

THE GOLDEN APPLE TALE



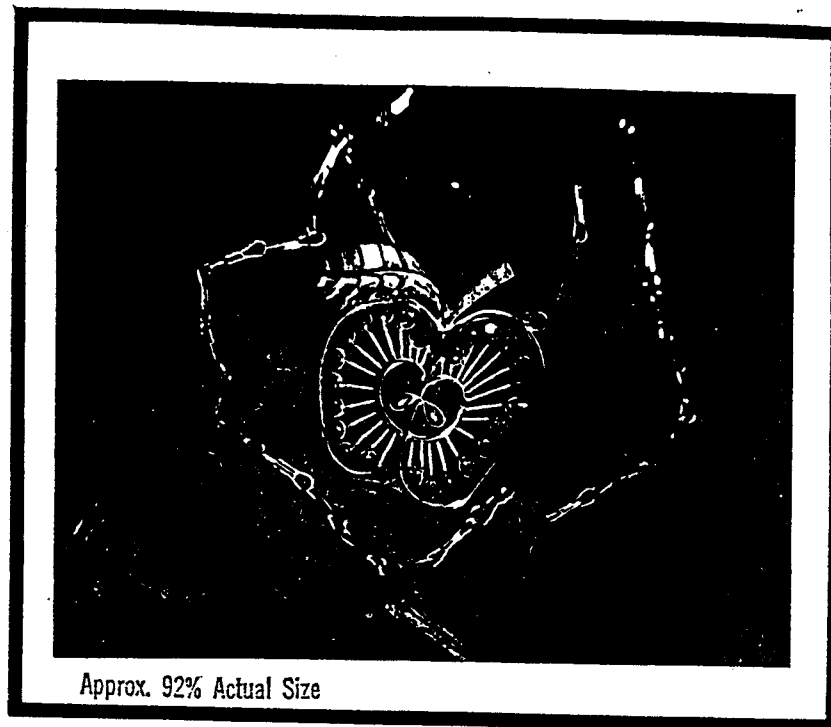
By
Cam Kaskgn

Within the pages of this book a tale of good and
evil is revealed. Be kind in heart and clever in
mind, to solve the riddles and claim the jeweled
prize.

Illustrated By:
Karen Wagner

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Somewhere in the continental United States the magical "GOLDEN APPLE", shown above, was mistakenly shipped and subsequently lost. Adorned with diamonds and other precious stones this unique 18 karat apple is accented with hand filagreed 14 karat white and yellow gold. This remarkable jewel and accompanying 14 karat chain, entirely hand crafted by Jeffery B. Juhas, a talented and innovative goldsmith of Preusser Jewelers, is truly an extraordinary treasure to behold.

The exact hiding place of the "GOLDEN APPLE" can only be found by properly interpreting the visual, verbal, and computational clues located within the story. The treasure will belong to whoever can locate it's hiding place first. Whoever solves the riddle first shall have transportation to that location paid by the publisher. Also Cam Kaskgn will meet you there and accompany you on your adventure.

Solutions to the riddle should be sent along with a S.A.S.E. to Cam Kaskgn, c/o Fantasy Press, P.O. Box 1196, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501

VIRGINIA

Somewhere in a territory who's reputation was known for it's fertile farming lands lived a farmer by the name of Cy Donleg. He had a huge spread of land that was originally homesteaded by his grandfather Willis Donleg.

Cy did a brisk business in apples. It was no secret that the Donleg Orchard was by far the largest and most successful commercial operation in the area. Their apples and cider were known far and wide to be the best in the nation.

Helping Cy run the farm were his two sons, Del and Mac. They were hard working boys and all got along well together. Cy and his wife Nellie had been able to send both sons to college, and much to their delight both sons returned to the farm with their horticulture degrees and implemented many of the newest farming techniques they had learned.

