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If thy wand hath run out of charges, thou mayst zap it again and again; though

naught will happen at first, verily, thy persistence shall be rewarded, as

one last charge may yet be wrested from it!

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Though the shopkeepers be wary, thieves have nevertheless stolen much by using

their digging wands to hasten exits through the pavement.

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If thou hast had trouble with rust on thine armor or weapons, thou shouldst

know that thou canst prevent this by, while in a confused state, reading the

magical parchments which normally are used to cause their enchantment.

Unguents of lubrication may provide similar protection, albeit of a

transitory nature.

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Behold the cockatrice, whose diminutive stature belies its hidden might. The

cockatrice can petrify any ordinary being it contacts--save those wise

adventurers who eat a dead lizard or blob of acid when they feel themselves

slowly turning to stone.

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While some wayfarers rely on scrounging finished armour in the dungeon, the

resourceful know the mystical means by which mail may be fashioned out of

scales from a dragon's hide.

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It is customarily known among travelers that extra-healing draughts may clear

thy senses when thou art addled by delusory visions. But never forget, the

lowly potion which makes one sick may be used for the same purpose.

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While the consumption of lizard flesh or water beloved of the gods may clear

the muddled head, the application of the horn of a creature of utmost purity

can alleviate many other afflictions as well.

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If thou wouldst travel quickly between distant locations, thou must be

able to control thy teleports, and in a confused state misread the scroll

which usually teleports thyself locally. Daring adventurers have also

performed the same feat sans need for scrolls or potions by stepping into

a particular ambuscade.

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Almost all adventurers who come this way hope to pass the dread Medusa. To

do this, the best advice is to keep thine eyes blindfolded and to cause the

creature to espy its own reflection in a mirror.

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And where it is written "ad aerarium", diligent searching will often reveal

the way to a trap which sends one to the Magic Memory Vault, where the riches

of Croesus are stored; however, escaping from the vault with its gold is much

harder than getting in.

-----

It is well known that wily shopkeepers raise their prices whene'er they

espy the garish apparel of the approaching tourist or the countenance of a

disfavored patron. They favor the gentle of manner and the fair of face.

The boor may expect unprofitable transactions.

----- SINKS

The cliche of the kitchen sink swallowing any unfortunate rings that contact

its pernicious surface reflecteth greater truth than many homilies, yet

even so, few have developed the skill to identify enchanted rings by the

transfigurations effected upon the voracious device's frame.

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The meat of enchanted creatures ofttimes conveyeth magical properties

unto the consumer. A fresh corpse of floating eye doth fetch a high

price among wizards for its utility in conferring Telepathy, by which

the sightless may locate surrounding minds.

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The detection of blessings and curses is in the domain of the gods. They will

make this information available to mortals who request it at their places of

worship, or elsewhere for those mortals who devote themselves to the service

of the gods.

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At times, the gods may favor worthy supplicants with named blades whose

powers echo throughout legend. Learned wayfarers can reproduce blades of

elven lineage, hated of the orcs, without the need for such intervention.

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There are many stories of a mighty amulet, the origins of which are said

to be ancient Yendor. This amulet doth have awesome power, and the gods

desire it greatly. Mortals mayst tap only portions of its terrible

abilities. The stories tell of mortals seeing what their eyes cannot

see and seeking places of magical transportation, while having this

amulet in their possession. Others say a mortal must wear the amulet to

obtain these powers. But verily, such power comes at great cost, to

preserve the balance.

-----

It is said that thou mayst gain entry to Moloch's sanctuary, if thou

darest, from a place where the ground vibrateth in the deepest depths of

Gehennom. Thou needs must have the aid of three magical items. The

pure sound of a silver bell shall announce thee. The terrible runes,

read from Moloch's book, shall cause the earth to tremble mightily. The

light of an enchanted candelabrum shall show thee the way.

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In the deepest recesses of the Dungeons of Doom, guarding access to the

nether regions, there standeth a castle, wherein lieth a wand of wishes.

If thou wouldst gain entry, bear with thee an instrument of music, for the

pontlevis may be charmed down with the proper melody. What notes comprise

it only the gods know, but a musical mastermind may yet succeed by witful

improvization. However, the less perspicacious are not without recourse,

should they be prepared to circumambulate the castle to the postern.

----- ELBERETH

The name of Elbereth may strike fear into the hearts of thine enemies, if

thou dost write it upon the ground at thy feet. If thou maintainest the

utmost calm, thy safety will be aided greatly, but beware lest thy clumsy

feet scuff the inscription, cancelling its potence.

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