

MUTINY ON MONKEY ISLAND

By
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Deep in the Caribbean, the small town of Méleê, on the south end of the Island, is alive with activity. From as far away as anyone has heard of, pirates of all types have converged on the small town in search of fame and fortune; and in this case fame ranks slightly higher than fortune. The event that has brought them all here was the discovery of a map leading to the legendary Treasure of Monkey Island.

Where it came from or who buried it is long forgotten, but rumor has it that the treasure is well over a thousand years old, and the wealth brought upon him who finds it will be inconceivable. So far, no one has come even close, but that is about to change.

Governor Fat has been the ruler of Méleê for the past 30 years. He came to the Caribbean in his youth, but lacked the courage to travel the seas and fight for his wealth as the pirate life demands. Instead he chose to remain on land and start a small town that catered to those who had what he lacked. He lived the pirates life vicariously, watching them as they came and went, lived and died, prospered and languished. Due to his ingenious business sense and the ideal location of his Island he became quite wealthy over the years.

Yet being the powerful and wealthy ruler of ones own Island was not enough for the Governor. He craved something more. Whether more money, more power or more respect was unclear; but his obsession grew ever worse, and the appeal of the jolly ol' town run by the jolly ol' Governor faded steadily. With each passing month, the governor tightened his grip until he held almost nothing. Pirates no longer frequented Méleê for business or pleasure. It has been a vicious circle for the Governor. The more then he wants, the less he gets.

However the news that Governor Fat has fallen privy to the legendary map of Monkey Island has spread quickly, and Méleê is once again a thriving

port teeming with scum and villainy. Many doubt the authenticity of the map, but the chance is too great to pass up. During the height of map hysteria, Méleê has been a virtual who's who of Pirates. Everyone who is anyone has shown up to undertake the Governors challenge: find the treasure and return to wealth and fame.

The Governor's deal is simple. He will supply the captain with food, supplies and a ship if needed. In turn, the crew who finds the treasure will return with it to Méleê. Governor Fat will keep one third; the other two thirds will go to the captain and crew to be divided according to the rules of common piracy. Any pirate who finds the treasure and fails to return will have heinously violated the code of piracy thus calling upon himself the revenge of all the others ending in certain death.

Of course, the fate of dishonest pirates is, at present, a moot point. In these three years spent looking for Monkey Island, not one pirate has returned alive. Some of the greatest pirates of the day have met their demise while on the Governors quest. Each has left with a fully loaded ship and a full crew. What is reported of them afterward is nearly always the same: the questing ship was spotted a few times at sea, it had visited the few islands specified on the map and then vanish without a trace.

Two theories are popular concerning the fate of these crews. The first blames the bank of endless fog that looms miles out toward Monkey Island. It is said that navigation through this fog is impossible, that there are reefs and small rock islands dotting its interior. Many doubt whether the crew exists of sufficient skill to pass the fog bank and live. The second theory recalls a local superstition. The saying goes that there is a tribe of cannibals living on Monkey Island, and if anyone were to reach it, they would not survive more than a few hours before becoming dinner. Some even suggest that the Tribe is not really alive, but rather the walking dead which must feed on living flesh to survive. The telling of this last tale is usually followed by a deep silence and then the fevered drinking of rum.

On the evening of September 15th, 1590, a young man comes upon the town of Méleê. The first person to spot this traveler is the night lookout who discovers during a heated conversation that this is the infamous Pirate Captain, Smear West. West is well known for a previous exploit in which he captured one of the largest treasures ever plundered. This feat was followed by continuous bragging and a string of failures which destroyed his reputation, after which he disappeared in disgrace. In short, he is a has-been-pirate and the lookout is surprised that he has dared to come at all.

As Smear heads down the cliffside toward Méleê, the night lookout laughs. Smear knows that if he is ever going to regain respect, he must

succeed in finding Monkey Island and return with the treasure. It is his last chance.

Smear West, intent on undertaking the voyage, spends the next few days searching the island for a crew. He finds few willing to risk a venture with him. The crew he ends up with is a rag-tag bunch to say the least. None has any real pirating experience, and most have spent little time at sea.

The Governor reluctantly agrees to supply the fewest funds possible for the purchase and stocking of a ship. His willingness to go along at all is designed more to get rid of Smear than to finance a serious attempt for the treasure. No one expects Smear to survive, let alone succeed.

For those of you interested in the final outcome, rather than the gory details of the ensuing voyage, there is not and never was a Treasure of Monkey Island.

The legend is nothing more than a legend. Of course the Governor knows this. The map he has is a fake. He made it himself and conjured up the whole story about how he came upon it. The Governor would have no real interest in the treasure if it existed. Wealth is not his ambition. Power is. A chest full of gold and silver could never bring him the kind of power he truly desires. The only thing that can, indeed, on Monkey Island, but it cannot be removed. It is not a thing. It is a place. To be specific, it is a small opening in the earth.

Deep in a cave near the center of Monkey Island is a crevice that glows red. Anyone peering in would feel the unmistakable rush of evil billowing upward. It is a heat so intense that it overcomes your mind, drawing you deep into things better left unseen - undone. That crack descends to a place at the center of the earth, the name of which changes from religion to religion, from faith to faith. Most pirates call it Hell.

The crack has a harrowing effect not only on the living, it can bring the dead to life as well. Every Pirate that has taken on the Governor's challenge has felt its heat. A few have felt it while they lived, most have felt it dead. Governor Fat is putting together a crew of the most terrible, bloodthirsty pirates ever to sail the sea, and not one of them is living.

The cannibals on Monkey Island are not as vicious as their reputation suggests; but their image is not an accident. They live there to guard the crevice. It is their sacred purpose to see that no one discovers its secret or location.

West and his crew will make it to Monkey Island, and once there, discover the true nature of the Governor's scheme. Being nice people, they

will decide they must stop the Governor and his "Crew from Hell". However, the ship of the dead will prove to be invincible until they follow the it through the boiling underground rivers of Monkey Island to challenge it in the realm of darkness - a fight not to be missed... (Suggested retail \$49.95)