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CAVERN OF HORROR







BY WILLIAM ROTSLER

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ADVENTURE STORIES™

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For Don Kephart, who helped
when it was important to help:
my thanks.

1

They could hear and smell the sea, but they couldn't see it yet. The fog was thick, obscuring everything but the nearest pine trees that flanked the trail. It was cold and all seven of the Goonie kids were bundled up against the chill as they trudged along the narrow path to the ocean.

"I'm hungry," Chunk said mournfully.

"You're *always* hungry, sweetheart," Mouth said in his best Bogart voice. He was proud of that impression since he no longer had to tell people who he was doing.

"You just *ate,*" Mikey said, stepping around a thin pool of water.

"He has eaten, he is eating, he shall eat," Steff said, sniffing. The tall, thin, blond girl shoved her glasses back on her nose and put her chapped hands back in the pockets of her overalls.

"You guys are picking on me," Chunk complained. "You are *always* picking on me. When my Uncle Vinnie gets back he's going to . . . to machine gun the whole lot of ya!"

Turn to page 2.

From page 1

"You don't *have* an Uncle Vinnie," Data said.

"How do you know? He's on my mother's side."

"Because it isn't in your computer readout," the Oriental youth answered. "Watch out for that—!"

"Oh, *darn!*" Chunk growled, looking down at his wet foot. "What computer readout?"

"The one from my data bank," Data said simply. "I did one on all of you when I first got my computer. For practice, you know."

Andi laughed and flipped back her long hair. "You were *born* with a silver computer in your mouth, Data!"

Mikey spoke up. "And *you* had a silver spoon, Andi, being from the Hill and all."

"Are you guys *still* holding that against me? I can't help being born on the Hill any more than you guys can help being born near the docks. I'm here with you, aren't I? I suppose *you* were born with a silver inhaler in your mouth, Mikey?"

"Okay, okay, so I got asthma, big deal." Quickly, the blond-headed youth changed the subject. "Steff, I bet you were born with a silver hook in your mouth."

"Steel," she muttered, noticing the way her hands looked from another day out in her father's fishing boat.

Turn to page 3.

From page 2

"I bet Brand had a silver barbell," Mouth teased.

The husky sixteen-year-old just grinned at the younger kids. He took Andi's arm to guide her around a pool in the trail. "A little working out would do all of you a lot of good. I'll bet what they found in your crib, Mouth, was a silver microphone."

"Nickel-plated," Chunk added quickly.

"Oh?" Mouth responded. "There was nothing in your mouth, Chunk, because you'd *eaten* it!"

"Hey, watch it," Brand said. "Here's the cliff!"

They paused for a moment. It was always different along the coast. Sun and fog, rain and mist, days you could see to China and days when you felt you were on an island, and not in this century. They turned north, toward the old lighthouse on the point.

The lighthouse hadn't been used in years, being supplanted by a taller one to the south, all electric and modern. It was old and filled with mystery. Many a tall tale had been told about the stone shaft and about the days when evil people had taken the lighthouse, put out the light and raised a fake light to the south, on Satan's Dagger, luring ships to their fate on the rocks. They were called the Scavengers, and there was hardly a home along that stretch of coast that didn't have some sort of sea-washed memento of those wooden ships.

Turn to page 4.

From page 3

"I bet the Fratelli brothers wish there wasn't radar," Andi said.

"Are they *really* descendents of the Scavengers?" Data asked. "I couldn't get much on them for my data base."

"Neither can the cops," Brand said. "They're into everything, I hear. Mrs. Fratelli's father was a rum-runner and *his* father sold guns to the Indians."

"The family business," muttered Mouth. "Villainy, Chicanery and Evildoing."

"What do you think we'll find?" Steff asked. "We've been coming out here since we were kids. All we ever find are dust, spiders, rats and rusty stuff."

"I have a plan," Mikey said.

Mouth put his arms high over his head and in a passable Boris Karloff voice said, "Now here's my plan . . ."

"We all know the legends," Mikey said.

"Legends!" snorted Brand. "Legends are Robin Hood and King Arthur, mermaids and Ali Baba. All we have around here are a lot of old stories."

"Okay, okay," Mikey said, "so old stories are apprentice legends. We go with what we have. In every story I've heard, there was always something about tunnels or caves or secret passages, all starting from an old building. What's the oldest building around here, huh? What was here before the town?"

Turn to page 5.

From page 4

"The lighthouse," shrugged Steff. "Everyone knows that."

"Right, so maybe they built these secret passages back when there was no one around to see them do it. There are caves all through here, some volcanic, some just natural erosion and stuff."

"So?" Andi said.

"So we start by looking systematically at the lighthouse. I have some ideas; I've been studying nineteenth century mechanics and—"

"We're living in the twentieth," Chunk said. He pulled a candy bar from his pocket and peeled off the wrapper in one deft, practiced motion.

"But whoever hid . . . whatever they hid, lived back in the nineteenth, maybe the *eighteenth* century," Mikey said.

"Gosh, that was before microchips," Data said. "Before *television,* even! Was it before radio, too?"

Mikey gave Data a dark look. "It was before almost everything. This is *history* we're talking, Data. I think I know how to figure out how they hid stuff."

"Treasure?" asked Chunk.

"Secret stuff?" Steff asked.

"Booty?" Mouth questioned. "Aye, me hearties, dead men tell no tales."

Turn to page 6.

From page 5

"Come on, Mikey," Brand said, "how do you think *you'll* find anything when people have been nosing around that ol' lighthouse for a hundred years?"

Mikey tapped his head. "Because I know something they didn't."

"Like what?" Steff asked.

"Like—"

"There it is," Mouth said. "Two points off the port bow!"

The lighthouse loomed up out of the sea mists, a gray shaft of native stone, weathered and salt-encrusted. The leaded glass of the light had long been broken by storms or mischievous children. The battered door at ground level stood ajar permanently, on rusted hinges.

They approached warily, as people always did. The legends might only be stories, but they were stories of cutlasses and swords, of black-powder guns, death and lost limbs.

The Goonies gang tiptoed up into the ground floor room. It was big, with a well-worn stone stairway that led upward. Part of the beamed ceiling had rotted through, as had the floor. They stepped gingerly, the smell of salt air, dust, and fear in their nostrils.

Turn to page 7.

From page 6

"Well-come," Mouth said from the stone steps. "Welcome to my castle, O children of the night."

Andi looked at Brand, who whispered, "Bela Lugosi. You know, Dracula."

"Oh," she said. "Very good, Mouth."

Mouth bowed, looking at them with arched brows. "You dare disturb the sleep of . . . the *Count?*"

"You find something, Mikey?" Steff asked.

Mikey had been standing in the center of the room, studying the walls and floor. "If there *is* something—and I'm convinced there is—it would have to be something clever. A lot of people have looked and . . ." He dropped to his knees before the small fireplace. It was filled with ashes, the blackened remains of picnics and parties over the years. They'd even had a Halloween party there once, two years before.

Mikey picked up a stick and began scraping away at the ash. "You tidying up?" Chunk asked.

"You know the theory—the last place anyone would look?" Mikey answered. "What about *in* the fireplace?"

Turn to page 8.

From page 7

"Under the fire?" Chunk said. "You mean it isn't going to be a secret lever with a sliding stone wall? Aw, shucks."

"That's what *everyone* has been looking for," he said. He stopped to pull an inhaler from his pocket. Steff and Data got down next to him and helped move aside the ashes and half-burned refuse.

"There's nothing there," Steff said.

"Well, it wouldn't be *obvious,*" Mikey said, bending into the fireplace. "It wouldn't say *Secret Passage This Way,* would it?"

He took out a screwdriver and probed the cracks in the stone. He reached in and tried to get at the back of the fireplace but almost fell into the dirty hearth. Reaching up, he grasped an iron ring which he supposed was the flue control.

Creak! The iron ring pulled down and the stone floor of the fireplace shifted. Startled, Mikey pulled back. They stared at the rectangular hearthstone with wide eyes.

Then with a rush they all crowded in, and with their fingers, lifted out a large loose stone which was thinner, and therefore lighter, than they expected.

Turn to page 9.

From page 8

"The secret passage!" Mouth said in awe, looking into the dark tunnel.

"Flashlights!" Mikey shouted, pulling out his. Steff got out hers and Data pulled one from the bulky pack that was so much a part of him, people could never guess his true size. "Didn't the rest of you bring flashlights as I asked?" Mikey said. They all shrugged and looked guilty.

"I brought extra candy bars to keep up my strength," Chunk grinned. "Good provisions for the road."

"Okay, we'll make do," Mikey said, shining his light into the darkness below. "It's not far. We can practically just jump down. I'll go first."

One by one they nervously got down into the passage. Their lights revealed that the tunnel was man-made, cut from the same stone as the lighthouse. "This way," Mikey said, leading them into the dark space.

After twenty yards the walls changed. It was a natural cave, shored up here and there with rotting wood and some roughly shaped stones. There was no sign of life, except for an occasional rat.

Turn to page 10.

From page 9

"This is getting boring," Andi said. "My hair is getting all goopy and—"

"Shush!" Mikey put his finger to his lips and they all listened. There was some kind of echoing noise ahead. Mikey started ahead again. They went a hundred feet, into a wider section of the tunnel—almost a cave—then their light led them onward again, into a narrow passage. It rose slightly. "You have any idea where we are?" he asked his friends.

"I *think* we're going toward the old Fratelli place in Smuggler's Cove," Data said.

"Oh, great," Andi muttered.

"Shush," Mikey said again. "Listen!"

They heard more whispery echoes and followed along, rising and falling in the passage, curving and squeezing between the rock walls. Then there was a section of cut masonry wall. High up they saw a small iron grate and it was from there they heard voices.

Mikey signaled for a boost. Brand laced his hands together for Mikey and lifted him to the grate. He grabbed the rusty bars and looked in.

He discovered a room beyond—part cave, part basement. In the center was a printing press. Sheets of paper were clothespinned to laundry rope and hung like green banners all over the room. With a shock Mikey realized they were sheets of uncut money!

Turn to page 11.

From page 10

The room was illuminated by several unshaded bulbs hanging from wires crudely stapled to the ceiling. By the work table were the two big, brawny Fratelli brothers, Jake and Francis, and their short but fierce mother. Mikey stared, for they were arguing.

"I say we start passing it as soon as it's dry," Jake, the bigger of the Fratelli brothers, said.

"And I say we wholesale it," Mother Fratelli said in her harsh voice. "We don't get as much but there's much less risk."

"We gotta age it first," the smaller Fratelli brother said. "Looks too new. Now the best way I heard is just dump it on the floor and walk around on it for a coupla days, scuff it up, y'know?"

Mother Fratelli gave her younger son a withering look. "Your father and I were passing phony green before you were born, sonny. Don't tell *me* how to weather up the counterfeit. Now, you listen—" she began.

Suddenly her eyes widened and she let out a squawk. "Spies! Look, spies!" Her wrinkled finger pointed directly at Mikey, whose hands and staring eyes could be seen behind the grate. "Boys! Get 'im!"

Turn to page 12.

From page 11

"How?" Jake asked. "He's in the old tunnel and that's all blocked off!"

"No, it isn't!" Mother Fratelli yelled. "That's what we wanted everyone to think! Your father and I fixed it up!"

Mikey wiggled back to the floor of the tunnel. "Counterfeiters!" he gasped. "The Fratellis!"

"Run!" Andi shouted.

They turned back toward the lighthouse and started running, but they hadn't gone thirty feet before light spilled out ahead of them and the huge figure of Jake Fratelli stood in the way. In his hand was a gun.

"The other way!" Mikey yelled, and they all whipped around and started running, their flashlights bobbing over stone and rock. Suddenly they heard a thunderous roar and a long gouge appeared in the masonry wall, splattering them all with chips of exploded rock.

"Omigod!" Andi yelped.

"Run!" Brand said. "I'll hold them off!"

Turn to page 13.

From page 12

"No, you *won't!*" Andi said, grabbing at his jacket and forcing him along the tunnel.

"Get 'em!" Mother Fratelli yelled. "Kill the whole batch of them! They're Goonie kids—no one will miss 'em!"

Blam! Another shot crashed through the passage, tugging at Mikey's sleeve and ricocheting off the rocks ahead. They took a sharp turn to the right, out of direct fire, and their young legs stretched out, fear speeding them on.

"They're trying to kill us!" Andi said indignantly.

"And they might, too," Chunk grunted.

They burst into a larger cave, from which three passages branched off. Without thinking, each of the frightened youths bolted toward the passages, those with flashlights leading.

It was only seconds later when each group realized they had split up. "Too late to go back!" Mikey yelled out. "Keep running! They can't catch us all!"

Turn to page 14.

From page 13

The Fratellis burst into the cavern moments later, guns at the ready. "I'll take the center," Mother Fratelli snarled. "You two take the others! And when you find them, remember what your great-great-grandfather said—'Dead men keep their yaps shut.'"

"I thought it was 'Dead men tell no tales,'" the younger Fratelli said.

"They cleaned it up later. Now—*move!*"

If you want to follow Mikey and Chunk, go to page 15.
If you continue on with Steff and Mouth, followed by Mother Fratelli, go to page 16.
Data, Andi and Brand: go to page 17.

From page 14

Mikey paused and saw that only Chunk was behind him. "Maybe we'll join up further on," he said. "Move it—one of those Fratelli creeps is as close as chocolate on a peanut bar!"

