

AMSTRAD/SCHNEIDER
464/664/6128

FLUD



BULLDOGE



SOFTWARE



To win this ancient Feud you must "out-spell" your rival Wizard Leanoric.

In Hieke's herb garden you will find the ingredients for your spells but 'ge things can happen in this game of n

PUBLISHED BY MASTERTRONIC



"The Best of British"



Made in Great Britain

"No one knows 'ow long they have been 'ere; even old Albert don't recall 'em comin' an' 'e reckons 'e might be over 'undred! We didn't mind when they kept themselves to themselves. I mean, all we wants is a bit o' piece an' quiet an' leave to go about our business. We're simple folk 'ere in Little Dullford and we can't be doin' with magic an' spells. I never did 'old with folk meddlin' in things best left alone. We'd see 'em o'course; in the forest pickin' toadstools an' suchlike, or p'raps one would pop into Tubby Hieke's shop for 'erbs an' stuff, but by an' large they left us normal folk alone, and that's 'ow we like it.

They'd 'ad arguments before, we all know that. Well, readin' them magic books all day they can't be right in the 'ead can they? Anyway, two summers back, or maybe three (I remember because that was the year Albert's donkey died), old Leanoric (he's the older one I think), he turned 'is brother Learic into a frog! His own brother! but he turned 'im back after a week an' at least they didn't bother us.

Two weeks back, all this changed; first the forest went quiet for a few days, not even a sparra' dared to make a sound. Then the noises began, first shoutin' then all manner o' bangs, explosions and things best not thought about. Yesterday, old Leanoric upped an' left an' moved to another 'ut on t'uther side o' village. Hieke (who knows 'em better'n most), reckons they's about to start a feudin' an' woe betide the poor soul who gets in their way. That as maybe but there's strange things afoot in this 'ere village an' no mistake. It don't take no fancy book learnin' to figger we 'ain't seen the last o' this, you mark my words."



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BA 0157



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BA0157

FEUD

AMSTRAD/SCHNEIDER
464166/461238



THE STORY

"No one knows 'ow long they have been 'ere; even old Albert don't recall 'em comin' an' 'e reckons 'e might be over 'undred! We didn't mind when they kept themselves to themselves. I mean, all we wants is a bit o' piece an' quiet an' leave to go about our business. We're simple folk 'ere in Little Dullford and we can't be doin' with magic an' spells. I never did 'old with folk meddlin' in things best left alone. We'd see 'em o'course; in the forest pickin' toadstools an' suchlike, or p'raps one would pop into Tubby Hieke's shop for 'erbs an' stuff, but by an' large they left us normal folk alone, and that's 'ow we like it.

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