
DUNGEON RUNNERS
LEVEL 4: FANG ATTACK
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nosy crow

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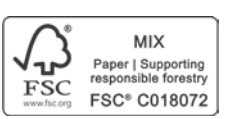
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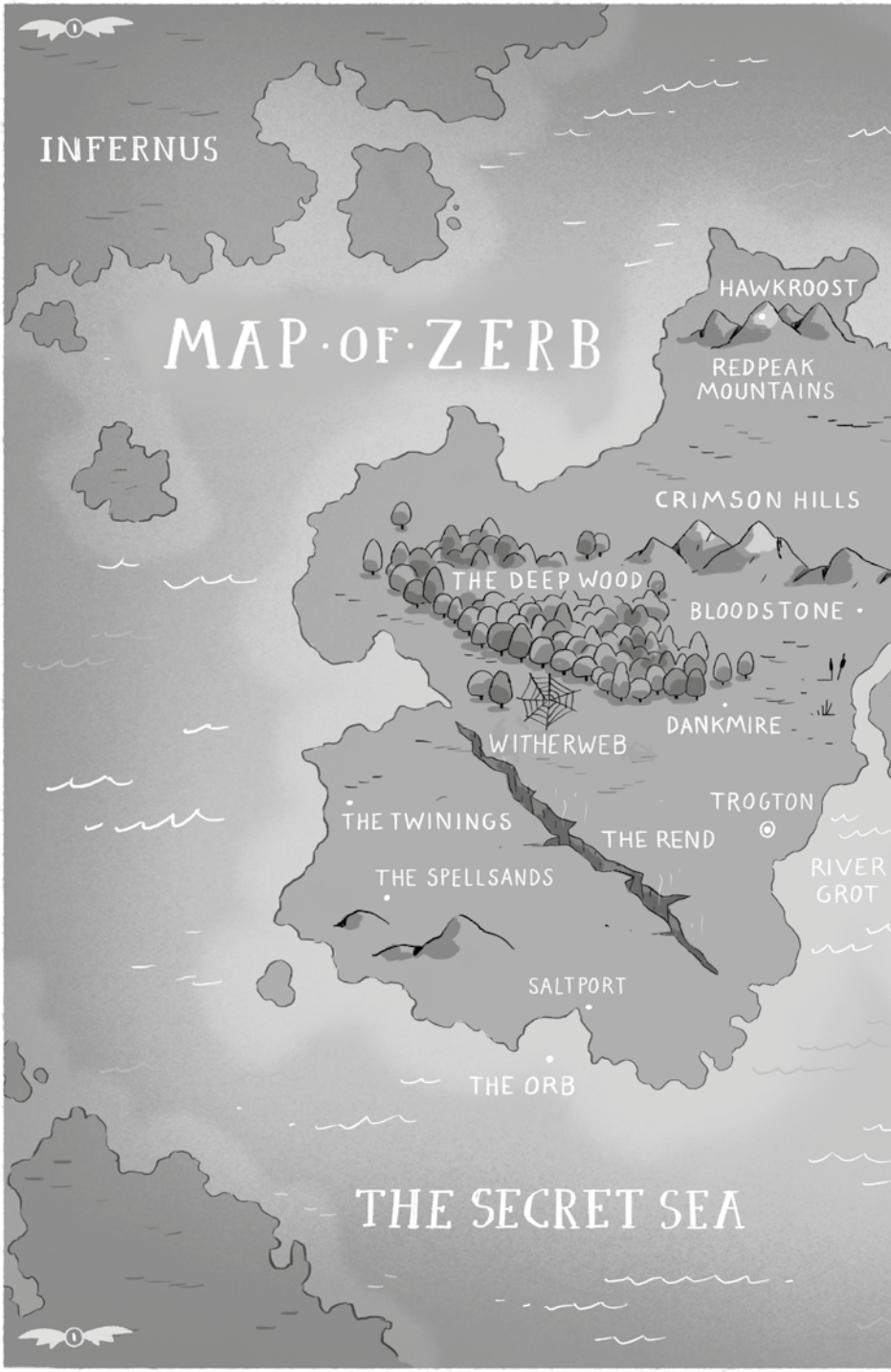


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To Su, Sid, Bea and Zara
K.L.




INFERNUS
MAP·OF·ZERB
HAWKROOST
REDPEAK MOUNTAINS
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BLOODSTONE
DANKMIRE
WITHERWEB
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SALTPORT
THE ORB
THE SECRET SEA


DEADFROST ISLAND
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THE TWILIGHT OCEAN
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LIBRIS
BLADE CITY
PRICKLETON
SEASNAKE
THE COG EMPIRE

BE PART OF THE MOST POPULAR SPORT IN ALL OF ZERB! DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A DUNGEON RUNNER? COME AND TRY YOUR LUCK!

IN AN OFFICIAL NDL DUNGEON, TEAMS WILL COMPETE WITH EACH OTHER THROUGH A SERIES OF CHALLENGES, PUZZLES, MAZES AND BATTLES TO WIN POINTS.

THE FIRST TEAM TO FINISH WILL GET **3 POINTS**
SECOND PLACE GETS **2 POINTS**
THIRD PLACE GETS **1 POINT**

DON'T FORGET! YOU COULD GET **2 BONUS POINTS** IF YOU CLAIM THE **TREASURE**. **2 EXTRA POINTS** ARE ALSO AVAILABLE FOR DEFEATING **THE DUNGEON BOSS** – IF YOU DARE!