The passage angled upward, then took a turn to the left and became more of a man-made tunnel. "Is this some kind of old mine?" Chunk asked, looking at the rusted remains of a set of rails.

"Think so. I heard there was some gold found around here a hundred years ago," Mikey said.

"Wait up," Chunk said a few yards further on. "I'm pooped. Maybe we could just find a place to hide and he'd go on past us?"

"Where?" Mikey asked, gesturing around. "It is all *rock*. Come *on*, keep moving. We ought to be able to outrun an old man like that."

"He's no older than Brand's father," Chunk said, "and *he* runs marathons!"

"You're right—let's keep going!" The rails continued at a downward slope, but Mikey led them off into a side passage at first opportunity. He found a timber blocking the tunnel and shoved impatiently at it.

There was a rumble and a rock started to fall!

Go to page 19 for the gold, or to page 20 for the unknown!

From page 17

"If those are piranhas, this is too much," Andi said.

"If it's *anything,* it's too much," Brand said practically. "Come on, let's get *out* of here!"

"The legends were right," Andi said nervously. "Traps, pits, terrible things that—" She screamed.

Their light picked out the gruesome figure of some kind of weird warrior. Then they realized it was made from several skeletons, with four arms, each with a knife or sword, a Spanish Armada breastplate, a Dutch helmet, and nicked pirate cutlasses. Their light revealed rubies set in the skull's eyes, gold teeth made with raw nuggets, and the remnants of a pearl necklace.

"A treasure," Data said and reached.

"Don't!" yelled Brand.

The moment Data plucked at the rubies he realized he had made a big mistake. The skeleton creaked, shrieked metallically, and rushed at them with swinging swords!

Data threw himself down, as did Brand, pulling the wide-eyed Andi with him. The skeleton-warrior clattered past and Data saw it was on a wood cart, bound in metal, something like a tank, but rusty and falling apart. The skeleton struck the cave wall and fell apart noisily. Then another terror struck!

One death threat on page 22, another on page 23.

From page 15

"Run!" Mikey yelled, pulling at Chunk's hand. They were dusted but the rock fell behind them as they raced down the disintegrating passage. Once safely beyond, they paused to catch their breath.

"What happened?" Chunk said.

"I dunno," Mikey admitted. "I just pushed on that old beam and . . ." He stopped. "Hey. It didn't seem to be, you know, attached, or stuck or anything. It was like one of those things you go through in a supermarket, a turnstile." He turned to Chunk, his eyes excited. "It's like I said—there *is* something down here because why else set up a trap?"

"A t-trap? You mean a, uh, *trap* trap?"

"Uh-huh. Shoving that timber dumped the rock." Mikey whipped his head around at the sounds of muffled cursing. "But it didn't stop Fratelli! Come on, Chunk!" They were up and running, adrenalin pumping their muscles.

Mikey skidded to a stop as his flashlight revealed a dark pit ahead. But Chunk was looking back and bumped into Mikey.

For the fall down into the pit, go to page 24; to avoid it, go to page 25.

From page 15

20

The two boys whirled around, bumping and banging into each other and the walls of the tunnel, then ran back the way they came. They ran with their heads down and their hands sheltering their skulls. All of this was a surprise for Jake Fratelli when they barreled into him, knocked him over, and continued back into the mine shaft.

With a bellow the Fratelli counterfeiter clawed his way to his feet and ran after them, checking his huge revolver for dirt clogging the barrel. "You dirty little—"

He skidded to a halt, flashing his light around. "Where did they go?" he muttered. He slowed his breathing, listened hard, then heard a faint wheezing sound. A vicious leer crossed his pock-marked face and Fratelli took a tighter grip on his weapon.

"Gotcha," he whispered to himself and moved toward the hiding place of the two frightened boys.

For Fratelli's temporary triumph, go to page 26.
For Fratelli's surprise, proceed to page 27.

From page 16

21

The heavy lead ball rolled until it dumped into a bucket. The bucket fell, pulling down a chain hidden under moss and spiderwebs. The chain pulled the plug on a pipe and water gushed in. An iron bar swung up and a slab of rock slipped down in dusty grooves to seal off the room from the passage.

"Fratelli can't get us now," Steff said.

"Yeah—but what about the water?"

Already it was ankle deep and rising fast. They looked up. The roof of the cave was almost within reach. It wouldn't take long before it filled.

"Let's look at this logically," Steff began.

"Steff! We're going to *drown!*"

"Oh, be quiet, Mouth. This is no time to panic. Any time you feel like panicking is the *worst* time to panic, so don't." She frowned and looked around. "There must be a way to drain this place, after it has drowned its victims. So how is that done?"

"Steff, it's up to my knees! It's cold!"

"Shut up and think. How would you rig it?"

"I wouldn't, I couldn't, only a murderer would. He'd probably like to watch, too!"

"Mouth—that's it!"

For Mouth's unwary solution, proceed to page 28; for another result, go to page 29.

From page 18

They felt a rumbling, a shaking of the earth. "Earthquake!" yelled Data, as he started to panic.

Brand grabbed him. "No! We don't have them here, it's got to be some kind of—"

"Trap!" screamed Andi as the walls began moving in toward them. "Oh, no, I didn't think they really had things like this!"

"You better believe it," Data said, sobering as he realized the tangible danger they were in. The walls gritted and growled their way together and he searched the many pockets of his jacket for help. "Aha!" he cried and pulled out two tubes. He uncapped them, squeezed out the contents, and mixed them with a stick, letting one of the walls advance over the goo. "Work!" he shouted at the mixture. "Work, or I'll never believe your commercials again!"

"What is it?" Brand said, pressing against the other wall. "Super glue?"

"Ultra-super-glue, just out and—it's working!" The walls shuddered and ground to a halt. One wall, however, still advanced, but it stopped, leaving them in a space the size of a closet. "Now what?" Data asked.

The answer lies on page 30.

From page 18

The wall that the skeleton hit collapsed, showering them with dust. Coughing, Data and Brand drew closer and saw that the wall had been plastered over, that the tracks put in for the deadly vehicle had rusted away, as had the stop at the track's end. The skeleton and "tank" had crashed through, hitting the false wall.

But it was what the crumbling plaster revealed that startled the three Goonies. In haphazardly arranged stacks were bar after bar of glistening, uncorroded, uncorrupted *gold!*

The stacks were as high as Data's belt, scores of bars, but it was the sight behind the bars that shocked them. Against the real rock wall was another skeleton, chained to the wall and bricked in by gold and plaster. The rotting shreds of clothes that remained were those of a pirate—the long embroidered coat, a sash, a leather belt . . . and a peg leg. The leg was carved and set with gold doubloons and semi-precious stones.

The three said nothing, but stared, wide-eyed, until they heard the sound of running feet.

Page 31 for one getaway, page 32 for more danger.

From page 19

They tumbled backward, bumping off the rock walls and falling wildly. Chunk stopped suddenly, as if someone had grabbed him by the collar. Mikey yelled painfully, then there was silence.

Nervously, Chunk flashed his light around. He was suspended two feet from a floor littered with human bones. And crawling snakes. And big spider-webs. "Urrggh!" he shivered. Then he saw the shafts and realized the floor of the pit was a forest of old iron bars, sharpened on the top and imbedded in holes drilled in the rock.

Rip! He had been caught in the collar by one spear, barely missing his body, and now it was ripping loose. And below lay the snakes.

"Mikey!" he yelled, flashing his light around. Mikey had fallen onto a skeleton impaled long ago by two spears, only it, too, was breaking apart under Mikey's weight, and they were slipping down into the pit of snakes and spiders!

For Mikey's solution, go to page 35.

From page 19

Mikey stumbled and almost fell; but Chunk grabbed at him, and they careened around the edges of the pit and into another passage carved in the rock.

Click! An iron grill rumbled down, cutting them off from retreat. There was another rickety rumbling and a grid of iron dropped down a few yards away. They were trapped in a rock corridor with a murderous gangster coming at them, snarling and armed.

"What'll we d-do?" Chunk quavered.

"Now here's my plan . . ." Mikey said softly as he ran his light up toward the only area they hadn't seen—the roof.

"Plan? You don't have a *plan!*" Chunk grumbled. "You're just trying to make me feel good."

"Now I got you, you little—!" Fratelli was at the iron grill, leering viciously at them. He stuck his pistol through and took aim. "They'll never find your bodies here," he snarled, cocking his gun.

Fratelli fires on page 36; something else happens on page 37.

From page 20

Fratelli reached into the cleft in the rock where Mikey and Chunk were hiding and grabbed them both, pulling them out. "Gotcha!" he leered.

"Hey, mister, we didn't do anything!" protested Chunk.

"Shut up and c'mon," Fratelli said, pulling them back along the tunnel, taking them all the way to the counterfeiting cellar. Just as he was about to shove them into a room with a steel door, Mikey wriggled from his grasp and bolted.

Chunk kicked Fratelli in the shins and the gangster howled with pain. Mikey streaked for the dubious safety of the tunnel.

Fratelli slammed Chunk into the dark room and shut the door. The sprawled Chunk heard the click of a key in the lock.

Then he heard the snuffling breathing of something huge in the room with him.

"Come back here!" Fratelli bellowed in anger as he sprinted after Mikey.

For Mikey's flight, go to page 44.
To find out what trouble Chunk's in, go to page 33.

From page 20

Mikey thrust his flashlight into the face of the snarling Fratelli, turning it on at the same time. Startled, Fratelli stepped backwards, and Mikey and Chunk wriggled by him, kicking him in the shins as they passed. With a harsh yell the big man stumbled after them, but they had turned off their flashlight and were hiding again in the darkness of the old mine shaft.

Fratelli swore, hefted his big revolver and crept along, his flashlight probing each crevice. "I'm gonna getcha," he whispered viciously. "Give up and make it easier on yourself."

"Now!" Mikey yelled and jumped out of a crevice to throw sand in Fratelli's face. The gangster stumbled backward, caught his foot on the rusting rail and fell, hitting his head against the rock wall.

"C'mon!" Mikey yelled.

"But he's hurt!" Chunk said.

"Great—gives us time to *run*!"

And run they did, until they turned a sharp corner and plunged into a pit of darkness.

For the terrors of the pit, go to page 34.

From page 21

"What's it?"

"Wanting to watch. Up there, boost me up." Mouth made a step with his hands and boosted Steff up to where she could shine her flashlight around. "Here it is! Murderer's gallery!" She grabbed at something and pulled herself up and slithered out of sight.

"Steff!"

A rope came snaking down and Mouth, now chest-deep in bubbling water, climbed up as fast as he could, which wasn't too fast. He found what Steff had discovered, a small opening cut in the rock, and beyond it a room.

Steff grinned at him and they looked around for the way out, finding it in a low cave angling up. Bent over, they clambered through, getting higher all the time. "Light!" Steff said happily.

They found themselves at the bottom of a well. Pennies were all over the floor. Looking up, they realized where they were. "This is the old wishing well on the golf course," Steff announced. She began yelling for help, and Mouth joined in.

It took a few moments, but someone finally looked down. "Troy!" Troy was one of the Hill kids, rich and snooty. "Troy, it's Mouth! I'm trapped down here. Get help! Help us!"

Troy looked disgusted. "*Me,* help *you?*"

For more of Troy's charm, go to page 38.

From page 21

Steff shined her flashlight up into the darkness until she found a dark hole. She had Mouth boost her up, and her happy cry was her report. In a few moments she had pulled Mouth up, and they found themselves in a dusty, cramped passage overlooking the drowning pool.

"This place is a rat's nest of holes, caves, tunnels and stuff," Steff said. "We may never find our way out."

"Oh, thanks, Steff. I was relying on your sense of direction, honed for years by your life on the sea with your father."

"Mouth, at sea you have *landmarks,* charts, radar. Here . . ." She gestured helplessly around her. "Nothing but rock. And this tunnel, wherever *it* goes."

"Probably to our doom," muttered Mouth in his Peter Lorre voice.

On page 68 you will find more than you bargained for.

From page 22

30

In a few moments the rock walls shuddered again and one rumbled back. Another quivered until they heard something snap, then it just stopped. They found a way out through a side passage the wall had covered and soon were scampering along.

Then they heard noises, and halted, frightened. They walked on, carefully, and found a deep pit. In it were a dozen tall, sharp stakes. Their lights revealed broken skeletons at the bottom. From above, they heard more noises, sudden screams, and down a dark chute came Steff and Mouth! Certain death lay below!

Rush on blindly to page 39.

From page 23

31

Data dumped something from his backpack behind him as they ran, then urged his friends on. They needed no urging, for they could hear Fratelli's dire threats echoing in the caves. Then they heard loud noises and shouting.

Whap! Whap! "Ouch! Hey!" *Whap!* "Ouch!"

"What did you do?" Brand asked, panting.

"Mini-landmines," gasped Data.

"Why on earth would you make landmines?" Andi said, holding her side.

"Helped, didn't they?" Data grinned.

"Listen," Brand said, "is that backpack of yours something we should run away from if you drop it? I mean, will it go off, or burst into flames?"

"Not unless I want it to," Data grinned. "Hey, look, guys—light." They emerged into a vast, dimly lit cavern, floored by a clear pool. Soon they saw other Goonies, including Chunk and a strange-looking companion. They climbed down, their eyes on the fantastic sight at the other end.

And you'll find out what that is on page 98.

From page 23

"Run!" commanded Data, who dug furiously into his backpack. He extracted something, twisted and punched a set of controls on its surface, and put it carefully on the rock floor. Then he ran wildly after his friends.