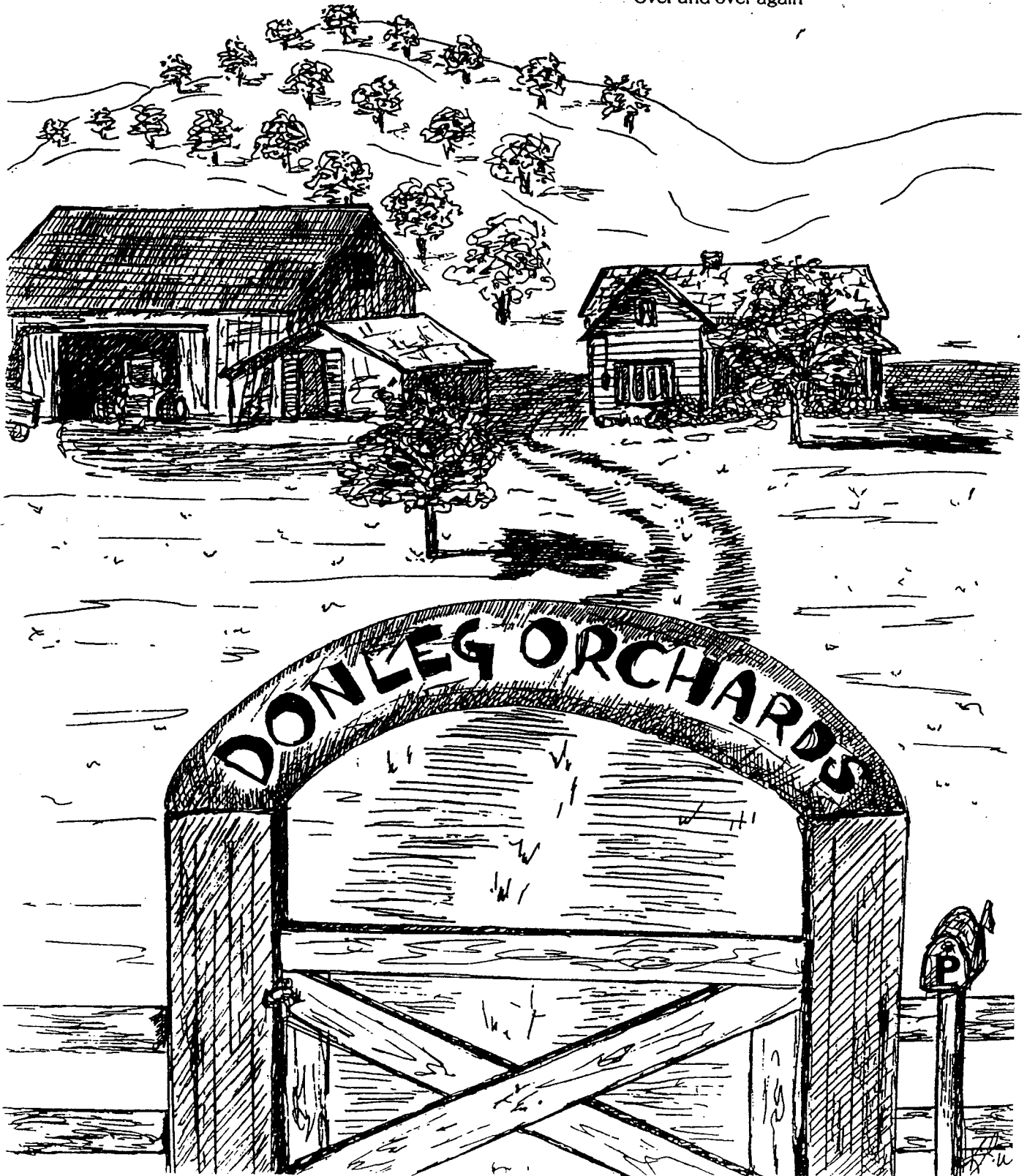
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COLORADO

LOUISIANA

O H I O

Although the Sun rises in the East
Low lands will have frost
Tomorrow is another day
Over and over again





If your clock stops,
watch someone else's.
Hands are helpful,
but a shovel works best.

UTAH

MISSOURI

NEVADA

One evening, after all the chores were done for the day and the Donleg family had finished a good home cooked meal that Nellie had prepared, they all sat around the great stone fireplace in the living room of their farm house.

The apple wood logs were crackling and sending sparks up the chimney, as flames darted in and out of the grate. Though the night was cold and brisk outside, the cheery fire brought back memories of long ago.

"Dad", said Del, the youngest of the Donlegs, "do you remember that story you used to tell us about the legend of the Golden Apple"?

Smiling a broad smile that accented his deeply wrinkled and tanned face, Cy threw his head back against his worn leather chair and answered congenially, "I don't reckon I could ever forget, that story." He then began to retell the story as best he could remember.

DELAWARE

INDIANA

RHODE ISLAND

GEORGIA

"Well fella's", he began, "it seems many years ago, your great grandfather, Willis Donleg was returning on horseback to the old apple farm after being in town most of the day getting supplies. He usually went to town about once a week and knew the road there well"

"As he approached Prairie Grass Pass, great-grandad saw a couple of horses tethered to a tree and a big commotion in progress. Taking a closer look, he saw several men roughing up what appeared to be a young Indian brave. Not about to ride away from such a cowardly situation, Willis gave his horse the whip and rode full blast into the melee, firing off his six shooter in the process.

"C'mon," yelled one of the burly bearded attackers. "Let's get out of here!" The two men took off in a cloud of dust, until the thunder of hoofs could no longer be heard.

TENNESSEE

Chose a City, then proceed to this rhyme,
Miss Muffer's meal didn't cost a dime.
Travel 3 leagues plus $2/3$'s more west,
Before you decide to exit and rest.



In your quest,
Do not rest long.
Your hunt ends,
Where your return begins.



C

S. DAKODA

ALABAMA

WYOMING

Great grandad Donleg dismounted from his faithful horse, Pie Face, and ran over to the fallen brave. "What happened?" he asked the young Indian as he helped him to his feet. Noticing his face was bruised and a large cut over his eye was bleeding profusely, he wrapped it tightly with his kerchief. The injured Indian brave was dazed and also could not speak English, however, seemed to understand that great grandad wanted to help him, not hurt him.

It was obvious from the beaded medallion the brave wore around his neck, that he was from the nearby Sioux encampment. Willis knew where he had to ride to return the brave to his people. So, upon old Pie Face they both rode, in the direction of the Sioux settlement which was only about 16 miles away.

When they had traveled as far as great grandad thought he should go, he helped the brave dismount and left him sitting against a large boulder. He already knew he had been seen by many unseen eyes from the hills and trees above.

IDAHO

CALIFORNIA

MARYLAND

NORTH CAROLINA

Exactly three days later to the dot, from Willis' helping that Indian brave, a very strange happening occurred. Great grandma Kathline was in her kitchen fixing supper, when she heard a horse's hoofs approaching. Looking out from behind the weather beaten shutters of the old farm house, she saw a sight she would never forget! It was an Indian riding a large white and tan stallion approaching the rough hewn fence that surrounded their property. Upon the horse she could plainly see that the tall rugged Indian was wearing his full ceremonial feathered head band, which was blowing majestically in the wind. Only one Indian could answer this description. It was the Sioux Chief Oconomowoc!