ALL DUNGEON RUNNING TEAMS MUST HAVE
A FIGHTER, A MAGE AND A HEALER

TEAMS CAN WORK AGAINST EACH OTHER, OR JOIN FORCES IF THEY WISH. BUT REMEMBER AT THE END OF THE SEASON THERE CAN ONLY BE

ONE WINNER!

DON'T MISS THE FINAL DUNGEON OF THE SEASON FOR THE BOTTOM FEEDER LEAGUE! WHO WILL BE THE CHAMPIONS?

1ST ROOST RAIDERS





2ND TRIPLE TROUBLE

3RD TROGTON TERRORS




ARE YOU READY FOR TONIGHT'S EPISODE OF DUNGEON RUNNERS? HERE ARE YOUR HOSTS ... DIRK THE ORC AND JENNA THE GIANT...

1

VAMPIRE ISLAND





Yes, viewers. We're here in Frostvale dungeon and Triple Trouble have found themselves in ... well ... triple trouble!


Only halfway through the dungeon and they've run into a pack of ice orcs! Triple Trouble's mage has been trapped in a giant snowball, and it looks like the healer has just slipped over...
Poor Sandy and Thorn. But where is Kit, the team's fighter? They desperately need him to get them out of this mess!
Ah, don't worry, Jenna. Here he comes! But ... he appears to be dressed in his pyjamas!
Where is his mighty Featherblade sword? It looks like he's holding a ... a rubber chicken?!


Well, that won't help... I think it's time for him to WAKE UP!
Yes! WAKE UP!

"WAKE UP, KIT!"

Kit woke with a jump, almost falling out of bed. There, standing over him, was his Dungeon Running teammate Sandy. Her pet crab, Mister Pinchy, was perched on her shoulder. She was poking Kit with the end of her magical staff and shouting.

"Wake up! It's almost time for the Dungeon Run!"

"All right, all right." Kit rubbed his eyes and looked around. *It was just a dream,* he realised. *I'm in the hotel on Vostovia, Island of the Vampires.*

"Where's Thorn?" Sandy asked.

Kit shrugged. "He doesn't normally need a lot of sleep. Maybe he's gone exploring or to meet some old friends?"

But as Kit climbed out of bed, he

heard a muffled wailing coming from the wardrobe. Following Sandy, he went over and they opened it.

Inside, the healer of their team, Thorn, was curled up. He looked even paler than usual and his spiked hair was a mess.



"Thorn!" Sandy crouched down. "What's the matter? Why are you hiding? Aren't you pleased to be back in Vostovia?"

"N-no!" Thorn's lips trembled as he spoke. "The other vampires won't be happy when they find out I've turned vegan. I don't think I can go out there."

"What will they do to you if they find out you've stopped drinking blood?" Kit asked.

Thorn shuddered. "They could lock me in one of their underground dungeons," he said. "Or send me north to Deadfrost Island to starve. Or –" he paused to gulp – "they could *unmake* me."

Kit blinked. "That sounds scary. Does it mean they turn you back into what you were before you became a vampire?"

Thorn nodded. “But I’d still be two hundred and seventy-three years old,” he said. “I’d just crumble into dust and bone.”

“Relax,” said Kit. “They won’t find out. We can put some fake blood around your mouth or something.”

“Fake blood?” Thorn blinked. “Where are we going to get that?”

Sandy clicked her fingers. “I know! What about tomato juice?”

Thorn was about to tell her what a terrible idea that was when they were interrupted by the hotel room door opening. In walked Samari, the book elf, and Dawn, the advertising manager from the National Dungeon League.

“Good morning,” said Dawn, beaming with her sparkly teeth. She was a sun elf and completely dazzling. “Are we all ready for the Dungeon Run?”

“Um, kind of,” said Kit, who was still in his pyjamas.

“Don’t worry about not being dressed,” said Dawn. “I actually have some bad news about your sponsor.”

“Gilda?” Sandy looked worried. “Has something happened?”

“The trolls she was using as a source of glue suddenly discovered vitamin C tablets. Their colds cleared up, and so did their noses. Gilda has gone out of business.”

“**BOOGER-TITE™** is finished?” Kit

said. He didn't know whether to be pleased or not. It meant no more horrible green uniforms, but also no sponsor.

"I'm afraid so," said Dawn. "But I have found you a new partner." She brought out an elegant bottle of pink glass, and squirted a mist of droplets from it. Kit breathed in...



...and smelled the stench of sweaty socks, boiled for three months in a bath of wet orc hair.

"That's ... disgusting!" he gasped, while the others held their noses.

"It's called **BURP**," said Dawn. "It's a perfume for orcs. I've got your new uniforms here. I'm certain you'll look wonderful."

Kit wasn't so sure about that, but it had to be better than the snot green they usually wore.

"There's a shield as well," said Dawn.

Kit pulled a round shield from the sack. It had **BURP FOR ORCS™** painted on the front but there was also a label attached.



"*Shield of Leaping*," Kit read. *"Allows the user to jump three times the normal height.* That should be great for my new special move!"

"Is that the one Sylvar Blade has been teaching you?" Sandy asked. "*The Flopping Badger*, isn't it?"

"No! It's called *The Swooping Death-Hawk*." Kit huffed. "Although it's not quite ready yet." He didn't mention that every time he tried it, he ended up falling on his head.

"Excellent," said Dawn, flashing

her smile again. “See you out on the square in ten minutes, then!”

“Just before you go...” Kit cast a worried look at Thorn, who was still curled in a ball. “I don’t suppose you know where we can find a glass of fresh tomato juice?”