Francis Fratelli lumbered into the small cave, waving his gun around, his eyes red with anger. "Where are you, you little—"

Poom! Poof! Sssssssssh! Smoke filled the chamber, thick, billowing smoke that blinded Fratelli at once. He stumbled, cut himself on one of the cutlasses in the death machine and fell heavily to the rock floor.

"Mom-maaaa!" he yelped.

Data caught up with Brand and Andi. "Hey, it worked!"

"Didn't you expect it to?" Brand asked.

"It never did before," Data grinned.

"Look ahead," Andi said. "Is that light?"

They came out into a big cavern with a pool for a floor, fed by underground streams.

"Look! The guys!" Andi shouted happily. Then she noticed something weird.

We're getting close—rush on to page 98.

From page 26

With frustrating slowness, Chunk's eyes adjusted to the darkness. Vaguely, he could see some thin lines of dim light that resolved themselves into the spaces between the heavy plank of a wall.

But it was the snuffling that frightened Chunk most. Suddenly, there was a click and a rectangle of light appeared, sound rose, and Chunk was looking at a television screen. Two young people were smiling brightly at each other, music flared, and as they sang, a deep, rumbling voice from the opposite corner also sang.

"We have teeth so bright, we have mouths so sweet; We use Dento-Bright, and nothing can it beat!"

Chunk stared at the shape in the corner. The sound of the television was muted and the voice rumbled again.

"You smell different. You smell good. Sloth smells candy. You got candy?"

"C-candy?"

"Y'know. *Chocobar, chocobar, we all love our chocobar,*" the half-seen figure sang.

"Uh . . . uh, yeah, I . . ." Chunk dug frantically in his pockets. *What was he trapped with?*

To find out, proceed to page 40.

From page 27

Ker-splash!

Chunk and Mikey fell into a chillingly cold pool of water, drenching themselves. The flashlight could be seen lying on the bottom for a second, then the light flickered and went out, leaving the cave in utter blackness.

Mikey felt around with his foot until he found the light. He retrieved it and in the darkness opened the head, let out the water, and dried the inside with the only thing he could find that was dry—a dollar bill from his wallet.

All this time Chunk was shivering. "Hot onion soup. Steaming potatoes. A big mug of chocolate. Noodle soup. Corn on the cob. Hot milk."

"What are you doing?" Mikey muttered.

"Trying to *think* warm. I'm freezing."

Blink. There was light. They found themselves in the bottom of a pit filled with water. Almost at once, there was a Fratelli growl above them and the pit was illuminated by a gunflash. Water spouted waist high right next to Chunk.

For one escape, turn to page 41; for another, page 42.

From page 24

Mikey flashed his light all over the floor, and most of the surprised snakes slithered away into the protective darkness. As the skeleton gruesomely came apart, and Mikey dropped down the last few feet, he landed in a relatively snake-free area.

Chunk came down with a grunt, and it took several desperate minutes to get him free of the spear. Picking up a bone, Mikey threw it at the snakes near the exit. The slimy creatures dispersed, and the two scampered out.

"Whew!" Chunk sighed. "That was—oh, no!"

Fratelli rounded a corner, and once again his big gun was rising toward them. Mikey scooped up a bone, used it to snag a snake in the midsection and threw it underhand at Fratelli. The big mobster yelled in fright and clawed away at the snake, which had wrapped itself around him.

Confusedly, Mikey and Chunk ran in opposite directions. Mikey yelled out, "Watch out for that—" But it was too late. A slab of rock tilted and Chunk was dumped into the darkness.

Blam! Ka-boom! The shots careened off the rock wall next to him, and Mikey had no choice but to keep running. He would have to come back for his friend later.

For Mikey's next adventure, go to page 44.
For what happened to Chunk, go to page 43.

From page 25

As Fratelli's fingers closed on the trigger, Mikey bent over and scooped up some of the dirt from the floor and flung it at him. The gun went off, but the blinded counterfeiter missed them. The noise was deafening in the rock passage, and bits of grit showered down on them.

"Up there!" pointed Mikey. He snapped off his flashlight, made a step with his hands, and boosted Chunk up into the darkness. "The ledge—get on that ledge!"

"It isn't much of a ledge."

"Quick—pull me up!" Mikey urged.

Fratelli wiped his face clean and once again stuck his weapon through the bars. "Hey! Where did you punks go?"

High up in the cleft of rock, Mikey and Chunk braced themselves and sought another way out. But there was none. They heard Fratelli force up the heavy iron grill, and saw him come in below them. Then Chunk's tenuous grip slipped and he plunged with a scream of terror right down on the big gangster. Mikey jumped as well, and they buried Fratelli under them.

"Run!" Mikey shouted and the two boys were out of the trap before Fratelli could recover.

Go to page 45.

From page 25

Mikey threw his flashlight at Fratelli, knocking the gun aside as he fired. The bullet ricocheted around, but only sprayed the boys with bits of ruptured rock. Fratelli yelled and brought the gun to bear again, but Chunk had grabbed his wrist and was pulling him through the grill, biting into his wrist.

With a howl, the gangster dropped the gun, but Chunk's frantic attempts to get it only kicked it back out through the grill.

Meanwhile, Mikey had discovered a way out. Chunk grabbed the flashlight and they started climbing the rough-hewn surface. Up in the high shadows was a kind of secret gallery, where observers could see the killing ground below. The boys tumbled over the edge as Fratelli recovered and fired after them. They started to run, blindly and frightened—which was their first mistake.

What they run into you'll find on page 48.

From page 28

"Troy, it's me, Steff! We're trapped down here!"

"There are gangsters after us," Mouth yelled. "They're trying to kill us!"

"Oh, it's another one of your stories, huh, Mouth?" Troy said nastily. "No, thanks, I know all about your . . . *stories*. You aren't catching me, pal. I pass." Troy stepped back, and they heard a noise and saw the sky narrow from a circle to a slice of moon, then darkness, as Troy slipped the wooden cover over the old well.

Steff and Mouth just stared for a moment. "Why, that snooty no-good—" Steff began, but Mouth put a hand on her arm, warning her to be quiet.

"What's that?" he whispered.

There was a slithering, then nothing. Steff swung her light around and jumped. Eyeing them was the biggest cobra they had ever seen!

"So that's what happened to the one the snake charmer lost," Steff said calmly.

"Steff, that's a *cobra!*" Mouth protested. "It bites, it *kills!*"

"Yeah, but isn't it pretty? I wonder what it eats down here?"

For one way around, go to page 46; for another, to page 47.

From pages 30 and 69

As Steff slid out of the chute, she saw below her a pit of sharp spears. But suddenly, a pair of hands grabbed her, pulling her roughly off the chute and onto rocks. She recognized Brand as he then tried to rescue Mouth.

In amazement, Steff saw Mouth dangle over the pit, his feet only inches from the sharp points of the spears below. With a grunt, Brand hauled Mouth to safety. For a long moment they all just lay there. Steff saw Andi and Data, too; and soon they were telling each other of their brushes with death, destruction, mayhem and terror.

"But we still have to get out of here," Brand said. "I suggest we go over there, past the pit and into that tunnel. It looks safe."

Data sniffed. "Traps are *supposed* to look safe, don't you know that?"

But the party had little choice. They had to move on. With the Fratellis behind them, intent on murder, there was only one way to go—away from where they were. But when they came to the tunnel's second turn, disaster struck.

Huge rock slabs thundered to the floor, shaking everything, and water gushed in!

For Data's daring move, go to page 49; for a surprise, turn to page 50.

From page 33

Chunk's fingers wrapped around a bar of candy and he blindly extended it. A large hand took it from him and for a moment there was only the sound of crumpling paper and two hearty chomps.

"Good," the voice rumbled again. "*Good.* You got more?"

"Uh, I'm not sure . . . um . . . you, um, watch T.V. a lot?"

"Uh. I still smell candy."

"I watch T.V. too. You got cable? No, I guess not. Hasn't come to Cauldron Point yet, has it?" His fingers dug into his special zippered pocket, where his emergency stash of snack food was secured. "Would, uh, would you like some peanut butter and chocolate?"

"Uh, uh, uh," the dark shape said eagerly. Against the muted screen Chunk could see two groping hands and hastily stuck all three bars—his total emergency rations—into the unseen stranger's hands.

"Um, ah, um." The sounds of the candy bars disappearing made Chunk squirm.

"What's your name? Mine's Chunk."

"Chunk? *Chunk-a-Chocolate, Chunk-a-Chocolate—oh, boy!*"

Chunk groaned. He was trapped with a madman!

Go to page 51.

From pages 34 and 45

Mikey yelled at Chunk to dive into the water, but the plump youth hesitated. It took another thunderous spout of water next to him to get the boy moving. Both lads dove into the water. Mikey snapped off the flashlight and they held their breath. They felt the tug of the current and Mikey grabbed at Chunk, seizing his belt.

Chunk surfaced, gasping for air. "The water, it's—"

Ka-blam!

They went down again, letting the water pull them and they bumped into water-smoothed rock walls. Just as their lungs were ready to burst they saw a faint light.

They emerged, sobbing for breath, into a small grotto. Overhead was a crack in the rock, letting in a shaft of light. There was a rocky beachlike area, and the two boys pulled themselves out onto it, their chests heaving with exhaustion.

"Woo, boy," Chunk said. "Reminds me of the time I escaped the Loch Ness monster by—"

"Come *on,* Chunk, cut that out! This is serious stuff." He looked up at Chunk to reprimand him and saw on his face a look of horror. Mikey whirled around to see what had shocked his friend, and his eyes, too, widened in terror.

To see what they saw, go to page 52.

From page 48

At once both boys were swept along by the rushing water. Screaming, they went over a waterfall into darkness, then were carried along inside a smooth narrow passage. Their bodies were battered and beaten by the water hitting them against the sides of the big pipe.

Suddenly they were catapulted out into the air, into light. With a yell, they fell into a deep pool and struggled toward the surface. Mikey found a tree trunk, white with age, sticking down from the rocks, and seized it. He grabbed Chunk and pulled him up onto a mossy rock.

Then they could look around. Their mouths fell open at what they saw. Two underground streams emptied into the pool, one from outside, for it was clogged with bleached tree parts and debris. The pool was just an elevated pond above a vast grotto. Light came in from some hidden crack in the rocks, giving the whole place an eerie, unreal glow.

On the other side of the grotto, jammed up against the rocks blocking the exit, was a sleek modern powerboat. Its side was smashed in and it tilted, but looked almost brand new otherwise.

"The *Nightstar,*" whispered Chunk.

Go to page 53 for more developments.

From page 35

Chunk landed on a wooden floor, and the breath was knocked out of him. He looked around in surprise. There was a television set on, showing a re-run of a popular animated cartoon. There was a bare bulb, a primitive toilet, *TV Guide,* and some cookies.

"You guest star?" a voice asked. Chunk jumped and turned around. It was dark, but he was able to make out a terribly deformed man behind him, watching him with expectant eyes. "You guest-starring in Sloth's day. My name Sloth, Sloth Fratelli. What's yours, pard?"

"Uh . . . uh, Chunk, call me Chunk."

"Hello, little Chunk. You like *Masters of the Seventh Dimension? Superfellow?* Good commercials, lotza toys, good foods."

But Chunk couldn't help his expression as he looked at Sloth and faintly saw the big man's expression sadden and grow bitter. "You no like Chunk?" His fists formed into huge ham-like weapons.

Before Chunk could answer, the lights came on, and, seeing Sloth in plain view, the boy let out a piercing scream.

For what happens next to poor Chunk, go to page 64.

From pages 35 and 26

44

Running breathlessly, Mikey had to stop. He leaned against the wall of a cliff off the main tunnel, trying to control his breathing. He stopped breathing altogether as Fratelli thundered past. Then, as soon as he thought it was safe, Mikey turned back toward where Chunk had disappeared.

But he got lost. One rock wall had begun to look like another rock wall, and suddenly he was in some kind of sleeping chamber. Rotting wooden bunk, dusty clothes, a curved-top pirate chest, stubs of candles and a dagger driven into the top of an old wooden table were all he found.

"This isn't the place," he muttered, and started up some steps cut into a passage angling upward.

Snap! With a thunderous roar and a shower of dirt and pebbles, a huge rock started down from the darkness over the stairwell!

Rush perilously on to page 89.

From page 36

45

They ran out into a grotto, where a rotting wooden bridge made out of an old tree trunk and some hand-ropes spanned rushing water. Chunk hesitated, but they could hear Fratelli coming after them.

The water rushed away in a foaming stream, into another frightening underground passage. They walked carefully, the tree trunk slippery with moss under their feet.

"You got something to cut this ol' rope with?" Mikey asked. As both boys fumbled in their pockets, Fratelli loomed up at the opposite side. A leer crossed his face, and he raised his heavy revolver.

"Gotcha now," he sneered and pulled the trigger. *Click.* The hammer fell on an empty chamber and Fratelli yelled in frustration.

"Jump!" Mikey yelled.

"I can't! I'm afraid!"

Fratelli was dumping out the empty shells and reloading, his eyes flicking murderously at them. He finished reloading and slammed the cylinder closed, an expression of triumph on his face.

Go to page 41 quickly, or all is lost!

From page 38

Steff held the light right in the cobra's face, and the coiled snake seemed hypnotized. "Stay close to me," she cautioned Mouth, and they edged by.

They were twenty feet away before Mouth breathed again. "Thanks, Steff. Snakes . . . uh . . . they really get to me, y'know."

