

 Andrew and the
Pirate Cove 

**Based on the groundbreaking text
adventure game by Scott Adams.**

by Rusty Trimble

With a foreword by the game's creator.

With sincere thanks to Scott Adams who was a very early influence on my first writing endeavors and my attempts at game programming. With all the love to my two children and in memory of my father Steven Trimble.

Rusty Trimble

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Introduction: When I was just a child, maybe nine or ten I think, my mother bought me a Commodore Vic-20. It came with five game cartridges, three of them with the first text adventure games I had ever seen. To my knowledge they may have been the first text adventure games ever made. They were by a young programmer named Scott Adams.

I spent the next couple of years consumed by these games, trying to find the treasure in Pirate Cove and break the curse in Voodoo Castle. It was usually fun, sometimes frustrating, and always engaging. The stories were simple to read, easy to understand, yet contained a great deal of depth intertwined with some very casual humor (The mongoose and the snake encounter still makes me laugh).

As I have progressed a little in my attempt to forge a career as an author, I reached out to Mr. Adams as a 41 year old man writing a fan letter. I was pleasantly surprised to receive a friendly and enthusiastic response. Scott is a normal guy despite being a legend in the gaming community and still writing games in a genre that has been tragically overlooked these many years.

My son Andrew is also my best friend in the whole world, along of course with my other son

Tyler. I tell him stories every day and recently he asked me to write a pirate adventure book with him in it. I reached out to Scott and inquired about the possibility of writing Pirate Cove (the first of his adventure games that I played) as a children's novel and he graciously gave his blessing.

It is my hope that I will do justice to the original game in this conversion to book form and readers young and older alike and perhaps those who have played the iconic game will enjoy a great adventure, the original of which rivaled even the great Treasure Island. Truly playing these games was like temporarily living inside a novel.

Now if I may stand on my soapbox. As the dad of an Autistic child, I pledge to donate 50% of all profits from my books to causes which seek treatment for and/or research Autism and Autism Spectrum disorders.

Now before you move on to the story, I also wish to share that I enjoy feedback. Any comments or questions can be sent my way to Rustytrimble@yahoo.com.

Best regards,

Rusty Trimble

Part One

Where there is a sea, there are pirates
Greek Proverb

Chapter One

Andrew looked around the room and took turns alternately blinking and rubbing his eyes. He was in a small one room flat overlooking the ocean. The room itself was relatively nondescript. There was nothing personal adorning the room such as pictures or other décor that would indicate a particular individual lived in the room.

The actual furnishings were sparse, a small cot with a dusty pillow and a blanket that had its best days behind it. The floor was wooden that showed the evidence of a great deal of foot traffic and little if any cleaning. The walls were painted a sky blue, but had many areas where the wood behind it was exposed. Someone had probably indeed stayed here, perhaps many people had, but it hardly appeared to be a residence of someone seeking luxury.

The accouterments of the room were of little concern to him right now however. Of utmost importance was the question of where he was. He had suffered a moment of disorientation and confusion immediately after finding himself there. There was no smoke, no fire and brimstone, or any other strange occurrence that preceded his arrival in this dwelling. He tried to remember where he had been just before, but as hard as he tried, he found no success.

His last recollection was from the day before. He had been at his elementary school with Mrs. Pedersen, his 2nd grade teacher. That was his last memory. He had been a really good boy that day and his teacher had rewarded him with a small piece of candy and checked his daily progress sheet with an “Excellent”, which was the top rating that

was possible, the other ones being “Good”, “Satisfactory” and “Needs improvement”. He had remembered his dad waiting for him to take him to the local aquarium for some father and son time.

That was it, that was the most recent event in his life he could remember. One moment he was at school being greeted excitedly by his dad, the next he was standing alone in this deserted and creepy room. He looked around again for any sign that could give him some idea of how he had arrived there, but there was no evidence forthcoming.

Andrew walked to the window. He looked out and saw several signs that said the word “London” on them. He knew from school that London was the largest city and capital of England which was a country in Europe. England in turn was part of the United Kingdom which was a grouping of three other countries to form one blended form of government. He had never of course been to England, but he had met a few people from there and found their slightly different way of speaking to be quite charming.

The sky above was blue, it appeared to be early afternoon. The sun shone brightly and there was a number of white, puffy clouds ornamenting the sky. He was able to see for many miles in several directions as he leaned out the window. There were hundreds of houses and businesses as far as he could see. Most of the buildings had chimneys, both large and small and plumes of smoke belched out of most of them. It made the air he breathed feel a bit acrid, and while it was bad manners, he spit a few times trying to clear his mouth and throat.