"Pa, Pa," she yelled anxiously ... "Come quick!" Great grandad came running quickly from the back of the barn and stopped short in his tracks, while placing his hand on his holster.

Sensing great grandad's anxiety, the chief instantly raised his right hand skyward and said in a deep resonant voice, "I come in peace." His dark penetrating eyes focused unwaveringly on great grandad.

"You help my only son, two moons ago. You saved his life. In thanks I want give you this ... to bring long life, good fortune to you and your sons."

WASHINGTON

Seek a presage
to give you a clue.
Three are 2's and
Two are 3's.



Some trees have leaves,
And some have needles.
At this point in time,
They'all look like hay stacks.



CONNECTICUT

ARIZONA

VERMONT

Saying this, he produced a small shiny object from a white buckskin pouch. The sun caught the edge of the object he was holding, sending a shaft of golden light bouncing from it that was blinding. The chief then turned and rode a few yards to the edge of great grandad's small orchard. Reaching up, he hung the shiny ornament on the tallest branch of the first tree in the third row.

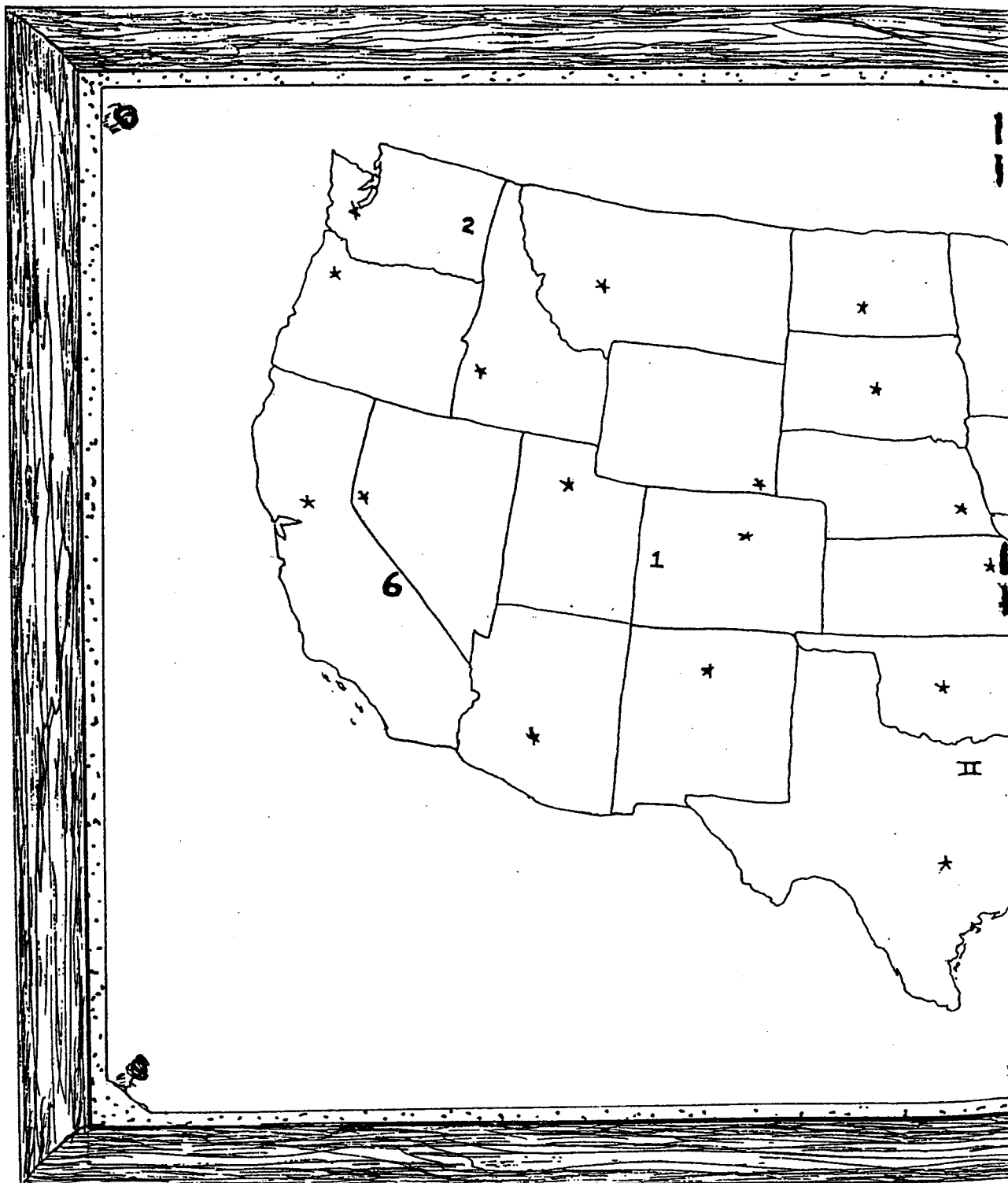
"Now your fruit will be abundant ... your life long," he stated. Without another word he nudged his mount with his foot, gripped the reins in his large tanned hands and rode off in a cloud of dust.