"Sure, but if you learn about them you wouldn't be so frightened. Listen, you hear water?"

They followed the sound until they came upon an underground stream. It was bridged with a very shaky-looking plank. "Do you trust that?" Mouth asked.

"No, but what choice do we have? Come on, we'll go carefully."

"After you," Mouth said with a gentlemanly sweep of his hand.

"Oh, thanks," Steff said dryly, and stepped out. The bridge squeaked. A board snapped. Mouth reached for her; their hands clasped and the bridge fell apart under her feet.

Go to either page 54 or page 55.

From page 38

"Never *mind* what it eats, Steff!" Mouth protested. "Let's get out of here!" They moved carefully and cautiously, with the implacable snake watching every move, its tongue flicking in and out, testing the flavor of the wind, its way of keeping track.

"Whew!" Mouth said. Then he straightened up and looked brave. "Frankly, my dear," he said in Clark Gable's voice, "I don't give a darn about snakes."

They came into a cave where they found a big alligator lying like a rough rock. "Oops," Mouth said and started away, but Steff stopped him. Attempting a show of bravery, Mouth said, "I can never remember, is that an alligator or a crocodile?"

As Steff started to explain the difference, they heard a noise and Ma Fratelli came out of an opening. "Aha! Now I've caught you worms! Spy on Mother Fratelli, will you!" Her pistol shot deafened them all in the cavern's darkness and the alligator awakened with a mighty roar.

Page 61 awaits you.

From page 39

As the water poured in, Brand took a deep breath and dived down. Andi yelled, "Brand!" But the water continued to rise at an alarming rate.

"I'm tired of all this," grumbled Data as he climbed the rock wall as best he could. But the foaming dark water was catching up fast. "I don't have a good feeling about this."

Suddenly Brand stood up, streaming water, and yelled for the others to help. They waded to him, heaving on a crusted old chain he gripped. They felt—rather than heard—something give, and the water movement changed. It still poured in, but it was going out almost as fast. After a while it stopped coming in, and soon after it was gone, running out through a stone plug Brand had pulled.

"I saw this chain," he explained, "and figured it might be attached to the plug."

Andi threw her arms around him and gave him a big, reckless kiss. "My hero!"

"Girls," muttered Data. They moved quickly on, shivering in their wet clothes, and soon entered a vast grotto. "Look at *that!*" Data exclaimed. But Andi was looking up toward the grotto's ledge, and screamed when she saw who was climbing down the rocks.

Go to page 98.

From page 40

"Yeah, Chunk's my name. And you, sir?"

"Sloth."

"Yeah, uh, but what's your *name?*"

"Sloth. Sloth Fratelli."

Chunk jumped. "Fra-fratelli? You're related to, uh, to those people out, um, there?"

"My brothers, they keep me here. It's okay. They say I make them sick. I understand. I stay here. That's best."

"You mean, they keep you a *prisoner?*"

"Sure. Best for Sloth. Momma says so. Momma knows best. It's okay. I got T.V. I sleep, I watch, I learn. Did you know there were horrible little buggies living in your carpet and a little guy in your toilet? And robots may rule the world and only G. I. Jim can stop 'em? Better I stay here, safe, huh?"

"Uh, sure. Right."

"You got more candy? Sloth likes."

"Er, uh . . . no, I . . ." Chunk backed against the wall.

To find out what Sloth does, go to page 56; to see what happens to Chunk, go to page 57.

From page 41

52

The grisly remains of a corpse—a skeleton, really—was sprawled on the rocky beach, still in its rotting clothes. An ancient pistol lay a foot from its outstretched skeletal hand. A rusted cutlass lay nearby, half its blade broken off.

"A pirate!" Chunk gasped. His face lost its expression of horror as he broke into a grin. "And where there's pirates, there's booty!"

"Whoever wasted this guy probably took the booty with them," Mikey suggested.

"Naw, naw—pirates and booty, that's the rule. Besides, this guy's been dead for hundreds of years." Chunk walked over, still dripping water, and looked around. Sadly, he shook his head. "No doubloons, no pieces of eight, no bucks."

"Wonder where that goes," Mikey said, pointing to the downstream side where they could see a cave continuing on, with the water rushing down the center. "It could be a way out. Come on, Chunk."

For what they find, go to page 58.

From page 42

53

"Nightstar?" asked Mikey.

"The gunrunner, you remember? It was on TV. It disappeared in the fog one night two years ago, chased by the Coast Guard. They'd been chasing it since they spotted it going toward Central America. It turned north, and they lost it off the coast here. It must have crashed in the fog. Look—their radar is gone." He turned to Mikey. "It'll be filled with *guns!*"

"We could use one," Mikey said grimly, "if Fratelli catches up."

"Let's go look," Chunk said. "Maybe it'll have emergency rations, too. I'm hungry."

With a short swim, they reached the ship and climbed up over the railing. It was deathly quiet. They could hear only the sea beyond the grotto. The slanted decks were wet and slippery, but the boys climbed along with agility. Mikey reached out to grab the handle of a hatchway and stopped.

"Suppose some of the gunrunners lived. Maybe they booby-trapped this whole ship to protect their illicit cargo," Mikey whispered. "Maybe they come back and get guns in the dark of the moon or something."

"*Now* you tell me," Chunk protested. "Well, *is* it booby-trapped?"

"Only one way to find out," Mikey said, reaching into his pocket.

Trap or not, rush on where angels fear to tread: page 59.

As the bridge collapsed, Steff dragged Mouth after her and they plunged into the icy stream. At once, they were swept away, helpless, battered against the rock walls. With a scream, they went over a waterfall, into a pool, and sank.

Steff came up first, then Mouth, and they swam as swiftly as possible until they pulled themselves out on a rock. They were in a cave, and their still-functioning flashlight revealed walls covered with the remnants of prehistoric carvings and paintings. Some showed bison and antelope being hunted by dark stick figures. Spears and arrows were drawn overhead. Handprints, scratchings of strange figures, markings of a kind they could not decipher covered great areas.

Further in, along one wall, were what appeared to be mummies, desiccated figures wrapped in decorated skins. Ruined spears, bows and arrows, pots, beads and quill weavings were stuffed next to the figures on their pole racks.

"An Indian burial ground," Mouth said.

"No kidding," Steff said dryly. "I thought it was Chief Running Shoes' Supermarket. There must be a way out of here."

She stepped further into the cave, away from the water, and there was a terrible breaking sound.

Fly on to page 60.

Mouth and Steff were drenched, swept along by the rushing water for a hundred feet, until a waterfall carried them into a pool. Their flashlight was sealed against water and survived, but when they started to pull themselves out, they were looking straight into the mouth of hell!

An alligator of incredible size loomed over them. Steff and Mouth backpedalled into the water, turned, and began stroking swiftly toward the opposite side of the foaming pool. The 'gator slipped into the water behind them.

"How did an *alligator* get down here?" Steff panted as they climbed quickly out of the water.

"Know all those stories about people flushing baby alligator pets? Maybe they're true. Hey, watch it!" The 'gator was coming out after them. Frantically, they climbed the rocks away from the horrible beast, only to find a new danger awaiting them.

"Aha! Gotcha!" Mother Fratelli yelled and at once her revolver fired.

For where the bullet hit, go to page 61.

From page 51

Sloth moved in the darkness. Chunk saw a glimpse of a shape against the television screen and jumped. "Urp!" A hand touched him, feeling across his chest for pockets, delving in and coming up empty.

"Sloth want candy."

"I . . . I . . . I . . . I don't have any more."

"No more?"

"Uh, no, sorry, Mister Sloth."

"No Mister Sloth. Just Sloth, okay?"

"Uh . . . sure, that's fine." Chunk stared into the darkness. "So why are you here, anyway?"

"Sloth ugly. Sloth not to be seen. Sloth bad."

"Bad? Aw, come on. My mom made me sit in a closet for an hour once, but hey, not like this! Don't they ever let you out?"

"Sloth bad. Sloth live here. With T.V. Now Chunk stay, watch T.V. too." Chunk swallowed hard.

Continue to page 63 for more on Chunk's dilemma.

From page 51

"Sloth wants candy," the man growled.

"I . . . I . . . No, I'm out. Don't hurt me!"

"Huh? Sloth no hurt. You not bad guy. Sloth only hurt bad guys."

"But . . . but your brothers are crooks!" Chunk blurted out.

There was a long silence, then Chunk heard a terrible sound: a man weeping.

"Sloth sorry. Sloth try to be good, but brothers no good. They do bad things. They free. Sloth good, Sloth in here."

"Why don't you break out?"

"Oh, no!" Sloth seemed shocked. "Oh, no, no. People laugh if they see Sloth. No."

"Aw, come on, they laugh at me sometimes because I'm, well, I'm pleasingly plump, but heck, you're a grown man."

There was a silence, then a click and the small room was flooded with light from a bare bulb. And Chunk screamed.

For what Chunk saw, go to page 64.

From page 52

Wet, scared and cold, Mikey and Chunk went along the underground stream. The dim light from the cavern behind them faded, and they crept along in the darkness, feeling for every step. The cave turned and they saw more light ahead. Afraid to think it might be the outside, neither said anything, should they be disappointed.

The light grew brighter. They turned a corner and saw daylight. But between them and the outside was a wide chasm. Too wide to jump, yet too deep and dark to go down and come up. They were trapped with no way across.

Boom! A pistol shot echoed from behind them, then another. *Ka-boom!* Chips of flying rock stung their faces as they dived for cover from the pursuing Fratelli.

"That way!" yelled Mikey, pointing along the chasm's side. There was a narrow ledge, only a few inches wide. Mikey edged out on it and scampered along, but Chunk protested.

"I'm too thick. I'll topple over backward!"

"Come on or get shot!" Mikey urged. Chunk hesitated, then edged out. Mikey reached for his hand. Fratelli emerged from the cave next to the waterfall into the chasm, snarled and raised his gun, firing. Mikey and Chunk fell backwards into the chasm.

Hurry up to page 65 for one result, page 66 for another.

From page 53

Mikey pulled out a few feet of string from the pocketfuls of *stuff* he carried around with him. He always thought of it as *stuff* because that's how his Mom always referred to it as she emptied out his pockets. "Mikey, what is all this *stuff* in your pockets, dear?" she would say.

He tied the string to the door handle of the hatchway and strung it around the railing to pull down. Then he and Chunk got back. Mikey pulled. Nothing happened. Then slowly the door started to swing open.

Boom!

The explosion slammed the door around to the bulkhead, and far out on the grotto there were many splashes. "Shotgun," Mikey said. "Okay, come on, it's safe now."

"But there may be other traps, Mikey," protested Chunk. Mikey just shrugged and told Chunk to keep his eyes open and to watch where he stepped.

"These guys are guarding something worth a lot of money," Mikey said, "and they are ruthless about protecting it."

Chunk swallowed. Thoughts of *chocolate mint ice cream, lamb chops with mint jelly, fried chicken, and junk food* clogged his brain. "Danger makes me hungry," he said.

Go on to page 67, quickly now.

From page 54

Whoosh! A flight of arrows flew across the cave, but most of them fell to the floor in mid-flight. Steff eyed them curiously, but since none had hit her or Mouth, the two gave it no further thought.

They soon found themselves wandering through more of the labyrinth of natural caves and man-made tunnels. "You know," Steff said, "my father said that ignorance is the mother of adventure. I think some adventures came about when people got lost and managed to get back."

"Are we lost, Steff?"

"Sure, we're lost, what did you think?"

"I thought *you* knew where you were going . . ."

"I do. I'm trying to get back, but I'm still lost."

The young blond girl looked around decisively and said, "Let's go that way."

"What about that way, to the right?" Mouth suggested.

To go to Steff's left, turn to page 68; for Mouth's way, try page 69.

From pages 47 and 55.

Steff pulled Mouth down behind a rock. "What are we going to do now?" Mouth asked as Ma Fratelli's light probed the darkness for them.

"You're going for help," Steff said.

"Where?" Mouth said frantically.

"In there," she said, touching his throat, then whispered to him.

Ma Fratelli chanced another shot in the general direction of where she had last seen the pesky kids. Grumbling, she climbed carefully over some boulders. The alligator thrashed about in the water, almost unheard in the waterfall's sound.

Suddenly, from the big woman's left, a voice rang out. "All right, put up your hands, this is the police!"

"Wha—? How did they—?"

"This is the FBI. Throw down your weapons, Fratelli! We've got you surrounded!"

Ma Fratelli waved her flashlight about but saw no one. Good concealment, she thought. "Okay, copper, you got me." She put down her gun, then held the flashlight on herself so that they could see she wasn't trying anything. This was not the first time Ma Fratelli had been arrested.

She heard scuffling, but nothing happened.

Turn to page 62.

From page 61

"Come on, coppers, I'm getting cold here."

Nothing. No handcuffs, no reading of her rights, no hard faces and alert eyes, no badges.

"Hey . . ." she muttered suspiciously. "I'm gonna look at you guys now . . ." Carefully, slowly, she swung her light around. She was alone in the cavern.

In a different cave Steff hugged Mouth. "That was the first time your mouth ever got you *out* of trouble, Mouth, you and your mimicking ability!"

"Aw, gee . . ." Mouth scoffed. He turned as they heard voices. A few more feet, a few turns, and they emerged in a vast cavern. And there below were some of their long-lost friends!

Go to page 79 for a surprise.

From page 56

Uh, look, Mister Sloth—I mean, Sloth—I got buddies out there in trouble. The Goonies are in deep trouble and I gotta help!"

