



Are you ready for your Twisted Journeys™?

Your codename: *Mongoose*.

Your top-secret mission, if you choose to accept it: foil the plots of an *evil mastermind!*

Each page tells what happens to *you* as you follow an international trail of spies. *Your* words and thoughts are shown in the *yellow balloons*. And *you* get to decide how to outwit your foes. Just follow the note at the bottom of each page until you reach a Twisted Journeys™ page. Then make the choice *you* like best.

But be careful . . . the wrong choice could make your mission very short!

BOOK PAGE 4, TEXT, 1 of 54

“Codename: Mongoose, reporting for duty,” you say as you walk into Miss Worthington’s office at the Agency. Her name isn’t really “Miss Worthington,” but you don’t know what her real name is. You’ve been an Agency spy for years, and you’ve never known her true identity.

“You’re late,” she snaps. “Sit down and pay attention.”

You take a seat. “What’s wrong this time? Death ray satellite? Mutant manatees? Someone contaminating the world’s supply of pizza?”

“Focus, Mongoose. It’s Dr. Van Horst again. And this time he means business.”

Now you *are* paying attention. Dr. Santiago Van Horst is as bad as they come—an evil genius determined to throw the whole planet into chaos and madness.

“Just tell me where he is and what you need me to do about it.”

Miss Worthington narrows her eyes at you briefly before dimming the lights and starting a slide show. “Listen carefully.”

Go on to the next page.

Spot Illustration: Miss Worthington, looking stern.

BOOK PAGE 5, SEQUENTIAL ART, 1 of 30

Panel 1

We're in what could pass for a richly-appointed corporate board room, complete with big centrally-placed table. This shot is from Mongoose's POV; he/she is sitting at the table, looking across it at a projection screen, on which is displayed an image of VAN HORST. Van Horst is a tall, muscular man in his late forties or early fifties. He looks like a Marine drill instructor in a lab coat, standing in a laboratory crammed with high-tech equipment and, if you feel like it, a crazy chemistry rig. Miss Worthington is standing beside the screen; she's dressed in business formal, and looks like an uptight librarian, except for her very stylish DARK GLASSES. She's got a POINTER in one hand, and she's tapping the screen, talking to the protagonist.

WORTHINGTON: This is Van Horst's latest appearance, Mongoose. Remember it.

CAPTION: So, Van Horst has returned to his original flesh and blood. You guess that robot body he transplanted his brain into didn't work out.

WORTHINGTON: He's got three new lieutenants. I'll run them down for you.

Panel 2

Now the image on the screen has changed. It's a shot of another man, this one younger, slimmer, and Latino. His name is FRANKLIN DA SILVA. It's an ACTION SHOT, taken during the commission of a crime; da Silva is a deadly martial artist, and he's KICKING one policeman while hurling a THROWING KNIFE at another. The knife is in mid-air.

WORTHINGTON: This is Franklin da Silva. He's one of the deadliest martial artists living today, and he's on Van Horst's payroll.

WORTHINGTON: He's lethal, but he's a mercenary, working for pay—not one of Van Horst's fanatical followers.

Panel 3

Another "mug shot" on the screen, this time displaying a true mountain of a man named ALEXANDER WING. Wing is close to seven feet tall, made of muscle, and CHINESE. He looks like all the guys the Frankenstein monster was made out of, except not dead. This actually is a mug shot, so he's holding up a prisoner ID placard and looking dully stupid as he does it.

WORTHINGTON: You already know Alexander Wing. We have reason to believe he's been experimenting with new super-steroids.

WORTHINGTON: And since he is a fanatical follower of Van Horst, this makes him twice as dangerous.

Panel 4

Now the image switches to a shot taken at a high-class cocktail party. This is our femme fatale, MARTINIQUE STONE, a woman who somewhat resembles the professional wrestler Joanie "Chyna" Laurer at her most athletic prime. She's wearing a slinky cocktail dress that shows off her intimidatingly muscular physique.

WORTHINGTON: And this is Martinique Stone, formerly of the Russian Secret Service. We don't know as much about her as we'd like to. Be careful.

WORTHINGTON: This is going to be a difficult group to deal with.

Go on to the next page.

BOOK PAGE 6, T, 2 of 54

“Okay,” you say, impatient to get going. “But what’re they *doing*? Why did you bring me in?”

“We’ve narrowed it down to two possible objectives.” Miss Worthington plants her hands on her desk and leans forward. Her eyes drill into yours. “Either one would spell catastrophe if Van Horst succeeds. You *cannot* fail, Mongoose.”

“And I can’t *succeed* unless you tell me what’s going on!”

“Van Horst is either going to overthrow the world’s most powerful countries through the use of hypnotic beams broadcast through television signals . . . or he’s going to use a long-distance electromagnetic-pulse blaster to shut down all of the planet’s technology.”

“No way! We’ve gotta stop him! Where do I start?” You know just which special gizmos and gadgets you’ll bring along.

She smiles grimly. “You have two options. We think he’s researching the hypno-beam in Alaska. The EMP blaster, we believe, is being built in Paris.”

Go on to the next page.

Spot Illustration: a world map – the kind that’s stretched out, so it looks like a series of connected crescents – with a glowing dot in the middle of Alaska, and another one on Paris

BOOK PAGE 7, CHOICE, 1 of 24

TWISTED JOURNEYS

Alaska or Paris . . . ? The wild, rugged wilderness, or the City of Lights? You're sure to find plenty of adventure in both places! Will you . . .

. . . head north to the last frontier? **Turn to Page 8.**

. . . hop a transatlantic flight and brush up on your French? **Turn to Page 44.**