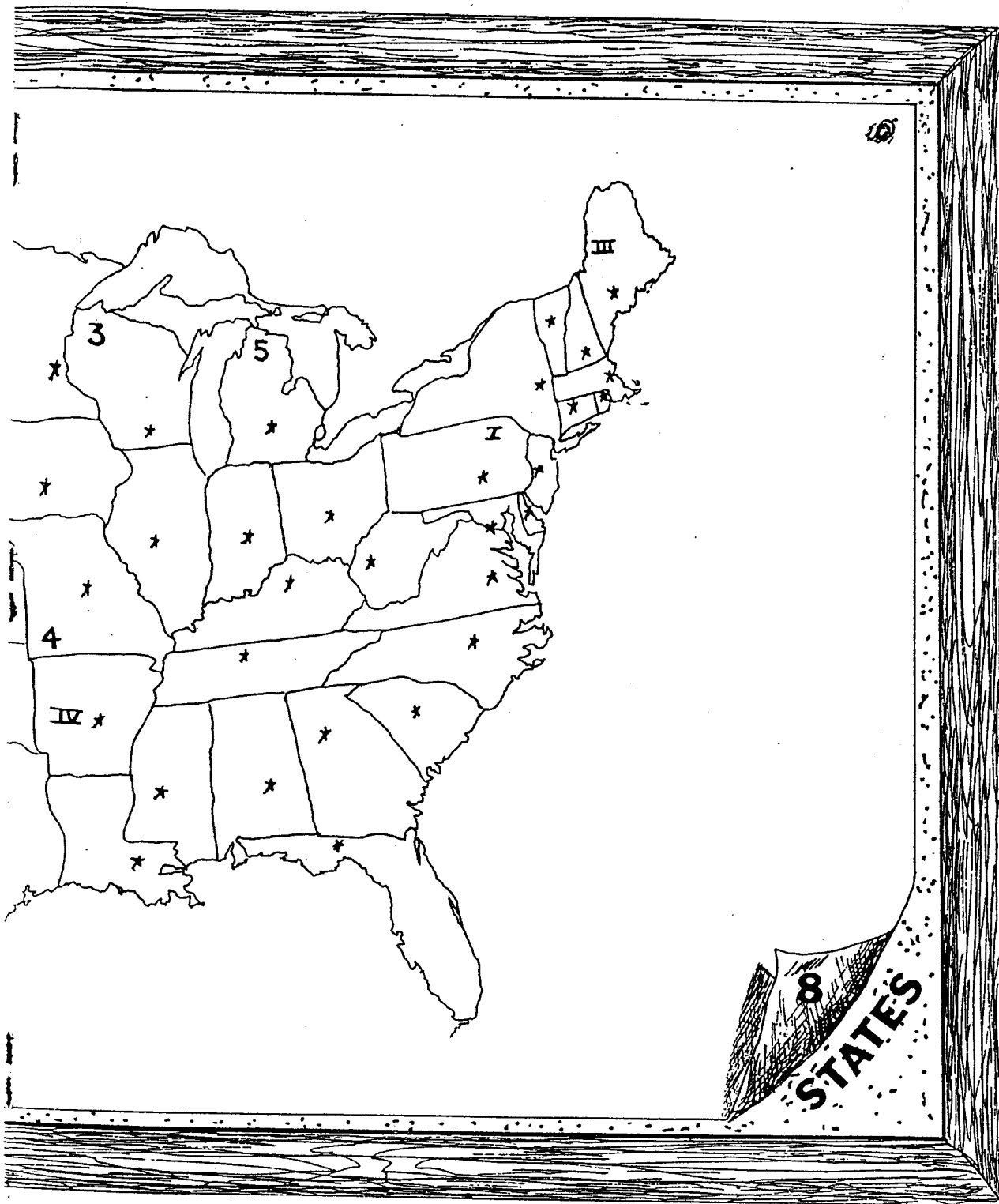
After great grandad collected his thoughts, he looked closely at the "thing" in the tree. He was amazed to see the most beautiful golden apple he had ever laid eyes on.

"Never heard of anything like this", said Kathline shaking her head in amazement.

"It must be some sort of talisman. Looks like it's worth a small fortune," said Willis. "I wonder where the Indian got it. He seemed to imply that it had a magical quality ... probably an Indian Legend of some kind. Well we'll leave it up there then and see what happens."

WISCONSIN





KANSAS

MICHIGAN

NEW MEXICO

As the years passed, the Donleg orchards prospered beyond belief. Their apples became the largest and tastiest around. It was not long before the Donleg apple was known far and wide for its unusual quality.