"Goonies?"

"Yeah, uh, well, y'see, there are the kids on the Hill, the Hill kids, and us down by the docks, the Goonies. We gotta break out of here and rescue them from . . ." Suddenly Chunk remembered whom he hoped to rescue his friends from. "From your brothers," he finished lamely.

"Brothers bad," Sloth said. "Brothers hate Sloth. I make them sick, they say. They talk Momma into putting me here. Are your friends good guys or bad guys?"

"Huh? Uh, good, good guys!"

"Okay, Sloth know what is right. Good guys must win, bad guys must not. I see how the world is. I help. You wanna watch T.V. first?"

"No, uh, look, we should be, y'know . . . bustin' out of here."

"Okay." Sloth got up and kicked the door off its hinges. Just like that. It fell to the floor with a crash and Chunk turned in the light to see his new friend. And screamed.

Go to page 70 to see why he screamed; page 71 for the escape.

From pages 43 and 57

Sitting on a rumpled bunk was a huge man dressed sloppily in black. His eyes were hard on Chunk but it was his head which was most frightening. It was much like an onion, bare of hair except for a tuft on top. His face was distorted and one eye was lower than the other. He looked sadly at the startled boy.

"See? You no different. Everyone do that when they see Sloth. Momma right. I stay here. Not disgrace great name of Fratelli."

"Great name of . . ." Chunk was shocked. "But your people have been pirates and rumrunners and crooks and now—counterfeiters!"

"Yeah, isn't that great? Hardly ever caught any of them, either. They be good recurring villains, huh? Slip away, come back, tease hero. Like on TV."

"But I'm not talking about TV, Mr. Fratelli. Your family is the real thing. Besides, you know the bad guys always lose, and your brothers are bad guys."

"I know," Sloth said sadly. "Nice to commit crime and no one know, but they get caught sooner or later. You think *we* oughta catch 'em?"

"Us?"

For Chunk and Sloth's quest, go to page 73; for troubles, page 75.

From pages 81 and 58

The water was icy and both boys yelled with surprise and fear. But the stream, confined within the narrow walls, rushed on. They dropped lower, went into darkness and suddenly the walls were smoother, almost like a chute. There was nothing they could do—the water had them.

Chunk and Mikey tumbled and turned, feetfirst, headfirst, sideways, rushing on through the darkness. They were bumped and bruised, scraped and banged, but suddenly the water slowed and spread out and there was light.

"Mikey, look!" Chunk said, pointing, as they sat in the water, beached on a small sandbar. They were in a huge cavern. The water got deeper out further from them; they could tell by the color. There were fissures and cracks in the grotto walls that let in light. And in that light they could see something out of the past. A Nazi submarine.

To explore the sub, go to page 76; to get into trouble first, go to page 77.

From page 58

They hit water and were rushed along. Desperately, Mikey held on to his flashlight, but lost contact almost at once with Chunk. He held his breath as they went into a water-clogged tunnel, and as his lungs seemed about to explode, he came out in a dimly lit cavern. The rush of water slowed and Mikey stood up.

There was no sign of Chunk. "Chunk!" he called again and again, flashing his light around. Nothing, no one, not even a piece of clothing. Thinking that perhaps his pudgy friend had been carried along into the next passage, Mikey went into it.

He found a set of steps carved in the side of the tunnel and followed them up, emerging in a cavern a few feet up. He stared around him in startled disbelief.

The ceiling was black from fires, and very high overhead was a vent to the sky. Beneath was a long-dead fire and over it, on iron spits, an iron pot half-filled with a yellow metal. To one side was a stack of rotted wood, and just beyond, set out to cool long ago, was a line of yellow bars.

Gold!

For the latest gold report, go to page 78.

From page 59

"Sunlight makes you hungry. Grass makes you hungry. *Everything* makes you hungry. Now watch it going in."

"Yeah, but I need food. I have an overactive metabolism."

"You have an overactive mind, too, Look, the bridge. Seems like all the regular, um, regular bridge stuff," Mikey said. "The guns must be lower, in the . . . what do you call it . . . the hold."

"This isn't a freighter, Mikey. It doesn't have a hold, like a cargo ship. It has cabins and lockers. To ship any sort of volume, I bet they filled up the cabins and ran with a *skeleton* crew." Chunk looked pained. "Why did I say it like that?"

They moved carefully down a passage, and Mikey found a raggedly torn section of wall opposite a cabin door. "Must have gone off on someone, or by accident," he said. They got on the deck and Mikey shoved open the cabin door with his fingers.

True enough, there was a rigged shotgun, both barrels empty. And a cabin filled with machine guns and hand grenades.

Then they heard a squeak, and a step on the deck. "Okay, you punks," Fratelli yelled. "I gotcha now!"

Go to page 119.

68

It was only a few twists and turns more before they emerged into the dim light of a large grotto. There was a large pool on the bottom, fed by several underground streams.

"Mouth!" someone yelled. Steff and Mouth looked down to see more of the Goonies.

But it was the bizarre sight on the rocks against the exit to the sea that startled them!

Turn to page 79.

69

"Okay, we'll try your way," Steff said, and they entered the right-hand passage. "Y'know, I'm beginning to like this."

"You *like* people trying to kill you?" Mouth said in amazement.

"Well, what's wrong with an adventure now and then? It keeps you on your toes."

"Yeah? Well, I'd just as soon pass on all this adventure stuff. We'd better watch our step and—*whoops!*"

The floor tilted, and with two long screams they fell away into inky blackness.

Slip and slide away to the unknown terror on page 39!

From page 63

Sloth was the ugliest person Chunk had ever seen. He didn't really look human. His face was all distorted and twisted, his head a kind of smooth onion shape, with a tuft of hair on top. His hand reached out toward Chunk, who drew back, wide-eyed.

"That's okay. It's just what Momma said would happen. Sloth looks different, Sloth knows that."

"Uh, do you mind telling me why you, uh, look so different?"

Sloth looked down sadly. "My momma," he said, "she dropped me when I was little boy. I guess she dropped me one too many times, huh?" The huge man shrugged. "It happens. But wait." He stopped Chunk with a meaty hand. "Are you the sidekick or is Sloth?"

"Huh?"

"Simple question of casting, friend Chunk. One of us has to be the sidekick, like on T.V. Is it Sloth or Chunk? The sidekick usually the comic relief."

"Uh, well, people think I'm pretty funny sometimes . . ."

"Okay, you sidekick, Sloth the hero. Now we go hunt for my brothers and bust 'em." They rushed out of the counterfeiting room into the tunnel.

For Sloth and Chunk's first danger, turn to page 82; for a deadly trap, go to page 83.

From page 63

What Chunk saw was a hideously deformed man, with an onion-shaped head, a tuft of coarse hair on top, and bulbous eyes that weren't level. His face had a curious, lopsided look, free of wrinkles and mostly free of expression.

Then Chunk realized the big, black-clad man looked sad. "No one likes Sloth. He the Godzilla of Cauldron Point. Thass okay. Ten-four."

Chunk stared, then looked around at the basement room, at the television set and the pitifully few possessions. "How . . . uh . . . how long you been here?"

Sloth shrugged. "Forever. Live here. Better I don't go out. Momma took me out when I was a baby. I remember. People stare, point, look sick. Better I stay here."

"But . . ." Chunk was at a loss for words. He got kidded for being a touch overweight—as he preferred to think of it—but nothing like what Sloth described. It must be horrible, he thought, to be the object of so much fear and loathing. "Look, Mister Sloth . . ."

"Just Sloth. Not Fratelli. They not nice people."

"You're . . . you're one of *them*? But they're going to hurt my friends—!

"You . . . you have *friends?*"

Turn to page 72.

From page 71

"Well, sure, doesn't every . . . oh, yeah, I see." Chunk felt ashamed. "But they're in trouble . . . and we gotta help them!"

Sloth stood up. His head almost brushed the low ceiling. "You be Sloth's friend?"

"Well, sure . . . but . . ."

Sloth turned. "Come on, little pal, we go save your friends."

They ran out of the room as dust was still settling, and along the tunnel to the mine shaft.

"Mikey isn't here," moaned Chunk.

"Sloth know. Maybe this way. Giddyup."

They trotted as fast as seemed safe through the rocky corridors, until they drew up at a fearsome sight. Some freak of nature, perhaps helped by some long-dead miner, had shaped a wall into a skull, and tunnels passed on either side.

"Which way?" Chunk asked.

If you choose left, go to page 86; if you pick the right, go to page 87.

From page 64

"C'mon, little Chunk, we go lookin' for bad guys." Sloth rose and kicked out the locked door. It crashed back with noise and dust, and in moments, Chunk—quite dazed and confused—was hurrying along a tunnel, back toward where he had left Mikey.

"Gotta watch for One-Eyed Willie traps," Sloth advised. "Willie is Sloth's great-great-something. He was first to America and first real professional pirate in the family," Sloth said proudly.

"T-traps—?"

"Uh-huh. See—don't touch that rock. It triggers rock fall on head. Don't step on that board . . . that's it. Sloth play here as kiddy, learn traps. Or most of them. Don't touch that—"

The post that Chunk had used as a brace to get over a pile of ore shifted. There was a rumbling, and Sloth snatched Chunk up and out of the way as a huge rock plummeted to the tunnel floor. It bounced, held by a thick, rusting chain, then slowly cranked its way back up to reset for the next unwary visitor.

"Sloth used that to crack walnuts when kiddy-boy," the big man said. "Took a lot of nuts to get to do it just right. Fun, huh?"

Turn to page 74.

From page 73

"Uh? Yeah, sure, great fun," Chunk said nervously. They moved along the tunnel some more, until they came to a thickly barred gate, very old, very rusty. "What's down there?"

"Sloth not know. Momma said no go. We go?" he asked eagerly, as if looking for permission.

"I guess, but Mikey might have—"

Slam! Sloth kicked the gate loose on its hinges. "Sloth strong," he said proudly, and Chunk nodded. "Now we have fun."

"F-fun?"

"Sure, little Chunk. Now it's a thriller-diller 'cause Sloth not know everything."

They took three steps and the bottom dropped out of everything. Yelling, Chunk followed Sloth down into the darkness.

For a grisly surprise, go to page 95; for a different sort of surprise, rush blindly on to page 96.

From page 64

"Sloth and new friend, we get 'em, right? Bring them to justice, bust 'em, book 'em, Danno."

"Uh, Sloth . . . my name is Chunk, and, uh . . . well, sure, okay, let's go get 'em . . . but how?"

"As easy as makin' Bosco, friend Chunk." Sloth stood up and kicked the door. It sent showers of dust down; and on the second kick, it opened, sagging on broken hinges. "You lead," Sloth gestured.

Stumble on to page 87, for the golden trap awaits.

From page 65

It was wedged in rocks near the cave's entrance. At one side of the grotto a crude wooden dock, half disintegrated, jutted out. Crates and guns, all rusted, seemed to still be stacked on it.

"What happened? Why was it here?" Chunk asked.

"They probably were trying to set up a wolfpack base, someplace where they could stockpile stores to reprovision submarines. It didn't work. Something went wrong, someone goofed, the sub got stuck. Come on, Chunk, ol' buddy, let's go exploring!"

"Exploring? With Fratelli behind us?"

"The way out is that way anyway," Mikey shrugged.

The two boys swam across to the sub and clambered aboard. Two hatches were open. They picked the nearest. It stank of rot, mold and death. The sub had two feet of water in it, and a skeleton lay sprawled across the chart table, its disintegrating uniform sodden.

"Look, the periscope," Chunk said. "I always wanted to look through one of those!" He climbed the slanting deck and grabbed at the mossy arms, sticking his eye up to the prism. It was a murky image, blurred and scratched, but it made him gulp. "Mikey! It's Fratelli! He followed us here!"

Go to page 85 for the reason Fratelli found them.

From page 65

"A Nazi sub!" Mikey said, standing up, his eyes wide. The grotto was huge, close to two hundred feet wide at the water level, though narrower up at the top. To one side was a rough concrete dock with the weathered remains of boxes, crates and metal equipment. But the sub itself was wedged across the exit to the sea.

Both boys could hear the waves and smell the open sea. "What do you think happened?" Chunk asked.

"Look, rocks. They must have fallen from up there, trapping the sub. Over the years, the sea broke the mooring lines, and it drifted onto the rocks."

"Do you think there are still Nazis around?" Chunk asked nervously.

"Don't be silly. They probably tried to set up some kind of secret base here, and Nature took the other side. Let's go look."

"Careful, Mikey, it's . . . spooky."

"No spookier than Fratelli. Come on, the way out is that way, anyway."

The two youths climbed up onto the dock, fascinated by the stenciled signs in German, by a rotting officer's cap, by a couple of rusted Wehrmacht rifles. But it was the sub that excited them and they approached it nervously.

For the secret of the Nazi sub, go to page 84.

From page 66

Mikey stared in disbelief. This *had* been a gold mine, abandoned suddenly, with the gold left behind. He looked around more, saw a disintegrating leather coat on a hook, some boxes and pans, shovels and picks, a rough table, dusty and worm-eaten.

He counted the gold bars. Seventeen, plus what had been left to cool in the smelter pot. Each weighed well over ten pounds he estimated, perhaps more.

A fortune! *Was this the secret cache of the legendary One-Eyed Willie?* Mikey thought. *Did ol' Willie really exist?*

But Mikey realized he was still trapped, probably still pursued by the Fratellis. He couldn't carry even one bar, but he could pick up some drops that had splattered carelessly on the rock floor.