The smoke itself did seem to taint the color of the sky, but he had to confess that despite this, it was a marvelous sight and he did for a short moment forget his circumstances. He was enthralled with all the

myriad of people below that were oddly dressed walking to and fro, going about their daily lives. The city itself seemed alive with activity. There were horses and carriages rambling about the town and people wearing a variety of hats that were frequently tipped off in greeting from one to another as they passed.

It was all incredibly exciting. He briefly recalled his unusual predicament, but forgot about it just as quickly and resumed looking around, his gaze finding the blue-green ocean that stretched out as far as the eye could see. There was a large dock nearby and close to forty ships of varying size nestled there. He observed more than one of them setting sail and a few already launched, having begun a journey he could only guess at.

Each ship he saw had a flag, some had more than one. Most of them had the red, blue, and white flag that resembled the flag of his own country just a tad in the colors it contained, but was unique in its own right. He looked at all the ships wondering if he'd spot the infamous skull and crossbones of the infamous pirates that he'd read about and that his dad had told him several tales of only a few days prior. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, he did not spy any. Nonetheless, the sight was riveting.

He recognized several of the ship types including a number of sloops, frigates, pinnaces, a number of cargo ships and several war galleons. He had learned these terms the other day in class when Mrs. Pedersen read a small book on pirates. She promised to bring in a copy of *Treasure Island* by Robert Louis Stevenson as well when the entire class asked for more pirate stories. Andrew had borrowed the copy of the book for an hour and poured through the many pictures and took

a great deal of delight at looking at the ships, their masts, flags, and of course their cannons. He even had learned a few songs, and several pirate terms such as “scalawag” which he didn’t quite understand, but knew it was a name that was used to hurt someone’s feelings.

Andrew returned back to the room and began again to consider where he was. Perhaps he was dreaming. He tried to think himself awake, but nothing changed. He squeezed his eyes shut tight and thought “wake up” to himself. However he opened his eyes and realized he was still in the room, wherever that was. He was surprised to realize that he was a bit shocked at where he was, but was not scared in the slightest. It was if he knew that nothing could harm him, that he would be ok.

He looked at the table. Like much of the room, it seemed to be falling apart. The polish that had at one time been used on the wood seemed quite faded. He crossed the room to the solitary chair sitting in front of it and thought that even a small boy like him might cause it to break if he decided to sit down. However sit he did and surprisingly the chair held and did not break, though it creaked several times.

This was the first time he really for a good look at the table. On it were a small package of crackers. They were wrapped in a small package with writing on it that he could not read, but appeared French. He stretched his legs then under the table and felt his feet bump against something. He leaned down under the table, remaining seated. He saw a pair of sandals under the table and adjacent to them was a bottle lying on its side with a cork in it. He reached over and grabbed them both. He then popped his head up and observed for the first time that there was a small door leading out of the room.

Andrew walked over to it and pulled hard on the it. The door opened to reveal a set of stairs headed downwards. There was a rather musty smell coming from inside and he thought for a second he heard several tiny squeaks. He was reluctant to explore it, but wasn't sure what else he should be doing next, so he ventured down there.

The stairway was well lit and he observed a lantern hanging on the wall. The wick on it was still at nearly full size, so it was obviously lit just recently. Andrew glanced around and saw no one. He saw still another door, but for some reason it held no interest to him. Though he thought that perhaps whoever lit the lantern might've left that way. He inquired "Hello?" and received no answer. He saw a lot of various items, but most of it at best could be called junk. Then he looked over in the corner and he saw a book. It was the one thing in the room that was not covered with a fine layer of dust. He walked over and picked it up. He then decided to walk back upstairs, but not before extinguishing the lantern, knowing full well that leaving it as is was could start a fire.

He returned to the desk and sat down. He laid the book down in front of him and looked at it. The book itself was bound in leather and was very thick. It was almost as large as one of his dad's many encyclopedias. On the front was a golden piece of metal crossing over the flap horizontally. There was a keyhole, but no key. Then he saw that the metal cover was already unlocked. He decided to open it.

He then heard a creaking noise. He looked around him and saw that a secret passageway had opened in the floor just a few steps to his left. Tossing caution to the wind, he left the book where it was and walked down the steps of the passageway. It was also well-lit by another lantern. There was nothing of interest there he saw at first, just an old

duffel bag that appeared to be ancient. He nonetheless walked over and picked it up. He then saw what looked like an old torch. He had seen a drawing of one in the pirate book Mrs. Pedersen had shown the class. He picked it up as well and seeing nothing else of interest walked back up the steps, again extinguishing the lantern.

Andrew and the Pirate Cove will be available on paperback through lulu.com along and E-book devices through Amazon.com by approximately the Summer of 2013.

Look for more children's novels and illustrated works by Rusty Trimble as well at these two great sites.