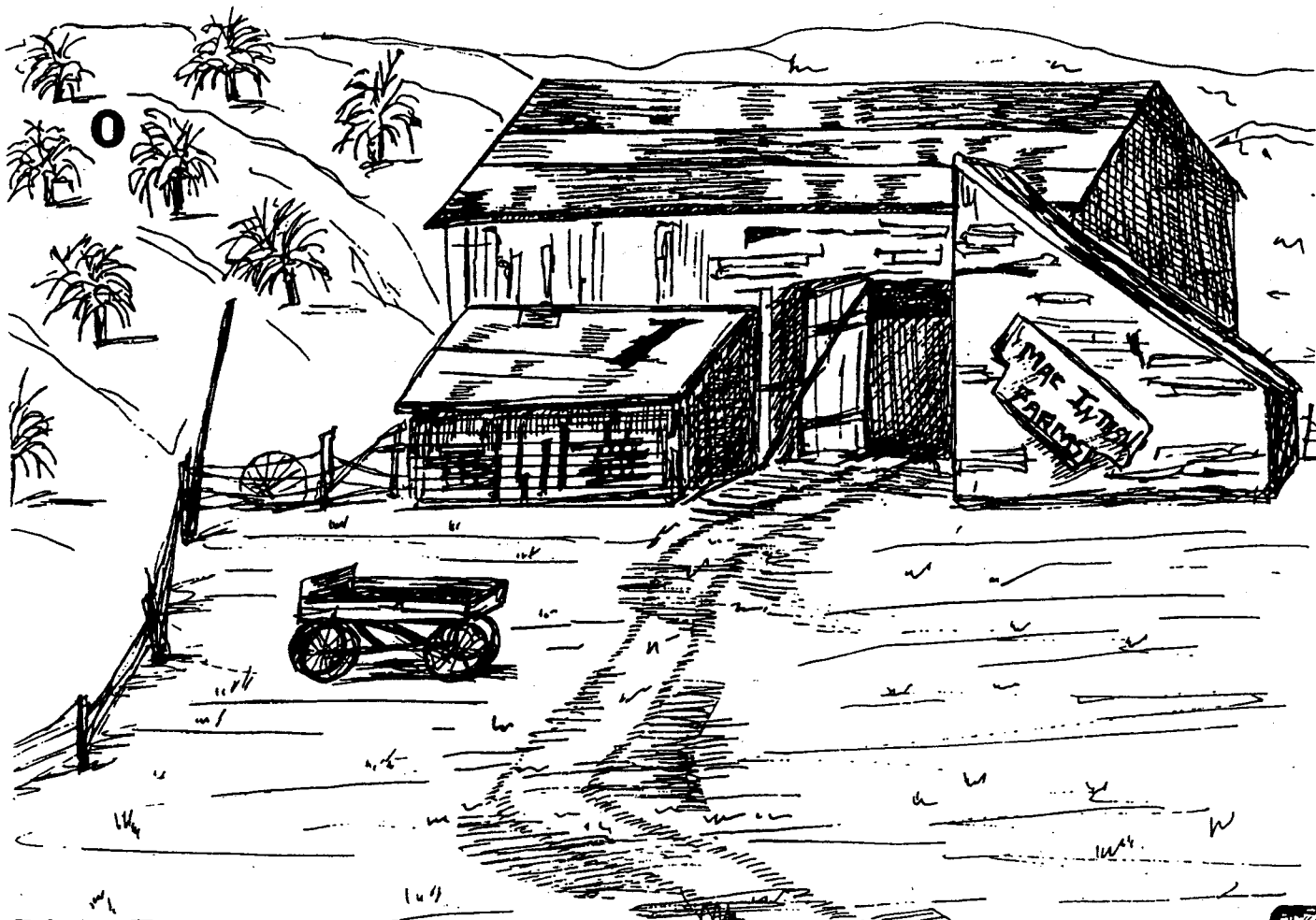
A few miles from the Donleg farm however lived the Mac Intosh clan. Having heard for years about the Donleg success, it seemed to them, they too might try raising prized apples. As it turned out, the Mac Intosh's were never any threat to the Donleg Orchard.

Hal Mac Intosh's sons, Azar and Arvin, were not too motivated. They were always bickering as to who was to be in charge. As a result their trees seldom were pruned, thinned, fertilized or harvested on time. Orders to be shipped out were lost or misplaced due to their inept management. Besides that most of their apples were simply left on the trees to rot, where the birds would pick at them.

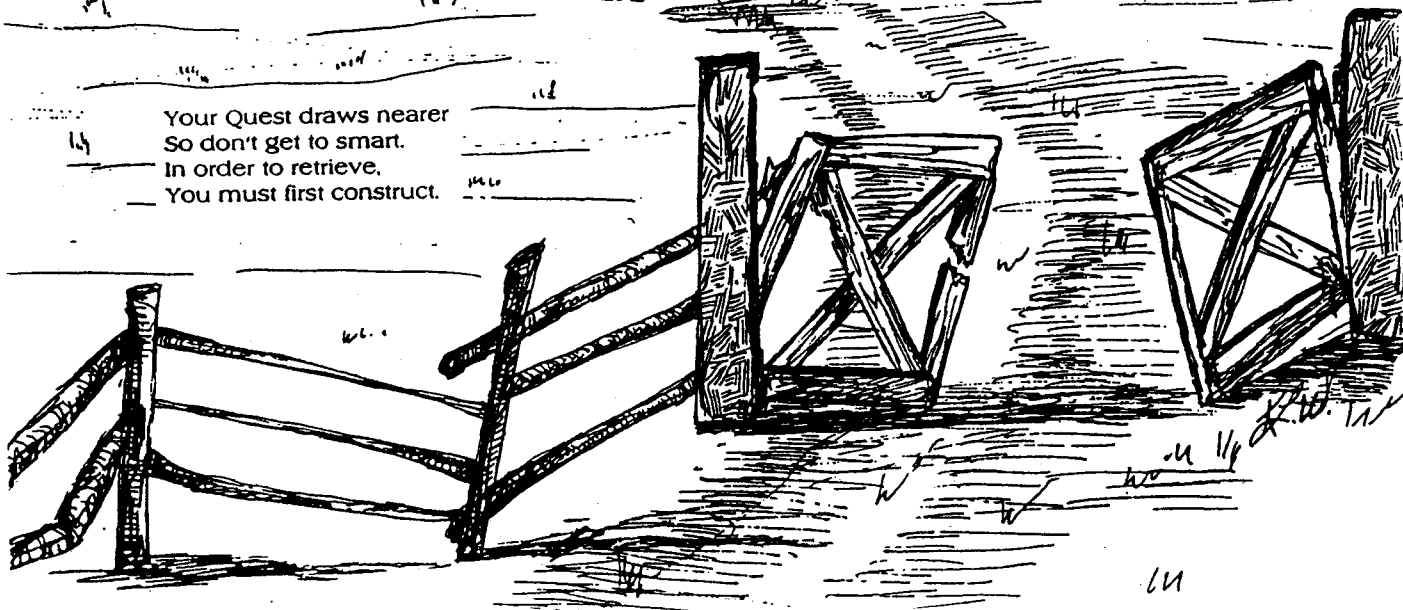
OREGON



That with which
you've seen to be so,
Use as a map
In the rain, wind, or snow.



