise to your advantage.

Avoid fighting. This is always better if you can do it. There are a few places in the game where you can simply outwit or outmaneuver an enemy and get by him without a fight. Some of those ways are mentioned in this book.

Running Jump Trick

Sometimes you just need a little more room to execute a running jump. There's a trick in Prince of Persia that lets you do that in a minimum of space. The trick involves the Prince's ability to slide when you change directions. What you do is walk to the edge of the place you want to jump from and turn. Then run a few steps, turn, and, as the Prince begins to run the other way, jump. You'll execute a good running jump. This does not work in Prince of Persia 2. However, the Prince needs less space to make a jump in Prince 2.



HINTS FOR PRINCE OF PERSIA 2

Sword-Fighting Basics

Sword fighting in Prince of Persia 2 is somewhat less predictable than in the original game. To complete the game, you will have to master a lot of subtle, but important techniques. Here are some basic techniques, followed by some specific tips on beating specific enemies.

Distance from your enemy is both more critical at times and less predictable than in Prince of Persia. Some enemies seem to be more vulnerable from a greater distance while others are most vulnerable when in the act of attacking. See the section below on specific enemies for more information about this.

You must learn to parry. The more skillful enemies will hit you a lot if you don't learn to parry. One good technique is to practice a rhythm attack that goes step-parry-thrust-parry. It's a good idea to parry after lunging, because if your enemy blocks your attack, he may counter with one of his own. The guards in the Temple levels (10-13) are particularly good at getting in multiple counterattacks.

Step back. Sometimes you can lure your enemy into a more vulnerable position by giving a little ground.

Turn him around. Often you can gain an advantage over your enemy by getting on the other side of him. To do so, keep crowding him until he's forced to change positions.

Use surprise. Sneak up on an enemy whose back is turned. Use the element of surprise to your advantage.

Avoid fighting. This is always better if you can do it. There are a few places in the game where you can simply outwit or outmaneuver an enemy and get by him without a fight. Some of those ways are mentioned in this book.

Enemies

Palace Guards

Palace guards are easy. Just swing the sword at them and they die.

Skeletons

Skeletons are pretty ordinary fighters, but they're hard to get rid of. A lava pit works best, if you've got one handy.

Snakes

Snakes are very, very deadly. They kill you with one strike. However, you can jump over them. If you have to kill one, try to kill it from behind or strike it just as it begins to coil and strike you. If you try the head-on method, you'll have to be faster than the serpent!

Goblin Heads

The heads are among the nastiest and most damaging enemies you'll face. Killing them without being wiped out in the process is as much a matter of position as it is timing. Both are important.

If you find out the best place to stand, you'll most likely have the proper distance to hit the heads. This is especially true when you have the broken sword.

Timing is also very important. Don't just swing wildly. Watch what the heads do. They always hesitate just a moment before striking. That's when you hit them. Once you get the rhythm of their attacks, you should be able to hit them repeatedly. You'll have to, because some of them will take twelve hits to destroy (with the broken sword).

Parrying does work against the heads, but it isn't really recommended. With the broken sword, a parry does a half a potion damage (just like the regular attack). But with the good sword, you still get only a half potion damage as opposed to a full potion. Anyway, an attack is as effective as a parry for defense against the heads.

One other trick to try with the heads is to pin them against a wall. That kills them in one stroke!

Temple Guards

Many of the bird-headed temple guards are very good swordsmen. Learn which ones are especially skilled and which are more ordinary. Some of the temple guards are easy to hit from a distance. The good swordsmen are not. Use all your basic techniques against temple guards, but use them very well. Especially in places on the last three levels, where they gang up on you.



Don't get surrounded. There are a few places where the guards will come from both sides. There are ways to avoid being hit from front and rear, however, but you have to figure out the appropriate strategy based on the situation. Usually, it involves forcing one of the guards to switch places with you. Sometimes it involves killing certain guards before the others arrive.

There are places in the game where you must cause a guard to fall onto a pressure plate to jam a gate open. You'll need to have very good control over your fighting ability to maneuver him just where you want him.

More General Tips

from Brøderbund's Quality Assurance Department

The people at Brøderbund have written some additional tips. We thought you'd like to see them, too. They're pretty much the same as ours, but with some variations and slightly different points of view.

Keep your cool; panicking will kill you.

Enemies and other things to kill:

Normal guards aren't tough; just swing. (This works for most of them.)

Skeletons don't die like normal guards.

Fighting Goblin Heads is more a matter of initial positioning than timing. Timing is very necessary, but positioning is crucial.

Snakes are dangerous; attack them from behind.

Watch out for holes in the floor where snakes may appear.

Standing on top of a snake hole is safe.

Bird-headed guards are good at sword play—very fanatical and very deadly.

Traps and other dangerous things:

Wall spikes aren't deadly if approached cautiously (from the right).

Dart shooters can be your friend; though they generally aren't.

Lava is dangerous; avoid it.



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Do not get stuck underneath the large stone doors.
Loose floorboards are not really traps, but they can be dangerous.
Watch out for really loose floorboards. The fall with one jiggle.
You cannot jump through a scythe (blade trap), so try going under or around (or over) it.
You cannot hold onto the edge of a trap door.
Move before walls can crush you. Look out for pressure plates.

Maneuvering, tactics, and things to know:

Learn when to run and when to fight.
Learn how to execute a running jump; it's necessary.
Learn how to grab onto ledges during jumps or drops.
Learn how to parry; it will save your life.
Think ahead (i.e. parry before you think you have to).
Learn when to drop from a ledge while you are swinging so you land where you want to land.
Dropping loose floorboards onto things kills or destroys them. This can be good or bad, depending on what's underneath.
Loose floorboards will fall after three *jiggles* or if you touch them.
Really loose floorboards only need one *jiggle* before they drop; they also do not support any weight.
Floorboards won't hurt you if they fall while you are crouching.
Falling two "levels" will hurt you. Falling three or more will kill you.

When the timer starts counting down:

Levels 1-3 have no time limit.
Level 4 does not have a time limit unless you die on the level.
The first time you die on Level 4, you will see the "tree check," which means that the timer has started.
If you make it through Level 4 without dying, you'll see the "tree check" for the first time right before Level 5.
Levels 5 and up are timed.

COMPUTER GAME BOOKS

SimEarth: The Official Strategy Guide	\$19.95
Harpoon Battlebook: The Official Strategies and Tactics Guide	\$19.95
Wing Commander I and II: The Ultimate Strategy Guide	\$19.95
Chuck Yeager's Air Combat Handbook	\$19.95
The Official Lucasfilm Games Air Combat Strategies Book	\$19.95
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SimLife: The Official Strategy Guide	\$19.95
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Populous: The Official Strategy Guide	\$19.95
Prince of Persia: The Official Strategy Guide	\$19.95
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