"This'll prove I found it," he said aloud. He searched for a way out and found a short side passage that led to a man-made tunnel slanting upward.

Suddenly, he stopped. Something looked strange about the floor just ahead. Carefully he examined the steps cut into the rock and realized one was a fake. It was a slab of real rock, but laid upon some kind of metal triggering device. Carefully, Mikey stepped over it, onto the step above.

Creak! A huge rock started down toward him.

There's one escape on page 88, another on page 89.

From pages 62, 68, and 88

At one end of the big cavern was something none of the Goonies ever expected to see: a pirate ship. Not some civilian, modern version dressed up to look like a pirate ship, but a *real* pirate ship. Rocks had fallen from the entrance, blocking it and preventing the vessel from getting away.

It rested at a slant against the rocks, with broken masts and rotting rigging, with weathered wood and pitiful shreds of dirty canvas. But the Goonies could still see the beauty in her, a once-proud vessel, now ruined and derelict.

"Pirate loot," muttered Mouth.

"Blackbeard and Henry Morgan," Steff said.

"One-Eyed Willie and—" began Andi.

"Who's One-Eyed Willie?" Steff asked.

"He was the scourge of this part of the coast, 'way back when. Heard he was a Fratelli ancestor, if you believe that."

"Oh, I believe it," Chunk said. "I can see Ma Fratelli with a patch and a pegleg now, only I bet she'd stolen the pegleg off some piano."

"Shall we go see?" Mikey suggested.

Turn to page 80.

From page 79

They all nodded. They were nervous, but excited, and kept looking back at the various underground stream mouths that emptied into the grotto's lagoon. They finally had to swim over, then climb up a precarious ladder whose rungs were built into the ancient, rotting ship.

The vessel was deathly quiet, creaking only faintly with the motion of the water. "This is scary," Brand said.

Mouth swallowed to wet his dry mouth, then speaking in a thick, posh English accent, he said, "I say, anyone aboard? This is Lord Mouth speaking! Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

"Well, if you insist," came Jake Fratelli's grating voice and he threw open the captain's cabin door and leveled his big revolver at them. The other brother, Francis, stuck his head out of the forecastle and he, too, was grinning.

"We knew you couldn't resist something like this," he said, waving his handgun at them.

"Where's Ma?" Jake growled. "You punks hurt her?"

"No, we—"

"Boys! Boys! Here I am!" Ma Fratelli had found them. "Get the plank ready!" she shouted from a grotto ledge.

A surprise awaits all on page 120.

From page 89

Mikey ducked into a crevice, shut off his light and tried to calm his labored breathing. The big Fratelli lumbered past. Mikey waited, then came out and ran back the other way, toward where he had lost Chunk.

It was a labyrinth of passages, going up, down, right, left, doubling back, going into dead ends. Mikey was tired and dusty before he finally found something that looked familiar. A few yards further on he saw a wet, motionless shape lying next to the burbling underwater stream.

He turned over the body and saw it was Chunk! Remembering his Boy Scout training, Mikey immediately gave artificial respiration, and in a few moments Chunk coughed, spit up water, and opened his eyes.

"Wow, what happened?" he asked. Quickly, Mikey filled him in. Chunk got shakily to his feet and they started along the underground waterway.

Edging by a narrow ledge, the rock gave way and Chunk started falling into the water. Mikey made a grab for him, and they both fell, disappearing at once beneath the dark, rushing water!

Swim over to page 65 at once!

From page 70

Sloth and Chunk raced as fast as they could through the labyrinth of the caves and tunnels. Sloth seemed to know the way, until he pulled up in the mine shaft.

"Sloth not know where to go now," he said sadly. "Sloth never allowed to go farther, only Momma go where no man has gone before." He pointed down the passage, into the darkness.

"Then we have to do it anyway," Chunk said with determination.

Sloth chuckled, and Chunk looked at him with raised eyebrows. "Good, good," Sloth said. "You hero, Sloth sidekick. Very good. Sloth like being sidekick."

"Hold it!" A new voice echoed in the tunnel and Sloth's big brother stepped out of the darkness. "What are you doing out here, you big monster? How come the kid's loose? As soon as I find the other punk they'll both get dropped down Devil's Sluiceway and no evidence, see?"

Sloth frowned. "You kill Chunk?"

"In a minute. Step aside."

For Sloth's powerful reaction, go to page 94.

From page 70

Sloth filled the tunnel ahead of Chunk, who carried the flashlight he had snatched from the table. Great gloomy shadows sped along the walls ahead of Sloth. Chunk panted along behind, hoping he'd arrive in time to help his friends. He also wondered if Sloth really meant it about bashing his brothers.

They reached the mine shaft and traveled along, coming to the place where the older Fratelli brother had caught them, but there was no sign of Mikey or any of the others. "What's up ahead?" Chunk asked.

Sloth shrugged. "Sloth not know. Maybe place where no man has gone before. Dunno. Momma said stay out of caves and tunnels. Bad place to play. Men die in here. Traps. Doctor Destructo stuff. Cliffhanger stuff. Bad."

"Sloth, don't you know anything that isn't on the tube?"

The immense, black-clad man shrugged. "But everything's on the tube. They talk about everything. Sloth watch, Sloth listen."

Chunk shrugged and leaned against a mine shaft timber. And fell backwards into blackness.

Go to page 90 for the adventures in the pit or to page 91 for his possible rescue.

From page 77

It was cold and dark within. The hip-deep water inside was oily and dirty. The only light came from the open hatches. The dimly seen dials were encrusted with mud and slime. Mold was everywhere.

They explored cautiously. Just off the control room was the passage that lead past the captain's cabin and the radio room to the forward torpedo room. Mikey stuck his head in the captain's cabin and found the stub of a candle and some matches. He went through a dozen of them before he got one to light.

Chunk yelled. It was a wordless cry of fear. Then Mikey saw what he saw. On the bunk was a skeleton in the rotting uniform of a Nazi officer. There was a gun lying on the moldy bedclothes and a hole in the skull.

"Uh . . . looks like he couldn't take being a failure," Mikey said.

"They must have had some pretty terrible receptions for guys who didn't do their jobs," shivered Chunk. "You got anything to eat?"

"Look, a safe!" Mikey exclaimed, ignoring his chubby friend's question. The safe door was ajar, and they pulled it open to look inside. Yellowing papers and nothing else. Mikey got down to look in deeper and stubbed his toe on something. He searched in the water and found it, heaving it up with effort.

There was a gold bar in his hand.

Go to page 109.

From page 76

Crouching silently at the hatchway, Mikey and Chunk heard Fratelli yell at them. "Okay, you kids, come on out! I know you're in there. I know what it's like. Where do you think we found those great plates to counterfeit the money? Those Nazis, boy, they had top people making the plates and they thought they were going to ruin the good ol' U. S. of A. by printing up the phony stuff. But Uncle Sam fixed them . . . and now it's time for private enterprise to take over." Fratelli laughed and Chunk shivered.

"So come on out, come on. If I hafta go in after you I won't be so nice."

"But he's trying to *kill* us," Chunk quivered.

"I'll make it easy on ya," Fratelli said. "There are lots of ways to go, and some are quick and easy and some—" He chuckled. "Some ain't so easy."

"I have an idea," Mikey said and started whispering to Chunk, whose eyes got big.

"Think that'll work?" he asked.

"You got anything better?" Chunk shook his head and Fratelli yelled at them again.

"Come on," Mikey urged, "I think I saw what we needed back in there."

For one of Mikey's ruses, go to page 92; for another, to

From page 72

Picking the left tunnel Chunk and Sloth ran along, flashing their light on the roughly shaped walls. Suddenly, there was a skeleton, chained to the wall. Both Sloth and Chunk came to a nervous halt as Chunk read aloud the dirt-encrusted sign crudely lettered over the skeleton's head.

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

"This way back here good way," Sloth said, turning back toward where they had come from.

"Whoa! Wait a minute," Chunk said. "This is just a sign! And an *old* sign!"

"Chunk . . . friend . . . you know how it is. First is skull, and sign or symbol . . . then deathtrap . . . people die."

Hurry to page 102.

From pages 75 and 72

They went off to the right and edged nervously past the rock, treading carefully down a narrow mine shaft. A fallen timber blocked the way and Sloth heaved it out of the way effortlessly. But the noise seemed to echo and Chunk swore he could hear scuffings and movement in the darkness ahead.

"This mine of One-Eyed Willie," Sloth said. "He great-great-grandfather of Sloth. He in the top of the ratings as pirate. He find gold in ship, torture men until they tell him where gold come from. He come here, mine gold."

"Gold!" whispered Chunk. "Wow . . ."

"Only One-Eyed Willie very suspicious. He make many traps for those looking for gold."

"Traps. . . ?" Chunk swallowed noisily.

"One-Eyed Willie great inventor. His hobby was traps. Today, he'd be on *Wide World of Booby Traps,* betcha. C'mon, little Chunk, this way."

One step. Two steps. The floor dropped out from under them. As they fell, Chunk heard Sloth say, almost happily, "See?"

For the Death Room, go to page 95; for the Torture Room, go to page 96.

From page 78

As the rock descended, Mikey raced up the steps. The old mechanism was sluggish, corroded and slow, but even so, Mikey barely got by before it came to a crunching halt a few inches above the step.

Then, wearily and noisily, some unseen counterweight moved, and the rock rewound into the ceiling. This must have been planned as a long range operation if ol' Willie went to so much trouble to build traps, Mikey thought.

He climbed further up the steps, warily watching everything, and emerged on a ledge overlooking a large underground grotto. Mikey climbed down a narrow, mossy trail, passed waterfalls where the underground streams emptied into the grotto, then jumped as a voice said, "Well, it took you long enough."

Mikey turned to see Steff. "The rest are here too," she said. "Come on. Follow me."

But Mikey was stunned by the fantastic sight up ahead.

Race on to page 79.

From pages 44 and 78

Mikey dove past the falling rock and painfully hit the steps, then yanked his feet out just in time as the rock trap stopped an inch from the step. Dusty and breathless, he watched the rock slowly recrank its way up into the cleft in the ceiling, automatically resetting to trap future victims.

Brushing himself off, Mikey climbed the steps, went along a passage, and came out on a ledge running along a cavern. Below he spotted the older Fratelli brother walking along cautiously, gun in hand. There was no place to hide and Fratelli saw him. The thug raised his gun at once and fired, the noise unbelievably loud in the enclosed space. The slug ricocheted off the rock next to him, stinging Mikey with fragments. But he was running hard as Fratelli began climbing the rocks toward him.

Whang! A thick wooden spear, iron-tipped and deadly, was thrust sideways right over Mikey's head. Had he been taller, or even if he had been running upright, he shuddered to think what might have happened.

Whang! A second spear flew through the air from a secret hole in the rock, again barely missing the boy. Mikey ran away from the sound of the cursing Fratelli, who was ducking under the spears.

Go to page 81.

From page 83

Icy water closed over Chunk. He gasped for breath as his mouth filled up with a choking liquid. He struggled to get to the surface, but the swift current was carrying him along through the darkness. His lungs were exhausted of air. *This is it,* he thought as he was bumped along.

Then something tugged at him, and a powerful hand pulled him up into the air. Gasping, he realized it was Sloth, dripping water, pulling him out onto a speckled rock in a dimly lit cavern.

"Sloth save sidekick," the big man grinned. "Sloth hero for sure."

"Oh, you are . . ." He coughed up water. "You are soooo right," Chunk said. "But . . . where are we?"

"Dunno. Sloth swim in dark, too. Sloth never been here. Water goes that way. We go, too."

"Why not?" Chunk said, squeezing water from his drenched clothing.

The cave twisted and turned and sometimes they had to tread water, but eventually they came out on a ledge, with the water falling away to a huge grotto below.

"Chunk!" someone yelled. "Look, it's Chunk!" Below were all his friends, but Chunk's eyes were on something else in the cavern.

For what surprised Chunk, go to page 98.

From page 83

Sloth's huge hand grabbed the front of Chunk's jacket and stopped his fall. Gulping, the boy was pulled back onto the ledge.

"G-gee, th-thanks, S-sloth!" he said. "You saved my life."

"That's what heroes do for sidekicks, pardner," Sloth said, then giggled. "Sloth real hero, huh?"

"You betcha," Chunk said. "But my friends . . . we've got to get to them before it's too late."

"Sloth fix. C'mon, pard, saddle up and we'll go get 'em."

They continued through the tunnel, which became a cave, which became a grotto and suddenly, there was a shout.

"Chunk!" The big man and the chubby boy turned, and Chunk's face broke out in a wide grin. It was the gang. They were safe.

Rush on to page 98.

From page 85

Fratelli's shoes clanged on the metal deck overhead. "Don't be dumb," he grumbled loudly. "I don't wanna go in there after you," he threatened.

"You were right," Chunk said. "I think he's afraid of coming in here. Not that I blame him."

Mikey gave a frown of caution, and the two youths didn't move. Slowly, Fratelli stepped down the ladder. He ducked down, his eyes searching the dark submarine, his revolver at the ready. Seeing nothing, the gangster continued down until, with a visible shudder, he stepped into the two feet of water.

The big hoodlum came along, grumbling and swearing, until he drew up at the captain's cabin. Inside, shivering with cold and fear, the two boys waited.

"I know you're in there. Now come on out!"