Your Quest draws nearer
So don't get to smart.
In order to retrieve,
You must first construct.



NEBRASKA

SOUTH CAROLINA

ILLINOIS

The Mac Intosh's had other crops too such as potatoes and corn, which yielded a fair income for them. However it was their desire to compete with us Donlegs in apple farming that made them so envious.

The resentment by the Mac Intosh's of great grandad's success grew every time they heard the townspeople retelling the "GOLDEN APPLE" story. Negative thoughts began to occupy most of their time. It was inevitable that eventually they would someday hit upon a wicked plan to release their growing envy.

MONTANA

IOWA

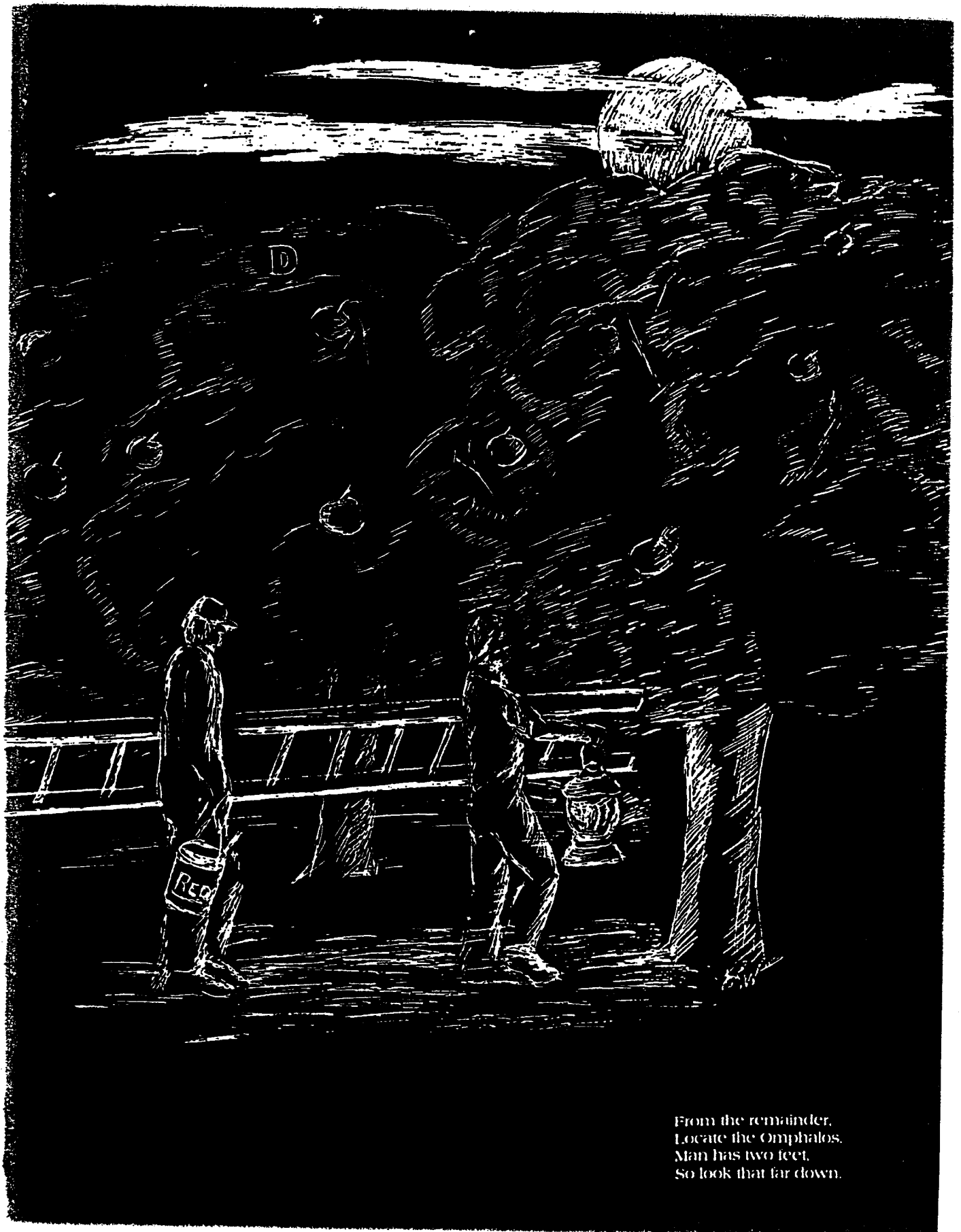
MINNESOTA

PENNSYLVANIA

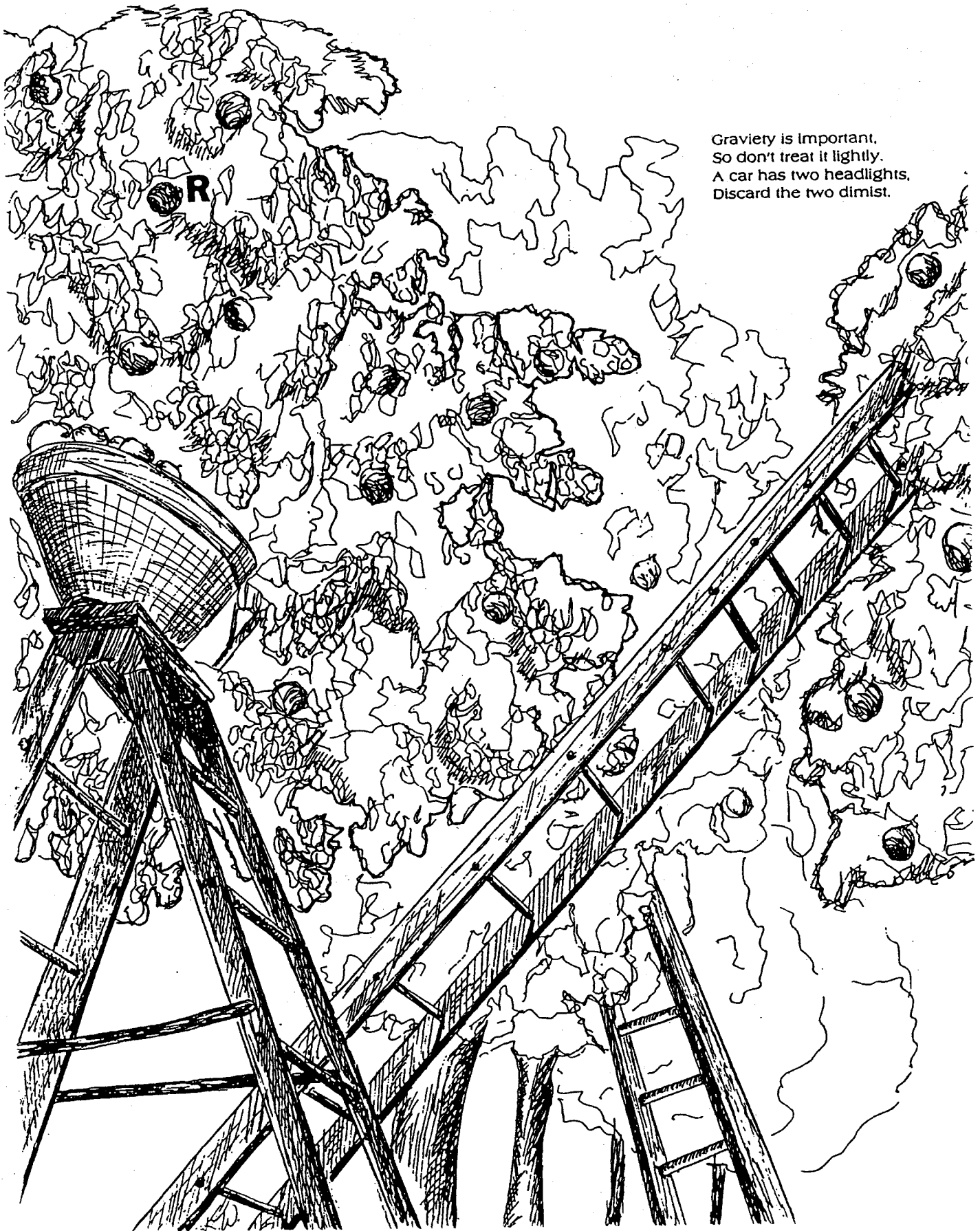
They decided one night, that at midnight the two brothers Azar and Arvin would sneak over to the Donleg Orchard. With a laddar and lantern they would seek out the famed "golden Indian charm".

The Mac Intosh's were superstitious enough however, not to steal the "Golden Apple" themselves, for they feared that would bring enormous bad luck to their family. Instead, they decided to move the Indian charm to the first tree in the second row. Also by using clay and red paint would disguise the magical lucky apple to look like all the other red apples.

NEW JERSEY



From the remainder,
Locate the Omphalos.
Man has two feet.
So look that far down.



Graviery is important.
So don't treat it lightly.
A car has two headlights.
Discard the two dimist.

MASSACHUSETTS

MAINE

NORTH DAKOTA

As the sun rose over the orchards the next morning, great grandad and his sons began the long task of harvesting the ripe apples for shipment.

"C'mon boys," Willis said, heading for the second row of trees. "Let's start here today."

When the day was done, they had all accounted well for their time. The entire second row of trees had been picked and packed up for shipping. Unknown to them, they had also picked the magical "Golden Apple" that had been disguised and painted red.

That week they had to fill apple orders that would go to all 48 states. As usual they were prompt and all the orders were shipped on time.