Moments passed. No sound, no movement. Then a moldy curtain was thrust aside, and Fratelli waded in with a loud bellow. Quickly, Mikey and Chunk dropped the wet, rotting remains of a huge leather coat over the gangster's head. Fratelli freaked; he screamed in the darkness, striking out with his fist, firing his revolver twice, then ran headlong, blindly, into a bulkhead.

Race on to page 113.

From page 85

Fratelli entered the submarine cautiously, lowering himself warily into the water, gun in hand. "All right, you bums, come out quietly. You're getting me mad."

Nothing. There was only the cold, mold, and skeletal remains. The sub was dead, long dead, as was its crew. Fratelli stepped carefully toward the bow, wading through the slimy, oily water.

As he entered the narrow passage between the captain's cabin and the radio room, something leaped up at him from the radio room. With a terrible noise, Fratelli blasted away at the dark apparition. But from behind him, a length of pipe slammed into his head. Fratelli staggered, then fell unconscious, face-down into the water.

"Get him up or he'll drown!" Mikey yelled, tossing aside his pipe. Chunk stuck his head around the hatchway, then let go of the rope that had pulled the black apparition—actually some rotting old clothes on a hastily assembled framework of rods, pipes, and wood—and went to help his friend.

"Did we win?" he asked. "No, don't answer. I'd like to think it was all over. Just to get out of here and call the cops, that's all I want."

For the big finish, go to page 100.

From page 82

Sloth advanced on Francis, his smaller, but older brother, his huge, meaty hands extended. "You no kill hero. That proves you bad guy."

"Hey, you bag of meat! This jerk's no hero, and neither are you! Keep back!"

"Sloth fix. Little Chunk, you run!"

Chunk backed away, but the older Fratelli was waving his big revolver. "Don't let the little spy get away, Sloth! I'm warning you! Now you stay away! I don't wanna blast you, but—"

With a swipe, Sloth knocked the gun from his brother's hand. "Run!" he shouted, but Chunk was paralyzed. The two men fought hard and grimly, but Sloth, while slower, was more powerful, and knocked his brother to the floor of the cave, putting him out. Sloth stood over him, breathing hard, but more from passion than exercise. "Big brother, you wrong. You bad. Come," he said to Chunk. "We go save your friends."

They rushed into the tunnel, took a branching cave when they saw a footprint, and came out on a ledge overlooking a vast underground grotto. "Look!" shouted Chunk. "There they are!"

"But what is *that*?" Sloth said in wonder.

Hurry to page 98, me hearties.

From pages 74 and 87

The fall wasn't far, but it was hard. And bony, for they had fallen into a pile of bones. Human bones. Broken human bones. Their dropped flashlight revealed stone walls all around, with a strangely neat pile of bones in the center. Then Chunk heard the squeaks and thumps, and two of the walls began to move toward each other.

Chunk now understood the neat pile of bones in the middle. "Sloth—do something!" he yelled above the sliding, crunching, slipping, squeaking noises.

Sloth grinned. "Sloth never hope to see room like this. But look, no daggers from ceiling. Must be low budget trap."

"Sloth, stop the commentary—and stop the walls!" Chunk attempted to push against a wall but it relentlessly shoved him back. Still, Sloth did nothing. He just stepped up on the bones and waited. *"Sloth!"*

"Little Chunk, look at bones. They not pushed *all* the way together. Too many people crunched—like in car crusher where heroes trapped—and mechanism very old, lost its zip. We just wait."

"Sloth—" The walls moved relentlessly together. "Maybe you're wrong!" *Crunch. Slither. Crack.*

Either we lose two characters or go to page 99.

From pages 74 and 87

They landed with a crashing and groaning, but luckily Chunk fell on Sloth and not the other way around. They recovered their lights and got stiffly to their feet.

Around him, Chunk saw stone walls, chains, the bits and pieces of a skeleton. He was getting used to such sights and barely shuddered. An iron door. A brazier filled with long-dead ash. Three rusting iron things were stuck in it. With horror, Chunk realized they were iron rods, which were heated and used to torture people.

"Sloth, I don't want to be here."

"Okay." Sloth kicked open the iron door, busting it from its rusted hinges.

"Y'know, Sloth, you might try the doorknob sometime. Don't do that at my house. My mom would—"

"You bring Sloth to your house?"

"Sure, but you—"

Sloth embraced Chunk in a bear hug that all but crushed him. Chunk fought his way clear and sputtered, "Hey, watch it! You could kill a guy!"

"You take Sloth to your home, meet Momma, meet Poppa, have dinner, pastry, fancy coffee, dance . . ." A beautific smile came over Sloth's cruelly distorted face. "You Sloth's *friend*."

"Uh . . . yeah, but . . . never mind, come on."

Turn to page 97.

From page 96

From the old torture chamber, they went along a passage of shaped stone until Chunk stepped on a slightly raised stone in the floor. The roof opened with a terrifying squeak, dumping dirt, dust and thousands of spiders on them.

Chunk screamed and batted away the multi-legged creatures, but Sloth just carefully removed each wiggling one. "Spiders good. They no hurt. Hurt if you attack, but no hurt to just walk on." He picked up Chunk, who was next to unconscious with fear, and carefully threaded his way through the spider trap and down the passage.

The next trap didn't work. Something in the wall went *spaaannng* and a section of stone floor sagged, but that was all. They edged around it and came out of the passage overlooking a big grotto.

Below, staring up, were the Goonies.

Turn to page 98.

From pages 31, 32, 49, 50, 90, 91, 94, 97, 106 and 107

Chunk led his odd friend down to the edge of the underground pool and introduced him to the rest of the gang. "This is Sloth Fratelli. He saved my life," Chunk said proudly.

"But he's . . . one of *them*," Mikey pointed out, wrinkling his face in disgust at the hulking human.

"Only by blood," Chunk said. "But what is *that?*"

Chunk pointed toward the far end of the grotto where, piled up against a rock fall that had blocked the cavern exit to the sea, were the remnants of an eighteenth century pirate ship! Strewn with rotting rope, old canvas shreds, encrusted salt and dirt, it lay abandoned.

"Looks just like the *Seahawk*," Data said. "The ship in the Errol Flynn movie. Remarkably well-preserved, all things considered. The falling rock prevented the sea from battering it to pieces, I suppose."

"And the treasure?" Chunk asked.

Mikey shrugged. "Let's go find out. We just got here ourselves."

They walked along the ledge, then had to go into the chill water to get to the ship. They climbed up a very unsafe-looking ladder built right into the side of the vessel. There were carvings everywhere, rotting rope, shreds of canvas, and next to a cannon, the remnants of a bleached skeleton.

A bullroar from the ledge above announced that all three of the criminal Fratelli family had arrived.

Go toward the explosive finish on page 101.

From page 95

Snap! Crunch! Crack!

The pile of old bones broke and snapped under the relentless pressure of the two walls coming together. Sloth watched everything with delight. "Look, little Chunk, see?"

The walls had stopped moving. The thick mound of bones, old swords, shovels and other rusting gear was too much for the worn-out trap. They heard a muffled snap and the walls began sliding back, somewhat more quickly than they had come together.

"They're resetting, for the next victims," Chunk shivered. "But now what? Look!" A small arched door was revealed as one of the walls slid back to its original position. And it wasn't locked!

They came out in a narrow stone corridor and followed it along. Stepping carefully onto a section of board floor, they activated a bellows, which covered them with a whoosh of dust. But when it was over they were unhurt and hefted their flashlights nervously.

"What was that for?" Chunk asked.

"Blow out torches. One-Eyed Willie before flashlights. Used torches. Big wind blow them out, people blind, fall into next trap."

"Oh. The next trap. You're sure?"

"Always is, isn't there?"

For the next trap, go to page 102.

From page 93

Chunk returned to the control room after searching the ship. Mikey looked up to see a strange expression on his friend's face. "What's the matter?"

"I . . . I found something . . ."

"Oh, gosh, I didn't think. Probably old Nazi skeletons, I—"

"No, Mikey . . . look." Chunk lifted something and held it out, and Mikey stared. It was a thick wad of wet money, stuck together, but still recognizable as United States twenty dollar bills. "There's *hundreds* of them back there, maybe thousands, maybe *millions!* They're all icky and soggy, but . . ."

"That's where the Fratellis got the plates to make the fake money!" Mikey gasped. "They found this sub, they found the plates the Germans made in World War Two to inflate and undermine our economy and—"

"And you dummies stumbled on to it," Ma Fratelli said grimly from the conning tower hatch. She held a gun on them. "Go down and see if your brother is alive," she growled to her other son. "If he isn't, shoot those two at once."

One fate awaits the Goonies on page 115, another on page 117.

From page 98

Momma and her two angry sons climbed down from the ledges and advanced on the ship with guns in their hands. Mikey hurried everyone back out of sight.

"What will we do?" Andi asked.

"Sloth go bang heads," the big man said, but Chunk grabbed his arm.

"Better not, ol' buddy, I don't think they are too happy with you right now." He turned to Mikey. "But what *are* we going to do?"

"Sloth get it—Mikey hero now. Am I sidekick now?" Chunk patted his arm reassuringly.

"Data?" Mikey said.

"Right," the boy said. He crept to the railing and unzippered a pocket in his big coat. "My experimental rocket gun," he explained.

Mouth groaned. "Oh, whenever he says *experimental* I know it's going to blow up!"

Whoosh—! From Data's tubular weapon a mouth of fire exploded in both directions. The projectile screamed through the air and exploded in front of the Fratellis, showering them with bits of rock. They took cover, but Data's second rocket shell just clattered off the rock and plopped into the sea. The Fratellis charged.

Go to page 103 for red, bubbling death, or to page 104 for a surprise.

From pages 86 and 99

"A trap, huh?" Chunk muttered, flashing his light nervously on a slick surface just ahead. It angled down into the darkness.

They stood looking at it. "Some trap," Chunk said. "Nothing back that way, so . . . trap or not, I guess we go on. You ready, pal?"

"Sloth ready . . . pal." He clapped Chunk happily on the shoulder, but the meaty paw only caused Chunk to slip, and with a yell, he was off and sliding into the dark!

Suddenly, water gushed in and made their ride easier but wetter. Sloth had jumped in right behind and the two of them sped rapidly toward an unknown fate!

Chunk tried to get his light shining ahead—and then saw what the real trap was!

Straight ahead was a grid of rusting iron and on it, facing them, was a spear at each grid intersection—pointing at them!

"Sloth!" screamed Chunk.

Can Sloth save them? Try page 106 or page 107, and good luck.

From page 101

The three Fratellis climbed up the side of the ship and pointed their guns at the frightened youths. Sloth stood up in front of his friends. "You stop. Momma, you stop. These my friends. These are the good guys. You are the bad guys, don't you know that?"

"Shut up, Sloth, and get outta the way," warned Momma Fratelli. "If your daddy could see you he'd be turning over in his grave. I know you're a son of mine, but do you *hafta* make such a darn fool of yourself out where people can . . . ugh . . . see you?"

"Hey," Chunk said. "He's my pal. Leave him alone."

"Just for that, fat boy, you go first." Momma Fratelli said. "Boys—rig a plank. We're going to do it just like the former owners of this tub woulda done it. Make 'em walk the plank!"

Go to page 108.

From page 101

"Data! Do something else!" Mikey yelled.

"Right!" Data said, fumbling in his coat. Out came flash paper. The Fratellis just blinked. Then Data threw out a fat, round object like a ball of string, which exploded with a pop into a net. The net settled over Jake Fratelli, but it only momentarily stopped the charge toward the ship. Then, Data threw out something which smelled *terrible*. The Fratellis made faces and held their breath, but they made it to the ship, anyway. There, they held not only the Goonies, but their own blood, Sloth, at gunpoint.

"Get over here where you belong, Sloth," Momma Fratelli snapped.

Stubbornly, Sloth shook his head. "Uh-uh. Sloth stay with friends. You made me stay in cellar. You think I'm monster. Sloth stay with little Chunk."

"Then you'll walk the plank, too, brother," Francis Fratelli snarled. "And good riddance! You've been an embarrassment to me alla my life."

Sloth stood up straight. "I regret that I have but one life to give for my friends, for truth, justice, and the American way."

"Maw, I tol' ya not to let him have that T.V.," the Fratelli brother said.

Turn to page 105.

From page 104

"It was the only way to keep him locked up," Mother Fratelli said. "You know he could bust outta there whenever he wanted."

"But now what?" the other Fratelli asked.

"The plank, what else? Just like your great-great-great-grandfather woulda done it. Tie 'em up and line 'em up. The fat boy goes first."

"W-why me?" Chunk protested.

"To make a big hole inna water for the rest, whatta ya think?" Francis Fratelli leered.

Under the Fratelli guns, it only took a few minutes for the Goonies to be tied up with remnants of old rope. Even Sloth was wound with several turns of rope. All during it, Sloth pleaded with his mother to let them all go.

"No. It's time. I'm sorry, son, but you picked the wrong side. You betrayed the good name of Fratelli. You gotta pay. I can't be partial."

"This is it, huh?" Sloth said.

Chunk was prodded up on the rigged plank, out over the deepest part of the grotto pool. "Sloth," he said in a quavering voice. "If you're gonna do something, *do it!*"

"Sloth fix." The big man heaved and the ropes around him began to snap.

For the finish, go to page 110.

From page 102

Sloth grabbed Chunk with one hand and a protruding rock with another. The sudden stop made even the big Fratelli groan. But he pulled himself and Chunk out of the waterslide, and up onto a ledge.

"In the dark we'd never have seen it," panted Chunk. "Thanks, Sloth—you did it again."

"'Twarn't nuthing, pard," Sloth said, looking shy. "Glad to be of help."

"Well, you helped yourself, too. Let's go on. There's a passage past the grid."

Ten minutes later, they emerged out on a shelf overlooking a vast grotto.

And below, looking up at them, were the Goonies! "Hey! Hey!" yelled Chunk. "Here we are!"

Climb down to page 98.

From page 102

The huge Fratelli brother grabbed Chunk, and with the other hand grabbed a protruding rock. As the frightened Chunk held a light on the grid, the heavy boots of the big man kicked away at the rusting grid, aiming carefully between the rusted and bent spears of the grid-trap.

With a squeak and a rip, the grid came loose and fell back. Sloth let the rock go but held Chunk, and they slithered and slipped, raced and bumped on for another hundred feet, until the stream widened out and the power of the water waned.

Sloth stood up and pulled Chunk out. "I'm *so* hungry!" Chunk said, his urge for food making him forget what had just happened. "Look, there's some light."

They walked carefully along, watching out for any more of One-Eyed Willie's traps, and came out on a ledge high over a pool in a large grotto.

There was a faint cheer and Chunk looked over the edge and saw all the rest of the Goonies below. He waved back, delighted. "Come on—meet my friends," he said to the reluctant Sloth.

Go to page 98.

From page 103

Bound and tied, the Goonies were lined up to be executed. Data suddenly started fighting and kicking. "You big dumb gorillas! You can't get away with this! You'll be caught! You're too dumb to be loose!"

"Him first," Mother Fratelli snapped.

With a knife, Jake, the older Fratelli brother, forced Data out on the plank. "Data—!" yelled Andi helplessly.

"This is a far, far better thing I do than I've ever done before," Data said dramatically.

Then, with a wild yell, he threw himself off the plank and fell with a great splash into the pool. At once the water began to froth and foam. It bubbled and boiled and turned red. Even the hardened Fratellis were frightened. "What in blazes is *that?*" Ma asked.

"Never mind—next!" the younger Fratelli yelled. "You, Sloth, you're next!"

"No," Sloth said. "You shouldn't hurt people. Sloth stop you now." He hunched his shoulders and the old ropes began to snap.

Race on to page 111.

From page 84

Cast into the bar was a Nazi eagle, clutching a swastika in its claws. A long file number had been stamped into the bar as well. Mikey hefted it, guessed its weight at two to three pounds.

"Two point two, I bet," Chunk said. "That's a kilogram, what they use in Europe. What's it worth?"

"What difference does it make?" Mikey asked. "It's not ours, it's Uncle Sam's."

"No, it's mine!" Fratelli said, lunging through the door. Startled, Mikey jumped back, dropping the gold bar. It fell into the water onto Fratelli's foot. He yelped, hopped up and down, and Mikey shoved him over. The big gangster crashed against the wall, groaned and slipped down to sit up to his chest in slimy water.

The two boys stared at him. "Nazi gold, counterfeiters, gangsters . . ." sighed Chunk. "What a day."

"The Nazis who left—some must have escaped—probably took the other bars. Only they dropped one."

"And it sure came in handy," Chunk giggled.

"Let's find something to tie him up with," Mikey said. "Then we'll go for the sheriff . . . and Uncle Sam."

"Think *they'll* have something to eat?" Chunk asked.

THE END

From page 105

The ropes broke as the Fratellis backed away in fear. Their guns seemed forgotten in their hands as they stared at the feat of herculean strength. Free, Sloth plucked their guns from their hands and threw them into the sea. When his brothers suddenly came to life, two quick punches were enough to silence them.

And Mother Fratelli was put in the rotting captain's cabin until they could go get the police.

"You were great!" Chunk said to Sloth. "You were a real *hero!*"

Sloth looked pleased. "Really? Hero? No second lead stuff? Think I get my own series? *The Adventures of Sloth? Sloth and Chunk? Chunk and Sloth?*"

"Maybe later on," Chunk said, grinning up at his big new friend. "Now we gotta go get something to eat."

THE END

From page 108

The rotting ropes dropped away, and Sloth's immense fist closed over the gun in the hand of his startled older brother, who screamed.

"Stop that!" Ma Fratelli yelled, but already her eldest was slumping to the slanted deck. The frightened Jake backed away from Sloth, aiming his revolver.

"I'll shoot, Sloth, I swear I'll shoot!"

The brother's finger tightened on the trigger, his face a mask of desperation. Then there was a wild yell, and Data came swinging across the deck on a rope.

Suddenly, it snapped and sent the young Oriental youth crashing into the scared Fratelli, knocking him back against the cabin bulkhead. Ma Fratelli blinked in disbelief, and Sloth took her gun away.

"Data!" Mouth yelled. "How did you—"

"Had a chemical in my hand—needed water as a catalyst," the bruised youth said. "Used a bit more than I intended. Cut through the ropes. Climbed up the rudder. Hey, just like Errol, huh?"

"Except his rope never broke," Steff pointed out.

Turn to page 112.

From page 111

"My ropes were a coupla hundred years old," Data said, getting carefully to his feet.

"You okay, little buddy?" Sloth said.

"Yeah, I guess," admitted Data. "What do we do with them now?"

Mikey looked up at Sloth. "I hate to say it, Sloth, but your mother and brothers are criminals."

Sloth hung his head. "Sloth know. We must do right thing, ten-four? Bust 'em, read 'em their rights, and take 'em to the cophouse, right?" Mikey nodded. "Is good. Sloth go back to basement. Everything okay."

"Sloth, you can't go back there," Chunk said. "Who'd feed you? Listen, I'll talk to Mom, she'll think of something. After all, that's what moms are for, huh?"

"Sloth's mom in brig. But thass okay. Now I can watch Late Show. Maybe get cable. You come watch, too, little Chunk?"

"You betchum, Red Ryder."

THE END

From page 92

Mikey and Chunk stared at the limp body of Jake Fratelli, then burst into wide grins. In a few minutes, they had him tied up with bits and pieces of old rope, rusting chain, and some leather belts. Then they dragged him out into the control room and set up a trap for the other two Fratellis.

They waited. It took a while, but eventually they heard Ma Fratelli grumbling and muttering as she got aboard, berating in a hiss her other son, Francis. They came down into the control room carefully, guns at the alert. They saw Jake at once, sprawled across the chart table, unconscious. Mikey and Chunk had artfully hidden his bonds so he didn't look tied.

"Son!" shrieked Ma Fratelli, and she rushed at her bloodied son heedlessly. But she tripped on the wire Mikey had rigged and fell into the water. Chunk jumped on her and tied her up.

Francis Fratelli started to help his mother, afraid to fire his gun, and was clobbered by Mikey, who jumped up from behind the chart table wielding a length of pipe.

"One, two, three," counted Chunk. "Hey, clean sweep. Goonies three, Fratellis oh."

Turn to page 114.

From page 113.

"Zero, not *oh*. *Oh* is a letter, *zero* is a number. Don't be like all those sports announcers, Chunk, who can't *ever* say zero. Now, let's get 'em tied up, go for the sheriff, and find out what our pals have been up to."

"I betcha they've just been goofin' off," Chunk said. "Probably found the dinner of the Three Bears and ate it all up. Sitting somewhere safe until everything is over and the dinner bell rings."

"Sure. They *couldn't* have had as big an adventure as *we* had," Mikey said with confidence. "I mean, Nazi subs, traps galore, death-defying near-misses . . . how could they top *that*?"

"Do you think there is any old Nazi food aboard? Hardtack? Chocolate? *Crackers*?"

THE END

From page 100

Francis Fratelli climbed down the ladder, saw that his brother was unconscious, and reported to his mother. But he made the mistake of getting between Mikey and Chunk and his mother. The boys bolted for the forward hatch. A slug clanged off the hatch as they swung it closed and clamped it down.

Frantically, Mikey jammed a rusting German wrench into the mechanism. "That'll hold them for awhile," he said. "C'mon!"

"Come on where? We're trapped!"

"Not quite, not if there's any pressure left." They raced through the compartments to the forward torpedo room. Mikey opened one tube and found a torpedo still within. He opened another and saw it was empty. "Get in," he said to Chunk. "I'll stay and open the outer doors—you swim for help!"

Chunk started to protest, but Mikey shoved him in. Chunk felt jammed in the rusty cylinder, but then the outer doors cranked open and water came in!

Frantically, he pushed until he was free, then swam for the surface. He came out on the seaward side of the rock pile, and struck off toward Cauldron Point, thinking of Mikey left behind.

Turn to page 116.

From page 115

But he needn't have worried, because when Chunk returned in a powerboat filled with Sheriff Pelz's deputies, he discovered just how fast Mikey could think on his feet.

"I ran back through the sub," Mikey said as they watched the sheriff leading off the Fratellis. "I jammed every hatch, I stuck in gear and tools and everything. I jimmied the top hatch open and ran over and hid in the rocks until you got here."

"You did a fine job, son. The FBI will be looking for these counterfeiters, but I'm gonna have to think who to call about this Nazi sub. The Navy, I guess."

"Could we have it?" Chunk asked. "It would make a great Sea Scout base!"

"Good idea, boy, good idea. Well, here are the rest of your friends, safe and sound."

"Steff! Andi! Brand! Hey, guys, you'll never guess what happened to us!" Chunk began.

THE END

From page 100

As the Fratelli goon started into the hatchway, he momentarily blocked his mother's view, and the boys took advantage at once. They ducked behind the unconscious Jake Fratelli and then bolted for the hatchway out of the control room. "Now what?" Chunk asked. He watched his friend look frantically around for something to help them, as he heard the Fratellis trying to revive Jake.

Mikey ripped open a cabin door and gasped. The bunk had been removed. The room was packed solid with crates. Some of the crates were marked "Matisse" and "Titian"; others were stenciled "Tintoretto" and "Brueghel." There were some with words in German which Mikey did not understand, but he understood what he saw spilling from one broken crate: gold bars. Each bore the imprint of the Nazi swastika.

Mikey grabbed one of the bars and told Chunk his plan.

Carefully, Francis Fratelli opened the cabin door, gun in hand. From atop the pile of crates, Mikey dropped his gold bar.

"Francis!" Ma Fratelli yelled. "Did I hear you groan? What's wrong?"

Turn to page 118.

From page 117

When Ma Fratelli stuck her gun-filled hand into the room, Chunk dropped his bar of Nazi gold. Ma dropped her weapon with a yell, and the Goonies jumped down.

A long afternoon later, when Sheriff Pelz had taken the Fratellis away to the FBI, Mikey and Chunk sat atop the sub and watched the deputies carefully take out the art treasures. There was already a stack of gold bars the size of a suitcase on the deck.

"Sheriff says the Navy will be here soon. And the newspapers. And the FBI," Mikey said. "Everyone but the rest of the Goonies."

"Guys!" They looked up at the faraway cry and saw Goonies coming out of two different cavemouths. "Hey! Hey! Wait until we tell you guys what happened to *us!*"

Mikey and Chunk exchanged grins. "Let's play 'Can You Top This?'" Chunk said to Mikey. Then the two broke into a fit of laughter.

THE END

From page 67

"No, you don't," Mikey gasped as he ducked into the cabin. He grabbed up a grenade under Chunk's terrified gaze.

"You can't, Mikey—you'll *kill* him!"

"What is he trying to do to *us?*"

"Yeah, but—" He had no answer. With horror, he watched Mikey pull the pin, release the handle with a *ping,* and throw the grenade expertly through the hatch into the main cabin.

"Grenade!" Fratelli screamed and scrambled for the door, dropping his gun. He slipped on the steps and crashed into the ladder, falling limply to the deck.

Chunk waited, hunched and wincing. Seconds passed. A minute. Nothing happened. "You know," Mikey said, "I think these guys were selling dud gear to someone. Come on, give me a hand."

As they were pulling Fratelli up on the deck, the faulty old grenade exploded. The three of them were blown overboard by the blast, hitting the water heavily. Mikey spluttered to the surface, grabbed the unconscious Fratelli, and with the help of a wide-eyed Chunk, towed him to the rocks.

"The Coast Guard station is up the beach that way," Mikey said. "They'll know what to do with this bum."

THE END

From page 80

But the Goonies didn't wait. Data flipped something out of his pocket which rolled across the slanted deck and exploded in a brilliant flash of light and a huge *ponnnng!* Mikey kicked the feet out from under Francis. Brand tripped Jake. Both Fratellis hit the deck hard enough to be knocked out.

Brand picked up one of the villains' guns and pointed it at the startled Ma Fratelli. "Ma'am, I'd stay right where you are, if I were you."

"Are my boys all right?" she asked.

"Just knocked out," Steff said, bent over Jake. "Let's get 'em tied up."

"Check and see if they have any food on them first, huh?" Chunk said.

"This grotto isn't big enough for all of us, yeah," snarled Mouth. Andi raised her eyebrows at Brand.

"He's doing Edward G. Robinson, I think."

Mouth beamed. "Hey, I'm getting better!"

"I thought he was doing Gene Simmons," Chunk said. "Or maybe John Travolta." Mouth groaned.

"How do you make a square knot?" asked Mikey, wearily.

THE END

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Story by STEVEN SPIELBERG Screenplay by CHRIS COLUMBUS Music by DAVE GRUSIN
Executive Producers STEVEN SPIELBERG · FRANK MARSHALL · KATHLEEN KENNEDY
Produced by RICHARD DONNER and HARVEY BERNHARD Directed by RICHARD DONNER

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