NEW YORK

KENTUCKY

OKLAHOMA

TEXAS

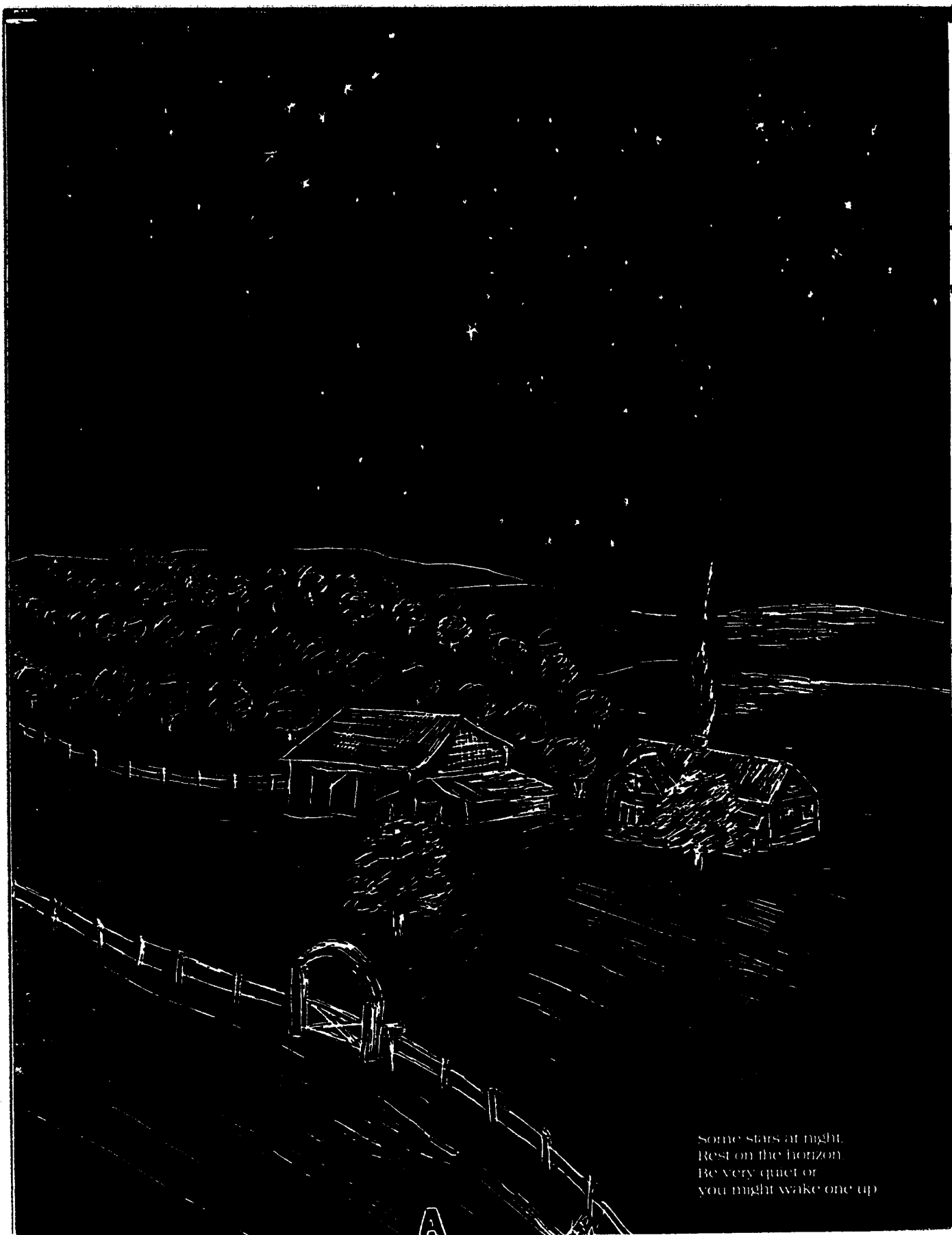
When the Mac Intosh brothers learned how well their plan had worked they could hardly keep it a secret any longer. In town one day while at the local saloon they started to brag about how they fooled great grandad into losing the "Golden Apple". They both thought it was so funny, however, the townspeople who loved and respected great grandad, didn't think it was so funny. In fact the townspeople got so angry over what the two Mac Intosh brothers had done that they ran them out of town and would never let them come back again. The Mac Intoshes had to sell their place eventually and moved on to some other town out west. They were never heard from in these parts again.

Whether the "Golden Apple" had anything to do with great grandad's apple orchard success no one really knows for sure. He was able to buy up the Mac Intosh place real cheap and almost double the size of our spread."

FLORIDA



Friends are caring.
But gossip will spread.
Don't let it bother you,
or go to your head.



Some stars at night.
Rest on the horizon.
Be very quiet or
you might wake one up

MISSISSIPPI

WEST VIRGINIA

ARKANSAS

As the fire in the fireplace began to burn low, Cy leaned forward from his leather chair to throw another log on the fire. Looking up at Del he added, "you know it's kind of funny, that for as long as I can remember all the biggest apples and prize winning ones we have ever grown have always seemed to come from that first tree in the third row."

By now the full autumn moon had begun to appear above the horizon like a large golden disk in the sky. As it moved quietly between the clouds shedding a soft yellow light through the window, Cy ended the story hour by saying, "Well, tomorrow is going to be another day for us all, so we had all better turn in soon," Nellie then replied, "would anyone like a piece of apple pie for a bedtime snack?"

THE END

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NEW HAMPSHIRE

CAM KASKGN

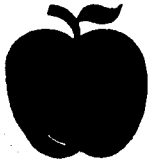
Cam Kaskgn was born and raised in the state of Indiana. He has attended colleges in Wisconsin and Texas, and possesses a Bachelor of Science degree in Mathematics. Mathematician turned philosopher, Cam's life long ambition has been to make some kind of statement or contribution to society. "If it weren't for the treasure hidiers of yesterday, like pirates and sunken ships the present would have fewer legends and dreams to chase. In my own romantic way I'm offering this story. Believe the Tale or choose not to. The treasure is real, now dream you can find it!"

NOTICE

No knowledge of American History is required to locate the "GOLDEN APPLE" prize. "A child of twelve", Cam states "could solve the riddle as easily as a grown-up."

If you wish to be personally notified as to when and where the "GOLDEN APPLE" Jewel is discovered, (if it is discovered), send \$1 to FANTASY PRESS c/o "When The Tale Is Over", P.O. Box 1196, Grand Rapids, MI 49501, to cover postage, handling and printing of the solution. Your name and address will then be kept on file until someone eventually discovers the "Jeweled Apple's" hiding place. After that time, you will be sent the entire explanation and solution to the riddles contained within this book.

Good Luck to All! May it be you who solves this tale.



NOTES

